

# PROGRESS.

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ST. JOHN, N. B., SATURDAY, JULY 31, 1897.

PRICE FIVE CENTS

## THAT BASE BALL GAME.

### THE BATTLE OF THE ALBERTS AND THE TARTARS.

Frederick is Dissatisfied With the Treatment Said to Have Been Accorded Its Crack Team—Rowdyism Charges Made by the Celestial Papers.

The Fredericton Tartars have made their second visit to St. John, this last time returning to their so called celestial home with all the satisfaction of having earned a glorious victory over their keenest rivals, the Alerts of this city. The game of Tuesday last was a very uninteresting one from a baseball standpoint, to say the least, and had not the contesting teams been representatives of the sister cities, little or no prominence would have been given to it by the press. It is quite true the visitors put up an almost faultless sample of the national game, outplaying their opponents in every particular. They are a very strong combination of young men and can be depended upon by their supporters to win if there is an inkling of a chance so to do, but they have their faults as well as others.

Capt. Tibbitts took the cream of the Tartars so to speak by his incessant kicking. He is a regular mule at that business and he is being played on an American diamond his fines for unwarranted interruptions, and questioning of the umpire's decisions, would have run up to an amount far beyond the length of his purse. The crowd in attendance was what has been unanimously termed "an old time one," ladies being present in large numbers, and while applause was at times bestowed on both teams nothing of rowdyism stamp marked the afternoon's proceedings.

The first, last and only regrettable feature of the whole contest was the decidedly unfair and unsportsmanlike criticisms of the game by the Fredericton papers. The language used by the sister city journals was not only prejudiced and biased but bordering on the scurrilous. The Gleaner says:—"Every disgraceful epithet that the disappointed and vulgar admirers of the St. John team could think of was unceasingly hurled at the Fredericton boys. No term was too mean, no name too vile to apply to the players who were crushing St. John's hopes, and blighting its expectations. Neither the umpire nor the Alerts made any endeavor to stop the disconcerting fire of railleury, and the St. John papers of this morning say not a word of censure."

The Herald says:—"There was no fog in St. John yesterday and the Tartars won. But they had an uphill road; not against the Alerts, for they can beat them every day in the week under fair conditions. Our boy, had to face the noisiest and most insulting "rooters" who ever occupied a grand stand, and they had the disadvantage too of at least two very rocky decisions by Umpire Connolly."

As well as being decided novelties in the journalistic line the statements above do a great injustice to St. John. The visiting players were never used better in their lives, than they were at the hands of the large crowd in attendance. Their every good play was loudly applauded all over the grandstand and on the bleachers, and while it must be admitted the childish pranks of Captain Tibbitts brought forth deserved, but good natured censure, nothing as bad as the up river papers say was spoken. Umpire Connolly's veracity is also questioned by the angry journalists, when both Frederictonians and St. John spectators joined hands over every one of his decisions.

It would be policy on the part of the Tartars and Fredericton sportsmen generally to say as little about unfair treatment and rowdyism, as possible. Football reminiscences and memories of pelting soles, tin can and mob rule are still quite fresh in the minds of St. John people, as well as the scorching abilities of Umpire Phillips and McDonald and the almost fatal toss given bicyclist Jones a couple of seasons ago.

The six dollars telegraphed from the capital on Wednesday to release the Tartars curly-headed catcher from the county jail where he had been undergoing treatment for that "tired feeling" came along at the right time. Before going home, however, the man with the mit hit his initials on Umpire Connolly's nasal organ as well as picking rows with other peaceable citizen.

Mr. Cornwall's Death.

The death of Mr. Ira Cornwall by drowning, on Friday morning of last week called forth very sincere sympathy for his family

and relatives in their peculiarly sad bereavement. Mr. Cornwall was well known throughout the province and was usually to be found in any movement for the good of his native city. His funeral on Tuesday afternoon was attended by members of the Board of Trade and other representative bodies.

### THE CASE POSTPONED.

Because of a Legal Difficulty the Trouble is Stayed.

MONCTON, July 27.—The case of Messrs. H. C. Hanington, and George C. Peters against Moncton's too officious policeman came up before Sitting Magistrate Atkinson in the council chamber last Wednesday afternoon. Mr. Hanington appeared in his own behalf, and the accused policeman was represented by his brother-in-arms Officer Belyea of revolver fame. Mr. Hanington himself was the first witness called, and related the occurrence of the memorable Sunday evening, when he and Mrs. Hanington and their guests were placed under police supervision for engaging in social converse on their own veranda. It seems that in addition to reprimanding them for taking such a liberty, he also informed this group of young ladies and gentleman that he thought that they were a dozen drunken men. Mr. Hanington's evidence was substantially what has already been published; he added that there was no singing on his veranda that evening. At the close of his evidence he was cross examined by the amateur counsel for the accused, and reiterated his previous statement that his guests had not spoken above the tones used in ordinary conversation even after reaching the street.

Two of Mr. Hanington's guests Mr. A. A. McLellan, and Mr. A. D. Cotter were next called, and being sworn, corroborated Mr. Hanington's testimony. When the witnesses, and the young ladies who accompanied them, reached the corner of School and Botsford streets on their way home, after leaving Mr. Hanington's house, Coisack stopped them with the remark:—"Now I've got you people where I can talk to you." He then added that he would lay a complaint against both the witnesses, and he followed them down the street on the opposite side until they reached their destination. Messrs. D. I. Welsh who spent the memorable Sunday evening at the residence of Mr. C. D. Thomson only about forty feet distant from Mr. Hanington's residence, W. H. Faulkner, who resides on the same street about one hundred feet distant, and J. H. Marnie whose residence on St. George street, is but a block distant—all gave evidence proving that they heard no disturbance or noise of any kind on the evening in question. As Mr. Hanington had other witnesses to call who were not present at the time, the case was adjourned at this stage of the proceedings until Monday.

The interest taken in this cause celebre is naturally very great, and the result anxiously awaited. Until it is definitely settled, no man feels that he is quite safe beneath the shadow of his own vine and fig tree, and there is an uneasy consciousness than one of the bulwarks of British liberty, the time honored theory that an Englishman's house is his castle, has been assailed and must be defended if need be, to the death—or dismissal, as far as Officer Coisack is concerned. Whether the theory mentioned, will hold good with regard to a Canadian's veranda and how far that pleasant summer lounging place may be considered a part of the house, is a question which has not arisen in the controversy but it is quite possible that it may yet be raised by that distinguished legal luminary Attorney-General Belyea; in which case fresh legal talent may have to be called in to settle the knotty point, and fresh complications ensue.

Since writing the above the complications predicted have arisen as per programme. The case was called promptly at eleven yesterday morning, when it appeared that for some reason or other Officer Coisack had changed his legal advisor, as Mr. C. Oscar Rowe, president of the Law and Order League of this city, was now occupying the responsible position of counsel for the accused, Mr. Belyea having apparently retired from the contest.

It seems hard upon Mr. Hanington—rubbing it in as it were—that the president of an association whose mission is supposed to be the maintenance of law and order, and the punishment of all offences against the same, should be called upon to side against him, but it is to be hoped that the young disciple of Solon will bear up

against such odds and not allow even adverse circumstances of this description to intimidate or discourage him.

After the opening of court, Mr. Rowe created a decided ripple by arising and informing the sitting magistrate that he had no jurisdiction in the present trial. Mr. Atkinson responded that it was not a trial but merely an investigation for the purpose of collecting evidence to lay before the city council, who would then deal with the case. The question raised by Mr. Rowe was Mr. Atkinson's power to administer an oath, all evidence taken having been under oath and the oath specifying the police magistrate as the person to administer it. Mr. Atkinson himself being slightly uncertain on this point, and the police magistrate having died only last week, there was every appearance that matters had come to a sort of dead-lock for the present. Mr. Hanington solved the question by announcing that if Mr. Atkinson could not, and would not take the evidence the matter would have to come before the city council.

At this point Mr. Atkinson expressed a wish to have the opinion of the city council on the subject, and the accused officer himself was dispatched in search of the chairman of the police committee Alderman Wallace; who, it was hoped might possess some magic which would aid in untying the Gordian knot into which the case seemed to have tied itself. To him when he appeared the sitting magistrate addressed this query—"Do you think I had better go on with this investigation?" and after a moment of earnest self commencing Alderman Wallace responded in these weighty words—"I don't think I have anything to say about it."

"Mr. Rowe objects, on the ground that I am not the police magistrate" explained Mr. Atkinson.

"I think we had better have the opinion of the city solicitor" advised Alderman Wallace. Mr. Atkinson added that of course he was not acting in a judicial capacity, and Mr. Wallace who seems to have already consulted the city solicitor on the subject, said it was the opinion of that gentleman that Mr. Atkinson could not act in a judicial capacity. Mr. Atkinson fully concurred with the city solicitor that if the police magistrate were alive, there would be no question about his hearing the case, and added that now he was dead there was no police magistrate. No one dissented from this decision and Mr. Chandler being out of town the case was further adjourned until this morning at ten thirty.

Amidst the mass of conflicting opinions which have been expressed in connection with this matter, Mr. Hanington's has not yet been recorded, but unless that gentleman is more than human, it is just possible that his opinion is still in the hands of the printers, being kept on ice until it has cooled sufficiently to trust the type in close proximity to it without danger of melting.

### DIDN'T WANT THE TICKETS.

But They Finally Fald up to Avoid Further Trouble.

A little incident in connection with the dramatic recital of last week caused considerable comment in social circles. The recital was cleverly worked by the management and the list of patrons included about every name it was possible to get, provided they were willing to pay a nice little sum for the privilege of appearing as one of the patrons or patronesses. The list therefore contained the names of many who are in society, and a very large number of those who decidedly are not. A certain number of dollars entitled the holder of a ticket to a certain number of tickets of admission and doubtless many, with the delightful prospect of having their names on the programme list, subscribed on impulse.

On the evening of the recital it looked not quite so alluring when it came to paying up, but in most cases there was nothing to do but give the money and look pleased.

In one case, however, a decided effort was made to return the tickets by persons well known in the city.

At about 6.30 that evening a number of the card boards were returned to the gentleman in charge, the parties sending them deeply regretting that a pressing engagement would prevent their attendance at the recital and saying that no doubt the management would be able to dispose of them. The management however had disposed of them once and didn't propose making any further effort in that direction, particularly as the tickets returned by the different parties amounted to sixty dollars. The man in charge quietly sent them back with an intimation that they had been sold once, and a quiet settlement was desirable. The angry subscribers paid up rather than have any further trouble, and it was only right that they should have done so.

## SAND POINT TROUBLES.

### WHAT CAUSED A STRIKE AMONG THE WHARF BUILDERS.

Some Unbusiness Like Transactions in Regard to the Purchasing of Ballast—A Man who Made \$259 in a Week—The Difficulty Settled on Thursday Night.

There was trouble at Sand Point this week, but this time it is of a nature easy of settlement. Some sixty-nine wharf builders dissatisfied with the low rate of wages allowed them made frequent requests by petition and otherwise to have their pay raised but of no avail. Two dollars and a half is what is paid a ship carpenter for a day's work in this city but those working on the west side improvements received on an average only about half that amount. The claims of the dissatisfied men were therefore quite just and it the great and good work across the harbor is to go on it would not be well for city officials to display a wantonness of authority and allow it to be retarded where a little discretion will set matters right at any time.

In referring to the Sand Point trouble, mention might be made of the fact that considerable comment has been made of seemingly unbusiness-like transactions of the West Side powers in the purchasing of ballast for the new wharfing. From the start an enormous price was allowed by the city people for the stone, which is indeed of a very common grade, and without any apparent reason the price was raised ten cents per yard.

So remunerative became the occupation of gathering broken stone and transporting it to the point that in a little over a week a man named McInnis cleared \$259, others lesser amounts, and yet the hard-working wharf builder was cut off with a pittance.

Late Thursday evening however the whole difficulty was amicably settled, the men unreasonable requests of the striking men being acceded to.

### LIVELY TIMES IN THE COUNCIL.

Alderman O'Donnell and Mitchell Have a Friendly Squabble.

HALIFAX July 29.—Alderman O'Donnell may be a very good city father, but one thing is certain he is not popular with his fellow laborers for the city's good within the council rail. Those men practically boycott Alderman O'Donnell. He was an ardent supporter of Mayor Stephen in the contest for the Mayoralty and he obtained his reward in an appointment, among other committees to the commission on the public gardens, of which Ald. Mitchell is chairman. On no other committee, it seems could the alderman's presence have been more distasteful. Alderman O'Donnell had fallen into a habit, as it were, of charging that chairman Mitchell used his position to get flowers from the gardens to decorate his store. This he stated and insinuated in a prominent and aggravating way. With this record Alderman O'Donnell got a place on the committee.

It is the practice of the commissioners to hold evening concerts in the gardens when an admission fee of 25 cents is charged. After a recent concert one of the papers came out with a somewhat sensational article stating that ald. O'Donnell had stood on the sidewalk passing in very many of his friends or others whom for various reasons he wished thus to favor. The thing was said to have become so barefaced that even the gate-keeper remonstrated, or felt like doing so in an emphatic manner. So the matter stood up to a meeting of the committee the other day, when affairs took a new turn, and when Ald. O'Donnell made an attempt to get in his words in reply.

He practically charged with theft any commissioner who received a bouquet from the gardens and he talked of dismissing superintendent Power for having been a party to this disposal of favors to members of the commission or others. Chairman Mitchell is not a man to endure anything like this without a remonstrance and he let out on Alderman O'Donnell in good style, who wilted under the characterization of "Blackmailer" with ad adjective or two prefixed.

At Monday night's concert the result was apparent in the absence of Ald. O'Donnell from the affair. Not only was he not present at the gathering of the commissioners but he was not even in the gardens. There were no dead-heads there of any kind, at least this was the understanding, and such citizens as members of the police force, who were exclud- ed, were busy thanking Ald. O'Donnell for this fate that had befallen them.

By the way, what harm is it for the chairman of the commission, or any member thereof to receive flowers, when there are so many in bloom, and when the plants undoubtedly are improved by plucking them. It is a good thing that there are commissioners available in such cases. Then it is surely the smallest recompense that can be given a commissioner who devotes time and thought and labor to improving the gardens to be presented occasionally, or frequently, with surplus flowers. This is particularly true of chairman Mitchell who is indefatigable on behalf of the gardens and who is the most enthusiastic and successful chairman the gardens commission has ever had.

En passant, there is no better gardener on this broad continent than Superintendent Power, of the Halifax public gardens.

### THEIR WEIRD ADVENTURE.

How Two St. John Men Spent a Pleasant Evening Lately.

It is not a very pleasant experience to spend a dark, dreary night in the "city of the dead," where, under such circumstances imagination has its fullest scope, and tombs and monuments array themselves in ghastly battalions. Such however was the lot of a well-known city railway official and his aide de camp one evening last week.

They drove out from the city late in the afternoon after the duties of the day, and upon entering the cemetery and securing their team, spent over half an hour in finding the last resting place of their friend. Over an hour was passed in making some slight repairs to the grave and its surroundings before the two men were prepared to leave for home. It had grown dark and overcast, and rain was commencing to sprinkle. Retracing, as they thought they were their steps the railway official and his friend started to leave the cemetery, but they were not the first to become bewildered by the puzzle-like plan of the burying ground's drives and walks. Following an avenue which they thought would surely lead them to the main exit, they were only doomed once more to disappointment, and for over another hour they wandered about until at last they struck the right path.

It was about nine o'clock and the big iron gates had been locked, the rain was pelting down and the wind held high carnival among the trees and monuments. The weird situation was commencing to tell upon the two men and according to their own story they were not as easy in their minds as they would have been under other circumstances. The keeper was awakened but referred the prisoners to his assistant, and the assistant again directed them to his understudy. Nobody could be found to let them out, so rather than spend the remaining hours of the night in the earthy home of the departed, the city couple took desperate measures and passed out between the forced gates with a sigh of relief.

### DIDN'T LIKE CAPTIVITY.

And so Collector Grant Lost his Driving Companions.

HALIFAX, July 29.—Collector Grant, of the Inland revenue department may be a very good detective in hunting down illicit stills, but he is a very poor police officer in jailing his captives. This was illustrated the other day in his adventure with two men named Fraser. He captured them at their contraband business out the Margaret's Bay road, and had them on the way to the police station. But when they had secured a free ride as far as the city's suburbs they quietly left the collector and went their ways. He gave chase, of course, but has not yet come up with them. The collector had with him some good men in their own way but not the calibre to keep a prisoner when once they had him. Where collector Grant made a mistake was in trying to do the work and keep all the glory to himself instead of sharing a little of it with the city police. The result is that he failed to keep his prisoners and that the blue-coated men are heartily laughing at the ludicrous ending of the exploit.

Then after the battle was fought and lost the plan was to say nothing about the capture, in the meantime at least, but there, too, there was a mis, for one of the collectors helpers told the whole story that very night to a crowd of open-mouthed listeners and thus found its way into the papers the very next morning.

Try it again with improvements, Mr. Collector.

RAILWAY.

the 31st June, 1897.

RAILWAY. The following are the rates for the month of July, 1897.

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### SHADES OF CITY LIFE.

#### SPARKLING PARAGRAPHS OF ORDINARY HAPPENINGS.

What is Taking Place in the City From day to day—The Inhuman Act of Norwegian Sailors in Allowing a Man to Drown—Other Subjects Discussed.

I wonder under what heading a humanitarian would class those Norwegian sailors who on Monday last stood aboard their craft off Water street and calmly watched a fellow being drown. Is it that such scenes are common in the land of fjords and cod liver oil or is it that their chilled intellects had not become sufficiently warmed to enable some little head work. We often hear of a dog acting the rescuer upon such occasions, but of course the men from the land of Nansen could not be spoken of in this comparison. True a plank or two was thrown the unfortunate man, but had there been a few stout-hearted Britishers or Canadians where the Norwegians stood, perhaps the sad event would have had a happier ending. If the strangers were at all conversant with the vocabulary of an overly indignant Englishman they learned more of the great Norwegian "unwashed," their manners and qualities on Monday, than they ever before dreamed of.

Once more our American cousins have changed their business attitude towards Canada and a wall of tariff changes which in the long run will be of disadvantage to the denizens of the northern half of this continent, has been erected. President McKinley and his following are exemplifying their protectionist principles and as a consequence the comparatively few millions in our dominion will have to pay out more of their good money for American goods, including bicycles, kodaks, etc., as well as swelling the funds of the U. S. treasury by paying extra on their own products. However now that we have struck a few nuggets on our side of the Alaskan boundary we will have little trouble in bowing in obedience to our Southern neighbours and paying over the desired tribute. Perhaps in this way we can effect materially for the long expectant people of the United States the boom of prosperity guaranteed to accompany the enthronement of the Canton Major in the Presidential chair. They have not seen very much of the ever-heralded "gold, gold, gold," of last election time, and perhaps rather than cause a clamorous outbreak for the yellow metal among the cosmopolitan masses of the adjoining republic, kind Providence has turned up the Klondike to be utilized by Canada, the mediator, to preserve the doubtful equanimity of the states and save off for another year inevitable rebellion.

We St. John people are going to have lots of opposition in the fall fair line this year and if any special local attractions are going to be offered it is about time somebody was mooring them. Last year an inter-Maritime Provincial brass band contest was spoken of and would have been successfully carried out had the matter been started in time. This year the bands of our own city and sister corporations are in excellent training after the jubilee season and a grand musical tournament for suitable prizes would indeed prove an interesting as well as a novel feature of the big show. Each city and town would send its following along with its band, and should the day of test be made a day of excursions what records those turnstiles would make! In mentioning the exhibition it is reported on pretty good authority that Premier Sir Wilfred Laurier will formally open the big doors of the fair building in September.

Punsters have punned, jokers have joked, and cartoonists have caricatured the once irrepressible theatre hat worn by woman, until the law took a hand in the game and shut down upon such unwarranted displays of millinery within amusement hall walls. Now ladies are forced to remove their head gear when sitting in a theatre. They are mad, very mad about it though they don't say much, and a well-concocted plot of clever weaving is about to be sprung upon unwary man in the shape of petitions to parliament praying that legislation might be granted against the "between the acts" habits of the sterner sex. Well to tell the truth, I'm with the ladies in this move and would sign every petition towards the extermination of the theatre disturber that came along. The o'er towering hat was had enough but the man who sandwiches the acts with promenades over everybody's feet and then gives impertinence about it is far worse in my estimation.

What amazing strides that garbled, oft times humorous, suggestive, as well as inferential use of odd phrases, and newly coined words called "slang", has taken of late years. Why there is hardly a person

in the world but who makes use of corrupted words and phrases. Grammarians have found it quite necessary to enter many of the slang words of the day in their dictionaries or fall behind in the wordy race. In this way hundreds of phrases and words which originally were vile, low and grammatically impure expressions are now found in Webster's and are used in the pulpit and in professional circles alike.

But, dear me, how slang itself is so often butchered by the population! It is upon such occasions neither catchy, polite, passable or the mark of a lady or gentleman; for instance.

A rather "new" youth (that's slang) who had been in the States a few years stopped one of our aldermen on the street some days ago starting the conversation in this fashion: "Oh, how do you do? don't you know me old fellow, why I'm Captain—'s youngest son, how are you?" The alderman was astonished, and in a half amused, half provoked mood answered "I don't know that I can recall your name my little fellow, but where have you been these last few months?"

"Oh, I've been tryin' to jam out an existence across 'the imaginary'" (boundary line I suppose he meant) retorted the human parrot, "but touch me up for a three base hit if the town ain't dead leery on me for fair."

This kind of staggered the frequenter of the Council chamber, and before he had time to think of a probable translation of the above, my bold laddie started once more his game of talk. "I can see that you've changed a barrel since I last clapped my peepers on you; your a little more bombastic about the vest, your curtains (whiskers) are a little more 'blanche' (French no doubt), but taking you all in all I can't see that a few Christmases have 'boggled' you any." The civic official had fled, but just wait for the next council meeting, if some measure of the "keep off the grass" class is not brought up regarding slang and slang-slingers, well, I'll be like the chap above, "touched for a three base hit."

Another fast expiring fad is the button craze; it is now pretty nearly extinguished; in the United States and in Canada, dealers number the gaily colored and many worded coat badges among their "dead" stock. A mint of money has been made out of them however, and such firms as Whitehead, Hoegg & Co of New Jersey are several hundreds of thousands richer by the introduction of the little celluloids. At one time he hobby had reached such a height it was almost unnecessary to converse, the buttons did it all, and each great event of today would be commemorated by the striking of a new button the next.

You would be surprised if the names of some of St. John's best known and most highly respected young citizens were published along with hundreds of others in all classes of life, as veritable street walkers, girl oglers and corner loafers. Night after night they continue on the parade, up King street, along Charlotte, down Union and return. They delight in knowing the names of what they term the "chips" on the walk; but the flirting fad has reached such proportions that at times highly respectable ladies are flippantly spoken to by the would be mashers. A slight legal reorganization of this class of men in this city would not be detrimental in the least to the physical as well as moral health of the community.

It is universally considered the privilege of everybody to dress their hair as pleases them best, consequently one often comes across a rarity in that line. People musical and others who imagine their talents turned that way, quite frequently affect the Paderewski wig, others long shaggy shyllocks, but what a young St. John medical practitioner means in wearing his hair a la Svengali I cannot for the world imagine. Perhaps it is not necessary that I should, but at any rate he is in a class of his own in the hair line and to strangers is indeed a curiosity. It may be the young M. D. is testing the truth of the scriptural Samson strength story; you know professional fads like this are quite the caper nowadays.

VALDIMAR.  
Wanted the Samples Matched by Wire.  
The manager of a telegraph office in Maine tells this:  
"I suppose the most comical thing I ever saw in a telegraph office happened the other day. It was warm and I was standing near the desk when a woman entered. She was sweet and 20, or possibly a year or two older, and I picked her out for a

Young wife, just in the exultant flush of her first success as housekeeper. She wanted to know if our line made connections with Boston—most all women ask that question when they use the wire for the first," explained the manager parenthetically. "I gravely did assure her that our line did connect with the Hub and allayed her fears that it might take half a day to send the message. Somewhat reassured, she opened her reticule, took out a bunch of samples and then went to writing. After some difficulty she squeezed her thoughts into ten words and approached the sending table. She laid down the written blank, two samples, one marked 'A,' the other 'B,' and a quarter. The message read:  
"Sellum & Sellum, Boston: Send express, five yards sample 'A' and six yards 'B.'"

#### STREET OF YELLOW SPIDERS.

Curious Discovery in a Florida Thicket—A Mantle of Mimicry.

Once in attempting to force my way through the thick bay cedar underbrush of one of the smaller and outer keys of the Florida reef, I suddenly broke into an opening which had the appearance of a narrow street or trail. The brush was six or eight feet in height and remarkable thick, and the heat was intolerable. The branches and leaves which were interlaced formed a perfect network, and gave shelter to innumerable crabs, which had taken possession of an old bird's nest, while under foot the eggs and newly hatched terns almost covered the ground.

Once in the opening or street, it was found to be about seven feet across, winding away out of sight; but my way was blocked by several curious obstacles, a succession of webs stretched vertically across the pathway at intervals of five or six feet. They were of extraordinary strength, and were thrown out and poised in a marvellous manner. In the centre of each of these silken barriers hung a huge yellow spider, so ugly and conspicuous that I stopped before the first doubting the evidence of my eyes; and as I looked, the first yellow spider of the serious disappeared. There was no doubt about it; at first no striking and gaudy, it slowly faded away, and through the web I could see other yellow spiders beyond, suggesting that it was no illusion.

While I stood wondering in the hot sun, the spider solved the mystery by appearing again, first dimly, then like many spiders quivering in the strong light, finally resolving itself into one huge yellow fellow that moved like a pendulum to and fro and then stopped. I touched it gently with a switch I held, whereupon it deliberately began to swing its huge body, imparting to the entire web a vibratory motion which increased in rapidity until the body of the spider began to grow fainter, and in a few moments became invisible. It was all very simple when understood; the spider when alarmed began to swing, gradually increasing his motion until it disappeared or could not be followed by the eye. Thinking the case might be exceptional, I again touched the spider, and again it literally swung itself out of sight.

Crawling beneath the web, I confronted the next spider, which also was yellow or saffron in color, with black velvet-like markings, hanging in the sun like a great topaz. Its web dotted with the remains of many faests, empty skeletons of insects, bits of pearly fish-scales, perhaps dropped by some passing bird, a delicate feather, and a motley array of flies and other insectfolk. At first the spider paid me scant attention; then I saw a slight convulsive movement of its legs as it imparted the first long swing to its hammock-like web that put this wonderful life saving device, for this it was, in motion. It was the spider's defence and protection from enemies. Certain birds undoubtedly preyed upon the spiders, and this faculty of mysteriously disappearing had on more than one occasion served it well. I could easily imagine the astonishment of the bird when darting down to seize the plump and showy spider to find that it had slipped away.

There was much in this street of yellow spiders to distract the mind from the intense heat that poured down from the almost vertical sun. In the middle of the path, beyond a turn, grew a clump of cactus, with here and there a ripe fruit rich in the purple of full maturity—a brilliant contrast to the green leaves. As I stood watching the hermit crabs dropping from the bushes and scurrying away over the sand, I thought I saw a ripe fruit of the cactus move; then, to my amazement it passed directly out of sight;

#### CONDENSED ADVERTISEMENTS.

Announcements under this heading not exceeding five lines (about 38 words) cost 25 cents each insertion. Five cents extra for every additional line.

AGENTS FOR OUR NEW MARVELLOUS Transforming Sign; nothing like it; pays big money; saleable to all merchants. Address SPECIALTY CO., 24 Adelaide street, East Toronto.

WANTED Old established wholesale House wants one or two honest and industrious representatives for this section. Can pay a hustler about \$12.00 a week to start with. DRAYTON, Brantford, Ont.

WANTED Young men and women to help in the Armenian case. Good pay. Will send copy of my little book, "Your Place in Life," free, to any who write. Rev. T. S. Linscott, Brantford, Ont.

WANTED RELIABLE MERCHANTS in each town to handle our water-proof Cold Water Paint. Five million pounds sold in United States last year. VICTOR KOFOD, 49 Francis Xavier, Montreal.

RESIDENCE at Robbsey for sale or to rent for the Summer months. This pleasantly situated house known as the Titus property about one and a half miles from Robbsey Station and within two minutes walk of the Kennebec Falls. Rent reasonable. Apply to H. G. Fenety, Barrister-at-Law, Fugley Building. 24-4-11

No Summer vacation. Students can enter at any time



## When You Order Pelee Island Wines

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

GARRETOWN, July 26, 1897.

E. G. SCOVIL, Agent Pelee Wine Co.

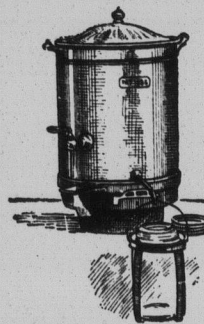
DEAR Sir—My wife had been afflicted with nervous prostration for several years, using every kind of medicine recommended, but obtaining no relief until I procured some of your PELEE WINE, which I am delighted to say has had the desired effect. It is the greatest tonic of the age. I think to much cannot be said in its praise, and no house should be without it. We have recommended it to several suffering from La Grippe and Debility with like good results.

I am yours gratefully JOHN C. CLOWES.

Ask for Our Brand and See You Get It

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

## The "Perfect" Condenser



A practical and useful invention for distilling water.

Distilled Water cures Indigestion, Constipation, Kidney Disease, etc

Death to Microbes.

Typhoid Fever Prevented.

'Tis Truly the Water of Life.

## EMERSON & FISHER.

75 Prince William Street.

P. S.—A GOOD OIL STOVE is one of the greatest comforts that a housekeeper can have. Prices range from 50 cents up.

and after the fashion of the spiders, but he slipped around one of the big leaves. I almost expected to see the others follow it, but nothing of the kind occurred. I walked along and placed myself in a position to see behind the broad, flat, pear-shaped leaf. There was the purple object now moving cautiously around with the evident intention of keeping itself out of sight, and then I saw it was a crab with a purple back the exact tint of the fruit, while its general shape, when the legs were tucked up beneath the body, made the crab a mimic of the cactus fruit, a protective resemblance so perfect that the crab was safe from sharp-eyed enemies and I should have passed it by had it remained quiet; but the phenomenon of moving fruit attracted my attention and led to its discovery.

For some distance I followed this street of spiders, creeping beneath the webs when I could, and everywhere these tricks of nature to protect the defenceless were apparent. The eggs of the gulls simulated the sand in color; the little ments, which clung to the big cedar, was the exact tint of the leaves and defied detection until accidentally brushed off. Over all life in the secluded spot nature had thrown her protective mantle of mimicry.—New York Post.

#### Scientific Cutting.

Men of science sometimes make extraordinary demands upon the skill of instrument-makers. An interesting illustration is furnished by the instrument called the "microtome," the purpose of which is to cut excessively thin slices, or sections, of various substances, such as animal or vegetable tissues, for microscopic examination. Microtomes have recently been invented, which, it is claimed, can cut successive sections each only one twelve-thousandth of an inch thick! The edge of the knife which makes such cuts appears perfectly smooth and straight when magnified fifty times.

#### Shorthand at Home, \$10.

Competition is keen in every direction and to make his way in the world a young man must take advantage of every opportunity. First he should learn shorthand. Lessons free.

Snell's Business College, Truro, N. S.

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No Summer vacation. Students can enter at any time



## Sheriff's Sale.

THERE will be sold at Public Auction, at Chubb's Corner (so called), in the City of St. John, in the Province of New Brunswick, on

Monday, the 13th day of September next,

at the hour of fifteen minutes after twelve o'clock in the afternoon:

All the estate, right, title and interest of THE CENTRAL RAILWAY COMPANY in and to all that part of a southern Division of the Central Railway, commencing at the intersection of the said Central Railway with the dividing line of the County of Kings and the County of Saint John, at or near about McFie's Station (so called), on said Southern Division, and thence running in a southerly direction through the parish of Saint Martin, in said City and County of Saint John, to the terminus of the said Southern Division of the said Central Railway, at the village of Saint Martin, in the parish aforesaid, the Road and Highway of said Railway having a uniform width of one hundred feet, an being about twelve miles in length, together with the Road, Road-bed, Right of way, Rails, Ties, siding, Turntables, Telephon lines and appurtenances, Building Privileges, Cements, Property uses and appurtenances, in any belonging or appertaining to the said Southern Division of the said Central Railway.

