



TRYING TO RUN BOSTON.

HOW THE A. P. A. TAKES A PART IN THE BAY STATE POLITICS.

The Position of the Republican Party in the Elections—Massachusetts Courts and Judges—The List Drawn as to the Clothing to be Worn in Court.

BOSTON, Oct. 9.—It is generally supposed here that what is known as the American Protective Association, or the A. P. A., is composed almost entirely of provincialists. This association is anti-catholic, with the little red school house as its badge, and just at present it is up to its neck in politics. Its influence was feared a week or more ago, and it is the subject of much concern to the politicians today, but at the recent republican convention when the organization showed its hand in opposition to the regular republican candidate, the hand was surprisingly small.

Yet for all that the republicans did not repudiate the disinterested and as a result the political situation is pretty well mixed up. The new organization has a large following, it has a daily paper which claims to have a large circulation, and it has been most persistent in its efforts to control the republican party. It will be a long time, however, before it is able to do it, and it is generally predicted that the movement will fall flat before the object of its leaders is attained.

The democrats have repudiated the organization and have been sailing into it and its religious intolerance in the most aggressive manner. In this and other ways the A. P. A. has received recognition, and whereas it was not considered worthy of attention a year or more ago its influence is now taken into consideration by politicians when they are making estimates or plans for the campaign.

This new element will have the effect of splitting up the parties considerably on election day. There are hundreds of republicans who cannot stand the narrowness and religious fanaticism of the A. P. A. and the party managers are doing considerable straddling to keep these in line.

With the new party, name is everything. For instance, the greatest fight of the campaign so far was over the nomination of sheriff. The A. P. A. element had a candidate in opposition to a man who had held the office for years and has been on both the republican and democratic tickets every time. He is a man who is thoroughly acquainted with the duties of his office and about whom there has never been a word of complaint; something very unusual in the case of a public man. But his name happened to be O'Brien, and that settled it so far as the new element was concerned.

He carried the convention, however, although the fight was a hot one and some of the speeches were of a most pointed character. In fact the man who seconded the nomination of O'Brien's opponent was so rabid and bitter in his remarks that even the A. P. A. had to repudiate him, and the newspapers could not print much of his speech because of a fear of libel suits.

This is the way things are going all along the line. There are petty fights of a like nature in many outside places, and in the different wards of the city, all of which have a tendency to make things interesting and cause considerable doubt as to the outcome on election day.

The result of the republican state convention showed that the A. P. A., is not as powerful as many thought it to be. Their nominee for governor, Elijah Morse of Rising Sun stove polish fame only received 391 votes out of 1762.

This was somewhat of a set back, and one of the most remarkable things about the whole affair was the statement of Mr. Morse to the effect that he did not know he was going to be nominated. This, however is characteristic of the new party. Few of its members will acknowledge their membership. Although Mr. Morse has been a big card at all the A. P. A. meetings he claims that he is not a member of the association, and while he seems half ashamed to be identified with it, he still comes to the front on all occasions as the exponent of that particular kind of patriotism peculiar to the organization.

Boston is a queer town. Within a week or so the courts have decided that the fight or passage at arms between Joe Wolcott and Dick O'Brien, as a result of which the latter was a sorry sight, was not a prize fight, and as a result boxing contests, so called, will be held as usual. It has also been decided that the kouts-kouta dance of the World's Fair midway is not indecent, so long as young women find this a way of making their living. But the German band must go.

The courts have nothing to do with the German band, but the police commissioners have, and this board has decided that the noise made by the German street musicians is not music. German bands have been very numerous in Boston of late, and many of these alleged musicians have found their profession so profitable that they have made Boston their home, and go about their business day after day over their different routes much the same as peddlers do. Now they must go elsewhere. So far all other street musicians can go the rounds as usual, provided, of course they do not make too much noise.

Talking about the courts calls to mind the great difference between the halls of

justice of this country and Canada. I noticed a paragraph in one of the St. John papers some time ago about a lawyer who was not allowed to go on with his case because he had a light suit of clothes under his gown. A few days ago a man went to the United States court here to be naturalized and was sent home to dress in his Sunday best before the judge would have anything to do with him. But as a rule they are not so particular here. The lawyers do not wear gowns even in high courts. Neither do the judges, but they manage to put up a dignified front just the same. As regards to the people who come before the court, however, dress seldom cuts any figure.

In regard to naturalization, the mill has been pretty busy of late for the elections are on in dead earnest, and the politicians are looking out for the interests of their respective parties.

Many of those who go to take out their papers want to spend as little time over it as possible and get back to work again. It is this class which has aroused the ire of the judge. Butchers from Faneuil hall and Quincy markets appeared in court with their aprons on, and laborers on the streets went in just as they left the gutter, and perhaps left their picks and shovels standing just outside the courtroom door. They just simply made their appearance in court an incident of the day. The judge, however thought it a more serious matter, and threatened to hold some of the applicants for contempt of court. R. G. LARSEN.

MARTIN COMES TO TOWN.

The Editor of Butler's Journal Gets a Pass and Sees the Exhibition.

The current number of Butler's Journal tells of the pleasure enjoyed by the editor on his visit to St. John and gives some particulars of his trip across the bay to Nova Scotia. We have room but for one or two extracts.

Gets a Pass and Starts.

Through the courtesies extended to this press throughout the Dominion I have been in the habit once a year of taking a pleasure trip to different parts of the country, and last month made up my mind to take a trip to Montreal on the pressing invitation of my good friend T. B. Warren to visit him at his home at that place, but the C. P. R. proving relentless and the I. C. R. filling me at the last moment, (although I had been kindly tendered a pass by the R. Chaleur & Ontario Navigation Co., from Quebec to Montreal and return) I thought myself of my friends in St. John and applied to the manager of the famous Star Line with the result that in due time I had the satisfaction to receive the coveted document which entitled me to a trip to St. John and return.

So on Monday morning I got up bright and early, got breakfast and my wife putting me up a lunch I started for the wharf, where I waited until the steamer's time for starting, which was sharp eight, and getting on board the planks were hauled in, the famous old David Weston swung around the stern of the Dominion redge and headed down river, passing many a familiar island and country side and making excellent speed.

Welcome by the Press.

Reaching St. John, Martin visited the exhibition and saw the sights. He continues:

What struck us the most was the courteous, unselfish and whole-hearted welcome extended to us by the newspaper fraternity, by the editors, staffs and bands of the R. Nord, Progress, Telegraph, Sun and Globe.

Trust in Humanity Restored.

We shall never forget it—their exceptional kindness has sunk deep into our heart and did much to restore our confidence in ourselves, which was badly shattered by the refusal of the C. P. R. and I. C. R. of the usual courtesies. At the Press Room in the Exhibition Building we do not put it too strong when we say we were lionized not only by the St. John scribes but by the country editors who were there in a body. But enough, we left with overflowing hearts, a sense of thankfulness and a firmer faith in our fellow men; and the memories of this, the pleasantest trip we have ever made, will long serve to brighten our life. And if we never meet again, we can go our separate ways with the knowledge that the day has not been lost that has brought together in equality, brotherly love and sweet companionship, human hearts which should ever beat in unison, and softened the asperities, cavils and daily struggles of this unsympathetic and work-a-day world.

His Cynicism Vanishes.

I must not neglect to bear witness to the cordial welcome given me by the editors and staffs of the Annapolis Spectator and Digby Courier. "A fellow feeling makes us wondrous kind," and I might add that the courtesy, respect and even distinguished attention shown to me all along the trip both in St. John and Nova Scotia has gone far to knocking completely out of my brain the few remnants of that cynicism, skepticism and distrust in God and man that descended as a legacy to me from years of ill treatment and neglect in the old dark days, gone, I hope, never to return.

Concluding Peroration.

In due time we arrive at St. John after a stormy voyage, where I go to my hotel, and on the next day, (Friday) take in the exhibition, which space forbids me to describe if I had the ability. The trip up in the David Weston next day was pleasant and agreeable and I reached home at 4 o'clock after one of the most interesting, never having been for a moment homesick during the whole time. I can only add in connection that the memory of the courtesies shown me by the Star Line, the officials of the Monticello and the Press and people of St. John and Nova Scotia, has struck a note of harmony in my soul that will go sounding down the ages until the it is picked up by angel harps and makes an unceasing sound in the glorious "TO BE."

Advice to the Boys.

We would warn the boys that if the

don't stop shouting out names at us on the public streets we will have them looked after. It is getting rather monotonous and we feel that we have stood it long enough. The little ones who have no better sense, if their parents don't teach them some one else will and the big ones will be summarily dealt with as we have a list of their names ready to hand in to the Police Magistrate on their very next offence. So, boys, be on your guard as we mean it.

PREPARED SULTAN.

How the Remains of a Dead East Indian Were Cared for in London.

In a white-draped mortuary at the back of No. 38 Keppel street, Russell square, is a quiet-looking early Victorian red-brick house of exactly similar appearance to hundreds of other houses in red-brick rows in Bloomsbury, the body of his late Highness, the Sultan of Johore, is lying embalmed in semi-state. The house is that of Dr. Chas. Bayl, Chevalier de la Legion d'Honneur, Commander de St. Gregoire-le-Grande, a French scientist who has made a special study of the art of embalming.

When you enter at the street door the faint scent of heavy perfume strikes you and grows less faint as you walk along the hall. Then a door is opened; you notice that it is painted in the prevailing Bloomsbury tint on the outside and hung with white cloth on the inside. As you walk down white-carpeted stairs into a chamber built out at the back of the house where once was a garden, the heavy perfume comes at you heavier and more powerful, and separates itself into several distinct and conflicting scents.

Before you, hiding something behind it, a screen, a white, standing in a room of which the walls and ceilings are covered with white and the floor is carpeted with white, seen in a white, soft, subdued light coming from a skylight visible with white cloth. The screen hides everything in the room but its ghostly self, and high upon the white hangings of the opposite wall, the crescent and star of the East in dull red that thrust itself out from the white like a moaning in the night.

The dim whiteness of the room, the heavy perfumes, the somber touch of red tell quite as plainly what it is that lies behind the screen as could black velvet and silver, burning tapers, and the damp scent of dying flowers. In the middle of the room on a low trestle bed, white draped, the dead Sultan lies, to all appearances calmly and peacefully asleep. Dr. Bayle's balsams have changed death into sleep, and he lies with his gray mustache and wavy hair and his black arched eyebrows, his handsome, soldierly, dusky features smoothed and softened, and with his eyelids lightly closed in the calm and perfect repose which easy slumber brings to the face of the man of the world. He looks exactly as one who knew anything of the Sultan would expect him to look in sleep.

On his breast there lies a bound manuscript copy of the Koran, and under it, placed there by the priest in accordance with some custom or belief, a pair of scissors. On the white floor beside the bed are the large paper bags of perfume—one of rosemary, one of patchouli and the other of rose leaves. The rosemary is for remembrance as well as for pungent odor, and, perhaps, besides their strong perfumes, the patchouli and dried crumpled rose leaves may have their meanings. The wonderful triumph over decay has been effected by Dr. Bayle's system of arterial injection.

But not that system only has been carried out. In the Oriental system of embalming the body is eviscerated and the organs removed and purified. In the old days they knew no other way, and what they did in the old days is, according to Eastern ideas, the only decorous thing today. So the doctor has taken out the internal organs, washed and cleaned them, applied his preservative treatment to them separately, and then replaced them in their proper positions. But that was only to satisfy the ideas of the Sultan's court as to what was right and in order. Still it was not necessary; it was not scientific, Dr. Bayle says.

Four pints of the preservative fluid, of which he holds the secret, forced through the arteries by air pressure would have sufficed. "You see," he says, "the body is already beginning to dry; the hand becomes to be a piece like of wood; the foot is the same; the face I treat in a different way, so as to give it the appearance of softness; but you shall see that ear; it is already like a piece of leather." The ear looks warm and soft and natural enough, but when you touch it it is set stiff and hard. The legs are bound tightly around with strips of cloth, and another goes under each instep, keeping the feet in position.

In a day or two the binding will be varnished, and then all will be ready for the sleeping Sultan to be put in his coffin with the rosemary and the patchouli and rose leaves on top of him. "And those bandages are not removed when the embalming is complete?" the visitor asked. "Those bandages," said the doctor, "shall be removed never." Never is long time.

The Sultan—his full name was Tunkoo Abubakar bin Ibrahim, known as Abu Bakar, Sultan of Johore, or more correctly the Tamongong—died officially on Tuesday the 4th of June, 1895. That was the day on which his ministers and court, hav-

ing in the meantime, no doubt, taken the necessary precautions as to affairs in Johore, finally abandoned all hopes of his being alive. On that same day the body was taken to Dr. Bayle, and there were then present indications that his death had taken place quite a week earlier. The embalmed body will remain where it is for two months longer, and then the Sultan will go back to Johore to be buried in the tomb of his ancestors.—Pall Mall Gazette.

Don't for Young Men.

1. You must not go into debt. Avoid debt as you would the devil. Make it a fundamental rule: No debt—cash or nothing.

2. Make few promises. Religiously observe even the smallest promise. A man who means to keep his promises cannot afford to make many.

3. Be scrupulously careful in all statements. Accuracy and perfect frankness, no guesswork. Either nothing or accurate truth.

4. When working for others sink yourself out of sight, seek their interest. Make yourself necessary to those who employ you, by industry, fidelity and scrupulous integrity. Selfishness is fatal.

5. Hold yourself responsible for a higher standard than anybody else expects of you. Keep your personal standard high. Never excuse yourself to yourself. Never pity yourself. Be a hard master to yourself, but lenient to everybody else.

