

Photography in Colors.

About once in two or three years some one professes to have solved the problem of color photography; but the photographic world doesn't become wildly excited over these assertions, as it did formerly. Too many of the processes have proved to be fake, pure and simple, and those founded upon scientific truth have been only modifications of earlier discoveries.

Color photography has been a fascinating problem for scientists ever since the early part of this century. In 1810 Prof. Seebeck of Jena made some interesting experiments in the reproduction of the natural colors of the spectrum, and a host of scientists followed his lead. Becquerel in 1848 succeeded in reproducing all of the hues of the spectrum upon a plate covered with a film of violet subchloride of silver, and even photographed various objects in their natural colors, but found no way of fixing these tints so that they would stand exposure to the light. Other men experimented and obtained varying results by modified chemical processes, but the instability of color baffled them, as it had baffled Becquerel. It was one thing to understand that muriate of silver, through reflection and interference of light rays among its particles, would take the colors of the spectrum, and quite another thing to fix these colors permanently when they had been obtained. Many scientists have abandoned the idea that a direct photography in color with resulting permanent and satisfactory prints, will ever be obtained. Others, more optimistic, insist that the thing is a possibility, even though a remote one. In the meantime what development does occur lies along one or two lines, either being based upon the trichromatic theory of vision, and composite photography, or following Lippmann's interferential method, founded upon the law of wave vibration in light.

Lippmann's discoveries in color photography were really the last to stir up any great excitement among scientists. M. Lippmann was a professor of physics in the Sorbonne, with no practical knowledge of photography. Not even the kodak mania had marked him for its own; but he knew a thing or two about abstract physics and in the course of lectures to young France on the subject of acoustics and the neutralizing of sound by the meeting of advancing and reflected sound waves, it occurred to him that the same theories applied to color would produce color photographs. He turned to photography and demonstrated his theory to his own satisfaction and the edification of the scientific world, but he never attempted to make commercial profit of his discovery, and he went on serenely lecturing upon abstract physics. The results he obtained are what might be expected of so theoretical a scientist. He unquestionably accomplished the nearest thing to pure color photography that has been achieved, and he vindicated his theory, but any practical application of his methods to general purposes is out of the question. The process is complicated and difficult, and the multiplication of the photographs obtained is impossible, so few impressions were made by his method, and these few with great expenditure of time, work and money.

The success of this method depended upon the same principle that explained the reproduction of color in muriate of silver—the interference of light waves, through reflection. Lippmann put a transparent, highly sensitized film in immediate contact with a mirror backed with mercury. Light passing through the film was reflected back along the same line by the mirror. Advancing light waves and reflected light waves, meeting under certain conditions, cancel or neutralize one another, the result being white light minus these cancelled waves—that is, colored light. Color waves differ in wave length according to the different lines of the spectrum, so the conditions under which the direct and reflected waves meet vary according to their color, and the film records this variance. The white light entering the camera has been separated into its component parts—pure white light being composed of all the hues of the spectrum—and, when the film is again exposed to white light, it shows the impression received in colors. One great disadvantage of these Lippmann photographs is that the white light must fall upon the completed film at a certain angle in order to give the color effect. Seen at any other angle the photographs look like colorless negatives.

The only practical success in color photography so far has been accomplished by indirect methods, and, though these processes may not be so interesting from

the viewpoint of abstract science as the Lippmann process, their commercial value is infinitely greater. Indirect color photography primarily consists in the production of three separate negatives, taken through screens of the three primary colors, red, green and blue, and in the optical superposition of these images; but there have been innumerable developments of this process. The original composite color photography, requiring three separate exposures and three separate positives projected by a single lantern, was too cumbersome and complicated to be practicable. A great effort has been made to bring the process into such shape that it could be easily accomplished even by the amateur and the apparatus required for it carried as easily as the ordinary camera. No such conditions have been attained, but a good deal has been accomplished, and the photochromoscope, with its more recent developments the kromakop, is thought by scientists to come as near a solution of the problem as any of the later inventions.

By this photochromoscope process the three negatives are taken upon a single sensitive plate at one exposure, and the contact positive out into three sections with scissors and mounted upon a folding cardboard is dropped into the photochromoscope which as well as the camera, may be made stereoscopic, the size of the ordinary hand stereoscope. The camera illuminates three colorless transparent positives separately by lights of the three primary tints, and these impressions are optically recombined into one colored image in the seeing apparatus or photochromoscope. Of course, this seeing instrument is necessary to carry

out the sense of color, so the process is far from being the one long desired, which is to produce colored prints that may be framed and hung on the wall. Through this viewing device, however, color images of marvellous fidelity are obtained, giving all qualities of texture, sheen, translucency and atmosphere to a degree impossible to any color print on paper. Pictures of the old masters can be produced and seen in the photochromoscope with all their original qualities. Scientific objects, specimens for natural history collections, beauties of landscape, botanical specimens, tapestries and textile fabrics of all kinds may be studied through these color images as satisfactorily as from reality. The color records take up no more room than ordinary photographs, and if the cost and difficulty of the production can be decidedly reduced this form of color photography may be utilized to great advantage in schools, in medicine, in many of the other sciences and in commercial business, where it could represent the quality and appearance of goods more satisfactorily than any print or fragmentary sample. Colored photographs of the most beautiful species of butterflies have been among the greatest triumphs of this process and not the smallest element of the beauty of the original is lacking in the reproduction. The miniature kromakop is the latest and simplest development of the apparatus and is less expensive than the original instrument.

Another method of color photography finding great favor to-day applies the same principles in another way. The light is projected upon the plate, not through three screens, but through one screen closely ruled in orange, green and violet. These lines are ruled on gelatine plates in pigments made up as inks, and these are from 800 to 1,000 to the inch, although when the lines exceed 400 to the inch the eye ceases to be annoyed by them. The resultant lines upon the positive register, of course, the degrees in which the three color sensations would have been produced. Then a sec-

A Horse's Confidence.

We often hear it said that an animal is almost human, and now and then one does give evidence of feelings which seem to

transcend brute nature. Not long ago a noble horse, named Poindexter, was taken ill in Boston. The animal's nerves were keyed up to a high pitch of excitement, and he could not be induced to lie down and go to sleep.

The veterinaries were in despair, when Poindexter's devoted groom went into the stall and lay down. The horse seemed soothed by his presence. By degrees he grew calmer, and finally lying down, laid his delicate head on the man's shoulder and went to sleep.

The nervousness and apprehension of the horse seemed very human. Possibly he was afraid of death, afraid that the end might come when he slept, and wished to remain on his feet. Who knows? Certain it is that for three nights the horse slept quietly by his friend, and thus alone passed safely through the critical stage of his disease.

KHAKI

How The Process For Dyeing It Was Discovered.

The London Daily News, to illustrate the part played by lucky accident in the discovery of inventions, told the other day a story about khaki, the olive colored canvas cloth worn by the English and American soldiers in hot countries.

This cotton stuff has been worn in India by British troops for many years. Its tint was a greenish brown, but it always faded when it was washed with soap.

A business man from Manchester, while travelling in India, happened to fall into conversation with an English officer, who remarked carelessly that the first manufacturer who could produce a cotton drill that would not fade would make his fortune.

The young Englishman never forgot this hint. He came home, found a skillful dyer, and with him began the search for an olive dye which, when used on cotton cloth, would not yield to soap or soda. They spent years in these experiments, all of which proved fruitless.

One day they found among several scraps of dyed cloth one which retained its colour under the most severe tests. The puzzling fact was that it had been cut from the same piece of cloth, and subjected to the same process as the other scraps, all of which faded.

The two experimenters were greatly puzzled, and for months tried in vain to solve the riddle. The one little fragment of khaki was the only one which kept its color against all attacks.

By chance one day they found that the dye in which this scrap had been dipped had remained for a time in a metal dish of a peculiar kind. The secret was found. The metal of the dish, in combination with the chemicals of the dye, had furnished the one thing needful. They tried the experiment with other pieces. The dye held, and their fortunes were made.

It was not chance which gave them their success, but the indomitable patience and persistence which pursued the chance, and the intelligence which seized it.

Too Long to Wait.

The Japanese, as is generally known, are mainly vegetarians, their diet consisting for the most part of rice and a few other simple vegetables.

While they are a healthy and happy people, they are undersized as compared with the meat-eaters of Europe and America, and it was seriously recommended, a few years ago, by advisers of the emperor, that he should encourage his subjects to adopt a diet of flesh, with a view to increasing the average Japanese stature.

An American who was visiting Japan tells of a jinrikisha man with whom he became acquainted, who although able to trot forty miles a day without fatigue, was vexed because at his small size and had begun to eat meat. He asked his American friend one day, in the best English at his command, how long a time would be required, on an animal diet, to make the Japanese a larger race.

"I should say a hundred years at least," replied the American.

The "rickshaw" man went back to his rice.

Sign Language

As Russians are quick to understand signs, they are ready at devising ways to make their thoughts known.

An English surgeon, coming across a Russian officer in a hospital, managed to give the official to understand that he—the doctor—desired to know whether the officer had left a family at home. The information was forthcoming.

"The Russian replied with ecstatic energy. He kissed his hand fervently, placed it about two feet from the ground, then kissed it again and placed it about a foot higher. This action he repeated, until I had learned that his family consisted of a wife and three children. He had also given an idea of the relative sizes of the several members."



WAITING AT THE PORTAL.

Music and The Drama

SONS AND UNDERSTONERS.

The Musical Courier of June 13th has the following, relative to one of St. John's vocalists:

Under the guidance of Mme. Evans von Klenner, Miss Frances Travers has been making rapid progress as a professional singer. Miss Travers came here from Canada to study with Madame von Klenner and in two seasons has more than realized expectations.

The above is followed by flattering notices from the Brooklyn Citizen, Standard Commercial, Brooklyn Eagle, Arlington N. J. Observer and other papers.

Semblich will tour America next season at the head of her own opera company under management of C. L. G. aff.

A very enjoyable concert took place at the Chalet on Wednesday evening, at which several St. John people assisted in the programme.

Florence St. John is to return to the stage shortly appearing as Madame Sans Gene in Henry Hamilton and Ivan Caryll's opera of that name.

Eugene Cowles will continue in Alice Neilson's support next season singing Sander in The Fortune Teller, and The Duke in The Singing Girl.

Jerome Sykes who is to play the title part in Fox Quilby next season has done as much hard climbing as any operatic star in the firmament.

Della Fox has signed to appear next season in Rogers Brothers new farce. A year later she will probably star again.

J. H. Gilmour now with the Tremont theatre Stock Company, Boston will be leading man with Maude Adams in L'Aiglon.

George Danco author of "The Lady Slavey, and other popular farcical plays has written a melodrama entitled The London Police.

Edwin Knowles has purchased an interest in Whitney and Muir's "Quo Vadis" production and will be their partner in other enterprises.

Louise Thornyke Boucicault is spending the summer in London and Paris but expects to return to New York the beginning of August.

"On the Quiet" is the new title that Augustus Thomas has given to his comedy, Treadway of Yale, in which Willie Collier will star next season.

The Great Philanthropist, a new four act play by Gertrude Kingston and the late Wilton Jones was an elaborate production in Rotterdam July 16.

Gertrude Bennett, the Constance in James O'Neill's Musketeers will manage a summer company of her own. She will be supported by William Romain.

W. J. LeMoyné, instead of being cast for a part in Mrs. LeMoyné's company has been secured by the Liebler's to play the parson in "The Choir Invisible."

Franklin M. Leay, the promising young Canadian actor for whom English and American critics prophesied great things died in London Eng. on June 6, of brain fever.

Marie Hunt has been engaged by Harry Corson Clarke to originate the leading female role in "What did Tomkins Do." Miss Hunt is now on her way to Paris to get her gown.

Madeline Lucette Ryleys new comedy My Lady Dainty was given its first production in Brighton, England, on July 2 with Mrs. Ryley in the title part supported by a special company.

Mrs. Henry Vandenberg who has been playing Mrs. Malaprop and Katharine Kidder for two seasons has been re-engaged to support Madame Medjiska.

Mrs. L. L. Carter would seem destined to impersonate ladies of a more or less sturdy kind. In addition to Zsuz she is booked to play the very bold model in Ib-

cause of the stringency of the Mexican law and there might be some one present who would expose the deception. They had a copy of the play, "Robert McCaire," on which "Erminie" was founded, and started at 10 in the morning to improvise the opera with this as the book. At 10 o'clock that night the curtain rung up on Sykes and Wheeler's original production of "Erminie." The piece went the smoothness of a corduroy road after a cloudburst. It was full of violent breaks, and when these occurred the fertile Sykes made time by pounding the small actor who played Jake Strop about the premises, or singing "When Love is Young and All the World Seems Gay."

TALK OF THE THEATRE.

Humpty Dumpty drew very good audiences during its stay here last week, and proved a genuine fun making attraction.

"The Wooing of Widow Van Cott," under the management of Edwin C. Jepson, will be given four performances at the Opera house next week beginning Thursday evening. It is one of John Ernest McCann's brightest comedy successes, and is said to be one of the funniest things he has ever written.

Eva Westcott is playing with the Castle Square Company of Boston.

May Buckley has been engaged for "Caleb West" next season.

Zsuz goes on tour shortly in England with Mrs. Lewis Waller in the name part.

Elizabeth Robyns is the author of "Benvenuto Cellini" which Beerbohm Tree is to produce.

Eleanor Stuart and Ruth Dennis have both been reengaged for next season with Mrs Leslie Carter.

Fredericton Standfords farce "Cupid Outwits Adam" will open the New York Bijou on September 10.

Gabrielle D'Annunzio the famous player was thrown from his carriage a few days ago and seriously hurt.

Charles Evans will star next season in "Naughty Anthony" and will also try his hand at music hall management.

The McAniff's Stock Company has arranged with Howard Wall to use his play of Dashing Widows next season.

Belle Archer will begin her season in her new western play "Joss of the Bar Z," in Poughkeepsie N. J. on August 30.

Della Fox has signed to appear next season in Rogers Brothers new farce. A year later she will probably star again.

J. H. Gilmour now with the Tremont theatre Stock Company, Boston will be leading man with Maude Adams in L'Aiglon.

George Danco author of "The Lady Slavey, and other popular farcical plays has written a melodrama entitled The London Police.

Edwin Knowles has purchased an interest in Whitney and Muir's "Quo Vadis" production and will be their partner in other enterprises.

Louise Thornyke Boucicault is spending the summer in London and Paris but expects to return to New York the beginning of August.

"On the Quiet" is the new title that Augustus Thomas has given to his comedy, Treadway of Yale, in which Willie Collier will star next season.

The Great Philanthropist, a new four act play by Gertrude Kingston and the late Wilton Jones was an elaborate production in Rotterdam July 16.

Gertrude Bennett, the Constance in James O'Neill's Musketeers will manage a summer company of her own. She will be supported by William Romain.

W. J. LeMoyné, instead of being cast for a part in Mrs. LeMoyné's company has been secured by the Liebler's to play the parson in "The Choir Invisible."

Franklin M. Leay, the promising young Canadian actor for whom English and American critics prophesied great things died in London Eng. on June 6, of brain fever.

Marie Hunt has been engaged by Harry Corson Clarke to originate the leading female role in "What did Tomkins Do." Miss Hunt is now on her way to Paris to get her gown.

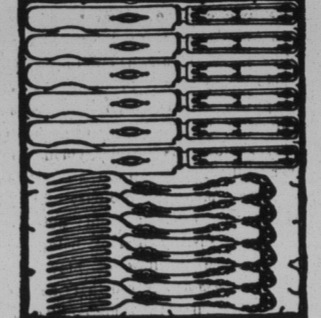
Madeline Lucette Ryleys new comedy My Lady Dainty was given its first production in Brighton, England, on July 2 with Mrs. Ryley in the title part supported by a special company.

Mrs. Henry Vandenberg who has been playing Mrs. Malaprop and Katharine Kidder for two seasons has been re-engaged to support Madame Medjiska.

Mrs. L. L. Carter would seem destined to impersonate ladies of a more or less sturdy kind. In addition to Zsuz she is booked to play the very bold model in Ib-

"Silver Plate that Wears." You Know These Goods

They are the same brand as your grandparents bought, 50 years ago, and are stamped "1847 Rogers Bros."



We have the Knives, Forks and Spoons as well as many Berry Spoons, Cold Meat Forks, Ladles, etc.

When the Dead Awaken" and the character of Mme. du Barry in a play written around that naughty demoiselle and adapted by Belasco.

An Australian paper states on Kyrle Bellew's authority that the leading part in the next Drury Lane production will be offered to Mrs. Potter. She has not decided whether she will accept or not.

William Bramwell who has been leading man for Eugenie Blair, scoring great successes in A Lady of Quality and other plays has been engaged as leading man of the Donnelly Stock Company of the Murray Hill theatre, New York for next season.

Fay Templeton secured last week judgement for \$525 in her suit against the Greater New York Amusement company, Henry B. Siro manager for salary due while she was in Broadway to Tokio. Mr. Siro said that a check had been mailed her but Miss Templeton never received it and judgment was ordered in her favor.

William Francis Sage writes as follows on "The Dramatization of The Novel" in the last issue of the Mirror: "Long before the era of the English and elsewhere had used stories and sketches and legends for the bases and plots of their plays. The sources from which Shakespeare drew his inspiration for many of his tragedies and comedies are in numbers of instances well known, and it is not thought that in any play he troubled about inventing a story or plot. Those are either facts in history, or some old story. It is rare, in any case, that one dramatist combines within himself the ability to tell a good story, invent situations, depict types of character, and write good dialogue as well. Shakespeare, who easily stands at the head of the world's writers of plays, shows his genius in his character portraits and in his exquisite speeches. He was, first, last, and for all time, a dramatic poet.

William Norris who has been engaged to play the role of Adonios, the humped backed court jester, in Viola Allen's new play "In the Palace of the King" has a good record as a character comedian. Norris like many of the professional people of today is from San Francisco, where he was engaged for some time with stock companies of the Pacific coast. Since he came East Mr. Norris has created half a dozen eccentric characters. He was the original Police Lunatic in "The Bell of New York," and also originated the roles of Panagi in "A Dangerous Maid" at the Casino; Muskadel, the stottering son-in-law in "Papa Gon Gon," with Thomas Q. Seabrooke, and Gussy Stilton, the Scotch Cholly Boy, in "Little Miss Nobody." Mr. Norris also played Baverstock in "His Excellency the Governor," very successfully. His best work, however was in the role of Melchisedek Pinchas, the Hebrew Poet in "Children of the Ghetto." The character which Mr. Norris will create in "The Palace of the King" will be unique and difficult, since it is keyed almost to a Shakespearean pitch of combined grotesque comedy and pathos.

The great stumbling block for the dramatizer of the modern popular novel is to decide what to use and what to throw away, and there will always be impossible to satisfy all. There are only two ways, and only two ways, of dramatizing a well known novel to either read and thoroughly digest

This happy effect is due in part to the increased flow of blood to the brain, and the consequent better working of the instrument of thought, and partly to the fact that when a mental state and a physical act are associated (the physical state being usually induced by the mental act), the performance of the physical act, even if at first perfunctory, will in time induce the mental state corresponding to it.

The doctors have hardly yet learned what a valuable curative power there is in laughter. It is a precious and health-giving tonic, often more efficacious than bitter and iron, and far pleasanter to take.

Let the dyspeptic, the bilious, the melancholy, and those who seem to be wasting away without any discoverable cause, take a course of funny stories and humorous books; let them retire to their closets or to the woods, and laugh out loud for a few minutes two or three times a day; and when they have done this for a month or two, let them tell their friends the records of their improved health.

The convulsive movements which we call laughter exert a very real effect upon the physical organism. They cause the arteries to dilate, so that they carry more blood to the tissues of the body, and the heart to beat more rapidly, so that the flow of blood through the vessels is hastened. In other words, laughter promotes the very best conditions for an increase of the vital processes—the tissues take up more nutritive material, and the waste products are more promptly removed.

Not only is laughter an accompaniment and an expression of joy, but it even creates joy. Often a good laugh, excited in spite of oneself, will change the current of thought, and impart a general rosy tint to what was before of the deepest blue.

This happy effect is due in part to the increased flow of blood to the brain, and the consequent better working of the instrument of thought, and partly to the fact that when a mental state and a physical act are associated (the physical state being usually induced by the mental act), the performance of the physical act, even if at first perfunctory, will in time induce the mental state corresponding to it.

The doctors have hardly yet learned what a valuable curative power there is in laughter. It is a precious and health-giving tonic, often more efficacious than bitter and iron, and far pleasanter to take.

Let the dyspeptic, the bilious, the melancholy, and those who seem to be wasting away without any discoverable cause, take a course of funny stories and humorous books; let them retire to their closets or to the woods, and laugh out loud for a few minutes two or three times a day; and when they have done this for a month or two, let them tell their friends the records of their improved health.

The convulsive movements which we call laughter exert a very real effect upon the physical organism. They cause the arteries to dilate, so that they carry more blood to the tissues of the body, and the heart to beat more rapidly, so that the flow of blood through the vessels is hastened. In other words, laughter promotes the very best conditions for an increase of the vital processes—the tissues take up more nutritive material, and the waste products are more promptly removed.

Not only is laughter an accompaniment and an expression of joy, but it even creates joy. Often a good laugh, excited in spite of oneself, will change the current of thought, and impart a general rosy tint to what was before of the deepest blue.

This happy effect is due in part to the increased flow of blood to the brain, and the consequent better working of the instrument of thought, and partly to the fact that when a mental state and a physical act are associated (the physical state being usually induced by the mental act), the performance of the physical act, even if at first perfunctory, will in time induce the mental state corresponding to it.

The doctors have hardly yet learned what a valuable curative power there is in laughter. It is a precious and health-giving tonic, often more efficacious than bitter and iron, and far pleasanter to take.

Let the dyspeptic, the bilious, the melancholy, and those who seem to be wasting away without any discoverable cause, take a course of funny stories and humorous books; let them retire to their closets or to the woods, and laugh out loud for a few minutes two or three times a day; and when they have done this for a month or two, let them tell their friends the records of their improved health.

The convulsive movements which we call laughter exert a very real effect upon the physical organism. They cause the arteries to dilate, so that they carry more blood to the tissues of the body, and the heart to beat more rapidly, so that the flow of blood through the vessels is hastened. In other words, laughter promotes the very best conditions for an increase of the vital processes—the tissues take up more nutritive material, and the waste products are more promptly removed.

Not only is laughter an accompaniment and an expression of joy, but it even creates joy. Often a good laugh, excited in spite of oneself, will change the current of thought, and impart a general rosy tint to what was before of the deepest blue.

This happy effect is due in part to the increased flow of blood to the brain, and the consequent better working of the instrument of thought, and partly to the fact that when a mental state and a physical act are associated (the physical state being usually induced by the mental act), the performance of the physical act, even if at first perfunctory, will in time induce the mental state corresponding to it.

The doctors have hardly yet learned what a valuable curative power there is in laughter. It is a precious and health-giving tonic, often more efficacious than bitter and iron, and far pleasanter to take.

Let the dyspeptic, the bilious, the melancholy, and those who seem to be wasting away without any discoverable cause, take a course of funny stories and humorous books; let them retire to their closets or to the woods, and laugh out loud for a few minutes two or three times a day; and when they have done this for a month or two, let them tell their friends the records of their improved health.

The convulsive movements which we call laughter exert a very real effect upon the physical organism. They cause the arteries to dilate, so that they carry more blood to the tissues of the body, and the heart to beat more rapidly, so that the flow of blood through the vessels is hastened. In other words, laughter promotes the very best conditions for an increase of the vital processes—the tissues take up more nutritive material, and the waste products are more promptly removed.

Not only is laughter an accompaniment and an expression of joy, but it even creates joy. Often a good laugh, excited in spite of oneself, will change the current of thought, and impart a general rosy tint to what was before of the deepest blue.

This happy effect is due in part to the increased flow of blood to the brain, and the consequent better working of the instrument of thought, and partly to the fact that when a mental state and a physical act are associated (the physical state being usually induced by the mental act), the performance of the physical act, even if at first perfunctory, will in time induce the mental state corresponding to it.

The doctors have hardly yet learned what a valuable curative power there is in laughter. It is a precious and health-giving tonic, often more efficacious than bitter and iron, and far pleasanter to take.

Let the dyspeptic, the bilious, the melancholy, and those who seem to be wasting away without any discoverable cause, take a course of funny stories and humorous books; let them retire to their closets or to the woods, and laugh out loud for a few minutes two or three times a day; and when they have done this for a month or two, let them tell their friends the records of their improved health.

The convulsive movements which we call laughter exert a very real effect upon the physical organism. They cause the arteries to dilate, so that they carry more blood to the tissues of the body, and the heart to beat more rapidly, so that the flow of blood through the vessels is hastened. In other words, laughter promotes the very best conditions for an increase of the vital processes—the tissues take up more nutritive material, and the waste products are more promptly removed.

the story, then throw it away and write an original play as far as regards dialogue and elaboration of character, or to follow as closely as possible the story, speeches and incidents of the original novelist. It seems to me that it is very seldom that one of these hybrid plays—that is, half the novelist's and half the dramatist's, succeeds. At least I have seen many fail.

The exigencies of the stage demand, as far as possible, condensation in time and crispness, or terseness, of dialogue. In a melodrama adapted for a popular novel, where the story tells of a lapse of time, it must be allowed, of course; but in putting it into the form of dramatic action let the hiatus be as brief as possible in reason. Of speaking characters have as few as possible in reason, yet it condenses the interest and prevents the play from becoming vague and sketchy.

The next great thing to accomplish is the doing away with many scenes and changes of scene. In this respect the modern playwright, with his helpmates, the scene painter and stage carpenter, has done wonders. I can remember, in my brief lifetime, when each act of a melodrama was filled with innumerable changes of scene, sometimes the pulling off or on of a flat representing the lapsing of years. In this respect, like other work in the mechanical and pictorial way, tremendous progress has been made. For the past twenty years the modern society comedy has permitted of the production of plays in which one scene sufficed by each act.

With the coming again of melodrama more changes of scene are necessary. Effective melodramas always needs much change of incident, and change of incident demands almost of necessity, more constant change of scene. But with our recently acquired uses of electricity, and the progress in painting and mechanical work, marvels have been accomplished in quick changes of scene, accompanied by the brief darkening of stage and auditorium, thus annihilating time and space. The main thing, still in good melodrama, is the telling of a good story, and much of that can be done by using these mechanical adjuncts of the stage. This leaves the more literary playwright a chance, in the dramatization of a novel, to use more freely the choicer dialogue of the romance, and to elaborate, if necessary, the different types of character.

"Laugh and grow fat," is a saying that contains a deal of truth, and is worthy of attention by many sufferers in body as well as in mind. We instinctively associate jollity with rotundity, and a sour disposition with a spare form. The rule is, of course not without exceptions, for we often see people with little propensity to take on fat who are full of fun and sunshine. Such persons are not boisterous, however. They are possessed, it may be, of a quiet humor, are happy and make others happy, and they smile easy and perhaps laugh softly; but they do not laugh loud, and certainly they do not cachinnate.

The convulsive movements which we call laughter exert a very real effect upon the physical organism. They cause the arteries to dilate, so that they carry more blood to the tissues of the body, and the heart to beat more rapidly, so that the flow of blood through the vessels is hastened. In other words, laughter promotes the very best conditions for an increase of the vital processes—the tissues take up more nutritive material, and the waste products are more promptly removed.

Not only is laughter an accompaniment and an expression of joy, but it even creates joy. Often a good laugh, excited in spite of oneself, will change the current of thought, and impart a general rosy tint to what was before of the deepest blue.

This happy effect is due in part to the increased flow of blood to the brain, and the consequent better working of the instrument of thought, and partly to the fact that when a mental state and a physical act are associated (the physical state being usually induced by the mental act), the performance of the physical act, even if at first perfunctory, will in time induce the mental state corresponding to it.