The same having been levied on and seized by me the undersigned sheriff on and under an execution out of the Supreme Court against the said Central Railway Company at the suit of Edward W. Clark, Sabin W. Colton, Junior, E. Walter Clark, Junior, C. Howard Clark, Junior, and Milton Colton.

Dated this first day of June, A. D., 1897.

H. LAWRENCE STURDEE, Sheriff of the City and County of St. John. R. L. B. TWEEDIE, Plaintiff's Attorney.

## SHERIFF'S SALE.

There will be sold at Public Auction at Chubb's Corner (so called) in the City of St. John in the Province of New Brunswick, on SATURDAY the fourth day of August next, at the hour of fifteen minutes after twelve o'clock P. M. of the said day:

All the right title and interest of Thomas Younglaus in and to the leasehold premises described as: All the certain lot of land situate lying and being in Dufferin Ward in the City of Saint John on the southwestern corner of Mill and Main Streets bounded and described as follows: Beginning at the said southwestern corner of Mill and Main Streets thence running westerly along the Southern line of Main Street forty two feet nine inches, thence southerly at right angles to said Southern line of Main Street forty seven feet nine inches, thence southerly parallel to Mill Street aforesaid twenty six feet, thence at right angles Easterly sixty feet to the Western line of Mill Street, thence along the said Western line of Mill Street No. thirty four feet more or less to the place of beginning being the northern portion of lot number two as shown on plan number five of the sub-division of the Estate of Robert F. Hazen. Together with the buildings and erections thereon standing and being.

The same having been levied on and seized by me the undersigned Sheriff, on and under an execution issue out of the Supreme Court against the said Thomas Younglaus at the suit of Catherine McQuyre.

Dated the eighth day of May A. D. 1897.

H. LAWRENCE STURDEE, Sheriff of the City and County of Saint John, N. B. H. A. WICKSTON, Plaintiff's Attorney.

**Mr. W. Edgar Buck,** BASSO CANTANTE, Graduate with Signor Manuel Garcia, London, Eng. Conductor of Choral Societies, Choirs, Concerts and Operas. SINGING VOICE CULTURE and ELOCUTION. Voice trials free. Private Lessons and in Classes. 84 Princess Street.

**T. O'LEARY,** RETAIL DEALER IN...

Choice Wines and Liquors and Ales and Cigars.

16 DUKE STREET

Ask your grocer for **Windsor Salt** For Table and Dairy, Purest and Best

Music and The Drama

From several sources during the week I have heard of a new singer in our city...

During the coming week next Friday evening will have materialized the dramatic performance by Miss Margaret Anglin...

Madame Marchesi the famous teacher of singing, before her marriage was a concert singer in Frankfurt and her name was Mathilde Graumann...

The comic opera 'Priscilla' was recently given at the Casino theatre Newport, for the benefit of the Home for Aged Women...

There is a report current to the effect that Maurice Gran has offered Salva \$200,000, for a seven months tour in America in 1898-99...

The first performance in La Scala, Milan, which is the most famous opera house in Italy, took place on Dec. 26, 1778...

The gold medal of the London (Eng.) Philharmonic Society has been awarded to Paderewski and Madame Melba...

Nineteen musical artists have been knighted by Victoria during her reign. Their names are as follows: Henry Bishop, Jules Benedict, Michael Costa...

Brahms left behind him no musical works that have not been published. He destroyed all his unfinished and unprinted compositions...

During the coming week next Friday evening will have materialized the dramatic performance by Miss Margaret Anglin...

Madame Sofia Sedlmair the German prima donna and one of the best Isoldes and Brunnhildes is singing in opera in London...

During the next opera season at Turin, it is decided that an entire Wagner cycle will be given.

Herr Andreas Depple, a tenor from the Vienna Opera house and who has on two occasions visited America, is now singing in London...

Max Hirschfeld, the leader of the orchestra in the Castle Square Theatre, Boston, has been engaged for the position of musical director for the Tivoli theatre, San Francisco...

The musical specialties offered on Monday evening were, some of them novel, and all good, the vocalists being better than one generally hears in a travelling company...

Gillettes 'Secret Service' company will sail from England home ward bound on the 7th. August.

Alida Cortelyou, the handsome American girl who played the role of Berenice in 'The Sign of the Cross' will remain in London and reappear in that play when it is revived next month by Wilson Barrett...

Walter Whitehead, the young tragedian, will probably add to his repertoire next season 'The man in Black' an adaptation of Stanley Wyman's romance.

Camille Cleveland, an actress who is to play the role of Mrs. Best in 'The Good Mr. Best' next season, is a California girl and is said also to be a beauty.

Annie Irish, who is to be leading lady for W. H. Crane next season will be seen in a part in 'A Virginia Romance' which was written expressly for her...

Madame Odilon, who is called 'the pet of Vienna', is playing a star engagement in Daly's (London) theatre. The name of the piece in which she appears is called 'Untreu'...

The play 'A hunt for happiness' has been returned to Anita Viranti Chartres by Beerbohm Tree in order that a part may be written in it for him...

'Friends' by Milton Royle is the play at the Castle Square theatre, Boston, this week. It will be followed by a production of 'Jim, the Penman'...

Augustin Daly's English Company will open the season on 20th August at New-castle. The tour includes Nottingham, Birmingham, Edinburgh and Glasgow...

Mrs. Beerbohm Tree, during January next, it is said will appear in Manchester Eng., in the role of Lady Macbeth.

Julia Arthur's place in Sir Henry Irving's company at the Lyceum theatre in London Eng., has been given to Miss Ida Moleworth.

On 30th. August next, the play 'What happened to Jones' will be produced in New Haven Ct., and it will be staged by W. H. Lytell, who has been engaged for the purpose...

Nanette Comstock, who in private life is Mrs. Frank Burbeck, has been engaged as a member of Sol Smith Russell's company for next season.

It is said that Nat Goodwin has signed a contract to appear in London for a season of twelve weeks beginning next June...

Mamie Gilroy will play the role of Julie Bon Ton in 'The Girl from Paris' company next season. Miss Gilroy has attained much success since she played in this city some years ago.

YOUR CHILD SMILES

BABY'S OWN SOAP

It's so pleasant to use. His skin after the bath - soft, white, sweet smelling - will be proof of the excellence of this soap.

The Albert Toilet Soap Co., Mfrs. Montreal.

ABOUT RAT CATCHING.

How a New York Professional Captures the Rodents. If there is any one in New York entitled to pose as an authority upon matters relating to that comparatively unknown but interesting little animal, the ferret, the person is 'Sure Pop' Isaacsen...

When approached on the subject of ferrets Mr. Isaacsen is very willing to talk, but he impresses the inquirer at the outset with the magnitude of the undertaking. After 'Sure Pop' has explained how far he has raised his profession above that of the ordinary pretender to rat extermination...

It is a profession which you cannot study in a university, said Mr. Isaacsen, with a deprecatory wave of his hand. 'It requires years of practical experience such as I have given to it. Ferrets are only tools with which we work, but they are most valuable tools, and to put them to the proper use we must understand them thoroughly.'

A powerful good-natured-looking young man, whom Mr. Isaacsen referred to as a 'thoroughly practical rat-catcher,' at once appeared in answer to the call. In his arms reclined 'The Old Lady,' a white ferret, whose snappy little eyes, staring inquisitively about her, seemed to indicate that even at the advanced age of seven years she was still taking an active interest in life.

'But doesn't the ferret ever catch the rat in the hole? And what happens then?' asked the reporter with interest. Mr. Isaacsen half closed his eyes and then began slowly: 'In Russia, you know, the laws are very strict. He paused. The reporter stared and made a desperate effort to see the connection and follow the thread of the discourse. It appeared presently, however, that Mr. Isaacsen was merely indulging in one of the similes which he is fond of ornamenting his conversation with.'

Yes, and the punishments of the law are severe, he continued, 'but before the penalty can be inflicted the criminal must first be caught. That is not always easy. So it is with the ferret and the rat. The latter has the start, and you know the proverb about a stern chase being a long chase. Well - there is the answer to your question. But if the ferret should catch his victim! (Mr. Isaacsen became dramatic.) 'He seizes the rat by the back of the neck, gives the 'dead bite' until his sharp teeth meet with a crunch in the rodent's spine, and then begins to suck the blood. If sufficient time is given to him, the ferret will eat the entire carcass of the rat, and not leave a particle to distress the soul of the nearest housekeeper.'

While on the subject of rat hunting, it may be said that the ferrets work much more successfully in the night than at any other time, because they are able to see better in the dark. It is advisable to let them have free range of the house a little while before their actual work begins, so that they may familiarize themselves with their surroundings. They hunt downward, and if they are put on one of the upper floors in the evening they will work their way gradually to the cellar during the night, driving the rats ahead of them. Rats are instinctively terrified at the presence of ferrets, which they are able to detect by their acute sense of smell. The ferrets should be kept rather hungry, in order that they may be keener at their hunting. It is seldom that rats will turn upon a ferret unless they are swarming in great numbers and have their plucky little pursuer at an obvious disadvantage.

In England ferrets are largely used for rabbit-hunting, but in this country so little attention is paid to that sport that the use of the ferret has never become common. - New York Tribune.

PEARLS AND PEARL SHELLS.

Treasures Taken From the Indian Ocean and Persian Gulf. In St. Nicholas, Captain H. D. Smith, of the United States Revenue Cutter Service, tells of his experiences, 'Hunting for Shells,' from the island of Caylon to the Dry Tortugas, Captain Smith says: Pearl-shells are valuable, and fine specimens are hard to obtain. They are found in the Treasote, Gambler, and Tribal groups of islands. The choicest come from Macassar; these are the white-edged shells, worth \$800 a ton, and from these the finest pearl buttons are manufactured.

The most celebrated pearl-fisheries lie near the coast of Caylon, the Persian Gulf, and in the waters of Java and Sumatra. The Australian coast in the neighborhood of Shank's Bay and at Roebuck Bay furnishes some very large shells, some of them weighing from two to three pounds each. The fisheries of Baja, Gulf of California, are very rich. France controlling the gems procured there. The meat of the pearl-oyster is readily bought by the Chinamen, who dry the leathery little bivalves or seal them up in cans and ship them to their countrymen in San Francisco. The pearl-shells readily sell upon the spot at from \$1 50 to \$5 per pound.

Pearls and tears have for ages been associated, and the magic virtues of the pearls were held in high esteem in early times, as they are to-day with the East Indians. It is said that Queen Margaret Tudor, consort of James IV. of Scotland, previous to the battle of Flodden Field, had many presentiments of the disastrous issue of that conflict, owing to a dream she had three nights in succession, that jewels and sparkling coronets were suddenly turned into pearls - which the superstitious believe were a sign of coming widowhood and of tears.

Pearls are of various colors, and in India the red pearls were highly prized by the Buddhists, who used them in adorning their temples. Pearls are formed to protect the shell-fish. They are due to a secretion of shelly substance around some irritating particle, and their composition is the same as that of mother-of-pearl.

GREAT REDUCTION. Trimmed and Untrimmed Millinery. C. K. CAMERON & CO'S, 77 King Street. CORSETS A SPECIALTY.

HUMPHREYS' WITCH HAZEL OIL. Cures Piles or Hemorrhoids, Fissures & Fistulas, Burns & Scalds, Wounds & Bruises, Cuts & Sores, Boils & Tumors, Eczema & Eruptions, Salt Rheum & Tetter, Chapped Hands, Fever Blisters, Sore Lips & Nostrils, Corns & Bunions, Stings & Bites of Insects. Three Sizes, 25c, 50c, and \$1.00.

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

Wines, UR BRAND, Street, enser, Water of Life, BHER, t. comforts that, Sale, Public Auction, September next, and interest of THE COMPANY, and County of St. John, N. B., A. D., 1897, ICE STURDEE, and County of St. John, SALE, Public Auction at Chubb's City of St. John, N. B., on SATURDAY next, at the hour of 10 o'clock P. M., of the and interest of Thomas casehold premises, parcel of land situate lying ward in the City of St. John, N. B., and Main and as follows: Beging western corner of Mill and Western line of Mill street more or less to the northern portion of lot lot number five of the of Robert F. Hasen, and erections thereon, on and under an exco- preme Court against the at the suit of Catherine May A. D. 1897, RANCE STURDEE, City of St. John, N. B., Manual Garcia, Lon- of Choral Societies, Opera, CLAVES and ELO- la free. n Classes. 77 King Street. EARLY, LALER IN... d Liquors, ales and Cigars, STREET

PROGRESS.

EDWARD S. CARTER, EDITOR

Discontinuance.—Except in those localities which are easily reached, Progress will be stopped at the time paid for. Discontinuance can only be made by paying arrears at the rate of five cents per copy.

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

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

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SIXTEEN PAGES.

AVERAGE CIRCULATION 13,640

ST. JOHN, N. B., SATURDAY, JULY 31,

RAPID PROGRESS.

The uttermost parts of the earth are becoming more familiar every day to the centres of population, by the wonderful improvement and discoveries of this century. The Klondike gold field, just next to the Arctic Circle, on the borders of Alaska is one of the latest illustrations. It must be in order that a railroad line shall be built from those existing across the continent in the United States and this country to the new fields, and the approaching completion of trans continental Russian lines means rapid connection from New York to Paris by parlor car. Only a few years ago the entire territory embraced in Alaska and Northern British America and the space traversed by the Russian Overland railroad to the Pacific Ocean through Siberia, and the great territory in Africa, which has now been explored and bounded were waste places on the map and marked as either great deserts or unexplored sections of little use. From all these great unknown territories of our childhood has come such vast and untold resources of wealth, that it is hard to believe we are living in the same generation.

The stones from Klondike are doubtless exaggerated and much of the territory will prove to be a "bone bleacher" for adventurers and others in search of a fortune, but there is no doubt but what there is a sufficient grain of value in the matter to warrant the belief that one of the great gold bearing territories of the world is now being opened up almost within the Arctic Circle.

The bicycle has probably done more to develop the mechanical genius of the people today than any other agency. With the old wheel, the ordinary, while a repair kit was carried, it was seldom needed, for the whole machine was built for wear, weighing two or three times as much as the modern safety, and having tires almost unbreakable. The only danger was from a loosened tire. Later on the narrow tire and then the cushion tire came in, each requiring more care, and with them came the sprockets, chains and adjustable saddles and handle bars that required some skill to manipulate. But it was with the advent of the eighteen to twenty-one pound pneumatic that skill was really called for, and today it is hard to find an owner of a wheel who is unable to take his machine apart, or who does not thoroughly understand its make-up. Good evidence of this is to be had at any of the sales rooms. At the former it is a common sight to see a crowd around some new model, every one—man or woman, young or old—seemingly possessed of accurate knowledge and capable of weighing carefully the advantages offered by each particular make.

Time and again have the papers of St. John referred to laxity in regard to corner loafing in this city, but the police either cannot or will not take a hint. It is time now, for Chief CLARKE to use a little authority and make an effort to remove what cannot be considered as less than a disgrace to the city. Visitors from other places are freely commenting upon the fact that loafers own some parts of the principal thoroughfares; and it frequently happens that pedestrians have to step out into the street, the sidewalk being completely blocked at certain points. This applies particularly to the head of King street and around the fountain on Charlotte street. In no other city in Canada is such a disgraceful state of affairs so completely ignored by those whose duty it is to prevent it.

The society column of a New York paper announces that "in a few days Mr. TWOMBLEY and Mr. W. D. SLOANE's party which includes the ladies of their

family and a few friends, will start for Alaska in their private train. They propose to go as north as Juneau whence a trip up the Yukon River as far as the Klondike mines of which such tales of golden fields and glittering veins are told could be easily accomplished." Of course as the correspondent remarks the visit to Klondike would be a delightful experience; but except as an object of curiosity or for purposes of scientific research a gold mine would have but few attractions, certainly not that of novelty, for either Mr. TWOMBLEY or Mr. SLOANE.

It is quite the correct thing in the meet aristocratic English Society nowadays to distinguish between the gifts presented to the bride and groom, and the last Court Journal in an account of the most fashionable weddings has its "list" of presents to the bride and "list of presents to the groom." St. John will, of course govern itself accordingly. It only means one more present where an individual is an intimate friend of both the contracting parties.

Last week Utah held a "jubilee celebration" in honor of the 50th anniversary of the entry of the Mormons into Utah. Truly we can always find something to rejoice over—if we once make up our minds to take a pleasant view of life.

It must be somewhat of a humiliation to the great American republic to be obliged to send her warships to a Canadian dock to be repaired. This is not the first time either, that they have been sent to a foreign dockyard.

The "paying guest" system is a very modern institution and the term is elastic. It is most always however, a polite term for "boarder" or "lodger" which is satisfactory to the pride of boarder and landlady.

There was an eclipse of the sun on Thursday. There was no great demand for grand stand seats here, as the performance was not sufficiently novel to create much interest in St. John.

St. Andrews is in the full tide of a busy summer season. It is an ideal place in which to spend a holiday.

MR. BROCKETT'S CHASE.

He Made a Very Brave Effort but Finally Lost His Man.

A few years ago a gentleman at one time very prominent here, took up his residence on an island in the Pacific ocean, leaving many creditors behind him in this city. It was popularly supposed that he was on a high road to fame and fortune in the far distant land of sunshine and flowers, when he suddenly turned up in St. John.

Nobody thought of asking why he came or how long he was going to stay, but the papers very vaguely announced "a short visit" and the former citizen fell readily back into places he had known in other days.

One morning he went to the police court to look after the interests of a party who had been arrested for keeping a disorderly house and expressed great disappointment when he learned that it had been settled the day before—thus was he deprived of an opportunity of practising his former favorite occupation.

Whether the one time St. John man was not feted by his friends as he thought he should have been, or whatever happened to offend him no one knows, but after a ten days stay in his native city he left for his far off home just about the time some of his old creditors began to realize that he was really back in their midst, and to think that it might be to their interest to keep a constable on his track. The day the man in question made up his mind to return to the Pacific, Constable Beckett was detailed to look after his movements.

The constable found that his man had last been seen at a Union street livery stable but when he reached that place he found his bird had flown, or in other words his man and a friend had left a few moments before for Westfield, where the western man proposed taking the train en route to New York.

Down Union Street went the constable on the fly, in the hope of catching up somewhere between St. John and Westfield. At the North End police station he caught a glimpse of the team and its occupant a little distance ahead. This glimpse gave him renewed hope and courage, so buoyed up by it he put on an extra spurt; a bout that time the fleeing lawyer saw that an enemy was in pursuit. After that Mr. Beckett was not in the race though he bravely tried to catch up with the fugitive. At Westfield the latter boarded the train and is now on his way back to the west.

Ladies, wear your shirt waist; soil it; send it to us to be done up. It will look perfect if done at Ungar's Laundry and Dye Works. Phone 58.

Umbrellas Made, Re-covered, Repaired Duval, 17 Waterloo.

IN GAY NEW YORK.

Some of the Interesting Events Transpiring in That City.

New York, July 27.—We are having the queerest weather here just now, stifling, hot and sultry, then rainy with electrical disturbances, and then cold enough for great coats and wraps. I do not think I ever saw a more lively thunderstorm than we had on Friday last. The lightning was most vivid, and appeared to be moving continually around the heavens while the thunder did not abate save for a minute or two at a time for three hours. Upwards of one hundred places in the city were made targets of by the deadly fluid, yet, strange to say no one was hurt. On Saturday I saw the heaviest rain I have seen for years. It lasted only about an hour, yet filled all the gutters and over-ran them and flooded the streets so that there were a myriad of cascades in the centre of the sidewalks and the driveways. Yesterday the thermometer was lower than it has been on the 26th of July for the last quarter of a century, and today it is lower yet, and altogether, so far as the weather is concerned, the past week has been very remarkable.

The Guldensuppe case has been argued on demurrer and the demurrer has been over-ruled as was generally expected. The district attorney applied to the governor for a special court to try the case next month but the governor replied that he could see no reason for increasing the expense of a special court when the case could be brought on at the regular session in September. One can't tell whether the prisoners hoped for any good thing to come out of the argument of the demurrer or not. Mrs. NACK sat with her eyes fixed upon the floor, tapping her foot upon the rung of a chair, while ThORN sat with his arms crossed and gazed furiously round the room, occasionally smiling as he met the gaze of his lawyer or Mrs. NACK's. The case will be brought on for trial at the next court of general sessions but it is a question whether it will be tried in New York or in Queens county. It is a nice question whether the state can prove any part of the murder was committed here and if not the New York court will have no jurisdiction.

There has been a plethora of murders following this one, prominent among which has been one of great brutality perpetrated by four masked burglars upon a wealthy farmer and his sister, the murderers coolly sitting down and eating an elaborate meal in the presence of their dying victims. There has been no arrests as yet.

The stock of the sugar trust has gone as high as 143 1/2 and is now hard to get hold of at that figure. It is said that it has been absorbed largely by the Standard Oil Company and there are several members of the stock exchange who can count their gains by millions—JAMES R. KEENE, for instance, who is said to have cleared \$3,000,000 by his operations. Of course there are on the other hand a crowd of poor fellows who have lost all that these luckier men have made, but—ah no, we never mention them.

Last Saturday the President signed the new tariff bill. Particular pressure was said to have been brought to bear on him to delay the signing until Monday morning so as to give time for a few ships to arrive laden with sugar and other commodities affected by the tariff, but it seems the "old man" as he is familiarly called, was obstinate and thought that enough had been done for the sugar trust and therefore signed the bill on Saturday.

The one great sensation of the hour here is the gold on the Klondike. At every street corner are to be found groups of excited individuals discussing this pleasing topic, while after six o'clock on every doorstep and in every small grocery can be seen the same sight. The great daily papers are full of it and two or three of them have sent a small army of correspondents to the spot. There seems to be a little doubt whether there is any gold in Alaska or whether Canada does not hold it all. And some of the papers are indulging in comments on the reported determination of the Canadian government to enforce the Alien Labor act and it is really laughable to read these comments. When one reads, for instance in the Journal which by the way is, despite the open hostility of the clergy and the covert malevolence of the other papers, by far the most popular newspaper in New York city, that "whenever the United States wants Canada all they've got to do is to take her," one is inclined to hope that the Canadians may do something that will bring about a trial of the tacking. I see that bodily health and a plentiful supply of clothing and food are absolutely necessary for a trip out there and I wonder how many poor fellows are going without a dollar and almost without a dollar's worth. Certainly Canada ought to get some of the wealth, if not the whole. Wealthy men are forming companies and sending out

miners from all parts of the union. Poor men are advertising for money to be lent to them on an agreement for half profits—never taking into account apparently the utter uncertainty of there ever being any profits. And still the old world moves on, yielding no sign of discomposure at the struggling, maddened crowds of human beings upon its surface. The great coal-strike is on and does not appear to be losing or gaining in strength, except that it cannot gain by delay. The principle of arbitration is agreed to by all the strikers and almost all the employers. Mr. De Armit, a wealthy coal mine owner who refuses to recognise any principle whatever but that of might, is busily engaged in defending his mines by the aid of sixty or seventy special deputy sheriffs and while he declines to come in on arbitration is possible. Meanwhile coal is going up in price and the end is not yet. I mean the end of the coal strike as I have reached the end of this letter. S.

AN HOUR WITH MISS ANGLIN.

Progress has a Chat With the Daughter of the Late T. W. Anglin. The interest that is manifested in Miss Anglin's appearance on the stage of the Mechanics Institute next week prompted PROGRESS to obtain an interview with the young lady if possible. The application was graciously responded to, and some few facts of Miss Anglin's dramatic career were elicited, which will prove of timely import at the present time. The young lady is very charming in manner and attractive in person, with a dainty, sweet figure, and a riant, sparkling face, brilliant conversational



MISS ANGLIN AS "OPHELIA".

powers, and a very pleasing manner; in fact a more thoroughly bewitching and interesting young lady it would be hard to imagine. She has a pleasant, musical voice, and though interviews were somewhat unusual with her she expressed her willingness to answer any questions that might be asked. Naturally the first question that presented itself was:

How did you come to adopt the stage as a profession?

The answer, accompanied by a very graceful and expressive little shrug, was "I had always an inclination in that direction, I think, and when at school was invariably connected with some or other of our dialogues and amateur dramatic performances." This reply brought a sweet smile of reminiscence to the lady's mobile and expressive features. In reference to the beginning of her stage career Miss Anglin literally went from school to the stage and her first public appearance was in the Empire theatre, New York, where she was seen by Charles Frohman and was at once secured by that discriminating manager as a member of one of his companies. She has appeared in "Shenandoah", Bronson Howard's great American war drama and has in turn played every female role in the piece. She has made a particular study of more classic works and her "Ophelia" has been commended on all sides. During her short career on the stage Miss Anglin has studied no less than twenty eight different parts and has everywhere received the warmest encomiums for her work. She played also in "The girl I left behind me," and in "Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde" wherein she appeared as Agnes Jekyll, and in this connection tells a funny incident. She had never seen this play done before the night of the performance, and on that evening when she first saw the gentleman who played the title role as Mr. Hyde, he was so entirely horrible that she literally shrieked with fright; there was no acting about it and later when he is supposed to take her by the throat, she was simply paralyzed with fear.

Miss Anglin has made great successes in several other roles and her work with the great tragedian James O'Neill as leading lady of his company has been of the cleverest character. To successfully play the role of Virginia to the Virginian of Mr. O'Neill requires ability of the highest order, and Miss Anglin's talent enabled her to satisfy the most critical and exacting. In a number of the roles she has played her work is considered not unlike that of Julia Marlowe, and in her interpretations of other characters has been compared with Madame Modjeska and various "stars" in the theatrical sky.

ROYAL BAKING POWDER Absolutely Pure

Miss Anglin will not be with Mr. O'Neill the coming season, as she intends going to Europe to study, and as she is quite young may probably become connected with some prominent company over there.

Wherever Miss Anglin goes, it may be remarked, she is accompanied by her mother, who may well be proud of her gifted daughter.

In concluding a most enjoyable interview, Miss Anglin thanked Progress for its courtesy in calling upon her and said that she always felt quite at home among newspaper people, because her father was of that profession.

Incidentally it may be said that upon the occasion of her appearance here next Friday evening the bright young actress will wear some bewildering gowns made by Madame Robinson, a New York artist. The Misses Furlong of Coburg street are entertaining Mrs. Anglin, Miss Margaret, the subject of this sketch, and Miss Eileen Anglin.

There to do Their Duty.

HALIFAX, July 29.—Indignant residents of Carleton street in this city have gained their point in the agitation with the city council's cemetery committee. That committee ordered the gates of Camp Hill closed except the main entrance, on the ground that the Cemetery was being defiled and abused by irresponsible people. Carleton street people mainly, raised a hue and cry, and the result is that the city fathers backed down, ate their former action, and ordered the gates to be re-opened W. H. Neal, one of the agitators, put his foot in it when he said that the aldermen were in the council to please citizens.

"Not so," indignantly cried ald. Merger, "they are there to do their duty." Mr. Neal was forced to see the point, but he has the satisfaction of seeing the cemetery gates open.

Farm Laborer's Excursions to the Canadian Northwest.

Owing to the construction of the Crows Nest Pass Railway taking large numbers of the Northwest laborers, and because of the large increase in the acreage of wheat in Manitoba and the Northwest territories, it is expected large numbers of farm laborers will be required to safely harvest the immense wheat crop of that country. The Canadian Pacific Railway, therefore, contemplate running some very cheap excursions for farm laborers to points in Manitoba and the Northwest, towards the latter part of August. Anyone desiring to see that country cheaply and to work at wheat harvesting will do well to bear the matter in mind and watch for definite announcements of rates, dates of excursions, etc.

WHEELING IN RUSSIA.

Cyclists are Restricted in the Domains of the Czar.

Wheeling as a pastime in Russia has not been conducted with the same degree of liberality and common sense that has marked its course in this and other countries. For instance, women were not allowed to ride in the streets of St. Petersburg up to February of the present year. Permits are issued to all persons who desire to ride under conditions which every American will smile at, namely:

The applicant must first pass an examination on the wheel before one of the cycling associations of St. Petersburg. When the applicant has received a certificate he files it together with an application to the city officials. Although the permit is given gratis, the cost of revenue stamps and of the little book containing rules and regulations regarding bicycle riding in the city amounts to \$1.13, which must be paid by the applicant before the permit is obtained. Such permit is good for one year, which begins always with May 1st. Upon payment of the required amount a registered number of the bicycle is issued with the permit. These numbers are in plain white figures on a red plate, and must be fastened to the wheel on both the front and back, so as to be clearly visible to the police and the public in case any mishaps should occur, or in case the regulations prescribed for bicycle riders are disregarded. One plate with the number on both sides is fastened to the frame in front, below the handle-bars, sticking out so the number can be seen from either side; and the other plate is fastened to the rear of the frame, below the saddle, in such a way as to be in full view when the person is sitting on the saddle.



The marriage of Miss Mary Isabel Christie and Mr. George Bentley Gerrard was an event that occurred too late in the week for an extended notice...

The guests were met at the door by the ushers—Mr. D. R. Jack, Dr. T. D. Walker, Dr. Stewart...