6. Concentrate your force on your own proper business; do not turn off. Be constant, steadfast, persevering.

7. Do not speculate or gamble. You go to a land where everybody is excited and strive to make money, suddenly, and without warning for it. They blow soap bubbles. Steady, patient industry is both the surest and safest way. Greediness and haste are the two devils that destroy thousands every year.

8. Lastly, do not forget your father's and your mother's God. Because you will be largely deprived of church privileges, you need all the nerve to keep your heart before God. But do not despise small churches and humble preachers. Mind not high things, but condescend to men of low estate.

Read often the Proverbs, the precepts and duties enjoined in the New Testament. May your father's God go with you and protect you.—Beecher.

Ice Tombs in the Alps.

A skeleton has been found in one of the fissures of the Ademello glacier, in the Southern Tyrol, which is thought to be that of an American tourist of the name of Rath, who disappeared in 1890. These fissures cleave glaciers at all angles, and it is very easy to slip into one of them. When once in it is hardly possible to get out without outside help. And the warmth of the body melts the ice around, so that the victim slowly descends by his own weight into the depths of the glacier, and generally starves to death. O. looking into these fissures the most beautiful play of light in blue and green and rainbow colors is seen away down. But these are but enjoyed from the safe vantage ground of the upper, outside world, rather than down in the depths and close at hand. In some instances, it is said, bodies have been preserved down in these fissures in the ice for years.—Hartford Times.

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Musical score for piano, titled 'MARCH MILITAIRE-2' by M. Derickson. It consists of six systems of music, each with a treble and bass clef staff. The score includes various musical notations such as notes, rests, and dynamic markings. It also includes a 'TRIO' section and a 'FINE' marking.

Musical and Dramatic.

IN MUSICAL CIRCLES.

The St. John Oratorio Society had a business meeting last Monday evening at which it was decided to resume the rehearsals as soon as practicable. The resignation of Mr. Charles Fisher as conductor of the society was read and accepted. Mr. Fisher remains in England for the present I believe. A change was made in the directorate of the society by the election of Mr. Crawford to succeed Mr. Harrison who is going to Seckvill. There will be a special meeting of the society this evening to receive the report of a committee appointed for some business purposes.

St. Andrew's church has at length secured an organist in the person of Mr. Thomas Athoe, a young Englishman who is now connected with a church in Truro, N. S. I believe Mr. Athoe will assume charge of the organ in St. Andrew's in the early part of next month.

Tones and Undertones.

Jessie Bartlett Davis who is the contralto of the Bostonians, made her debut in grand opera. She says it was Colonel Mapleson who engaged her, but she adds, it was not because he considered her unearthened a genius. It was due to the fact that every one else refused to substitute for the role of Siebel at ten minute's notice. I was considered better than the alternative of dismissing the audience.

J. Aldrich Libbey is singing with Jules Grau's opera company this season.

H. C. Barnabee and wife celebrate their golden wedding in Chicago quite recently. Jessie Bartlett, Davis Viola Allen and Wm. H. Crane contributed to the delight of the occasion.

Miss Nita Carriste, it is said, is to appear in comic opera at the Garrick theatre in New York on the 21st inst.

Walter Damrosch's opera "The Scarlet Letter" will have its first production in Boston during February next. It will be sung in English.

A Parisian newspaper is the authority for the statement that Mile. Calva's marriage is not far off.

Marwick, the violinist, is due to arrive in New York on the 29th inst. per steamship Le Champagne.

"The Bohemian girl" drew large audiences at the Castle Square theatre, Boston, last week Miss Clara Lane and Mr. J. K.

Murray have become great favorites at this house.

The Ariel quartette of Boston sang in the Berkeley Temple institute course, Boston, last week. The members of this quartette are: Miss Jeanette Fernandez, Miss Gertrude Christie, Miss Fanny E. Holt, and Miss Emma V. Foster.

"The Wizard of the Nile," a new comic opera in three acts, music by Victor Herbert and book by Harry B. Smith, received its first presentation last Monday evening at the Alvin Theatre in Pittsburg, by a company including Frank Daniels, Walter Allan and Dorothy Morton.

Leon Margulies has engaged Frau Amalia Materna, the famous Wagnerian singer, for a farewell tour of America, which will extend to the Pacific coast. This will positively be her last appearance in public in America, as Frau Materna has decided to retire from public life.

Miss Sophia Traubmann, who sang in New York several years ago in opera and concert, arrived there on the Normanna a few days ago. She will sing in Carnegie Hall, on the night of Sunday, the 13th inst.

Sir Augustus Harris has arrived in New York in connection with the production of "Hansel and Gretel." He calls it his first real American venture and considers the little opera a "gem." Sir Augustus returned to England today 12th inst.

Madame Patti is reported to be seriously ill and may be obliged in consequence to abandon her plans for the near future.

The estate left by Von Suppe, which comprises real and personal estate is estimated at 300,000 marks and royalties. This is divided equally between his widow and his grand children.

Miss Maud Rondebush, an American singer, has just made an overwhelming success at the concert Symphoniques at Ostend, Belgium.

Mr. Sim Reeves, accompanied by Mme. Mand Repe and other artists, is said to be contemplating a tour in Australia. This is rather a long journey for an eminent vocalist of 75; but Sir Charles Halle, who is in his 77th year, has just concluded a successful tour, and is on his way home from South Africa.

A three act opera on the subject of "Shakespeare's" "The Taming of the Shrew" to be called "La Furia Domata" is being written by the Italian Composer

Spiro Samata. It will be produced at La Scala, Milan.

Italian opera composers are said to be very busy just now. Sixty four new operas are already announced for production this season.

It is 45 years since Paganini, the wizard of the violin, was buried at Ravenna, but when his grave was opened a short time ago, to make some repairs, his face was in such a perfect state of preservation that the family ordered photographs taken of it. It is a most gruesome and awful idea, but none the less these photographs which it is said will soon be for sale in the Paris picture shops, will doubtless be sought as great curios.

The London Musical Standard continues its crusade against opera singers. It says: "As the rule, your opera singer is a very commercial person, and lazy withal so that his motto would seem to be, 'do as little work as you can for the money.' It really must be a delightful thing to be an opera singer, for you have only to learn half a dozen parts and you are set up for life. You must study 'Faust' 'Romeo et Juliet,' 'Trovatore,' and a few of the stock operas, or you may elect to limit yourself to 'Carmen' and 'Cavalleria,' and go on playing them, season after season, until you or the opera die of old age."

Tamagno is said to have a lovely home at Varese, near Milan, in which is a theatre where he and his daughter, now 15 years old, give numerous performances for his friends. He has amassed much wealth but says he can live on two dollars per day and be quite content.

Paderewski is expected to arrive in the United States on the 23rd. inst. per steamship Tentonic.

The "Messiah" was given at the Leeds Festival, under the direction of Sir Arthur Sullivan, who wisely resolved upon the excision of the symphonies to certain of the airs and at the same time, struck out some of the repeats, so that without injuring the music in the slightest degree, the oratorio played closer, and admitted of the restoration of one of the numbers that are usually cut out. There is a good example for imitation here, except in regard to the restoration of omitted numbers.

Mme. Schumann has just celebrated her 76th anniversary of her birthday. She was born at Leipzig, and it was in her native place that she made her debut when she was but 10 years old. She married in 1840 Robert Schumann, who died 16 years later after exerting a marked influence on

her style as a pianist and the choice of works which she interpreted.

"The Black Patti"—S. Sieretta Jones—who is now singing in Berlin, was engaged by cable yesterday to appear at Proctor's Pleasure Palace for two weeks next month, at a salary of \$1,000 per week. At the expiration of the two weeks she will return to Europe to fill a long engagement in Paris.

TALK OF THE THEATRE.

It is said there are about ten thousand members of the theatrical profession in the United States. The proportion is six thousand actors and four thousand actresses.

A play entitled "A Cat's paw" or "Jonathan on the Continent" has been written by Max O'Rell. It is said to be witty.

The Hanlons of "Superba" fame in more recent years, once gave ninety-two performances of a play in one week in St. Petersburg.

Fanny Davenport will open her engagement with either "Fedora" or "La Tosca."

Amy Busby who is making such a hit in the role of Margaret in "The Fatal Card" at the Boston Museum, is the sister of Miss Georgia Busby who was here with Harkins in his 1894 company. She was the lady of willowy figure and undulating movement in walking, and quite pretty.

There are three scenes in the fourth act of "Burnah" now having a run at the Boston theatre and it is said there is not a woman in either of them.

"In Sight of St. Paul's" Sutton Vane's melodrama is meeting with much favor at Bowdoin Square theatre, Boston. In one of the acts there is a choir of boys surprised, speaking of which feature a newspaper "The surpluses of these choir boys in, "In Sight of St. Paul's" must have been made by a person who never saw a surprised choir even in a picture."

"The Social Highwaymen" which is a dramatization of a story published in Lippincott, has been successfully presented by Messrs Joseph and E. M. Holland at the Garrick theatre, New York.

The theatrical sensation in Boston is and has been the advent of Sir Henry Irving and Company of which Miss Ellen Terry as usual, is the leading lady. The Bostonese crowd the theatre (the Tremont) at each performance of "King Arthur" although "the Bell" and "Nance Oldfield" were not well received, apparently because they were seen so often before. A critic of the Irving season says: "So long as Mr. Irving continues to give such productions as "Bocks" and "King Arthur

he can not fail to find a welcome in every country where art is appreciated."

Julia Arthur plays Elaine in "King Arthur" by Irving's Company and her work is pronounced "good." In the play Elaine lies on her bier in sight of the audience for twenty minutes, but it is not the Julia seen in the play, but her understudy for that scene, in the shape of "a wax figger."

The theatrical man of the Philadelphia Inquirer, a copy of which paper of a last month's date has just reached me, in a notice of "Saratoga" at the Girard Avenue theatre in that city, has a kind word to say of Miss Ethel K. Mollison of this city, who is a member of the company playing there this season. I cheerfully chronicle the notice which reads, "A bewitching stage picture was always made by Miss Ethel K. Mollison, as Mrs. Carter. The costuming of the ladies was rich and tasteful in the extreme." In this connection I trust before very long I may have the pleasure of chronicling distinction for this young lady and honor as well, for her, in respect to superior attainment and real clever work in the profession she has selected. I believe her to be talented and that with close application and hard work, supplemented by her other gifts, she will speedily gain prominence in the theatrical world. The experience of the more distinguished on the stage is that there is no royal road to success.

Miss Lotta Lynne, who will be remembered as a member of Arthur Roban's company which produced Miss Mollison's play at the Opera house, is a member of the Girard Avenue theatre Stock company of this season. Another St. John favorite, Miss Emma Maddern is also in that company.

When Augustin Daly shortly produces "Henry IV." Miss Rehan will appear as Prince Hal, and James Lewis will be Falstaff.

Milo Rhea has just produced a play by Paul Kester. It is of the romantic order and is called "Nell Gwynne."

Olga Nethersoles next American season will open at Albany N. Y. on the 21st inst.

Madame Modjeska was playing at the Garrick (N. Y.) theatre last week.

Otis Skinner has made a hit with his new play "Villon, the Vagabond." The play itself is much commended also. Its setting is France in the fifteenth century. Mr. Skinner is pronounced "magnetic, versatile and artistic." The honors were shared by Miss Maud Durbin, he says a writer "her Denise was an spontaneous

genuine and graceful a portrayal as is often seen."

A repertoire manager at present barnstorming in New England, has in his company a versatile young man who plays everything for which he is cast—even children's parts. One night he was announced to play Eva, but unfortunately he had a five days' growth of whiskers of which he was unable to rid himself. A shave was absolutely necessary and he applied to his manager for ten cents. The manager was short that evening and said he was sorry.

"But what shall I do?" asked the versatile young man. I can't play Eva with this face!"

"That's true," replied the manager thoughtfully. "I guess we'd better put up the Danits and you can play your old part of Jos Saunders."

Mr. Frohman, it is said spent \$40,000 on the stage settings and furnishings of "The Masqueraders." Twenty-two London and Paris gowns worn in one scene cost \$17,500, and one of Miss Allen's dresses cost \$1350. Then all the furniture of the play was imported, and the custom house valuation of the gilt chairs used was \$135 apiece.

Fall and Winter Millinery.



Hats, Toques and Bonnets, Trimmed and Untrimmed. In the latest French, English and American styles. Inspection cordially invited. CHAS. E. CARBON & CO. 77 King Street



THE CELEBRATED



FOR SALE BY ALL GROCERS.



The King of Heaters THE "Fire King"

is one of the GREATEST HEATERS KNOWN.

It is VERY Economical on Fuel and is unexcelled for Warehouses and Large Stores. Made in four sizes. Price very low. For sale only by

SHERATON & WHITTAKER, 38 King St.

P. S. A full line of heating stoves now on exhibition.

"Famous" Baseburner

The Handsomest and Best Working Stove of this Class in America.



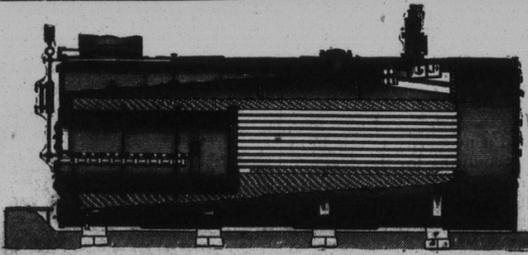
The construction of the flues gives it a greater heating capacity than any other. Entire base radiates heat. Made in two sizes, with and without oven. Oven is made with three flues same as a cooking stove. Double heater attachment by which heat can be carried to upper rooms. Beautifully nickelled.