The doctors have hardly yet learned what a valuable curative power there is in laughter. It is a precious and health-giving tonic, often more efficacious than bitter and iron, and far pleasanter to take.

Let the dyspeptic, the bilious, the melancholy, and those who seem to be wasting away without any discoverable cause, take a course of funny stories and humorous books; let them retire to their closets or to the woods, and laugh out loud for a few minutes two or three times a day; and when they have done this for a month or two, let them tell their friends the records of their improved health.

The convulsive movements which we call laughter exert a very real effect upon the physical organism. They cause the arteries to dilate, so that they carry more blood to the tissues of the body, and the heart to beat more rapidly, so that the flow of blood through the vessels is hastened. In other words, laughter promotes the very best conditions for an increase of the vital processes—the tissues take up more nutritive material, and the waste products are more promptly removed.

Not only is laughter an accompaniment and an expression of joy, but it even creates joy. Often a good laugh, excited in spite of oneself, will change the current of thought, and impart a general rosy tint to what was before of the deepest blue.

This happy effect is due in part to the increased flow of blood to the brain, and the consequent better working of the instrument of thought, and partly to the fact that when a mental state and a physical act are associated (the physical state being usually induced by the mental act), the performance of the physical act, even if at first perfunctory, will in time induce the mental state corresponding to it.

The doctors have hardly yet learned what a valuable curative power there is in laughter. It is a precious and health-giving tonic, often more efficacious than bitter and iron, and far pleasanter to take.

Let the dyspeptic, the bilious, the melancholy, and those who seem to be wasting away without any discoverable cause, take a course of funny stories and humorous books; let them retire to their closets or to the woods, and laugh out loud for a few minutes two or three times a day; and when they have done this for a month or two, let them tell their friends the records of their improved health.

The convulsive movements which we call laughter exert a very real effect upon the physical organism. They cause the arteries to dilate, so that they carry more blood to the tissues of the body, and the heart to beat more rapidly, so that the flow of blood through the vessels is hastened. In other words, laughter promotes the very best conditions for an increase of the vital processes—the tissues take up more nutritive material, and the waste products are more promptly removed.

Not only is laughter an accompaniment and an expression of joy, but it even creates joy. Often a good laugh, excited in spite of oneself, will change the current of thought, and impart a general rosy tint to what was before of the deepest blue.

This happy effect is due in part to the increased flow of blood to the brain, and the consequent better working of the instrument of thought, and partly to the fact that when a mental state and a physical act are associated (the physical state being usually induced by the mental act), the performance of the physical act, even if at first perfunctory, will in time induce the mental state corresponding to it.

The doctors have hardly yet learned what a valuable curative power there is in laughter. It is a precious and health-giving tonic, often more efficacious than bitter and iron, and far pleasanter to take.

Let the dyspeptic, the bilious, the melancholy, and those who seem to be wasting away without any discoverable cause, take a course of funny stories and humorous books; let them retire to their closets or to the woods, and laugh out loud for a few minutes two or three times a day; and when they have done this for a month or two, let them tell their friends the records of their improved health.

The convulsive movements which we call laughter exert a very real effect upon the physical organism. They cause the arteries to dilate, so that they carry more blood to the tissues of the body, and the heart to beat more rapidly, so that the flow of blood through the vessels is hastened. In other words, laughter promotes the very best conditions for an increase of the vital processes—the tissues take up more nutritive material, and the waste products are more promptly removed.

Not only is laughter an accompaniment and an expression of joy, but it even creates joy. Often a good laugh, excited in spite of oneself, will change the current of thought, and impart a general rosy tint to what was before of the deepest blue.

This happy effect is due in part to the increased flow of blood to the brain, and the consequent better working of the instrument of thought, and partly to the fact that when a mental state and a physical act are associated (the physical state being usually induced by the mental act), the performance of the physical act, even if at first perfunctory, will in time induce the mental state corresponding to it.

The doctors have hardly yet learned what a valuable curative power there is in laughter. It is a precious and health-giving tonic, often more efficacious than bitter and iron, and far pleasanter to take.

Let the dyspeptic, the bilious, the melancholy, and those who seem to be wasting away without any discoverable cause, take a course of funny stories and humorous books; let them retire to their closets or to the woods, and laugh out loud for a few minutes two or three times a day; and when they have done this for a month or two, let them tell their friends the records of their improved health.

The convulsive movements which we call laughter exert a very real effect upon the physical organism. They cause the arteries to dilate, so that they carry more blood to the tissues of the body, and the heart to beat more rapidly, so that the flow of blood through the vessels is hastened. In other words, laughter promotes the very best conditions for an increase of the vital processes—the tissues take up more nutritive material, and the waste products are more promptly removed.

Not only is laughter an accompaniment and an expression of joy, but it even creates joy. Often a good laugh, excited in spite of oneself, will change the current of thought, and impart a general rosy tint to what was before of the deepest blue.

This happy effect is due in part to the increased flow of blood to the brain, and the consequent better working of the instrument of thought, and partly to the fact that when a mental state and a physical act are associated (the physical state being usually induced by the mental act), the performance of the physical act, even if at first perfunctory, will in time induce the mental state corresponding to it.

The doctors have hardly yet learned what a valuable curative power there is in laughter. It is a precious and health-giving tonic, often more efficacious than bitter and iron, and far pleasanter to take.

Let the dyspeptic, the bilious, the melancholy, and those who seem to be wasting away without any discoverable cause, take a course of funny stories and humorous books; let them retire to their closets or to the woods, and laugh out loud for a few minutes two or three times a day; and when they have done this for a month or two, let them tell their friends the records of their improved health.

The convulsive movements which we call laughter exert a very real effect upon the physical organism. They cause the arteries to dilate, so that they carry more blood to the tissues of the body, and the heart to beat more rapidly, so that the flow of blood through the vessels is hastened. In other words, laughter promotes the very best conditions for an increase of the vital processes—the tissues take up more nutritive material, and the waste products are more promptly removed.

Not only is laughter an accompaniment and an expression of joy, but it even creates joy. Often a good laugh, excited in spite of oneself, will change the current of thought, and impart a general rosy tint to what was before of the deepest blue.

This happy effect is due in part to the increased flow of blood to the brain, and the consequent better working of the instrument of thought, and partly to the fact that when a mental state and a physical act are associated (the physical state being usually induced by the mental act), the performance of the physical act, even if at first perfunctory, will in time induce the mental state corresponding to it.

A "NEGLECTED CHILD"

A Relative Receives Harsh Treatment For His Cruelty.

Not all life's tragedies are hopelessly sad. Unexpected and compensatory elements sometimes appear, changing despair and misery to happiness and content. In the police court of a Massachusetts town the other day, a bright looking twelve year old boy was arraigned as a 'neglected child.' He was neglected, but hardly in the legal sense. His mother—and the boy's appearance showed every evidence of a loving mother's care—had recently died; his father was a helpless charge on the town, and the boy himself had been sent by the selectmen to the home of his only relatives, an uncle and aunt.

Although well able to shelter him during the few years which might intervene before he would become self supporting, they refused to do so, and wished to consign him to the charity of the state.

The judge, touched by the boy's position and favorably impressed by his manners and appearance, tried to appeal to his uncle's better feelings, but without success. He remained insensible to all his pleadings.

"I refuse to take him," he said. "Are you going to abandon him to public charity?" asked the judge. "Yes," was the reply. "We don't want him!"

"This is the most cruel act I have ever witnessed!" rejoined the indignant judge, as he signed the paper which committed the orphan to the care of the State Board of Charity.

Weeping bitterly, the boy clung to his uncle and implored him to prevent his being sent away; but the uncle was deaf to his piteous appeal, and thus they parted.

Meanwhile, however, a knowledge of the uncle's conduct had reached the shop where he worked, and when he entered it on the following morning, he was stopped by his employer with a demand for an explanation of his attitude toward his nephew. The explanation was unsatisfactory.

"We don't want a man of your sort in this establishment," the employer remarked. "Go to the office and get your time. You are discharged."

An experience even more bitter than this still awaited the uncle. As he entered the shop to get his tools and other belongings, he was greeted by an outburst of jeer and hisses from his fellow-workmen, and as he passed out he was followed by the drumming upon the work-benches of hundreds of contemptuous hammers.

If the story ended here, it would still remain depressing, but there is a cheerful sequel.

The story of the boy, spread broadcast in the newspapers, inspired several humane persons to write to those who had him in charge, expressing their willingness to give him the care and protection his relatives had denied him. A young attorney, a man of independent means has offered legally to adopt the boy, whose misfortune bids fair thus to be turned to his ultimate advantage.

Among the good and eminent men who composed the recent Methodist conference in Washington, few wielded greater influence, and at the same time added more luster to the proceedings, than Bishop W. A. Candler. A writer in the New York Sun records one of his many pointed sayings.

One day the bishop was advocating a more liberal loosening of the purse-strings, and told his audience that several years ago he sent an article to a paper, in which he said: "We pray too loud and work too little." The intelligent compositor did a neat job, and when the article appeared it read: "We pray too loud and work too little."

"I let it go at that," said the bishop. "The fact is, I believe the printer was right, and I never ventured to correct him."

A Difficult Position.

Statesman, legislator, administrator, orator, scientist and philosopher, the late Duke of Argyll was a bright ornament of the noble sphere in which he was born.

Like many another man of rank he found his exalted position a lonely one, and his isolation has been neatly described by an innkeeper on the duke's estate.

PROGRESS.

PROGRESS PRINTING AND PUBLISHING COMPANY, LIMITED.

Progress is a Sixteen Page Paper, published every Saturday, at 39 to 41 Canterbury street, St. John, N. B., by the PROGRESS PRINTING AND PUBLISHING COMPANY (LIMITED), W. T. H. FERRY, Managing Director. Subscription price is Two Dollars per annum, in advance.

Remittances.—Persons sending remittances to this office must do so either by P. O. or Express order, or by registered letter. Owing to the smallness of the paper, we will not be responsible for the same. They should be made payable in every case to PROGRESS PRINTING AND PUBLISHING CO., LTD.

Discontinuances.—Remember that the publishers must be notified by letter when a subscriber wishes his paper stopped. All arrears must be paid at the rate of five cents per copy.

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

Letters should be addressed and drafts made payable to PROGRESS PRINTING AND PUBLISHING CO., LTD., ST. JOHN, N. B.

Agents in the city can have extra copies sent them if they telephone the office before six p. m.

SIXTEEN PAGES.

ST. JOHN, N. B., SATURDAY, JULY 21.

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

AFFAIRS IN CHINA.

A writer in the Nineteenth Century Review gives us a better idea of internal affairs in China than it has been possible to obtain from other sources. Our habit of speaking of China and the Chinese people as if they were distinct entities is all wrong. This is an error at the bottom of many of our mistakes and confusions. We may use the word China as a convenient expression to denote a certain vast portion of the earth's surface, but in no more exact sense. What figures as China on the map is a number of districts often separated from each other and from the centre by immense distances, differing widely in climate, resources and configuration, inhabited by people of largely varying race, temperament, habit, religion and language.

The Mohammedans of whom there are 30,000,000 regard the Buddhists as irreligious foreigners. "The inhabitants of the central and northern provinces," says Mr. KEANE, "scarcely regard those of the extreme southeast districts as fellow countrymen at all." A native of Shanghai was heard to say, "There were seven Chinese and two Cantoneses."

A man from Tientsin and a man from Canton can no more talk to each other than can a Frenchman and a Dutchman. Moreover, there exists a virulent race hatred.

This curious inter hatred is conspicuous where Chinese from different parts of China meet together, as, for example, in Bangkok, or on the plantations in Malaya or the Dutch Indies. Savage faction fights are of constant occurrence. Consequently it is easy to raise a force of Chinese in one place to fight Chinese in another.

It is because there is no such thing as "China" that the military caste of the Manchus, comparatively infinitesimal in numbers, have been able to impose their rule upon the enormous masses of Chinese. Thus it is unwise to predict anything of China as a whole, or to believe that what suits one part will necessarily suit another.

Over the heterogeneous and conflicting masses of China there has never been any effective central control, and what control there has been has steadily grown weaker. The "Vermillion pencil" makes a faint mark in the south, while in the southwest it has little but an academic influence, and on the Tibetan borders none at all.

And the corruption, which is the fatal curse of China, is directly due to the fact that there is not and cannot be any central authority to exercise control over local officials, or, in the absence of this, to pay them. The Chinese people, in the language of physics, is a mechanical mixture and not a chemical compound, and therefore it is irresponsive to the action of any single agent, and incapable of exhibiting any common property.

A GREAT UNDERTAKING.

The Trans Siberian railroad will be completed at the present rate of working in about two years, the cost probably considerably exceeding the original estimate of \$178,500,000. Some of the engineering features are of particular interest. There are many bridges on the line, the Siberian rivers generally running northward into the Arctic Ocean, or across the line. The most important bridges are those crossing the Irtysh, the Obi, the Yenisei and the Selenga rivers. The first two of these are about 2,700 feet long, and the third and fourth each about a mile in length. The Obi bridge is a fine structure of steel on stone piers, 80 feet below the ordinary water

line and fifty feet above the flood line. The other bridge mentioned are of the same type of construction. There are 1,429 wooden bridges to be replaced with steel and stone structures. The whole of the third and fourth sections are to be relaid with heavier rails and rebalanced. At present the ballast is insufficient and the rails are held down by spikes on the inside only in gains in the wooden crossties. Stations are about twenty-five miles apart, one siding being at each. The line is of course single track. In rate of construction the Trans-Siberian road is far behind the work on some American roads notably the Union Pacific. Ten and one half miles a day was the record speed of construction on the American road, while 3 3/4 miles a day is the best speed the Russians have made. In all its 4,000 miles at length the highest elevation the road crosses is one of 3,608 feet in the Yablonoi (Apple) mountains.

THE MONEY FOR OUR HEROES.

Treasurer McLeod Says There is yet About \$900 to be Made up. Mr. Howard D. McLeod, local superintendent of the Savings Bank, who is the treasurer of the Contingent Fund, is a most systematic man, just the kind of an official a newspaper fellow likes to talk to. He has all his figures at his fingers ends, and re/uses no information whatever.

With regard to the money the people have subscribed for our New Brunswick soldier boys Mr. McLeod says it amounts to about \$21,250, each county coming nobly to the front in building up this aggregate. Still there is not quite enough funds to allow each of the 186 New Brunswickers or their beneficiaries, their 50 cts. per day until Sept. 1st. With the money already on hand and the \$2000 the city has guaranteed there still remains a shortage of some \$900 or more, which can certainly be easily made up before Sept. 1st.

It speaks well for the loyalty of the New Brunswick people that for so long a period as the war has lasted each and everyone of the volunteers from this province has received a half dollar per day as their gift. Nobody has given grudgingly, and it will be seen how easily the small deficit can be met before the remaining month or so is spent.

And little do the general public know how much their generosity is appreciated by the soldier boys and families who have suffered financial losses by the removal of one of their number to the seat of war. In regular payments widowed mothers and indigent fathers have received their son's money, greatly lightening the burden cast upon them by the temporary loss of their breadwinners. Of course a great many of the soldier boys did not consign their allowance to anybody, and it still remains to their credit in Treasurer McLeod's hands.

Bruce MacFarlane of Fredericton who came home the other day, had his full pay coming to him. On Tuesday he called and got it and it would have done your heart good to see his big face beam when \$120.50 in cold cash was handed over to him.

Nine hundred dollars is not much money when it is considered that over \$21,000 has already been subscribed, and a few public entertainments of some kind would soon make it up. Perhaps an excursion or two, possibly the overplus of the Grocer's Picnic, maybe a patriotic ensemble in one of the theatres, or something. Our boys are surely not going to be allowed to come home after all the hardships of these weary months of fighting, to receive a "short envelope."

The Night Boy Got In.

"Over the fence is out," used to be an unwritten rule with the small boy in his scrub baseball game, but down around the B. & A. grounds or about the Shamrock's field "over the fence is in," quite in. A hundred or so juvenile enthusiasts, who are "shy" just the price of admission, every day there is a game, hang outside the four fences of the big enclosure and wait their chance to capture any balls that may be batted outside the limits. The reward for returning a ball is free admission at the main gateway, provided of course the horseshoe covered sphere is presented in lieu of the usual gate fee. In the course of a usual nine innings the average "deadhead" admissions number about a dozen. Last Wednesday when the Harvard team was playing the Alerts a foul tip carried the ball out on the public street. An eager watching youngster captured it, and was about to run to the gate with it when a burly fellow, good and tough, snatched it from him and proceeded toward the wicket himself. But the small boys on the top row of the bleachers saw the transaction from over the fence and set up a howl against the big fellow, and when he entered the gate they advised ticket-taker Coughlan to put him out and

let the boy who got the ball come in. They pointed out the right chap and amid cheers and jeers the ragged urchin made his grand entry and the tough slouched into the oblivion of the fence's uninteresting side.

A Clergyman in Disguise.

One of our city clergyman, who is just now enjoying his vacation, tells of an amusing experience he had with an up river resident a short time since. He was travelling on one of the steamers and struck up a conversation with a long whiskered individual who turned out to be quite as talkative as he was profane, at least the emphasis be placed upon his words were not according to the best grammatical or moral rules. As the clergyman was of a very offhand disposition and dressed in clothes like the ordinary being the up river resident did not for a moment suspect him of being a reverend, hence his flow of blue language. When it was discovered that the stranger was to get off at the same landing as the man with the luxuriant chin tresses, there was mutual rejoicing, for both had had an enjoyable talk on the way up, the cuss words excepted of course. But what was the horror of the countryman to find his new found friend in the district meeting house pulpit the next Sabbath expounding the gospel, and it was his place as deacon of the church to introduce him. A flood of regretful memories came back to him and ever since he has been in sackcloth and ashes.

JOYS AND WOES OF OTHER PLACES.

They're Not the Only "Blowers." (Sydney Record.) Two Botem'an glass blowers have arrived in town and erected a tent on Charlotte street, in front of the Sydney hotel.

The Journalistic Worm May Turn. (Union Advocate.) If the Advocate criticized some people half as much as they criticize it, we would get out before we are thrown out.

That Gastronomical Impediment. (St. Andrews Beacon.) If that man is a public benefactor who can make two blades of grass grow where but one grew before, how much greater a benefactor is the man who can evolve a boneless shad!

This Yellow Lise After This. (Annapolis Spectator.) Tommy Atkins is hereafter to be clothed in Khaki uniform, and the red coat is only for dress occasions; so farewell to our "historic 'thin red line'" of the battle fields of other days.

Ethereal Beings There. As there has not been much news from this part of our great atmosphere, I concluded to send a few sketches for your valuable little paper.

A Confirmed Journalist. (Union Advocate.) C. Bruce McDougall of the I. C. R., Moncton, is going into the newspaper business again, finding that he has not time to devote to the leadership of the Toronto type foundry and will branch out about the first of September.

Shaky on the Temperance Question. (Bridgetown Monitor.) The Methodists at the Farnboro Conference, were not solid on the temperance question. By a narrow majority they resolved to vote only for pronounced temperance candidates at the coming election, but after a rather spirited discussion this resolution was declared ultra vires and the assembly adjourned unpledged.

Moncton's Chief is Harmonious. (Moncton Transcript.) Chief of Police Tingley has tendered his resignation as leader of the First Baptist church, finding that he has not time to devote to the leadership of the choir. Chief Tingley in conversation with a 'Transcript' reporter said that he regretted exceedingly to find it necessary to do this as his relations with the choir and congregation of the church had been most pleasant in all respects.

Springhill is not the Only Place. (Springhill Advertiser.) We have learned that on Saturday night last one of our townsmen called a policeman for protection from a man who had insulted him on the street, but instead of gaining the protection sought for, was told, "that if you don't go away and hold your tongue, I'll run you in." Can this be true?

A Newspaper Gives a Tip. (Chatham Commercial.) Policeman Dickson and Hannah raided one of the saloons on Water street Saturday evening, and secured about 100 bottles of ale. The stuff had just arrived and was packed in a barrel marked "oatmeal." It should have been labelled "sugar" as a barrel of oatmeal is lighter than a barrel of ale.

Queen's Prerogative Usurped. (Chatham World.) One of the Chatham school boys, it appears from our report of the examinations, has knighted Cecil Rhodes. But the title thus conferred will scarcely be recognized at court, where he will still be known as Mr. Rhodes. Our young friend the cavalier was probably misled by a newspaper, more than one of our exchanges being in the habit of referring to the South African magnate as 'Sir' Cecil Rhodes.

Editor as a Nomenclologist. (Annapolis Spectator.) The name Loyalist for one of the new Furness line steamers, now about completed, was first suggested by S. D. Scott, editor of the St. John Sun, who receives the price of \$25. Twenty-four different persons sent in the name "Loyalist," but Editor Scott was the first and was awarded the price. It is understood that a His tax person has been awarded the other price for the name Evangelina, but the name is not yet known, as the agents here sent in the letters unopened. 300 names were suggested in all.

ROYAL BAKING POWDER ABSOLUTELY PURE Makes the food more delicious and wholesome ROYAL BAKING POWDER CO., NEW YORK.

VERSES OF YESTERDAY AND TODAY

Great Poets and an Old Ballad. A clever contributor of the Chicago "Times-Herald" recently undertook to say how some great poets would have rendered the immortal ballad of "Jack and Jill." "Wordsworth," he says, "would have been pleased with the simplicity of this story, though it would have troubled him to have ended it so tragically. Doubtless he would have said something like this:— He dwelt within a lowly cot, Beside a lowering hill; A boy who shared his simple lot With his loved sister Jill. One day, they wandered forth full gay, To find a mountain rill. Alas! ere they made their grave By this unsightly bill. Milton, indeed, used it as the theme for an immortal epic, and with his weary head upon his hand he wrote:— O Jack's great fall from that high eminence, From which fell also his companion Jill, While they were climbing hither to a spring, In hope that they in that dip one sparkling cup Of water, and so quench their parching thirst, Near heavenly muse. Tennyson would have sighed as he sang:— Rich sunshine fills the vale and hills, Two tender children, girl and brother, Start out to bring from the high spring A cup of water to their mother. 'He children, hie!' we hear her faint voice cry. 'Y, a mother, ye,' the children answer, Heing, hieing, heing. O fate! O death! They feel thy breath; For as they climb the rocky slope The brother slips, the sister trips, And shattered is the mother's hope. 'Come, children, come,' we hear her sad voice cry. 'Come, children, come,' the echo answers, Dying, dying, dying. The Earth. Town poets twang their lyres and sing, They praise my lovely looks; Rhymed couplets of flowers they bring That they have leaped from books; They know the name but not the face, O many a wild-wood flower; They could not find its growing-place Nor guess its blossoming hour. They sing my flowers, my rose and may, My flax and eglantine, The kind of things I make in play, They in their rhymer-craze twine, They miss the little lovely weeds That in my gown's hem lurk; They do not note the splendid seeds I use when I'm at work. I make the corn; the win, the oil, To keep men glad and strong Across the fields, green by my toil, Man drives his flock along. A cloak falls from my hands and Time's, When man's false step has passed, And all his errors and his crimes I hide with grass at last! In Town. Oh, Cupid, my lad, what talks we've had, And still are to have hereafter, Of the wonderful spell we know so well In Margery's light heart laughter; Of the slim white wrist that my lips have kissed, And the sweep of her soft silk gown; Oh, Cupid my lad, my heart is glad With Margery here in town! Oh, Cupid my lad, no words can add To the infinite charm about her; In the light of her eyes suspicion dies, And where is the man could doubt her? The sun lurks there in her rippling hair And her eyes of deep, deep brown; Oh, Cupid my lad, they must be mad! With Margery here in town! Oh, Cupid my lad, in whiteness clad She sits at the window waiting, When we meet at last my heart beats fast, All else in the wide world fading; They write from the shore, 'Is't not a bore? Poor boy, are you not cast down?' Oh, Cupid my lad, they must be mad! Why Margery's here in town! —Guy Wetmore Carryl.

The Old Oak Tree. The sweetest thing on earth to me Is the south wind in the old oak tree: It moves the branches to and fro; The shadows dance on the grass below. The leaves move lightly in the air, Their rustle seems a whispered prayer. Deep in the tangled grass I lie Seeking out glimpses of the sky. So thick the green leaves are above, So light, so soft the breezes move. I wonder not that men have stood Before some giant of the wood. And made it of their prayers a shrine, Deeming it held a soul divine. The Pilgrim. Where is the heart of Peace, The place of all release— Tell me, O Wind—the House of sweet repose? 'Night's dusky tent is spread For tired heart and head, And very fragrant is Night's orchard-close.' What of the soundless deep, Those shining plains of Sleep Whence the adventurer returns no more? 'Sleep is a golden sea, With billows great and free, But still they bear the swimmer back to shore.' Nay tell me farther yet, Where no swift waters fret, Where rose and violet Engarlanded, nor even blooms the May— Tell me, O Wind, for you must know the way; 'Death's black pavilion stands In the Unshapen Lands, And in Death's garden all the flowers are gray.'

To a Younger Sister. Perhaps some busy bee may hum From whom these airy verses come. Or yet, perchance, a conscience true May whisper who 'talks back' to you! Ah, let that voice a story tell Oh one who loved you long and well; Who saw your childhood's tender green Burst in the bud of sweet sixteen. And upward reach until it stood The perfect flower of womanhood! Then may the lilies of the vale Blow home to you on every gale, And Cupid sweet fair once strew Where'er your gentle footsteps go! When sailing over Life's great deep May Love your every voyage keep, And bring you safe thro' storm and brine Back to this loyal heart of mine.

Unshelved Made, Re-covered, Reprinted Doual If: Waterloo.

A NOISY RENDEZVOUS.

Oba Lotta Street Residents Complain of a Carpenter Shop. There is a carpenter shop on Charlotte between Duke and King—a very respectable neighborhood—which the residents are complaining of, although nobody has yet spoken to the authorities about it, being unostentatious of publicity in the matter.

The neighbors claim this shop is a rendezvous for young men in the evenings and on Sundays, especially on the Sabbath. The boys and young men who frequent the place are of good families, but make it a loafing place, and it is said, even more than that. Last Sunday two girls, about in their teens in age, were seen to enter the shop, and also to come out again. They had their Sunday School books with them, but they did not go to Sunday School.

PROGRESS has been asked to mention these facts in hopes that the frequenters of the shop may know that their unseemly noises and actions at night and on Sundays are not at all appreciated by those living in the immediate vicinity.

Grievance on Lancaster Heights. And still the residents up on Lancaster Heights have a grievance. A man named Maxwell has for some time been conducting a beer and cigar shanty on that piece of roadway near the reservoir. This locality is very pretty indeed and the introduction of the beer emporium has certainly not enhanced its picturesqueness. But if it has not added to the beauty of the neighbourhood it has certainly made it a more popular place for a certain class of people. These men and boys congregate at the box-like shop and game for beer and cigars, making night hideous with their brawling. The respectable neighbors having suffered from these unusual noises for several weeks notified the Fairville authorities. Four weeks after the complaint was laid the proprietor of the beer shop was fined the magnificent sum of twenty dollars, although three serious charges were made against him by the people. Of course \$20 is an easy amount and now the non-licensed shebang is going in full blast again as disturbing as ever. The residents now threaten to tear it down, if the authorities don't act.