The invited guests were: Mrs. Armstrong, Miss D. Armstrong, Mr. B. Armstrong, Mr. and Mrs. Simon Armstrong, Mr. Adams, Miss Adams, Dr. and Mrs. Allison, Mr. Archibald, Dr. G. A. B. Addy, Ven. Archbishop and Mrs. Brigstocke, Mr. and Mrs. J. J. Boswick, Hon. A. G. and Mrs. Blair, The Misses Blair, Mr. A. G. Blair, Jr., Mr. and Mrs. B. Boyd, Judge and Mrs. Barker, Miss Barker, Mr. and Mrs. T. A. Belyea, Mr. and Mrs. G. F. A. Bouldie, Lewis, T. K., Mr. D. Brown, Mr. and Mrs. R. W. Crookshank, Miss K. Crookshank, The Misses Crookshank, Mr. and Mrs. Blair, Ottawa; Miss Coster, Mrs. Calhoun New York; Rev. Y and Mrs. DeSjyres, R. V. A. and Mrs. Daniel, The Misses Dunn, Mr. Harry Dunn, Miss Dunbar, Dr. and Mrs. Daniel, Rev. J. M. Davenport, Mr. F. Daniel, Rev. W. and Mrs. Estouff, Dr. and Mrs. E. Ellis, The Misses Earle, Mr. Ellis, Dr. Emery, Mr. and Mrs. Geo. R. Ellis, Miss Fennell, Dr. Bayard, The Misses Bayard, Mrs. Burpee, Miss Burpee, Mr. C. Burpee, The Misses Barlow, Mr. and Mrs. Owen Campbell, Dr. and Mrs. W. Christie, Mr. A. Christie, Dr. W. A. Christie, Mr. A. G. Cowie, Mr. Carmichael, Mr. and Mrs. G. C. Coster, Mr. D. W. Campbell, Montreal; The Misses Clinch, Mr. E. Clinch, Mr. and Mrs. Cornwall, Miss Chandler, The Misses Furlong, Mr. A. G. Fry, Mr. A. M. Frith, Mr. Frith, Mr. W. E. Foster, Major and Mrs. J. M. Grant, Miss Grant, Mr. and Mrs. C. W. Hope Grant, Mr. and Mrs. Gandy, Mr. and Mrs. F. B. Gerrard, Nova Scotia; Mr. and Mrs. R. Grant, Mrs. Gichrist, Mrs. Godard, Mrs. Gerrard Abernigh, Craigallichs, Dunhill, Scotland; Mr. H. Gordon, Mrs. J. K. Gillies, Mr. and Mrs. H. A. Harvey, Miss Harvey, Mr. and Mrs. E. I. Simonds, Mr. B. Scovill, Mr. and Mrs. S. Schofield, Miss Schofield, Mr. H. Schofield, Mr. and Mrs. Short, Chief Justice and Mrs. Tuck, Misses Tuck, Mr. E. H. Turbull, Dr. and Mrs. Traversa, Misses Travers, Dr. John Travers, Dr. Harry Travers, Mr. W. H. Thorne, Miss Thorne, Mr. H. C. Tilley, Mr. H. Tomlinson, Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Truman, Misses Pugsley, Dr. and Mrs. D. A. Pugsley, Mr. and Mrs. W. Pugsley, Mr. and Mrs. Paulin, Windsor; Mr. W. Parry, Dr. and Mrs. H. Poddington, Miss H. Peters, The Dean and Mrs. Partridge, Mr. J. E. Ruel, Mr. and Mrs. F. H. Ruel, Miss Postland, Quebec; Miss Farks, Dr. Ogilvy, Dr. Roddick, Miss Roddick, Montreal; Mr. G. Raal, Dr. Robertson, Miss Robertson, Rev. W. D. and Mrs. Raymond, Mr. J. Holden, Mr. Oliver Stone, Kato; Mr. Borrodalle, Kato; Mr. J. M. McDonald, Kato; Mr. and Mrs. Alexander, Kato; Mr. Alex. Smith, Kato; Mr. H. Winter, Sandon; Mr. Alfred Pinkerton, Boston; Dr. and Mrs. Fleming, Brandon; Mr. and Mrs. Patrick, Kato; Mr. A. Smith, Kato; Mr. A. Moid, Kato; Mr. and Mrs. Holmes, Kato; Mr. Wheeler, Montreal; Mr. O. G. Dennis, Montreal; Mr. James Easley, Montreal; Mr. Shikman, Montreal, Mrs. Pugsley, Mrs. Rolph, The Misses Rolph, Mr. Redmond, Mr. and Mrs. W. E. Vroom, Miss Vroom; Mr. Heber Vroom, Mr. and Mrs. Vassie, The Misses Vassie, Dr. and Mrs. Walker, Dr. T. B. Walker, Mr. Francis Walker, Dr. and Mrs. W. W. White, Mr. and Mrs. DuW. Sparr, Miss White, Mr. and Mrs. Wardrop, Miss White, Miss E. White, Dr. and Mrs. Willett, Windsor; Judge Wells, Mr. and Mrs. Chisholm, Mr. A. McMillan, Mr. F. McKay, Mr. and Mrs. McKeen, Miss McKeen, Dr. George McLeod, Philadelphia, Mr. and Mrs. Markham, Miss Markham, Mr. Ralph Markham, Mr. and Mrs. G. Everett, Miss Machin, Major Montgomery, Kato, Mr. John Miller, Spokane, Dr. and Mrs. F. B. Moore, Los Angeles, Miss McLean, Mr. and Mrs. H. H. McLean, Mrs. Murdoch, Mr. and Mrs. James Manchester, Mr. A. Morse, Mr. and Mrs. C. J. McDonald, Charles Hanson, Mr. U. G. Hawk, Mr. Harry C. Hawk, New York, Mr. Hansard Dr. and Mrs. Hasbaway, Mr. E. C. Jones, Miss Jones, Dr. and Mrs. Holden, The Misses Holden Judge and Mrs. Hamilton, Mr. and Mrs. T. B. Hamilton, Miss Hamilton, Dr. and Mrs. James Hamilton, Montreal, Mr. and Mrs. C. F. Harrison, Mrs. L. E. Harrison, Mr. J. Harrison, Dr. and Mrs. Luches, Mr. Frank Jenks, New York, Mr. and Mrs. E. K. Jones, Mr. and Mrs. G. W. Jones, Miss Murray, Mr. and Mrs. W. A. McLaughlan, Mrs. Murray, Mr. and Mrs. John B. Roberts, New York; Dr. and Mrs. Magee, Dr. and Mrs. J. H. Morrison, Miss G. Nichols, Mr. and Mrs. J. H. McIntyre, Dr. and Mrs. Moods, Windsor; Mr. and Mrs. W. O'Brien, Windsor; Miss O'Brien, Windsor, Mr. W. O'Brien, Rev. Mr. and Mrs. Sterna, Yarmouth Miss A. Sterna, Yarmouth, Misses V and M Skinner, Dr. B. Skinner, Mr. and Mrs. Frank Starr, Mr. and Mrs. C. N. Skinner, The Misses Skinner, Miss Helen Seelye, Mr. G. Jones, Mr. and Mrs. C. L. Jarvis, The Misses Jarvis, Dr. and Mrs. C. E. L. Johnston, Archdeacon and Mrs. Jones, Mr. and Mrs. R. Jardine, Mr. D. E. Jack, Miss L. Jack, Mr. and Mrs. James Jack, Mr. I. A. Lock, Miss Kaye Miss A. King, Mr. Kirkwood, Mr. Leslie, Kato; Mr. Louis F. Lenz, Kato; Mr. Lamont, Kato; Miss McGivern, Mr. and Mrs. McMillan, Mrs. Wiggins, Windsor; Miss Wiggins, Windsor. The groom's present to be the bride was a handsome sapphire ring surrounded with 12 diamonds. To each of the bridesmaids he gave pearl crescent brooches and to the two little flower girls were given gold brooches with the letters "G. C." inscribed.

The bride's father gave a good sized cheque on the Bank of N. B. and a solid silver tea service of five pieces. Miss Alice M. Christie sister of the bride gave 1 dozen sterling silver tea spoons, silver sugar spoon, silver sugar tongs, 2 dozen silver knives, 2 dozen silver dessert spoons. Miss Stevenson an aunt of the bride gave 1 dozen large sterling silver forks, 1 dozen small silver forks, 1 dozen dessert spoons and 1 dozen table spoons. Mrs. Hutchison aunt of the bride gave a gold and silver gravy ladle and a gold and silver marmalade spoon. Mrs. J. B. Roberts a relative of the bride gave a silver and gold salad spoon and fork. The ushers gave a silver and gold sugar and cream set and dozen coffee spoons. Dr. and Mrs. C. Hathway, half dozen silver coffee spoons. Mr. and Mrs. H. F. Paddington, silver pepper and salt. Mr. and Mrs. C. E. L. Jarvis, silver gravy ladle. Mr. and Mrs. C. W. Hope Grant, half dozen silver olive forks. Chief Justice and Mrs. Tuck cut glass dishes. J. J. Boswick, cut glass pickle dish. The Misses Pugsley, silver and glass charms made jar. Miss Boswick, fancy hand painted plate. Mrs. W. H. Truman fancy jar. Mr. and Mrs. J. A. Belyea, cut glass dish. Mr. and Mrs. Francis P. Starr, fancy bedroom lamp. Mr. and Mrs. Gerrard, N. S. one dozen gold souvenir spoons. Mr. and Mrs. Jas. Jack, cut glass and silver sugar bowl. Miss Kaye gold souvenir spoon. Miss F. Schofield, engraved silver salver. Mrs. F. Jones, silver cucumber fork. Mrs. W. E. Vroom, silver coffee strainer. Miss Helen M. Seelye, olive fork. James F. and Miss Robertson, one-half dozen of pearl and silver fruit knives. Mr. and Mrs. Geo. McKeen, five o'clock tea service. Mr. and Mrs. J. McGee, cut glass bowl. The Misses Walker, tray cloths and centre pieces. Mrs. O'Brien and Miss O'Brien, Windsor, N. S. five o'clock service. Mr. and Mrs. R. W. Crookshank, glass flower vase. Miss Kate Murdoch, salad dish, ladle and fork. Mr. F. C. Walker, fancy china painted plate. Mr. O. A. Esley, fancy china candle. Mrs. Wiggins, Windsor, N. S. silver soup tureen. Mr. T. P. Fugley, cut glass. Mrs. Isaac Burpee and Miss Burpee, sterling silver gravy ladle and pickle fork. Mr. Percy Clark, silver flower vase. Miss Grant, sugar spoon and jelly ladle. Mrs. Chas. Hazen, sterling silver confectionery dish. Mr. and Mrs. and the Misses Vassie one dozen sterling silver spoons. Mr. Walter Clarke, silver gravy bowl and dish. Miss McKeen, hand painted china bowl. Mr. W. O. Purdy, cut glass piece. Mrs. Chas. S. Medley, silver cream pitcher. Mr. W. E. Foster silver sugar spoon and pickle fork. Mrs. Harriet F. Calhoun, gold olive fork. Mr. and Mrs. C. F. Harrison, silver salver. Miss Grace McMillan, fancy toilet cushion. Miss Lou McMillan, bureau scarf. Justice and Mrs. Hamilton, silver and cut glass fruit stand. Miss Ada Dunn, fancy worked centre piece. Dr. G. A. B. Addy silver gravy ladle. Mr. W. H. Redmond, half dozen silver and gold orange spoons. Dr. W. Campbell, Montreal, one dozen silver and gold coffee spoons. Mrs. L. Harrison, silver sugar ladle. Miss Lillian Adams, cut glass and silver toilet bottle. Miss H. Peters, 'illet tray. Mr. and Mrs. G. C. Coster, fancy Austrian china plate cup and saucer. Mr. R. J. Robertson, silver olive fork and pickle fork. G. G. Ruel, silver carver and fork. Mr. Frank Jenks a great friend of groom 'rom New York, night clock of novel design. The staff Dr. B. N. A. gave silver knife and fork. Mrs. Grey Merritt's boarders, silver and gold soup ladle. F. B. Gerrard, Nova Scotia, brother of the groom 1 dozen gold souvenir spoons. Mr. and Mrs. T. F. J. Ruel, silver and gold salad spoon and fork. Ven. Archdeacon Brigstocke, morocco hymnal and prayer book in case. Dr. Emery, solid silver coffee service. Dr. and Mrs. L. P. Allison, gold salts. Judge Wells, Montreal, large ornamental vases. Mr. and Mrs. J. P. McIntyre, large ornamental vase. Miss Wiggins, Windsor, large rose banquet lamp. Miss Roddick, Montreal, silver nut and confectionary dishes and tongs. Mr. and Mrs. H. E. Wardrop, one half dozen coffee spoons. Mr. Bruce Scovill, silver and gold bon bon dish. Mr. and Mrs. E. A. Harvey large photo leather album. Mr. Peter Clinch, cut glass rose jar. Dr. and Mrs. F. B. Inches, silver pickle fork. Mr. and Mrs. H. H. McLean, silver gravy ladle. Mrs. Andrew G. Blais, hand painted ornamental bowl.

Chas. DuBury, pink and white feather tip fan. Miss Madeline Barker, sterling silver salver. Mr. Paulin, Windsor N. S., silver cracked ice bowl. Mr. A. L. T. Borrodalle, cut glass berry dish. Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Pugsley, ornamental gold fern dish. Miss Lillian Markham, hand painted cake plate. Dr. and Mrs. Daniel, silver fern dish. Dr. and Mrs. Pugsley, fruit bowl of silver and gold. Dr. and Mrs. Jas. Magee cut glass water bottle. Mr. and Mrs. C. N. Skinner, sterling silver tea spoons. Miss Vroom, fancy worked centre piece. Misses Travers, fancy worked centre piece. A. W. and Miss Macrae, cut glass water bottle. Miss Forbes, silver butter spear. Mr. and Mrs. Jas. Manchester, half dozen silver oysters forks. Miss A. Sterna, fancy painted photo frame. Miss Coster, souvenir photo of Queen. Miss Francis Simonds, copy of Barrie's works. Dr. W. Bayard, silver and gold jelly spoon. Mr. B. Skinner, gold ring case. Dr. and Mrs. T. Walker, half dozen gold 'coffee spoons, gold sugar tongs. Mr. R. H. Gordon, salts. Rev. and Mrs. W. O. Raymond, gold souvenir ladle. Miss May McMillan, gold souvenir spoon. Mrs. C. E. L. Johnston, silver and gold jelly spoon. Mrs. F. Daniel, gold and silver souvenir spoon. Miss G. Gichrist, silver bon bon dish. Miss Kate Buckley entertained a number of friends at her home on Harrison street last Thursday evening for the pleasure of her guest Miss Alice Hogan of Calais. There were eight tables of whist and in the contest Miss Hogan and Mr. F. McManis scored the highest points. Supper was served at the close of the evening to the guests among whom we note the following, Miss Hogan, Miss Louise Harrington, Misses Mary and Annie Carlin, Miss Nellie and Josie Ritchie, Miss Agnes Harrington, Miss Annie Kelly, Miss Pauline Delaney, Miss Manie McManis, Mrs. Higgins Mrs. Kilma, Mr. F. McManis, Mr. H. Regan, Mr. C. Nelson Mr. A. Paterson, Mr. W. Nash, Mr. F. Collins, Mr. J. McMann, Mr. H. Kelly, Mr. W. Fitzgerald, Mr. B. Fishery, Mr. F. McMillan and others. The ushers gave a silver and gold sugar and cream set and dozen coffee spoons. Miss Hogan has returned to her home in Calais accompanied by her friend Miss Buckley. Miss Hogan made many friends during her stay who will always be pleased to welcome her back to St. John. Miss M. Fatten returned this week from a visit to Amherst. Miss Margaret Ritchie of St. James street is en tertaining Mrs. J. blout of Fredericton. Miss Helen Logan of Portland, Me is visiting Mrs. J. McDonald of Britain street. The death of Mrs. A. M. Belding, which occurred Tuesday morning after a very short illness called forth many expressions of deep regret for the sudden ending of a useful young life, and much sympathy for the bereaved husband and family of six small children. Mrs. Belding's death took place on the thirty-second anniversary of her birthday. The funeral took place on Wednesday afternoon from her late residence on Gorman street Rev. Mr. Fraser of St. Stephen's church conducting the services at the house and grave.

A jolly yachting party went up river in the Elsie last week, calling at Fredericton for a short time. The party which returned to St. John the first of the week included Messrs. Wm. Mathers, Harry McCloskey, Herbert Crockett, H. A. Morley, H. A. Morley, H. Swan, Jack and Robert Macaulay. Mrs. A. H. Vanwart of Fredericton is on a visit to friends. Mrs. W. B. Coulthard and Miss Coulthard spent this week at the Bay Shore. They will return to Fredericton shortly. Mr. I. A. Belyea and family are now occupying their cottage at Long Island on the St. John river. Mrs. Benjamin Hamilton of Wellington Row, has returned home on a visit to her home in Yarmouth. Miss Mand Koswick of Hartland was in the city this week. Mr. John A. Boves spent last Sunday at St. Andrews. Messrs A C Smalley, Bert Jordan, J. H. Pullen, and W. H. Millican, spent last Sunday at 'The Cedars'. Mr. W. B. Gaoung of 'the Cedars' was in town on Wednesday last. Miss Besale Thompson is visiting her aunt Mrs. Wm. Lemont of Fredericton. Miss McNally is also spending a few weeks at the Capital with Mrs. Robert Davies. Mrs. Robert Gorham and two daughters who have been visiting Mr. John Golding, Sr., returned to Boston on Wednesday. Miss Minnie Smith of Sydney street went to St. Stephen Wednesday morning for a visit to friends in that town. Mrs. J. C. Pankhurst spent a day or two in Halifax last week, with Mr. Pankhurst who is there on a business trip. Miss L. P. Sutherland, matron of West Newton Semitarium is spending a few days in the city the guest of Mrs. Oliver Emery. Mr. Branton who has been visiting her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Pankhurst has returned to St. Thomas Ontario. Mrs. (Rev.) Fotheringham and two children are visiting Sussex. Miss Nellie Ross is spending this week in Sussex with friends. Mr. and Mrs. Percy Lewis who have been visiting at the residence of Senator Lewis, Lancaster Heights returned to Schenectady N. Y. this week. Lt. Governor McClelan came from Riverside for a few days stay in the city this week. Mr. and Mrs. J. Fred Booth and Miss Loucks of Ottawa have been visiting the city for a short time this week. Dr. J. P. Morrison of Chicago spent a day or two here lately. Mr. and Mrs. A. M. Jones and child of Lincoln Me., are in the city. Mr. and Mrs. W. L. Ogle of Toronto are spending a few days in the city. Mr. and Mrs. H. M. Traton of Norfolk, Virginia made a brief visit to the city recently. Mr. and Mrs. R. McLaughlin returned to Worcester, Mass, the middle of the week. Miss Tiber who has been visiting her sister Mrs. Gowland has gone to Titusville for a few weeks stay. She is expected back today. Dr. Harrison, U. N. B. was here for a few hours the first of the week, en route to Digby. Miss Kin, daughter of Mr. Horace King, returned this week from England. Miss Aggie Quinn is 'n St. Stephen, visiting Miss Ethel Sullivan. Mr. R. W. L. Tibbits and the Misses Annie and Mille Tibbits came from the capital, for a short stay this week. Mr. George F. Braid arrived home from the Pacific Coast the first of the week. Mr. D. J. Gleason returned the first of the week from the Pacific Coast.

Welcome Soap... Is looked for and called for, asked for and sought for by GOOD HOUSEKEEPERS, but it is not always found, because some dealers keep it 'under the counter.' Why? "Inferior brands pay larger profits." In suit on having WELCOME SOAP Renowned for its Genuine Washing Quality. SMOOTH ON THE HANDS—ROUGH ON THE DIRT. We claim this to be the best Household Soap in the world, possessing wonderful cleansing properties, and only needs one trial to make it "WELCOME" to all. "Welcome" is a strong BORAX soap. See the Premium List printed on inside of each wrapper. The Welcome Soap Co., St. John, N. B.

If Horses could talk... what a hum there would be on the streets about the wonderful way in which Quickheal cures Scratches, Galls and Sores. Every man who owns a horse should try it. SOLD EVERYWHERE

The "FAMOUS ACTIVE" Range... EVERY idea that long experience in stove-making could devise is embodied in these Ranges. OVEN is VENTILATED and CEMENTED on TOP and BOTTOM—this ensures EVEN COOKING, while a THERMOMETER in door SHOWS EXACT HEAT—NO GUESSING as to how your BAKING or ROASTING WILL TURN OUT. Quick Working! Easily Handled! Sparring on Fuel! The McClary Mfg. Co., London, Toronto, Montreal, Winnipeg, Vancouver

On the Dominion of Russia. In Russia has not the same degree of sense that has marked other countries. are not allowed to Petersburg up to year. Permits are desire to ride every American will not pass an examination before one of the St. Petersburg applicant has files it together the city officials. given gratis, the and of the little regulations ting in the city which must be paid the permit is ob good for one year, May 1st. Upon amount a registry is issued with numbers are in plain plate, and must be on both the front clearly visible e public in case occur, or in case described for bi- arded. One plate the number can be and the other plate of the frame, below as to be in full sitting on the ad-

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

FOR ADDITIONAL SOCIETY NEWS, SEE FIFTH AND EIGHTH PAGES.



HALIFAX NOTES.

PROGRESS is for sale at Halifax by the newsbood and at the following news stands and centres.

- C. S. DeFRETAS, Brunswick street
MORSE & CO., Barrington street
CLIFFORD SMITH, 111 Hollis street
LANE & CONNOLLY, George street
POWERS' DRUG STORE, Opp. I. C. R. Depot
CANADA NEWS CO., Railway Depot
J. G. KLINE, Goulburn street
H. SHIVER, Dartmouth N. S.
J. W. ALLEN, Dartmouth N. S.

Last week was simply crowded with picnics of all sorts, as befitting the perfect weather. Mrs. Twining's dance on Tuesday evening was the only one of the week and most enjoyable and perfectly managed.

Mrs. Twining was very prettily gowned, as usual, and made a charming hostess. Her supper table was the prettiest one of the season, and the flowers and decorations of the dance general were wonderfully pretty.

The more serious minded portion of society be took itself on the same evening to the Shakespeare recital at Orpheus hall, where there was one of the largest and most fashionable of audiences.

The characterization was not remarkably good, with the exception of Falstaff, and Mr. Williams was so exceedingly clever in his rendering of Howell's slight farce, 'The Parlor Car,' which concluded the programme, that it seemed that his forte was more in that line than in Shakespearean drama.

On Thursday afternoon there was a cricket match between the Army and the Navy on the Garrison grounds, with a band, tea and a smart assemblage of spectators.

Mrs. Montgomery Moore resumed her at home day last week, which will be on Friday in the future. This weekly gathering has been much missed.

The engagement is announced of Mr. G. E. Franklin, jr., and Miss Howard of Baltimore, who is a sister of Mrs. Willis of this city.

On Friday afternoon Mrs. Evans-Gordon had a tennis party and 'at home' at Wellington barracks which was very pleasant and not too large.

Mrs. M. R. Morrow gave a picnic on the same day on the other side of the Arm, so that society was more or less divided.

There are numerous tea parties on board the various yachts anchored in the arm and on the steam launches going round, but the general rendezvous at Thorvald will be wanting.

There is still another engagement in Halifax society, that of a young and wealthy lady now in England, to an English gentleman of position.

The wedding will take place on the other side of the water, and the bride's relatives here leaving shortly to be present.

Mrs. W. S. Duffas returned last week and will be warmly welcomed by her many friends.

Miss Forbes sister of Mr. Forbes, R. A. has also returned and will spend the summer here.

If the public may judge from press notices, it is pretty certain that we are to have a very superior theatrical organization in the Miles Ideal Stock Company which begins a two weeks engagement here on Monday evening.

By ordering early, customers will avoid the annoyance of having to wait, which is necessary later in the season.

Angostura Bitters. 10 Cases Genuine Dr. Sigert's. FOR SALE LOW.

THOS. L. BOURKE WATER STREET.

THOS. L. BOURKE WATER STREET.

THOS. L. BOURKE WATER STREET.

'He who greases his wheels helps his oxen,' is an old saying, but true.

We help those who help us, and those who help us help themselves. We do business for what business will bring. The bigger the business the better the values that can be given to customers.

50 Dozen Of the Finest Quality this Summer's

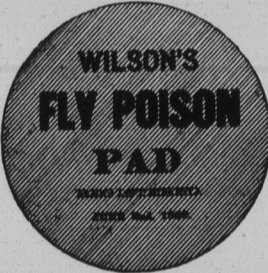
STRAW AND CHIP HATS

Comprising Turbans, Toques, Walking Hats, Sailors and Dress Hats, worth from \$1.00 to \$1.50 each, at a cash price that enables us to offer the lot—

Your Choice for 50c.

All Hats and material purchased during this sale will be trimmed free.

The Parisian



Each 10c. Packet...

WILL ACTUALLY KILL A Bushel of Flies.

Sold by all Druggists.

Clinical... THERMOMETERS.

- HYPODERMIC SYRINGES, ANTI-TOXINE SYRINGES, ABSORBENT COTTON, ABSORBENT LINT, ANTISEPTIC GAUZES, ADHESIVE PLASTERS, ELASTIC and COTTON BANDAGES SILK ELASTIC STOCKINGS, KNEE CAPS and ANKLETS.

W. C. RUDMAN ALLAN'S, CHEMIST AND DRUGGIST, 35 King Street.

New Cloths

FOR SPRING AND SUMMER WEAR

English and Scotch Suitings, Trouserings and Overcoatings, Black and Colored Worsteds, Black and Blue Serges and Cheviots.

By ordering early, customers will avoid the annoyance of having to wait, which is necessary later in the season.

A. R. CAMPBELL, Merchant Tailor, GERMAIN STREET.

YOUR SPARE TIME Men, women, to conduct business at home.

Angostura Bitters.

10 Cases Genuine Dr. Sigert's.

FOR SALE LOW.

THOS. L. BOURKE

WATER STREET.

Mr. Walter Taylor, St. John, who has been visiting relatives here, returned home last Saturday.

Mrs. Len. Murray is enjoying a cycling trip in the western part of the province.

Mr. Fred Coleman is enjoying a vacation with home friends in Grafton, Kings county.

Picnic teas in the Park precincts, are now the only diversion and quite en vogue: there were numerous small functions during the past week.

Mrs. Yorston entertained her guests and a few other friends, in this way, last Friday; there were present Mrs. F. Prince, Miss Dawson, Pictou, Miss Nora Power, Halifax, Miss Yorston, Miss Anna McLean, Messrs. F. S. Yorston, A. McDonald, O. A. Hornsby, J. Stanfield.

On Saturday Mrs. Taylor gave tea to the same party with one or two additions.

Mr. O. A. Hornsby left on Monday last for Port Hawkesbury, where he relieves the Merchants Bank agent for a few weeks.

A picked 'eleven' from H. M. Ships Crescent and Falla, will play cricket with the Amazons here on Saturday next.

Mrs. J. J. Baird, her sister Miss Jessie MacLean and Miss Emma Williams are here from Boston, guests of the former mother, Mrs. Geo. MacLean, Queen street.

The music in St. Andrews last Sunday was of an unusually high order, Mr. E. B. Stuart's organ selection being very fine and beautifully rendered.

Vocal solos by Miss Lily McNulty of Providence R. I. and Mrs. Chenell Montreal. The numbers by both ladies were highly appreciated both during their services and afterward at a short recital. Miss McNulty is an artist who is a great favorite here and always highly appreciated.

Mrs. John Robertson and family Montreal who have been guests at the Learmonth since last autumn left this a. m. for Shediac N. B. to spend the remainder of the summer.

Mrs. L. B. Archibald leaves next week for her usual summer outing at Charlott N. B., where she will be joined by Miss Lulu who is at present visiting friends in St. John.

Mr. and Mrs. Geo. Ganoin, Halifax, who have been visiting Dr. and Mrs. Walker, returned home last week.

Mrs. E. Philips arrived home last Saturday night with the remains of her baby daughter Dorothy, whose sudden death at Mahone Bay was such a sad ending to a pleasantly anticipated summer outing.

The funeral occurred Sunday morning to the England church cemetery. Mr. and Mrs. Philips have many sympathizers in their bereavement.

Mrs. Geo. Wilson who has been visiting her sister Mrs. Geo. Carson in Pictou, has returned home.

Miss Etta Yuill is visiting at her brother's Mr. H. W. Yuill Queen street.

Dr. Geo. Turnbull and Mrs. Turnbull and children are guests of Mrs. Titus.

Miss Burrill of Weymouth spent Monday and Tuesday here.

Mrs. (Dr.) Lowerison of Halifax is visiting her mother Mrs. Bacon.

The many friends of Mrs. Henderson were pained to hear of her death early Tuesday morning, though the end was not unexpected as Mrs. Henderson had been ill for some time.

The deceased lady was beloved by many for her warm heart, and to the poor she was ever charitable. The Methodist church loss is a real benefactor and friend.

Miss Blanche Guphill is visiting her sister Mrs. Daley.

Mrs. Field and daughters are visiting Mrs. Field's parents Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Wright.

Mrs. W. E. O. Jones of St. John spent a couple of days here last week.

Miss Margeson is visiting Miss N. B. Short.

Miss Etta Jones and the Misses Dudman are guests of Mrs. Jones.

Miss Lizzie Dakin of Boston is visiting her sister Mrs. Shreve.

The familiar face of Mr. S. Hagar of New York is with us once again.

Mr. C. W. Davison and family are at Mrs. Short's.

Mr. Coffin of New York is spending his vacation at Lower Lodge.

Mrs. A. D. Bonnell gives a large dance and party this evening.

Mrs. Merkle entertained a number of her friends very pleasantly on Thursday evening. Progressive whist followed by dancing was the order of the evening.

The large number present were thoroughly delighted with their hostess as an entertainer.

Rev. Mr. Somers of Annapolis spent a few days of late week here.

Miss Edith Corbett of Annapolis is visiting the Misses Stewart.

Mr. Frank Burns is here on a brief vacation.

Miss Kate Tobin is visiting her home here.

100 Medals. Pure—absolutely so. Very soluble. The flavor is unequalled in richness and delicacy. Highly nutritious. Beneficial to the health in hot weather. Easily digested. A valuable food for infants and invalids. Fry's Cocoa. Best grocers sell it.

PARRSBORO.

[Progress is for sale at Parrsboro Book Store.] JULY 28.—A very large picnic came off at the island on Tuesday under the chaperonage of Mrs. C. R. Smith, Mrs. C. E. Day and others.

The Christian Endeavor society had a pleasant trip to Wolfville by the Acadia on Friday.

The Hiawatha brought a picnic party from Horton landing on Saturday and another from Windsor today.

Mrs. Boggs, wife of Dr. Boggs, formerly a practitioner here, now of British Columbia was one of the party on Saturday.

Miss Williams an elocutionist is registered at the Brangeline and proposes giving a number of Shakespearean recitals.

Miss Armstrong who has been visiting Mrs. McKenzie has taken her departure. Mr. Norris MacKenzie is at present in Gysboro.

Mrs. Colpitts of Sackville is the guest of Mr. and Mrs. T. R. Harrison.

Miss Eaton of St. John is paying a visit to Mrs. D. A. Huntley.

The Misses Sutherland of Windsor were guests of Mrs. Copp last week.

Mrs. Borden and Miss Reid of Cornwallis spent Saturday with Mrs. Berryman.

Mrs. Russell and her daughters were among the excursionists from Windsor to day.

Miss Hayes of Wolfville is visiting the Misses Cannabell.

The Josie Mills company ended on Monday an engagement of four evenings with a matinee on Saturday at the opera house, 'Dad's Girl' Master and Man' 'Woman against Woman' 'The Golden Giant Mine' and 'East Lynne' were the plays presented.

Mr. J. May one of the actors sang a fine solo at the Baptist services on Sunday evening.

Mr. Justin Townshend and Mrs. Townshend went to Amherst to attend Mr. Robb's funeral.

Miss Townshend has returned from Amherst.

Miss Winnie Smith of Truro is visiting Miss Upham and Miss Longhead of Truro is visiting Miss McDougall.

Mr. and Mrs. Gullion and their daughters are spending a couple of weeks at Brodick's hotel Five Islands on a visit.

Rev. Jas. Sharp, Mrs. Sharp and Miss Wotton returned on Saturday from Toronto.

Mrs. Cooke is visiting friends at Derchester.

Miss Hattie Spencer is at home from Halifax.

Miss Faulkner of Economy is the guest of Mr. and Mrs. W. E. Holmes.

Mrs. Ennis Craig of Amherst and her children were in town on Friday en route to Annapolis.

Mr. Charles McCabe's invitations are out for a party this evening for the pleasure of Miss Barnes a young lady from Truro who is visiting Miss McCabe.

Mr. D. D. Johnston of St. John was the guest of Mr. D. D. Johnston on Monday. He returned home yesterday.

The Grangeville picnic on Monday was a decided success, fine weather, sociable company, a good supply of and variety of refreshments all combining to make the day most enjoyable.

Mr. James McKee of Kent Junction spent Sunday here the guest of Mr. and Mrs. J. W. Morton.

Mr. and Mrs. Robert Sweetman of Moncton are visiting Mrs. G. R. Baisley.

Mr. Isaac B. Humphrey left yesterday for Manchester, N. H. on his well earned vacation. His duties are being attended to by Mr. J. F. R. McMichael.

Mr. C. P. Brown, station agent at Jacquet River, reached home yesterday and went to Mr. Wolfy Fowells on a visit.

Conductor Andrew Rainnie of the I. C. R. was here on Monday returning from Campbellton where he had spent Sunday.

CANADA'S INTERNATIONAL EXHIBITION

St. John, N. B.

14th to 24th Sept, 1897

OVER \$12,000 IN PRIZES

For Live Stock and Farm and Dairy Products

Competition open to the World.

Very Cheap Excursion Rates on all Railways and Steamers. Rates and Dates announced later.

Special Arrangements are made for the cheap transport of Exhibits.

The C. P. Railway will carry Exhibits from New Brunswick points at regular rates and refund all freight charges when goods or stock are returned unsold, thus carrying Exhibits practically free.

A splendid new Postery Building is in course of erection, and Amusement Hall will be enlarged and improved.

In addition to Industrial, Agricultural and Live Stock Exhibits, five or more nights of HAND & CO.'S Magnificent Fire Works, and an hourly programme of Special High Class Dramatic Edicts will be given in Amusement Hall, making together the best and cleanest special attractions ever brought before the people of the Maritime Provinces.

A trip to the Sea Shore, a visit to Canada's Winter Port, and a stay in the cleanest and healthiest city in Canada, can be combined with a visit to the International Exhibition, at the very Low Rates to be later advertised.

Arrange now to come to St. John. Entry Forms will be forwarded to every one who applies personally or by letter to.

CHAS. A. EVERETT, Manager and Secretary, ST. JOHN, N. B.