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Featherbone Skirt Bone

Needs of Life. For Giving. STYLE AND SHAPE TO LADIES' DRESSES. A light, pliable, elastic bone made from quills. It is soft and yielding, conforming readily to folds, yet giving proper shape to Skirt or Dress. The only Skirt Bone that may be wet without injury. The Celebrated Featherbone Corsets are corded with this material. For sale by leading Dry Goods Dealers.



MONARCH ECONOMIC BOILERS

Require No Brickwork, Give Highest Economy.

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J. S. CURRIE, Agent, 57 Water Street, St. John, N. B.

Social and Personal.

St. John. Just as predicted last week there is a lull in social circles this week. Indeed, the city is much quieter than it has been for several months, and for the past eight days society has been resting from the dissipation of last week; and by way of a little quiet amusement, nursing a severe cold. I am afraid the social department of Progress will not be very interesting this week, but there is every reason to hope that next week will find it as gay as ever. A number of the young people are taking advantage of the beautiful weather for riding and several very merry groups have been out this week. On Friday of last week the Countess De Barry gave a dance that was thoroughly enjoyed by a large number. Among the young people present were Miss Lillian Hazen, Miss Luck, Miss Rudcliffe, Miss Vroom, Miss Bayard, Miss Furlong, Miss Ostrum, Miss Travers, Miss Nan Bergey, Miss Keator, Miss Donville, Miss Mabel Thompson, Miss Dever, Miss Robertson, Mrs. Lawson, Mr. and Mrs. Herbert Vroom, Mr. and Mrs. J. Roy Campbell, Mr. Grant, Mr. Hart, Mr. Geo. Jones, Mr. Stordes, Dr. Harry Travers, Mr. M. Robertson, Mr. Hansard, Mr. Herber Vroom and many others. Yesterday afternoon the Misses Parks gave quite a large tea, at which everything passed off most successfully and cheerfully. Mrs. Clarence Dimock has returned to Truro after spending some time as a guest of the Misses Bayard. The Misses Annie and Beattie Babbit who have been visiting here returned to Fredericton this week. Mr. and Mrs. Barclay Boyd have taken rooms at the Dufferin hotel for the winter. Dr. and Mrs. McIntosh spent Sunday in Marysville, guests of Dr. and Mrs. Sharp. Miss Donville is home from Newport for a two weeks visit to her parents at Rothesay. Miss Mabel Donville spent part of this week with Miss Jarvis. Miss Woodbridge of Fredericton who has been visiting friends here went home last week. Miss L. Clair Sullivan of St. Stephen was the guest of Miss Furlong for a few days lately. Miss Florrie Marsh of Fredericton is visiting friends here. Mrs. A. G. Blair is in Fredericton, visiting the Misses Travers and the Misses Pugsley. Mrs. R. Morris Hazen and the Misses Hazen went to Fredericton this week for quite a lengthy visit. Mr. Grant of the Bank of Montreal is in Halifax assisting the staff of that bank here. Mrs. G. B. Pugsley and the Misses Pugsley expect to return to Rothesay this week. Mrs. Harrison Kinneer is in Fredericton visiting her mother Mrs. Hunt. A marriage will take place in a short time in which one of the happy principals will be a young man in the whole department of a prominent dry goods firm and a young lady living on Esmouth street. Mr. and Mrs. Fred E. Sayre and Mrs. Chipman Smith went to New York the middle of the week. Mrs. G. Byron Taylor called from England for St. John on Wednesday. Mrs. Pugsley gave a tally-ho party to the races at Moosepath last week, the party went out in the coach "Aberdeen" and returned in time for supper; the party included Mr. and Mrs. W. B. Belyea, Woodstock, Miss Grace Bailey, Middleton, N. B. Mr. and Mrs. W. F. Mitchell, Grand Isle row. Mrs. Rufus Starr, R. G. Leckie, Misses Pugsley, Miss Baxter, Miss W. B. Humphrey. Mrs. H. H. Cullinan and Miss Cullinan of St. Stephen, have been visiting city friends recently. Mrs. James M. Cullinan has returned to her home in Amherst after a two weeks visit here with her friend, Mrs. A. Mitchell, Grand Isle row. Miss Edith Porter who has been the guest of Mrs. A. W. Reed for some weeks has gone back to St. Stephen. Miss Edna Kinneer has returned to Anagnone after a visit to friends here. Mr. E. W. Crookshank has been in St. Stephen lately as the guest of Dr. Frank Blair. Mr. Frederick Peckitt came from Calais this week and will spend the winter in the city. Miss Rita Ross of St. Stephen is in the city the guest of Mrs. C. A. Lockhart. Miss Marion Richardson of Calais is visiting St. John friends. Mrs. C. E. Bray and Mr. Jack Bentley have returned to Truro after a week's stay here. Mr. George B. Carrie and bride were here for a short time this week. Doctor and Mrs. E. N. Davis left this week for a two or three weeks visit to friends in the city. Dr. A. W. Reed of Boston who has been on a hunting tour through the province is staying in the city for a few days before returning to Boston. Messrs. Charles McLaughlin, C. M. Troop, F. W. Warren and J. U. Thomis returned from a duck hunting expedition up river on Wednesday. Mrs. F. Peters of Charlottetown with her two children and a maid were here for a part of the week. Miss Lena McLaughlin of Wren, P. Q., who has been visiting Mrs. T. W. Higgins of Horsfield street, went home this week. Miss Adla Parly left Wednesday for New York on her way to Leipzig to continue her musical studies. She has already spent three years in Leipzig and will remain two years this time. The marriage is announced this week of Miss Caroline Seely, daughter of the late Mr. Richard Seely, to Dr. Charles F. Gorham of this city. Miss Seely has been on a visit to Melrose, Mass., for some time, and the marriage took place at Trinity church, in that city, on Tuesday last. After the ceremony, Dr. and Mrs. Gorham left for New York, and are expected to return to St. John next week. Mrs. H. G. C. Ketchum of Amherst spent a short time in the city this week. Mrs. and Miss Chipman of Moncton spent a part of last week here. Miss Mills is in Campbellton the guest of her sister Mrs. Kilgour Shive. Miss Clara Steeves and Mrs. Trites of Salisbury are visiting relatives here. Mr. and Mrs. John O'Connor of Boston, who have been visiting St. John and Fredericton, were the guests of Mr. and Mrs. John Walsh at their summer home, Carter's Point, last Sunday. Mrs. D. D. Johnson and Mrs. John Beattie have gone home to Harcourt after a stay with friends here. Miss Flo Kingsley is in Newcastle visiting at "the Rocks." Mrs. Andrew Blair received her friends on Wednesday, Thursday and Friday of last week; she wore a beautiful dress of white silk and was assisted by three young lady friends who also looked lovely in becoming gowns; Mrs. Blair had a very large number of callers. Miss Estelle Kilham of Yarmouth is the guest of Mrs. Robert Blair, Orange street. Mrs. Ernest Benn, who has been visiting Mrs. McClellan of Mackenzie street, went to her home in Springhill today. Mrs. D. Egan of St. Stephen, who has been here visiting friends has returned home. Mr. Ernest Sprout of Digby arrived in the city last week and will take a course in Kerr's business college. The engagement of Miss Alice Todd of St. John to Mr. J. S. Currie, is reported. (Continued on next page.)

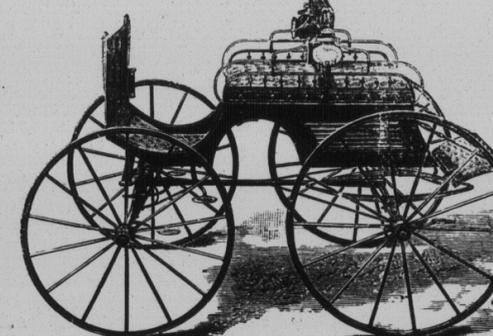
"Sickness sits cowered in his hollow eye." That is the Dyspeptic. He is very foolish to let it stay there; he should use JOHNSTON'S FLUID BEEF, the great strength-giver, and get himself into good condition again. A food specially adapted to weak stomachs because so easily digested.



AN OPEN BANGOR.

A NOBBY TURN OUT

One of the many styles made in the Edgecombe Carriage Factory.



A CUT UNDER

English Dog Cart,

Will hold Four Persons, back to back. Is easy to ride Nobby and stylish. Turns very easily and in small space Handsomely built by

JOHN EDGECOMBE & SONS Fredericton, N. B.

ASK YOUR DEALER FOR IMPERIAL SHADES. MENZIE, TURNER & Co., Cheapest, Strongest, Best. Sold by all reliable dealers.

ADVERTISE IN PROGRESS IT GIVES RESULTS

SOCIAL AND PERSONAL.

(For Additional Society News See Pages and Special Pages.)

HALIFAX NOTES.

There is for sale in Halifax at the following:

- W. H. BROWN'S BOOK STORE, 24 George street
W. H. BROWN'S BOOK STORE, 111 Hollis street
W. H. BROWN'S BOOK STORE, 111 Hollis street
W. H. BROWN'S BOOK STORE, 111 Hollis street

Last week was a very gay one indeed, and I hear that there is every prospect of a gay winter; I am told that some of the most brilliant of the season have already begun to appear in the city.

On Thursday Mrs. Enkin gave a dance at the Admiralty house, principally for the enjoyment of the "Middys." It was a pretty party, in a suitably manly manner, and enjoyed by everyone.

The autumn has been already begun and two very pleasant little gatherings took place last week. On Tuesday evening persons were here there and everywhere to see the capture and defence of the tower.

After the sports most of the guests hastened home for a little rest before going to a revival of "M. M. S. Pinetree," at the academy. The house was crowded and there were any number of the party.

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RIGBY! The Only Perfect Waterproof. The only Waterproof that is porous and does not confine the moisture of your body. POROUS! WATERPROOF! DRY! and COMFORTABLE.

Miss Campbell left this morning for Toronto, where she will visit her sister Mrs. Fraser. Miss Falconer entertained a number of her young friends Tuesday evening.

Miss Emma McMillan is visiting friends in South River. Miss Jean Murdoch who has been spending a few days in Halifax, has returned.

Miss Edna Wright has gone to Boston to enter the training school for nurses. Mr. Harry Jones has returned from a vacation trip.

Miss Maud Mumford spent some days in Halifax recently. Mr. and Mrs. Reginald D. King of Windsor are visiting Mrs. H. B. Allen.

Rev. Mr. Harley has gone on a vacation, his brother Rev. A. Harley conducts services at Holy Trinity in absence of the pastor.

Mr. and Mrs. Field and children have returned to Boston. Mrs. Peters has returned from a visit among friends in the United States.

Mr. and Mrs. Field and children have returned to Boston. Mrs. Peters has returned from a visit among friends in the United States.

John, after spending some time with Dr. and Moses Bayard, Germain street. Mr. and Mrs. C. de W. Smith have returned from a trip to St. John.

The Rev. D. W. C. Dimock and his daughter Mrs. Olive Cummings of Truro, made a short visit to their friend, Mrs. Dimock of Claremont, lately.

Miss Thom of Quebec is visiting her sister, Mrs. Wilcox. Mr. E. J. Cochran of the People's bank has returned from a trip to Montreal.

Saturday being the monthly Edgill holiday, our little town looked very much alive and brightened by several glib faces. Several gay parties were entertained at the different houses until nine o'clock the usual breaking up time.

The boys of the Collegiate school made a goodly showing as well, and certainly they are a band to be proud of. I believe the number is very large this year quite exceeding that of former years.

Rev. Chas. Abbott and bride made a little stay in Windsor on route to his parish at Sydney, C. B. Mr. and Mrs. H. Blanchard and Miss Blanchard have returned from Cape Breton.

I am glad to see Mr. Regis Lawson with an arm and shoulder in splints, as he is the son of Mr. Arthur Lawson who has gone to Boston, where he will spend his holidays.

Mr. and Mrs. Robert Bell, our newest bride and groom, appeared on Sunday, at St. Stephen's Presbyterian church, at the morning service, and at Christ church in the evening. The bride's gown was of a pretty shade of lawn cloth, trimmed with brown velvet, with hat to match.

Mr. and Mrs. F. B. Robb and Mr. J. H. Crocker enjoyed a pleasant drive to Springhill on Monday. Mrs. Clarence Trueman returned home from St. John on Monday, where she has been visiting her sister.

Miss Annie Parker, who has been visiting her mother, Mrs. W. Parker, Crescent avenue, returned to her duties in Boston on Saturday.

Miss Helen Ripps left for Boston on Saturday. Miss Leslie Deacon of Mt. Allison, was the guest of Rev. and Mrs. Williams, at the Methodist parsonage, over Sunday.

A very enjoyable tea party was given by Miss Helen Ripps last Wednesday evening, for her friend, Miss Ann Parker of Boston. Quite a large number of guests were present, who enjoyed themselves after the usual order of such events.

The ladies of the Methodist congregation are holding a goose supper in the basement of their church this [Wednesday] evening. The proceeds are to be devoted to paying off the debt on the church.

Miss Edna Dennis and Miss E. M. McLean left for Boston on Tuesday. A number of young folks were entertained at Mrs. F. M. Clay's on Monday evening.

Mr. N. H. Upham returned on Friday from a visit to his mother in St. John. Mr. Fred Corbett and Mr. Frank Gillespie who has been at home for the holidays left on Thursday for their respective colleges, McGill and Baltimore medical college.

Miss Maud Corbett is visiting friends in St. John. Miss Ella Alkman has returned to Boston. Miss Hattie Hatfield has gone for a visit to Lowell, Mass.

FOR Griddle Cakes there is nothing so good as The Ireland Co's Delicious Buckwheat Flour, Ready for immediate use. Needs no Salt, Baking Powder or Eggs. Ready Today at Your Grocers.