A Demonstration Somewhat in Advance. A young lady in St. Martins is favored with the warm friendship of a young business man in St. John who sometimes goes there upon matters of trade and—it may be—of sentiment as well. The people living there obtained an idea a few days ago that the pleasant association that existed between the parties had culminated in the usual way and that the time had come for them to show how friendly a reception country residents could give any young couple under such circumstances. What give rise to this suspicion is not rightly known and no reason has been assigned as yet save the long and pleasant drive that had taken place between St. John and St. Martins. Nevertheless their appearance upon the doorstep of the young lady's residence in St. Martins was the signal for such a demonstration as usually falls to the lot of a blushing bride and bridegroom. The confusion of the young man was perhaps equalled by that of the lady. But many a jest has turned out in earnest and—who knows? —

Can't Keep The Heathen Down. In spite of the Boxer atrocities and in the face of that alleged fan-tan episode the heathen Chinese seems to thrive in this town. The latest evidence of his prosperity is in the spick and span delivery wagon and horse of the Sam Wah establishment in Carleton. The wagon top is gaily decked in yellow letters, telling all about Sam's washes shop, and the horse too is of a yellowish hue. A regular pig-tailed Oriental does the driving in a fashion quite his own, in fact a most unique style of dangling the ribbons. But he manages to pilot his charger through the maze of teams and car tracks nevertheless. A steam Chinese laundry will be the next step no doubt.

Mayor Hamilton of Halifax. Mayor Hamilton of Halifax has been making friends in St. John this week. He has been a marked man as he stands six feet four inches without his boots and can look down without ill intent upon his lesser associates. It he returns to Halifax with as kindly a feeling toward St. John and its people as the acquaintances he has made here have for him his visit must indeed have been agreeable.

BAKING POWDER
 PURE
 Delicious and wholesome
 NEW YORK

A HOISTY BROADWAY.
 One Little Street Residents Complains of a Carpenter Shop.

There is a carpenter shop on Charlotte between Duke and King—a very respectable neighborhood—which the residents are complaining of, although nobody has yet spoken to the authorities about it, being undesirable of publicity in the matter.

The neighbors claim this shop is a rendezvous for young men in the evenings and on Sundays, especially on the Sabbath. The boys and young men who frequent the place are of good families, but make it a loafing place, and it is said, even more than that. Last Sunday two girls, about in their teens in age, were seen to enter the shop, and also to come out again. They had their Sunday School books with them, but they did not go to Sunday School.

PROGRESS has been asked to mention these facts in hopes that the frequenters of the shop may know that their unseemly noises and actions at night and on Sundays are not at all appreciated by those living in the immediate vicinity.

Grievance on Lancaster Heights.

And still the residents up on Lancaster Heights have a grievance. A man named Maxwell has for some time been conducting a beer and cigar shanty on that piece of road way near the reservoir. This locality is very pretty indeed and the introduction of the beer emporium has certainly not enhanced its picturesqueness. But if it has not added to the beauty of the neighborhood it has certainly made it a more popular place for a certain class of people. These men and boys congregate at the box-like shop and game for beer and cigars, making night hideous with their brawling. The respectable neighbors having suffered from these unusual noises for several weeks notified the Fairville authorities. Four weeks after the complaint was laid the proprietor of the beer shop was fined the magnificent sum of twenty dollars, although three serious charges were made against him by the people. Of course \$20 was an easy amount and now the non-licensed shantab is going in full blast again as disturbing as ever. The residents now threaten to tear it down, if the authorities don't act.

A Demonstration Somewhat in Advance.

A young lady in St. Martins is favored with the warm friendship of a young business man in St. John who sometimes goes there upon matters of trade and it may be—of sentiment as well. The people living there obtained an idea a few days ago that the pleasant association that existed between the parties had culminated in the usual way and that the time had come for them to show how friendly a reception country residents could give any young couple under such circumstances. What give rise to this suspicion is not rightly known and no reason has been assigned as yet save the long and pleasant drive that had taken place between St. John and St. Martins. Nevertheless their appearance upon the doorstep of the young lady's residence in St. Martins was the signal for such a demonstration as usually falls to the lot of a blushing bride and bridegroom. The confusion of the young man was perhaps equalled by that of the lady. But many a jest has turned out in earnest and—who knows?

Can't Keep The Heathen Down.

In spite of the Boxer atrocities and in the face of that alleged fan-tan episode the heathen Chinese seems to thrive in this town. The latest evidence of his prosperity is in the spick and span delivery wagon and horse of the Sam Wah establishment in Carleton. The wagon top is gaily decked in yellow letters, telling all about Sam's washee shop, and the horse too is of a yellowish hue. A regular pig-tailed Oriental does the driving in a fashion quite his own, in fact a most unique style of dangling the reins. But he manages to pilot his charger through the maze of teams and car tracks nevertheless. A steam Chinese laundry will be the next step no doubt.

Mayor Hamilton of Halifax.

Mayor Hamilton of Halifax has been making friends in St. John this week. He has been a marked man as he stands six feet four inches without his boots and can look down without ill intent upon his lesser associates. If he returns to Halifax with as kindly a feeling toward St. John and its people as the acquaintances he has made here have for him his visit must indeed have been agreeable.



The country hotels are full and the farming fraternity are now laboring between the dual duty of trying to make hay while Old Sol is high in the air and to entertain city relatives, preserving all the while as best they can their meagre stock of food. To have a host of town folks within their gates, while the prime task of cutting and laying away the winter's cattle food is going on, is somewhat wearing to the ruralist's patience, unless all hands, visitors included, join the haymaking forces, and either "take after," "head" or "move away." Yet, pretty nearly everybody who has country friends or kinsmen are revelling in Nature as she really is, and there are some who would like to be there too, but American acquaintances are being entertained by them in town.

Each year camping along the river is getting to be a more popular mode of spending of days. There are certainly some delightful spots for pitching tents along the noble stream, nicely secluded with shady trees and sandy beach, and free from the prying eyes of residents, for nothing so spots a camping-out as to have your free-and-easy way of living the centre for a lot of inquisitive eyes. Belyea's lighthouse at the foot of Long Reach is perhaps the nearest spot to town for establishing a camp, and several parties have lived on this sandy peninsula of late years at different times. Then following the Reach up as far as Oak Point many delightful nooks can be found, such as Upper Westfield, a spot near the "Cedars," the Isle of Pines, etc. A passenger on any of the steamers nowadays cannot fail to notice the white shacks along shore as the Long Reach is traversed.

The strawberry festival seems to be going the way of all the good-old-time church fests, such as the pie social, the tea meeting and the ice cream social. So far this year only two have been held among all the city churches. The extensive cultivation of the small red fruit and the fact of its being procurable here almost as soon as the last snow leaves the ground, robs these "festivals" of their chief charm, that of full and plenty. American strawberries at 20 cts. per box in April and May and Ontario berries in June at 15 cts. places the strawberry festival of July with native fruit at a very great disadvantage. Indulging in the luscious berries is no particular treat to the people by that time. And ice cream too. There was a time when the announcement that ice cream would be served at any social function in connection with the church was hailed with watering-mouths and expressions of delight, especially among the young folks. But now every other store sells it and, at least, in St. John, the establishments as ice-cream soda or a plentiful plate of cream alone can be procured for five cents. So the money-making machinery of the churches is robbed of this potent means as well.

We all pity those bereft of their speech, certainly, but if the old saying, "it is ill wind blows no body good," is allowed to pass just this once, we will try and show how inability to articulate is peculiarly advantageous at times, at least, in some of our every day life. For a few days ago a very bright-minded mute, who wrote down his observations for publication:

"The people who have only their tongues with which to talk don't know all the pleasures of conversation," wrote the man who talks with his fingers.

"There are some things one gains by not hearing. Don't think for an instant that in the finger language we always listen with the eyes. Not a bit of it. Everyone can read that, but there is the private hand to hand method of talking which represents the highest ethics of conversation. Beside the conversation with the tongue is commonplace. Think of it! You take a seat on a sofa beside a nice girl. You take her hand in your left and with the rapidly moving fingers of your right hand you talk to her. Every touch on her hand conveys a meaning to her. Not a soul knows what you say. You are as much alone in a roomful of people as if there was no one within miles, and in the meantime you look into each other's eyes to give emphasis to the words. Oh, it is a very good language. Other people might practice it with pleasure."

Odd creatures, these women aren't they? They rather pride themselves on their eccentricities. One of them is to work like heavers to get out of town and then before they have had time to unpack their trunks they begin a persistent course of packing in order to get back again. They hanker for a day or two just that they may do a little more buying, a little more looking. They quote the dressmaker the dentist and the doctor, all three having made them promise to run up from the shore or down from the country long enough to have a waist fitted a tooth filled, a malady treated. Men, puzzled souls, are all at sea over this phase of feminine character. It seems queer to them after the fasting and the fasting to settle for the summer that women cannot be content. One city husband declares the same odd dodge is worked every year by his women folk. They give him no peace until they are allowed

to leave home and then when they have piled out of the city at break-neck speed they begin to talk over a run into town. At the depot I met a friend loaded down like a pack mule. She glared over her parcels. I remember this same lady telling me weeks ago she was ready for summer and had a good deal to say about other women who left everything to the very last minute. I recalled her feverish haste to skip the town and now with a lapse of two weeks here she was again one of a mob of shoppers.

Don't you think the girls and young women of the day are getting over that tendency to faint upon every excitable occasion? It is quite a rarity now-a-days with the marvellous sex to be called upon to hold a collapsed Miss in his strong embraces and aid in bathing her blanched face, indeed it is. There was a time when every bustling crowd, every over heated auditorium, each panic of excitement etc. had its quota of fainting females, although the stuffy ball rooms and other places where pleasure is excessively indulged in, were infrequently the scenes of fainting. It seems as though there always was a lot of inconsistency about some gentle ones and their faints, though many of them were unmistakably genuine. Whether it is because our young women are benefiting by the harder exercises being indulged in by them, as one branch of the new woman idea, or that it is becoming too common an accomplishment for women is not prepared to say, but the time-honored faint of the like-to-be-noticed class is like the North American Indian, fast being eliminated. A woman in Halifax lately drove three miles, holding the reins in one hand, while with the other she held down by its throat in her carriage a pet bulldog, which had suddenly been attacked with rabies. If the ideal woman of a generation or so ago, who held it the positive duty of every lady to faint on all occasions of danger or fright, were to return she would speedily find her self crowded out of a world where the women of the day meet emergencies with prompt courage and postpone fainting till no more work is to be done.

Miss Violet Macrae is the guest of her brother, Mr. A. W. Macrae, Coburg St. Mr. Jack Macrae of Ottawa, and Mr. Colin Macrae of Montreal, are also spending their vacations here.

Miss Ella Barnes of Cambridge, Mass., is the guest of her aunt, Mrs. C. T. Barnes, Coburg St. Mrs. Harris Allen returned home on Tuesday after a delightful visit at "Brookside," Ellersville. Miss McVey of Bloomfield, was in town for a few days this week.

Miss Currier, Miss Evans, and Mr. Stevens of Clinton, Mass., spent part of this week in St. John. They are on a tour through the province.

Mr. Harry Spruce spent Sunday in Digby.

Miss Constance Vall is spending the summer with Mrs. Ford at Robesay.

Miss Lulu Ford, Sackville, is the guest of Miss Minnie Stewart.

The Misses Charlton gave a picnic and boating party at the Park on Thursday, in honor of Miss Smith of Halifax. There were about forty young people present under the chaperonage of Mrs. Herbert Barton. A very delightful evening was spent.

Mr. Tilley Morrill of Sussex, is spending his vacation here.

Miss Charlotte E. Barnes of Newton, Mass., spent Tuesday in town. She left on Wednesday for a trip up the St. John river.

Mrs. John H. Thomson and Miss Thomson, are at the "Algonquin" St. Andrews.

Mrs. William Peters of this city, is the guest of Mrs. F. F. Barnard, St. Andrews.

Miss McJunkin of the Evening Gazette reporter department has returned after a pleasant visit to her mother at Hebron, Yarmouth.

Messrs. Charles Dinges and Amos Tower, two North End boys, have gone to Sydney, C. E., in search of wealth.

Geo. Peters, son of Mr. Wm. Peters, his wife and children have arrived from the states and are visiting relatives in the city.

Mrs. T. Godard of South Dakota, U. S. A., has been visiting her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Coleman, also her sister, Mrs. James Klacalde at Metcalf street, N. E., for several weeks. She returns in about a week. Mrs. Godard's many friends have been welcoming her back to her old home life only for a short while.

Miss Cliff has returned from Digby where she was engaged all summer with the J. F. Saunders, Co.

Mrs. Clifford Pembroke arrived from Boston on Tuesday and proceeded up river with her mother, Mrs. Record of Main street, Indianapolis.

Miss Lou Watters is home from Boston visiting her parents, Metcalf street, Indianapolis.

Mrs. J. H. Bond and family of Union street, are spending a few weeks at Grand Bay.

Miss Emily Goodwin of Germain street, went to Halifax on Tuesday to join Mrs. and Miss Dickie every where she called on the members of her Sabbath school class in Brussels street church and a fountain pen from the Sunday school, accompanied by an address.

Mr. and Mrs. Fred Evans of the United States are visiting Mrs. Lawlor, Main street, North End.

Miss Minnie Elin is visiting her friend Miss Fowler, near Brown's Field.

Miss Sillip, who has been visiting her parents in West End has returned to her professional nursing studies in Boston.

Miss Kittle Wilnot of West End is spending a week or so at Westfield, the guest of Mrs. McCord.

Miss Eva Hall of Union street is visiting friends at Westfield.

Miss Mabel Sillip of Boston is visiting Mr. M. C. Barbour of Richmond street.

Dr Coburn of New York has returned to his professional duties. Mrs Coburn (nee Stammers) and infant child, are still visiting relatives in the city.

Mrs Wren McLann, formerly of this city, arrived from Boston Tuesday evening and proceeded to Millstream to visit friends.

Mrs Robert M Belyea and Mrs Annie E St Claire and little daughter of South Frisingham, Mass., are at Mrs Raymond's 1 Orange street for the summer.

Driver William Donohoe of No 2 engine went to Boston on vacation.

Mr and Mrs Frank S Clark arrived Monday from New York on a visit to Mr Clark's father, Mr D W Clark, West End. They are just a month home from the Klondike.

Clan Mackenzie held a social gathering Tuesday night to the friends of the classmen. An enjoyable evening was spent. The programme consisted of an address by Chief Andrew Malcolm, songs by Mrs Manuel, Mr Hugh Crawford, James L Car michael, Joseph Murdoch, C K Cameron, S J McGowan and Thomas White; a whistling solo by Alex Gunn, a Highland fling and sword dance by Major Gordon, and recitations by Andrew Malcolm and Mr Cameron.

A quiet but interesting event took place Tuesday morning in St. Luke's church when Miss Sadie Waters of Gasparus station was united in marriage to D Gray of Elgin, N B by the rector, Rev R P McKim. The bride entered the church leaning on the arm of her brother in law, F N Perkins. The couple were unattended. The bride was comely attired in a travelling suit of blue with hat to match. Only the immediate relatives of the contracting parties were present. The groom is a brother of the Rev Andrew Gray D D of Boston, every where a well known name. The bride is the sister Mrs F N Perkins, 43 Harrison street, the happy couple left for their future home in Elgin, N B, Albert, Co.

A nuptial event took place Wednesday evening at 6 o'clock at St Philip's A M E church, when the pastor of the church Rev J O Cassimus Morley B A was married to Mrs Edna M Ford of Florida. A large number of invited guests were present.

Miss Barbara Lacy of Clarendon Station has returned home from Boston after 12 months visiting among friends and relatives.

Mr E Kirkwood, a relative of Dr. Bayard, has returned from England and left Wednesday for Halifax to resume his position in the Bank of B N A.

Miss B A Harrison, daughter of Mr. Morton L Harrison went to Sackville Tuesday on vacation.

Edna George E Foster and Mrs. Foster returned Tuesday from Ottawa and went to Apsahqui for the summer months.

Daniel H. McDonald and Charles Blanche left by American boat Monday evening for Winnipeg via New York.

Mrs. F. Smith of Boston is visiting her sister Mrs. Fred J. Power Peters street.

Mrs. George A Horton was at home Wednesday and Thursday afternoons of this week at her residence 150 Germain street.

Messrs Mullin of Chicago who have been visiting their former home, St. John, left on the American boat Monday evening.

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

Progress Job Print.

HALFINGTON.

JULY 15.—Prof W Morley Tweedie who went to Sackville last week has returned to his summer residence here.

Mrs Robert Blair, Mrs Blair and Mr Thomas B Blair of St John are spending the summer at Lakeside.

Mrs O A Palmer spent Saturday in town with friends.

Mrs Mary Ryan went to Shediac on Saturday to visit relatives.

Mrs G R Purley and Miss Purley of St John spent Saturday at the village, guests of Mrs Samuel Hayward.

Mrs Robert Tweedie is visiting her daughter at Moncton.

Mr and Mrs Cecil Travis spent Sunday in St John, guests of Mrs Travis' parents, Mr and Mrs Thomas A Wakeling.

Senator Wood and Mrs Thomas Murray of Sackville were in town on Friday.

Miss Raymond of St John was visiting Mrs Jas W Smith last week.

Mr Victor W Barnes of Baltimore arrived home on Monday and is at present the guest of his sister, Mrs Geo M Wilson.

Mrs Thos T Hanford and Miss Hanford of St John are guests of Mrs N M Barnes at Linden Heights.

FRIDSBURTON.

(Pianos are for sale in Fredericton by W T H. Fenwick and J. H. Hawthorne.

JULY 15.—Society has been very quiet this week so many of our people are enjoying their summer holidays and are not attending social functions.

The lawn party given on Saturday afternoon by Col. and Mrs. Dunbar was exceedingly pleasant. Tennis was enjoyed by the more active portion while those who preferred a quiet chat repaired to the broad veranda of The Barracks or promenade the green tea was served in a large marquee on the lawn where the military band discoursed sweet music. Mrs. Dunbar had the assistance of Mrs. Hemming in entertaining her guests.

Miss Edythe Gibson of Marysville, is visiting her grandparents Mr. and Mrs. H. Kirkpatrick at Beach Cottage, Bay Shore.

Mrs. O. S. Crockett and son, Stranger are enjoying a vacation at Mangerville with Mrs. Harvey Harrison.

Mr. J. Fraser Gregory spent Sunday in the city the guest of his father, Geo. F. Gregory, Q. C.

Miss Jennie Grimley of Newcastle is in the city visiting her aunt Mrs. Eben Miller.

Hon. F. P. Thompson left yesterday for Boston where he will meet Hon. Mr. Blair and will accompany him on his trip to Europe.

Miss Fuller of Brooklyn is the guest of Mrs. Archie Tibbitts at Beach Knoll camp.

Mrs. G. M. Campbell and daughter Jean are enjoying the sea breeze of Digby, N. S.

Mr. Albert Leighton of East Pepperell, and sister Mrs. Tilton of Boston, Capt. George W. Beverly with Mrs. Beverly and son of New York are all visitors at Grape Cottage guests of the Misses Beverly. Mrs. James Stratton of Ottawa is visiting her sister Mrs. Ritchie at The Sunnyside.

Dr. Thos Harrison left yesterday to visit his son Dr. Darley Harrison at Edmundston, N. W. T.

Dear Economy

Some short-sighted people practice a kind of economy that is not economical. They save a penny on soap and lose a dollar on cloth. Sooner or later they learn that the cheap common soaps rot clothing by burning the thread with strong alkalis, then they wish they had used

Welcome Soap

which contains no impurities, nothing to injure the most delicate fabric. There is still greater economy in using WELCOME SOAP.

Because it lasts longer than others.

WHITE'S For Sale by all First-Class Dealers in Confectionery. **WHITE'S**

Caramel **Snowflakes**

Don't take inferior goods; the best do not cost any more than inferior goods.

"Cocoon" or "Noat" Silk is the pure and unadulterated product of the silk worm.

Corticelli Sewing Silk is made up of one hundred perfect strands of this pure silk.

Each strand is tested and proven as to strength, uniformity of size and freedom from flaws or knots, by a machine that cannot make a mistake.

Corticelli Sewing Silk is dependable silk.

Sold Everywhere.

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

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

E. G. SOVIL, 62 Union Street

DON'T PASS

Allan's White Pharmacy,

87 Charlotte Street.

Stop and try one of those delicious Orange Phosphates, or Cream Sodas. You will find the best of everything in the Drug line at lowest prices. And the finest brands of Genuine Havana Cigars.

REMEMBER THE STORE.

Allan's White Pharmacy

87 Charlotte Street. Phone 239.

News and Opinions OF **National Importance.**

The Sun ALONE **CONTAINS BOTH:**

Daily, by mail, \$6 a year
 Daily and Sunday, by mail, \$8 a year

The Sunday Sun

Is the greatest Sunday Newspaper in the world.

Price 5c. a copy. By mail, \$2 a year.
 411 Broadway, NEW YORK.

Fry's Cocoa

has the true, rich, delicate cocoa flavor that only an absolutely pure cocoa can possibly yield.

It is easily soluble in hot water. It nourishes the system without weakening the digestive organs. It is concentrated and hence economical to use. Sold by best grocers everywhere.

FOR ADDITIONAL SOCIETY NEWS, SEE FIFTH AND SIXTH PAGES.



HALIFAX NOTES.

Proceedings for sale in Halifax by the newboys and at the following news stands and centres.

MORSON & Co. Barrington street... J. H. FRENCH, Railway Depot... Mrs. DeFraynes, 181 Brunswick St.

July 18.—Mr and Mrs R Parker Murray of Boston are in the city for a few days. Mrs C T and Miss Dorothy Murray are spending the summer in Halifax.

Mr and Mrs Budge of Halifax sailed for England on the steamer Lake Meantick which sailed from Montreal on Friday. Vancouver, B C World: The many friends of Charles Nell, who for some time has held the position of assistant manager of the Merchants' bank of Halifax, will be pleased to learn that he has been appointed manager, taking the position of Mr Botsford, who goes to Halifax. Mr Nell is a son of Mr James S Nell, a leading merchant of Fredericton, N B.

F C Paul of the Star, and a number of other news paper men of Montreal are to visit Halifax this week. Mrs Lesslie of Kingston, Ont is in the city on a visit. Miss Twining of the city is visiting the Misses Edith, Kingston, Ont. Ruel F Smith, day news editor of the New York Morning Journal, is coming here shortly for a week's touring.

The marriage of Miss May Russell, of Boston, and Mr Frank Wells, of this city, will take place in September next; both are very popular and well known in this city. Miss J Almy Hamilton, of Truro, spent last week visiting friends at Glen Margaret and Peggy Cove. She intends spending a few weeks at Ma. home, P. E. I. and expects to return to the Glen for a short visit before her vacation ends.

TO CURB A COUGH IN ONE DAY. Take Laxative Bromo-Quinine Tablets. All druggists return the money if it fails to cure. E. W. Grove's signature on each box.

"I have also recommended these medicines to my friends who suffered from female weakness."



"I was troubled for three years with ulceration and female weakness and my doctor gave me but little relief," writes Mrs. Lulu Hunter, of Allenton, St. John's. "I saw an advertisement in the paper of Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription. I began the use of it about a year ago. I took five bottles of it, and one bottle of Golden Medical Discovery, and my health is better now than it was for years. I have also recommended the medicine to some of my friends, who suffered from female weakness, and good results have followed."

The greatest advertisement of Doctor Pierce's Favorite Prescription are the women who have used it and been cured by it. It is not a common "cure-all." It has a single purpose, the cure of diseases peculiar to women, and this purpose it accomplishes thoroughly and permanently. There is no alcohol, or opium, or other narcotic contained in Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription. Such a claim cannot be truthfully made for any other preparation put up specially for women and on sale at the medicine stores. Accept no substitute.

Every sick or ailing woman is invited to consult Dr. Pierce, by letter, free of charge. Every letter is held as strictly private and sacredly confidential. All answers are sent in sealed envelopes, bearing no advertising or other printed matter upon them. Address Dr. R. V. Pierce, Buffalo, N. Y.

Halifax, are visiting Mrs. Degald Stewart, Bridgewater. At the National division, S. of T. of America convention at Dalton, Mass, last week, Thomas Hutchins, P. G. W. F. of Nova Scotia, was elected most worthy associate. Mrs. Matheson, of this city, is visiting her sister Mrs. Fred Hill, of Keswick. Rev. J. L. George, of Calvin Presbyterian church Toronto, is in the province on a vacation trip. Mr. H. Ballenkamp, of New York, daughter of the late E. A. Schwartz, of this city, after an absence of seventeen years, is visiting her sister, Mrs. H. Fraser, of Edward street. Mrs. Schwartz of New York, accompanied by three children is visiting her mother, Mrs. J. Bowser, 10 Lockman street. Major G. S. Duffar, R. A. is expected back in England from South Africa.

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

TRURO. Progress is for sale in Truro by D. H. Smith, Co., and at Crown Bros. July 18.—Mrs J. H. McKay is home from a very pleasant visit with friends in Windsor. Mr. Blackwood Graham, who is home from the West for a short visit, was in town on Monday. Mrs. J. H. Kent gave a large and successful Tennis Tea on Monday afternoon in honor of the Misses Chubb, Montreal, who with their mother are visiting friends here.

Senator McKay is home from Ottawa. Mrs. J. E. Bigelow entertained a large party at what last Friday night in honor of her guests Mr. and Mrs. W. S. Harkins and Mrs. Lawrence of Yorkers, N. Y. The visitors left the next day for home. Mr. and Mrs. H. F. Donkin, en route home to Gloucester Bay from Halifax, last week, were guests at the "Learment" over night. Mr. and Mrs. P. J. Chisholm, who are here from Boston visiting relatives and friends, are being entertained on all sides. On Monday evening Mrs. S. E. Goutley gave a dinner in honor of the Misses Chubb, Montreal, as such functions at "Brookfield House" always are. Mrs. Ferry, her daughter Miss Edna Ferry, Mrs. E. F. Rowe and her baby son, who have been visiting their sister Mrs. Learment, left yesterday for their homes in New York and at Brookline, Mass. Quite a number of Truro friends were at the station this morning on arrival of C. P. R. Express, to see Mr. Hornaby and his bride, and wish them "bon voyage." Fzo.

AMHERST. Progress is for sale in Amherst by W. F. Smith & Co. July 17.—Mr. and Mrs. Barry D. Bent, the Misses Ethel and Mabel and Master Ernest, are enjoying a trip to P. E. Island. Mrs. A. MacKinnon, Miss Allie and Miss Freda, have left on a visit to Antigonish, Guysboro and Cape Breton for several weeks. Mr. and Mrs. J. Inglis Bent and Master Lionel, left for a trip through the Annapolis Valley and to Digby and Yarmouth. Cards of invitation have been received by several in town to the marriage of Miss Prescott to Dr. H. A. B. Smith, both of Dartmouth, the happy event to take place in Christ church in that town on the 25th inst. A reception will be held immediately after the ceremony at "Hax House," the residence of Mr. and Mrs. J. Walter Allison. Miss Mary Smith was in town from Parrboro last week. She leaves for Halifax to attend her brother's marriage. Mrs. McDowell, wife of Dr. J. G. McDowell, is home again from a visit of several weeks in Montreal and Ottawa. Miss Bradley of Montreal is a guest of Mr. and Mrs. J. Joyney, LaPisane St. Col. C. J. Stewart of Halifax, who was here attending the funeral of Hon. A. R. Dickey, remained in town until Monday, a guest of Mr. and Mrs. J. M. Towns-head, Victoria St. The deplorable death of Hon. A. R. Dickey, has cast a gloom over the whole county, among all classes and grades. Miss Graves, of Truro, is visiting Mrs. C. J. Moore, 1000 Lakeside Avenue. Mrs. Selver, daughter of William Selver of Halifax, who was visiting Miss Daphne Alan on her way from Ottawa, has left for home. Miss Amy Symes of Niagara Falls is visiting the

Misses Family, Victoria street. Rev. J. J. Betty and Miss Betty left Wednesday for his new mission Robb's street church, Halifax after four years successful ministerial work in this town. Mr. and Mrs. A. D. Ross and family are leaving for a two weeks trip thro' the Annapolis valley. Miss Edna Robb of Oxford, was the guest of her sister, Mrs. E. H. Moffat recently. Miss Ethel Morrison left on Monday morning for Taunton, Mass., where she intends remaining some time. Miss Lena Freeman is in Southampton the guest of her uncle, Mr. A. S. Leiby. Rev. George E. Cattan of New Haven, Conn., preached in the Baptist church here Sunday morning and evening. Mr. and Mrs. Cattan are the guests of Mr. and Mrs. E. H. Moffat. Mrs. Hodgson of Fort Williams, Ont., who is the guest of her parents, Mr. and Mrs. James Moffat, will return to her home Monday, accompanied by her sister, Miss Lydia Moffat, who intends remaining for some months. Mr. Daniel McCrae left this week for St. John where he intends completing a course in architecture under the direction of E. H. Hunter. Mr. McCrae was an employee of the Rhodes, Curry Co., Ltd. Misses Henssey and Fishery of Newcast, who have been attending Mt St Vincent, Halifax are guests of Miss Maggie Brown, Victoria street.