Trafalgar Institute

(Affiliated to McGill University), SIMPSON STREET, - MONTREAL

For the Higher Education of YOUNG WOMEN.

President, REV. JAMES BARCLAY, D. D. Vice-President, A. T. DRUMMOND, LL. D. Principal, MISS GRACE FAIRLEY, M. A., Edinburgh

The Institute will re-open on TUESDAY, 14th September.

For Prospectus and other information apply to the Principal, or to A. F. RIDDELL, Secretary, 22 St. John street, Montreal.

Teaberry FOR THE Teeth AT ALL DRUGGISTS PLEASANT HARMLESS 25cents a Box ZOPESA-CHEMICAL Co. TORONTO

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

Blair, Ruel & Blair, BARRISTERS, ETC.,

49 Canterbury Street, St. John, N. B.

ST. STEPHEN AND CALAIS.

Progress in for sale in St. Stephen by Master Ralph Trainor, and at the bookstores of G. S. Wall...

July 28.—Invitations were given on Monday morning, by Mr. and Mrs. Fredrick Pike MacNeil...

In spite of the heat on Friday afternoon, Mrs. Hasen Grimmer's "at home" was most delightful.

The house was darkened to just the right degree to make it cool and shady, and although nearly one hundred ladies were present...

Mr. and Mrs. Charles W. Young for the entertainment of Mr. and Mrs. Heber Covelley have invited a party of friends to enjoy a day or two at their summer cottage at Oak Bay.

Mr. and Mrs. John W. Scovil have returned from Shediac.

Mrs. A. T. Clarke entertained most delightfully the Park society at her summer cottage on the river bank on Saturday afternoon and evening.

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Misses Millie and Emily Rockwood, who have been visiting in Kingsville have returned home.

Miss Mary Hopper and Miss Talola of Germantown, Penn. are guests of Miss Alice Pike in Calais.

Mr. and Mrs. Heber Covelley of Woburn, Mass. are visiting Mr. and Mrs. C. W. Young.

Miss Grace Wilson of St. John is visiting friends in Calais.

Miss Helen Parks of Providence, Rhode Island, has arrived here and will spend the summer with her sister Mrs. Franklin Eaton.

Miss Georgia McAllister is visiting Grand Manan where it is said there are an unusually large number of visitors and tourists from the United States.

Mr. and Mrs. Daniel Young of St. Margarets Bay, Nova Scotia are guests of Mr. and Mrs. Charles W. Young.

Miss Constance Vail of St. John is the guest of Mrs. Elean Grimmer.

Miss Belle Downes of Houlton is the guest of Mrs. Percy Lord.

Mrs. C. N. Vroom and Miss Beatrice Vroom visited Eastport on Thursday.

Miss Katherine Copeland is at St. Andrews for a brief visit.

Miss Dean of Quincey Illinois is the guest of Mrs. Henry S. Marchal.

Mr. William Whitney and his sister Miss Whitney, left for Charlton Maine, last week after a short but pleasant visit with their friends Rev. C. G. and Mrs. McCully.

Rev. J. E. Goucher of Halifax will preach in the Baptist church during the absence of his Rev. W. C. Foscher.

Mr. Brashe L. Eaton of New York city who has been visiting in Calais, went to St. John for a short visit this week before returning to New York.

Mrs. Fredric Bols is visiting relatives in Carleton, St. John.

Mrs. William Woods and Mr. and Mrs. Belden have returned from a pleasant visit in Lubec, Maine.

Mr. C. B. Rounds and his daughter Miss Pauline, are enjoying the cool breezes of the St. Croix at their cottage at DeOrville Head.

Mr. Allan Murray of St. John has been spending a few days with his brother Mr. Laurie Murray.

Miss Carrie Murchie has returned from a delightful visit in Eastport.

Mr. Walter Boardman of Tacoma, Washington, is visiting Mrs. W. H. Boardman.

Miss Mary Stewart left on Thursday for Truro, Nova Scotia, to visit her friends Mr. Stevenson and Mrs. Douglas McEwen.

Progress is for sale in Moncton at the Moncton Bookstore, by W. G. Stanfield and M. B. Jones Bookstore.

JULY 28.—Our city is beginning to resemble the Deserted Village, on a large scale. Tree the grass is not yet growing in the middle of the streets, but the trees are steadily and successfully sprouting through the so called asphalt of the sidewalks, and it were not for the untiring efforts of the bicyclists I have no doubt that the grass would sprout there also, so deserted are the streets.

Everybody seems to be away, and if one wished very much to see a Moncton person, Cape Brule, Shediac, or Shediac Cape, would be the place to seek him, not Moncton.

Mr. and Mrs. C. P. Harris and family who are usually amongst the last to exchange the comforts of home, for the rustic joys of cottage life at the seaside, left town last week for their summer cottage at Shediac Cape.

Mrs. George McSwenny and children are spending the hot months, at Summerside, P. E. Island, the guests of Mrs. McSwenny's mother, Mrs. John Leurgey.

Miss Mary Cooke is spending a few weeks in Dorchester the guest of her aunt, Mrs. J. B. Foster.

Miss Holman of Summerside, P. E. I., who has been visiting Mr. and Mrs. C. P. Harris of Standman street, returned home last week.

Mr. A. Y. Clarke and daughter left town on Friday for Bale Verte to spend a month at the seaside. Dr. and Mrs. H. H. Coleman and family are spending a few weeks in Albert county.

Mrs. W. H. Burns of Moncton, who is spending the summer with her mother, Mrs. Samuel McKean at "Havenwood" left town on Wednesday to visit friends in Halifax.

deuts having reached the advanced age of eighty two and lived in Moncton since 1844. He had occupied the position of stipendiary magistrate since 1877. Mr. Wortman left a widow to whom he was married when but nineteen years of age, and who is but three days his junior. Of a family of twelve children six survive their father. The funeral took place on Sunday and was very largely attended, the remains being attended from the family residence on Foundry street to the rural cemetery by the members of the city council, and police force who preceded the hearse in a body. The services were conducted both at the house and grave by Rev. W. B. Hanson. The pall bearers were Messrs. John McKenzie, Oliver Jones, John L. Harris, George B. Baskay, E. B. Hick, and H. J. McGowan. The floral tributes sent by friends were numerous and beautiful.

Rev. W. W. Lodge the new pastor of Central method at church arrived in town on Saturday morning and preached eloquent sermons on Sunday morning and evening.

WOODSTOCK.

[Progress is for sale in Woodstock by Mrs. Logan & Co.]

JULY 28.—Mrs. Wendell Jones entertained a number of children on Friday at a lawn tea—the occasion being the birthday of her little son Charlie.

Mr. Greenville James who has filled the position of American Consul at this place for four years, will leave shortly for Prescott, Ont., where he has been appointed to succeed Mr. and Mrs. James' departed partner. Mr. and Mrs. James' death has made many friends during their stay in Woodstock.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank Tilley are spending a few weeks at Fredericton and vicinity.

Mr. F. B. MacKay is spending his holidays in Halifax.

Miss Rowan who spent the last month in Woodstock the guest of her sister Mrs. Anderson returned to New York on Tuesday.

Rev. Scovil Neale of Sussex spent part of this week in Woodstock.

Mrs. W. T. Drysdale is visiting friends in the vicinity of Fredericton.

Mrs. W. S. Fisher and little Miss Lillian Fisher are the guests of Mrs. B. K. Jones.

A very pleasant picnic was held on Friday afternoon at Northampton. Mrs. Taylor and Miss Duncan were interested in the promotion of the picnic.

Miss Duncan and Miss McKewen of St. John, left on Saturday for St. Stephen where they will be the guests of Miss McKewen's sister Mrs. George Clark.

Miss Helen F. Jordan left on Wednesday for Halifax where she will be the guest of Miss Wilson Brunswick street.

Miss Poole of Arkansas is the guest of the Misses Beardsley at the Grove.

Miss Annie Hazen is visiting friends at St. Andrews.

Mr. J. S. Bailey returned from Fredericton this week to resume his work in the C. P. office. Miss Hoyt who has been filling his position is taking a holiday.

Miss Minette Sharp returned from Victoria B. C. last week to spend the summer at her home here.

The Oddfellows held Decoration Day last Wednesday in Woodstock, and decorated the graves of departed members, with beautiful flowers. The ceremony was quite impressive, consisting of prayer addresses, and placing of the flowers. The band played appropriate airs en route to the graveyard.

Mr. Justus Ebbett died at the Casino on Friday, Tuesday afternoon, a large number of citizens attending the funeral. The services were conducted by Rev. D. Chapman.

Mrs. John Graham is spending a few weeks at St. Andrews.

Miss Carman left Tuesday for St. Andrews for a short visit.

W. V. Jones of Boston is spending a few weeks in Woodstock.

ST. GEORGE.

July 28.—Rev. F. M. Young and family accompanied by Mrs. Abram Young returned to their home in Bridgetown on Thursday last.

The Misses Hibbard of St. Andrews, are visiting at Mrs. T. O'Brien.

Mrs. Robinson St. John, Miss Robinson Honoria S. Q., and Mr. James Ford St. John, were Mrs. Fred Scully's guests last week.

Rev. Mr. Frazer (presbyterian) is having a vacation of three weeks.

Hon. Geo. Rice and Mr. Peabody were recent guests at Hon. A. H. Gilmore's.

Mrs. W. W. Shaw returned on Saturday from a short trip to St. Stephen.

Comfort in Boating. Depends largely on the way one is dressed. Ladies often grow weary guarding their gowns from the rain or the spray. A comfort, then, is WATERWICH SERGE, proofed by the CRAVENETTES CO., it is perfectly shower proof, and will not spot from rain or sea water.

Miss Edna Coburn of Fredericton was the guest of Mrs. C. C. Schmidt St. John, spent Sunday with her mother Mrs. N. T. Peatman.

Mr. A. L. B. McKel has returned from a pleasant visit to Woodstock.

RIORHUCTO.

[Progress is for sale in Richibucto by Theodore P. Graham.]

JULY 28.—Mrs. R. Phinney who has been undergoing medical treatment in St. John arrived home on Tuesday, her many friends are glad to hear that her health is much improved.

Mr. A. Wheeler of Halifax was in town last week.

Rev. Mr. Murray of Douglas was occupied the pulp of Chalmers church last Sunday evening.

Mr. Fred Phinney leaves today on a trip to St. John.

Mr. J. Ferguson accompanied by Miss Annie Ferguson left Tuesday for a short visit to Newcastle, Mrs. John Sutton of Moncton is visiting Mrs. M. Flanagan.

Mrs. C. J. Bayre and Miss Lizzie Sayre are visiting friends in Sackville.

Mrs. J. D. Phinney and Miss Annie Phinney of Fredericton are spending a few days in town.

Rev. W. Lawton arrived home Friday from a trip to Toronto.

Miss Ann of Scotland and Miss Smith, Boston, who are visiting Miss Alice Law of Kingston spent Tuesday in town the guests of Mrs. K. B. Forbes.

ST. MARTINS.

JULY 28.—Mr. G. Whelan of Sussex, accompanied by his sister, Miss Alice Whelan, attended Father Collette's picnic and visited friends.

Miss Lily Bartle, Miss Bessie McLaughlin, Miss Jennie McLaughlin of St. John, were visiting the Misses Nugent.

Mr. J. B. Nugent spent this week in Sussex.

THINGS OF VALUE.

Poisonous candies are generally unhealthy and may be poisonous.

Before the discovery of sugar, drinks were sweetened with honey.

There never was, and never will be, a universal panacea, in one remedy, for all ills to which flesh is heir—the very nature of many curatives being such as to have departed members, with beautiful flowers.

The Oddfellows held Decoration Day last Wednesday in Woodstock, and decorated the graves of departed members, with beautiful flowers.

Hon. Geo. Rice and Mr. Peabody were recent guests at Hon. A. H. Gilmore's.

Mrs. W. W. Shaw returned on Saturday from a short trip to St. Stephen.

Mr. Mary Buehler and young son arrived on Friday from Lowell Mass., and will spend the summer with Mrs. Daniel Gilmore.

Miss Edith Baldwin has returned from a visit of several weeks in St. John accompanied by her friend Miss Maude Sprague.

Among the visitors in town are Mrs. Phillips Woodstock, at Mrs. James Ford's; Mrs. Jenkins of Boston, at Mrs. George's; Miss Mary Rankine of Fredericton, at Mrs. Hugh Douglas'; Miss Edith McPhee of Carleton, at Fred Bogue; and Mr. Day of Indiantown, at Mrs. Thomas Barry.

Rev. Thomas Stewart and Mrs. Stewart of Hallifax with their daughter are spending a short time in town.

A NEW REPUBLIC. South American States Have Formed a Federation. Quietly and unostentatiously the greater republic of Central America has become an accomplished fact. The first step was taken a year or more ago, when Salvador, Honduras, and Nicaragua united in a confederation for mutual defense. Now Costa Rica and Guatemala have joined and the new republic is complete. It would have been still better had the confederation been established half a century ago and thereby developed the resources of the five countries as they should have been and also prevented a score of miserable civil wars and revolutions brought about by ambitious and corrupt military adventurers. They naturally should be under one authority so far as their national police is concerned, and now that this has been accomplished there is little doubt it will tend toward conditions of peace and order in domestic affairs.

The new republic will possess considerable strength. Its population will be a little over three millions, of which Guatemala has nearly one half. The area will be 185,825 square miles, divided as follows: Guatemala, 63,400; Costa Rica, 23,000; Salvador, 7,225; Honduras, 43,000; and Nicaragua, 49,200. As compared with South American State Chile has 293,470 square miles of area, Peru, 469,747, and the Argentine Republic 1,778,195, though the population of the latter is only about 917,000 larger than that of the new republic. Compared with Illinois, its area is about three times as large, while its population is about a million and a half less. The Central American population is largely made up of native Indians and mixed races, but the Europeans and those of European descent are steadily increasing.

The arrangement of the new federation is both wise and sensible. The individual States retain complete autonomy and absolute control of their domestic affairs. Outside relations, treaties, commercial and industrial relations with other nations are managed by a sort of congress which meets in the various capitals at stated times and which is regularly elected. Representation to foreign governments also proceeds from the authority of this body. In a word the relations of the greater republic to the outside world are practically managed as ours are, and the rights of the States to control their own affairs remain untouched.

Undoubtedly one of the impelling motives to this union was the fact of the treaties that Mexico had its covetous eyes on those States adjoining her own southern boundary, which has had the effect to expedite this union of the five states. The union will give the republic an army of about 175,000 men, regulars and militia, which will be sufficient for all ordinary purposes of defence. As to the commercial and industrial resources of the new republic, they should be greatly developed under the new management. It has no other result than to put an end to the interminable revolutions and civil wars in that section it will be a blessing.

Signular Effects of Cold. A bar of lead cooled to a point about 300 degrees Fahrenheit below zero, according to the experiments of M. Ansieur Pictet, gives out, when struck, a pure musical tone. Solidified mercury, at the same temperature is also resonant, while a coil of magnesium wire vibrates like a steel string.

Winners of Stearn's Bicycles. Mr. Wm. N. Ellis, Carleton, St. John. Mr. Jas. Manning, 109 Germain Street, St. John.

Winners of Gold Watches. Miss Mollie Hennessy, Newcastle. Mr. H. B. Cassidy, 72 Mecklenburg St., St. John. Mr. G. C. Cosman, 310 Brussels Street, St. John. Mr. Lemuel A. Barnes, Hampton, P. O. Mr. Arthur M. Irvine, 18 Garden St., St. John.

The above competition will be continued each month of 1897.

THE GREAT HUNGARIAN... The great hungarian is found in that excellent medicine sold as Pickle's Anti-Consumptive Syrup. It soothes and diminishes the sensibility of the membrane of the throat and air passages, and is a pain or soreness in the chest, bronchitis, etc. It has cured many when supposed to be far advanced in consumption.

Before 1850 Russia, Belgium and Holland produced no beet sugar. Now these countries are important factors in the sugar markets of the world.

TELL THE DRUGGIST... A customer of mine having been cured of deafness by the use of Dr. Thozet's Electric Oil, wrote to Ireland, telling his friends of the cure. In consequence I received an order to send him a dozen by express to Wexford, Ireland, this week.

In the second century Galen used sugar as a medicine, and at intervals it is mentioned by medical writers as an important article of the pharmacy. Copernicus, down to the time of Avicenna, who, with other physicians in the ninth and tenth centuries, employed it as a medical remedy.

Mary, Queen of scots, whose hair turned gray through fright, might have restored its color, had some preparation like Hall's Hair Renewer been known then.

LEVER BROS. Limited, Toronto

absolutely so. The flavor in richness. Health in. A valuable infants and.

's Cocoa. ers sell it.

INTERNATIONAL. BITION. John, N. B.

Sept, 1897. IN PRIZES. Farm and Dairy Products. open to the World.

to come to St. John. A EVERETT, Manager and Secretary, ST. JOHN, N. B.

lgar Institute. Higher Education.

at all DRUGGISTS. 25 cents. CHEMICAL Co. TORONTO.

Mill Goods. PURE WOOL. Ruel & Blair, MISTERS, ETC., ry Street, St. John, N. B.

BEWARE

young ladies, the bright eyes, the rosy cheeks will not long remain in your possession when once the discussion makes its home with you. If you have been unwise and now are fighting against the monster, call in K. D. C. the skilled little doctor. He'll move your enemy, restore health and bring back the bright and happy days. It is a soil fact. K. D. C. should be in every home, for it prevents and cures the stomach.

Samples of K. D. C. and Pills go Free. K. D. C. Company, Limited, New Glasgow, N. S. and 187 St. St. Boston, Mass.

SOCIAL AND PERSONAL

(CONTINUED FROM FIFTH PAGE.)

Mrs. Eaton is in Parrboro visiting Mrs. D. A. Huntley. Mrs. Robinson and Mrs. James Ford of this city, and Miss Robinson of Honolulu were guests of Mrs. Fred Seeley at St. George last week.

Miss Edith Baldwin has returned to St. George after a stay here of several weeks. She was accompanied by Miss Maude Sprague who will be Miss Baldwin's guest for a time.

Miss Edith McPeaks is a guest at Mrs. Fred Bogus's St. George this week. Mr. W. E. O. Jones had a delightful stay in Digby last week.

Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Prince and their children spent last Sunday with Mrs. Prince's parents Mr. and Mrs. McLeod at Greenwich.

Mr. James McKoy was a guest of Mr. D. D. Johnson, Harcourt, the first of the week. Miss Vall returned last week from a few weeks stay with St. Andrews friends.

Miss Estey is paying a short visit to friends in St. Andrews. Mrs. James Manchester of Ridgmont is this week entertaining Miss Berrie of St. Andrews.

Says the S. Andrews Beacon of Tuesday: Many familiar faces are missing at the Algonquin—the Wheeler family after six years patronage, and Mrs. J. R. Thomson, of St. John with her bright son and daughter, Roy and Miss Muriel. All these we learn are much regretted by the Montreal contingent.

Among the St. John people registered at Kennedy's St. Stephen during the week were the following: Messrs W. H. Smith, George B. Hallatt, J. R. McFarlane, B. A. March, D. McKenzie, Miss Maude McKown who has been visiting Woodstock as a guest of Miss Duncan is, with the latter, a guest of Mrs. George J. Clarke of St. Stephen this week.

Miss Ida Berryman of St. Stephen is visiting St. John. Miss Grace Wilson is spending a short time in the St. Croix valley. Miss Constance Vall was a guest of Mrs. Hazen Glimmer at St. Stephen lately.

Mrs. Frederic Boies is a guest of Carleton relatives. Mr. Allan Murray has been spending a few days with his brother Mr. Sands Murray.

FREDERICTON.

[Progress is for sale in Fredericton by W. T. H. Fenety and J. H. Hasbroun.] JULY 28.—Mr. and Mrs. McCready are home from Queens county where they stayed with relatives a few days.

Miss May McKinnon of Parrboro has been a visitor of the home of Mr. H. G. Winters. Mr. Osburn White, the very obliging station master of the Canadian Eastern has gone on a vacation trip to the North Shore.

Mr. J. A. Gibson and his mother who lived hereabouts some thirty years ago have been visiting their relatives in the city and vicinity. They now live in Sacramento, Cal. William Smaller returned from Boston to resume life and business in his native city.

Dr. Currie has returned to Cambridge. Mrs. Currie and Bayard Currie remain awhile longer. Mr. C. A. Bruce of Chatham was in town last week.

Mrs. A. H. Vanwart went to St. John to visit friends there. Mr. W. J. Bridges of Sheffield paid our town a few days visit last week.

Large numbers of Fredericton folks attended the four church picnics that were held last week in Springhill, Macasquack, Gibson and St. Mary's. Most agreeable hours were spent at each; dancing being a conspicuous feature of the St. Mary's gathering.

Mr. John T. Miles has bought the well known Perley farm and rumor says will fit it up with new building etc, for his son and future wife, a daughter of a wealthy St. John farmer.

Mrs. Beck, wife of the Auditor General died on Thursday evening of last week. Mrs. Beck was a daughter of the late Hon. John R. Falgout; her surviving sisters are Mrs. Clifton Tabor, Mrs. Otto Crookbank, both of Fredericton and Mrs. Crane of London Eng. Mrs. Beck was a most estimable woman, a devoted church worker, and an efficient member of the W. C. T. U. She was buried on Saturday; the coffin in the cathedral was completely covered with flowers in many designs and bouquets sent by the W. C. T. U. and other sympathizing friends of the Auditor General.

Last Friday evening, the steam yacht "Elsie" came up from St. John, from whence it had started some days previous. On board were Wm. Mathers, Harry McCloskey, Herbert Crockett, H. A. Morley, H. Swan, Jack and Robert Macauley, R. Gray and Geo. Warwick. They looked bronzed and happy and very swell in their yachting suits. The party had used the little steamer for transportation purposes only, going ashore for meals and sleeping accommodation. They started home-wards on Monday.

Mr. Lee Street has been welcomed to his former home by many warm-hearted friends. He is now employed upon the Massachusetts Reservoir system at Marlboro, twenty miles out of Boston. Ald. Limerick went out to Windsor, N. S. last week on a brief visit. Miss Bessie Clark and Miss Alice Clark went

over to Bluffsfield and will continue on to Newcastle visiting friends in both places.

Mr. Herbert Porter who now halls from Michigan is visiting his old home and relatives in town. Miss Mary Hazen a successful trained nurse is home from Boston, on a vacation from hospital work.

Mrs. Chas. H. Sterlinc has two friends staying with her from Lowell Mass., Mrs. Hamm and Mrs. Tarent. Miss Bessie Gibson has arrived at home from Lowell where she has been visiting for a few weeks.

Mr. F. E. Whelpley and Mr. Jas. E. Hoey of St. John were in town last week. Mr. T. B. Estabrocks has been made a D. D. L. by the Mass. State Board of Dental examiners and thinks of going to Boston to practise his profession. Better remain at home, doctor.

Mr. and Mrs. Adams of River de Chute were visiting friends in town during the past week. Mrs. James Howard of St. John North End, is visiting Mrs. Jas. Crangle here.

Mr. Theo. Hogg and Miss Lily Hogg have returned home from a vacation spent in Gasquet. Mrs. T. Sharkey now of New York is visiting her old home and friends in Fredericton.

Mr. W. L. Davis, Mr. F. J. Maguire and Frank Wood Jr. all of Boston, stayed a short time in town prior to leaving for the Miramichi on a fishing trip.

Rev. Mr. Kerr and Mrs. Kerr finished their visit to Mrs. Kerr's parents on Thursday of this week and left for Charlotte Co. to stay with Mr. Kerr's people for a short time. Mr. Kerr filled the pulpit of St. Paul's very acceptably during the last three Sabbaths.

Mr. Harrison Sterling has gone back to Boston after visiting with his mother here during the past fortnight. Conductor McGibbon who has been placed in charge of the Woodstock train formerly held by the late Conductor Hobbs, has brought his family here to live.

Rev. Leonard Tucker of Kingston, Jamaica is visiting relatives in town. At present he is staying with Mrs. H. D. Essey. He preached in the Baptist church on last Sunday morning.

The friends of Rev. W. McDonald and H. E. Pitts will be glad to learn that they arrived safely from their trip to England looking hearty and well. They have many interesting accounts to give their friends of the Jubilee festivities and places of interest which they visited.

Much sympathy is expressed for the widow and children of the late Dennis O'Leary, who after a short period of illness fell from his bedroom window some fifty feet from the ground; when discovered by friends the next morning he was extinct.

Mr. Harrison Sterling who has been spending his holidays at his home here returned to Boston to resume his work. Miss Mary Lugin of Boston is visiting her sister Mrs. Wm. Fiewelling.

Miss Bessie Thompson of St. John is the guest of her aunt Mrs. Wm. Lemont. Miss McNally of St. John is spending a few weeks with her aunt Mrs. Robert Davies.

Mr. George Kirkpatrick and friend from New York are visiting his sister Mrs. James Gibson of Marysville. Mr. W. J. Robertson and Wm. Notman Johnston of Montreal are in town.

As the train bringing home the victorious Tartars steamed into the depot Tuesday evening the inspiring strains of the Citizens band rose above the shouts and plaudits of the largest multitude that had assembled at the C. P. R. station for many a day. After the boys had been heartily greeted by as many admirers as could get near them, a procession was formed the Tartars at the head the band next and a great number of carriages and bicycles. At the Barker house a halt was made and quite a demonstration carried out. Altogether the warm reception to the boys was worthy of the signal victory wrested from St. John.

His Lordship Bishop Sweeney is shortly to visit Oromoco and Fredericton to confer the sacrament of confirmation in the Roman Catholic churches. Mrs. W. B. Coulthard and her daughter are spending the week at the Bay Shore.

Miss Katie Smith of Boston, is on a visit to her mother Mrs. Smith, Charlotte street. Mr. and Mrs. James F. McMurray and children have gone to St. Andrews to remain a couple of weeks.

Mr. W. L. Ogle of Toronto was in the city Tuesday. Mrs. James Cambor of Kingsclear was seriously injured by being thrown from a runaway team Friday afternoon. She had to be taken to the Victoria Hospital for treatment.

Twenty children from Middlemore's home, Birmingham, England arrived here Monday evening. Homes were provided for the most of them before their arrival. A Raymond excursion party made up of thirteen ladies and gentlemen arrived from St. Andrews yesterday afternoon, taking up their abode at the Queen. They left for St. John by boat this morning.

Henry M. Lone of Menominee Mich., brother-in-law of Eli Perkins of this city arrived here Saturday on a visit to his relatives. Mr. and Mrs. Frank Risteen, Mr. and Mrs. E. D. Wiggins, Dr. Heber Bishop and Wm. Newman who have been enjoying a ten days fishing trip on the southwest Miramichi returned home Saturday afternoon.

Miss A. Thompson and Miss Tucker of New York are spending a few days in the city. Mr. and Mrs. John McBeath of Boston are spending a few days here. Mr. Fred J. Aylward of Toronto spent Sunday in town.

Mrs. C. Guntor of East Boston is visiting Mrs. Whitehead, St. John, St. The Misses Brannan of Boston are visiting their home here. Mr. Fred White and Mr. Montgomery of Montreal are here this week. Miss Emma Crookshank who has been travelling through Europe for the past year is expected home next week.

A party of American tourists who spent yesterday afternoon and evening in the city, all expressed themselves delighted with their trip here. Last evening a small lawn party comprising the tourists and a few of Mrs. Edwards' city friends, was held on the Queen's green. The lawn was brilliantly lighted with Japanese lanterns. His Honor Lieutenant Governor McClellan spent a pleasant half hour with the visitors, during which ice cream was served. CHECKER.

WESTFIELD BRACH.

(Westfield's interesting society letter had to be omitted in part owing to the fact that it did not reach here till Thursday night. Letters must be received not later than Thursday morning.) July 28.—The death of Mr. Cornwall and Miss Edith J. Woodman one of our oldest residents whose death occurred on Tuesday afternoon, marked the first few days of the week and the latter part of last week. To Mrs. Cornwall and family I desire on behalf of the people of Westfield to extend sincere sympathy, and I am sure we are joined by the community, we also wish to extend our deep

ECZEMA

Most Torturing, Disfiguring, Humiliating

Of itching, burning, bleeding, scaly skin and scalp humors is instantly relieved by a warm bath with CUTICURA SOAP, a single application of CUTICURA ointment, the great skin cure, and a full dose of CUTICURA RESOLVENT, greatest of blood purifiers and humor cures.

Cuticura

REMEDIES speedily, permanently, and economically cure, when all else fails.

POTTER DRUG AND CHEM. CO. Sole Proprietors, Boston. "How to Cure Every Skin and Blood Humors."

PIMPLY FACES

sympathy to the brothers of the late Miss W.C.J. man.

On Monday evening the White house presented a gay appearance; it was in honor of the bicycle ride given by Ned Sears. A party of boys and girls twenty in number left the house about seven o'clock on their wheels and after routing the neighbors curiosity by the ringing of bells, tooting of horns and the sound of sweet voices they returned to the house and built a magnificent bon fire, then returned to the pizzas to admire its beauty, and devour ice cream and cake.

Mr. Douglas McLanphin spent Saturday and Sunday with Mr. Harold G. Sears at the White House. Miss Minnie and Hattie Allen have given invitations for a bicycle ride and potato bake on Friday evening.

Mrs. C. F. Woodman, Miss Barr of Chelsea Mass., and Miss Nan Akers spent a very pleasant Wednesday with Mrs. B. B. Patterson at Kinnesswood.

Mrs. LeBaron Jones formerly of Westfield but now of Newtonville, Mass. spent a few days last week among her old friends.

Miss Grace Winslow of Fredericton is visiting Mrs. David McLellan, Widow Point. Mr. John Sears of Kingston, Ont., is spending a few days with his aunt and uncle, Mr. and Mrs. Edward Sears at the White House.

Miss Mabel Langley of Glen Burne, spent Sunday with friends in the city. Miss Louise Travers who has been visiting Mrs. Thomas Rankine of Luverloch returned to the city Wednesday afternoon.

Miss Edith Kerr on her way up river with her father on a canoeing trip, spent Sunday with her friends.

Miss Lola Harrison and Miss Keator of St. John spent a few days this week with Mrs. Fred Sayre at Widow Point.

Miss George Maxwell is visiting Miss Ida Brundridge, and her sister Miss Edith is visiting Mrs. John McCordock.

Miss Jennie Stewart, Mr. F. S. Reid of Albert county, Miss Belle Stewart and Mrs. Thomas Campbell spent a very pleasant week with Mr. and Mrs. William A. Simonds who are spending the summer with us.

Mrs. Bartlett formerly of Westfield but now of Lisbon Falls, who has been spending the last week among old friends returned home Wednesday evening.

Miss Mamie Fowler is visiting her friend Miss Nan McDonald at Lindsaville, at Widow Point. Mrs. Allen Rankine and son of St. John are spending a few days this week with Mrs. Thomas Rankine at Luverloch.

Miss Mully Stevenson who has been visiting in St. John returned home Tuesday evening.

ANNAPOLIS ROYAL.

JULY 29.—Last Thursday evening Mrs. Savary entertained a few friends in honor of her guest Miss Fitch of Halifax. The game of Pillow Dax which is becoming quite popular here, was indulged in, and was greatly enjoyed by all.

The How tea given by the members of the Pickwick club on the grounds of Wm. Malcolm, esq. Friday, was a very pleasant affair. The proceeds are to be added in placing a fountain on the Court House Square.

On Friday evening Mrs. Malcolm entertained the Pickwick club and their friends at a barn dance. The barn and grounds were beautifully decorated with Chinese lanterns and dancing was kept up till a late hour. A number of strangers were present among whom were Messrs. Guptill, Davies and Morse of Digby.

The Ladies matinee whist club met at the home of Mrs. J. B. Miles on Saturday afternoon. Miss Annie Lynch entertained her young lady friends at 5 o'clock on Tuesday afternoon. Miss Cowper Cox, of Ottawa who has been visiting Mrs. Mills, left on Saturday for Halifax where she will spend a few weeks.

Mr. Harrington of Halifax was here on business last week. The Miles Ice Block Co., gave the celebrated play "Michael Strogoff" to a large audience in the Academy of music on Tuesday evening.