We Ship Wedding Cakes. They are of the finest quality, covered with our celebrated almond icing and handsomely decorated. Write for Catalogue to Harry Webb Toronto.

INFORMATION. The Transatlantic Publishing Company, 68 Fifth Avenue, New York.

DIAMOND DYES. These wonderful Dyes save thousands of dollars annually to happy homes in Canada. At this season, old, faded and soiled dresses, capes, jackets, and men's and boys' suits can be re-used and made to look as well as new.

TRUSSES. ELASTIC STOCKINGS, KNEE CAPS, ANKLETS AND SUPPORTERS. A FULL LINE. W. C. RUDMAN ALLAN, CHEMIST AND DRUGGIST, No. 85 King Street, St. John.

Fine Residence Grounds for Sale. The beautiful residence at present occupied by Walter Bradnee named "Westwood," St. Stephen, embracing five acres of well cultivated land, including a splendid garden is for sale.

Poor Tired Feet. Mr. Sutton Clark, St. George, N. B. In conversation on Sept. 13, '95, said: "Carriage has been running on hard road almost daily and does not rattle, nor have I spent a cent for repairs on it."

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THE TURNING POINT. TO HOME COMFORT AND SUCCESS IS GAINED BY THE USE OF DIAMOND DYES.

Price & Shaw, 222 to 228 Main St., St. John, N. B.

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eat Flour, use. Needs no Salt, or Eggs. Today at Grocers,

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They are the finest, with our celebrated almond icing and handsomely decorated.

W. Webb

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MAN ALLAN,

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Mrs. May Johnson.

Ayer's Pills

I have taken Ayer's Pills for many years, and always derived the best results from their use. They are easy to take, and

AYER'S PILLS

Highest Awards at World's Fair.

Ayer's Sarsaparilla for the blood

MONOTON.

[Progress is for sale in Monoton at the Monoton Bookstore, at the Central Bookstore and at Jones Bookstore.]

Oct. 9.—The young ladies of St. George's Junior Guild are holding a raffle and fancy sale in Victoria rink this week, their object being to raise funds for a new Sunday school house, as the present structure is in a state of positive dereliction.

To night a number of young ladies will present a cavalry drill, while members of the sterner sex engage in a ball trimming contest, thus reversing the usual order of things.

The risk is very beautifully decorated by the skillful hands of members of the guild and their friends, the fancy work booth which is largely the work of Mrs. G. W. Daniel, the art booth under the direction of Mrs. George C. Pick and the craft and obsolete booth designed and executed by Mr. A. C. Stead, being especially worthy of mention.

Mrs. Mary Fawcett returned on Saturday from Fort Erie, where she had been attending the meeting of the teachers' institute.

Mrs. Burbank, of Rockland, Maine, who has been visiting Mr. and Mrs. P. S. Archibald for the past few weeks returned home last week.

Mr. A. H. Jones, left town on Wednesday for Boston, where she had been attending the meeting of the teachers' institute.

Mrs. C. A. Murray accompanied by her friend Miss Nellie Ryan, went to St. John on Wednesday.

Mrs. J. J. Taylor returned on Sunday morning from Guelph, Ont., where she has been spending the past month.

Miss Laura McLean of Boston is spending a few weeks in town the guest of Mr. and Mrs. D. McLean of Cornwall street.

A BAD BREATH INDICATES A BAD STOMACH WHICH MEANS INDIGESTION.

K. D. C.

CLEANSSES THE STOMACH AND SWEETENS THE BREATH, AND BRINGS SOLID COMFORT.

A TEST PROVES IT THE BEST.

W. RITE FOR FREE SAMPLE.

K. D. C. CO., LTD.

NEW BRASGOW, N. S., CANADA AND 127 STATE ST., BOSTON, MASS.

N. D. HOOPER, St. John, N. B., Agent for New Brunswick.

Mrs. H. A. Borden returned on Saturday from a three weeks visit to relatives in Nova Scotia.

Rev. Thomas Hinch and Mrs. Hinch of Alberton, P. E. Island are spending a few days with Mr. and Mrs. H. B. Bell of Church street.

Miss Lefurgy of Summerside, P. E. Island spent a day or two in town last week, the guest of her sister Mrs. George McGowen.

Mr. E. T. Woodman of Boston, a Monoton boy who has made his home under the star spangled banner for a number of years, is spending a few days in town visiting friends.

Mrs. and Miss Chapman, returned on Friday from three days visit to St. John.

Mr. Fred Robertson of the General Passenger Agent's office, C. E., who has been spending a week in P. E. Island and North Sydney returned on Saturday.

Lieut. W. E. Cooke of Kingston, Ont., who has been spending a week or two at his home in Monoton, returned to his duties at Kingston, last week.

Miss Peck of Hopewell Hill who has been visiting Mr. and Mrs. J. P. Clark of Church street returned home yesterday.

Congratulations are being red to Dr. and Mrs. G. T. Smith upon the arrival of a small but most important addition to their family circle.

Monoton people are inclined to feel proud of the fact that a Monoton lady has won such an excellent reputation amongst the artists of the day as Mrs. G. H. Peck obtained at the late exhibition in St. John.

Mrs. F. C. F. Peck carried off no less than three prizes in the art exhibition, besides the first prize for point lace. The first prize for painting on glass, a second for bolting gold painting, and third for painting from life, were all awarded to her, and she is receiving congratulations on her success.

Mr. and Mrs. R. J. F. Fawcett returned on Monday from their wedding trip, and have been a house-keeping in one of Mr. Peter's pretty cottages on Alton street.

The Misses Bonness of Summerside, P. E. Island returned on Saturday from a visit to St. John, and Mrs. W. S. Bonness returned home yesterday.

IVAN.

ANAGONE.

Oct. 9.—Mr. George H. Davidson left for Boston on Saturday last, on a two week's trip. Mr. Clarence McCready of Apohqui, is a fugitive from the law.

Mrs. G. H. Davidson, Miss Bertie Davidson and Miss Mattie Fidler, who were visiting last week in St. John, have returned home.

Miss Edna Kincaid who was visiting friends in St. John for several days, returned home on Friday evening.

Miss Bessie Davidson of Victoria, who has spent the past few weeks with her mother on "Apple Hill," returned to her home on Saturday.

Mrs. Chas. Smith, Mrs. Willie Duffield, and Miss Ida L. Smith spent Tuesday last week in St. John.

ST. STEPHEN AND CALAIS.

[Progress is for sale in St. Stephen by Master Ralph Trimmer, and at the bookstores of E. S. Daggett, G. S. Wall and J. Vroom & Co. in Calais at the residence of E. F. Fawcett.]

Oct. 10.—Mr. and Mrs. C. F. Beard entertained a party of intimate friends from Calais on Monday evening; seven hundred euros was the amusement provided.

Mrs. Henrietta Blair, Mrs. Martha Downes, and Miss Alice Pike have been spending a day or two in Robinson with their friend Mrs. Balkam.



Sunlight Soap

is made in a twin bar (as shown above) for the sake of convenience; it is made of pure materials for the sake of quality; it is made by our peculiar processes for the sake of effectiveness (doing its work easily); it is made at the largest soap works in the world for the sake of supplying the largest demand in the world; it is used everywhere for the sake of

Less Labor Greater Comfort

For every 12 wrappers sent to us, we will send you a copy of our new book, "The Sunlight Soap Book."

N. D. HOOPER, St. John, N. B., Agent for New Brunswick.

Miss Maud Maxwell has returned from a pleasant visit to Boston.

Mr. G. H. Clarke was summoned by telegram to St. John on Wednesday by the sudden death of his brother Mr. Frank Clarke who has been an invalid for many years and who has been visiting in St. John for several weeks for the benefit of his health.

Miss Ida Berryman has returned from a visit to St. John.

Mr. Colin MacNicol of Eastport made a brief visit to Calais on Monday.

Miss Mattie Harris has returned from a pleasant visit to Boston and New York.

Mr. and Mrs. J. Gardner returned on Saturday from Montreal.

CAMPBELLTON.

[Progress is for sale in Campbellton at the store of A. B. Alexander, who sells and retails in dry goods, groceries, boots, and shoes, hardware, school books, stationery, furniture, carriages and machinery.]

Oct. 9.—Miss A. B. Stewart arrived home on Thursday from a two months visit to friends in Nova Scotia.

Miss Mills of St. John is the guest of her sister Mrs. Kilgour Shivers.

Mrs. James Patterson and family returned from their visit to Petticoat and St. John.

Miss Drouin of Lewis, P. Q., and Miss Donahue of Quebec were guests this week of Miss Bellelie.

Mr. Joseph Appleton of California is visiting his brother Mr. Walter Appleton. Mr. Appleton was formerly employed in the I. C. R. shops here, his former acquaintances are extending him a warm welcome.

Mr. Kerr of Bathurst is visiting Mrs. Henry Conacher.

HARROUET.

Oct. 9.—Mr. D. D. Johnston and Mrs. John Beattie, returned from St. John, on Saturday.

Mr. John Robertson, of Richibucto, and Mr. John Ford were in Harrouet on Monday.

Mr. W. McKay of Nova Scotia, occupied the pulpit of the Presbyterian church here on Sunday last.

Mr. and Mrs. Isaac B. Humphrey, and their daughter Lucy, returned on Saturday from a pleasant visit to Nova Scotia and the United States.

Mr. and Mrs. John Baxter, Mr. James Chrystal and Mr. Ben. McLeod attended the funeral of the late W. W. McEllis at Newcastle, on Sunday.

Mr. Thomas Steven of Lynn, Mass., is the guest of his uncle, Mr. W. W. Pridie.

Mr. and Mrs. J. S. Fleming are visiting friends in Toronto.

The funeral of a half-breed at the station on Friday morning, was attended by a large number of the sad tidings of the death of Mr. W. W. McEllis. Mr. McEllis has held the position of track master of the I. C. R. for several years, and has been for some time making a great number of friends. The funeral which took place on Saturday afternoon, was one of the largest ever held in Newcastle, deceased having been a member of Masonic, Orange and Forester lodges.

SUSSEX.

[Progress is for sale in Sussex by G. D. Martin R. D. Boal and S. H. White & Co.]

Oct. 9.—Miss Annie Ryan spent Sunday in Clifton with her sister.

Miss Corroy of New York is visiting here the guest of Mrs. E. D. Hanson.

Miss Mattie Brown who has been visiting on P. E. Island returned home last week.

Mr. C. B. Kincaid left on Monday for Costa Rica, Central America where he has accepted a local position for some time with Kincaid & Co. Mr. J. S. Sibley is attending the meeting of the synd on P. E. Island.

Mrs. W. H. White who has been in Queens Co., attending the funeral of her brother Mr. Partelow, returned home on Tuesday.

Mr. C. T. White of Apple River spent a few days of the week with his family here.

A very quiet wedding took place on Thursday the 3rd inst., at the residence of the bride's uncle Mr. John Humphreys, when Miss Eva Dele of this place was united in marriage to Mr. Angus Stock of Summerside, Mass. The happy couple left on the evening express for their future home.

Mrs. Gorham left on Wednesday for Kingston, Kings Co., to visit her mother.

Miss Abbie White daughter of Mr. George White of this place, was united in marriage on Wednesday to Mr. J. S. Sibley formerly of Canada, Kings Co., but now of St. John. The couple were unattended and only the immediate relatives were present.

Mrs. J. C. Lamb gave a very large party on Wednesday evening. The most noticeable dresses were worn by Mrs. A. Linton, Shidley, (for whom the party was given) cream cashmere and blue silk.

Mrs. G. S. Moore, black lace. Miss Smith, Clinton, Mass., pink silk. Mrs. Bertie Spronk, blue silk. Miss Lillian Taylor, cream crepon. Miss Mary Conig, cream cashmere and ruby velvet.

WOODSTOCK.

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

Oct. 9.—Two my friends of Mrs. Connell, widow of the late Hon. Charles Connell will regret to hear of her death which occurred at her residence on Saturday evening, after a long and severe illness. Mrs. Connell was for many years one of the leading society women of this province and all who have enjoyed her hospitality will have kindly remembrances of the gracious and courteous manner which she held to all. The funeral took place on Tuesday afternoon and was very largely attended.

Miss Bertha Peabody who has been spending the summer with her parents returned to Boston on Monday.

Mr. and Mrs. Fred Boyer of Victoria spent Sunday in town.

Mr. Ernest Clarke of the Peoples' bank of Halifax is spending his vacation here.

Mr. and Mrs. John Stewart arrived home to day from their bridal trip, after an absence of three weeks.

Miss Lizzy Hughes is visiting friends here. Rev. Dr. McLeod spent last week in Woodstock. Mrs. John C. Winsor is visiting friends in St. John.

Mr. R. E. Smith returned from New York this week.

ROXBORO.

Oct. 9.—Miss A. Allen, who has been visiting friends in Barwick, N. S., for the past two months returned home on Saturday last.



SILVERWARE OF THE HIGHEST GRADE.

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

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

THESE GOODS HAVE STOOD THE TEST FOR HALF A CENTURY. SOLD BY FIRST CLASS DEALERS.

asked for itself a wide spread reputation for its sterling quality and for its perfect finish.

The notes of the Bank of Montreal are exactly one half penny each.

Cuts and Kidney Difficulties.—Dr. J. W. Wilder, J. P., Lawrenceville, N. Y., writes: "I am subject to severe attacks of Colic and Kidney trouble, and had Parmelee's Pills the best medicine for these diseases. These Pills do not cause pain or griping, and should be used when a cathartic is required. They are delicate coated, and rolled in the Finest of Licorice to preserve their purity, and give them a pleasant, agreeable taste."

"I live up to our best it will grow better.—Seed."