PARRBORO. Progress is for sale at Parrboro Book Store. July 17.—The Baptist Sunday school drove to Five Islands on Wednesday. It was a day full of enjoyment. Mr. and Mrs. Campbell and Misses Hazel and Jennie Campbell of Fredericton are at Broderick's beach hotel to spend several weeks. Miss Keady, Boston, is the guest of her sister Mrs. Gullod. Excursion rates induced quite a number of people to go to Kentville to the celebration on the 17th. Miss Elsie Townsend returned home to Amherst from Kentville and will occupy their place at the home of Mrs. A. S. Towns-head for a short time. Dr. Magee and Misses O'Mullin, Lislie Kirkpatrick and Lillian Wotton attended the American Institute of Instruction held in Halifax. Miss Blair, Truro, is visiting Mrs. Burp & Tucker. Miss Rice left on Saturday to spend the holidays at her home at Bear River. She was accompanied to Cornwallis by Miss Wills Magee who will visit her cousin at Fort Williams. Mrs. R. D. Taylor of St. John and Mrs. Joseph Henderson are guests of Mrs. Upham. Rev. D. H. McQuarrie and Mr. D. J. Taylor are attending the Baptist association at Paganaw. Dr. and Mrs. McKeown, Wolfville, are guests of Mr. Outhill; he returned from a trip to Ottawa. Mr. George Faulkner, Truro, recently spent a day or two here. Miss Joe Gillespie is at home from Mt. St. Vincent for the holidays. Mrs. M. A. Bigelow is spending the summer at Hartborne cottage. Mr. T. R. Harrison went to New Brunswick last week to attend the funeral of his brother-in-law Mr. Symes. Mr. and Mrs. Winfield Lewis who have been paying a visit to Mr. and Mrs. McCurdy returned on Wednesday to Amherst, Digby. Mr. S. McCurdy is back from a wheeling trip to St. John. Dr. Hewson, Amherst, spent Sunday at Broderick's where his wife and daughter are staying.

Does Tea Induce Sleeplessness? No; good pure tea, properly steeped will never prevent sleep. It is a complete tonic, and a tea like that sold in Tuley's Elephant Brand packets, is a nerve tonic, and distinctly beneficial. DIGBY. July 17.—Mrs. Wm. Bragg is visiting Mrs. A. D. Bonner. Miss Aggie Stewart is visiting friends at Annapolis. Master Andrew Merkel is camping at Fort's lake. Rev. Reese F. Allen of Brooklyn, N. Y., is at Leona Lodge. Capt. Howard Allen is at home this week visiting his family. Dr. and Mrs. Margeson of Hantsport are guests of Mrs. E. B. Short. J. Rafecas and family of Havana, Cuba, are at Mrs. James Cousins'. Master George Hoyt of St. John is visiting Mrs. Charles E. Burnham. Miss Bost and Miss Forest of Halifax are visiting Mrs. H. L. Denton. M. J. Louis Hazel of Kings college, Windsor, is visiting at the rectory. Richard Churchill of Boston is visiting his cousin Mr. H. B. Churchill. Mrs. J. Sprout has returned home from Casco for a week's vacation. Rev. Frank Bacon is visiting his mother, Mrs. Louisa Bacon, Water street. Mr. J. Bachelor of Warren, P. E. I. is the guest of Mr. J. L. Peters, Montague Row. Harold Page of Melrose, Mass., is spending his vacation at Sandy Adams, Bay View. Miss Mary Harrison of St. John was the guest of Mrs. B. H. Thomas on Wednesday last. Mrs. L. H. Moore has returned from her visit to Melville square, Annapolis county. Mrs. J. H. Dakin of Somerville, Mass., is the guest of her sister, Miss Bent, on First Ave. Mrs. R. S. Thomas near to Ohio, Farmouth Co., is the guest of the late Mrs. Sanders. Miss Church of Boston arrived in Yarmouth on Wednesday and is among the Digby house guests. Miss Hattie Strong, M. A. of Wolfville, N. S. was the guest of Miss S. F. Durfee for a few days last week. Mr. D. M. Smallie, of Melrose, Mass., is the guest of his grandfather, Capt. Daniel Smallie at the Rectory. Mrs. A. I. in Eadsford and family arrived in Digby yesterday and will, and the summer in their Mount St. residence. Mrs. (Dr) G. N. Pearson of Sussex, N. B., who has been the guest of Mrs. W. F. Westwood, returned home last week.

Mr. Chas. Vye, of Providence, R. I., made a short visit this week with his parents, Mr. and Mrs. G. A. Vye, Birch street. W. A. Houghton and family who were in town last week have gone to Clementsport, the guests of Miss Georgina Shaw. Mr. Arthur Sanderson, of Waltham Mass., who has been spending his vacation at his former home in Barton, was in town on Wednesday. Mrs. D. N. Morrison and two children of Oxford N. S. arrived here on Wednesday, via St. John and is the guest of her brother, Captain Lewis, King St. The Misses Hawkesworth, daughters of Mrs. Wm. Hawkesworth of Marblehead, Mass., and Mrs. (Dr.) Simons of St. John, are the guests of Mrs. J. L. Peters, Montague Row. Mr. Joe. Rogers, formerly employed in Major Daley's electric light station at Digby, has accepted a position as electrician with Messrs. G. D. Campbell and Co., Weymouth Bridge. Messrs. Frank and Arch Lettany and George Hixman of Roxbury, arrived on Wednesday of last week to spend a few days with their friends at Digby and vicinity, returning on Saturday.

WOLFVILLE. July 17.—Miss Ethel Payson of Canning is visiting Mrs. A. V. P. P. P. Misses Ida and May McAdam of Fredericton are visiting Mrs. J. H. Labor of this town. Rev. R. F. Dixon visited his old parish of Sackville last Sunday and administered Holy Communion. Rev. and Mrs. Ellis of Berwick, have been in town this week the guests of Capt. and Mrs. Gilmore. Miss Laura Sawyer is home for the summer vacation. Miss Sawyer is engaged in the Perkins Institute of Boston. Miss Archibald, who has been teaching at Yarmouth, is spending her vacation at the home of her parents here. Miss Courtney wife of Bishop Courtney, is summing at Kentville. She is accompanied by her daughter and son, a British officer on leave. Mr. C. S. Hamill on family have arrived from New Haven, Conn., and will occupy their beautiful summer residence here during the hot months. Mr. Fred Caldwell formerly of The Acadia's staff, now employed in the office of the American Surety Co., at St. Louis, is home on a short vacation from New Haven, Conn., and will occupy their beautiful summer residence here during the hot months. Mr. J. E. Harris is home from Lakesville, Conn., where he is engaged in the teaching staff of the Hallowell school. He will spend part of his vacation here. Prof. Frank R. Higgins is home from Terre Haute Ind., spending the summer vacation. Mr. Higgins is on the staff of the Indiana State Normal school. Dr. Wortman and the Misses Wortman have gone to St. John to be present at the marriage of Frank L. Wortman, eldest son of Dr. Wortman, to Miss Rose Seely, of St. John. Mrs. Wise, who has been staying for some weeks at The Lindens, is the wife of a distinguished American naval officer, Commander Wise, whose name frequently figures in the despatches from China. Mr. and Mrs. A. R. McLeod and Mr. and Mrs. R. E. Harris, recently made a very enjoyable trip to Chester, Bridgewater and Liverpool and other points on the south shore. They drove their own team. O. H. Cogswell, B. A. formerly of Port Williams and a graduate of Acadia, has received a position at Ottawa in the Customs department. He formerly held a position in the custom office at Victoria, B. C.

FAST BLACK HOME DYE MAYPOLE SOAP. Brilliant and glossy color fast by using that wonderful English dye. FREE book on Home Dyeing by applying to Arthur P. TIPPETT & Co., Montreal.

ed home last week. Mr. Chas. Vye, of Providence, R. I., made a short visit this week with his parents, Mr. and Mrs. G. A. Vye, Birch street. W. A. Houghton and family who were in town last week have gone to Clementsport, the guests of Miss Georgina Shaw. Mr. Arthur Sanderson, of Waltham Mass., who has been spending his vacation at his former home in Barton, was in town on Wednesday. Mrs. D. N. Morrison and two children of Oxford N. S. arrived here on Wednesday, via St. John and is the guest of her brother, Captain Lewis, King St. The Misses Hawkesworth, daughters of Mrs. Wm. Hawkesworth of Marblehead, Mass., and Mrs. (Dr.) Simons of St. John, are the guests of Mrs. J. L. Peters, Montague Row. Mr. Joe. Rogers, formerly employed in Major Daley's electric light station at Digby, has accepted a position as electrician with Messrs. G. D. Campbell and Co., Weymouth Bridge. Messrs. Frank and Arch Lettany and George Hixman of Roxbury, arrived on Wednesday of last week to spend a few days with their friends at Digby and vicinity, returning on Saturday.

WOLFVILLE. July 17.—Miss Ethel Payson of Canning is visiting Mrs. A. V. P. P. P. Misses Ida and May McAdam of Fredericton are visiting Mrs. J. H. Labor of this town. Rev. R. F. Dixon visited his old parish of Sackville last Sunday and administered Holy Communion. Rev. and Mrs. Ellis of Berwick, have been in town this week the guests of Capt. and Mrs. Gilmore. Miss Laura Sawyer is home for the summer vacation. Miss Sawyer is engaged in the Perkins Institute of Boston. Miss Archibald, who has been teaching at Yarmouth, is spending her vacation at the home of her parents here. Miss Courtney wife of Bishop Courtney, is summing at Kentville. She is accompanied by her daughter and son, a British officer on leave. Mr. C. S. Hamill on family have arrived from New Haven, Conn., and will occupy their beautiful summer residence here during the hot months. Mr. Fred Caldwell formerly of The Acadia's staff, now employed in the office of the American Surety Co., at St. Louis, is home on a short vacation from New Haven, Conn., and will occupy their beautiful summer residence here during the hot months. Mr. J. E. Harris is home from Lakesville, Conn., where he is engaged in the teaching staff of the Hallowell school. He will spend part of his vacation here. Prof. Frank R. Higgins is home from Terre Haute Ind., spending the summer vacation. Mr. Higgins is on the staff of the Indiana State Normal school. Dr. Wortman and the Misses Wortman have gone to St. John to be present at the marriage of Frank L. Wortman, eldest son of Dr. Wortman, to Miss Rose Seely, of St. John. Mrs. Wise, who has been staying for some weeks at The Lindens, is the wife of a distinguished American naval officer, Commander Wise, whose name frequently figures in the despatches from China. Mr. and Mrs. A. R. McLeod and Mr. and Mrs. R. E. Harris, recently made a very enjoyable trip to Chester, Bridgewater and Liverpool and other points on the south shore. They drove their own team. O. H. Cogswell, B. A. formerly of Port Williams and a graduate of Acadia, has received a position at Ottawa in the Customs department. He formerly held a position in the custom office at Victoria, B. C.

Specialties for Ladies' and Gentleman. We can supply any specialties and novelties in Rubber & Metal Goods at lowest cash prices. If you require any article whatever which is not to be found in the regular stores, write us and we will quote you prices, all correspondence confidential. Send to stamp for catalogue. THE UNIVERSAL SPECIALTY CO., P. O. Box 1145, Montreal.

PRESERVE YOUR TEETH and teach the children to do so by using CALVERT'S CARBOLIC TOOTH POWDER and CALVERT'S CARBOLIC TOOTH PASTE. They Have the Largest sale of Dentifrices. Avoid imitations, which are numerous and unreliable. F. C. CALVERT & CO., Manchester.

FOR ARTISTS. WINSOR & NEWTON'S OIL COLORS, WATER COLORS, CANVAS, etc., etc., etc. Manufacturing Artists, Colormen to Her Majesty the Queen and Royal Family. FOR SALE AT ALL ART STORES. A. RAMSAY & SON, - MONTREAL. Wholesale Agents for Canada.

Use Perfection Tooth Powder. For Sale at all Drugstores.

Baby's Own Soap. He ran a mile, and so would many a young lady, rather than take a bath without the "Albert". Baby's Own Soap. It leaves the skin wonderfully soft and fresh, and its faint fragrance is extremely pleasing. Beware of imitations. ALBERT TOILET SOAP CO., MONTREAL.

Free Cure For Men. A new remedy which quickly cures sexual weakness, varicose veins, premature discharge, etc., and restores the organs to strength and vigor. Dr. L. W. Knap, 200 Full Building, Detroit, Mich., gladly sends free the receipt of this wonderful remedy in order that every weak man may cure himself at home. BUCATOUCHE BAR OYSTERS. Received this day, 10 Barrels No. 1 Bucatouche Bar Oysters, the first of the Spring catch. At 19 and 23 King Square. J. D. TURNER.

Scribner's FOR 1900 (INCLUDES) J. M. BARRIE'S "Tommy and Grizel" (serial). THEODORE ROOSEVELT'S "Oliver Cromwell" (serial). RICHARD HARDING DAVIS'S fiction and special articles. HENRY NORMAN'S The Russia of To-day. Articles by WALTER A. WYKOFF, author of "The Workers".

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

SPECIAL ARTICLES The Paris Exposition. FREDERI IRLAND'S article on sport and exploration.

"HARVARD FIFTY YEARS AGO," by Senator Hoar. NOTABLE ART FEATURES THE CROMWELL ILLUSTRATIONS, by celebrated American and foreign artists.

Puyis de Chavannes, by JOHN LAFARGE, illustrations in color. Special illustrative schemes (in color and in black and white) by WALTER APPLETON OLARY, E. C. PELICETTO, HENRY McCARTER, DWIGHT L. BLUMEN-DORF and others. Illustrated Prospectus sent free to any address. CHARLES SCRIBNER'S SONS, Publishers, New York.

Baby's Own Soap.
It leaves the skin wonderfully soft and fresh, and its faint fragrance is extremely pleasing.
Beware of imitations.
ALBERT TOILET SOAP CO., MONTREAL.

Free Cure For Men.
New remedy which quickly cures sexual weakness, nocturnal emissions, premature discharge, etc., restores the system to strength and vigor. Dr. J. K. Knap, 300 Hull Building, Detroit, Mich. Gladly will free the sufferer of this wonderful remedy in that every week man may cure himself at home.

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

Scribner's FOR 1900
(INCLUDES)
J. M. BARRIE'S "Tommy and Prizel" (serial).
THEODORE ROOSEVELT'S "Oliver Cromwell" (serial).
RICHARD HARDING DAVIS'S fiction and special articles.
HENRY NORMAN'S The Russia of To-day.

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

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

SPECIAL ARTICLES
The Paris Exposition.
FREDERICK IRLAND'S articles on sport and exploration.

"HARVARD FIFTY YEARS AGO," by Senator Hoar.

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

Puyis de Chavannes, by JOHN LAFARGE, illustrations in color.

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

Illustrated Prospectus sent free to any address.

CHARLES SCRIBNER'S SONS, Publishers, New York.

SUFFERING WOMEN
My treatment will cure promptly and permanently all diseases peculiar to women such as displacement, inflammation, leucorrhoea, uterine obstructions, painful menstruation and irregularities. Full particulars, testimonials from grateful women and endorsements of prominent physicians soon. Sent on application.
Julia C. Richard, P.O. Box 996, Montreal.

ANNAPOLIS.

July 17.—Masters Clifford and Benny Nickerson of Boston, arrived Wednesday, and are visiting their grandparents, Mr. and Mrs. Simon Riley, Sr.
Miss Julia E. Barrett arrived from Boston Saturday, and is visiting her parents.
Walter Reid, of Boston, arrived here this week and is staying with his parents at the Ferry.
Mrs. Evelyn Howat left yesterday for Glasgow, Scotland on a visit to relatives.
Miss Carrie Handrick arrived from Boston Wednesday, on a visit to her parents.
Mr. and Mrs. A. D. Ross and children of Annapolis, are the guests of Mrs. Ross's sister, Mrs. A. M. King.
Capt. E. H. Pitman of the steamer "Mantana," spent a few days in town this week with his wife.
Mrs. E. W. Heston, who has been on an extended trip to Boston and vicinity returned home Saturday.
Miss Fanny Fisher of Bridgetown, who has been the guest of Miss Nellie Salter for the past week returned home yesterday.
Mr. Albert Macavay of Boston, who has been visiting his aunt, Mrs. J. Orde, returned home Saturday.
Lieut. Beverly Webster left England last week for South Africa with a part of his regiment who go out to fill up the ranks of the regiment now in Africa. Three hundred Scots Greys will go out in the same steamer. Lieut. Webster is very much elated with his success in getting out to South Africa. He will have charge of 200 men and expects to make a march of 600 miles.
Rev. Canon Maynard is the guest of Rev. E. How.
H. B. Riordan accompanied by his mother left yesterday for Halifax. "Eagle" has not been in the best of health lately, and will consult the leading doctors while in the city.
Mr. and Mrs. Charles Parry of Bear River spent a few days this week with Mr. and Mrs. Endell.
Miss Jean Harvey of Halifax is the guest of Mrs. J. M. Owen.
Mr. and Miss Powers who have been all winter at the Hillside, left for Digby on Thursday.
Miss Catherine Rose is visiting her sister Mrs. J. B. Mills.
Mrs. Estabrook and sister Miss Freeman, of Providence, R. I., are in town.
Dan Owen has gone to Chester with the boy's maritime camp.
Miss Stewart of Digby is visiting Miss Edith Corbett.
The Misses Godfrey of Yarmouth are staying with Mrs. Godfrey.

HAVERVILLE.

July 16.—Mrs J. F. Boach of Wolfville and son Mr. Arthur Boach are visiting Mrs C. A. Harrison.
Miss Mary Clark is visiting friends at Clarke's corner.
Mrs Charles Bent spent Sunday at home here.

ST. ANDREWS.

July 18.—Mrs John H. Thomson and Miss Martha Thomson of St. John are at the Algonquin.
Mrs. N. M. Clarke and Miss Marjory Clarke are staying at Mr. W. D. Hart's.
Miss Nellie Graham of St. John, is with St. And. relatives.
Mrs. W. D. Foster was in St. John last week.
Mrs. Capt. Pratt and Master Gerald Pratt of St. John, Mrs. Bucknam of Eastport, and Mrs. Bruce of Billerica, Mass., were in town last Wednesday.
Mr. and Mrs. Arthur P. Jones of Boston, are visiting friends in St. Andrews and Chatham.
Miss Ruth Hammond and Miss Bertha Hammond of Georgetown, Mass., are guests of their uncle Mr. B. F. DeWolfe.
Mrs. Wm. A. Clarke of Newton, Mass., formerly a resident of St. John, is visiting relatives of her deceased husband in Chatham.
Mr. and Mrs. Steele of Peabody, Mass., have been among our late visitors. Mr. Steele is a native of St. Andrews.
Miss Jennie Peters of St. John is visiting Mrs F. P. Barnard.
Leo Armstrong is home from Boston on his vacation. He brought with him the children of his sister, Mrs. Eady.
Farker Grimmer and A. A. Laffin of St. Stephen, drove down to the seaside on Sunday last.
Capt. Marshall Andrews who has been visiting his family here, has gone back to his vessel, the bark Robert S. Bennett.
Mrs Geo Gardiner is visiting in St. John.
Mrs A. Ernest Simpson and children of St. John are visiting relatives here.
Mr. T. H. Wren of St. Andrews was elected president of the N. B. Pharmaceutical society at its recent meeting in St. John. Mr. Wren bears his honors modestly.
Mrs J. F. Dutton and the Misses Dutton of St. Stephen are stopping at Miss Algar's.
Miss Marie Lamb arrived home from California on Tuesday.
Miss Mabel Ross of Boston is spending her vacation with her parents in St. Andrews.
Mrs John Wheelock of Boston is visiting at Mr. Chas M. Gove's residence.
Miss Mary Knight of Somerville, Mass is visiting St. Andrews.

What You Pay For Medicine.

Is no Test of Its Curative Value—Prescriptions vs. Dr. Chase's Kidney Liver Pills.

Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills are just as much a doctor's prescription as any formula your family physician can give you. The difference is that Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills were perfected after the formula had proven itself of inestimable value in scores of hundreds of cases.
Dr. Chase won almost as much popularity from his ability to cure kidney disease, liver complaint and backache, with this formula, as he did from the publication of his great recipe book.
The idea of one treatment reaching the kidneys and liver at the same time was original with Dr. Chase. It accounts for the success of Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills in curing the most complicated ailments of the filtering organs, and every form of backache.
Mr. Patrick J. McLaughlan, Beauport, Que., states: "I was troubled with Kidney Disease and Dyspepsia for 20 years and have been so bad that I could not sleep at night on account of pains in the back, but would walk the floor all night and suffer terrible agony.
"I tried all sorts of medicines but got no relief until I began using Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills. They made a new man of me, and the old trouble seems to be driven out of my system."
Mr. John White, 72 First avenue, Ottawa, writes: "I used Dr. Chase's Kidney Liver Pills for deranged liver and pains in the back, with excellent results.
"My wife used them for stomach trouble and pains about the heart, and is entirely cured. They are invaluable as a family medicine."
Scores of hundreds of families would not think of being without Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills in the home. They are purely vegetable in composition and remarkably prompt and effective in action. One pill a dose, 25 cents a box, at all dealers, or Edmanon, Bates and Company, Toronto.

MONCTON.

July 19.—Fathers Arsenault and McDonald of P. E. Island have returned from an extended visit to Paris and Rome.
At a gathering of a large number of the members of St. Andrews congregation in the Sunday school hall at Chatham Friday night, Dr. R. Logie, who will leave for Amherst early this week and Mr. E. Clyde Johnson, lately employed by J. B. Snowball & Co who has taken a position with F. P. Reid & Co Moncton, were each presented with a purse of \$50.00.
Mr. Jas. Doncaster of Amherst is in the city.
Mr. and Mrs. J. J. Matthews and little daughter of Gibson are in the city spending a few days with relatives.
Mr. Edward Woodman of Boston is in town on his annual visit to old friends. He is accompanied by his wife and daughter.
Cop McDonald of P. E. Island railway, is in town. Mrs. McDonald has been spending some time here, the guest of Mrs. John Robinson.
A. A. F. P. Reid and his brother, Mr. G. B. Reid of Boston and Messrs. O. W. Robinson, M. E. P. and E. C. Bacon are spending a few days on the Albert Burns club's waters. Mr. John Baird and J. H. Burns started on Monday night for the Canaan.
Miss Jessie Bibbings, dressmaker, and Miss Celestine Lager, school teacher, left Wednesday evening for a visit among their relatives and friends in Quebec.
Miss Annie McLaughlan Tuesday for a visit among relatives and friends in Quebec and vicinity.
Cop McDonald and Mrs. McDonald, of Chatham town are in the city on a visit.
Mrs. J. J. Lewis and daughter, of Hillsboro, are visiting Mr. E. S. Marr.
Miss Mary McManus, of Memramcook, is visiting at Mr. James Flanagan's, Main Street.
Mr. Anglin Flanagan, son of Mr. James Flanagan

NEWCASTLE.

July 18.—Mr. J. B. McDonald left last Tuesday morning to visit friends at Spryfield, N. S.
Mrs. Ansel arrived home Friday morning from her visit to friends on the Nashwaak.
Mrs. Arthur Matheson and Miss May Matheson of Auburn, Mass., are visiting friends in town.
Mrs. Berley has arrived to spend the summer with friends here.
Howard Crocker who spent the winter in New York arrived home last week.
Mr. E. Leo Street was confined to his residence a day or two last week by illness.
Miss Delaney, Montreal, who has been the guest of Mrs. Wheeler, returned home on Thursday.
Miss Hennessy and Miss Flaherty of Newcastle, who have been studying at St. Vincent's, Halifax, are the guests of Miss Maggie Brown, Victoria street, Amherst.
Mrs. Park is visiting her daughter Mrs. Dr. Bishop, Bathurst.
Mr. and Mrs. George Beaton, Boston, arrived last evening. They will remain in Newcastle about two weeks and then go to Halifax for a short visit.
Miss Mary Corbett returned to Boston on Saturday.
Mrs. Quinn leaves for Hamilton, Ont., this week. She will be accompanied as far as Montreal by her daughter Miss Nan Quinn.
Miss Florence Tapley of St. John is visiting Mrs. Osborne Nicholson.
Miss Duns of Newcastle is the guest of Mrs. D. B. McKee, Campbellton.
Mrs. W. A. Eickson is visiting in Yonghall.
Mrs. J. D. Creighton and family, Mrs. Robert Lingley and Mrs. Samuel Russell are at Burnt Church.

LOWER JEMSEG.

July 17.—Mr. Carey Parry, wife and child of St. John, are spending a few days with Mrs. Parry's father, Mr. Vanwart.
Mrs. Holder and daughter Miss Mary of St. John, are visiting at Mrs. A. L. Haaslop's.
Miss Mand Snodgrass of Young's Cove, is visiting Miss Sarah Wright.
Mrs. Luke Dewart left last week for an extended visit among her friends and relatives in different parts of the province.
Mrs. G. B. Newell went to Sussex last Friday, to see her father who is seriously ill.
Mr. D. N. Smith is visiting her mother at Sussex.
Mr. Leigh Slipp paid his friends at Upper Jemseg a short visit Sunday evening.
We are sorry to hear that our popular and obliging mail driver, Mr. Wilson, has accepted a position in the west and is going to give up carrying the mails.

THINGS OF VALUE.

The Circassian—Great Scott! Wo'ds de matter wit de Human Pin Cushion?
The snake charmer—Some smart guy went an' put a tick in his chin.
Bickle's Anti-Consumptive Syrup stands at the head of the list for all diseases of the throat and lungs. It acts like magic in breaking up a cold. A cough is soon subdued, tightness of the chest is relieved, even the worst case of consumption is relieved, and the most obstinate cases may be said never to fail. It is a medicine prepared from the active principles or virtues of several medicinal herbs, and can be depended upon for all pulmonary complaints.
Abdul Hamid has made a other promise to pay' remarked Mr. Duhane.
"Abdul Hamid," added Mr. Gossnell, is the most promising young man on the shores of Europe.
Six Oils.—The most conclusive testimony, repeatedly laid before the public in the columns of this paper, proves that Dr. THOMAS' EUCALYPTI OIL—as an absolutely pure combination of six of the finest remedial oils in existence—7 medicines, rheumatic pain, cruetious affections of the throat; and lungs, and cures piles, wounds, sores, lameness, tumors, burns, and injuries of horse and cattle.
Tommy—Say, paw, Mr. Figg—Well?
"What is an optimist?"
"An optimist, my son, is a crank who is sure his turn will come."
SHEALS OF DANON.—Have you lost your appetite? Have you a coated tongue? Have you an unpleasant taste in the mouth? Does your head ache and do you feel dizzy? Do you feel your stomach is out of order and you need medicine? But you do not like medicine. He that prefers sickness to medicine must suffer, but under the circumstances the wise man would procure a box of Farme's Vegetable Pills and speedily get himself in health, and strive to keep so.
An Irishman on weighing his pile exclaimed:—"It does not weigh so much as I expected, and I never thought it would."
THE MOST POPULAR FILL.—The pill is the most popular of all forms of medicine, and of pills the most popular are Farme's Vegetable Pills. Do you know how to select the best? They are not put forward on any fictitious claim to excel in price. They are compact and portable, they are easily taken, they do not nauseate nor grip, and they give relief in the most stubborn cases.
"You lived at a water-cure establishment a whole year. Did it cure you?"
"Yes, it cured me completely of the cold water habit."
MOTHER GRAVES' WORM EXPELLER.—It is pleasant to visit one and effect in destroying worms. Many have tried it with best results.
"Does your wife believe all you tell her?" asked a child.
"No, she says I'm a liar."
"Why, sir, my wife believes all the weather man says."
Why so laming and whining about your cough, when a 25 cent box of Bowler's Cough Cure will cure you? Give it a trial and you will not regret it.
"What an obstinial thing this composer must be."
"What makes you think so?"
"Why, look he behind." "Piss, printed in several places on this piece of music of his."