Mr. Lee and Mr. Dimock of Halifax spent Saturday at St. John and Lubec. Mrs. Penion and Master George De Buy are guests of Dr. M. R. Jack.

Mr. Roy Carson has returned from Sheldiac. Miss Jessie Covert has returned home from Kineshurst church school for girls, Rothesay. Miss Palmer of Sackville is visiting Mrs. A. Wooster.

Mrs. Chapin of Fall River is a guest of her mother Mrs. L. Daggel. Mr. Strace Newton is at home again after a pleasant visit in Calais. Mrs. P. Russel returned from Deer Island on Thursday. The many friends of Mrs. A. Gaskill and her daughter Julia, are delighted to have them amongst us again. Mr. Henry White of the "Artists League," New York, spent the last fortnight on the Island. SEAWARD.

THE ANNAPOLIS CELEBRATION.

Later Echoes of the Queen's Jubilee at the Historic Town.

The following letter from Mayor de Blois of Annapolis which appeared recently in the Halifax Herald has been forwarded to Progress with a request to publish it in this paper. Under the same heading are letters from Messrs A. E. Atlee and A. M. King of Annapolis which corroborate statements made by Mr. de Blois. The story as it appeared in Progress did not come from Annapolis but from this paper's regular correspondent in Halifax:

Sir,—So long as the ridiculous charges made against our late celebration were confined to the county papers I did not reply, simply because the author or inspirer was so well known, and his motive so thoroughly understood, that it was unnecessary. Emboldened by silence, however, and mistaking it for weakness, he has grown reckless, and the recent contributions to the St. John Progress and the Herald have so grossly misrepresented the facts, and so shamefully distorted conversations, that, for the credit of the town, and in justice to myself, I can no longer refrain.

As a prelude, I may say that the whole trouble arose through Judge Savary's excellent, but unasked for, speech being declined. Whether the attraction committee, composed of thirteen of our leading citizens, were wise in so refusing this much offered address, is, as Kipling says, another story. They did, however, and their decision should have been final.

To understand the matter it is necessary to go back to the beginning. When the attraction committee was appointed, early in May they asked the Hon. F. W. Borden to give an address, and though not a member, at their request I also saw him. He replied he would be glad to do so if his health permitted, but, that on account of it, he would have to be very brief. The committee also asked the Hon. A. R. Dickey to speak, which he kindly consented to do, and the large bills were thereupon printed and distributed.

The allegation that the committee knew from the first, Dr. Borden would be unable to attend, and that his name was used for advertising purposes is I need hardly say, a malicious falsehood. The first intimation we had he would not be here was in a letter received from him by Mr. King, on the 10th of June, in which he stated he was convinced he should not, on account of his health. I then wrote, urging him to come, even if he only said a few words, but his reply, received on the 17th, stated it would be impossible, for the above reason.

From that date, Judge Saary 'assiduously pressed' different members of the committee to let him take Dr. Borden's place, and when refused, came to my office and asked me to use my influence on his behalf. The reported conversation with me in Saturday's Herald is, to put it mildly, misleading and untrue. I never stated that 'the management about speeches was all with King and Atlee, the attractions committee, and that there was no time for speeches.' It would have been untrue and absurd, as the names of all thirteen members had been published in our local paper a number of times. What did I say was, that the matter rested with the attraction committee, of whom Mr. Atlee was chairman, and that I had heard him say there was no time for more speeches. I deny, in the most unqualified terms, that I stated 'we are going to wire Dickey to ascertain whether he is going to speak more than half an hour.' Such an idea never entered my head, nor would I have done so if it had.

The words 'we never expected Dr. Borden to speak for more than five minutes' are quite correct, so far as they go, but I added the reason. As to refusing to take the judge's address to read, I only said I was sorry I had not time to look at it then as I had to go to the train in a few minutes. So far as Mr. Dickey is concerned, I deny absolutely that he was ever asked, either directly or indirectly by any of the committee not to exceed half an hour, or to shorten his address in any way. When, on the afternoon of the day he asked me how long he was expected to speak, I told him there was no limit, that it was a matter entirely for himself, and to make it as long or as short as he wished.

With regard to the other features of the celebration I have little to say, except that the assertion that the mayor and council had charge of it, is untrue. Disappointments were many, especially with regard to the sports, and mistakes there were, of course, but they were errors of judgment only; and the insinuation that certain things were done on account of two members of a large committee having certain privileges, is a cowardly falsehood, and insulting to the other members. In conclusion sir, I have to express my regret that the irate correspondent allowed his feelings to

override his judgement. I am sorry to introduce a personal element into this discussion, but it has been forced upon me.

AN OUTFIT FOR THE KLONDIKE.

Take Nothing From Here but Your Money—\$750 the Minimum.

Since the outbreak of the Klondike River gold fever The New York Sun has received many requests for information regarding the manner of getting to the Klondike, the coast, and the character and extent of the outfit needed.

Persons who contemplate going into the new gold fields from this part of the country need provide themselves with but one thing—money. This will provide all the other things which they need and the supplies can be bought at the places of departure for Alaska. Of tools, the placer-miner needs but one pick, a shovel, an axe, and a pan. The kinds quality, and the quantity of clothing and food that he will need are well known at Seattle, where he will go to begin the Alaska journey.

The winter temperature in the Yukon Valley is often from 50° to 70° below zero. This must be provided against and every man of Alaskan experience is advising each adventurer not to go into the country without taking a full year's supply of provisions.

The present routes to the Klondike and its neighborhood all begin at Seattle. The fare from New York to Seattle via the Northern Pacific Railroad is \$67.75 and the trip lasts four and one-half days. From Seattle there are two general routes to the Klondike. One is by way of the North American Trading Company's steamers to the mouth of the Yukon at St. Michael and thence up the Yukon by river boats to Dawson City. The fare by this route is \$180, and but 150 pounds of baggage are allowed to each passenger. The other routes are by way of Juneau. The fare to Juneau from Seattle is \$17, second class. From Juneau the are two routes. The better known is by way of Chilkoot pass and then by a long succession of portages and waterways to the Klondike. On this route every pound of luggage must be carried through the pass and at the portages, either by the traveller himself or on the backs of Indians or mules. There are but few Indians to be hired and still fewer mules. Another route, called the Dalton trail, passes through the Chilkait pass and over a prairie route either entirely by land to Fort Selkirk or to where the Pelly River joins the Yukon, and thence by water. This route has forty-two horses on it for baggage and in the spring it is promised that as many more will be provided as are needed.

The route by way of St. Michael and the Yukon steamers is about 3,000 miles long, 1,700 miles of this being on the Yukon and is covered in thirty-five to forty days. Navigation closes on the Yukon early in September, and does not reopen until June. The routes via Juneau are about 650 miles long and take about twenty-five days to cover.

The smallest sum of money which any man of experience has advised a man to go in with is \$250 in hand after buying supplies and paying all passage money from Seattle. Two hundred and fifty dollars worth of supplies is the smallest amount that it is safe to start with. One hundred dollars' worth of winter clothing must be added to this.

No person should start from this part of the country for the Klondike with less than \$750 in hand, and the more a man has the better for him. And no person should start from Seattle after the middle of August.

The So-Called Madstones.

The so-called madstones, of which several are known to be in existence in this country, are small oblong bits of grayish brown pebble, about half the size and somewhat the shape of a lemon cut in twain lengthwise. It is said that when these stones are moistened and laid upon the wound inflicted by the teeth of a rapid dog they strongly adhere, while the patient feels a 'drawing sensation,' as though suction were applied to the spot. After a time the stones are said to drop off, are again applied, time after time, until they refuse to adhere. The composition of these stones is unknown, as they are considered too valuable to be destroyed or mutilated for purposes of analysis. Scientific men have no confidence in their virtues, but by many persons they are deemed efficacious, and numerous instances are, it is said, narrated of their successful application.

One Night Only.

Miss Margaret Anglin

Will appear at MECHANICS' INSTITUTE, FRIDAY, AUGUST 6, 1897.

A Grand Triple Bill.

Supported by a specially selected Dramatic Company.

PRICES—25c., 50c., 75c. and \$1.00. Tickets will be on sale on Saturday, 31st inst., at the store of A. G. Smith & Co., Market Building, Charlotte street, where plan of seats can be seen.



ST. JOHN, N. B., SATURDAY JULY 31. 1897.

SAVAGE LITTLE FISHES.

THE SHARP-TOOTHED ANIMALS ARE FEROCIOUS.

The Sight of Blood Will Make Them Wild and They Will Follow the Scent Everywhere—How They Sometimes Kill Horses—What They Look Like.

'Ah, Senor! Hold, I pray you! Do not put that wounded hand in the water! Warn you it will be dangerous to do so! Don Enrique Carmono had called to him so suddenly, with such an expression of alarm on his face, as quite to astonish the traveller from New York to whom the words were spoken. The two had reined their horses at the bank of the Guarico River, in Venezuela, and the traveller, who had just cut his finger in snatching at a stalk of river grass in passing, had dismounted and was stooping to wash the blood from the wound. His first thought at the quick word of warning was of a snake or saurian in lurking; that he had failed to see.

'What is it, Don Enrique?' he asked. 'An alligator? A boa?' 'No, senor, neither. Those you can see and watch again: it is something far fiercer and worse. The caribes.'

'Do you mean seriously to tell me that those little fishes would attack my hand put into the water—at the very shore?' said the traveller, who had seen dead caribes and did not believe half he had heard of live ones.

'Senor, a caribe would take off the end of one of your fingers at a snap, as completely as a surgeon could do it with his instruments, or would make such a wound in your hand as would leave a lasting disfigurement. You never have seen them excited by blood! Well, suppose you fire at that alligator asleep on the spit. He offers you a fine shot behind the shoulder. If you wound him badly, see what will happen.'

The traveller took his express rifle from its case at the saddle. The alligator, about sixty yards away, was an easy mark. The shot struck true and the saurian, mortally wounded, whirled round toward the water, dived in, and disappeared, leaving a streak of blood upon the turbid surface. Then the reddened waters began to move and bubble strangely, and by looking closely with a glass the traveller could see that the motion in the water was caused by the swimming and darting about of fishes. Presently the alligator in his dying struggles came to the surface, and he was surrounded by a great school of fishes, all attacking him furiously—short, heavily built fishes, something like the perch in size and shape, with strange markings of white, red, and bluish-green. Crowding and leaping so that the water could scarcely be seen for yards around, they snapped and tore at the dying saurian, swarming upon him so as literally to cover the body from view. Anything more ferocious, ravenous, eager, the traveller had never seen. As he gazed in a sort of horror-stricken fascination at the spectacle he so suddenly had called up with the report of his rifle, Don Enrique turned toward him with his grave smile:

'Those are caribes, senor, drawn by the sight of blood. Would you trust your wounded hand among them?' The traveller 'allowed' pretty emphatically that he wouldn't. He had seen the caribes in their native element, and how they behaved there, and he wouldn't trust them, or any waters they swam in. He found out a great deal more about these fishes, though, during his stay at San Pablo, and also in other waters than the Guarico. By personal experience he learned of the matter of-course way with which a caribe would bite off the strongest fishing line above the hook, and the fish did not stick at the performance any more when the line was defended by gauging of silver or copper. A few of them in a fishing net would ruin it by biting through its meshes, and would also injure many of the valuable fish about them. Whether in the water or flopping about on land or in the bottom of a canoe, they were always ready for a fight and would snap and bite at everything in reach as long as they could stir a fin. A trace of blood on any creature, large or small, in the water would bring them upon it, and if far from shore its chances of escape was small. Horses with spur wounds in their sides were special marks for the caribes, which would attack them so savagely in the crossing of streams as often to eat their way into the entrails and destroy the poor animals before they

can gain the shore. A horse, in the traveller's knowledge, which had waded into the river up to its knees to drink was hamstringed by caribes before it could get clear of the water. With their heavy, underhung bulldog jaws, double rows of shark's teeth, the red rings around the eyes, the red tinged gill covers and the bright orange markings over their white and bluish-green bodies, these savage little pests of the Orinoco waters were as evil in looks as in disposition.

These things the traveller found out at a later time. The story of Juana Boldsos and Gutierrez, the spanish commander, he heard from Don Enrique Carmono on this day as together they stood on the bank of the Guarico watching the caribes and the alligator.

'It was many years ago, before the Venezuelans had emancipated themselves from the tyranny of Spain,' said the don, 'that Col. Ramon Gutierrez of Caracas marched with his Spanish soldiers to stamp out rebellion that already was gathering on the upper waters of the Orinoco. Particularly he desired to get hold of Ernestino Boldsos, a bold, high-spirited man of Indian strain, who was influential among his own people and made his voice heard for freedom. Gutierrez, a man of imperious, cruel temper, was a skilful, energetic commander. He marched so rapidly and silently as to surprise the Guarico people in their homes, and every one whom he suspected of disloyalty he shot on the spot. Ernestino Boldsos was shot before his own door, and the Spanish Colonel compelled his wife Juana, a beautiful Indian woman, to witness the execution of her husband. Gutierrez remained at San Pablo several months, engaged in the pacification of the province and during that time he forced Juana to live with him in his quarters and to cook his meals. She was a high-spirited woman, who had been devotedly in love with her husband, and so it seemed strange that, after the first outbreaks of resistance, she should appear to accept the situation passively and live with her brutal captor in apparent content.

There came a time when Gutierrez started on an expedition down the river in canoes and, as if to heap every indignity on the widow of Boldsos, he commanded that she should paddle the canoe in which he voyaged, after the custom of Indian women who paddle their husbands about in the Orinoco waters. What the true cause was you may judge for yourself—the Indian of the Guarico knew many secret arts—but on the first morning after starting he woke complaining that a vampire bat had bitten him during the night, and he was strangely sleepy. The blood had stained his clothes, and the wound through the morning continued to bleed.

'In some way the canoe which Juana paddled fell behind the others, which passed round a bend in the river ahead. And then—it was done with the turn of the paddle—in a place where the river was wide and deep, the canoe was overset and Juana Boldsos, giving the craft one push that sent it far from both, was swimming for the nearer shore, and Gutierrez woke from a half slumber to find himself struggling in the water. The wound in his neck, the blood stains on his shirt, they were enough and almost before he could give one cry for help the caribes were about him. The two nearest canoes that had gone ahead turned back in time for their crews to witness the ending. You can see what it was.'

Don Enrique looked over to where the alligator, now dead, was floating on its back, with the caribes in growing numbers crowding, leaping, snapping about it. 'Eaten alive piecemeal,' he said; 'then, shrugging his shoulders: 'Perhaps it was no great pity, after what he had done. And Juana? She got ashore and safe into the woods. You can trust that no Spaniard could overtake her after that. She lived many years in health after the Spanish oppressors had been driven from Venezuela.'

ABOUT BICYCLING ACCIDENTS.

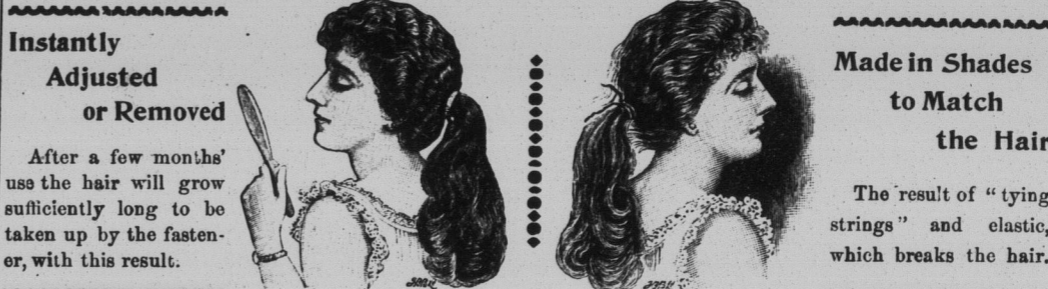
Some of the Things to be Done When You Come to Grief.

The bicycle girl is out in all her glory! She is all pervading and someone has said that she inherits the earth. If it is, it is certainly not through meekness, because that is not one of her characteristics; she is an important person in the world, and she knows it, her place is assured and she has no idea of relinquishing it; therefore it is as well to recognize her as a power in the land, and cater to her tastes occasionally. It is natural to suppose she will be interested in everything pertaining to cycling and anxious to gain all the information possible relative to that popular form of amusement.

Here is some practical information and advice concerning the ills that the cyclist is heir to, and their remedy, as well as a brief dissertation from the pen of a surgeon, on the subject of bicycle accidents,

SHORT'S 'Dyspepticure' Cures Dyspepsia, Headache, Biliousness, etc. Sold and Sent Free From C. K. Short, St. John, N. B., and Druggists generally.

Patent Hair Fastener.



This simple and most effective Fastener is designed to replace tying up Ladies' Hair with cord, etc. (which is the usual custom), previously to proceeding with the coiffure. SAVES TIME. NO KNOTS. NO FRICTION.

Manchester Robertson & Allison, St. John

since none of us can hope to escape altogether from "spills" collisions and sprains.

Now comes forward the cycling physician and tells wheelmen and wheelwomen what to wear and what not to do at this festive season of the year, in order that they may be spared from pneumonia and other ailments that snap off youthful lives. 'At this season warnings against exposure to chills and their consequent evils cannot be too frequently reiterated,' he says 'more especially as they form a peril to life rendered deadlier by far than the most dreaded of cycling accidents, in that it is held far too lightly by the average of thoughtless humanity. Bicycling is one of the most active of exercises. It brings every muscle and organ into play and opens the pores of the body. After brisk riding and overheating there is always a strong temptation on the part of the rider to cool off in the fresh air without taking any precautions. Even in ordinary riding, to descend a long hill in the brisk draught of one's own making, while heated by the previous struggle uphill, is dangerous.

'The wisest safeguard against all risks is to wear woollen undergarments.' The almost universal use of the bicycle and the appearance of diseases that arise from its use has developed the bicycle physician.

Dr. Earl S. Bullock, of New York, is a bicycle specialist. A wheelman for many years, he has many a study of the so-called bicycle diseases, and has gained much interesting information.

'The trouble all arises,' said Dr. Bullock, 'from overdoing. The century run has proved a popular fad, but a very foolish one. The wheel, as a means of exercise, is valuable, provided the cyclist rides just enough to gain a pleasant feeling of exhilaration without so greatly fatiguing himself that he is a wreck afterward.

'Take the century run, for example. You have no idea of the aggregate foot pressure that is necessary to propel a wheel 100 miles. It must of necessity injure the rider, so great is the strain. This strain does not, as some suppose, bear upon every muscle, but only upon a certain set. Therefore, it develops just a single set of muscles to the injury of others. Should bicycle exercise be taken in such degree as to give the muscles referred to their proper and proportionate amount of exercise, well and good, but just so sure as it is overdone, the effect is injurious and opens the way for the ills catalogued under the head of the bicycle diseases.

'The effect on the heart of riding is the same as that produced by alcoholic beverages. Both stimulate. If a little stimulant—alcoholic—is occasionally taken, no evil effect is discernible. Overindulgence, however, makes one a physical wreck the next day.

'So it is with cycling. Ride a few miles, just enough to exhilarate, and the result is beneficial. Take too long a ride, and the next day the rider feels as if he had drunk too much. These facts have been demonstrated to me by personal experience.

'The disease called the vibratory movement has become widespread. It is purely a nervous affection, and more often afflicts the scorchers. Notice a man who has it, and you will observe that he cannot keep still for a moment. Some part of him is in motion all the time.

'I attribute this affliction to the position

of the saddle. The scorchers saddle is set in an inclined position, giving him a down hill tendency all the while. This position is altogether unnatural, and cannot fail to produce evil results. I regard the adjustment of the saddle as one of the most, if not the most important, factor in riding a wheel.

'The list of bicycle diseases is a lengthy one. Most dangerous of all is 'bicycle spine.' The pitch forward of the scorchers body exhausts the nutriment from the pulpy interior of the cushions or intervertebral disks which are placed between the bodies of the spinal vertebrae. This portion of the spine loses its soft and spongy character, and becomes dry and hardened cartilage.

'Deprived of its elasticity, the bones of the spine draw closer together, aggravating the normal curvature. The action of the complaint is the same as if a piece of whalebone were being compressed at the ends. The curve that would result in the middle of the whalebone is precisely that which the backbone of the sufferer from 'bicycle spine' will assume when the complaint has become sufficiently aggravated.

'Back pedalling brings on the trouble called 'bicycle wrist.' When the rider treads back on the pedals of his wheel of necessity he tightens his grip on the handle bars. The muscles of both legs and wrists are brought into play in the effort to stay the progress of the wheel.

'One of the latest and most irritating infirmities, for whose origin the wheel is blamed, is the 'bicycle eye.' The sensitive eye of the wheelman is taxed altogether too much for safety during a long ride. Not only has the rider to face the glare of the sunlight, but the irritating effect of dust that rises in the clouds on a windy day. The muscles of the eye, intended only for the most delicate service, are constantly and violently at work for hours under especially irritating conditions.

'The focus is taxed to the utmost by the constantly moving vista, and the arteries of the choroid and iris are greatly overstrained.

'A cycling surgeon gives the following hints as to 'what to do in cycle accidents': 'Notwithstanding the number of accidents, every season, cyclists, by taking ordinary precautions, may ride year after year without suffering even so much as a strain.

'A simple remedy against the majority of 'headers' and collisions is to be able to dismount instantly while riding at full speed.

This is quite a common feat; but there are still thousands of young and agile riders who have not yet attempted to accomplish it.

'A large number of accidents last year were brought about by beginners using machines which did not fit them. It is just as foolish for a man to buy a 'misfit' bicycle, as it is for him to buy a 'misfit' suit of clothes.

'No matter what precautions are taken however, a certain number of accidents are sure to happen, and, unfortunately, the simplest accidents often produce the most serious results. A case in point came under my notice last September, when a cycling friend of mine was thrown from his wheel through a side slip, and pitched on his right hand. Though his hand was badly scratched with grit, he rode home without dressing it. A little while after blood poisoning set in, and he was dangerously ill for weeks. His is a rather common case, and cyclists meeting with the same kind of accident can ensure safety, by immediately washing the parts in cold water, so that every trace of foreign matter is removed from the hand, which should then be wrapped in a dry handkerchief. If the hand is badly torn or damaged the rider must wear his arm in a sling, and must not on any account place his hand on the handle-bar again, or use any pressure on it that might force inwards a fragment of dangerous matter.

A Forgotten Author.

The oldest American man of letters is Theodore S. Fay, now living abroad at Berlin, at the age of 90. He is mostly forgotten, and his books are all out of print. Yet he was a man of some note in the literature of his day. His Novels, 'Norman Leslie' and 'Hoboken,' were in every circulating library, and were widely read, fifty years and more ago. He was a contemporary of Irving, Willis, Bryant, Halleck, Percival and others of that period. He had a position in diplomatic service, being given the place of Minister to Switzerland by President Van Buren, who was very kind toward literary men. Irving was appointed Minister to Japan by him. Hawthorne had his position in the Boston custom house during his administration, Bancroft was made collector of the port of Boston, and James K. Spaulding, who had written at least one novel, was a member of his Cabinet. It was noted as a curious fact at that time that the literary men of the country were generally Democrats. Mr. Fay has never resided at home since he lost his foreign mission. The charms of European life were too much for him.—Boston Herald.

The Same Old Sarsaparilla. That's Ayer's. The same old sarsaparilla as it was made and sold 50 years ago. In the laboratory it is different. There modern appliances lend speed to skill and experience. But the sarsaparilla is the same old sarsaparilla that made the record—50 years of cures. Why don't we better it? Well, we're much in the condition of the Bishop and the raspberry. 'Doubtless,' he said, 'God might have made a better berry. But doubtless, also, He never did.' Why don't we better the sarsaparilla? We can't. We are using the same old plant that cured the Indians and the Spaniards. It has not been bettered. And since we make sarsaparilla compound out of sarsaparilla plant, we see no way of improvement. Of course, if we were making some secret chemical compound, we might... But we're not. We're making the same old sarsaparilla to cure the same old diseases. You can tell it's the same old sarsaparilla because it works the same old cures. It's the sovereign blood purifier, and it's Ayer's.

I am sorry to insert into this dis- forced upon me. THE KLONDIKE. ... but Your Money— Minimum. ... the Klondike River ... York Sun has re- for information re- of getting to the and the character and ded. ... plate going into the part of the country lives with but one will provide all the need and the sup- at the places of de- tools, the placer pick, a shovel, an kinds quality, and and food that he- wn at Seattle, where Alaska journey. ... in the Yukon 50° to 70° below provided against and experience is advis- ot to go into the a full year's supply ... the Klondike and begin at Seattle. ... to Seattle via the ... is \$67.75 and ... and one-half days. ... two general routes ... is by way of the ... Company's ... of the Yukon at St. ... up the Yukon by ... swan City. The ... \$180, and but ... are allowed to each routes are by way Juneau from Seattle ... From Juneau the better known is by ... and then by a long ... and waterways to ... route every pound ... carried through the ... ges, either by the ... the backs of Indians ... but few Indians to ... or mules. Another ... ton trail, passes ... and over a prairie ... by land to Fort ... Pelly River joins ... by water. This ... on it for bag- ... it is promised that ... provided as are ... St. Michael and the ... at 3,000 miles long ... on the Yukon ... five to forty days. ... the Yukon early in ... not reopen until ... are about 650 ... out twenty five days ... money which any ... devised a man to go ... after buying sup- ... passage money from ... and fifty dollars ... smallest amount ... ith. One hundred ... clothing must be ... from this part of ... ndike with less than ... more a man has the ... no person should ... er the middle of ... Madstone, ... stones, of which ... existence in this ... ng bits of grayish ... half the size and ... lemon cut in twin ... that when these ... and laid upon the ... eth of a rapid dog ... while the patient ... on,' as though suc- ... After a ... to drop off, are ... time, until they ... composition of these ... they are considered ... ved or mutilated ... . Scientific men ... their virtues, but ... re deemed effica- ... are, it is said, ... ful application. ... Only. ... et Anglin ... GIC'S INSTITUTE, ... 6, 1897. ... ple Bill. ... lected Dramatic Com- ... c. and \$1.00. ... Saturday, 31st Inst., at ... Market Building, ... of seats can be seen.

A JEALOUS WIFE

'Out every night until 2, and you believe him when he says it is business,' said Mrs. Merkle, pursing up her lips. 'Ah, well, you are an innocent lamb, Doris Moore.'

'Why, Aunt Sarah, how dare you?' cried Doris stamping her foot. 'Humbug your husband's coat pockets and you'll find I'm right,' said Mrs. Merkle.

'I don't set up for a saint and never did,' cried Owen. 'Give me a kiss Doris. I'm as hungry as a hunter, and I must eat and run. It's all night again, Doris. Well, so much more in the savings banks, and, indeed, we've no reason to be sorry.'

'I miss you very much, Owen,' said Doris, as she brought a hot dish from the oven and set the chairs at the table. 'I'm as lonesome without you as a kitten without its mother.'

'I keep thinking of you too,' said Owen. 'Oh, indeed, I don't like it a bit, but I say a dollar put up for a rainy day may keep us from the gutter.'

'I don't see how honest he is?' she was repeating. 'All very well, Doris, but look in his coat pockets all the same—look in his coat pockets.'

'Old cat! She's at it again!' said Owen, who heard, but like the good-natured man that he was, he only laughed as he ran downstairs. 'The devil will fly away with old Aunt Sarah one of these days, but she can't make my Doris believe any ill of me, that's one comfort.'

vince her how the hours were spent. That would be a serious way of making all right. But suddenly an idea popped into his jolly head.

'I'll turn it all into a joke,' he said to himself. 'I'll make Doris well ashamed of herself, the darling. I'll write a love letter or two and put them in my pocket and let her find them. Then there'll be a row, and when it's gone far enough I'll out with the truth. A bit of a joke settles things the best way.'

It seemed such a comical idea that he burst out laughing over his breakfast, and nearly choked himself twice in trying to swallow his joke with his coffee.

However, he had not time to carry out his plan until Sunday came. Then, while his wife was busy over the dinner, he took from his hiding place a little parcel of pink-tinted paper, with a rose at the top of the sheet, and concocted three idiotic and extravagant love letters, signed them, 'Your best beloved and ever loving Fanny Ann,' and put them into envelopes addressed to himself.

He was rather clever with his pen, and imitated a woman's hand very well. Having first sealed them up, and then cut them open again, he hid them in the pocket of the clothes he wore on Monday when he went to work, left them hanging in the wardrobe.

There they might have remained, for Doris had grown ashamed of her suspicions of Owen and determined never to ransack his pockets, but that Aunt Sarah dropped in again after Owen had left the house.

'Out again?' she said with a nod. 'Yes, and hard at work, poor boy,' replied Doris. 'Aunt Sarah, I'm sure that he is as true to me as one angel could be to another.'

'I should like to look through his pockets, though,' giggled Aunt Sarah. 'Look, then,' said Doris, throwing open the wardrobe door. 'There are his things.'

his eyes as he remembered how happy he had been there. When he reached the street he stood bewildered, asking himself which way he should go, what he should do. Then it came to him that he must report the horrible facts at the station house and have an alarm sent out. The police would know what to do better than he could; and with heavy steps and reeling brain he sought the big brick building before which the great lamps hung, and entered in.

Late as it was, there was a little crowd there, gathered about something that lay in the middle of the floor. 'What is it?' he gasped, with white lips that could scarcely form a sound.

'Young woman jumped into the river,' cried a policeman. 'My God!' cried Owen, bursting through the crowd, and falling on his knees before the wet figure lying on the floor, with a policeman's coat under its head. 'My God! it is my wife!'

The next instant he gave a big howl of joy, for the great eyes closed themselves, the little trembling hands were outstretched toward him, and a faint voice said: 'Oh Owen, take me away from this dreadful place and all these dreadful men. For Doris, although she had really thrown herself from the end of a wharf into the river, had been promptly fished out by the river police, and although soaked to the skin, terribly frightened and heartily ashamed of herself, was very much alive indeed, and when Owen had whispered something in her ear—the story of his joke which she already knew—could only sob: 'Forgive me, Owen pray forgive me.'

'She was a bit out of her mind, you see, with a sort of fever,' Owen explained, 'and God bless those who saved her to me.' Then he took his wife home, and whatever else has come to his humble door since that day, the green-eyed monster, jealousy, has never entered.—Dublin World.

BOOKKEEPING IN FLY-TIME. How a fly caused a firm much trouble and worry. Bookkeeping readers, who know the excitement and worries of the monthly trial balance, will not be lacking in sympathy for a California brother, one of whose experiences is narrated by the San Francisco Post.

A bookkeeper in a San Francisco wholesale house has been spending sleepless nights for three weeks in fruitless efforts to make his books balance. There was apparent shortage of nine hundred dollars that could not be accounted for. He added up columns and struck balances until he was almost insane.

He finally worked himself into the frame of mind that usually lands a man in Canada, the insane asylum, or a suicide's grave, when the manager of the house invited his confidence. Then they went over the books together, but the nine hundred dollars shortage was still there.

Tired? Oh, No. This soap SURPRISE greatly lessens the work. It's pure soap, lathers freely, rubbing easy does the work. The clothes come out sweet and white without injury to the fabrics. SURPRISE is economical, it wears well.

he reached out his hand, thanked the club and pocketed the bell. And—bless his simple English heart—next morning he told another newspaper man how kind the Press Club had been to him and what a lovely presentation speech Mr. Decker had made.

Midsummer Danger. Paine's Celery Compound Surely and Quickly Cures Neurasthenia

One of the commonest and most dangerous diseases of midsummer is Neurasthenia or Nervous Prostration. This disease, which respects neither age nor sex, is usually brought on by overwork and worry in the shop, office, home and school.

The symptoms of nervous exhaustion are so well known that it is almost unnecessary to name them. Dizziness, sleeplessness, palpitation of the heart, shooting pains in the limbs, paralytic symptoms, constipation and headache are the commonest features of the disease.

How can nervous exhaustion be cured so that insanity and death may be avoided? Past experience and medical testimony answer the question fully. Paine's Celery Compound is the only medicine that can surely overcome the troubles of the nervous system.

It cures at once its superiority and usefulness; its work in public institutions has given it a popularity never possessed by any other medicine. Try it, nervous one; it will quickly give you that condition of health that you are looking for.