Six Oils.—The most conclusive testimony, repeatedly laid before the public in the columns of the daily press, proves that Dr. Thomas' Eucalypti Oil—an absolutely pure combination of six of the finest medicinal oils in existence—remedies rheumatic pain, eradicates affections of the throat and lungs, and cures piles, wounds, sores, lameness, tumors, lacerations and injuries of horses and cattle.

You Don't Have to Swear off. The St. Louis Journal of Agriculture in an editorial about No-To-Bac, the famous tobacco habit cure. "We know of many cases cured by No-To-Bac, one a prominent St. Louis architect, smoked and chewed for twenty years; two boxes cured him so that even the smell of tobacco makes him sick." No-To-Bac sold and guaranteed to cure, no pay. Book free. Sterling Remedy Co., 374 St. Paul St., Montreal.

Dr. Carson's Cough Drops. Mrs. Henderson, 23 Cameron St., Toronto, writes: "I was suffering from pleurisy and had cough. I was wasted and very weak, having had to be propped up in bed. I was told to try Dr. Carson's Cough Drops. Six bottles restored me to perfect health. For sale by druggists everywhere. Price 25 cents. Allen & Co., proprietors, 55 Front St., East, Toronto."

Progress Print FOR QUICK, NEAT AND READABLE

Ontario Business College, 37th Year. Most widely attended in America. Affiliated with the Institute of Chartered Accountants.

ROBINSON & JOHNSON, Belleville, Ont.

J. & J. D. HOWE, MANUFACTURERS OF CABINET FURNITURE

Side Boards, Bookcases, Wardrobes, Office Desks, etc., made to order.

Wood Measures and Over Mantles in Oak, Cherry, Mahogany and Walnut.

Designs made and necessary information furnished upon application. Warehouses: 88 Germain Street.

Factory East End of Union Street. ST. JOHN, N. B.

A CHANGE IN TRURO, N. S. OFFICES TO LET in Black's Brick Block suitable for doctor, lawyer, dentist, etc. Also one store left in same block, very suitable wholesale or retail dry goods, hardware, furniture, etc. Apply to BLACK & CO., Truro, N. S. Wholesale Grocers.



SHARPS BALSAM OF HOREHOUND AND ANISEL. GROUP, WHOOPING COUGH, COUGHS AND COLDS. OVER 40 YEARS IN USE. 25 CENTS PER BOTTLE.

ARMSTRONG & CO., PROPRIETORS, GALT HOUSE, N. B.

ASK YOUR DRUGGIST FOR IT.



RAMSDELL'S DANDRUFF. CURE FOR For removing dandruff from the scalp in gray or faded hair to original color it chills the world to produce equal.

MANUFACTURED AT 87 CHARLOTTE ST., ST. JOHN, N. B.



Pacific Express

ralo, leaving St. John at 4:06 p.m., standard time week days only, is due in Montreal at 8:30 next a.m. in season to connect for Toronto, Detroit, Chicago, O'awa and Winnipeg, the West, North West and the Pacific Coast.

Solid train, including First-class and Colon and Sleepers to Montreal without charge. Dining Car to Brownville, etc. For tickets and other information enquire Ticket Agents.

D. McNICOLL, Gen'l Pass' Agent, Montreal. A. B. NOTMAN, District Pass' Agent, St. John, N. B.

THE DUFFERIN. This popular Hotel is now open for the reception of guests. The situation of the Hotel, facing as it does on the beautiful King Street, 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. L. E. ROUILLON, Proprietor.

Spring Lamb, Turkeys, Fowl and Chickens.

THOS. DEAN, 13 and 14 City Market

Sticky Fly Paper, Insect Powder, Fly Pads, 5 and 10c. A Package at

CROCKETT'S, Co., Princess and Sydney Streets

Copartnership Notice.

The undersigned, constituting a limited partnership under the laws of New Brunswick, under the name Merritt, Brothers and Company, which will expire on the first day of July, A. D. 1896, continue the said partnership until the first day of February, A. D. 1896, (one thousand eight hundred and ninety-six). Dated this twenty-seventh day of June A. D. 1895. J. F. MERRITT, G. WETMORE MERRITT, W. M. TURNBULL.

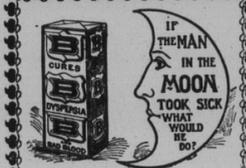
INTERNATIONAL S. S. Co. Three Trips a Week ...FOR... BOSTON

Commencing Sept 11th the steamer of this company will leave St. John for Eastport, Lubec, Portland and Boston, every MONDAY, WEDNESDAY and FRIDAY morning at 7 Standard. Returning will leave Boston same days at 8 a.m. and Portland at 8 p.m. for Eastport and St. John. On Wednesday trip steamers will not touch at Portland.

Connection made at Eastport with steamers for Calais and St. Stephen. Freight received daily up to 5 p.m. G. E. LAEHLER, Agent.

STEAMER CLIFTON.

On and after Monday, Sept. 23rd, the steamer "Clifton" will change her sailings. She will leave Hampton every Monday, Wednesday and Saturday evenings at 8:30 a.m., and returning will leave Hampton same days at 8 p.m.



Just spend his Four Quarters for a bottle of Burdock Blood Bitters

as all sensible people do because it cures Dyspepsia, Constipation, Eruptions, Sick Headache, Bad Blood, and all Disorders of the Stomach, Liver, Kidneys, Bowels and Blood from a common Pimple to the worst Scrofulous Sores.

Mr. George Birchall who has been confined to his home for several weeks with a severe attack of colic is slowly recovering.

Dr. and Mrs. Sprout are in Sussex the guests of Mrs. Hebr Sprout.

Mr. and Mrs. Jack Miller made a trip to Montreal last week.

Let the grapes be ever so sweet, and have in plenty ever so low, there is always a fair bunch out of reach.—A. D. T. Whitney.

Why suffer from weak nerves, want of appetite, and general debility, setting the loss of sleep and rest impoverish the system, and thin the blood of children, and delicate females, and Lyman's Quinine Wine may be had at any drug store. This article is recommended by the highest members of the medical faculty in cases of indigestion, general debility, loss of appetite, and nervous affections of all kinds. It is also specially indicated in cases of malaria, and delicate females, and to business men, students, and to those who have much brain work to do. We would say, "Never be without it." It will strengthen you, and keep your system in regular order, and enable you to successfully grapple with your work you have to do. It is pleasant to the taste and contains nothing injurious to the most delicate constitution. Remember to ask for Quinine Wine, prepared by Northrup & Lyman, Toronto, and we are sure you will be satisfied that it has full value for your money. Druggists sell it.

"I wish I had only had your chances," said a poor man to a rich friend, "Why I picked them up after you had passed them by," answered the friend.—E. Scott O'Connor.

Confusion as to the choice of a blood-purifier is unnecessary. There is but one best Sarsaparilla, and that is Ayer's. This important fact was recognized at the World's Fair, Chicago, 1893, being the only blood-purifier admitted to be placed on an exhibition.

A variety dealer in a town in Ulster announces he was as follows: "Blind, Bloodless, and Battered, Tremulous, Tar, and Treacle, Godly Books, and Gilt-edged Bibles."

To remove the constipated habit the only safe treatment, is a course of Ayer's Pills, followed by a laxative diet. Most other cathartics do more harm than good, therefore leading physicians recommend Ayer's Pills, especially as a family physic.

Big pimples and squashes are in some cases, raised, literally, by feeding them upon milk. An injection of milk is poured into the veins once or twice a day.

To prevent the hardening of the subcutaneous tissues of the scalp and the obliteration of the hair follicles, which cause baldness, use Hall's Hair Renewer.

The system of canals contemplated by Russia, will have a total length of 1,000 miles, and will unite the Baltic and Black seas.

Persons should go from home without a bottle of Dr. J. D. Sullivan's Pleasant Cordial in their possession, as change of water, cooking, climate, and other causes, may induce cholera, and there is nothing like being ready with a cure. A small bottle of this Cordial saves great suffering and frequently valuable lives. This Cordial has

SOCIAL AND PERSONAL

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 7)

Miss Leticia Saturday after a week's stay with city friends.

Mrs. George Fowler has returned to Glenview after a visit to friends here.

Mrs. Alex. Leggett and Miss M. E. Russell of Richfield were here last week visiting friends.

Miss Elizabeth Boston is on a visit to the city and is the guest of Mrs. J. F. Coster, Dorchester street.

Mrs. W. L. Prince entertained a large number of friends very pleasantly last evening at her residence on Elliott row.

The marriage of Mr. Claude Eville, of the Hall fax Baking Co., at Farsboro, to Miss Katherine Smith, eldest daughter of John M. Smith of Windsor, took place in that town on Wednesday morning.

North End.

Miss Emily Flowering left on Monday last for Ansburdale, Mass., where she will spend four or five weeks visiting friends.

Mr. Joe Carle returned last week from a pleasure trip up the river.

Mrs. Frank Flowering came home on Saturday last after enjoying four weeks with friends in Dorchester and Cambridge, Mass.

Miss Anne Skiller of St. Martin's has been the guest of Miss Kennedy and returned home this week.

Miss Ella Marshall returned to her home in Clarence on Monday last, after spending a short time with Miss Shaw, Main street.

Miss Ida Thompson entertained a few friends very pleasantly on Wednesday evening in honor of her cousin who is visiting her.

Mr. Irvine Logan of New York is spending a few weeks in town.

Mr. Murray of Marysville spent last week with relatives in the city.

Miss Cora Reid of Fredericton has been spending a short time with friends here.

Miss Mabel Murray of Fredericton was the guest of Miss Murray, Duval's avenue last week.

Miss Bette White spent a short vacation at her home here, and returned to Sussex on Saturday.

Miss Juliette Vesley of Fredericton has been with Mr. and Mrs. F. Beverly for the past three weeks, and returned home on Tuesday.

Miss Louisa Taylor left for her home in St. Stephen on Saturday last.

Mrs. S. Holly and family have returned from their summer home at Woodman's Point.

Miss Hannah of Fredericton spent last week with her friend Mrs. Jones, Hamilton.

Mrs. F. B. Coleman of Fredericton was among our visitors this week.

On Tuesday a few of Mr. Fred C. B. Berr's relatives and the members of the Letta club, repaired to the home of Mrs. Roberts, Douglas's avenue, and spent a very lively evening. Mr. Roberts was taken unawares and the affair was a grand success. The company numbered about twenty.

YVONNE.

PROGRESS is for sale in Summerside by Messrs. T. J. & M. L. Wain.

Oct. 9.—Mrs. W. D. Dean of Boston, who has been visiting her niece, Mrs. John Grady, summer street, has gone to Bedford, where she will remain a few weeks with her brother.

Dr. Percy Woodworth of Kennebec was in town a few days last week, the guest of Mrs. David Rogers.

Mr. and Mrs. Anblor of Misconche have moved to the property at St. Elizabeth's, where they will remain for the winter months.

Miss Ethel Scott of Charlottetown was in town a few days last week.

Judge Macleod of Charlottetown has purchased from Mr. R. B. McLeod his handsome residence on Grandville street, into which he is now moving, and we welcome the family to Summerside.

Mrs. Gertrude Mackie is visiting her mother, Mrs. Ambler, at the rectory.

Lieut. Governor Howland was in town a few days last week, the guest of Mr. Richard H. Dean.

Miss Dorothy Lester left last Sunday morning for England, by Rimouski, where she joins her mother; they will spend the winter in the South of France.

Congratulations to Mr. and Mrs. W. A. Hueston on the arrival of a little son.

Mrs. Edward Bell spent a day in town last week, on her way home from Montreal, where she had been visiting her sister, Mrs. William Wright. She was accompanied by her mother, Mrs. George Crabbe, on her return to Charlottetown.

Mr. D. R. Currie is out again, after an attack of typhoid fever.

Miss Louise Martin, formerly a teacher in the High school here, has gone to Boston, where she has secured a good position as stenographer. She will be much missed by her many friends here.

C. AND B.

FREDERICTON.

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

Oct. 9.—The reception given at the University on Tuesday evening by the young lady students, to welcome the incoming freshmen class, was particularly enjoyable and quite unique in the manner of entertaining.

The library was beautifully arranged as a drawing-room and decorated with flags and potted plants. The guests included the members of the faculty and their ladies, a number of old students and all those now in attendance; they were received by Mrs. Bridges, Miss White and Miss McKee.

A short musical programme was given and then a new feature was introduced in the form of characters in which the actors were the Misses Moss, Tibbits, White, Sterling and Jack, and Prof. Davidson.

The many friends of Mr. and Mrs. H. G. Kitchum will welcome them to their old home in Fredericton. Dr. and Mrs. Coulthard returned home today from a visit to Denver, Colorado.

Mrs. W. T. Whitehead has returned from New York. Mrs. Peter MacDonald is at Victoria Hospital very ill with typhoid fever.

Mrs. Harrison Kilmour of St. John is visiting her mother, Mrs. Hunt on Beacom street, and, before returning to St. John will spend a short time with Mrs. Edward Fisher at Marysville.

Mrs. Frank Hiltzen has returned from a month's visit to Boston.

HAD DUCKS FOR A DIRT.

The Snake Succeeded in Swallowing no Less than Sixty-Five of Them.

For some time past Thomas Mhoon, a truck farmer living near Brooklyn, had been missing, each day, a number of young ducks. They disappeared so mysteriously that their loss could not be accounted for in any manner. All theories as to how they were taken were smashed to pieces when it was known that no one had been near the place during the day where the ducks were wont to pass away.

When sixty-five of the fluffy youngsters had disappeared Mhoon determined to watch the ducks for a day. He followed them down in the field to the little branch where they slipped into the water. No sooner had they arrived there than from a neighboring clump of bushes appeared such a snake as Mhoon had never seen before outside of a show. He is not a drinking man, and is not accustomed to see such things in broad daylight, but he was in his right senses. While his eyes stuck out of his head in terror the monster snake glided up to the ducks, when they set up a terrific quacking, as if they knew the end of the world was coming for some of them.