WOODSTOCK.

July 17.—H. Paxton Baird has been enjoying an outing on Skiff lake.
Krest Clark of Boston is on a visit to his parents here.
Miss Mary Hanson, Holyoke, Mass., is visiting her sister Mrs. Miss Eliza Hanson.
Mr. and Mrs. L. R. Hetherington of Moncton are visiting the parents of Mrs. H. at Hartland.
Miss Boyer has returned from Boston and is visiting her parents, Mr. and Mrs. E. M. Bowser.
Mrs. W. W. Hay, with some of her children, are visiting friends at Round Hill, Kings county.
Miss Nettie Harrison of St. John is visiting friends here. She is the guest of Mr. and Mrs. Delancy Smith.
Miss M. B. Dibble, professor of anatomy and physiology at St. Mary's college, Texas, is visiting her home in Northampton.
Rev. George Howard, Keswick, with his daughter, passed through Woodstock on Tuesday on a driving trip through the county.
Mrs. Beckwith of Boston is spending a few weeks with her mother, Mrs. B. Ball.
Mrs. Howe of Freque Isle is visiting her mother, Mrs. E. Lindow.
Mr. and Mrs. T. B. Winslow of Fredericton spent Sunday with Mr. and Mrs. Perkins at Bulls Creek.
Miss Ada Adams of Fredericton is visiting her young friends here.

CONDENSED ADVERTISEMENTS.

Announcements under this heading not exceeding five lines (about 25 words) cost 25 cents each insertion. Five cents extra for every additional line.
PRENO Camera, 5x7 plates, Voigtlander Enoscope lens, time and instantaneous shutter with lens, Diaphragm, three double Plate Holders, Folding Tripod. Cost \$60.00 will sell for \$40.00. J. Allan Sharpe, 25 King Street, St. John, N. B.
CAPABLE WOMAN WANTED for a perishing village and town in Canada. Good opportunity for smart young man, clerks, and others, to add to their income. Excellent line, old established house. Apply stating age, occupation and references to The E. C. Hill Mfg. Co., Toronto, C-T-61.
WANTED Bicycle salesmen wanted in every village and town in Canada. Good opportunity for smart young men, clerks, and others, to add to their income. Excellent line, old established house. Apply stating age, occupation and references to The E. C. Hill Mfg. Co., Toronto, C-T-61.
LADY'S BICYCLE for \$25—An almost brand new lady's Dominion Bicycle, of the famous Weland Vale Co. makes, ridden only a half dozen times. Of the 1897 pattern and fitted with Dunlop tires. Not damaged in the least. The wheel cost \$40 cash. A bargain for somebody. Communicate with "Dominion," care of Paenassa office.

NOVELS.

THE DUFFERIN
This popular Hotel is now open for the reception of guests. The situation of the House, 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. ZAROLI WILLIS, Proprietor.

Canada's International Exhibition,

ST. JOHN, N. B.
OPENS SEPT. 10th.
CLOSES SEPT. 19th.

Applications for space in the Industrial Building should be sent in early as the best locations are being rapidly taken up.
Tenders for special privileges are being received.
Special inducements are offered to exhibitors of working machinery.
Very low excursion rates to St. John on all railways and steamers.
Exhibits will be carried practically free on private lines.
For prices lists, entry forms and other information, address
CHAS. A. EVERETT,
Manager and Secretary,
D. J. McLAUGHLIN, St. John, N. B., President.

BOURBON.

ON HAND
75 Bbls. Aged Belle of Anderson Co., Kentucky.

THOS. L. BOURKI

Job... Printing.

Are your Letter Heads, Bill Heads, Statements, or Envelopes running short? Do you consider that you could effect a saving in this part of your business? Why not secure quotations your work before placing an order?

Consult us for Prices.

And you will find that you can get Printing of all kinds done in a manner and style that is bound to please you. We have lately added new type to our already well-equipped plant, and are prepared to furnish estimates on all classes of work at short notice.

Progress Department.

Job Printing
29 to 31 Canterbury Street.

CAFÉ ROYAL

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

Victoria Hotel,

61 to 67 King Street, St. John, N. B.
Electric Passenger Elevator
and all Modern Improvements.
D. W. McCORMACK, Proprietor
QUEEN HOTEL,
FREDERICTON, N. B.
A. B. WALKER, Proprietor

THE DUFFERIN

This popular Hotel is now open for the reception of guests. The situation of the House, 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. ZAROLI WILLIS, Proprietor.

CAFÉ ROYAL

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

Victoria Hotel,

61 to 67 King Street, St. John, N. B.
Electric Passenger Elevator
and all Modern Improvements.
D. W. McCORMACK, Proprietor
QUEEN HOTEL,
FREDERICTON, N. B.
A. B. WALKER, Proprietor

THE DUFFERIN

This popular Hotel is now open for the reception of guests. The situation of the House, 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. ZAROLI WILLIS, Proprietor.

CAFÉ ROYAL

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

Victoria Hotel,

61 to 67 King Street, St. John, N. B.
Electric Passenger Elevator
and all Modern Improvements.
D. W. McCORMACK, Proprietor
QUEEN HOTEL,
FREDERICTON, N. B.
A. B. WALKER, Proprietor

THE DUFFERIN

This popular Hotel is now open for the reception of guests. The situation of the House, 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. ZAROLI WILLIS, Proprietor.

CAFÉ ROYAL

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

Victoria Hotel,

61 to 67 King Street, St. John, N. B.
Electric Passenger Elevator
and all Modern Improvements.
D. W. McCORMACK, Proprietor
QUEEN HOTEL,
FREDERICTON, N. B.
A. B. WALKER, Proprietor

THE DUFFERIN

This popular Hotel is now open for the reception of guests. The situation of the House, 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. ZAROLI WILLIS, Proprietor.

SOCIAL and PERSONAL.

(CONTINUED FROM FIFTH PAGE.)
are camping at "Edgehill Villa" the guests of Mr. and Mrs. F. B. Edgecombe.
The Misses Cooper from Iona, Michigan, are guests of Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Cooper, King street.

Latest styles in wedding invitations and announcements printed in any quantities and at moderate prices. Will be sent to any address.

Progress Job Print.

HILLSBORO.

July 17.—Mrs. J. Gross, of New York, is here visiting relatives.
Mr. George Duffy and sister are here, the guests of their grandmother Mrs. Patrick Duffy.

GREENWICH.

JULY 17.—Rev. D. W. and Mrs. Pickett have returned home after spending the winter in Rai Fort, Ont.
Mr. Ernest McLeod of Carleton, N. W. T. is visiting his parents, Mr. and Mrs. Wm. McLeod.



We wash Colored Shirts Without Fading them:
That's the way you want yours washed. You may—perhaps—get it done elsewhere; here you are certain of it. Don't experiment—it might cost you a shirt.

AMERICAN LAUNDRY,
98, 100, 102 Charlotte St.
GODSOE BROS., Proprietors.
Agents B. A. Dyeing Co., "Gold Medal Dyers," Montreal.

"Never Quit Certainty For Hope."

You may take Hood's Sarsaparilla for all diseases arising from or promoted by impure blood with perfect confidence that it will do you good. Never take any substitute. In Hood's Sarsaparilla you have the best medicine money can buy. It cures,—completely and permanently,—when others fail to do any good.



with friends here, Miss Lena being one of the candidates for confirmation.
The Misses Markham and Mr. and Mrs. Scord of St. John are guests at the Acacias.
Mrs. W. W. Hay and children of Woodstock made a visit to her friends here recently.

ST. STEPHEN AND CALAIS.

(Progress is for sale in St. Stephen at the book stores of G. S. Wall and T. E. Acheson.)
July 19.—Mrs. George A. Curran and Miss Martha Young are visiting Castine, Maine.

Mr. and Mrs. F. W. Johnson have arrived from Waterville and will spend some weeks with Mr. and Mrs. George W. Lord.
Mr. and Mrs. O. F. Clarke and Charles Briggs, Lowell of Newtowville, Mass. are guests of Mr. and Mrs. Elwell Lowell.

Mr. and Mrs. W. F. Ganong is visiting relatives in Woodstock.
A party of ladies with their children expect to spend some time at Hill's point under the chaperonage of Mrs. J. E. Whitlock and Miss Nettie Thompson.

Undaunted Sailors.

An ill considered invitation may bring serious consequences; and perhaps the moral of the following tale might read:
'Do not propose a sailing expedition unless you are prepared to carry it out.' Capt. Joshua Slocum, who went round the world in his good sloop, Spray, tells the story.

As he pointed to me, sitting like a mere ghost in my chair, and called me a 'faith sample of the corpse of teachers,' the humor of the situation almost overcame me.

Trading With a City Horse.
Mr. McKie of Charlottetown sells the city a good many excellent horses and is one of the few men in the business whose word does not misrepresent and is as good as his bond.

North End Sister Beater.
North End has a sister beater now. This discovery was made only a few days ago. A big fellow, more brawny than brainy, went to his Indian town home one afternoon this week and having only a short time before been indulging in the flowing bowl was in excellent trim for the laying on of violent hands.

Where the Water Went.
The New York Tribune gives a new version of the old story about the fire, the looking glass and the feather bed. The story was told by a Pittsburg man and is said to have been a personal experience.

A Case of Great Suffering.
A remarkable case is this week in the hands of a local physician who was called upon to attend a woman in suffering enough to end the life of any ordinary person.

A Change for the Better.
One of the many encouraging marks of progress brought into relief at the recent Methodist General Conference in Chicago was the great advance which has been made in late years by the colored pastors of the church.

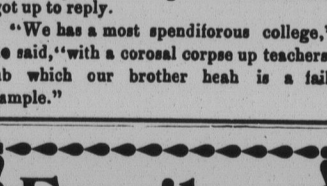
P K Duck Crab.
And all other ladies wearing apparel look beautifully. Shirts, collars and cuffs look handsome after leaving our hands.

The Engraver's Sweetheart.
(LINE F. IS ON PROGRESS)
He whispered to her in half tones.
His vows he stereotyped.

Good Advertising.
In the days when advertising was not a colossal business, as it is now, the Mendelssohn Quintette Club of Boston engaged Mr. D. H. Elliot, a Georgian and an ex-Confederate officer, as advance agent.

In the Menagerie.
'Er—that thing on your back, you know,' said the elephant.
'Well, what of it?' asked the camel, sharply.

Family Silver.
You don't buy silverware every day; when you do get it good. The best silver-plated knives, forks and spoons bear this mark.



They are the kind that lasts.
Simpson, Hall, Miller & Co.
Wallingford, Conn., and Montreal, Canada.

As he pointed to me, sitting like a mere ghost in my chair, and called me a 'faith sample of the corpse of teachers,' the humor of the situation almost overcame me.

Trading With a City Horse.
Mr. McKie of Charlottetown sells the city a good many excellent horses and is one of the few men in the business whose word does not misrepresent and is as good as his bond.

North End Sister Beater.
North End has a sister beater now. This discovery was made only a few days ago. A big fellow, more brawny than brainy, went to his Indian town home one afternoon this week and having only a short time before been indulging in the flowing bowl was in excellent trim for the laying on of violent hands.

Where the Water Went.
The New York Tribune gives a new version of the old story about the fire, the looking glass and the feather bed. The story was told by a Pittsburg man and is said to have been a personal experience.

A Case of Great Suffering.
A remarkable case is this week in the hands of a local physician who was called upon to attend a woman in suffering enough to end the life of any ordinary person.

A Change for the Better.
One of the many encouraging marks of progress brought into relief at the recent Methodist General Conference in Chicago was the great advance which has been made in late years by the colored pastors of the church.

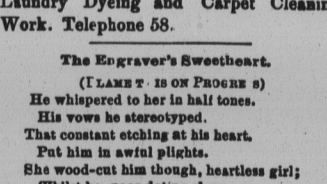
P K Duck Crab.
And all other ladies wearing apparel look beautifully. Shirts, collars and cuffs look handsome after leaving our hands.

The Engraver's Sweetheart.
(LINE F. IS ON PROGRESS)
He whispered to her in half tones.
His vows he stereotyped.

Good Advertising.
In the days when advertising was not a colossal business, as it is now, the Mendelssohn Quintette Club of Boston engaged Mr. D. H. Elliot, a Georgian and an ex-Confederate officer, as advance agent.

In the Menagerie.
'Er—that thing on your back, you know,' said the elephant.
'Well, what of it?' asked the camel, sharply.

Family Silver.
You don't buy silverware every day; when you do get it good. The best silver-plated knives, forks and spoons bear this mark.



They are the kind that lasts.
Simpson, Hall, Miller & Co.
Wallingford, Conn., and Montreal, Canada.

Advertisement for Surprise Soap, featuring an illustration of a man carrying a large box labeled 'SURPRISE SOAP' and the text 'is a pure hard soap ST. CROIX SOAP MFG. CO. St. Stephen, N.B.'

Advertisement for Short Line to Quebec VIA MEGANTIC, including details about the Imperial Limited service and summer tours for 1900.

Advertisement for BRANDIES! Landing ex "Corean" by THOS. L. BURKE, 25 WATER STREET.

Advertisement for Pulp Wood Wanted, mentioning a wanted notice for under-sized saw logs and the name M. F. MOONEY.

laughed derisively, and answered, "Go ahead!"
We were using, as advertising material at that time, a long, showy streamer, which bore, in black letters shaded by red on a white ground, 'Mendelssohn Quintette Club of Boston.'

It was a wild and dangerous thing to do but it paid. The poster could easily be read at the old Grand Trunk Railway bridge two miles distant, and all along the Canada shore. Everybody went to see it, and it excited no end of remark. Our point was gained; and as for the poster, it stayed on the wall for two years.

Hypnotism a Failure.
Smythe—"It won't work."
Brown—"What won't work?"
Smythe—"Hypnotism. Tried it on the butcher. Looked at him fixedly until I had his undivided attention, then I said very slowly and with emphasis: 'That—bill—is—paid.'

In the Menagerie.
'Er—that thing on your back, you know,' said the elephant.
'Well, what of it?' asked the camel, sharply.

'That is one on you,' said the elephant.
'Hub?' shouted the camel. 'As for that thing hanging on your face, that is another story.'

ST. JOHN, N. B., SATURDAY, JULY 21, 1900.

TOWN TALES.

Some Tony Crafts in the Harbor.

The part played by a yacht in the financial king's existence, the value of a few hours' marine recreation to the business man, is being realized this season as never before.

Last Saturday night when the fire bells heralded a blaze in the vicinity of box 121 the whole of North End, particularly Indiantown, was aroused although the hour was quite late.

"Big Mill" when the fire bells heralded a blaze in the vicinity of box 121 the whole of North End, particularly Indiantown, was aroused although the hour was quite late.

As it happened the fire was about the mill, in one of the outside sheds, but not at all of a serious nature. Had a conflagration occurred it is doubtful if the whole establishment would have been consumed.

About twelve o'clock Saturday night last two tiny newsboys, barefooted and with bags of fruit in their hands were sitting contentedly on a King street doorstep ravenously indulging in their purchases, which no doubt they afterwards gave an account of to their parents.

"Say little chaps," said a philanthropic citizen who was hustling toward his abode, "hadn't you better hurry home, you know it's awfully late and your mother is perhaps worrying about you."

Then one young fellow's face lengthened out like the mercury in a hot wave, and those irresistible fake sobs of the foxy newsboy soon followed.

"I'm, a-a-afraid to go home, until I sell, all my papers out!" Of course the philanthropic citizen purchased the remaining newspapers and again admonished him and his companion to seek the shelter of their respective domiciles, when he was surprised to hear both break out laughing and, sing together.

"I let my happy home for you!" And they sauntered down the street each tackling a fresh pear.

You might not think so, but the presidential election excitement. Their baby eyes fairly popped out of their heads and it was a matter of great pride for them to receive the plaudits of amused bystanders.

Chas. F. Woodman the millowner has had to shut down his shingle sawing establishment on account of the market collapse in Uncle Sam's domain. The bottom has simply fallen out of trade in this make of building materials.

ing these men to be earning from \$1.00 to \$1.50 a day it can be seen the selecting of a chief executive across the border has a far reaching influence not overly conducive to making a man rich. Then there are other branches of trade which are affected by the abandonment of business by the Americans in order to yank at the political wires.

As soon as the small fry in Spragg's neighborhood learned of his return in a few days they started to collect barrels and boxes and also to organize a military corps, and what a lot of amateur soldiers they were to be sure!

It was no burlesque on the part of the boys, they were in dead earnest and even the smallest of them were agog with excitement. Their baby eyes fairly popped out of their heads and it was a matter of great pride for them to receive the plaudits of amused bystanders.

When dark night came the boys started their bonfire and until late the celebration was maintained in front of Spragg's house. The returned hero thought more of the reception his little boy friends gave him than all the other welcoming formalities put together.

Street Talkers Kept Her Awake.

A small party of young men including a tenor singer, a speedy bicyclist, a gymnast and an electrician were talking over a half dozen interesting subjects on Union street in front of a large dwelling house last Saturday night.

"Gentlemen, will you please move on and disturb some other house in the neighborhood, we can't get to sleep at all!" One of the party pretending he thought the woman was in earnest about disturbing some one else in the neighborhood asked if there was any particular family she cared to have made miserable.

The depot was packed with humanity on Monday to welcome home again our brave heroes of Paardeberg and every heart was throbbing with love, joy and loyalty.

Tears of Joy and Tears of Grief. The depot was packed with humanity on Monday to welcome home again our brave heroes of Paardeberg and every heart was throbbing with love, joy and loyalty.

Why, I've been found dead on the highways 14 different times, and there's no giving figures on the times I've been mortally wounded! No, sir-e! Tell me to go to Halifax if you feel a friendly interest in me, but don't try to work up no New England farmer job on the undersigned!

were in the depot at the same time, one coming home, the other going home.

Baseball in Front of St. Peter's.

Perhaps the clergy of St. Peter's church did not know it, in fact they certainly could not have known it or else they would have stopped it, but two of the liveliest games of baseball were in progress right alongside their church on Sunday last in which no less than thirty seven boys participated.

Every night after the American train arrives at 11 o'clock, thereabouts, a half dozen or so newsboys make the principal streets and hotel offices vocal with their Yankee paper announcements.

"T-day's Boston Globe or Hur'd!" is the usual, in fact almost universal cry, but on Tuesday night last a new lad started in to the American paper business and bids fair to succeed if he sticks to his correct pronunciation.

While all the other boys were fitting here and there among the stray passersby with their "T-days Boston Globe or Hur'd!" the new boy quietly asked each person if he wished "To-day's Boston Globe or Herald." There was no "Hur'd!" about his announcement.

GILMORE'S SPANISH FRIEND.

Kind Deed of an Enemy, Which Met With Quick Recognition.

During the period of his imprisonment by the Filipino Lieutenant Gillmore and his men were at one time thrown into an old barrack with a party of Spanish prisoners, including a major general.

After his rescue Gillmore learned that the Spanish general, who had also escaped from the Filipinos, was in the city of Manila, and he offered him 50 silver dollars as repayment of the loan.

Gillmore told the story among the other naval officers at Manila, who passed around a paper and collected a handsome sum, which was expended in the purchase of the most appropriate and expensive piece of silver that could be found in Manila.

for his kindness to Gillmore and his men.—Havana Post.

Mixed Emotions.

The feeling of Ireland toward that part of Great Britain which the London Chronicle calls the "predominant partner, is illustrated in a story of a waiter in a Dublin hotel.

"When are you going to get home rule in Ireland, John?" asked a customer. "See ye here, sorr," said the old man, "the only way we'll get home rule for old Ireland will be if France—an' Russia—an' Germany—an' Austria—an' maybe Italy—if they would all join together to give those blag'ards of English a rare good hiding. That's the only way we'll get home rule, annyway."

Then as he looked cautiously round, a twinkle of cunning and a smile of courtesy were added to his expression. "And the whole lot of 'em shoved together couldn't do it," he said. "Oh, it's the grand navy we've got!"

Another Butler. In an examination of divinity students for ordination, in England, one candidate was so poorly equipped for his mental struggle that the bishop only ordained him on his promise to study Butler's Analogy after ordination.

The student was the guest of the bishop; so the next morning, when he departed, the reverend gentleman shook his hand cordially and said, as he did so: "Good-by, Mr. Greely; don't forget the Butler."

"I haven't, my Lord," was the surprising answer. "I just gave him five shilling!"

observed as she encountered her friend, Mrs. O'Flaherty. "Ye can tache 'em anything. Me sister has wan that lives in a clock, an' when it's time to tell 't' time it comes out an' says cuckoo as many times as 't' time is!"

"The wonderful!" said Mrs. O'Flaherty. "It is, indeed," said Mrs. Brannigan. "An' the wonderful part of it all is it's only a wooden burrd at that!"

BANFF'S POPULARITY.

It is Attracting More Travellers Than the Yellowstone.

It may not generally be known that in the Canadian Rockies, says the National Park Gazette is a more popular resort than the Yellowstone; yet such is the case. Notwithstanding that the praises of the latter have been published in all quarters; that it embraces one of the most picturesque regions in the United States; that its climatic conditions are supposed to be exceptionally fine; that it is within easy access of many large cities and densely populated communities, or that there is expended on it yearly more than twenty times the amount spent on this park, it is gratifying and speaks volumes for Banff that the number of people who visit this park is in excess of that of the Yellowstone. A good index of the travel in the two parks may be seen in the number of visitors registered annually at the hotels of the two respective resorts. Here are the comparative figures for the past five years:—

Table with 3 columns: Year, Yellowstone, Banff. Data for 1896, 1897, 1898, 1899, 1900.

With this continually increasing travel will come a more intimate knowledge of the country at large, and Canada, the land of Thule, will be known as she is.

HE HAD BEEN THERE.

The Sad Experience of a Medicant in New England.

He was ragged and slouchy, but he appeared to be strong and in good health, and the Boston man who had been struck for 10 cents looked the man over and replied:

"Why do you hang around the city and live in this way when you could at least earn your board and clothes out in the country?"

"In which direction, for instance?" he asked.

"Why, go out among the farmers. They must want help this time of year."

"Do you know anything about the New England farmers?"

"Not much; but some of them would surely give you board and lodging to dig potatoes or husk corn."

"They would, ah!" he smiled. "My friend, don't you bank on the farmer if you don't want to get left. I've known him for these last ten years. See this scar on my head? D'you notice that I limp in my walk? See how my nose has been broken? If I dared peel of here, I could show you the scars of 20 different dog bites."

"Is the farmer to blame?" was asked. "You are dead right he is!" was the reply. "I'll take my chances with trolley cars, police, bicycles, mad dogs, runaways etc., but I don't want to run up ag'in no New England farmer!"

"What's wrong with him?" "I never stopped to find out. Indeed, I never had time to stop. About the time I had got through the gate and had my tale of woe worked up the New England farmer and the New England bulldog made it their business to jump over the fence and run me into the next county."

Why, I've been found dead on the highways 14 different times, and there's no giving figures on the times I've been mortally wounded! No, sir-e! Tell me to go to Halifax if you feel a friendly interest in me, but don't try to work up no New England farmer job on the undersigned!

A Life Pendulum.

The thousands of persons who recently witnessed one of the most daring rescues in fire annals would no doubt unite in voting that a teamster, a sailor and a fireman should have a tablet in the proposed 'Hall of Fame.'

A fire started in a New York tenement, and spread with such rapidity that those on the top floor were cut off from escape. An old man, a sick woman and two little children appeared at the windows imploring aid.

A passing driver snatched a large rope from his wagon and ran toward the fire. A sailor followed him, and the two calling a fireman, bounded up an adjoining high building and broke through the skylight to the roof.

The fireman was lowered and the rope set swinging. Aided by hands and heels, he increased the swing of the pendulum until it reached the desired window into which he climbed.

Grasping a child, he swung out to the corresponding window of the next house, where willing arms relieved him of his burden. Three times the performance was repeated, the wild applause of the crowd below attesting its appreciation of the splendid bravery of the man and of the ingenuity and presence of mind of the helpers on the roof.

If your dealer has ever tried them himself he will certainly recommend Magnolia Dyes for home use.

Advertisement for Surprise Soap, featuring an illustration of a man carrying a large box labeled 'SURPRISE SOAP'.

Advertisement for a short line to Quebec via Megantic, mentioning Imperial Limited and summer tours.

Advertisement for Brandies, mentioning a landing ex 'Corean' and various types of brandies.

Advertisement for Pulp Wood Wanted, mentioning various types of wood and contact information for M. F. Mooney.

Advertisement for a wild and dangerous thing to do, mentioning a poster and a man named Eliot.

Advertisement for a wild and dangerous thing to do, mentioning a poster and a man named Eliot.

Advertisement for a wild and dangerous thing to do, mentioning a poster and a man named Eliot.

Sunday Reading.

Deliver us From Evil.

The operating theatre was packed with lookers-on.

Mr. Mensies' operations were far-famed. Pending the arrival of the patient from the anesthetic room on the other side of the passage, the great surgeon stood washing his hands and talking to his dressers.

An enthusiast himself, he always inspired his subordinates with enthusiasm and his daring and success as an operator made him the envy and admiration of all his juniors.

His fine but stern face relaxed into a smile over the naive remarks of one of the students, and a little laugh even broke from his lips. It was unusual for Mr. Mensies to laugh; he was known as a grave, silent man, and the lines of his face were severe, though there was a great kindness in his keen gray eyes, and his rare smile was particularly charming.

The world in which he moved knew well enough what it was that had carved the sternness into what had been so pleasant and bright a face, knew what had caused the look in his eyes which never wholly left them.

The world has been loud in its commiseration, a year before, when Mr. Mensies' wife had left him and their three-year-old daughter for another man, who had been the great surgeon's friend. Equally loud in its expressed sympathy, but the surgeon had made all such expression an impossibility.

To no living soul had he ever spoken of the blow which had ruined his happiness, and no living soul had even ventured to touch upon the subject to him.

He faced life sternly now, instead of smilingly as before, that was all; and he flung himself, heart and mind, into his profession, giving apparently no thought to anything beyond it, except to his small daughter.

The child went with him everywhere, and was even now sitting in the carriage, in the hospital courtyard, gravely an intently scanning the people who passed to and fro in the full sunshine.

There was a sudden hushing of the busy talk in the operating theatre, as the patient was wheeled in and lifted upon the table, and the surgeon moved forward.

'Patient quite ready, sir,' said the house surgeon respectfully.

The surgeon did not even glance at the face of the man upon the table, but proceeded to examine the seat of the injury, asking a few terse questions as he did so.

'Come in early this morning, you say?'

'Yes, sir, only just conscious enough to tell us he was run over.'

'Poor fellow! Well it is quite obvious what must be done. It is a case of life or death. The only chance of saving him is to operate at once.'

The clear, decided voice could be heard all over the theatre, the strong, steady hands were watched eagerly from every corner as they began their work with no hesitation, no uncertainty of touch.

For a quarter of an hour Mr. Mensies worked on in silence, broken only by an occasional short word to the dresser beside him.

As usual he was absorbed in the task before him, every other thought for the moment relegated to the back of his mind. Outside in the courtyard, his little daughter sat in the carriage watching the pigeons strutting to and fro in the sunshine, and the people who passed in and out of the great doors watched over herself by the coachman, who adored every hair of the curly head, and worshipped the ground that was walked upon by her tiny feet.