WORRIED THE LANDLADY. Balder Twins Made her Think she was in the Wrong Business. The Balder twins have been getting into trouble again. This time it was with a new boarding-house keeper who had bought out the widow Clancy's business and didn't know there was a twin in it.

withering sarcasm. 'You bet I am,' said the other twin, Eugene, he began to devour the nearest dish.

'Young man, you'll have a fit of apoplexy and I won't be half sorry. Anybody who gorges himself with two suppers ought to die.'

Eugene understood in a flash, but he only said calmly: 'Wait until I've eaten this one—maybe I won't need anymore.'

The new boarding-house keeper went through the apartments in a fury, looking for the Balders to inform them that their son was eating himself to death. The first one she saw was the boy himself playing checkers with his father. Her eyes grew round.

Two young trees, raised from its acorns, have recently been planted near the famous old oak at Cowthorpe, England. The ancient tree, which is more than fifty feet girth, and is believed to be the largest oak in existence, is so decayed that it is feared it cannot stand much longer.

Another Victory. Kootenay Coped with Eczema and Overthrew It. James A. Wilson, of Paris, Ont., delighted with his Daughter's Cure.

All along the line Kootenay is marching to victory. Wherever there is a stand up fight between Kootenay and disease, Kootenay always comes out Victor. The 'New Ingredient' gets in its home thrusts that make disease yield the battle.

I like the small package of Pearline. a lady says; 'it lasts two weeks and does two washings.' Then she admits that she has been using soap with her Pearline. Now this is all unnecessary. If you don't put in enough Pearline to do the work easily and alone, you bring down to the level of soap, which means hard work and rubbing. If you use enough Pearline, the soap is a needless expense, to say the least. Use Pearline alone, just as directed, and you'll have the most thoroughly economical washing. Beware of cheap imitations. Pearline is never peddled; if your grocer sends you an imitation, be honest—send it back.

'You must be hungry,' she said, with a look that said she was not.

Sunday Reading.

THE MISSIONARY HYACINTH.

It was Polly's. It grew in a slender little hyacinth-vase of ruby colored glass, the tiny bulb resting in the top and its long roots trailing down into the water underneath, and looking almost as pretty through the glass as the blossom did above.

One day Polly had an idea. She was standing looking up at her hyacinth on the mantelpiece when it came to her—the idea I mean. 'Do it!' she said so distinctly that it woke up Pamela, the cat, and made her cross. Mamma was taken into parter ship with Polly and the idea, and that very afternoon the missionary work began.

One whole day the hyacinth comforted Aunt Chloe, and then it found itself up in little Bennie Tabb's back attic, comforting him. Bennie was lame too, and lay all day in bed counting the cobwebs and spiders that he would never let his mother sweep away; but he hardly looked at them while the little missionary stayed.

Then there was Esther Lane, who sewed shirts all day, and Betty Ferris who had the long tedious fever, and Andy Tillman, who was too old to work. The hyacinth went to see them all, and shone like a real little star—a pink star—among them.

The last visit of all was in a long, clean room filled with white beds in a row. And oh, how often a little head on one of the little white pillows turned toward it and almost forgot to ache—it looked so bright and sweet and good in its slender glass!

Then the little missionary went home to Polly, and settled down in its old place between the marble clock and the blue jar a hundred years old; and mamma and Polly insisted it smell sweeter and looked prettier than ever before, and even Pamela the cat, seemed to appreciate it.

HE COULD NOT TELL WHY.

But Temptation Came and the Poor Boy Weakly Yielded.

A few weeks ago Boston was startled by a daring crime. The criminal, a lad about nineteen, eluded capture for three days in spite of all the detectives and a score of eager newspaper correspondents. What crime had this young man committed that he should be hounded by the law and by the press? He had stolen over thirty thousand dollars from a national bank, and in the simplest way.

He had been trusted messenger of the bank. Every day large sums had been given into his keeping. One morning he left his home without any intention of doing wrong. He went to the post-office as usual, and reported with the bank's mail. At ten o'clock he started on his regular tour, as a messenger from bank to bank. Up to this time he had outwardly been an honest lad.

On the way from the clearing-house to a bank, the temptation at once to take money suggested itself. In a few minutes he would have thousands of dollars in his possession. It would take a life-time of hard work for him to accumulate that amount of money. He began to feel as it he were wronged. He was only earning a dollar and a quarter a day. This, as he thought, unjust inequality he could now easily remedy.

But his conscience was not dead. A cold shiver ran over him. He staggered along, hardly heeding where he went. Conscience battled with his temptation. The resistance to do evil became less as the battle went on, and each moment the crime became less repulsive.

At last the banks had all been visited and he must deliver the money he had collected. What should he do? Remain honest, or become the dishonest possessor of wealth? He was in a fever of doubt and

hesitation. He looked up at the clock. It was noon. Already the officers had probably begun to inquire about him. His wavering had consumed an hour of time. He still paused in doubt. He turned back in despair. Then something snapped in his heart, he said, and he dashed down the street like a parish dog. In a few moments he was at the railroad station, and there boarded a train, without much consideration as to whether it went. He had now cast behind an honorable life, and was a felon fleeing from the law. And as he said when he was caught, a few days after, he could not tell the reason why.

But there was a reason why. There is little mystery about it. According to the young man's own confession, the temptation to steal from the bank had come to him some time before he committed the crime. He saw what an easy thing it was to run away with an independent property, and he mentioned the matter to two of his young friends.

'Don't do it!' they both advised. 'Don't do it for your life!'

So he put the deed away for the time, but the thought of it, the planning of it, he allowed to remain with him; and this explains the mystery of his sin.

Our habits of thought make us what we are. To think of wrong-doing with a desire to do wrong is one form of evil. It is the preliminary step which may lead at any moment of temptation to open degradation. As my thoughts are, so will my life be, is an inexorable law which no juggling can modify and no repentance, however bitter, can annul.

THE SOUL'S INQUIRY.

He Will Rejoice Over Those With Joy He Will Rest in his Love.

Six years ago a copy of the pamphlet, 'Pray, Pay and Prosper,' by the Rev. J. Hunter, was put into our hands. Though we have read a little on the subject before that, and believed in it, yet it was not until we had read that tract that we decided to set apart one-tenth of our income for God. We found that, though we had been what is considered liberal givers, we had been robbing God of nearly one-third of what really belonged to him. Having a fixed, but not a large income, I am bound to confess that it cost a struggle, if not self-denial, the first year; but since then it has been a growing pleasure, until we feel now that we are not satisfied with one-tenth, but can willingly give something as a free-will offering.

Giving systematically has been the means of uniting the so-called 'secular' life with the religious life in a way that they had never been before. Indeed, they have almost ceased to exist as distinct. Our contributions to missions have been increased threefold, while we still support the home work as usual, and we find that we have something left for the poor, to which we used to think that we could not afford to give anything. We have also proved God's promise, 'Give, and it shall be given unto you,' to be true. For, having a fixed income, with no probability whatever of it ever being increased, we had no thought of receiving anything in a financial way. And yet, what have we found? In looking over our accounts for the last six years, we find that we have been paid back in hard cash, yes, in actual dollars and cents, every cent we have given above and beyond our usual givings. It has become a great deal more of a joy, as well as greater satisfaction, than the old spasmodic way of giving. What we now want is more education along this line from our pulpits.—Cor. 'Christian Guardian.'

Family worship and the religious education of children day by day in their homes, are necessary to the success of the church in reaching the entire circle of its own members and thus preserving in the community a diffused religious vitality through which those who are not church members may be attracted to the religious life. A dwelling without a family altar in it may be a house but can never be a home. Now that any distinctively religious instruction and even the reading of the Holy Scriptures, without not or comment, are excluded from the common schools of so many more or less misguided American Commonwealths, it is more important than ever that religious instruction of children should be undertaken by parents at the family altar and not carelessly committed to Sunday-schools, with their brief weekly opportunities.—Rev. Joseph Cook.

TRAINING—FOR WHAT?

The Bad Use to Which Great Talents May be Sometimes Applied.

A short time ago the principal sporting men in the country were assembled in a Western State to see a fight. For one day in March the eyes of almost the whole country were upon two men. Each had undergone the most conscientious training for what was to be the event of his life. For weeks each man had regulated his diet, taken regular exercise and sleep, had boxed and allowed himself to be pummeled.

The question of each man's physical condition was finally discussed in the daily press to an extent that seems ridiculous now. Which man could stand the greater punishment? Which deliver the stronger blows? Which was the greater brute? In fine, which could disable his opponent for at least ten seconds? Which would gain the 'championship?'

The time approached. Public matters, such as the Cretan question, the new Congress, the attitude of the President on the Cuban situation, were almost lost sight of, so absorbed were a large proportion of the people in two men who were to fight to the finish.

At last the telegraph announced to the world that the two gladiators were standing up opposed to each other. Then came an infamous account of blood and blows—a story one might expect to hear of tigers, not of men. Then came the final thrust beneath the heart.

Fifty-three minutes finished the exhibition. The training of years given for less than an hour in the ring,—given to be the centre of a depraved interest,—and then all was over. To accomplish absolutely nothing useful, to be actors in a most debasing drama, to stimulate the foolish expenditure of millions of dollars, to shock the decency of the country—such were the results for which these men had fought.

Their are 'black spirits and white,' bad fights and good. Paul, a man who underwent as arduous a training as the two men who fought at Carson, said: 'I have fought a good fight.' He referred to struggles as powerful as dramatic, as exacting of courage and endurance as any gladiatorial contest of ancient or recent times. But the difference in purpose was as the life giving sunlight to the malarial blackness of a tropical night.

Every reader of this article is in training for something. Is it for robustness of body or of soul? Shall it be to lend excitement to a useless drama? To commit folly for the sake of cheap applause? Or for the 'good fight,' by which all that is selfish and debasing is conquered—and God's approval is the eternal award.

LINCOLN'S PARTING ADVICE.

He Was too Great a Man to Sneer at De-vout Feeling.

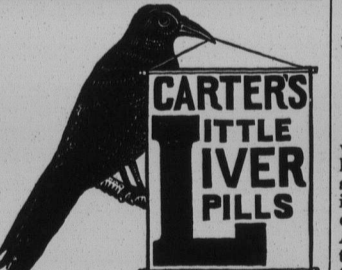
It is a well known fact that while President Lincoln was by nature a religious man he struggled for many years against religious disbelief. One of his eldest friends was Joshua F. Speed. He was probably on more intimate terms with the President than any other man. Their friendship began with the earliest dawn of Lincoln's career, and ended only with his death. Relative to this friendship and the last interview but one between the two, Alice D. Shipman, whose father entertained Lincoln and Douglas for weeks at a time under his roof, tells the following story in the New York Sun:

A few months before he died the President asked Mr. Speed to spend a night with him at the Soldier's Home. The guest arrived just after sunset, and, as was his wont, ran up to the President's rooms. There was the President reading a book. As he came nearer in the twilight the visitor was surprised to see his old friend reading the Bible. With the freedom that only a long intimacy could give, Mr. Speed said:

'I am glad to see you so profitably engaged.'

'Yes,' answered Lincoln, looking up seriously, 'I am profitably engaged.'

'Well,' said Speed, somewhat sadly, 'if



SICK HEADACHE

Positively cured by these Little Pills.

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

Small Pill. Small Dose. Small Price. Small Substitution.

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

UNPLEASANT FEATURES OF YOUR FEET. Often subject you to great annoyance. You can't walk much without having them tender, sore, swollen or sweaty. During the hot weather they give you special trouble, you don't know what to do with them, just invest in a box of FOOT ELM.

Wrong Conclusion. The Canadian Gazette tells an amusing story of one who was too quick at drawing an inference. At happened that a Glasgow professor who was visiting Canada with the British Association in 1884 was desirous of seeing something of North-western life, and for this purpose repaired to Alberta ranch.

He fixed him up as well as I could, the rancher says but he complained that he did not like sleeping with his clothes on. So after the first night I stretched a cow-skin across the shack, and told him he might undress if he liked. He took off most of his garments, and put on a long white night-dress. In the morning my foreman came in while the gentleman was still sleeping. Observing the white night-dress, he said in a whisper: 'Rather sudden, eh?'

IT STRIKES HOME! Chase's Ointment Cures all Skin Irritations. Of the many skin diseases, eczema is one of the worst and most common. The one effective remedy so far discovered for it is Dr. Chase's Ointment. It has never been known to fail.

Mr. Andrew Aiton, of Hartland, N. B. says: 'My little daughter, Grace Ella, aged three and a half, was a great sufferer from eczema for three years. We tried a number of alleged cures and several doctors, but all without effect. Her's was indeed a bad case. Her little body was entirely covered with rash. One day our local druggist, Mr. Wm. E. Thistle, recommended me to try Dr. Chase's Ointment. I did so, and four boxes effected a complete cure and saved our child.'

Dr. Chase's Ointment is just as effective for piles, salt rheum and sores of all descriptions. For sale by all dealers and Edmondson, Bates & Co., manufacturers, Toronto; price 60 cents.

There is nothing to equal Chase's Linseed and Turpentine for severe colds and lung troubles. Large bottle 25 cents.

Applause for a Heroic Drummer. A Bangor drummer recently saw a woman enter the train at North Buckport and rush through the car just as it was getting speedy. He coolly walked after her, and just before the fatal leap, grasped her firmly by his manly bosom. She struggled, but he only tightened his grip, saying: 'Madam, you shan't jump off the car and kill yourself! When she got her breath she shrieked: 'You big fool. I was only going out on the platform to wave my handkerchief to my friends,' a party of Bangor yachtsmen aboard the train applauded the drummer for his heroic half hour and at intervals thereafter.

An Advertisement

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

PEOPLE WHO SUFFER

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

TRY THESE PILLS

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

No. the work ers freely the work out sweet o the fabrics wears well.

said the other 'twin, devour the nearest

have a fit of apoplexy sorry. Anybody who wo suppers ought to I in a flash, but he ten this one—maybe

g-house keeper went into a fury, looking worm them that their it to death. The first boy [himself] playing her. Her eyes grew you get here before

easy,' said Harold, complications, and was as soon as I finished my begun all over again,' ed and perplexed wom- Balder came to the ad about the twins. But ad of the commissary she should sell out, was something uncan- ness.—Chicago Times

ak in the World. raised from its acorns, planted near the fam- thorpe, England. The is more than fifty feet d to be the largest oak eared that it is feared h longer.

used Fuel. the way of utilizing the Germany for heating the great bulkiness of now a process has been n thirty tons of peat can of carbide without rored-up energy of heat.

R VICTORY. ped with Eczema urtherwith It.

n, of Paris, Ont., de- his Daughter's ure. ne Kootenay is march- Wherever there is a stand Kootenay and disease, comes out Victor. 'The nt' gets in its home disease yield the battle, better exemplified than y stubborn skin disease. enay means certain cure. e case of Miss Wilson, for 18 months from the Eczema were such as to ful for any remedy that ce of relief. Her father, lson, writing under dates d May 8th states:—'I health of my daughter, I orm you that she is cured has this Monday gone to 'oolen Mills here after y 18 months, and I give credit for curing her. use the contents of my mmentations, for we berson who has Eczema e benefits of Kootenay, of witnesses here to testify of my letters, people who she was very bad and

JAMES A. WILSON. previous information re- is same gentleman, we Wilson had the disease before beginning to take e, and was under the for about 8 months. He was a very obstinate one not get any better. She Kootenay on the recom- the Rev. Mr. Brown and Richardson, of London, l.

ve a complete history of a nning to end and can see d with perseverance and y, how thoroughly Koot- as at the source of all dis- ances all impurities from it perfect health. druggists, or The S. S. licine Co., (Limited), Ham- free on application.

## Notches on The Stick

Shoemaker, or Surgeon—Which?  
Only an open door—let me but go,  
I please and still in my prison so!  
—The Captive.

The moralist who will hold the ethical scales to weigh the subsequent defects of his character, if he will consider mitigating circumstances at all, cannot leave out of his estimate these withering years of Coleridge's childhood. Insufficient food, a pauper's clothing, brutal, unsympathetic treatment, injudicious bathing, with wet garments dried on his back, tended to impair the gentle sensitive boy's spirit and self-respect, as well as his physical health. Those morbid conditions which induced the use of opium and which were increased by its use, (and to relieve intense pain most sufferers have recourse to anesthetic drugs,) he owed to Christ's Hospital regimen. We do not wonder at much that followed, when he himself tells us that "all half the time from seventeen to eighteen was passed in the side-ward of Christ's Hospital, afflicted with jaundice and rheumatic fever."

Poor patient! It would seem that the first out-budding of his poesy was pathological! What malevolence did not have a hand in marring this son of genius? Even a paltry and mean disease rankled in his fraze. 'He had a remarkably delicate white skin, which was once the cause of great punishment to him. His dame had undertaken to cure him of the itch, with which the boys of his ward had suffered much; but Coleridge was doomed to suffer more than his comrade, from the use of sulphur ointment, through the great sagacity of his dame, who with her extraordinary eyes, aided by the power of glasses, could see the malady in the skin, deep and out of the power of common vision; and consequently, as often as she employed this miraculous sight, she found, or thought she found, fresh reason for continuing the friction, to the prolonged suffering and mortification of her patient. This occurred when he was about ten years of age, and gave rise to his first attempt at making a verse, as follows:—

"O Lord, have mercy on me  
For I am very sad!  
For why, good Lord? I've not the itch,  
And she I've got the lid!"

the school-name for ringworm."

His life became fantasy, and oblivious to all of outward present things, but gnawing hunger. This colored his day dreams; on his imagined Crusoe island he would eat a mountain of plum cake with a gusto no actual palates know. A room with the furniture all edible, and he will eat out chairs and tables. Ah! what magnificent endowment—hunger and imagination! There is one unending joy—a new book! He can comfort himself with stuffing a hungry brain if he must starve a hungry stomach. The classics came to him, as by magic; folic, and quarto, he devoured them all, and sucked King street library dry. This was all of being, the quintessence of pure existence, "to crumple himself up in a sunny corner, and read, read, read," till in this peculiar intoxication his miseries for a season melted away. Not much wonder if a school seemed to him a more fitting torture institution than place of learning; nor matter to marvel at, if ambition and self-respect fled with the winds, and he was willing to sell himself cheap as the world seemed to count him, to a shoemaker, a recruiting-officer, or anyone who would offer him an asylum from physical wretchedness.

"Near the school there resided a worthy and in their rank of life, a respectable middle aged couple. The husband kept a little shop and was a shoemaker, with whom Coleridge had become intimate. The wife also had been kind and attentive to him, and that was sufficient to captivate his affectionate nature, which had existed from earliest childhood, and strongly endeared him to all around him. Coleridge became exceedingly desirous of being apprenticed to this man, to learn the art of shoemaking; and in due time when some of the boys were old enough to leave the school and be put to trade, Coleridge, being of the number, tutored his friend Crispin how to apply to the head master, and not to heed his anger should he become irate. Accordingly, Crispin applied at the hour proposed to see Bowyer, who having heard the proposal to take Coleridge's answer and assent to become a shoemaker, broke forth with his favorite adjuration:—*O!s my life, man, what d'ye mean?*" At the sound of his angry voice Crispin stood motionless, till the angry pedagogue, becoming infuriated, pushed the intruder out of the room with such force that Crispin might have sustained an action at law against him for the assault. Thus, to Coleridge's mortification and regret, as he afterwards in joke would say, 'I lost the oppor-

## No Gripe

When you take Hood's Pills. The big, old-fashioned, sugar-coated pills, which tear you all to pieces, are not in it with Hood's. Easy to take

## Hood's Pills

and easy to operate, is true of Hood's Pills, which are up to date in every respect. Safe, certain and sure. All druggists. 25c. C. T. Hood & Co., Lowell, Mass. The only Pills to take with Hood's Sarsaparilla.

tunity of supplying safeguards to the understandings of those who perhaps will never thank me for what I am aiming to do in exercising their reason.

Shades of Giffard and Bloomfield! might not the boy have been happier, had Bowyer granted him his way? But would Wordsworth then ever have come with his spark of genius for that mental tinder: There's a question! This wish went by; but there are new baits for heart and fancy. To be a surgeon, like as his brother Luke is becoming, seemed soon after a fine thing to him; and the Saturdays were red letter days, when he could hold a bow! or a plaster in the hospital ward, and dream maybe of some future Sir Samuel Coleridge, the eminent physician of his time. To this end now tended his extra studies; "he plunged headlong into books of medicine, Latin, Greek, or English; devoured whole medicine dictionaries; then fell from physics to metaphysics; thence to the writings of infidels; fell in love, like all embryo poets, and wrote verses." Of whatever stream he stooped to he was no shallow drinker; and his capacity, doubtless, neutralized many ill tendencies. But the period of manhood,—without the usual callowness and adolescence, but with peculiar and long-enduring weakness,—is setting in; new prospects, with reference to neither Cispin nor Esculapius, are opening out. He is destined for university and literary life; and, in February of 1791, enters Jesus college, Cambridge, where we shall find him in residence, with his wondering circle of admirers.

The roseate time came earliest here; and there was already a glamor and ambrosia in those evenings, when his intellectual kindred gathered about him to mark the incessant flow from lips that needed no alighting bees to anoint them with honey. Middleton, his friend at Christ's Hospital, had preceded him hither, and was at Pembroke college; so that the fame of him was all abroad in the domain of gownsmen, and the curious were apt to listen to him! Ah, says the glowing herald, but you will listen to him! He will hold you by the ears without so much as the putting forth of a finger. So, in the after hours, when the lexicons and text books are up piled, the eloquent scholar, whose mind is saturated with Eubylus, Plato and Thucydides, will discourse largely on politics, society and divinity, or what you will. Perhaps the latest pamphlet of Burke, which he has at heart, will furnish the text of amplifications on the public weal more wonderful than the majestic periods he expounded. No need to appeal to the author quoted; Coleridge knows him verbatim, and can repeat him without let. 'Christ's Hospital boys,' we are told, 'anticipated his doing great honor to their body. This he eventually did by his poetical fame, and might have done by his college honors, had he but been as well versed in mathematics as in the classics. In his first year he contended for the prize for the Greek ode, and won it. In his second year he stood for the Cravan scholarship, and of sixteen or eighteen competitors four were selected to contend for the prize; these were, Dr. Butler, late Bishop of Litchfield; Dr. Keate, late headmaster of Eton; Mr. Bethell, and Coleridge. Dr. Butler was the successful candidate, and Coleridge was supposed to stand next. But college honors were contingent on a good mathematical stand; this Coleridge, who hated mathematics, despised, failed of."

Middleton also became discouraged with his failure, after hard study to obtain the classical medal, and a fellowship going with it. He was started out into the world, wherein he won his successes; and with the close of their college life, the two friends were sundered, Coleridge used often to go over to Middleton's room in Pembroke college, to converse or read with him. "One day he found him intent on his book, having on a long pair of boots reaching to the knees, and beside him, on a chair next to the one he was sitting on a pistol. Coleridge had scarcely sat down before he was startled by the report of the pistol. 'Did you see that?' said Middleton. 'See what?' said Coleridge. 'That rat I just sent into its hole again. Did you feel the shot?' It was to defend my legs that I put on these boots. I am frightening these rats from my books, which, without some precaution, I shall have devoured.'" Middleton had doubtless practiced so long that

the rats were assured of a tolerable safety.

Various circumstances conspired to unsettle Coleridge, and to determine his removal from Cambridge. The trial and expulsion of Frend,—whose doctrines he imbibed,—grieved him with a sense of injustice. A more liberal tendency was airing itself, both in politics and theology; and a generous nature like that of the poet would never prompt him to join in the hunt, and cry of heresy and sedition. Strong partisanship with the Liberalism and Unitarianism prevailing in his college, began the alienation of his sympathies. Beside this he got in debt, and, as if that were not enough, fell hopelessly in love with one Mary G——, proffered himself and was rejected. His manner of getting in debt at Cambridge illustrates somewhat ludicrously the easy imprudence of his character in all business transactions. "He was no sooner at his college, than a polite upholsterer accosted him, requesting to be permitted to furnish his rooms. The next question was 'How would you like to have them furnished?' The answer, prompt and innocent enough, was, 'just as you please, sir,'—thinking the individual employed by the college. The rooms were therefore furnished according to the taste of the artisan, and the bill presented to the astonished Coleridge." The expenditure so ill begun, was increased in various ways, until at the time of his removal, he owed the sum of one hundred pounds.

We know not whether it is the must of this damp weather that has sickened us, or Prof. Wm. C. Wilkinson's article in the Bookman, but our gorge is decidedly turned. What does the man mean? This man writes of Keat's "Ode to A Nightingale"—a classic, which for over half a century has given delight to the most refined readers of English, and passes unquestioned from the dictums of foremost critics—in such manner as seemed suited to the London Quarterly when it was resolved at all hazards to suppress an upstart. This might do for the fire-side with friends who can make allowance, or as a bit of heavy humor for the class room but he gets up thus before the public, really it is time to cat-call him down. He even presumes to show how the first stanza may be mended, though, as a whole, he considers the Ode, hopelessly amorphous, and unrelated to the subject. Prof. Wilkinson:

My heart sinks to a deep delicious lull  
Of heaving, and the pulses in my veins,  
Die into motions gentle yet not dull.  
That silent sing nappeth to my pains,  
And soothes me into sympathy of lot  
With thee, O thou unconscious happiness,  
Vocal invisible among the trees,  
Is some melodious plot,  
Of beechen green, 'mid shadows numberless,  
Singing of summer in full-throated ease.

His "heart sinks?" Varily, and so does the heart of his reader! I pass it around to the company—to you—to you—to you—to the five thousandth—and say: Would you accept this as an amended version of the first stanza? "Sing nappeth, etc." Shade of Oliver Goldsmith! What a precious pendant! How things divine come mended from his pen! We have known the Professor as a maker of artificial flowers, but we doubt if he has produced anything more papery than this. He thinks in his art: I he may have to reckon with the class of "Keats fanatics." He will have to reckon with all people of sentiment tempered with reason. We call the whole thing a singular instance of analysis run wild and of criticism belated; and it leads one to question what the author expects to accomplish by it. If the lovers of poetry have not admired worthily they are not likely to be turned from their preferences by such futilities as this. A sublime piece of critical assurance has not before been perpetrated, and we may not see his equal for many a day.

Dr. Charcot, the celebrated French savant, and experimentalist in hysteria and hypnotism, is to be commemorated by a statue in the Salpêtrière Hospital. The work, by the sculptor Filguierie, is nearly completed, and will soon be placed where it may be inspected by the Parisian public.

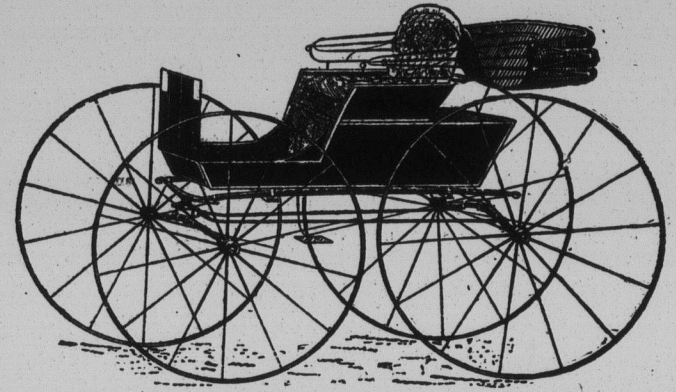
We have been favored with a copy of "The Register," formerly published by John E. Woodworth at Berwick N. S., but now under the conduct of Miss Aimee Huntington, late of the "Hants Journal," at Windsor N. S. Miss Huntington is a lady of fine talents, and has already demonstrated her editorial ability. "She is a daughter of the late Richard Huntington, who for many years published the Yarmouth 'Tribune.'" We extend to our confrere our best wishes and congratulations.

A series of poems on Greece, by Miss Lucy Cleveland, brought to the authorities through the courtesy of Consul-General Botassi, a complimentary cable from the King of the Hellenes. A volume will be issued in the fall by Miss Cleveland from the house of A. D. Randolph, entitled

## CARRIAGES! CARRIAGES!

Handsome and Comfortable, well constructed and elegantly finished.

Here Are Two Distinct Styles.



SINGLE-SEATED BUGGY.

A very handsome and convenient carriage for all purposes.



DOUBLE-SEATED BUGGY.

Perhaps one of the most serviceable and comfortable carriages built. Rides as easy as a cradle.

For prices and all information apply to

## JOHN EDGECOMBE & SONS,

Fredericton, N. B.

Or at Warehouse, Corner Brussels and Union Sts.

"The Scotlet Veined and Other Poems," dedicated somewhat uniquely, "To the Supreme Poet." "The title which is that of the first poem in the collection, stands by a striking metonymy for the American flag."

The July Bookman contains a carefully written, and appreciative review of Prof. Charles G. D. Roberts History of Canada, by Mr. Francis Sherman, the poet, of Fredericton, N. B.

The great and prevailing book, last month judging from its standing in the market, was James Lume Allen's "The Choir Invisible," "Quo Vadis," keeps its vogue, and is not far behind. They are both of excellent quality.

Mark Twain has started for his vacation on the continent, having completed his literary labor in London.

PASTOR FELIX.

### "DOMESDAY BOOK."

Two Rare Volumes Preserved at Westminster.

The Domesday Book, often referred to, and perhaps very little understood, consists of two volumes, preserved in the Chapter House at Westminster, London. The volumes are written on vellum, and are of equal size. The larger contains 382 pages, in folio, written in a small hand in double columns. The smaller book is a quarto, has 450 pages, and is written in a larger hand. Why the volumes are called 'Domesday' is still in dispute. Some say that it is because the returns therein preserved were first deposited in one of the crypts of the Winchester Cathedral called Domus Dei, the House of God, and that Domesday is a perversion of Domus Dei. But the Domus Dei, God's house or hospital, did not have its rise until a century after the books were placed at Winchester, and there is an ancient chronicler, who probably had

means of knowing, who says they were called Domesday because of their resemblance to "the last judgment in their universality and completeness." Originally intended as an instrument of oppression by William the Conqueror, whose death followed quickly upon its completion, Domesday Book became afterward the great authoritative document in all matters of dispute relating to boundaries and privileges connected with the real property of the British realm, which then embraced all the countries except Northumberland, Cumberland, Westmorland and Durham. The King, on Christmas, 1085, ordered a general survey of the land to be made for the purpose of learning whether or no any advantage could be made in the values, and that the royal revenues might thereby be increased. The returns showed a decrease in values in estates held by the subjects of the crown. And so thorough and specific was the survey that no other country possessed such accurate materials for its geographical history as are furnished for England by "Domesday Book."

Curiosities of an Old Sea-Bottom.

During a recent trip to Peru, Mr. S. F. Emmons observed near Lomas a plain from ten to fifteen miles broad stretching between the mountains and the seashore, and elevated 500 or 600 feet above tide-water, which, not very long ago, as time is reckoned by geologists, was a part of the sea-bottom. It still retains interesting relics of the days when it was the home, or haunt, of ocean monsters. Scattered among its sands and pebbles the inhabitants frequently find the teeth of sharks, and occasionally they turn up the jawbones of a whale. With the latter they construct crucifixes, whose white forms are conspicuously placed on headlands.

A Good Deal in a Few Words.

I paid a Toronto specialist on catarrh a large sum of money but I got no benefit. I tried them all, but finally a most in despair, and assuredly without any faith, I tried Chase's Catarrh Cure. It is all that it is recommended, which is saying a good deal in a few words. Joel Rogers, clerk, Division Court, Boston. Improved blow-off in each 25c. box.

**Woman and Her Work**

Do society people ever grow weary of hunting for new sensations, and pursuing new fads, I wonder? They seem to spend their lives between these two occupations, and one would really think that after awhile they would pall, and the world of society be satisfied to take things as they find them at least for a while. I suppose the restlessness that comes with lack of occupation has something to do with it, and the natural energy which belongs to youth and health, in all conditions of life, must find some outlet. A very singular fact—at the first glance—is that which is just now engaging the attention of society people in Texas. We are not exactly accustomed to connect Texas with society functions I know! It is more closely allied, in our minds to bowie knives, revolvers and lynchings; but at the same time there really are some swell society folk in the lone star state, and they are setting the pace for their swells in a very original manner. This new departure is nothing less than dancing the German in the early morning hours after daylight, instead of the small hours before dawn; and the innovation is of very recent origin, in fact it only dates from the first of the summer.