By this time the man had recovered himself, and, hastily running to the house, he secured his shotgun and returned to where he had seen the snake.

When he reached there he found the snake, which seemed fifteen feet long and one foot thick, making off with a duck in its mouth. Mhoon pulled the trigger of the gun. When the smoke cleared away the reptile was stretched out, lashing its tail in fury. Mhoon kept away until its struggles had ceased, and approached it. He found out it was a moccasin, and when he measured it was as long as a fence rail, about nine feet four inches.—Baltimore Herald.

Some Questions and Answers.

Since wit has been defined by Noah Webster as "the felicitous association of objects not usually connected, so as to produce a pleasant surprise," may not the pupils of some of our public schools, who gave the following answers to their examination questions, lay claim to it? The record as here given is bona fide, having been read during the last week at the graduation exercises of one of the leading grammar schools of this city.

1—Who were the Pilgrims? A dirty, filthy set who lived under the ground.

2—Name a domestic animal useful for clothing and describe its habits. The ox. He don't have any habits, because he lives in a stable.

3—If you were traveling across the desert, where would you choose to rest? I would rest on a stool.

4—Mention five races of men. Men, women, children and babies.

5—Describe the white race and show that it is superior to other races. A white man will nod at you when he meets you on the street.

6—Of what is the surface of the earth composed—Dirt and people.

7—Name a fruit that has its seed on the outside. A seedcake.—Boston Budget.

Something New for Furriers.

By means of a new invention demonstrated to be practical, it is possible to remove the hair from skin or hide in such a manner as to obtain an artificial hair-covered surface identical for all practical purposes to that presented by the skin or hide before the operation, and that without in any way injuring the grain of the hide, which is subsequently converted into leather. The future possibilities of this artificial robe or fur skin are undoubtedly great; it is lighter, more supple, in some cases of better wearing qualities, and besides this absolutely waterproof. The arrangement of each hair on the artificial scalp is the same as that of nature, and the hair is fixed to the same with corresponding firmness. A large number of skins, such as that of the muskrat, are but ill-suited for furrier work; by means of this method, however, a large number of muskrats may be sewn together, thus producing, after removal of the skin itself, one large piece of fur on a material most suitable for the purpose for which it is wanted. The application of this invention to furs used in dressmaking and tailoring opens up a wide field for industry.—Canadian Journal of Commerce.

Thrift in Small Things.

There's salt. Get Windsor Salt, and save money. All pure, all uniform in crystal, a penetrating salt never cakes. Ask your grocer for it.

The smallest specimens of trees.

The midget of the whole tree family is the Greenland birch. It is a perfect tree in every sense of that term, and lives its allotted number of years (from 75 to 130) just as other species of the great birch family do, although its height under the most favorable conditions, seldom exceeds ten inches. Whole bluffs of the east and southeast coast of Greenland are covered with "thickets" of this diminutive species of woody plants, and in many places, where the soil is uncommonly poor, and frozen

from eight to ten months a year, a "forest" of these trees will flourish for half a century without growing to a height exceeding four inches.—St. Louis Republic.

IN A REVISED VERSION.

How Scott Modified a Line of His Verse to Suit an Occasion.

It is told of Sir Walter Scott that he was sitting in his library one day when a tall Highlander who had been building an inn near by, came in and said:

"May it please you, Sir Walter, I am going to call my place 'The Flodden Inn,' and as ye've writ a poem on Flodden Field, it struck me and the guid wife that you might gie us a line for a motto."

"Have you read the poem?" asked Sir Walter.

"No, I'm nae reader."

"Then you know nothing about it?"

"Nobin," but I've heert them say as knows that it's a vera fine thing."

"Well, I would advise you to take a verse from the poem itself."

"And wha'll that be?"

"Drink, weary traveller; drink and pray."

"But my inn's nae trellis a kirk," said the man; "and the more prayin' there is the less drinkin' there'll be, and I dinna want that."

"Oh," laughed Sir Walter, "I think I can alter the verse to suit you by leaving out one letter—an 'r.'"

"How will it be then?"

"Drink, weary traveller; drink and pray."

"Be Ailsa Craig, that's just the thing!" shouted the man; and he went away delighted.—N. Y. Post.

Broke the Bank at One Play.

A local sportsman, S. Lazar walked into the gambling rooms of the Casino del Teatro at the commencement of play on the other afternoon. The first hand at monte was being dealt. Laying down what appeared to be a ten-dollar bill with \$1 in silver on the top of it on the "siete de bastos," he calmly awaited the result of the draw. The card won, and on the dealer proceeding to open the ten-dollar bill he was surprised to find newly folded inside two one-thousand dollar bills.

The sport had won \$2,014, which was promptly paid, although it took the whole bank and \$14 mcs to do it. The lucky gambler rolled a cigarette in the customary Mexican nonchalant manner, and bowing politely to the croupiers, left the room, leaving those green stars vacantly at the waste of their cloth in front of them, and wondering what was the best thing to do.—Mexican Herald.

Queer Rat Story.

A Deering gentleman tells a remarkable rat story. His wife had been bothered by rats and mice playing tag in the dining room, and set a trap to catch them. Late that night the husband, hearing queer noises, stole down to the room. As he looked in he saw that a dozen mice had been caught in the trap, which was surrounded by four rats. They had dragged the trap into the middle of the room, and were evidently holding a consultation. When the light flashed upon them they hurried their preparations to a close. One big rodent seized the door of the trap between his teeth, and another seized him by the tail, and the third and fourth then took hold. A sudden pull was given, the door flew open, and in an instant rats and mice had disappeared, leaving the traps with the door shut and every vestige of bait gone.—Portland Telegram.

Signs and Superstitions.

It is bad luck to cross a funeral procession.

If you can't break an apple you'll die an old maid.

Every time a star falls there's a death somewhere.

If you see a load of empty barrels, it's going to rain.

If it don't clear up at 11 or 3, it won't clear up all day.

Cobwebs in a house are a sign there is no kissing there.

If the water boils away on the stove it's a sign its going to rain.

If her petticoat hangs below her dress it's a sign her father loves her best.

Pat on something new New Year's Day, and you'll have plenty all through the year.

If you see a load of hay you must wish on it, but your wish won't come true if you look at it after wishing.

If you take a slice of bread or anything like that on your plate when you have already had some, it's sure sign that somebody is coming to your house hungry.

Girdle Cakes.

The Ireland National Food Co. of Toronto are asking attention to their "Buckwheat flour."

This flour is a specially prepared girdle cake flour, self raising, requires no salt, baking powder or eggs, and can be made ready for the pan in two minutes, as per directions on the packages.

The Ireland Co.'s goods are sold by all good grocers only in packages bearing the trade mark of the company, "Our Natural Foods." For delicious, healthful girdle cakes, there is nothing to equal this flour, the demand for it so far this season being largely in excess of any previous year, is proof that the public appreciate the efforts of the company to supply the purest and best of breakfast cereal foods.

Christmas is Coming.

A dainty little holiday gift is made of a piece of very fine linen, five by seven inches. Turn down a quarter inch hem all around, then draw threads and hemstitch all around it. Fold like an envelope, and embroider on the flaps a spray or wreath of forget-me-nots. Work buttonholes on the two lower flaps. Work buttonholes on the two lower flaps. Work buttonholes on the two lower flaps.

Work buttonholes on the two lower flaps. Work buttonholes on the two lower flaps. Work buttonholes on the two lower flaps.

corners of the flaps and put on small pearl buttons. Make a chamico bag to put inside the shape of the cover, only smaller, with a button and buttonhole in the center. Now sew on a very narrow but strong linen tape, and you have a money purse or jewel case to tie around the neck or waist, and a boon to a woman when travelling or boarding.—Ex.

The Glow-Worm Cavern.

The greatest wonder of the antipodes is the celebrated glow-worm cavern, discovered in 1891 in the heart of the Tasmanian wilderness. The cavern or caverns (there appears to be a series of such caverns in the vicinity, each separate and distinct), are situated near the town of Southport, Tasmania, in a limestone cliff, about four miles from Ida Bay. The appearance of the main cavern is that of an underground river, the entire floor of the subterranean passage being covered with water about a foot and a half in depth. These wonderful Tasmanian caves are similar to all caverns found in limestone formation, with the exception that their roofs and sides literally shine with the light emitted by the millions of glow-worms which inhabit them.—St. Louis Republic.

Chitral.

England's newest acquisition, the principality of Chitral, in North India, has been formally placed under its new Mehtar, the lad Shuja-ul-Mulk. The installation was purposely made ceremonious to impress the Chitralis with the fact that Great Britain still holds the reins. Till the young prince comes of age the Indian government will appoint his ministers, while a British political agent will reside at Chitral, and the British garrison will provide the Mehtar's guard. To retain possession of Chitral will cost the British 24 lakhs of rupees annually, which at the present value of the rupee is about £130,000. Six native regiments are to be permanently stationed beyond the frontier.

Women in Japan.

When women go to buy a dress in Japan they they tell the shopkeeper their age, and if they are married or not, because there are special designs for the single and double relations of life, as well as for ages. The consequence of this painful custom is you can tell the age of every woman you meet, and know whether she is married, precisely as though she was labeled, or you were a census taker.

An Old-Fashioned Brother.

The minister had been in the little Kentucky town but a short time, and when he was called on to preach a funeral sermon he thought it best to pick up a few facts about the deceased.

"I trust our brother gone before was a truly religious man?" he said to the surviving brother.

"You bet he was," was the earnest answer. "Why, brother, he never tuk out his gun to lay feet one of the Simmonses without fust prayin' three hours."

Healthfulness of Yawning.

"Not only is it very healthy to yawn," says a French physician, but "yawning should be resorted to in cases of sore throats, buzzing of the ears, catarrh, and like troubles."

It is said to be as efficacious in its way as gargling the throat, with which process it should be combined.—Ex.

England's Drink Bill.

The expenditure of England for drinks is estimated at \$900,000,000 a year. The consumption is undoubtedly enormous, but not really so enormous as this, for a good deal of the liquor which appears in official statistics is afterwards exported.

Occidental Pooh Bahs.

Over the shop of a barber in the Isle of Man, who supplies his customers with all kinds of fishing-tackle, may be read: "Pis-

Let the men wash, if they won't get you Pearline. Let them try it for themselves, and see if they don't say that washing with soap is too hard for any woman.



This hard work that Pearline saves isn't the whole matter; it saves money, too—money that's thrown away in clothes needlessly worn out and rubbed to pieces when you wash by main strength in the old way. That appeals—where is the man who wouldn't want to have the washing made easier—when he can save money by it?

Peddlers and some unscrupulous grocers will tell you, this is as good as or "the same as Pearline." IT'S FALSE—Pearline is never peddled; if your grocer sends you an imitation, be honest—send it back.

JAMES WYLE, New York.

Showing Good Taste.

Priestley's black dress fabrics have penetrated almost as far as civilization, for wherever woman is found taste is found and these goods are the expression of a refined taste. They have a lovely soft lustre; they are distinctive; they do not catch the dust. And yet the last word was not said, for Priestley's have put the "Eudora" on the market. What is the "Eudora"? It is the supreme effort of Priestley's to reach absolute perfection in dress goods. Every lady of taste has worn their Henriettes. Well, the "Eudora" is better. There is something—a peculiar glow, a peculiar distinction, and then there is extra width and weight and a perfect dust-shedding quality. This is the "Eudora" in brief. Wrapped in the "Eudora" Board," with Priestley's name stamped on every five yards.

Hat and Cap Riots.

The "Hat and Cap riots" were political difficulties in Sweden during the reign of Adolph Frederick. They began in 1720 and ended about 1771. The Hats, or Chapeaux were the French party, who wished to modernize the country by adopting the ideas, manners, customs and political and military usages of Southern Europe.

Sandwiches.

A new filling for sandwiches made for company occasions has finely chopped almonds mixed with cold boiled chicken that is cut into tiny pieces. Season to taste with salt and pepper, and moisten with a little thick, sweet cream, until you have you have a paste that will spread nicely. Use with thin slices of either brown or white bread.

The new sewer main of Paris, which crosses from Cligny to Asnières underneath the Seine, was formally dedicated recently. It is the first portion of an enormous enterprise which will take away all the sewage of Paris from the waters of the Seine. The work was begun in 1889 and will require fourteen years or more to complete it.

Change of Time.

The Dominion Atlantic Railway changed their time on Monday 7th. The services across the bay between St. John and Digby will be daily, leaving St. John at 7.45 a. m. arriving at 5.10 p. m. standard time.

Not Particularly Impressed.

"This place," observed the guide, showing his American visitor through the mouldy castle, "is over 600 years old."

"Is that all?" said the American, sniffing the air incredulously. "It smells a thundering sight older."

DAILY EXPRESS SERVICE SUNDAY EXCEPTED.

ST. JOHN AND YARMOUTH VIA DIGBY.

Eastern Standard Time. 7.45 a. m. Lve. St. John Arr. Digby 5.10 p. m. 1.10 p. m. Lve. Digby Arr. St. John 12.30 p. m. 4.00 p. m. Arr. Yarmouth Lve. 6.30 a. m. 11.0 a. m. Arr. Boston Lve. 12 noon Lve. Boston Mon. Tues. Thurs. Friday.