There was nothing the small girl enjoyed more than coming to the hospital 'to wait for father'; it gave her a delightful sensation of being grown up, added to the delight of the long drive sitting beside father and holding his hand and chatting to him upon the many and varied incidents of the route.

She glanced up at the windows and wondered where father was just at that very minute, and whether he would come soon. Then she turned her eyes back again to the pigeons in the sunshine, strutting boldly up and down underneath the feet of the passers-by.

Upstairs, in the theatre, there was a breathless silence.

The most critical moment of the operation had been reached, when the surgeon paused for a moment to glance up the table at the face of the patient, and to ask a question of the house surgeon.

But the question was only half uttered, his words broke off suddenly, and a student more observant than his fellows, noticed

what a curious grayness overspread his face.

'Something gone wrong over the anesthetic,' the thought flashed through the student's brain, but even as the flash of thought came, he saw Mr. Mensies pull himself together with a strange, jerky movement, and heard him say quietly:

'Patient all right, Lettedale?'

'Quite right, sir.' The house surgeon's voice was brisk and confident. The student wondered idly what had made the usually calm Mr. Mensies break off in that sudden irrelevant manner, then his wonderings were forgotten in the absorbing interest of the operation.

The surgeon had turned quietly back to his work, and, with steady fingers that never faltered or wavered, was going on with his task. But his soul was in a tumult; his brain was on fire. The helpless man lying before him—the man whose life lay in his hands—was the friend who one short year before had stolen from him his wife and his happiness, the friend who had been worse than an open enemy. Some long forgotten words swung through his brain as his fingers moved mechanically in their work.

'If it had been an open enemy that had done me this dishonor, I could have borne it. But it was even thou, mine own familiar friend.'

'Mine own familiar friend? A queer look flashed into the gray eyes; he raised them suddenly and glanced again at the patient's white face. It was so very white that, except for the faint breathing that was just audible, you might have supposed that the one lying upon the table was dead.

Dead? The word sprang into Mr. Mensies' mind, following quickly upon those words, 'Mine own familiar friend.'

Dead—well, if the patient were dead, there would be one villain less in the world; the wrong would have been avenged—it—if the patient who lay so still and white were still forever in death.

The surgeon's eyes went back to their work; his steady fingers never relaxed their task; there was no outward sign of the tumult within his soul, save a certain tightening of his lips.

'Dead?' The word surged to and fro in his brain, until he could see it actually dancing before his eyes. The man whom he had cursed so bitterly—the man who had vanished from his life a year ago—was helpless in his hands, absolutely at his mercy, and, if the knife slipped, ever so little, by the fraction of a hair's breadth, the faint breathing would cease—and—the life that had ruined his life's happiness would go down into silence.

It was so easy, too—so absurdly easy! The operation was one of extreme delicacy. If it failed, no one would ever blame the surgeon! Few men besides himself would even have undertaken it, still fewer would have been able to carry it to a successful termination.

To fail meant such a tiny, tiny shitting of the instrument he handled with such skill and care. The most critical moment of the whole operation was approaching. There was a breathing silence in the theatre, and across it the whisper of one student to another was distinctly audible.

'By Jove, he has got a tough job there! Then the stillness became almost tangible again as the steady fingers went on with their work.

As though it had been but yesterday, instead of a year ago, there arose before Mr. Mensies' eyes a sudden vision of the last day on which he and the patient had met. He saw his wife's drawing room, flooded with the sunshine, and his wife smiling up into his face, with laughing eyes. The fragrance of roses prevailed everywhere; she had always loved roses; and a vivid recollection came to him of the great roses upon the tables. A mass of gorgeous red ones had caught the flashing sunlight and shone blood red in its gleams. She had had a big pink one in her belt; and she held out to him a dainty orange colored bud. 'For your buttonhole, dear,' she had said softly.

Beside her stood the man who now lay unconscious under his hands, and their two laughing faces rose up and mocked him with their falseness.

Such a little slip of the hand, so easily compassed, and the life of the man before him would slip forever into silence, and revenge was sweet.

His lips tightened, his eyes grew hard. 'Wrong? absurd! There was no wrong in avenging your honor. Heaven had thrown this man in his way, the vengeance was instant to be. It was childish, ridiculous to draw back.

His lips had tightened till they looked like a thin band of steel his eyes were for the moment devilish.

For what seemed to him like a century, but what was in reality a quarter of a second, his hand stayed its work, and the patient's life hung in the balance. Then all at once the tense look on his face relaxed, his hand moved on steadily, firmly,

surely and only that again one student, more observant than the rest, noticed that he was white to the very lips.

'Strain too much for him,' was the thought in the young man's mind; no wonder he feels bad; that was a nasty moment a slip of a hair's breadth, and good-bye to the patient.'

'Never saw anything like it,' another student murmured; 'the finest bit of operating anybody could wish to see. That fellow ought to be grateful to Mensies.'

Perhaps there was a little surprise in the minds of all these in the theatre that day, that Mr. Mensies did not improve the occasion by a lecture upon the case. Indeed he uttered no syllable during the remainder of the operation, and never once again did he raise his eyes to the face of the patient.

'Get Mr. Stiles to see the case now,' he said briefly; 'I—I shall not be able to come down tomorrow.'

Outside, in the June sunshine, his little daughter awaited him as he came down the hospital steps, and as he stepped into his carriage she slipped her hand into his.

'Are you tired, daddy dear?' she said; 'you are ever so white.'

'Very tired, my darling,' he said, mechanically, and his voice shook.

'And you're cold,' the child went on, 'I felt you shiver, though the sun is as hot—as hot—'

Another shiver ran through the surgeon's frame.

'Yes, I think I am cold,' he said. 'Perhaps—'

He broke off abruptly, 'I have had a hard time,' he finished after a pause.

'Poor daddy,' the child whispered. Her soft hand held his more closely, and her little forehead puckered itself into anxious lines as she looked into her father's white face and tired eyes.

Loving little soul! all the way home she wondered what could have made her father so unlike himself that afternoon; all the evening she watched him with tender, anxious eyes, pondering the problem still. But perhaps she wondered most of all when, as was her wont, she said her prayers beside him, and at the end of the Lord's Prayer he whispered, in a strangely broken voice—

'Say again, "Deliver us from evil," say it—for—for all who are tempted.' And the golden curls fell over his trembling hand as she whispered softly—'Deliver us from evil.'

James Newboy

'See that young Arab curled up in the doorway? That's wicked Jim.' Little more than a kid, but he's been in jail fifteen times. Foxiest little chief down town. He's a case for you.

A policeman crossing City Hall Park, New York, one chilly morning, met a city missionary and gave him this introduction to his new 'case.'

The missionary thanked his informant, and immediately walked over to the shivering boy.

'Good morning Jim! Had your breakfast?'

'Nary a crumb.'

'Neither have I. Come on!'

'What'd want o' me? I aint been hookin' nothin.'

'Never mind. We'll go in here, and see if we are hungry. By and by we can talk.'

The gentleman led his suspicious captive into a restaurant, where the sight and smell of good cooking very soon produced their expected effect. Seated with his new friend at a neat table in one of the alcoves the ragged youngster expressed himself in a long whistle.

'Golly! What a snap!'

A hot breakfast and a few krud inquiries loosened his tongue more freely; but he was shy of 'Sunday school fellers,' and frankly said so.

'Taint no use. All the perlice knows Wicked Jim. Can't nobody make me any better.'

'God can.'

'He don't care.'

'Yes, He does. He cares for all the wicked Jims in the world. He brought things round so that I should happen along here and find you this morning; and He'll make a good boy and a good man of you, if you ask Him.'

'There aint no way for me to git a livin' but just stral.'

'Tut, tut, my lad! Not so fast. We'll change all that. You give a good try yourself, and there's hands and hearts to help you up.'

Warmed and fed, and presently washed and clothed at the mission,—for his rescuer had no mind to let him slip away,—the young vagabond looked in the glass and took his first lesson in self-respect.

It was a step toward character. He went higher when the honest ways to 'git a livin'' were opened to him. The touch of love and goodness killed the notion that 'God don't care.'



Ancestral Cleanliness.

Proverbial for its thoroughness. Pearlina users admire the pluck that a woman needed to get such cleanliness in such laborious ways. No excuse for lack of cleanliness now. Pearlina has changed the situation. Thorough cleanliness, with ease, comfort, safety, economy, and time to spare—by the use of Pearlina. A modern woman does her work in a modern way—with Pearlina.



'Now,' said the missionary, 'let us hear no more of Wicked Jim. From this time you are James Newboy. Shed the old life as your old clothes. Good-bye to the thief forever.'

It cannot be said that all this newness came at once to the little ex-outlaw; but faith and perseverance conquered, and the good man won the bad boy. Better than the mere animal gratitude that remembers a kindness, the sense of a Christian friendship awoke a conscience in the homeless wail, and established a spiritual tie.

This explains why James Newboy is today living his name—as entirely as he has outlived his nameless past. The degraded are no strangers to him, for his hand and voice are at their service, but they never hear him talk of Wicked Jim.

To exploit one's criminal history as a 'frightful example,' or for stage effect, is the frequent temptation of reformed speakers, but James Newboy borrows nothing from such heroics.

A JUMPING BALL PLAYER.

How His Remarkable Feats of Agility Demoralized the Opposing Team.

'One of the most remarkable baseball players that I ever knew,' said the man with the sandy whiskers reminiscently to the man with the sun-burned neck, 'was a tall young man by the name of Bump McWhirter. If he could have been persuaded to adopt the national game as a profession he would have made a fortune. He played first base one day for the Hurling Lalacs, the team of which I was for seven years an active member. Besides having unusual fielding abilities, he was a marvelous jumper. The running high jump was his strong point, and it was an easy task for him to jump his own height from the ground. As he was six feet two, you can see that it was a pretty big jump.'

'The day he covered first for us, the opposing team was the Rustling Hustlers. The Hustlers hadn't lost a game that season and, as you can readily imagine, we were pretty anxious to take them into camp. In the first inning nothing happened that was particularly startling. The first man up for the Hustlers knocked a line ball over first. It looked good for a single, but Bump leaped about four feet into the air and gathered it in. The next one made a hit to right, but our right fielder was a lively fellow and threw the batter out at first. The third man knocked up a little fly which he was unfortunate enough to get under when it came down, and he was out because he was hit by a batted ball. This retired the side.'

'Bump McWhirter was the first man up in the second, and the pitcher gave him four wide ones. Bump started for first and never stopped running until he reached home. Of course nobody opposed his way to first, and when he started for second the second baseman was ready for him with the ball. But Bump gathered himself together and bounded over his head. He was running hard and had no trouble in clearing the short stop in a like manner. The third baseman, however, has discovered Bump's game, and he did a little jumping act of his own when he saw him coming for third, thinking to touch him in midair. But Bump saw what he was doing and dove under his legs and touched third. By that time third baseman had recovered from his surprise, McWhirter was sprinting toward the plate. The catcher saw him coming and sat down on the plate with the ball and calmly awaited his arrival. For a moment Bump was stumped. When he saw the turn events were taking he started back for third, and the catcher, true to his baseball instincts, ran after him. Then Bump suddenly turned and, with a graceful leap, cleared him and walked across the plate.'

'The Rustling Hustlers were for a time so dazed that they could do nothing but walk around and rub their eyes and look foolish. They were so unstrung by Bump's tactics that they completely went to pieces and we easily defeated them by the score of 49 to 2. Throughout the game Bump succeeded in working the pitcher for passes to first, and every time he jumped his way around the bases.'

'You know that a base on balls exempts a man from a time at bat, so at the end of the game Mr. Bump McWhirter had the record. At bat, 0; runs, 7.'

FLASHES OF FUN.

'Why did the police let that scorching go?'

'He proved that he was taking a brick of ice cream home to his wife.'

He—Women don't stand by each other. She—Pardon me but that's not so. I've refused many a man who afterward made some other girl a splendid husband.

Mr. I. N. Venter of Waverly, writes: 'I have invented a folding bed. Please tell me how to get it in the paper.'

Fold bed. Unfold paper. Then wrap.

Cleverton—Miss Peterkin is going to be married. What shall I send her, appropriate for a wedding present? Dasha-way—Oh, anything she doesn't want.

'Why, didn't he stack the cards or ring in a cold deck or something like that?'

'Well, if that ain't egotism! You don't suppose he'd go to all that trouble for you, do you?'

'The courts will back us up in making cook pay for all the china she has smashed for us.'

'That may be, but the courts won't hunt up another cook.'

'The powers are getting quite close to the capital of China,' said the Horse Editor.

'Yes, they're near enough to peek in,' added the Snake Editor.

Mr. Timmid—I don't suppose it would be proper for me to kiss you on such short acquaintance. I was for seven years an active member. Besides having unusual fielding abilities, he was a marvelous jumper. The running high jump was his strong point, and it was an easy task for him to jump his own height from the ground. As he was six feet two, you can see that it was a pretty big jump.'

'What do you mean?' asked Three-finger Sam.

'I s'pose dese folks knows what is an' what ain't when dey talk about de survival of de fittest,' said Uncle Eben. 'But I must say I has my faith in dat theory shook when I strike a chicken coop dat de yuthful folks done selected over befo' I arrived.'

Little City Girl—How funny! You get out your milk from a cow and we get ours out of a can.

Little Country Girl—But it's just the same kind of milk.

Little City Girl—Oh, no; I noticed a great difference right away.

He—I want to get a lady's belt. Clerk—Yes sir. What size? He—Well, you've got me there. I don't know the size, but she's pretty plump.

Clerk—Too bad, you. He (suddenly brightening)—Ah! Just measure the length of my arm.

Customer—When I went home and poured your berries out in a dish a big spider jumped out.

Dealer—How big was the spider, m'am? Customer—Oh, as big as a berry, sir.

Dealer—Well, I will give you another berry for the space the spider filled.

First Kentucky Native—I hear Dean Jaspur was struck by lightning while on his way to church.

Second Native—Yes, the ways of the Lord are past finding out!

First Native—True; but then there's no telling whether the deacon was going there to pray or shoot!

'I see you're advertising for a boy. How'll I do?'

'You look all right. How are your teeth?'

'My teeth? They're perfectly sound. You can look at 'em.'

'Yes, I see. Well, you won't do. I want a boy who will take part of his pay in dental work.'

'No,' said the lady prisoner, 'I cannot show you the bottle in which I carried the vitriol, as it was broken in the affray, but before I used it I had it photographed. I will give you one of the pictures at once!'

Such thoughtful appreciation of the demands of journalism was sure to raise in behalf of the accused a powerful influence not to be ignored.

Then She Would.

Hostess—Won't you ask your wife to play for me, Mr. Phoxy? Mr. Phoxy—No, but I'll get her to do it.

Hostess—Why—er—how do you mean? Mr. Phoxy—I'll ask her not to.

'We are all Eve's Daughters'

Sighed a pretty woman, whose husband had just scolded her for catching cold by attending a Christmas dance in a low-necked dress: 'Then Adam's own's Cough Balm must be the very thing to cure you,' said a witty bystander. 25c. all Druggists.

CANCER advertisement with address: 577-Sherbourne Street, Toronto, Ontario.

Lament of a Press Agent.

The press agent expertly shifted the toothpick from one side of his mouth to the other without interrupting his flow of conversation. For a second it seemed suspended in the air and moved with his tongue while he talked.

'Still nothing doing,' he said with a sigh, 'although July is half over and it begins to look as if the demand for our services isn't what it used to be. One manager recently said he always engaged his actors early in July because they were always so thin and haggard with suspense if they hadn't got engagements by that time that it took 'em a month or two to recover. Now if that's true of an actor who has nothing to do but repeat what other people have written, how much more important must it be in my business, where a man not only has to rely on his own brains but has to work to get the results of his efforts into the papers afterward? Either of these things is by itself enough work for one man but it's the press agent's duty always to combine both branches of the business, and then he has to wait around until a month before the season begins to get a job at that. I tell you it jares me and anything that jares a press agent must be serious.'

'Somehow or other, I've the feeling that they don't want us now in the same old way that they used to. They don't cry for us. In the best days of this business, the press agent used to be as important as the star. A manager engaged his agent before the ink was dry on his star's contract. No man would think of sending out a new play or a new actor, until he had a good press agent to start ahead of him and sow the necessary seeds of interest. But nowadays, you'll find that the managers trouble themselves very little about the press agent. They'll always take one in the end, but they don't pay him much and they're always able to get him at any time without much trouble.'

'Of course they can't get a man to do the sort of work that was wanted in the old days. There were giants in the business then. They were well paid and they deserved it, and a man who was a press agent in those days was a somebody in the theatrical world and stood in importance somewhere between the manager and the star. He hadn't been reduced to the ranks of the also-rans, as he is today, but he had a right to sit in the manager's office if he wanted to, and the manager was very glad to have him. That was the press agent of twenty years ago. His was a legitimate business and he had a right to everything that came to him.'

'Yellow journalism and cheapening the rates helped to kill the business. The yellow journals would print any yarns that was brought to them and never ask any questions. The trick was so easy that the managers couldn't see the use of paying a man to do anything that took so little trouble. To have a chorus girl bitten by a shark at Coney Island and to supply a picture of her and the shark too didn't take any more work than taking the fable right into the newspaper office. The yellows were always willing and anxious to print it. Jobs of this kind got as cheap as three or five dollars, and nowadays they don't bring that price. The yellows all do the press work for the chorus girls and those a little bit higher up in the profession without wanting any pay at all. Pick up one of them any day and you'll find photographs of unknown scoubrettes, inconspicuous minor actresses and theatrical nobodies puffed as generously as if they were celebrities. Now all that it takes to accomplish this is to send the photographs to the newspaper offices. Any office boy can do that and the work really is high at \$3.00 for the job.'

'The press agent of former times had to do his work in a way that appealed to intelligent and careful men. He had to add some element of picturesqueness or bit of novelty to his tale before it could get into a paper, where it would do any good. But the yellows have never made any test of that kind. They'll take anything that comes along. With no particular ability demanded in the men who do this kind of work for them, the managers came to regard the press agent in a wholly different way. From being an important functionary he dropped into a place far below that he formerly held. So the yellow journals, while they made his work easy for him at the outset finally did more to reduce the value of the press agent's services than any other influence and to bring him down to his present estate.'

'I can only remember one case of really fine press-work that has come under my observation during the past ten years.'

That was as good in its way as anything ever done in the balmy days of the profession. It established here a foreign concert hall singer who would never have made any more impression than a dozen others of her kind if interest had not constantly been attracted to her in the most sensational and novel way. She was kept the heroine of various exciting episodes that were all prepared with a sufficient appearance of probability to get into something more than the yellow journals. That was the sort of thing that we all did in the old days and it was not regarded as anything more than the duty of every press agent. He would have been considered of very little account if he didn't do some of the kind for everybody who engaged him. That one year of press work gave the actress in question a vogue that made her at once as well known as if she had acted here for a decade.

'One other cause for the decline of the press agent's power is to be found in the doubtful value that managers have come to put upon publicity of a certain kind. The concert hall singer I referred to was made in this country by the sort of advertising she received at the time of her arrival here. But just that sort of treatment was suited only to her particular case. An actress of dignity would have been irretrievably injured by such unworthy means of exploitation. But for the musical hall divette they were all right.'

'Just the opposite course was followed in the case of another actress, who three years ago left the support of a popular star to become a star on her own responsibility. Now managers are accustomed to say since

this enterprise proved a complete success, that it was managed in wonderful fashion from the first step to the last. But the hand of the press agent was not noticeable in it anywhere. The only publicity acquired by the actress at this time was of the most conventional formal kind. It is difficult to see why in some cases such means of putting forward a new star could be used successfully, while in other cases they fail. It may be that a really good thing wins on its own good merits, although very few persons in theatrical life would be willing to wait for a good play to win out, without intimating gently to the public something about the quality of the piece, or at all events what the manager thought of it.'

'Publicity apparently ceases to be effective after a certain point is reached. The best advertised woman on the stage today is a certain beautiful comic opera singer. For the past ten years she has been known by name and face to a larger section of the public in this country than any other woman I know of. A friend of mine told me that in a lumber camp far from any railroad lines, in a forest of the northwest, he once went into a hut where two pictures were hanging. One was of this woman and the other of the Virgin Mary. Now if notoriety in itself had any value that woman would draw audiences larger than any other woman or man on the American stage could expect to attract. But as a matter of fact, she has for some years past failed to draw the public, with a persistence that was the despair of her managers. She was tried in all kinds of comic operas. Thousands of dollars were spent in the effort to attract the public. Failure after failure resulted, and this much advertised woman retired from public view as a star and took her place with a number of other singers and actors in a stock company.'

'Another case of the same kind was noticed last year in the grand opera field. A certain star, who has been associated always in the public mind with a certain very popular opera, travelled for the first

time through a number of western cities. The expectation of the managers was that it would be necessary only to announce this woman's name on the dead walls to have the public flock into the theatre. But quite the opposite happened in a number of places. The public knew all about the woman and had heard her name for years, not by one quarter as large as they are outside of New York. For years actors are mentioned in the newspapers and become moderately well known by name. Yet that publicity does them little or no good with the public. One of the best known comic opera stars in the country retired from that conspicuous position several months ago because the public was no longer going to see him. Yet he is today one of the very best known men on the American stage, and his notoriety failed to attract the public completely. But it did not exhibit any great desire to pay its way to hear her sing, and the same experience has often befallen managers who have expected that a singer, because he or she was well known, was certain to draw large audiences.'

'The public is sometimes quite indifferent. On the other hand, it is largely the curiosity seekers who go to hear Paderevski, although he is justly accounted the greatest pianist of his time. Yet if only those who understood and appreciated his music went to hear him his audiences would be much smaller. That was another instance in which the work of the press agent failed to accomplish anything.'

'I don't believe that any manager in the business to-day has any clear idea as to the value of publicity. That it undoubtedly helps a person in public stage life, while it wholly fails to make them successful in itself, seems to be the best opinion of the managers to-day. It used to be the belief of the managers that publicity was almost equal to making the actor from every point of view, and as that could be best done by the expert press agent, we were accordingly very much more appreciated in the past than we are to-day. I'll

admit that the old confidence in the great power of publicity for actors seems to me now to have been a little exaggerated.

'Something more than mere knowledge of an actor is needed to attract the public to hear him. What that particular thing is nobody can tell. The manager who discovered it would never make a mistake. His fortune would be made if he could find out why A draws and why B doesn't. That is the great problem of the manager's career. And unfortunately he has come to the conclusion that the press agent has no more to do with it than he has. And this conclusion was of course very bad for us.'

Good-Sized Berries.

On old Carlisle bridge, in Dublin, there used to be a fruit stall kept by Biddy, the apple-woman, who was a well-known figure to all passers-by. She had a ready tongue and never did a verbal opponent retire with all the honors.

An American visitor, who had heard rumors of her skill at fence, one day took up a watermelon displayed for sale, and said gravely:

'You grow pretty small apples over here. In America we have them twice this size.'

Bridget looked up, coolly surveyed the joker from head to heels, and replied, in a tone of pity:

'Ah, what for should I be wasting my breath to talk to wan that takes our gooseberries for apples!'

Gallant and Witty.

The recent visit of Queen Victoria to Ireland brought out not a little wit; the example which follows bears the tang of its own soil:

The queen's farewell letter to the Irish people was dated from the Vice Regal Lodge, Dublin. Said a prominent Irish Nationalist member of parliament:

'It was the Regal Lodge for the time being; and indeed, for many a day she has knocked the vice out of it.'



PRESENTS FOR THE BABY.

Chat of the Boudoir.

FRILLS OF FASHION.

To bathe or not to bathe is the question of the hour; but there seems to be no negative side to the question when you attempt to estimate the number of bathers at the seashore in midsummer. At any rate a summer girl without a bathing suit is like a bird with its wings clipped in these times. If a girl is very swell she has a bathing suit of shiny black satin made with a skirt fitting the hips and flaring full below. The bodice gathered into the belt is severely simple with a wide collar of Agra linen in a pale, pretty green, or a crimson red. The finish at the hem is stitching in many rows and the sleeves are a simple puff. A boned girdle rather improves the figure. Black silk stockings, and a kerchief, which has the green or red predominating in the plaid for the head, are the accessories.

Black mohair is very much liked for the bathing dress, and very generally used yet not nearly so becoming as the glossy satin. The next best thing is a gray bathing suit trimmed with a deep wide band of white around the skirt, and a white collar. The prescribed length of the skirt is a little below the knees, just covering the trousers, and while the swell suit is simple it is as carefully fitted and perfectly made as any gown in the summer outfit.

As for the hats there are straw helmets and medium sized pokes with strings of cloth or silk and a scarf around the crown, besides the jaunty mob caps of wash materials.

Some of the flannel bathing suits are made very prettily with tucked skirts and bodices, the tucks running in vertical lines from the shoulders to within four inches of the hem of the skirt. Rosettes of silk in a bathing suit may seem a little incongruous, but they are in evidence and very effectively, too, if they are bright red, one at the left side of the decollete neck, and another fastening the red silk belt which has the fashionable dip in front.

Brier stitching in white is a very pretty trimming, using one or two rows around the hem; belt and neck finished with a narrow bertha collar. Not to be outdone by the more pretentious costumes some of the bathing suits have a guimpe and undersleeve of fine white batiste tucked and trimmed with lace.

It may be true that bathing cloaks are not so much used in this country as they are on the other side of the water, but they are here all the same, in varying degrees of elegance, from bright hued silks to simple flannel. It is a long loose cloak which completely envelops the figure, and boasts a deep collar which is trimmed with stitched bands.

Something novel in wraps is a yachting cloak in the Spanish shape, made of white linen with a deep turned down collar and edged all around with one row of inch wide black velvet ribbon.

Yachting coats in the redingote shape are also made of white linen. They are double breasted, and fastened with large pearl or linen covered buttons spotted with polka dots in colored silk, and the revers and collar are covered with Irish lace, with an embroidered band of the linen matching the buttons around the edge.

All white gowns and pure white gowns trimmed elaborately with black lace are very much in evidence in the summer pageant of fashionable dress.

Pink in all the prettiest tints is unmistakably popular this season, and very chic combinations are made by the use of violet and pink.

Fashions in stockings show all the bright colors this season, and they are variously embroidered in contrasting tints on black and white. For evening wear there are dainty silk and hile thread stockings with lace like effects woven in around the ankle, and others with real lace insertions set in and embroidered around the edges.

One of the daintiest of summer parasols

MURRAY & LANMAN'S Florida Water THE UNIVERSAL PERFUME For the Handkerchief, Toilet and Bath. REFUSE ALL SUBSTITUTES!

Constipation, Headache, Biliousness, Heartburn, Indigestion, Dizziness,

Indicate that your liver is out of order. The best medicine to rouse the liver and cure all these ills, is found in Hood's Pills

25 cents. Sold by all medicine dealers.

is of chiffon on point d'esprit set in tucks all over the plain surface, and finished with a frill around the edge.

Very small Empire fans are all the vogue again, and they must be either white encrusted with gold or some very bright color.

Black satin poppies are popular in millinery.

Colored saphy petticoats trimmed with valenciennes lace and insertion are worn with wash dresses.

THE WOMEN OF CHINA.

Remarkable Instances of Their Devotion to Husbands or Relations.

Woman's influence in China is greater than is commonly supposed. Records of the Flower Kingdom are full of examples of women famous for their learning, heroism and high principle. Sometimes women achieve absolute power over the household for there is a popular saying, 'She eats rice with her husband,' which is used to describe the rule of the female tyrant. The most astonishing instance of feminine power, today is, of course, the career of the Empress Dowager. As an instance of the Empress Dowager's power, it may be recalled that she deposed her strongest rival, Prince Kung, in 1885, by a mere decree in the Pekin Gazette because 'he overrated his importance.'