The affair is quite as formal as any so-called evening entertainment which begins at ten and lasts till two o'clock except that of course evening dress is not worn, and though it may lack the meretricious glitter of the former it is certainly far more enjoyable if people must dance at all, in summer. The invitations are just as daintily engraved as a ball card, and invite the recipient to a dance, to be held from five thirty to seven thirty on a certain morning. For two hours the company enjoy themselves in the ordinary manner, dancing a short programme, then at seven thirty breakfast is served and immediately after the German takes place, the guests dispersing at its conclusion.

Strange as it sounds at first, there is really a lot of common sense in the idea, more than in most innovations of the kind; and once one became accustomed to the changed conditions, I should imagine it would be delightful to dance at the beginning, instead of the end of the day, coming to the festivity with a mind and body refreshed by sleep, instead of wearied with the cares of the day. Of course it would seem strange to make up in the fresh dawn and dress for a party, and I am afraid many of us would end in turning over for another snooze after our minds had aroused us, instead of making ready for the merry day; but we should grow used to it in time and realize that it was a solemn duty to be in the van of fashion, we should soon fall into the way of beginning at what has usually been considered the wrong end for such festivities, and those of us who were not so fortunate as to possess maids would cheerfully fall into the way of laying out our dancing clothes before we went to bed, and setting our alarm clocks for half past four, just as naturally as if we had been doing it all our lives, and we should enjoy it much more than we enjoy dressing for a dance when we are really longing to go to bed and get some sleep. The morning hours are the only cool ones, and in hot countries like India picnics and riding parties are always arranged to take place before sunrise, and people think nothing of what is the custom of the country, made necessary by the extreme heat.

So if in India, why not in Texas, and if in Texas, why not in other parts of the United States, or even Canada, when the weather is warm? Bravo Texas! You have indeed given us a wrinkle in other matters besides horses, duels and cutlery, and we might do worse than follow your example!

So there are to be no more flowers distributed by kind hearted people, in hospital wards, and the pleasure of going without some small luxury in order to cheer some weary sufferer with a few choice blossoms on visitor's day will no longer be ours, and thus one more incentive to selfishness, or altruism, as we call it now-a-days, will be taken from us. It seems to me that scientific research is one of the most objectionable things we have to contend with in these days. It has its uses I know, but then it is always discovering hidden and terrible dangers in customs which have been honored with perfect immunity for generations, and forever placing the stamp of its disapproval upon our most cherished and beautiful illusions.

From time immemorial flowers have been accepted as the one gift always appropriate for the sick room. When we heard of a friend's illness, we knew that at least we could send her flowers even if there was nothing else we could do for her, and the

sweet blossoms would carry her the message of our sympathy better than words could do; and the sight and perfume were sure to be soothing to the patient.

But now science has discovered that the delicious fragrance of all flowers is really a deadly effluvia which does incalculable harm both to sick and well, but by reason of their weakness the sick are less able to throw off the evil effects and therefore it is far more to be dreaded for them.

All flowers fall under the ban of science even the cherished mignonette, and the delightful lily of the valley, dear to the hearts of all lovers of flowers, but a special anathema has been reserved for the rose, the violet and the heliotrope, the three daintiest and most choice denizens of the floral kingdom. Indeed the violet is supposed to exercise so deadly an influence over those who inhale its perfume that the girl who wears a bunch of violets in her corsage is exposing herself to the certain danger of paralysis of the muscles of the glottis, and contractions of the bronchial tubes besides injuring her general health in the most reckless manner.

An edict has recently been issued in the London hospitals that no cut flowers shall pass the thresholds of the wards, and it is more than likely the same rule will shortly go into force in all institutions of the kind. It is scarcely to be hoped that medical science is making a mistake, yet one cannot help thinking of the number of years during which people sniffed the perfume of flowers in happy ignorance of the danger they were incurring, and without any ill effects whatever. Of the thousands of sick rooms and hospital wards which have been brightened by the beauty and fragrance of flowers, and the millions of sick persons who have made rapid and excellent recoveries in spite of the presence of flowers at their bedside, we wonder whether the recent discovery has helped matters much after all. May not the pleasure the invalid derives from the sight and smell of flowers, help to neutralize their bad effects and the absence of such a cheering influence have even a worse effect than the presence of the flowers themselves.

This is a great summer for making over and remodelling! The fashions seems to have been especially designed with a view to helping out the girl who has more taste than cash, and enabling her to look as well as her more affluent neighbors with the expenditure of about one third of their dress allowance. The clever woman can let down the hem of her last year's muslin gown add a piece to it, turn up a new hem conceal the joining with a cluster of tucks headed by a band of lace insertion, and feel that she has one of the newest of this year's skirts. She can remodel the blouse of that same dress by ripping out the sleeves, cutting the material straight across just above the bust line, adding a strip of material and treating it as much as the skirt was treated with horizontal tucks and bands of lace insertion. The fuller and more "pouchy" the blouse the better, for be it known that bagginess is the height of fashion this season. The sleeves are easily managed, as last year's leg o' mutton easily cut over into a tight sleeve with a small puff at the top, or the bishop sleeve, which is so much smaller this year than last.

The embroidered skirt of delicate white lawn which shrank in the washing, as all embroidery will do, and is now a couple of inches too short, can be easily lengthened, and at the same time rejuvenated by the addition of a yoke in any depth from three inches to fifteen. This yoke may either consist of the muslin itself shirred, or of alternate strips of tucks and insertion. If less trouble is desired and a little extra expense incurred, a bolero, or collar of heavy butter colored guipure lace will rejuvenate a muslin dress wonderfully, while the addition of flounces in any width and any number, lace edged if possible, will modernize a skirt, even if it possesses the rather hopeless fault of being too narrow.

Gathered tucks arranged to turn up all around the bodies, and in groups of three the entire length of the sleeve, are the very newest form of bodice trimming, and an odd form they are, giving a most curious effect of upside down-ness, which may be stylish, but is certainly far from pretty.

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From us, you buy right, rest assured. No need for assumption on your part. Don't take it for granted. It's not necessary. We know what we are doing and what our competitors are doing, too. And we're determined that none will sell better shoes for the money than we do, now we have told you what we will do. Back it up, you say! All right. Here is an opportunity: Ladies Genuine Dongola Oxford Tie Shoes—Turned, fine stock, 99cts. per pair.

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In fact the manner in which the modistes have rung changes in tucks, frills and cordings is certainly a tribute to their ingenuity in producing a large amount of variety, and some very striking effects, with very simple methods. Cords set in around the tips a little below the waist confine the fullness of the skirt more closely, and give the effect of trimness round the waist which is so much more attractive than a quantity of loosely gathered, flying drapery which gives a bunched look to the figure, no matter how skillfully it is arranged. Cords around the waist of the bodice, pointing upward in the back in the form of a girdle, and sloping down to the belt in front, are very much used in all thin materials. Five or seven fine cords shirred in straight around the bodice one inch apart, make a pretty belt finish for a foulard, or muslin gown.

Cords vary in size, just as the tucks do in width, but just at the moment the very smallest of tucks, such as one sees on the finest underwear, are the kind most in favor. An odd application of the fancy for tucks, is the tucking of skirts up and down eight inches below the waist, the rest of the skirt being allowed to flare like a very deep Spanish flounce, and very often the tucked portion, is of another material from that of the gown itself. For instance, crepe de chine, forms the tucked part of one elegant dress, and the gown proper is of silk matching it exactly in color, and a narrow ruche of silk covers the seams where they are joined. Tucked bodices with flounced skirts are very pretty, and the ruffles are sometimes finished on the edge with a frill of lace and three tiny tucks above. Evening gowns of gauze, and in fact all thin materials, are tucked in every conceivable manner in which tucks can be distributed, and drawing the thread to form a succession of little frills is one of the many ways of producing variety. They are either very narrow, so as to stand out, or wider, and turned up, instead of down. In fact it is a summer of tucks and frills, and one can scarcely use too many of either.

**WHEN YOU TAKE A HEADER.**

Some Remedies to be Applied to the Injured Wheelman.

"Taking a header" off one's wheel is unfortunately a rather common accident. In a case where the rider is merely stunned, it is only necessary to lay him on his back, loose all clothes at the neck, and keep his head slightly raised. Where the fall has resulted in a scalp wound which bleeds profusely from one place, the best thing to do is to place a finger on the wounded spot, and press firmly; then, as soon as possible, roll a handkerchief round your spanner, round a cork, or other hard object, then get another handkerchief, and after placing the one you have rolled up

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exactly on the wound, place the other over it, and tie it tightly round the head.

"Where a header" has resulted in a large surface of broken flesh which bleeds only slightly, the injured part should be laved freely in cold water, then a damp handkerchief should be tied over the wound.

"Broken collar-bone is the commonest of all serious bicycle accidents. Whether a man takes a header" or is thrown heavily by a sideslip, the chances are very great that the collar-bone is the bone that will be broken. Falling very heavily sideways on the hands or elbows almost invariably result in a broken collar-bone. In certain cases when a rider is falling, he may if he retains his presence of mind and keeps his hands to his sides, strike the ground without sustaining extensive injuries. One can always tell a rider who has just broken a collar bone. His head drops toward the injured side and his injured shoulder hangs lower than the sound one.

"In locating a broken collar bone make a pad by rolling together a couple of caps. The pad must be three or four inches in diameter. Place this under the armpit. At the same time raise the shoulder to its ordinary position by pushing up the elbow. Put the arm in a sling, taking care that the shoulder is in its right position; then bind the arm to the body with a scarf or strap or anything that is at hand.

"If the hand or forearm is injured and a throbbing feeling is present, the arm should be at once put in a sling, made of two handkerchiefs or a scarf. Another thing that all cyclists should remember is that a rider who has a broken collar-bone—or in fact has broken any bone—should not be allowed to walk home, but should be persuaded to sit and rest quietly until a conveyance can be procured.

"Then again it is of great moment, when giving aid in emergencies, that the injured person should not be allowed to stand while a bandage or sling is being improvised and placed in position. The reason for this is that, unless the patient is sitting or reclining on the ground, a sudden fainting or giddiness may ensue and result in a dangerous fall.

"A broken kneecap is an accident that may easily happen to any cyclist, and it may be brought about either by a fall, a stroke of the pedal, or even by a simple straining to preserve the equilibrium when in danger of side slipping."

"When a kneecap is broken the leg is perfectly useless and the injured cyclist is unable to stand. The best thing to do in a case of this kind is to place a strong piece of stick at the back of the knee, then to tie two handkerchiefs over the kneecap, so as to keep the two fractured pieces of bone as near together as may be. If the kneecap is not broken, but is merely wrenched, the rider must on no account pedal with that leg until all pain has completely gone. In cases where this precaution has been disregarded the result has been a complete fracture of the kneecap.

"In the event of a sprained ankle, a sprained wrist—or, in fact, any sort of sprain—cold water should be poured on the injured limb, then handkerchiefs wetted in cold water should be tied round and frequently re-damped so as to get them as cold as possible. As soon as a house is reached hot water should be applied and bran poultices placed on the fractured part.

"In the rare cases where a leg is broken, a stick, a bicycle pump or any other thing of the kind that can be procured may be used as a splint. When you use a splint on the leg tie it on in three places with handkerchiefs. The chief thing in all cases where a bone is broken is to fix the broken pieces end to end, and then very carefully wrap up the limb, so that the bones cannot grate each other or lacerate the flesh.

"In accidents where there is profuse bleeding one must be very careful. If black blood flows from the leg or arm, tie a handkerchief round the limb on the side of the wound furthest from the heart. This is a very important point—furthest from the heart when it is

black blood. When the blood is bright red, you must bandage the limb on the side of the wound nearest to the heart. In cases of bleeding, the wounded part must always be raised above the body. Cold water bandages are very good for the purpose of reducing the flow of blood.

"When a rider is injured on the limbs, his stockings or jersey should never on any account be drawn off, but should be cut up at once. But it must also be remembered that a person who is hurt always loses heat, and, no matter how hot the day is, he feels cold and clammy. It is always well, therefore, to remove no more clothing than is necessary, and to wrap up the other part of the body in extra garments.

**GIRL AND BEAR.**

Her Ability to Climb a Tree Probably Saved Her Life.

The New York Sun is still adding to its stock of bear stories. One of the latest comes from Potter County, Pennsylvania, and by way of variety it is a girl who plays the principal part in the action.

Louise Berger, the sixteen year old daughter of Michael Berger, the owner of a small farm in the Kettle Creek region, went to the woods to drive the cows to the shed, accompanied by a small shepherd dog.

Soon after entering the woods, about half a mile from the farmhouse, the dog began to act queerly and persisted in keeping at the girl's heels, as if afraid. While the girl scolded the dog she was horrified to see a monster black bear shambling toward her. She had heard her father tell about climbing trees to escape bears, and now she shinned up a smooth beech with the agility of a boy. The dog ran home howling, chased a short distance by the bear.

When the bear gave up the chase he came back to the tree where the girl was a captive. Her red hood had fallen on the ground. The bear picked it up. The girl screamed, and the bear raised his huge form against the tree as high as his legs would push him, but even then he was nearly ten feet from her. The girl's screams had been heard at the farmhouse down in the ravine, and came her father on the double quick.

When he reached the edge of the wood Mr. Berger saw the red dress of his daughter in the beech-tree. The girl called to him to be quick. The bear wheeled toward the advancing farmer, gazed at him and his rifle just an instant, and then started on a run for the thick woods.

But the big fellow was too fat to make good time, and Berger soon got within gunshot. Two bullets from the Winchester finished the brute. Then Louise slid down the tree and hurried home to tell her brother George to go to the woods and help his father bring home the bear.

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who says they were cause of their resem- judgment in their uni- leteness." Originally ment of oppression by ror, whose death fol- its completion, Domes- afterward the great at in all matters of dis- adaries and privileges al property of the then embraced all the thumberland, Cum- and Durham. The 1085, ordered a gen- to be made for the whether or no any ad- in the values, and es might thereby be us showed a decrease eld by the subjects of thorough and specic no other country pos- materials for its geo- furnished for Eng- Book."

Old Sea-Bottom. up to Peru, Mr. S. F. near Lomas a plain iles broad stretching ins and the seashore, 600 feet above tide- t very long ago, as geologists, was a part t still retains interest- when it was the home, monsters. Scattered pebbles the inhabit- the teeth of sharks, ey turn up the jaw- With the latter they whose white forms are on headlands.

a Few Words. specialist on cstarrr a but I got no benefit. finally a most in de- without any faith, I Cure. It is all that which is saying a good Joel Rogers, clerk, on. Improved blow-

THEIR SOCIAL TACT.

Incidents that Show it to be a Necessary Accomplishment.

Monsieur Challemel-Lacour, a distinguished member of the French Academy who died lately, was noted for his tact and readiness in social emergencies.

An ugly job, monsieur! drying his hands; an ugly job! But I always bottle my own wine.

The interview being over, he went home shivering. He sent a messenger the next day for his coat, which he had hung up in the hall.

Of all the qualities once essential to a sovereign, the one most useful now is tact. Queen Margherita of Italy, who belongs to a house trained to kingcraft for more than a thousand years, is said to be wonderfully skillful in dealing with social difficulties.

The persons who are to be presented at the Roman court are arranged in a large semicircle in the throne-room. The queen enters and passes around the line, attended by a chamberlain, who names each person, adding usually a word or two to give the queen some idea of their claim to notice.

On this occasion there was in the line a young man from South America whose embarrassment showed itself in pale cheeks and terrified glances as the queen drew nearer.

"From Brazil?" she asked. "And what town in Brazil is your home, Signor?"

"Your Majesty—I don't know!" he gasped.

The whole circle smiled; but the queen's face was calm as marble. "You mean that our beautiful Italy already has made you forget your home?"

Search the Wardrobes and Closets. In almost every home half-worn garments and goods are stowed away in wardrobes and closets that can be made as good as new and fitted for months of wear.

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Thousands of Canadian families use Diamond dyes every year and save a great deal of money. All users of Diamond Dyes say it is so easy to use them.

As there are in many imitations and worthless dyes sold, see that your dealer gives you the Diamond Dyes when you ask for them.

UNFORTUNATE IMPEDIMENT.

It prevented the Stout Lady From Being Obliging. The following very unlikely but not meaningless story is borrowed from the Cleveland Plain Dealer, and is reprinted here in the hope that it may do good.

He was an angular man with gray whiskers. He gave up his seat in the crowded car with an alacrity that spoke well for the cheerfulness of his disposition. The lady who took the proffered seat was stout and haughty. She slipped into the vacant place without a word.

The angular man looked at her thoughtfully. Then he stooped over and said: "I had an uncle, ma'am, that had just that same affliction."

"Sir!" said the stout lady with an insult to the head.

"Yes," continued the angular man, "he couldn't pronounce any word beginning with 'th' to save his neck. That's right. He'd stutter and stammer, and the best he could do would be to give it the sound of 's.' It was a dreadful affliction. His oldest son's name was Theophilus, but he always called him Sophilus. Had it long, ma'am?"

"You are insulting," she managed to say. "Well, I don't wonder you hate to hear anybody refer to it," said the angular man, with great cheerfulness.

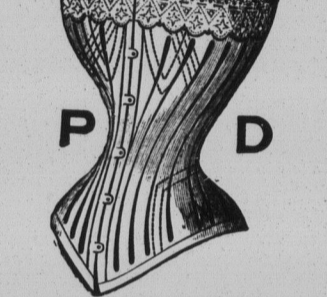
"But I couldn't help noticing it when you took my seat and wasn't able to say 'thank you.' I wouldn't have minded in the least if you'd said 'sank you.'—Oh, do you get off here? Good day, ma'am."



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OPTIMISM IN REAL LIFE.

How the old man described an Optimist to his boy.

"What is an 'optimist,' father?" a farmer's boy asked of his father, who, though far from being a learned man, had always been found by the boy capable of giving an intelligible answer to his questions.

"Now, sonny, you know I can't give ye the dictionary meanin' of that word, no more'n I can of a great many others. But I've got a kind of an idee what it means. Probably you don't remember your Uncle Henry, but I guess it there ever was an optimist, he was one.

"Take hoeing corn, now. If anything kind of took the tucker out of me 'twas hoein' corn in the hot sun. But in the field 'long about the time I begun to lag back a little, Henry he'd look up and say: 'Good, Jim! When we get these two rows hoed, an' eighteen more, the piece'll be half-done!' And he'd say in such a kind of a cheerful way that I couldn't 'a' ben any more tickled if the piece had been all done—an' the rest would go light enough.

"But the worst thing we had to do—hoein' corn was a picnic to it—was pickin' stones. No end to that on our old farm. It wanted to raise anything. When we wa'n't hurried and pressed at something else, there was always pickin' stones to do; and there wa'n't a plowin' nor a frosty winter but what brought a fresh crop of stones to the top, an' seems if the pickin' all had to be done over again.

"Well, sir, you'd 'a' thought to hear Henry that there wa'n't any fun in the world like pickin' stones. He looked at it in a different way from anybody I ever see. Once when the corn was all hoed, an' the grass wa'n't fit to cut yet, an' I'd got all laid out to go fishin', and father he up and set us to pickin' stones up on the west piece, an' I was about ready to cry, Henry, he says:

"Come on, Jim. I know where there's lots of nuggets!"

"An' what do you s'pose now? That boy had a kind of game that that there field was what he called a plasser mining field, and he got me into it, and I could 'a' sworn I was in California all day—I had such a good time."

"Only," says Henry, after we'd got through with the day's work, 'the way you get rich with these nuggets is to get rid of 'em instead of to get 'em.'

"That somehow didn't strike my fancy, but we'd had play instead of work, anyway and a great lot of stones had been rooted out of that field."

"An' as I said before, I can't give ye any dictionary definition of 'optimism,' but it your Uncle Henry wa'n't an optimist, I don't know what one is."

WHAT A STEAMSHIP CARRIES.

The Varied Cargoes Which may be Found on Ocean Greyhounds.

The famous steamship Great Eastern, historically associated with the first efforts to lay Atlantic telegraph cables, has hitherto been regarded as the largest vessel ever launched. Its laurels as a sea leviathan, however, are of late endangered.

The Pennsylvania, for example, is rated at twenty thousand tons burden, and will carry loads such as may be briefly itemized thus:

160,000 bushels of wheat in bulk, equal to three hundred and twenty car-loads, or sixteen trains of twenty cars each.

1000 tons of flour, eighty car-loads.

4000 boxes of bacon, seventy-five car-loads.

8000 tierces of lard, forty-eight car-loads.

1800 bales of cotton, forty car-loads.

1200 head of live cattle, eighty car-loads.

3600 quarter of dressed beef.

In addition there will probably be a thousand tons of miscellaneous merchandise say eighty car-loads more; in all not less than seven hundred and eighty car-loads, or thirty-nine long trains of twenty cars each.

Not is the above by any means the entire load of this modern ark. The Pennsylvania will have accommodations for from eight hundred to one thousand steerage passengers, as also for a crew of one hundred and fifty men and fifty cattlemen, with food and fodder for all.

In the fuel bins, too, there will be carried a burden of 1800 tons of coal, or more than one hundred car-loads.

If we were to say that the entire agricultural product of sixty New England towns, or twenty Western counties, could all be stowed away in this mammoth ship, we should not exceed the facts.

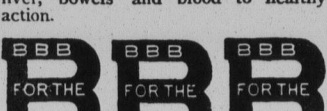
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THE WOMANLY QUEEN.

A Few of Queen Victoria's Marked Characteristics.

When the world has united in honoring the womanly queen whose reign is without a parallel in English history, it is worth while to set down in order some of the personal qualities which have not been specially noted, but which have endeared her to her subjects, and rendered her the most useful sovereign of the century.

One of the marked traits of the queen is tact. 'Gracious' is the word which is most frequently used in England when her name is mentioned. It is kindness of heart that enables her to set visitors at ease when they are presented to her, and to convince the multitudes, who witnessed her triumphal progress through the streets of London, that her nature has not been hardened, but softened and sweetened by sixty years of exalted power.

Her manners are simple and sincere. She is thoughtful of the feelings of others, and says the right thing in the right way. She shows by her demeanor on public occasions that she honors her subjects, and desires to promote their comfort and happiness.

Another quality is a business-like talent for reigning. She has work to do, and she performs it in an orderly, methodical way. Her life at court is conducted by the clock. Everybody in attendance upon her is required to be punctual to the minute, and every day's arrangements are carefully ordered so that she will have time for every detail of public business and courtly ceremonial. She never allows herself to be hurried in examining and signing public papers.

She is thorough and precise in everything which she does. A portion of each day is taken up with the business of state. What remains is divided so that she has time for an afternoon drive, social life at court, the direction of the royal household, and adequate rest. She knows nothing of the secret worries of royalty.

Another trait is sterling common sense. Throughout her reign she has adapted herself to the conditions of constitutional rule, under which the continuance of monarchy has been possible in a revolutionary age.

She has respected the will of the people in every election; she has followed the advice of the ministers of the day; and she has shown sound judgment in making the crown the instrument of popular government. One prime minister after another has found her to be a capable, experienced ruler, well informed in home and foreign affairs, and with clear ideas of her own relations to the state.

Her greatest virtue as a sovereign has been her womanliness. As wife, mother, widow and first lady of the realm, she has never unsexed herself, but has remained an example of womanly graces of character.

Short in stature and without beauty of feature or grace of carriage to inspire either a well ordered court or the throngs of sightseers crowding the streets through which she passed on Jubilee days, she commands respect by her purity of life, her devotion to her husband's memory and her children's welfare, and her genuine womanly qualities.

Elizabeth, with her inflexible will, and hard, masculine order of mind, was a king's queen in an iron age of conquest. Victoria has been a womanly queen in a home loving empire, reigning in a golden era of progress.

Querer Justice.

It is not to be expected that perfect justice will be done under laws that are made and administered by imperfect men.

In Arizona, say the Philadelphia Inquirer, a man was sentenced to pay a fine of ten dollars and go to jail for ten days. He had only three dollars, and the court accepted that sum in lieu of three days' imprisonment.

By some carelessness on the part of the jailer however, the man was kept in jail for the full ten days. Naturally he made objection and demanded redress, to which demand the court replied that it was no doubt just, but that there seemed to be only one way in which it could be granted. If he would commit a second offence he should be sentenced for ten days as before and then be allowed a three days' discount or rebate.

BETWEEN LIFE AND DEATH.

For 55 Years, Says Mrs. J. D. Stoddard of Ashbury Park N. J., and Two Bottles of Dr. Agnew's Cure For the Heart Restored the Lost Treasure.

For twenty-five years I have been a great sufferer from heart disease, palpitation, dizziness and severe headaches. I saw Dr. Agnew's Cure for the Heart advertised, and determined to try it. Two bottles have done wonders for me. The dizziness and palpitation are gone, the headaches have disappeared. I never cease telling my friends the wonderful benefit this great cure has been to me, and I cheerfully recommend it any and everywhere.

In for Alaska.

Wonderful stories of the richness of the Alaska gold mines are finding their way into the newspapers. Many fortunes are being made, but it is not a place for green hands and any who are foolish enough to leave home for the dangers and discomforts of the mining camps will have leisure for repentance. Indeed such are the conditions in the camps that a man without several thousand dollars can hope for nothing better than day wages.

JACKIE'S BURGLAR.

The garret was squalid to a degree. It was dark, dirty and wretched, and the thin streaks of light which filtered in through the tiny, dust-choked skylight only seemed to heighten the darkness and increase the misery of the place. It was a small, square room, with no furniture, except a couple of broken chairs, a grimy table, and a broken picture on the wall. The floor was three coarse straw mattresses, and on one of them, with his weary face turned up to the dismal skylight above, lay a boy. He was only a small boy, but his face was like an old man's, and his limbs were shrunken and dwarfed and thin. He lay looking up into the face of a man who bent over him.

"I shall be all right by and by, dad," he said, in a weak voice. "I shall be all right as soon as the sun creeps up a bit and I can get out. Don't worry, dad. Perhaps I shall be able to do something soon. Perhaps I could make some boxes or something if I could sit up a bit." Two big tears coursed down the man's cheek and fell on the boy's hand. He turned away hurriedly and began walking to and fro across the garret.

"I must get the doctor to you somehow," he said, more to himself than the boy on the bed; "if I fetch him by force he must come. It's no good putting it off any longer." "No, no," said the boy, with the thoughtfulness of an old man; "wait a bit. I may be all right tomorrow." The man plunged his hand into his pocket and sighed. With twopenny between them and starvation, what was the use of fetching a doctor who would order eggs and milk for this boy? What was the use of anything except to sit and stare at the starlight and starve?

John Endleton was a man who had once been in a good position. Only a year ago he had believed himself to be out of the reach of want; but his business had overthrown him, his bank had lost money in a hundred different ways, his stock had followed him, and he had fallen from bad to worse, until he had at last found himself, with his 10-year-old son, in an East End slum, penniless, heart-sick, hopeless, with sickness overtaking them, with no prospect of anything better than a hand-to-mouth existence, and with a criminal—a jail bird—a common convict for a companion.

John Endleton was a proud man. It was his pride, perhaps, that had led him to refuse good berths that he would have been thankful for now, and he hated the man who shared his garret. He could have afforded it—if he could only have made sure of the necessary penny—he would have rented the entire room in order to keep his boy from contact with the man; but he had reached such a hopeless state of his existence that he was thankful if he found himself able to provide for one decent meal a day, and he was obliged to tolerate him, although his very presence seemed poison.

He hated his coarse ways, his bad face, his evil breath, and the thought that he was within almost a yard of his son made him shudder. Jack Brooker was the leader of a gang. There was no better known criminal in the whole of London than he, and he was proud of his reputation, proud of his wickedness, and proud even of the time he had 'done' in Portland Prison. He was foul mouthed, bad tempered and had been convicted of numberless crimes; but for some strange reason little Jackie Endleton interested him.

peeping slowly in through the small square of glass in the roof, and everything in the dingy garret appeared unreal and lifeless. The boy on the bed seemed scarcely to breathe. Jim raised himself on his elbow and looked round, and some remembrance of the last night's scene began to pass through his mind. He looked, and it seemed to him John Endleton had never moved. The moonlight had gone from the boy's face, and the dawn had come instead; but John Endleton was still sitting there, huddled up on the floor with his face buried in his hands.

Jem lifted himself slowly from his mattress, and stretched himself with a big yawn. Then he looked again at the two in the corner, and after a minute got up and went toward them. "Ain't the little 'un well?" he asked, clumsily. "Wot's up with 'un?" John Endleton stirred impatiently. The sound of the ex-convict's voice seemed to rouse all his hatred and disgust. He looked round with repulsion upon his face, and Jem, seeing it, shrugged his shoulders and sneered.

"Oh, well, if ye've so mighty independent and 'naughty, why don't yer tak' lodgin's in th' 'Grand'? A course if yer don't want no 'elp I don't care. Only I thought, he added brutally, 'as th' chap's a-dyin' like, as yer might want somethin' for 'im.'" John Endleton started and looked down at the boy, with his own face, his thin hands and altering breath. For a moment it seemed to his excited imagination that the boy had ceased to breathe, and he leant forward hurriedly and with trembling fingers pulled back the sheet.

"He's all right. He's not dyin'," he exclaimed, eagerly. But, at the same time, it was borne in upon him that unless he had nourishing things to eat, and those quickly, there would be no hope of ever pulling him round again, and the thought stabbed his heart with sudden bitterness. He turned to the burglar. It was possible that Jem could help him. Jem might know where to get help or work, or even charity; but Endleton's pride still stood up in arms, and with a determination to have nothing to do with him, he turned away.

Jem, with a fierce sneer on his lips and a burning hatred in his heart against Endleton, turned away, too. Not a finger would he lift—not an inch would he stir—not if the boy was dying fifty times over! As he turned, he caught sight of Jackie's pallid face lying on the dirty pillow. "Oh, lor! wot a little bloke it is," he thought; and then he went out, mumbling to himself, "swearing to himself—a man apparently without the faintest hope of a better life, without knowledge of anything except things evil, and yet with one clean spot in his black heart."

Detective Hartley, prowling through the East End in search of such thieves and transgressors as he might with dignity escort to the lock-up, was turning a corner, when he suddenly became aware that on the opposite side of the street a familiar and not exactly pleasing figure was ambling along at a rapid rate with something peculiar in the bulgy appearance of his coat. "There's that Crooked Jem again," said the detective to himself. He cast a suspicious eye at Jem's pockets, pulled at his eyebrows—which was a way he had—and then beckoned to a policeman to follow him.

When he was within an inch or two of the said pockets he suddenly clapped the unsuspecting Jem on the shoulder—a sudden abrupt, half intended movement as if to fit from the wrath of the law. "Now, then," said Hartley, severely, "none of that. On with the handcuffs. And Smith, you come here and take his arm."

Jem looked from one to the other in something like dismay. "I ain't done anything," he expostulated. "Well, wot'll see," said the detective; "and you'll remember, if anything is found on you, there are three years off that last job that you've got to finish." Jem's face grew dark. His hands fidgeted strangely under the handcuffs, and it hadn't been that he was a hardened, hopeless criminal, one might almost have fancied that his under lip trembled.

"Well, I'm blowed if I ever tries ter cheat th' gallow's agen," was his vague and ungrammatical remark, and then they marched on to the police station. There, inside the door, with its wooden benches and square desks, with the dingy green ledgers and musty papers, Detective Hartley proceeded to turn out the unhappy Jem's pockets. As he did so his eyes first opened in astonishment, then screwed up in bewilderment, and, finally, he looked as if he had suddenly been confronted with the riddle of the Sphinx.

Advertisement for LANOLINE Toilett Preparations. Includes text: 'For the Health and Beauty of the SKIN.', 'Toilet Soap', 'Toilet Preparations', 'LANOLINE', 'from all Chemists', 'Wholesale Depot:—57, HOLBORN VIADUCT, LONDON.'

and he felt a desire to know what it meant. So with a fine disregard of the rules and regulations of her Majesty's prison he bundled Jem and Smith into a cab, and with another policeman on the box, they were driven to a small and filthy court, a short distance away. There they all three mounted the dreary stairs to the dingy garret where John Endleton sat with shaggy shoulders watching his dying son. At the sound of footsteps he raised his head and looked round. With sudden astonishment he saw that Jem was handcuffed. He saw the policeman and the detective, and then Hartley stepped into the middle of the room.