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It is now a well established fact in medical science that nervousness is due to impure blood. Therefore the true way to cure nervousness is by purifying and enriching the blood. The great blood purifier is Hood's Sarsaparilla. Read this letter:

"For the last two years I have been a great sufferer with nervous prostration and palpitation of the heart. I was weak in my limbs and had smothered sensations. At last my physician advised me to try Hood's Sarsaparilla which I did, and I am happy to say that I am now strong and well. I am still using Hood's Sarsaparilla and would not do without it. I recommend it to all who are suffering with nervous prostration and palpitation of the heart." Mrs. DALTON, 65 Alton St., Toronto, Ontario. Get Hood's, because

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PROGRESS SATURDAY, OCTOBER 12, 1895.

COMBATIVE CHRISTAIN.

AN ENGLISH CLERGYMAN WHO WAS ALSO A SLUGGER.

He Was a Trifle too Gay and Festive For His Cloth and Fell in With the Police—He Created a Sensation at Lunenburg by Whipping a Medical Man.

LUNENBURG, Oct. 10.—Here is a dramatic sort of a story, from real life, that comes from New Ross, a district in this county not far from this town. A clergyman, secured board at a private boarding house in New Ross. At first the clergyman is meek and reticent, later on he becomes bold. Then the man of the house reports that his wife was embraced by the clergyman. The report becomes common property. The preacher hears the report and becomes rattled. As a solace the preacher gets heated and takes a stroll with a big cane in hand. While passing through most thickly settled part of community, the preacher meets the landlord who put the report in circulation and mows him down with a big cane. A doctor of New Ross, goes to the rescue. The preacher leaves victim number one floating in his gore and attacks the doctor; the latter succeeds in warding off a number of well aimed blows and eventually persuades the parson to take a walk. The parson and the doctor dart forward arm in arm. Before long the parson again becomes irksome, and strikes the doctor and the doctor retaliates in kind and does preacher up. Both leave the field scarred. The parson mounts his horse and goes abroad. Though the fracas took place a fortnight ago, the pugilistic divine has not since been seen by any of his New Ross parishioners.

Word comes from Halifax in this connection, that the police had a clergyman at the station some days ago. He was found drunk on the common and was taken into custody. It is satisfactory to learn that the minister was not a Halifax man. He came out from England some time ago and went to the north-west. There the drink habit got the better of him and his usefulness was destroyed. In process of time the man drifted to Nova Scotia, and as stated, fell into the hands of the police for drunkenness in New Scotia's model capital. It is said that Chief of Police O'Sullivan and friends interested themselves in the poor Clergyman's case, for he was without money, and had him sent back to England, thus avoiding public disgrace to the man and his cloth.

Wine In and Wit Out. HALIFAX, Oct. 10.—When a man is drunk he is no respecter of persons, as a general rule. On Saturday night a full grown youth, son of a prominent citizen, was on one of Cleverdon's teams. Suddenly there was a cry for help from the conveyance. The passengers were in terror on account of the violent conduct of an intoxicated man on board. It was the prominent citizen's son, making trouble. Chief of Police O'Sullivan saw the disturbance and noted that a respected resident of the south-western suburbs, who is a comparatively well-known journalist, was being set upon by the drunken man. It did not take the chief a moment to decide what he should do, and up into the team he sprang, and hustled the disorderly passenger to the street, and was taking him along towards the lock; with a firm grip. In an evil moment the chief slightly relaxed his hold, as quick as a flash the man dealt the head of the police department a severe blow on the front of the ear, causing the blood to run down in a stream and inflicting a wound that will be visible for a month. A half dozen citizens, who were looking on, sprang to the chief's assistance and it was only a minute more when the man was in the station. Before he was placed behind the bars, however the violent inebriate got his work in on a policeman who was standing near, in the form of a knock out blow on the cop's head.

It was only at this stage of the proceedings that the man's identity was discovered. On Monday the court fined him for his assault on the policeman and for drunkenness, but neither the journalist nor the chief preferred charges, thinking his own conscience and the fact that could not be avoided would be a sufficient lesson for once.

Students Will be Students. HALIFAX, Oct. 10.—Dalhousie students over 100 strong, attended the academy of music last Friday night, to see the performance of "Pinafore" by the Gilbert opera company. Before the curtain rose the collegians sang a half dozen songs etc., in lusty tones. "Society" was out in force that night, and several representatives of "upper feminism," so-called, were almost as loud as the students in their complaints of the noise. They appeared to forget that Halifax is a college town, and that in any other city where a university is located the same kind of thing is seen and heard very frequently, and nothing thought of it.

The students' voices were kept in time by the baton of a Newcastle, N. B. boy, son of a minister of that town, whose voice and gestures were both of great assistance in making the choruses a success. No one on second thought thinks of making serious complaint of the joyous pranks of merry-hearted collegians at Dalhousie or elsewhere, even if they go so far as to become very noisy between the acts.

RICHES IN THE RAGBAG

RICHES MADE BY SWAPPERS UP OF UNCONSIDERED TRIFLES.

Profits of the Business in Former Days in New York—Hard Times Have Had their Effect on the Industry—Uncertain at All Times.

A ragpicker who was arraigned in the Jefferson Market Police Court a few days ago for violating a city ordinance begged the magistrate to make a reduction in his fine because the business has become so unprofitable lately that a man could scarcely earn a living at it. This explanation was made through an Italian interpreter, who added that if a change for the better did not come pretty soon, there would be no ragpickers in New York two years hence.

A few years ago an experienced ragpicker could average \$10 a day, and many of them made the business pay double that amount. Now it is said that the best of them earn less than \$1 a day, and do twice as much work as they did in their palmy days. Even old Mother Carpio cannot average more than 70 cents. Mother Carpio is reputed to be the oldest ragpicker in the metropolis. She has picked rags for nearly forty years, and during that time she has saved up over \$100,000, which she has invested in real estate. But she is wedded to the business, and goes over her route daily, getting up at 2 o'clock in the morning and working until late in the afternoon. She lives in the new Ragpickers' Row, which comprises three tenements in the rear of 166, 168 and 170 Mulberry street. She could afford to live in style at any of the best hotels in the city, but she prefers her little uncarpeted room in the row, for there she has made her home, and there she will probably live for days. There are forty-eight other tenants in the row, all boss ragpickers, and each of the forty-eight has from one to five lodgers whose occupation is picking rags. The houses are two stories high and are built of brick. In this three it is estimated that there are 250 ragpickers. They have occupied the buildings since June last, when they were dispossessed from Bottle alley, over on Baxter street, the city having purchased the property for the Mulberry Bend Park.

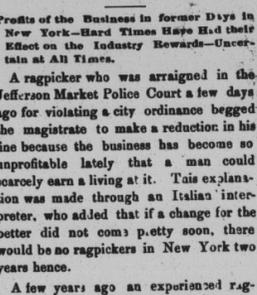
Mother Carpio is one of the most interesting characters of the new settlement. She is shaped like the letter F, her head being bent down so that when she walks she faces the ground. Every year it seems that her head bends lower, and if she continues growing in the same direction for a few more years, she will assume the shape of a horsehoe. Many who have known her a long time say she got that way by bending over ash barrels. Others attribute her deformity to the heavy loads carried on her back in her rag bag. Mother Carpio says her peculiar work has compelled her to stoop forward so that her spine finally became curved. If she was straightened out she would be about five feet in height. In her present condition she just fits over an ash barrel. Mother Carpio is very regular in her habits. She gets up at two o'clock every morning and goes to bed at 7 every night. For half a century she has only eaten two meals a day, one at 10 o'clock in the morning and the other at 4 in the afternoon. The first meal consists of anything she can pick up in her route. For dinner she eats half a pound of raw beef between two slices of hard bread. It is the ragpickers' customary meal. Sometimes an onion sandwich is substituted for the uncooked beef. Mother Carpio has a nephew who shares her apartment. He is about 24 years old, and, like his aunt picks rags for a living. His name is Antonio Bonnacchio. Like other ragpickers in the settlement, Bonnacchio has had a great deal of good luck. He reluctantly told a Sun reporter of some of his experiences, after the reporter had oiled up his palate and tongue in the saloon on the Mulberry street premises.

"Yes, he said. I speak good English, and I understand it well. I ought to know something about the language, for I was born here. I was raised in Bottle alley, over on Baxter street, and for twenty years I have lived with my aunt. Some people think ragpicking is a dishonorable business, but it's not. I'd rather pick rags than steal, and, as long as I was brought up in the business, I stuck to it. We used to make a lot of money, but we don't any more. You see it's not only rags we pick, but we also pick for rope, cord and twine, because we get \$1.25 for every hundred pounds of cord we gather. Six years ago we could sell it for \$2.50. There is scarcely anything in paper, and a man could not carry around enough old iron to pay him. Old copper and lead are still worth picking up, but we don't get one-quarter what we used to get in days gone by. There are men, women, and children engaged in ragpicking. The rags are brought home, washed and assorted. Nearly all of those who pick get the clothing they wear from ash barrels. The women find old skirts and portions of dresses. They make use of these at home.

"I like going out with Mr. Dodson." "Why?" queried a stranger, hoping to draw the child out. "Because he has no morals," was the starting reply. When the summer boarders had recovered their equanimity, they instituted an investigation, the upshot of which was the discovery the early-haired maiden possessed an insatiable craving for stories. This desire was frequently gratified by Mr. Dodson; but, unlike the anecdotes in her books, the minister's tales were never pointed with an obtrusive moral.—San Francisco News-Letter.

Now, I call that a Stunning Gown.

Of course it is; all dresses interlined with the new improved stiffening.



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Advertisement for 'Sponge Crépon' fabric, featuring an illustration of a woman in a dress and text describing the fabric's qualities and availability.

Advertisement for Manchester, Robertson & Allison, Manufacturers in the Maritime Provinces, featuring text and a small logo.

Brass buttons are saved and sold. Some people who pick also gather cigar stumps. "What about your lucky finds?" asked the reporter. "Well, it's hardly worth talking about these things. They had a story down here that I once picked up a roll of bills amounting to thousands of dollars. That is not true. I did find a roll of \$116, but that was three years ago. It was in the centre of a bundle of old newspapers that had been stuck in a chimney hole where the stovepipe goes. A woman called me into a house and asked me to clean out the cellar. I removed a pile of rubbish. Then she asked me to put up a stovepipe, and in cleaning out the hole in the wall I threw down a bundle of old paper. The woman put the old paper in my bag. I didn't know until I got home that the money was there. Another time I found a locket filled with hair. I picked it from an ash can, and brought it into the house where the owner lived. The locket was worth 60 cents, but the owner prized the hair in it, and gave me a present of \$10 for being honest. She was an Irish servant girl, and she told me the locket contained a lock of her mother's hair. Her mother was dead.

Just the opposite of this was when I found a diamond earring in front of a house in West Fifty-first street, I raked it from the bottom of an ash can. I returned it to the owner who had missed it that morning from a table in the dining room; the woman gave the servant a laying out for being careless. The servant denied having thrown it out, and said that I must have stolen it from the table. She told the owner of it that she had noticed me in the hallway that morning. The servant wanted to get out of the scrape, and kept blaming it all on me. Finally the woman believed the servant's story, and abused me. The servant wanted to have me arrested. Her mistress said no, because they couldn't prove that I had stolen the earring. Then they ordered me away from about the house, and I went in a hurry. That was the thanks I got for being honest. I thought I would get a big reward. That was why I brought the earring into the house. But I said to myself, "Tony, that's a careless servant, watch that ash can." Then I watched it for two months, and was rewarded one day by finding an opened letter. The envelope contained \$20 in cash and a check for \$46. I sent back the check to the house. I mailed it. In a note sent with the check I wrote: "This was swept out by a careless servant." I guess that servant was discharged.

"It's easy to get square with them if they injure you. Did you ever know that some ragpickers stood in with certain servants up town? Well, that's so. I knew it to be so two years ago. The servant would pack shawls, clothing, and food in boxes, and then put the boxes in an ash can and cover them with paper, then dump a scuttle of coal ashes on top. The ash can would be rolled out and the favored ragpicker would be waiting. The hidden stuff would be put away in his bag, and the next day he would call at the basement door, pretending he was a beggar. He would then stake the servant—give her 50 cents or a dollar, according to what he received by way of the ash can. I suppose that is done yet. Many a bottle of wine was smuggled out that way. Then again there were servants who would leave things out in the ash can for a relative or lover. The ragpicker who struck those cans was usually lucky. He got the stuff and the servant's friend got left. Ain't I telling you too much?"

"No," said the reporter, "go ahead. Have another drink and go on with your story." "Well," continued Bonnacchio, "the strange things that the ragpickers find in the ash can or barrel. One time I picked up a hum in leg. It had been used by a medical student who had taken it from a dissecting room. Mother Carpio once found a human skeleton, and another time she found a skull. These came from a doctor's office. Another find of the ragpicker is legal papers and letters. I guess in my time I have found fifty bunches of love letters. Some had been thrown away purposely, others have been swept up and thrown out without the owner knowing it. I can always tell those that have not been put in the ash barrel purposely. They are generally tied together in bunches with fancy ribbons. Often when I find those kind of letters I would return them to the house and get a present of a dollar or two. I know one ragpicker who found a bundle of letters that would have queered certain people, and he sold them to the people for \$25.

I have found false teeth, artificial legs, glass eyes, and artificial hair. We pick up all these sort of things. Then again I have found stuffed snakes and birds, dolls, mechanical toys, religious articles and prayer books. You could start a drug store with the bottles of medicine that you could pick up on one block alone. Then there are photographs. Old Zebo, the lame ragpicker, has a collection of photographs picked up in ash barrels. He has about 11,000 of them, and we all save them for him. Some of them, we know, are of prominent New York people. These Zebo has labelled. Then there are others, about 8,000 in all, that we know nothing about. Among the pictures there are many nude ones. Old papers and coins are also plentiful in ash barrels. One of the funny things I found was a book of sketches. They were pen-and-ink sketches, and all were original drawings. I sold the book for \$14, and the man I sold it to said it was worth \$100.