In common with all other nations, the women of China represent the most fervent religious element. They are said to support enthusiastically the Boxer's movement and to be fighting with passion to help rid the country of the missionaries. That the women of China do not lack courage is proved by the fact that they sometimes seek suicide as 'relief from unhappy marriages and uncongenial husbands' who frequently were murdered were it not for special punishments, 'ignominious and slow,' devised for all women who attempt homicide. The mere existence of this law provides the necessity for it. Again, not long ago fifteen young girls of Canton threw themselves into the river to escape from marrying the husbands chosen for them.

Two other recent examples prove the devotion of the Chinese women of high degree. A daughter of the Chinese Minister to London, Kwo-Sung-Tao, was married at the age of 17. When her husband died she tried to commit suicide out of grief, and would eat nothing but gold leaf, seeking thereby to induce death. It failed to poison her, and she then starved to death. Her sister in law, Mrs. Kwo, a sister of the Marquis Taeng, tried also to follow her husband to the land of spirits, but failing in her attempt at suicide she finally took compassion on her children, agreed to live and managed her father-in-law's property while he was in London. Li Hung Chang penned a memorial to the Dragon Throne, requesting that these two women should receive a sign of imperial approval.

Notwithstanding the degraded condition of women of the lower classes, the feminine ideal is high in China, and the annals of the past show a long series of virtuous and heroic women, who have made an indelible impression upon the national mind. The mother of the great sage, Confucius, is held as a model. The next philosopher of importance, Mencius, was also indebted to his mother for the formation of his character and mind, as well as his philosophy.

Woman's lot in China is, however, not an enviable one. She is not received into the world with joy, and gets very little education. At twelve she is banished from all companionship to become 'the young girl who sits in the house,' until her marriage, when she weds some one she has never seen. Then she must obey her husband and her mother-in-law; she may not come into contact with men or the outside world; and, as a rule, she cannot read. She may, however, receive ladies and return their calls. The patriarchal system is so universal that the father is a despotic ruler over his family, and a married woman becomes so entirely a part of her husband's family that she has to yield her obedience to her husband's parents, who frequently treat her more as a slave than a daughter-in-law. The doctrine in-

colated in the Chinese classics is that a woman has three stages of obedience: First, to her father; second, to her husband, and third, if her husband dies, to her son when he reaches manhood. The old proverb goes: 'Men wash their boys to be like wolves, and fear lest they should be timid; their girls they wish to be like mice, and fear lest they should have the boldness of the tiger.' The laws established 2,500 years ago are in favor to-day, and among them no rules are stricter than those for keeping the women in bondage.

Chinese books of instruction for girls consist chiefly of exhortations to discharge their duties as daughters, wives, mothers and daughters-in-law. The 'Girls' Four Books,' to which two famous Emperors wrote prefaces, describe how the female mind and character must be trained. Modesty, gentleness, self-sacrifice, wisdom respect for elders and a virtuous disposition must be a woman's equipment in life. There is no pressing need for intellectual education. However, about one hundred is every ten thousand women read, and that means read with understanding the great books of philosophy and literature, the works of China's sages and poets. Such cases are found among the aristocratic classes, and men of letters frequently teach their wives and daughters not only the art of reading, but that of writing, and go so far as to publish their literary effusions.

DONE BY A GIRL SWIMMER.

Swam for Forty-One Minutes Holding an Open Umbrella Over Her.

The remarkable feat of swimming for forty-one minutes and during all that time using one hand to hold an open umbrella over her head, with a stiff wind blowing, was accomplished yesterday morning by Miss Lydia Winterhalter of 695 Holton street, Milwaukee. To win a wager and show an instructor at Rohn's swimming school that she was a better judge of her own endurance than he, she undertook to remain in the water under these difficulties for half an hour and succeeded in over-reaching the time limit by eleven minutes.

The undertaking would have been a formidable one for any practised swimmer, for the burden of supporting an umbrella, light though it may be, is considerable for that length of time without a shift from hand to hand, while it also means that one arm is useless as far as assisting in the operation of swimming is concerned, in the presence of a strong breeze, and it is seen the self-imposed task was one from which almost any one would shrink. For a young woman, therefore, to accomplish it with its tax on the strength and endurance, is a matter of special note, and in consequence Miss Winterhalter has found herself in the possession of a newly acquired reputation as a swimmer deserving of respectful consideration by the best of the many persons of that portion of the city who are accomplished in the aquatic line. The young woman, who is 19 years of age, has been fond of the water ever since she was a child and she has always been an adept at the sport, but it was not until her achievement of yesterday that she had an opportunity to demonstrate what she could actually do.

Miss Winterhalter was at the swimming school yesterday forenoon with several companions one of whom was attempting to swim about with an umbrella in her hand, when a discussion arose as to the difficulty of the feat, Miss Winterhalter expressing the opinion that it was not especially hard and that she could do it for half an hour if need be. The boast was not made with any intention of putting it into practice, but as one of the swimming instructors which took part in the discussion, intimated that the young woman could not possibly do as she proposed, Miss Winterhalter's assurance asserted itself and she inquired how much he was willing to wager on his opinion. A \$1 bet was the outcome and the other swimmers at the place gathered about to watch the experiment.

Miss Winterhalter was as good as her word. She swam into the deep with the umbrella in her right hand, and set about to earn that dollar bill. The conditions were that she could hold the umbrella in the same hand without changing, though she could use any method of swimming that she desired. The young woman swam about a while on her side and then on her back, and then resting by treading water but during it all the umbrella continued its upright position above her head, and never gave the slightest indication of drooping, as the minutes passed by. The swimmer laughed and conversed with those watching the feat, and gave no sign of exhaustion, and when finally the half hour was pronounced up by the timekeepers and

BI-CYCLISTS, young or old, should carry a bottle of Pain-Killer in their saddle bags. It cures cuts and wounds with wonderful quickness. Avoid substitutes, there is but one Pain-Killer, Perry Davis' 25c. and 50c.

JOHN NOBLE COSTUMES



Model 1499. An attractive well made Young Lady's Costume. Carefully finished. Coat, sacque back and well finished Tailor Skirt.

Lengths and Prices— 30 36 38 42 46 50 inches. \$1.95 2.75 3.15 3.55 4.45 5.35 each. Carriage, 60c. Lengths are from top of collar to edge of skirt in front.

The New Catalogue Illustrating hundreds of lines in Ladies' and Children's Costumes, Jackets, Millinery, House Linens, Lace Curtains, Boys' Suits, Waterproofs, &c., sent Post Free to any reader of this paper.

Patterns and Estimates for the making of any kind of Costumes sent Post Free. Please name this paper when writing and send direct to—

John Noble, Ltd., BROOK ST. MANCHESTER, Eng

These Famous Costumes are sent direct by Parcel Post, safely packed on receipt of Order and remittance from The Largest Firm of Costume makers in the World, JOHN NOBLE, LTD., Brook Street Mills, Manchester, Eng. THREE GOLD MEDALS AWARDED.

They are guaranteed to be singularly high value in cut, finish and material, and far superior in make to shop bought costumes. All orders are promptly executed and full satisfaction given to Customers or their money refunded. Owing to the reduced tariff it will be more advantageous than ever for thrifty purchasers to send to JOHN NOBLE.

These Costumes are thoroughly well made and finished in two very excellent wearing fabrics of good appearance: (1) John Noble Cheviot Serges, a stout weather-resisting fabric and (2) The John Noble Costume Costing, a cloth of lighter weight and smoother surface.

of which are sent PATTERNS POST FREE. A Full Dress Length of either cloth (6yds., 52 ins. wide) for \$1.80. Postage, 80c. When ordering, please state colour and stock size required. Colours are Black, Navy, Brown, Khaki, Myrtle, Grey, Fawn, and Royal Blue.

Skirts in Stock are 24, 26, 28 ins. round bust (under arms); Waists, 24, 26, 28 ins.; Skirts being 38, 40, 42 ins. long in front. Any other size can be made to measure, 40c. extra.



Model 1506. Fashionable Costume— Skirt well pressed with one box pleat at back. Perfect fitting round bodice. Price only \$2.56. Noble Cheviot Serge or Costume Costing. Price \$1.80. Carriage, 60c.

Model 200. A Stylish Design. The latest Skirt with one box pleat at back and well cut Bonnet, prettily trimmed, tailor stitching as sketch. Price only \$2.56. Complete Carriage, 60c. extra. Skirt alone, \$1.80. Carriage, 60c.

STREET BLOUSE well made in white cambric, embroidered front, linen collar and cuffs. \$1.20. Carriage, 60c.

Patterns and Estimates for the making of any kind of Costumes sent Post Free. Please name this paper when writing and send direct to—

John Noble, Ltd., BROOK ST. MANCHESTER, Eng

the wager was won, she decided to stay a little while longer. Finally, when forty-one minutes had elapsed she swam ashore apparently as fresh as when she had stepped into the water, nearly three quarters of an hour before.

Miss Winterhalter refused to accept her well earned money, regarding her gain in local fame as quite sufficient to pay for her accomplishment.

HOW WOMEN WORK HARD.

Immense Amount of Energy Expended in Holding up the Trailing Skirts.

In one afternoon's shopping the women of Greater New York expend sufficient energy to propel the combined navies of the world!

The Girl in the Mortar Board said this and then looked about her for the effect.

'Oh, oh,' groaned the two organdie girls falling limply against each other. But the Girl in the Ladysmith Hat said scornfully: 'It's that mortar board. She can't help doing sums when she's got it on.'

'They do it,' continued the girl with the headpiece, ignoring interruptions and beginning to figure, 'by means of the trailing dress skirt. In Greater New York there are according to the last estimate, 3,000,000 people, or 600,000 families. On the basis of two adult females to each family there are 1,200,000 women most of whom are addicted to the long skirt habit—at least 1,000,000 of them. The average length of time consumed by a woman in a day's shopping is about five hours. Her dress skirt must be held up continuously while in the street and stores. The weight of an ordinary street skirt as held by the hand is from two to five pounds, but taking the minimum weight of two pounds which each woman carries in her hand continuously during the five hours, she expends a lifting force of two pounds every instant, 120 pounds a minute, 7,200 pounds an hour, and 36,000 pounds during the five hours. The 1,000,000 long skirted women of New York would, on the same basis, exert a lifting power of 36,000,000,000 pounds during the day's shopping tour, which is equal to 1,090,909 horse power. The average indicated horse power of a first-class battleship in the United States Navy is 12,000. At this rate the power or energy expended by the women of New York in a single day in carrying their dress trains would propel 1,090 battleships.'

And the Girl in the Mortar Board looked up triumphantly from her figures. The others looked interested and the mortar board girl began at her figures again.

'It takes only 1,023 horse power' she went on, 'to move a train of 60 loaded freight cars twenty-five miles an hour. With the equivalent of 1,090,909 horse power expended by the women they could move 1,067 such trains. Applied to the ordinary tasks of a household, such as sweeping, washing dishes, attending babies &c., this enormous force now wasted

would solve the household problem in a day and leave much to spare. It would sweep 1,800,000,000 rooms, allowing 20 pounds of energy to a room. It would wash 36,000,000,000 dishes, giving a pound to each dish. And it would carry 2,400,000,000 babies, each weighing 15 pounds.

'By investigating, it appears that the vast majority of New York women feel themselves unable to attend to their simple household affairs because they are not strong enough. In the matter of dress skirts they are feminine Herculeses.'

Then the Mortar Board Girl threw down her pencil.

'Dear me, I didn't know we were working at it so hard. We'll never wear the horrid things again,' declared the Organdie Girl.

'Never mind,' they are going out this season, anyhow,' murmured the Ladysmith Girl.

HEARTFELT PRAYER.

Mr. Baldwin of Georgia Unaccountably Devout.

An old man in Georgia named Jack Baldwin, having lost his hat in an old dry well one day, hitched a rope to a stump and let himself down. A wicked wag named Neal came along just then, and, quietly detaching a bell from Baldwin's old blind horse approached the well, bell in hand, and began to ring-a-ling, says the Atlanta Journal.

Jack thought the old horse was coming, and said: 'Hang the old blind horse; he's coming this way, sure, and he ain't got no more sense than to fall in on me—whoo, Ball!'

The sound came closer.

'Great Jerusalem! The old blind fool will be right on top of me in a minute—whoo, Ball—whoo, Ball.'

Neal kicked a little dirt on Jack's head and Jack began to pray:

'Oh, Lord, have mercy on—whoo, Ball—a poor sinner; I'm gone now—whoo, Ball—Our Father, who art in—whoo, Ball—hallowed be thy—gee, Ball! gee! what'll I do?—name. Now I lay me down to sleep, Ball! (Just then in fell more dirt.)

Oh, Lord, if you ever intend to do anything for me—back, Ball! whoa—thy kingdom come—gee, Ball! Oh, Lord, you know I was baptised in Smith's milldam—whoo, Ball! ho! up! murder! whoa!'

Neal could hold in no longer, and shouted a laugh, which might have been heard two miles, which was about as far as Jack chased him when he got out.

FALLING OR IN ATTENTION.

'Harry, you must try to pay something on Dr. Fitter's bill.'

'Why, has he said anything about it?'

'No, but when I go there now he doesn't sympathize with me at all.'

TO THE DRAP.—A rich lady, cured of her Deafness and Noises in the Head by Dr. Nicholson Artificial Ear Drum, has sent \$1,000 to his Institute, so that deaf people unable to procure the Ear Drum may have them free. Apply to 227 East 125th St., New York.

as 50 cents apiece for

FORN TALK.

Rev. also the boldness of... in Tien, China, is now be- refuge for missionaries all the outlying districts that it will soon receive of women and children legations in Peking. It is the Russian Minister has arguments for sending all children of his legations to believed that other lega- his example. There is "akin legations to accom- wards and all the regular of a siege it would be to have so many non-

uprising is certain to be omitted even by the tempor- als who laughed at the weeks ago. The first real ness officials was brought der of Brig. Gen. Yang, and most honest of China- had been ordered to in- at outrages on Christians tly he fancied that the other malcontents whom in the past with troops advanced to their head- ni with only thirty troop- tal there the boxers sent to visit their leader and Yang's troops tried from going alone to this he was fearless, and dis- up a hill toward the rebel guidance of the Boxer en- eared over the hill, was and there was speared in reschouers Boxers. As ninese his body was hor-

his death was the first at Tien Tsin and Peking savagery and boldness of was ambushed and slain high representative of the ment, which the Boxers n in all its leanings, de- reactionary edicts of the ar. The day the news of was received at Peking sent to the Paoing-fu

Boxers evidently deter- what they could do. On eaned up the railroad line miles of Peking, burning and two other points. Belgian manager of the e the line up to Chang- the locomotive whistle of tion of any foreigners. He ed for the fate of a num- engineers and their wives rtered in a village near ead station. He saw not- the Boxers became so e was forced to return r have come in that the eading themselves on a town.

ave ranged up and down e and on May 30 they at godowns at Fengtai, Peking, at the junction of northern lines. The torch to the railroad workshops the road was suspended, e restored in a few force of Imperial troops, ous to venture into the Tien Tsin without a big

at it will do. time, the great pain cure, e prompt relief in the fol- e—Sprains, bruises, cuts rbumatism, spinal pains, ache, lumbago, sciatica, any drug store a 10 cent nd test it in any of the e. It never fails, for Ner- d of the most powerful medicines in the world. Get rug stores. You will be 'en and 25 cents a bottle.

jectionable word. you, heartlessly remarked avaller.

d the sea-sick passenger, g splendid until the cap-

ly asked you if you were dinner.' me if I was going be-

ag Rule. ing the head of the house? with a gesture of extrem

the Boston lady, 'it can ed an address. I doubt if complete even you; exor- p the door seemed actu-

cluded. 'I ought to have trusted him more. He—that night down on the rocks in the darkness—he kissed me, and I ought to have known then that that kiss was no insult—as I was insane enough to think it—but love claiming love. I deserve to be unhappy.' 'Think so, little woman? But how about him poor wretch?' 'Do you think I have not thought of him?' she asked, with a quick sigh. 'But Cyril, dear, how about Tom?' 'Let's think it over,' he suggested. 'I must go now I shall see Kain today, Olive. Shall I let him know what really parted you?' 'No; it is not fair to Tom. Let it rest.'

CHAPTER V. The birth of a son and heir to the Willoughbys brought about a christening feast late in November.

Olive had promised to be god-mother to the small bit of humanity, held in such esteem by the worshipping parents; so once again she found herself in the place so full of memories of vanished happiness.

Of course, Tom Henson accompanied her to Thurleston, and he was glad, as he declared, to get away from the fog and gloom which had settled over London.

His betrothed had hinted that his absence from town for a month or two would not be taken amiss by her; but, as she had persisted in remaining with her brother until this invitation from Thurleston arrived, Tom refused to do as she so kindly suggested, fondly imagining that his presence was as desirable to her, as hers undoubtedly was to him.

Oversea was closely enwrapped in a mantle of warmth, left behind by the perfect summer which had been reluctant to leave so charming a spot.

Olive's hair thrilled painfully, as her eyes fell on the familiar scenes.

'How quite you are, Olive. Tired, eh?' Jack had been carrying on an erratic conversation with Henson, who sprawled on the back seat of the dogcart; but his cousin's continued silence began to strike him as something out of the common.

'I think I am a bit tired,' confessed Olive.

'Oh, by the by, continued Jack, 'who do you think is going to be Dick's deputy?' His brother Dick had offered to stand as sponsor to the young heir of the house of Willoughby.

'I'm sure I don't know. Who?' 'Why, Kain! His doctor ordered him change of air. He lost flesh and spirits over that leg business, you know, so Amy asked him down here on the understanding that he was to make himself useful. She didn't tell him you were coming; thought it would be a pleasant surprise for him. But he seems too seedy, somehow, to feel much pleasure about anything. Said he thought we were quite alone, or we should not have come. I just mention this to prepare you for the change in him. He isn't half the man he was in the summer.'

'No?' 'It was with difficulty that Olive spoke at all.

She told herself that this was Cyril's doing.

His hand kept ominously quiet on the subject on her crooked love story after she and refused to allow an open interference in the matter.

She felt very angry with him for arranging this meeting between Kain and herself—in Tom's presence, too.

If the christening had not been in question, she would have made some excuse to return to town without even seeing Chandos.

But the meeting was inevitable, so she braced herself for it, strong in the mistaken belief that she was doing right in persisting in marrying one man while loving another with her whole heart and soul.

Chandos Kain was greatly altered; there was no doubt about that.

He looked taller and older, and altogether unlike the man who had made love to her, 'in the interests of art' barely four short months ago; and yet never had she felt for him such passion and tenderness as she felt now.

'You have been very ill?' she said gently.

'Bike and I came to grief, you know. It was a bad smash. I had to lay up through that tremendously hot weather. It was enough to ruin any constitution temporarily. I shall be all right again when I have picked up a bit.'

ABSOLUTE SECURITY. Genuine Carter's Little Liver Pills.

Must Bear Signature of Aunt Wood See Pac-Shell Wrapper Below.

Very small and so easy to take as sugar. FOR HEADACHE. FOR DIZZINESS. FOR BILIOUSNESS. FOR TORPID LIVER. FOR CONSTIPATION. FOR SALLOW SKIN. FOR THE COMPLEXION.

CURE SICK HEADACHE.

'Because you thought I was married. She nodded.

'Except for that, you—' 'Don't, Chandos! I can't bear any more. Let me go, and—let us forget that we met before to day.'

Her words held a confession which would have served to tempt many men to disloyalty, but Kain loved her too well to pain her further.

Taking her hand he raised it to his lips with reverent passion, and then he let go without another word.

He did not mean to try to forget her, because he was resolved—now that he felt sure of her love—to win her, if possible, even though she were engaged twice over.

The christening took place next day, master Willoughby behaving himself as befiteth the heir to an ancient house.

Olive—rest confident in Kain's promise of silence—gave up all thought of making a disturbance by insisting on taking her little off, the more especially as Tom openly expressed a desire to linger until the Willoughbys turned him out.

Chandos Kain also lingered, waiting, day after day, for an opportunity of stealing from his wealthy rival the thing held dearest by both.

He scorned to do it in an underhand fashion, yet Tom was so unsuspecting, so evidently innocent of Kain's rivalry, that it seemed increasingly difficult to go to him and say candidly—

'You think Olive loves you. You are mistaken; she prefers me to you. Release her, therefore, from her promise to you, that she may become my wife instead of yours.'

If Olive had been happy, or even content, it is possible that Kain would have taken himself off, as he had done once before, to his present great regret; but she was most palpably unhappy, to his love-gifted eyes, though the others did not seem to see it.

Perhaps she wished he would go; but if she did, she did not tell him so. She was careful to speak to him as little as possible, and still more careful never to be alone with him or to give him any opportunity of reminding her of the past.

Neither of them ever mentioned his work, and what had become of the unfinished—sadly unfinished—MS., begun some four months before, Chandos Kain alone knew.

Things were in this unsatisfactory condition when one morning he det mined to face the situation like a man and speak out or, at the very least, give Tom Henson some sort of a hint as to how the land lay.

It was a balmy, sunshiny day, warm as September.

Olive was not visible, but her fiancé was plainly to be seen strolling up and down the terrace at the back of the house, smoking a cigar, and gazing seawards, speculatively, at every turn.

Kain approached him very white about the lips.

'Can you spare me five minutes, Henson? I want to speak to you on a matter of great importance.'

'Forget all about it, I suppose, or found it chiller than he thought, so he is doing a bit of a walk to warm himself. Rather a mad thing, see-bathing in November; but it's just these cool-headed, equable fellows who do the mad things. It isn't kind of Fate to play me a trick like this. I was primed to the nozzle with reasons why he should give him up, and just in the mood to fire them at him. Wish to goodness he'd turn up!'

But he did not; neither did he appear at lunch.

'Who saw him last?' asked Amy Willoughby, giving the order to fall to after waiting a reasonable time.

'I did,' said Chandos. 'He left me in order to go and bathe, tempted by the September like "heat" in the air. I guess he found it cold though, so he has walked somewhere to get up his circulation, and has lost his way.'

This theory being accepted by all—Henson having a real talent for losing himself—they proceeded with lunch, and afterwards went their various ways.

Chandos Kain accompanied his host to the station to inquire concerning an expected package.

Amy started to pay calls, taking the son and heir and his nurse in the carriage with her, while Olive pleaded sickness and a desire to stay at home.

Left alone, Miss Granger took a book, and settling herself on her favorite rock, read until the sun set, and a mist began to creep up from the sea.

Then, shivering, she rose and looked down at the still rooding tide.

'Of course it must go out or it couldn't come in—but one has some hope when the tide is coming in—it seems to bring a promise of good things to come. When it goes back it takes hope with it. But—looking at the faintly crimson clouds behind which the sun had vanished—how late it must be? I wonder if Tom is back?'

She turned to go upwards and inwards, feeling conscious of a dismal sense of depression in the scene around her.

A low moan seemed to creep over the still waters from afar.

'Like a soul in pain,' she murmured to herself.

Then she shivered again and ran into the house, inquiring of the first servant she met if Mr. Henson had returned.

The reply was negative; and for the first time, a feeling of uneasiness stole over her which spread to the others when dinner time failed to bring the absent man.

By ten o'clock the uneasiness had become downright anxiety, though Chandos Kain tried to maintain an appearance of hopefulness on the sake of the two girls.

Amy was in such open distress that Jack insisted on her going to bed.

'We shall here in the morning, dear; try and control yourself, for Olive's sake—think what she must be suffering.'

'Yes, Jack, of course; poor Olive! But suppose anything has happened to him while he was our guest, I shall feel myself responsible.'

'Nonsense, my dear! How could you—or I either—be held responsible? But don't let us meet, trouble half-way. Go to bed, and to sleep, like a good girl. Kain and I will sit up for an hour or two longer.'

Olive insisted on staying with them, and she was not a bit of us, Jack,' she said, with the calmness of one who had given up all hope. 'He is dead. I am sure of it. He is drowned. I seemed to know it this afternoon when I was on the rocks. The sun went down so suddenly, and the mist covered everything, and I heard what I never know must have been his spirit calling to me. To-morrow or the next day you will find that I am right.'

'Why, my dear Olive, you are wiser than Amy! What strange creatures you women are! Come and talk to her, Kain; help me drive some common sense into her head.'

'I heartily hope you are wrong,' Chandos spoke to her very gently, his heart aching when he saw the expression in her dear eyes.

'No, I am not wrong.' Then, lowering her voice so that Jack could not hear she added in the same calm way: 'If I did not love him as he would have wished, I was genuinely fond of him.'

Seal Brand Coffee IS PICKED PURITY Strong in Purity. Fragrant in Strength. CHASE & SANBORN, MONTREAL AND BOSTON.

will satisfied him that all had been said that needed to be put into words. It was Olive who first remembered what his actual errand was supposed to be.

'About Cyril and Sylvia, dear—do you approve?' 'Sylvia must marry some day, I suppose; and a double wedding will save a lot of bother. Don't you think so, darling?'

'Thank Heaven, poor Tom never knew I did not love him!' thought Olive, as she yielded herself willing to Chandos Kain's passionate embrace.

EXPLORES IN CHINA. The Policy of European Powers Followed by the Routes of Travellers.

Notwithstanding the magnitude of the obstacles that have already existed to travel in China it is remarkable how many scientific explorers have traversed the length and breadth of the country since the early part of the century.

It is interesting also to observe how the names of the explorers and the territory through which they passed seem to indicate the aims commonly attributed to the various Powers now manifesting particular interest in Chi ese affairs.

Southern China, for instance has been the special field for British explorers, while there have been numerous Russian explorers in the north and north western provinces, and the Germans have given special attention to the northeastern parts of the country.

As far back as 1816 English explorers began their work in Southern China, for in that year Amherst made a journey along the banks of the Peking, one of the northern tributaries of the Si-kiang, sometimes called the River of Canton; but Macartney had already done valuable work up the same stream in 1793.

It was not, however, until the early part of the second half of the century—in the '60s—that systematic exploration of that part of China was undertaken. During that decade the southern and southern provinces were regularly quartered out by English explorers, conspicuous among whom were Oxenham, Dickson, Garnier, Bickmore and Cooper.

Lagree, a French traveller, in 1867 made a journey into Yunnan from Siam.

But it was in the seventh and the following decades that the exploration of China was developed on a large scale and became international in character, foreshadowing events that have since begun to materialize.

In the '70s the English activity spread from the southern provinces to the valley of the Yang-tse-Kis-g. Baber, Gill, McCarthy, Moss and others penetrated into some of the most exclusive provinces, and made valuable commercial and military observations.

While the British were thus working in the southern half of the country the Russian Prsjvalsky made his first journey into the northern Tibet and Kansuh. Elias, who was believed to be travelling on behalf of the British Government, made a journey through Mongolia and Shansi in 1872.

The northern provinces were also traversed by Pevscol, Szezech, Fritsche, a German, and others during the same period. In the '80s the activity became still greater.

Prsjvalsky, Potanin and other Russians continued their examinations in the northwestern provinces and the province of Chi Li, in which Peking is situated.

The British were equally active in the south. Bourne, Ford, Parker and others were going through the provinces of the Yang-tse Kiang collecting data of a political and military nature, while Mr. Archibald Little, who has done much to develop the navigation of the Upper Yang-tse Kiang, was making observations of great commercial value.

Mr. Archibald Colquhoun made, during the same period, a thorough and exhaustive survey of the province of Yunnan from Burmah with a view to the construction of a railway, and continued his work from Yunnan down the Yukiang and Sikang to Canton.

In the early part and middle of the present decade the exploring activity was intensified. In the north of China and Mongolia Russian and German military and scientific men made minute and exhaustive studies of the topography and mineral resources of the country.