"Look here, Jem Brooker," he said, "you won't make things any better for yourself with trickery. Now, what's the reason for this fool's errand?" "That's th' meanin' of it," he repeated, still pointing to the bed. "It's the little bloke there as set me on it—'im as is dyin' for things to eat. There 'e is. Selp me, that's wot I done it for."

Hartley turned around sharply and looked at the boy. Then he stepped across the room and peered down at the wan face that was blue with cold and pitiful with hunger, and all at once he became aware that there was a strange silence in the room, and when he looked again he saw the father staring breathlessly into the boy's face. He saw it only dimly before him, and then it faded away to a picture of his son. The same vague astonishment which had hurriedly passed through his mind—had never expected to find a heart under the man's rough exterior—and then he strode suddenly across the room to the top of the stairs.

"I say, Harris—Harris," he shouted. "Go back to the station at once and get those things that are on the table there. Hurry up, now. Bring the port and the soup, and you'll find a cup and saucer in the cupboard. Be quick. You'd better take the cab, and, oh, I say, bring a corkerew!" Then he went back and calmly unlocked the handcuffs on Jem's wrists.

For a moment Detective Hartley is not quite such a hard man as he was. He has a great belief in the human nature, and even the tender-heartedness, of the greatest of criminals, and sometimes he will cite the instance of a man whose heart, cankered with evil and hedged in by vice, was reached only by the small fingers of a child.—T. H. B.

Advertisement for D'FOWLER'S EXT-O-F WILD STRAWBERRY. Includes text: 'GURES COLIC, CHOLERA, CHOLERA-MORBUS, DIARRHOEA, DYSENTERY', 'And all SUMMER COMPLAINTS of Children or Adults.', 'PRICE, 35c.', 'Beware of Imitations.'

must at once display a red signal and not remove it until the trains meet. In addition to the important duty of moving trains without delay or accident, the dispatcher has other duties to attend to, such as picking up cars at way stations on local trains and reducing the number of cars per train for freights, or increasing the number as the weather conditions warrant.

One false movement by a dispatcher in moving his trains would result in the loss of human life and the destruction of thousands of dollars in rolling stock, and the strain upon his mind soon wears out the strongest constitution. It is an unwritten law upon all railroads that a dispatcher cannot work more than eight hours at a time. The railroad managers know the exact limit of endurance of all their machinery, and dispatchers and engines are alike given a rest after that limit is reached. Locomotives 'live' the longer in harness, however, as dispatchers rarely last more than ten years, at the end of which time they are replaced by younger men and are either promoted or laid aside as a back number. Luckily for them, railroad managers recognize the fact that the experience gained by a dispatcher fits him for better paying though less responsible positions, consequently there are many dispatchers in the ranks of general managers and superintendents.

Nothing Ails the Air of Canterbury. The doctor gave it as his opinion that the air of Canterbury was too relaxing for Mrs. Caroline Boys, an old resident of the place. His judgment was based upon the fact that in July 1891, she began to feel weak and ailing. Presently she looked as badly as she felt. Her skin and the whites of her eyes turned yellow, and she went feebly about her work, as one who works because she must, not because there is any comfort or pleasure in it. She says her mouth tasted badly, her appetite fell away, and the little she ate caused her "awful pain in the side and chest."

She had a constant noise or ringing in the head, and the nerves of her face twitched dreadfully. "After a time," she says, "my breathing got so bad that, on occasions, I had fairly to struggle and fight to catch my breath. At night I got little or no sleep, and during the day I felt so wretchedly nervous that I knew not what to do with myself. Then all the strength appeared to be going out of me; it was all I could do to walk even a short distance. "If I raised my eyes to look upwards my head swam round, and I would reel as it about to fall. It was about a year I was in this condition, and the doctor said the air of Canterbury was too relaxing for me. But neither his medicines nor the medicines I had from the Dispensary did me any good. My first real encouragement I got from reading one of Mother Seigel's almanacs that somebody had left in the house. It described my symptoms exactly, and said my ailment was indigestion and dyspepsia. So, believing what I read, I went to the stores and bought the medicine—Mother Seigel's Curative Syrup. When I had taken half a bottle I felt great relief. My breathing was better, and soon, by continuing to take the Syrup, I was rid of all the pain and noise in the head. I found I could eat too; my appetite returned and strength with it. Now I feel as if I need medicine I take the Syrup, and it puts me right directly. (Signed) Caroline Boys, 148, Northgate Street, Canterbury, January 4th, 1894."

The outcome of this case proves that it was not the relaxing air of Canterbury, but a temporary collapse of her digestion that gave Mrs. Boys so unpleasant and menacing an experience. Many a person has tried the favourite prescription, "change of air," for that trouble, and always fruitlessly. What is needed is something that will drive the impurities and poisons—the "dirt," as a great doctor calls it—out of the blood and thus set the stomach, liver, &c., at good, honest work again. When that is done, as Seigel's Syrup does it, the Canterbury air, or almost any other air, is plenty good enough. At all events this lady is content with the atmosphere Providence gives her to breathe, ever since she found out the real nature of her malady and the cure for it.

Another respected correspondent, Mrs. Dora Binne, Provision Dealer of 54, Faraday Street, Leyton, near London, writes under date of January 9th, 1894: "For fifteen years I suffered from indigestion and dyspepsia. I was subject to spasms which gave me intense pain. At such times I would be completely doubled up and remain helpless for half an hour or so. I would suffer from weeks together. I would suffer from diarrhoea. The doctor's medicine lost all power even to relieve me even for a time. Last July I got a bottle of Mother Seigel's Syrup from Mr. Doe, Chemist, High Street, Leyton, and in a few days it relieved me. Continuing to take the Syrup I am now perfectly well. (Signed) Dora Binne."

Now, let the reader please note these facts:—First, that people who are ill are in no proper state of mind to judge intelligently of what ails them; second, that in the vast majority of instances—no matter how perplexing the symptoms—the actual disease is indigestion and dyspepsia; third, that they often suffer much and long before lighting upon the true remedy; fourth, that when they find it (as seen in these and other cases) its name is almost certain to be Mother Seigel's Curative Syrup.

Cuba's Great Forests. According to a recent consular report, Cuba, although its entire area is only about equal to that of the State of Pennsylvania, contains 13,000,000 acres of primeval forests, "where the woodsman's ax has never been heard." In these forests, which cover nearly half the entire surface of the island, are found among other timber, mahogany, cedar, redwood, logwood, ebony, lignum-vitæ, and a tree with extremely durable wood called casiguaran.

**GRANADA AND THE ALHAMBRA.**

Sights That May be Seen in Many Spanish Cities.

Lady Violet Greville gave, in the London Daily Mail, her impressions of the city of running waters and green trees, and of the Alhambra, magnificent in restoration and preservation.

Granada is a poem. It is a dream of an art-loving, luxurious, enlightened caliph, who has turned Nature into his handmaiden and made her minister to his delights. There is a potent charm about Granada, a restfulness, an ethereal beauty that smiles into the soul and would cause one to forget one's own people and one's own country, and to love it with the love that is born of idolatry. The eye rests on nothing but beauty, and one comprehends at last the yearning of Isabella the Catholic to plant this pearl of price among the jewels of her crown. There is everything to enchant, the play of light and shade, verdure to delight the eye, variety, delicacy and intricacy of handwork, the soothing rush of waters, the brilliant sun and a crowd of memories which almost overwhelm the mind.

Yonder is the tower where the royal flag of Castile first floated on the breeze; down below is the old city, four times as largely inhabited then as it is now—the wide plain a garden of vines, olives and flowering shrubs. Beyond is the city of Santa Fe, originally a mere concourse of mud huts erected by the foresight of Isabella for her army. Within the wide walls of the Alhambra cluster the palace of Charles V.—a mere ruin, fit punishment for his barbarism in pulling down the exquisite winter palace of the kings of Granada—beside it the buildings of the Alhambra itself, with its profusion of marble, carving, gilding and mosaic work. Here we note the window of the favorite sultana, where she lay on gorgeous cushions, listening to the murmur of the fountain and the song of the nightingale, and as she raised her glance over the garden of myrtle and orange, beheld the snowy ranges of the Sierra Nevada, bringing cool breezes to fan her brow. The judgment hall and the hall of the ambassadors were crowded with courtiers and supplicants receiving that rough and ready justice in which the soul of the oriental delights. Beyond is the 'mirador' or window of the dressing-room, whence Queen Isabella could look over the fertile region of the desired country she had conquered. Further on stand the towers of three infants, with their pretty legends of love and rescue by the captive christian knights; the tower of the captive, where languished Boadilla's Christian wife, whose armour, it is said, led to the murder of the Abencerrages, and beyond is the door whence the last king of Granada issued sadly, leaving as his last request that it might be walled up eternally, in order that no one else should ever pass through it again.

Down in the tower, under the shadow of the cathedral, repose the leaden coffins of Ferdinand and Isabella, undisturbed through all these years, side by side in death as they had lived.

A vast colony of gypsies reside in Granada, some of them in caves hewn out of the rock, which, however, are whitewashed and comfortable enough inside. In one I visited the cleanliness was remarkable; the cooking utensils of brass hung on the wall, bright and furnished, the sheets of the bed were spotless, the very pillow-case was edged with coarse laces and the pottery consisted of old Moorish designs and harmonious tints. Not all gypsies, however, live in such comfort. They are frequently very poor and infest the roads, begging unblushingly and asking to be allowed to tell fortunes to passers-by. The gypsy population in Spain at one period exceeded 60,000 and flourished for centuries, notwithstanding the penal laws of especial and barbaric severity repeatedly promulgated against them, but never really put in force, owing to the powerful protection they had cleverly gained by their pretended powers of divination, magic and intrigue, as also by the very real aid they sometimes rendered. During the reign of Charles III. these severe laws were repealed and the gypsies, instead of being treated as outcasts were permitted to carry on any trades they liked. The occupations to which they are still addicted, however, are those of tinkers, horse dealers, smiths and the clipping and trimming of horses and mules.

Some are rich, but the majority of the gypsies are of the lowest and most degraded type. They may be known by their brizzed faces, their black and matted hair, their glittering, beady eyes which, seen in any face, however fair, never deceive; a fixity and hardness prevails them which it is impossible to mistake. These people's one merit is fidelity to their tribe and race. Otherwise, they are thievish, lying, revengeful and fierce when aroused. Their women are chaste, but dance in the most unchaste fashion; they fawn and wriggle and flatter, but at the bottom of their hearts hate the Christians. A gypsy man sometimes marries a 'busno,' as they call the Christians, but a gypsy woman never. It she can possibly help it, allies herself with a stranger. A gypsy wedding is a

very curious sight, but one which can rarely or never be seen by an outsider. The marriage customs of the Jews and gypsies are somewhat similar. They first celebrate a betrothal which lasts for two years, while the wedding festivities continue for three days, and are passed in waste and riot.

The ex-Empress Eugenie was born at Granada, and still owns some valuable estates there. Only six months ago she paid this place a visit, and showed the liveliest interest in the architect's treatment of the restoration carried out at the Alhambra. The present sculptor is the son of the late architect and for 26 years both have been employed on this arduous and difficult work, which was increased by the accident of a fire some years ago resulting in great damage. Pretty little villas dot the sides of the hills, each with its garden, its fountain, and its balcony.

One sad sight haunts the traveller in Spain—the innumerable beggars who infest roads, churches, railway stations (some even climbing on to railway carriages, and rapping noisily at the windows), and every spot where one loves to linger. Such a collection of monsters—lame, blind, halt, maimed, without arms and legs, mere trunks—I never beheld. They hold out their horrible wounds and deformities, and pertinaciously pursue you, making sight seeing a burden. The law permits them, the church encourages them, and private charity supports 'les probes,' as they call themselves.

**HELPLESS FOR A YEAR.**

Bowed Down With Rheumatism and Sciatica. From the Post, Sackville, N. B. Records like the following carry conviction with them, and in a practical sense it might be said that this is still the age of miracles. Mr. Edward Downey, of Macan, N. B., says:—I have been a resident of Cumberland Co. some years. I have been a great sufferer for upwards of ten years with sciatic rheumatism. I was tortured with severe pains which at times would become almost unbearable, and I think I suffered almost everything a man can suffer and live. I was so crippled that I could not work and part of the time was not able to even move about. I became so weak, and my system so run down that I despaired of ever getting better. My case was an almost hopeless one, and as I had abandoned work I was almost helpless for over a year. I heard of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills and I was induced to at least give them a trial. In a short time I began to recover, and the agonizing pains left my back and limbs, so that I was enabled to walk out of doors. Before I had used more than half a dozen boxes I was almost entirely well and could do a hard day's work. I had a good appetite and began to gain flesh and feel like a new man. I am free from aches and pains and had Dr. Williams' Pink Pills to thank for it all. The reporter could not help feeling that Mr. Downey's case was a striking one, as he now presents a stout well built figure, straight limbed and as smart in his movements as a young man of twenty.

**Liquid Air in Commerce.**

New methods of liquifying air at a reduced cost have been invented in Germany, and Mr. de Kay, United States consul at Berlin mentions in his official report some of the uses to which liquid air may be put. One of these is for illuminating purposes. An illuminant can be formed from liquid air by mixing it with ordinary air, in certain proportions, while it is passing back to its normal condition. Liquid air may also serve as an explosive agent for various purposes. As a portable liquid, rich in oxygen, it is suggested that it should serve many purposes in manufactures. The price in Germany has heretofore been \$2 25 for five cubic meters (about 176 1/2 cubic feet) of air reduced to the liquid condition, but Prof. Linde, of Munich, has invented a process whereby the cost has been brought down to about 2 1/4 cents per five cubic meters.

**BORN.**

Halifax, July 22, to the wife of I. C. Crowell a son, Truro, July 21, to the wife of W. M. Stevens a son, Scott's Bay, July 4, to the wife of E. M. Ellis, a son, Halifax, July 23, to the wife of W. H. Taylor, a son, Windsor, July 19, to the wife of W. W. Robson, a son, Digby, July 15, to the wife of J. A. Van Tassel, a son, Middleton, June 15, to the wife of E. S. Dodge, a son, Antigonish, July 15, to the wife of Clarence Beck, a son, Windsor, July 14, to the wife of M. Stuart Burrows, a son, Amherst, July 19, to the wife of Frank McDonald, a son, Parrboro, July 13, to the wife of Capt. Wm. Gates, a son, Halifax, July 13, to the wife of Gerald P. Millidge, a son, Milton, July 9, to the wife of Montie Hubbard, a daughter, Kentville, July 13, to the wife of John Lloyd, a daughter, Halifax, July 23, to the wife of J. B. Thomas, a daughter, Mosers River, July 17, to the wife of Robert Bell, twin boys, Fort Williams, July 15, to the wife of S. A. Stevens a daughter, Starrs Point, July 19, to the wife of James Johnson, a daughter, Fort Lawrence, July 9, to the wife of Mr. Atkinson a daughter, Worcester Mass., July 5, to the wife of William O. Porter, a son, Oxford, Penn., July 13, to the wife of Rev. Robert Watson, a son, North Kingston, July 8, to the wife of Frank Cassidy, a daughter, Lower Newcastler, July 16, to the wife of Harris Davidson, a son, North Sydney, July 11, to the wife of Robert P. Scott, a daughter, East Walpole Mass., July 17, to the wife of Arthur B. McLean, a son, Woodstock, July 20, to the wife of G. S. Hopkins, of St. John, a daughter, Newton, Lunenburg Co., July 14, to the wife of Wallace C. Balfour, a daughter.

**MARRIED.**

Providence, R. I., July 14, Alexander Barclay to Jennie Leslie. Keswick, July 14, by Rev. W. Wass Holand Brewer to Carrie Allen. Annapolis July 16, by Rev. H. How, R. P. Sanders to Alma Thompson. Tusket Wedge, July 20, by Rev. Fr. Gay, Stephen Mason to Miss Conroy. Halifax, July 20, by Rev. J. McMillan, James Vargo to Mary Bonams, Salisbury, July 21, by Rev. R. S. Crisp, John E. Beatty to Jennie Bernier. Bathurst, July 20, by Rev. A. F. Thompson, Robert Jamieson to Emma Ward. Keswick, July 7, by Rev. W. Wass, Alexander Brewer to Violet McNeill. Westville, July 20, by Rev. E. Cuming, John Finlay to Annie S. McDougall. Fredericton, July 14, by Rev. G. B. Payson, Chas. F. Tweeddale to Ida Segee. Halifax, July 24, by Rev. S. F. Dunstan, Harace Kennedy to Florence Davis. Sydney, C. B., July 14, by Archdeacon Smith, Harry Grantwyche to Edith Hill. Amherst, July 21, by Rev. A. A. Steele, Horace McArthur to Lillian Manners. Gibson, July 14, by Rev. F. D. Davidson, Thomas Traves to Martha Lockhart. Digby, N. S., July 6, by Rev. E. B. Thomas Robinson to Agnes E. Sleep. Digby, July 20, by Rev. B. H. Thomas, David Spruce to Jennie F. Robinson. St. John, July 21, by Rev. J. W. Clarke, George E. Logue to Emily Henderson. West Northside, July 18, by Rev. L. M. McCurdy, Wm. Snyder to Belle Malman. Murray River, P. E. I., July 17, by Rev. E. Gillies Joseph Moore to Sarah Gratto. Halifax, July 22, by Rev. E. P. Crawford, Geo. M. Achow to Lillian Manners. Amherst, July 12, by Rev. D. McGregor, James McGovern to Laura Carmichael. Truro, July 20, by Rev. J. W. Falconer, Edward Taylor to Mrs. Maxella Martin. Westville, C. I., July 17, by Rev. G. M. Wilson, Thomas Newell to Abbie Newell. Tatamagouche, July 16, by Rev. Dr. Sedgewick, Burton Doncaster to Nellie Taylor. Clarendon, July 4, by Rev. A. D. McCully Albert E. Bowley to Clara Patterson. Great Village, N. S., July 21 by Rev. O. N. Chipman, Sidney Mickel to Susie Works. New Glasgow, July 15, by Rev. Father Bourquette, Stanislas Robitaille to Margie McDonald. Centreville, July 14, by Rev. Wm. Phillips Rev. Johnathan Smith to Bertha Morehouse. Eastport, Me., July 22, by Rev. J. A. Ford, Dr. Foster Frasciano to Gertrude VanHorn. Lynn, Mass., July 4, by Rev. J. C. Harrington, Walter Ryan to Alice Brady, all of Nova Scotia.

**DIED.**

St. John, July 21, A. G. Matthews 75. St. John, July 21, David Whelpley 84. Moncton, July 22, Jacob Woriman, 81. St. John, July 23, Thomas Ferrick, 74. Shelburne, July 7, Annie McCallum, 27. Annapolis, July 21, Norman McKay, 74. Burlington, July 14, Edson Sandford, 36. Annapolis, July 21, Norman McKay, 74. Gasperaux, July 21, Vernon Eagles, 25. Greenfield, N. S., Miss Kate McLean, 62. New Glasgow, July 20, Thomas B. Smith, 57. Margaree C. B., July 7, John S. McLeod 77. St. John, July 24, M. M. Jeanne Kella, 32. St. John, July 24, John T. Robert Wright, 37. Berwick, July 7, Nancy wife of G. F. Crowe, 73. Brookdale, N. S., July 8, Mrs. John Taraball 31. Selma N. S., July 16, Capt. William McDuffie, 80. Berwick, N. S., July 9, Leonard Van Buskirk, 73. Kingston, Kent County, July 18, Daniel Lenigan 94. Halifax, July 15 by drowning, James McDonald 18. Riverton, N. S., July 14, Alexander Chisholm, 85. Dufferin, July 18, Lydia wife of Frank Hunter, 60. Halifax, July 23, Mary J. widow of John Leson 60. Wykes Corner, N. S., July 14, Mrs. James Cribbey, 39. Boston, July 18, Joseph Clarke formerly of Halifax Upper North River, July 17, Jacob W. Thompson, 84. Halifax, July 16, daughter of the late James Harris 82. New Bedford, July 24, Henry Gough of Liverpool N. B. 30. Westfield, July 23, by drowning Ira Cornwall of St. John, 50. Cumberland Point, N. B. July 8, William G. McWhirter 84. Darnmouth, July 17, Helen, widow of Rev. James Byers 76. New Minas, July 9, Mary L. wife of Tupper S. Sydney, July 20, Lalla H., wife of George A. Brown, 33. Berwick, July 18, Lena daughter of the late Isalah Davidson, 14. Halifax, July 20, Jessie, daughter of the late Edward Duff. River John, June 18, Louisa A., wife of Ephraim Longille, 62. Halifax, July 19, Mrs. Margaret G. Nickerson of Yarmouth 21. Dorchester Mass., July 16, Maggie wife of John R. Ferguson, 37. Kennecook, July 18, Charles, son of Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Miller, 11. Grand Pre, July 13, Amanda L. wife of Martin Duncanson, 77. Lower Ridge, July 4, the child of Mr. and Mrs. Samuel Alward, 3. Rothesay, N. B., July 23, Octavia widow of Rev. G. M. Armstrong, 81. Glenbart, Antigonish, Co., July 14, Mary C. widow of Joseph McDonald, 75. Glenbart, Antigonish Co., Maggie M. daughter of Joseph McDonald, 22. Dartmouth, July 23, Carlston Charles son of Mr. and Mrs. D. D. Brennan, 2. Boston, July 21, Thmas S., son of Mr. and Mrs. John Phippin, 7 months. Yarmouth, July 11, Edna, only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Amos Barr 19. Amherst, July 13, Olive M., son of Mr. and Mrs. Silas Goodwin, 7 months. St. Stephen, July 20, James H. son of Mr. and Mrs. E. H. Barter, 22 months. Malbone Bay, July 22, Dorothy child of Mr. and Mrs. E. Phillips of Truro. St. John, July 22, Jennie M., daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Andrew Atchison 20. Kentville, July 18, Maggie A. daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Stephen Harvey, 20. Milton, N. S., July 17, Arthur, child of Mr. and Mrs. H. S. Cook 7 months. St. John, July 24, Minnie S. B., daughter of Mr. and Mrs. A. McAllister, 16. Lonsburg Road, July 16, Catherine, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. M. Holland 18.

"For Baby's Sake."

**BABY'S OWN TABLETS...**

A favorite prescription of a regular practitioner, who has had a long and successful experience in the treatment of diseases peculiar to infancy and childhood. It cures Colic, Cramps, Diarrhoea, Indigestion, Worms, Cholera, Whooping Cough, Croup, Hoarse-ness, Sore Throat, Stomachic, and all the ailments of the bowels, check diarrhoea, reduce fever, expel worms, relieve while teething, cure colic, produce sleep. It is safe, pleasant to take, put up in candy form, children just love them. Use Free sample and paper doll for baby's name.

Use... **BABY'S OWN POWDER.**

The Dr. Howard Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

**STAMBOARDS.**

1897. 1897.

**The Yarmouth Steamship Co. (LIMITED).**

For Boston and Halifax, Via Yarmouth. The Shortest and Best Route between Nova Scotia and the United States. The Quickest Time, 15 to 17 Hours between Yarmouth and Boston.

4—Trips a Week—4 THE STEEL STEAMERS

**BOSTON and YARMOUTH UNTIL FURTHER NOTICE.**

COMMENCING June 30th, one of the above steamers will leave Yarmouth for Boston every THURSDAY, WEDNESDAY, FRIDAY and SATURDAY evening, after arrival of the Express train from Halifax. Retaining, leave Lewis wharf, Boston, every MONDAY, TUESDAY, THURSDAY and FRIDAY at 12 noon, making close connections at Yarmouth with the Dominion Atlantic Railway to all points in Eastern Nova Scotia, and Davidson's Coach lines, and steamers for South Shore Ports on Friday morning.

**Stmr. City of St. John,**

Will leave Yarmouth every FRIDAY morning for Halifax, calling at Barrington, Shelburne, Lockeport, Liverpool and Lunenburg. Returning leaves Pickford and Black's wharf, Halifax, every MONDAY evening, for Yarmouth and intermediate ports, connecting with steamer for Boston on WEDNESDAY evening.

**Steamer Alpha,**

Leaves St. John, for Yarmouth every TUESDAY and FRIDAY Afternoon, returning, leaves Yarmouth every MONDAY and THURSDAY, at 9 o'clock p. m. for St. John.

Tickets and all other information can be obtained from President and Managing Director.

W. A. CHASE, J. F. SPINNEY, Agent Secretary and Treasurer. Lewis Wharf, Boston. Yarmouth, N. S. June, 23rd 1897.

**International S. S. Co.**

**THREE TRIPS A WEEK FOR BOSTON.**

COMMENCING May 31st, the Steamers of this Company will leave St. John for Liverpool, London, Portland and Boston every

Monday, Wednesday and Friday mornings, at 8.00 o'clock, standard. Returning, leave Boston every Monday, Wednesday and Friday morning at 8.40 o'clock, and Portland at 9 p.m.

Connections made at Eastport with steamer for St. Andrews, Calais and St. Etienne. Freight received daily up to 8 o'clock.

C. E. LAECHELER, Agent.

**STAR LINE STEAMERS**

**For Fredericton**

(Eastern Standard Time.)

Mail steamers David Weston and Oliveette leave St. John every day (except Sunday) at 8 a. m. for Fredericton and all intermediate landings, and will leave Fredericton every day (except Sunday) at 9 a. m. for St. John.

A steamer of this line will leave Indiantown every Saturday night at 5.30 p. m. for Wickham and intermediate landings, returning Monday morning, leaving Wickham at 5 a. m., arriving at Indiantown at 8 a. m., until further notice; one fare. Return tickets, good for morning or afternoon boat on Monday. No return tickets less than 40c.

GEORGE F. BAIRD, Manager.

**On and after Thursday, July 8th, The Steamer Clifton**

will leave Hampton for Indiantown..... MONDAY at 5.30 a. m. TUESDAY at 3.30 p. m. WEDNESDAY at 2 p. m. THURSDAY at 3.30 p. m. SATURDAY at 5.30 a. m.

Will leave Indiantown for Hampton Tuesday at 9 a. m., Wednesday at 8 a. m., Thursday at 9 a. m. and Saturday at 4 p. m.

CAPT. R. G. EABLE, Manager.

**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.

E. LAROI WILLIS, Proprietor.

**BELMONT HOTEL**

ST. JOHN, N. B. Directly opposite Union Depot. All modern improvements. Heated with hot water and lighted by electricity. Baggage to and from the station free of charge. Terms moderate.

**QUEEN HOTEL.**

FREDERICTON, N. B. J. A. EDWARDS, Proprietor. Fine sample rooms in connection. First class Livery stable. Coaches at trains and boats.

**RAILROADS.**

**Intercolonial Railway.**

On and after Monday, the 21st June, 1897, the trains of this Railway will run daily, Sunday excepted, as follows:

**TRAINS WILL LEAVE ST. JOHN**  
Express for Campbellton, Piquash, Picton and Halifax.....7.10  
Express for Montreal and Quebec (Sunday excepted).....12.55  
Accommodation for Moncton, Point du Chene and Springhill Junction.....12.40  
Express for Sussex.....13.55  
Express for Rothesay.....15.30  
Express for Quebec, Montreal, Halifax and Sydney.....22.30  
Buffet Sleeper Cars for Montreal, Lewis, St. John and Halifax will be attached to trains leaving St. John at 22.30 o'clock, and Halifax at 20.00 o'clock.

**TRAINS WILL ARRIVE AT ST. JOHN:**  
Accommodation from Sydney, Halifax and Moncton (Monday excepted).....6.05  
Express from Montreal and Quebec (Sunday excepted).....7.15  
Express from Sussex.....12.55  
Accommodation from Point du Chene.....15.40  
Express from Halifax.....16.00  
Express from Halifax, Picton and Campbellton.....18.50  
Express from Rothesay.....22.30

The trains of the Intercolonial Railway are heated by steam from the locomotive, and those between Halifax and Montreal, via Lewis, are lighted by electricity.  
All trains are run by Eastern Standard Time.  
D. POTTINGER, General Manager.  
Railway Office, Moncton, N. B., 16th June, 1897.

**CANADIAN PACIFIC RY.**

**SHORT LINE TO ALL Points West.**

Fast express will leave St. John N. B., at 4.10 P. M. Week days.—For Sherbrooke, Montreal, Ottawa, Toronto, and all points West, North West and on the Pacific Coast. Canadian Pacific Sleeper, First and second class Coaches through to Montreal; Dining Car to Brownville Jct. For tickets, Sleeping Car accommodations and all other information apply at Company's offices, Chubb's corner, or at station.

D. McNICOLL, A. H. NOTMAN, Pass. Traffic Mgr., Dist. Pass. Agent, Montreal. St. John, N. B.

**Dominion Atlantic Ry.**

On and after 3rd July, 1897, the Steamship and Train service of this Railway will be as follows:

**Royal Mail S.S. Prince Rupert,**  
DAILY SERVICE (Sunday excepted.)  
Lve. St. John at 7.00 a. m., arr. Digby 9.30 a. m. Lve. Digby at 1.00 p. m., arr. St. John, 3.30 p. m. S. S. Evangeline runs daily (Sunday excepted) between Parrboro, making connection at Kingsport with express trains.

**EXPRESS TRAINS**

Daily (Sunday excepted).  
Lve. Halifax 5.50 a. m., arr. in Digby 11.45 a. m. Lve. Digby 12.05 p. m., arr. Yarmouth 2.40 p. m. Lve. Halifax 8.00 a. m., arr. Digby 12.45 p. m. Lve. Digby 12.45 p. m., arr. Yarmouth 3.00 p. m. Lve. Yarmouth 7.15 a. m., arr. Digby 9.58 a. m. Lve. Digby 10.08 a. m., arr. Halifax 4.40 p. m. Lve. Yarmouth 8.53 a. m., arr. Digby 10.20 a. m. Lve. Digby 10.25 a. m., arr. Halifax 3.30 p. m. Lve. Annapolis 7.00 a. m., arr. Digby 8.20 a. m. Lve. Digby 4.45 p. m., arr. Annapolis 6.05 p. m.

Pullman Palace Buffet Parlor Cars run each way daily on express trains between Halifax and Yarmouth and Halifax and Annapolis. Staterooms can be obtained on application to City Agent.  
Close connections with trains at Digby. Tickets on sale at City Office, 114 Prince William Street, and from the Purser on steamer, from whom time-tables and all information can be obtained.  
W. R. CAMPBELL, Gen. Man'gr. K. SUTHERLAND, Superintendent.

**Buy Dominion Express Co's Money Orders**

FOR SMALL REMITTANCES.

Cheaper than Post Office Money Orders, and much more convenient, as they will be.....

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**CANADIAN EXPRESS CO.**

General Express Forwarders, Shipping Agents and Custom House Brokers.

Forward Merchandise, Money and Packages of every description; collect Notes, Drafts, Accounts and Bills, with goods (C. O. D.) throughout the Dominion of Canada, the United States and Europe.

Special Messengers daily, Sunday excepted, over the Grand Trunk, Quebec and Lake St. John, Quebec Central, Canada Atlantic, Montreal and Sorel, Napanee, Tanworth and Quebec, Central Ontario and Consolidated Midland Railways, Intercolonial Railway, Northern and Western Railways, Cumberland Railway, Canadian Branch Railway, Steamship Lines to Digby and Annapolis and Charlottetown and Summerside, P. E. I., with nearly 600 agencies.

Connections made with responsible Express Companies covering the Eastern, Middle, Southern and Western States, Manitoba, the Northwest Territories and British Columbia.

Express weekly to and from Europe via Canadian Line of Mail Steamers.

Agency in Liverpool in connection with the forwarding system of Great Britain and the continent. Shipping Agents in Liverpool, Montreal, Quebec and Portland, Maine.

Goods in bond promptly attended to and forwarded with dispatch.

Invoices required for goods from Canada, United States, and vice versa.

C. CREIGHTON, Asst. Supt. J. B. STONE