Rockh, Boborowski, Obrutchev, Potanin and Braam tra-

versap Kansuh, Shensi, Shansi, Chihli and Shantung in every direction, the last named also making extensive explorations in the provinces of Ganhwuy, Kiangsi and Kwangtung. The English explorations of the Upper Yangtse provinces also went on actively, and the French paid considerable attention to Yunnan and Szechuen in view of their intended railway to Yunnan-fu, the capital of the province. They also had explorations made of the part of the provinces of Kwangsi and Kwangtung which lie south of the Si-kiang and its main western tributary that rises in Yunnan.

The Japanese also have been looking into the province of Fokhien opposite Formosa, to which they pretend to have a kind of reversionary right.

It will be seen from the foregoing that the governments more particularly interested in the future of China have taken care to be fully and accurately informed as to the character and resources of those provinces in which they were more immediately concerned.

Those explorers whose names have been mentioned are only a few of the many who have taken part in the work of preparing the way for the events now ripening in China, but it is the Chanceries of the Foreign offices and the mobilization departments of the War Offices only of the different countries mentioned that their names and the records of their work are known.

Forbes and one of His Audiences. As a lecturer on his experiences, Archibald Forbes was very popular, and he was fond of recounting an experience of his debut in that capacity at Leven, Fishieish.

With a thumping heart the new lecturer appeared at the hall door shortly before the starting time of 8 o'clock, and not wishing to crush through a great audience on his way to the platform, he asked hall-keeper to conduct him to a side door.

'Ye needna stand,' replied that functionary, 'not unkindly; there's no crowd.'

When Forbes entered the hall he had to admit that the keeper was quite correct. There was not a single soul present. After a bit, however, a man strolled in, and calmly proceeded to choose a seat.

It seems he was a commercial traveller, putting up at the place for the night, who had found time hanging heavily on his hands. Nobody else coming, Forbes said to the 'audience.'

'Will you have the lecture, or will you have a drink?'

'A drink,' said the traveller.

A CARD. We, the undersigned, do hereby agree to refund the money on a twenty-five cent bottle of Dr. Will's English Pills, if, after using three-fourths of contents of bottle, they do not relieve Constipations and Headache.

We also warrant that four bottles will permanently cure the most obstinate case of Constipation. Satisfaction or no pay when Will's English Pills are used.

A. Chipman Smith & Co., Druggist, Charlotte St., St. John, N. B. W. Hawker & Son, Druggist, 104 Prince William St., St. John, N. B.

Chas. McGregor, Druggist, 187 Charlotte St., St. John, N. B. W. C. R. Allan, Druggist, Charlotte St., St. John, N. B.

E. J. Mahony, Druggist, Main St., St. John, N. B. G. W. Hoben, Chemist, 357 Main St., St. John, N. B.

R. B. Travis, Chemist, St. John, N. B. S. Waiters, Druggist, St. John, West, N. B.

Wm. C. Wilson, Druggist, Cor. Union & Rodney Sts., St. John, N. B. C. P. Clarke, Druggist, 100 King St., St. John, N. B.

S. H. Hawker, Druggist, Mill St., St. John, N. B. N. B. Smith, Druggist, 24 Dock St., St. John, N. B.

G. A. Moore, Chemist, 109 Brussels St., St. John, N. B. C. Fairweather, Druggist, 109 Union St., St. John, N. B.

A Battle with Sharks.

When I was a boy of fifteen, my father, who was a government official, took me on a trip to Key West, and thence on the Florida Reef as far as Cape Florida.

Dick, the eldest son of the keeper, told me so much about the hunting and fishing to be had in the vicinity that I was most eager to go out with him for a day's sport.

So he promised to take me with him early the next morning to visit his turtle-net, which was stretched across a narrow channel leading up between two shoals to Biscayne Bay, about a mile from the lighthouse.

At the first dawn of day he routed me out, and after a hasty wash and a cup of hot coffee to keep off the malaria, we started, in the best of spirits. As we passed the lighthouse tower, the keeper called out to us from the top, where he had been on watch since midnight.

'Don't go near the man-eaters' hole, and be sure to be back in time for breakfast.' The man-eaters' hole, as Dick explained to me, was a large, deep basin, not far from where the turtle-net was set, in which a number of big sharks were usually lurking.

It was considered dangerous to cross in their vicinity in a small boat, for they were likely to attack. Indeed, Dick and his father had several times been followed so closely by one or more of them that they had run their boat into shallow water to get rid of the annoyance.

The sharks would bite savagely at the oars, or anything that might be trailing overboard. Upon one occasion a large shark had almost capsize their boat by rising up under it and the creature was driven off only by repeated blows upon his back with the oars.

Out on the bay not a breath of air was stirring, but the water was alive with innumerable fishes of all kinds and sizes, that leaped flashing into the air, or darted to and fro in the clear depths below.

Over them hovered myriads of noisy, expectant gulls, graceful man-of-war hawks and ponceous-flapping pelicans. As these birds chose their victims, they plunged one by one with unerring aim, to emerge shortly from the water with a writhing, glittering fish in each beak.

At the boat landing we took a hurried glance into Dick's turtle-net, with its score or more of large green turtles, awaiting an opportunity for shipment to Key West, whence they could go by steamer to New York. Then, launching Dick's small Whitehill boat, we jumped in and started off, each pulling a pair of short sculls.

Across the main channel that leads by the cape into Biscayne Bay we rowed until our oars touched bottom on the shoal at the opposite side. Then following round the edge of it, keeping in shallow water, we soon reached the vicinity of the turtle net.

As we drew near to it, Dick exclaimed: 'What in the world is in that net? It must be an awfully big fish of some kind!' Indeed, a large body was splashing and throwing the spray high in the air, while something that looked like a broad, flat blade of an oar was waving to and fro three or four feet above the surface.

We approached with caution, until Dick saw the thing clearly. Then he said excitedly, 'It's a big sawfish, all wound up in the air!' Sure enough, a monster sawfish (Pristis pectinatus) had become entangled in the net, and in twisting and turning to free himself, had torn large holes by thrusting his saw and fins through it and wound it round his body in a large ball.

Dick saw the sawfish was at least fifteen or sixteen feet in length, and we could see that his body would measure fully four feet across the widest part. His saw, on each side of which large, strong teeth were set a short distance apart, extended about four feet forward of his head.

'If we don't kill him pretty soon,' said Dick, 'he'll tear the net all to pieces and ruin it. But we haven't a thing in the boat to kill him with.'

'Can't we pound him to death with the oars?' I inquired. 'No,' replied Dick. 'It is dangerous to go near him. He can strike a blow with his saw hard enough to smash through the boat anywhere; and besides, he might give us a slap with his tail. No, our best plan is to go back home and get our guns, and an axe to chop off his saw—you'll want his saw to carry home with you. We'll soon settle him.'

So we quickly pulled back to the light house and got our guns and the axe. Then, with a warning from the keeper to make sure that the sawfish was dead before we approached him too close, we went back to the scene. The sawfish was now resting quietly on the surface, with his back and the top of his head, including the whole length of his saw, out of water. He was held in position by the anchors fastened to the net. To Dick's satisfaction, I claimed the first shot at the sawfish. Then slipping a couple of buckshot cartridges into the No. 10 English breech-loader which my father had kindly loaned me for the trip, I was ready. When within about twenty feet Dick stopped the boat, and I fired into the head of the sawfish.

For a few moments the sawfish lay quietly and I thought he must be dead. But suddenly he began the most violent struggles, and for a short time made the water round him fairly foam, as he rolled about, lashing the surface with his fins and tail. But soon his struggles grew weaker and weaker, until finally he lay on the water motionless.

As soon as we were convinced that he was dead, we pulled the boat alongside of him, and made fast to his body with a small line. We then prepared to disen-

tangle him from the net, the whole length of which, about seventy five feet, was wound in an apparently inextricable snarl tightly round the body, with large rents in it through which his saw and fins protruded. From the wound in his head the blood was flowing, streaking the water with red as it was carried up the channel by the current, which was setting directly toward the man-eaters' hole. Seizing by the axe, I first cut off the saw close to the head and then laid it in the bottom of the boat.

I then helped Dick to unwind the net by rolling the body over and over, and dipping the net over the head and fins, while he had thrust them through it. In this manner we had recovered about twenty feet of one end of the net, when I heard a sharp, cutting sound in the water and saw it came from the gulf top-sail like fin of a huge shark which was rapidly cleaving the surface close to us.

'A man-eater!' shouted Dick. 'We'll have to get away from here right (he) before he attacks the sawfish. The small of the blood has brought him. Look, there's another one of the brutes!' The sharks slowly circled about us, as if uncertain whether to attack the boat or the sawfish.

'Throw the net overboard and cast off the line. They are going to eat the sawfish and us, too, if we don't hurry.' Dick was trembling all over, and seemingly unable to control his movements. Fortunately for both of us, I had not as yet realized the danger of our position, but remained perfectly cool and collected. Hastily bundling the net over the side, I grabbed the axe and cut the line attaching the boat to the sawfish.

At that instant one of the sharks made a rush, and cleaving the water like lightning, ran his nose up over the back of the sawfish and fastened his jaws into the fin. Tugging at it with all his might, like a bug of bulldog, he tore a large piece out and gulped it down at one swallow. At this I experienced for the first time a realizing sense of the power and fierceness of the monsters.

'Get out your oars and help me pull up on the boat where they can't get at us!' I shrieked to Dick.

There now appeared to be five or six of the man-eaters round us, and they were gradually closing in on us, as if emboldened by numbers. Again there was a fierce rush at the sawfish; this time by two of the sharks, which fastened upon the carcass at the same instant and pulled in opposite directions. We sat as if spellbound, witnessing the horrible struggle without making an effort to escape. Until suddenly there was a grating sound under the keel, and our boat was lifted bodily several inches out of the water. It Dick had not promptly fallen down in the bottom, we should in all probability have been capsize.

One of the sharks had darted under the boat from the opposite side to attack the sawfish and as he rose had struck the keel with his back.

An oar which I had put over the side and was holding on to mechanically, was torn from my grasp and snapped in two by one of the monsters.

At this I became enraged and picking my gun fired the remaining charge of buck shot into the exposed back of the nearest shark. It was another most successful shot. The charge evidently penetrated to the backbone, as the shark instantly became paralyzed and began to sink, slowly turning over and exposing his white belly to view.

He was almost immediately attacked by his companions, and in a few moments the sharks, living and dead, and the sawfish, whole and what remained of it, were all mixed up together in a whirling tumultuous mass.

The water above them, as the horrible feast progressed, bubbled and boiled like a huge cauldron rocking our boat, and combining with the current to drive us farther away from our enemies.

'Now is our time, Dick!' I said, and we quietly took up an oar apiece and softly paddled up to where the water was only eight or ten inches deep. There we were safe from the attacks of the man-eaters.

The reaction now set in, and I broke down completely. Burying my face in my hands, for I could no longer look on the horrible scene, I begged Dick to pull back to the lighthouse I had somewhat recovered from my excitement and nervous exhaustion, and long before nightfall had completed arrangements with Dick to take a stroll up the beach in search of turtles' eggs.

Dick always insisted that my prompt action in throwing the net overboard and cutting the line made fast to the sawfish had saved our lives, and I became quite a hero with the keeper and his family in consequence. We afterward captured an immense man-eater, and I have his jaws and backbone, as well as the sawfish's snout, in my natural history collection at home.

Famous Guns. It is quite customary for English and Americans to give names to formidable cannon employed in their campaigns. The most celebrated gun used by the British in South African War was called "Joey Chamberlain," after the English colonial secretary, who is by the common understanding held chiefly accountable for the Boer War. Joey Chamberlain is a navy gun, and will go back on shipboard when his work on land against the Boers is over.

The largest gun used by the Boers in the siege of Ladysmith, and immortalized in the accounts of the siege written by Mr. G. W. Stevens, was called "Long Tom."

Joey Chamberlain is a new and original appellation for a cannon, but Long Tom has been applied to big guns before. The original Long Tom had a very strange and romantic history. It was—or rather is, for it still exists—a forty-two-pound gun of the old type, which was originally a part of

the armament of the French line-of-battle ship Hoche. It was captured by the British in 1798, and soon after was sold to the United States government.

The Americans placed it on the ship Geneva Armstrong, and after some minor adventures with barbarians it did good duty against its former captors. The British, by helping to run the blockade of New Orleans in 1814. Afterward the Armstrong was sunk by the British in the Harbor of Fayal, in the Azores. There Long Tom lay, dismantled, until a patriotic American procured permission to dig it up and carry it away, and it was brought to New York City in 1893.

Probably the most famous 'personified gun' of the Civil War of 1861-65 was the 'Swamp Angel,' which figured very largely in periodical literature and made a deep impression on the popular imagination. The Swamp Angel was an eight inch Parrott gun, which was mounted on a battery built on piles in a swamp in the harbor of Charleston, South Carolina, and used in the reduction of that city. The Swamp Angel sang its song a long time, and effected much destruction in Charleston.

At last, however, the Angel committed suicide by bursting, on August 22, 1863. It was sent to an iron foundry at Trenton, New Jersey, as old iron, and was about to be melted up when a soldier recognized it, and directed local public attention to it. It was rescued from the foundry; a granite pedestal was provided for it by subscription, and it was set up at the junction of two streets in Trenton as a monument. There it remains.

YEARS OF PAIN.

The Experience of Mr. William Smith, of Hawkesbury, Who Suffered for Many Years from Kidney Trouble.

From the Post, Hawkesbury, Ont. Everybody in Hawkesbury knows Mr. William Smith. He came here when the town was yet in its village days, as one of the lumber company's staff of mechanics. In 1881 Mr. Smith was appointed town constable, and filled that position until very recently. As is well known to many of Mr. Smith's friends, he has suffered much from kidney trouble for quite a number of years past, and at times the pain in his back was so great that he was almost physically incapable of exertion. He doctored a great deal, sometimes getting temporary relief, but the cause of the trouble was not removed, and soon the pains, accompanied alternately by chills and fever, returned. At last he came to look upon his condition as one which no medicine could permanently aid. Indeed his condition might still have been one of much suffering had not Mrs. Smith ultimately prevailed upon her husband to give Dr. Williams' Pink Pills a trial. "It seemed," said Mr. Smith to a reporter of the Post, "that it was a useless experiment, and yet I was willing to do anything that would bring relief. I had not used the pills long before there was undoubted relief, more in fact than I had obtained from any other medicine. I continued their use, and soon all symptoms of the trouble that had made my life one of much misery for many years was gone. I feel that I am cured, and have no hesitation in saying that the cure is due to Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, and I never lose an opportunity of recommending the pills to neighbors who may be ailing."

'Dr. Williams' Pink Pills cure by going to the root of the disease. They renew and build up the blood, and strengthen the nervous thus driving disease from the system. If your dealer does not keep them, they will be sent postpaid at 50 cents a box, or six boxes for \$2.50, by addressing the Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

MAKING WHISKEY IN PRISON.

Minister Sillis That Will Turn Out a Pint of Liquor in a Day. Acting on the principle that no whiskey is bad whiskey, and refusing even to acknowledge that some whiskey is better than other whiskey, certain prisoners in the Tower have, according to the statement of a man just released, erected miniature distilleries and have made the obnoxious thus driving disease from the eyes of the jailers. This condition of affairs is denied by the officials of the Tower.

Matt Hardee, an 'old man of the mountains' with a penchant for violating the law in so far as it endeavors to restrict his making 'mountain dew,' is authority for the statement that tiny distilleries are in operation in the Tower.

Hardee was discharged from the Tower on Friday after having served 120 days for 'moonshining.' He lives near Dallas, in Walton county, and on Friday night on his way home told an interesting story to a reporter as to how it is possible to make liquor in the jail. Here is the story:

'Yes, Bud, we have 'em in full swing right in the jail. We can't do without our liquor, it makes no difference where we are. When I was sent up for the first time four years ago, I made whiskey in the jail, and when I came back some time ago I rigged me up a moonshine factory at once.

'I took two coffee pots for boilers and after trading and scheming with the other prisoners I managed to get a rubber tube to make a worm. Then I was fixed so far as the apparatus went, but the next thing

that bothered me was getting meal. You see we government prisoners are allowed many privileges that the others are not. We can stroll about the yard and into the jail office, the kitchen, and, in fact, anywhere else we want to, except into the street. It was a small matter to get meal from the cooks on the excuse that I wanted it to parch or had the heat and wanted it to rub on my back.

'After getting the meal it was a small matter to make the real thing. You see the plant is small, but we could turn out about a pint every day. There were other fellows who had stills also and after making an all night run, using common tin lamps to get up heat, we had a right good lot next morning. Then we would proceed to get drunk. I made enough money in jail to pay my fare home, just by selling my stuff to other prisoners.'—Atlanta Journal.

WHERE HE BEAT HER.

'Is your husband accustomed to brow-beating you?' the attorney asked of the applicant for divorce. 'No sir,' replied the latter. It is generally on the back of my head he beats me or boxes my ears.'

BORN.

- Milford, July 1, to the wife of H. Muddal, a son.
Milton, July 5, to the wife of A. M. McNair, a son.
Casar, July 1, to the wife of Frank Dickie, a son.
Woodstocke, July 5, to the wife of J. P. Hall, a son.
Moncton, July 9, to the wife of Dr. C. T. Purdy, a son.
Milford, July 1, to the wife of Freeman Lyles, a son.
Yarmouth, July 7, to the wife of Irvine A. Lovitt, a son.
Amherst, July 5, to the wife of Stephen Coates, a daughter.
St. Croix, June 30, to the wife of Fred Ross, a daughter.
Barrington, July 3, to the wife of Henry A. Watson, a son.
Falmouth, July 3, to the wife of Herbert McDonnell, a son.
Newport Station, July 1 to the wife of Pe. cy Caldwell, a daughter.
Ferwood, Truro, July 12, to the wife of Albert B. Black, a son.
Cambridge, Mass., July 10, to the wife of Alfred B. Brown, a son.
Cheverie, Hants, July 3, to the wife of Alfred A. Spence, a son.
Fall River, Mass., June 20, to the wife of A. P. Rowley, a daughter.
Woodstock, July 1, to the wife of Thos. L. McCarty, a daughter.
Chipman's Corner, July 1, to the wife of Charles Fitch, a daughter.
Sand Beach, Yarmouth, June 30, to the wife of G. W. Wynan, a daughter.

MARRIED.

- Canard, July 2, William Harvey to Hattie Early, Moncton, July 11, Edward Chandler to Julia H. Sayre.
Married by Rev. S. J. MacArthur, James Tozer to Clara Purple.
Rosland June 28, by Rev. J. Colquhoun, J. Blair Kerr to Emily Swan.
Hastings, July 4, by Rev. W. J. Howard, Ernest Laird to Gertrude Myers.
Birch Hill, by Rev. D. Campbell, George Maclean to Lottie Jenkins.
Boston, July 4, by Rev. A. N. Crane, Charles H. Wain to Annie Crawford.
Dartmouth, July 6, by Rev. Wm. Ryan, Sinclair O'Brien to Addie Mosher.
Southampton, June 1, by Rev. T. Cumming, John W. Bell to Eugenia McIntosh.
Wolville, July 8, by Rev. E. M. Dill, Capt. Daniel Cochran to Annie Jenkins.
Amherst, July 11, by Rev. Welcome Bates, Esos McCullough to Edith Boyce.
Weston, June 27, by Rev. L. S. LePage, Frank Carpenter to Idelle Kidney.
Alton, Mass., June 27, by Rev. J. Wagner, Selim G. Foster to Marie Crawford.
Gloucester, July 4, by Rev. J. A. Forbes, Alex. MacMillan to Emma Hillier.
Glasville, July 4, by Rev. J. K. Beattie, Beecher Good to Gertrude Crawford.
Yarmouth, July 4, by Rev. W. B. Hamilton, Annie B. Whalen to T. A. Maloney.
Fredericton, July 4, by Rev. F. C. Hartley, Frederick Barker to Mary E. Smith.
Maltais, June 27, by Rev. George Martell, Robert McKenzie to Edith Simpson.
Fowal, July 18, by Rev. W. J. Howard, Albert J. Wain to Gertrude Myers.
Publico Head, July 5, by Rev. G. M. Williams, Lionel L. Hardy to Flora Hines.
Denver, Col., June 2, by Rev. C. M. Coburn, Robert Pearson to Mary Alberta Brown.
Salt Springs, June 27, by Rev. T. Cumming, George McKenzie to Elizabeth Murray.
Hoodport, Mass., July 3, by Rev. H. D. Marr, Arthur Betts to Mary E. Brown.
Boston, June 26, by Rev. A. D. MacKinnon, Duncan MacCalder to Jessie McLeod.
Portland, Me., July 3, by Rev. J. K. Wilson, Archibald Warren to Minnie E. Bellack.
Little Ridge, June 27, by Rev. W. Peacock, Franklin G. Dyer, to Margaret McKenzie.
Port Morien, July 5, by Rev. J. A. Forbes, Donald Ferguson to Catherine McGregor.
Prosser Brook, July 1, by Rev. L. N. Thorne, Warden E. Geldert to Rachel E. Garland.
West Fort LaTour, July 7, by Rev. J. Phalen, Norman A. Madden to Lillie McGray.
Webster, Mass., June 25, by Rev. T. T. Filmer, Harris H. Rogers to Jessie M. Hamilton.
Hay River, C. B., June 28, by Rev. D. McDonald, Donald Nicholson to Isabella MacKinnon.
Providence, R. I., June 27, by Rev. Thos. A. Fenlon, John W. MacDonald to Beatrice McDermott.

DEED.

- Amherst, July 3, James C. Smith, 52.
Halifax, July 15, Parker Moland, 56.
Dunby, July 3, Boer W. Wain, 56.
Tignish, July 3, Clement Chaisson, 79.
Wolville, June 28, Susanna Palmer, 78.
Montague, July 6, Donald Benton, 23.
Tasket, July 3, Mr. William Brayne, 84.
Rice Point, July 3, William Lowther, 78.
Amherst, July 15, Parker Moland, 56.
Pembroke, June 28, Alfred Tomlinson, 56.
Kings Co., July 10, Willard Demossion, 41.
Charlottetown, July 3, W. W. Stumbles, 78.
Cape Wolfe, June 28, Edward Lidstone, 61.
Cape Traverse, June 1, Newton Minter, 64.
Charlottetown, July 1, Malcolm Darrach, 61.
Oster Brook July 9, Mrs. John C. Tupper, 61.
St. George, June 30, Miss Nellie Davidson, 69.
Bridgenort, C. B., July 3, Eunice Beachford, 72.
Middle Covehead, July 10, Alexander Smye, 73.
Tatamagouche, July 1, Mrs. Robert Ferguson, 41.

- Mahon, C. B., July 4, Rachel, wife of Joseph Hunt, 66.
Port Bevis, C. B., Sarah, relict of Donald McLeod, 53.
Revels Croft, July 6, Mrs. Alexander Flemming, 40.
Wesley Bay, C. B., June 30, Sophia Helena U quart, 11 yrs.
T. u. o. July 10, Allie H., son of W. J. Roddick, 11 yrs.
Darius's Lark, July 9, Joanna, wife of Jesse Chis-chill.
Bear River, July 10, Charlotte L., widow of Thos. Ballow, 60.
Wolville, July 11, Maggie M., wife of Capt. Harry Demals, 32.
Boston, July 4, Annie E., daughter of Capt. Edwin Sanders, 35.
North River, July 8, Mary Ann, wife of John Charlton, 68.
Englehart, C. B., July 8, Catherine, relict of Angus McLeod, 88.
Gasperan, July 10, infant child of John and the late Adelaide Goldwell.
Popolagan, June 20, Margaret, daughter of Daniel and Jane O'Donnell.
Charlottetown, Mass., July 4, Janet Fraser, wife of William H. Shute, 36.
Mount Stewart, June 5, Edith C., daughter of James M. Clark, 19.
Northfield, June 4, Maud, eldest daughter of William Bell, 18.
St. John, July 3, Louisa S., widow of the late Thos. Wilder Daniel.
Eastport, July 3, Hazel, infant child of John and Abbie Leland, 3 months.
St. Stephen, June 28, Norman E., child of George and Flora Stuart, 4 months.
Marshfield, June 8, Isabella Macbeth, relict of the late Donald Macdonald, 83.
Charlottetown, July 7, Olive May, daughter of John and Lizzie Godkin, 5 months.

RAILROADS.

CANADIAN PACIFIC

CHEAP EXCURSIONS

Canadian Northwest.

From Canadian Pacific Stations in New Brunswick.

- Round trip Colonist class tickets.
Winnipeg, 92.00.
Moncton, 28.00.
Regina, 30.00.
Yorkton, 30.00.
Prince Albert, 30.00.
Calgary, 35.00.
Edmonton, 40.00.
Dunsmuir, 40.00.
Tickets good only June 18th, July 18th, and 19th, good to return until August 30th, Sept. 12th and 16th, 1900, respectively.
Tickets good to stop over at Dryden, Ont., Winnipeg and west therefor.
For further particulars write to:
A. J. HARTLEY,
D. P. A.,
St. John, N. B.

Dominion Atlantic R'y.

On and after Wednesday, July 4th, 1900, the Steamship and Train service of this railway will be as follows:

Royal Mail S. S. Prince Rupert.

ST. JOHN AND DIGBY.
Lve. St. John at 7.00 a. m., daily arrive at Digby 8.45 a. m.
Returning leaves Digby daily at 2.00 p. m. arr. at St. John, 4.45 p. m.

EXPRESS TRAINS

Daily (Sundays excepted).
Lve. Halifax 6.25 a. m., arr. at Digby 12.25 p. m.
Lve. Digby 12.50 p. m., arr. Yarmouth 3.25 p. m.
Lve. Yarmouth 3.45 a. m., arr. Digby 11.25 a. m.
Lve. Digby 11.45 a. m., arr. Yarmouth 3.50 p. m.
Lve. Annapolis 1.15 a. m., arr. Digby 8.50 p. m.
Lve. Digby 8.50 p. m., arr. Annapolis 4.50 p. m.

FLYING BLUENOSE.

Lve. Halifax 9.00 a. m. arr. in Yarmouth 4.00 p. m.
Lve. Yarmouth 8.15 a. m. arr. Halifax 3.15 p. m.

S. S. PRINCE ARTHUR AND PRINCE GEORGE.

YARMOUTH AND BOSTON SERVICE.
By far the finest and fastest steamer plying out of Boston. Leaves Yarmouth, N. S., daily except Sunday immediately on arrival of the Express Trains from Halifax arriving in Boston early next morning. Returning leaves Long Wharf, Boston, daily except Saturday at 4.00 p. m. Unexcelled cuisine on Dominion Atlantic Railway Steamers and Palace Car Express Trains.

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, at the wharf office, a ticket from the steamer, from whom time-tables and all information can be obtained.

P. GIFFKINS, superintendent, Kentville, N. S.

Intercolonial Railway

On and after June 18th, 1900, trains will run daily (Sundays excepted) as follows:—

TRAINS WILL LEAVE ST. JOHN

- Suburban for Hampton..... 6.50
Express for Campbellton, Pugwash, Pictou and Halifax..... 7.15
Express for Halifax, New Glasgow and Pictou..... 11.10
Express for Amherst..... 12.00
Express for Lunenburg..... 12.45
Express for Quebec, Montreal..... 12.55
Express for Halifax and Sydney..... 23.45
A sleeping car will be attached to the train leaving St. John at 12.35 o'clock for Quebec and Montreal. Passengers transfer at Moncton.
A sleeping car will be attached to the train leaving St. John at 22.45 o'clock for Halifax, Pictou, and Montreal express.

TRAINS WILL ARRIVE AT ST. JOHN

- Express from Sydney and Halifax..... 6.00
Suburban from Hampton..... 6.25
Express from Amherst..... 6.35
Express from Quebec and Montreal..... 11.50
Accommodation from Moncton..... 12.15
Express from Halifax..... 12.50
Express from Lunenburg..... 13.15
Express from Hampton..... 23.50
All trains are run by Eastern Standard time Twenty-four hours notation.

D. FORTINGER, Gen. Manager
CITY TICKET OFFICE, 7 King Street St. John, N. B.