In the barrels in front of the theatrical boarding houses, we find tight, prince's costumes, ballet girls' pads and wigs. The principal pickers in New York never go on the east side now, because there's nothing to get in those barrels but stale vegetables and rotten meat. Some of the up-town barrels contain new shoes and new clothing. Zebo got a broken bicycle up there leaning against an ash can, and he reported his find to the lady of the house. She told him the bicycle had been out purposely to be taken away by the ashman. Zebo took the bicycle along and we had great fun with it out in the alley in the rear of this saloon. Then he sold it for \$11. Another time he found a bunch of railroad tickets, and these he sold for \$40. Among other things the ragpicker finds are scarf pins, shirt studs, bracelets and watch charms. But I never heard of any picker finding a watch. Pretty nearly everything else that would fit in an ash barrel has been found. There we find door mats, lamps, brackets, clocks, vases, bronzes statues, cups, saucers, knives, forks, spoons, razors, scissors, electric batteries, banjos, guitars, violins, tambourines, accordions, baseballs, old guns, pistols, swords, eyeglasses, smoking pipes, story books, bottles of cologne, soap, face powder, grease paint, umbrellas, suspenders, neckties, hats, and surgical instruments. About the only things we don't find are baby carriages and coffins. I suppose if the ash barrels were made bigger we'd find them, too. I have dug out divorce papers, marriage certificates, wills, and deeds of graves. Papers of this sort are generally brought into the house. For bringing them back we sometimes get a dollar or a quarter, but more often we get a setting out. It's queer how people often abuse you for doing them a favor. Now I guess I have told you everything that I know about the poor ragpicker.

"But some of them are wealthy," suggested the reporter. "Very few," answered Bonnacchio. "The majority are poor. The boss ragpickers are better off, of course, than the hired ones, because the boss gets a profit on the

other fellow's labor. Still, there are a few bosses who also go out themselves. Mother Carpio is a boss, still; she works every day. Blind Giuseppe—he's only got one eye, and he can scarcely see out of that—that is why they call him blind—he is worth considerable money. He made it mostly on spoons. For years he has bought up all the spoons the other pickers gathered. Many of the spoons were of solid silver, and Giuseppe can see a silver spoon with his one eye closed. I have also dealt in spoons, but we don't get enough of them now. But let me tell you a secret. I wouldn't be picking now, only I've got to do it on account of the old lady—Mother Carpio. I must stand in with her, so I got to work. If she was dead you can bet your life that I'd never use a book again. It was all right years ago, but the business is run down to nothing. There's too many Hebrews in it, and then again, the city has got too many new rules that work against us. But say—if you put something in the paper about the ragpickers, just say they're as good as city laborers and work hard for their living. Put it down that they are honest, and have done many good things for the people by finding and returning lost articles."—N. Y. Sun.

How Dead Snakes "Come to Life." In nearly every country in the world there is a superstition to the effect that a serpent's head must be smashed to a jelly or else its companion will seek out its dead comrade and restore it to life by means of certain grasses, leaves, or herbs. This fancy appears to come to us from remote antiquity. In the mythological story of Polyidos we find it related in a curious form. Glaucus, the son of Minos, the Cretan King, was smothered in a cask of honey. With the help of Apollo, Polyidos located the body (the whereabouts of which was previously unknown), and the stern old King then shut him up with the corpse, telling him that if he could discover that which was hidden he was scotchsayer enough to bring his son to life. While in the dungeon with the corpse a dragon approached the body. Polyidos killed the reptile, but within the hour was surprised to see a second dragon creep forward and place a blade from a certain species of grass on the back of its dead companion. Polyidos took a hint from the wise serpent, and with the same blade of grass resuscitated the honey-smothered youth. The same story appears in different forms in the folk-lore of all nations. You can find it in "The Three Snake Leaves" in Grimm's "Tales"; in the Breton legend of "Sir Eildoe"; in the Hindoo story of "Panc Paul Rancee"; and also in the Chinese and Japanese fairy stories.—St. Louis Republic.

Perhaps YOU'RE THINKING of Autumn clothes. Your Spring ones if cleaned or dyed will be just the thing. Of course they must be done up well, and that's the reason you should send them to UNGAR'S. Nothing is slighted there, but everything receives the care and attention necessary to satisfying the public.

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wash, arline. Let them see if they don't soap is too hard that Pearlina matter; it saves they that's thrown endlessly worn out es when you wash in the old way. re is the man who by the washing by it? us grocers will tell you, same as Pearlina." IT'S dled; if your grocer sends JAMES PYLE, New York.

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LONE HAND DICK

He was a queer, lonely chap, was Dick, though he was neither old nor ugly. Many a fellow among us at Lulu flat would have been glad enough to chum with Dick, for he was as steady as a file and as hard working as any mule in the place.

He went by the name of 'Lone Hand Dick'—not that his name was Dick particularly, but, bless you! that didn't matter on the flat. Somebody called him 'Lone Hand' because he worked by himself and said nothing, and I reckon somebody else called him Dick because you can't go on seeing a man every day and not call him something.

Dick was one of the first, if he wasn't the very first, on the flat. When I got there he was fossicking about in a corner all by himself, and there were not half a dozen more within five miles.

He was a young fellow, not more than thirty, any way; tall, active, and midding strong, too. There was something about his face you couldn't help liking when you got to know it. None of your laughing, touch-and-go faces, that don't mean anything when you do know them; no, nor yet your scowling, yellow-dog faces that mean no good; but a quiet face—real quiet—a face with a lot of meaning kind of drained out of it.

Strokes struck the deep lead on Friday, and by the middle of next week Lulu flat was a gold field. Where they sprang from I'm blest if I know, but come they did, wagons full of them, traps, coaches, bullock drays, horses and donkeys, and one or two, though they didn't hardly count, being of color, on camels.

It didn't suit Dick. Long before the end of the first week he had struck his tent—an uncommon one-horse tent it was, too, at that—and made tracks. After a day or two I missed him. He hadn't gone very far, though, and after a bit I came across a man that had been him working by himself in a little corner of a gully just about big enough for one over the nearest range.

It wasn't more than a week or two after that on a day, just as I had knocked off work, a young chap comes up to me, a quill-driving looking chap at that—and says to me: "Mate, do you happen to know a chap by the name of Forrester?" They say he was on the flat from the first.

"Can't say as I do, mate," says I. "What's he like?" "Like? Well, he ought to be like that," and he pulls out a photograph and passes it along to me.

I looks at it. "Dick," says I. "You know him, mate?" he says, looking at me sharp like.

"Well, mate, and suppose I did; what o' that?" for it comes into my mind about the trouble as we thought Dick might have been in. "What of that, stranger?" says I. "Come along up to the bank. We want to find him."

"Oh, ye do," says I. "Got a fortune for him, mate?" "Well, no, not that I know of, anyhow, but there's a party come in that wants to see him—wants to see him bad, too."

I looks at him. "What for?" says I, taking a draw of my pipe. "What for, mate?" "Oh, you needn't be suspicious, it's a gentleman and a lady," says he. "Why didn't you say there was a lady before?" I says, "I might know the party, and again I mightn't, but ladies ain't common. I'll see the lady, mate, anyhow."

I went along with him, though after all I wasn't sure. It was Dick in the picture right enough, but it wasn't our Dick; the picture wasn't to say a "shevvy devry" come to that, but it had been meant for Dick once.

It was after bank hours and the door was shut, but me round by the side into the manager's room. There was a man there and a girl—yes, she was only a girl, I could see that, although she had a thick veil over her face. The man was a swell.

us, and it might be thirty yards away. She had said nothing as we came along, but she had trembled so much that the man had given her his arm to help her. Now she seemed to pull herself together all in a moment as she threw back the veil to look. I looked at her then, and I tell you I could have gone on looking. Ah, that was something like a face—a face to think on in the dark, that was. She just gave one look, and then a sob. "Stay here," she said, motioning the man back with her hand. "Say here. Oh, George!"

Then she went down the slope, and with a quick smooth sort of walk. She didn't seem rightly to walk, only to go, and go quick at that. In a minute she was close to Dick.

"George!" she said—only the one word. "George!" The word came up to where we were standing, and I tell you it was sweet to my ears. Dick lifted himself from his work and stared stupidly round, as if he didn't rightly know what it was. Then he sees her, and with that he falls back a step, like a man dazed.

"Oh, George!" and she held out both of her hands to him across the head of white clay. "Come back, George, come back. It is all found out. They all believe you now. You're cleared at last—cleared at last. Come back, George—back to me."

He stood for a moment or two like a man that had been turned to stone. "Cleared!" he exclaimed, hoarsely. "Cleared! Oh, my God!" then he clutched wildly at his throat, staggered and fell—fell at her very feet senseless.

She was on her knees at his side. I started to run down the slope, and I was at her side in half a minute, but she didn't want me. She had raised his head and leaned it against her breast, and she would let nobody touch him but herself. And there she knelt among the wet clay, holding Dick in her arms, the tears running down her face and falling into his. I got a little water and poured it on his head, and at last he began to come to. I lays my hand on the man's arm. "I reckon, mate, you and me's not wanted here, not much," I says, and I pulls him away.

We got a cart and we moved Dick to the bank, but it was another week afore they could move him any further. Then they left.

It might have been a couple of months later that I got a Melbourne paper through the post. There was a mark at one side, and opposite to that an advertisement.

"At St. Mark's Church, Toorak, on Dec. 1, by the Right Reverend the Bishop of Melbourne, Mary, only daughter of the Hon. John Lester, of Toorak and Dugalla Station, to George Wingfield Forrester, eldest son of Albert Forrester, M. P., of Wangi Hill, H. M. S. S. 'Edinburgh.'"

By and by I came across another part. "The fashionable wedding that took place yesterday at Toorak had all the special interests which attaches to the last act in a very sensational drama. The circum-stances of the celebrated Dugalla murder trial, although now two years old, are still fresh in the memory of the public. The confession of the real criminal, while it happily restores Mr. Forrester to his friends and to society, affords a remarkable instance of the unreliability of even the strongest circumstantial evidence. The refusal of the jury to agree upon what seemed unquestionable evidence of guilt appeared to us at the time, we confess, a lamentable failure of justice, and we said so. It affords us greater pleasure now that we are able to offer both to Mr. Forrester and the public our hearty congratulations."

TOLD ABOUT THE PENNY.

Meaning of the Phrase Among the Modern European Nations. It is a familiar phrase, "only a penny," and it has been on the lips of Englishmen for 1200 years, as the copper coin so well known is the lineal descendant from the penny of the seventh century. In the laws of Ino, King of the West Saxons, 688, is perhaps the first mention of the word "penny." The earliest English coin was the silver sceat. It was a thick, lumpy coin, with very rude figures upon it, somewhat resembling a horse or a man; but in the very earliest part of the eighth century the silver penny was first seen, and it superseded the sceat.

We still speak of that first silver coin of our forefathers, although, we may not be aware of the fact. The word was corrupted into "shot," the s being softened into sh, and when we speak of "having no shot in the locker" and "paying our shot," we are simply using what our Anglo-Saxon ancestors introduced. The first penny was a thin silver coin about the size of a shilling, but very much thinner. It weighed from 22½ to 24 grains troy, and was then, as it is now, the 240th part of a pound.

We still call a weight of 24 grains a pennyweight. Why was it called a penny? This word really means "a little pledge." "A token"—that is, "a coin." It is from exactly the same root as the words pawn, panel, pane, empanel, panicle. The earliest thing to pledge or leave in pledge was a piece of clothing, and so this word was applied to clothes in Spanish panos.

If we look at other languages we find the same word meaning a token or coin, e. g. penning in Dutch, a penny, pennig in Icelandic, pennig in German, and so on, or, for something pawned, pund in Dutch and pfand in German.

So the new silver coin was called a token, a promise, a pawn-ticket, in fact, for the value of it in gold; that is, a penny. As years went on the silver penny became smaller and smaller. Edward III.'s penny only weighed 18 grains. Edward IV.'s 12 to 15 grains, Edward VI.'s eight grains, and Elizabeth's about seven grains, but there were no copper pennies all this time.

A curious fact about Saxon pennies is that they were struck in so many different towns. Wherever the king was, there was the penny struck, and we find pennies struck at Bath, Cambridge, Tetnes, Win-

chester, Gildford, Stamford, Rochester, Stafford and York, and scores of other places. It was not only kings who struck pennies in those days; they are known bearing the names of bishops and archbishops, abbots and chieftains, and on each coin is also the name of its maker, the master of the mint at that time.

One more fact about Saxon pennies. They had a large cross on them from edge to edge, and could be cut through the lines of the cross into half pence and farthings, and were often so cut and used, but the tiny farthings must have been inconvenient coins to handle.

There were no real copper pennies and half pennies till we come to the reign of Charles II., 1660-1685. Elizabeth issued some pattern pennies in 1601 bearing the words "The pledge of a penny," but the pieces were never issued to the public. James I. allowed the issue of some copper farthings, which were very small thin pieces only weighing six grains each, and Charles I. issued other similar farthings, slightly larger in size.

These farthings were easily broken between the fingers and were very much disliked by the people, who preferred their own illegal token, and who suff'ered very greatly from the want of small change. The farthings were also prepared by the Commonwealth and by Cromwell himself, but there was no issue of them.

In 1672 Charles II. issued his first half-penny in copper. James II. a halfpenny in tin in 1685 William and Mary halfpence and farthings, Anne farthings only, George I. halfpence and farthings, George II. the same, and George III., in 17, the first copper twopenny-piece.

All the time there were pennies issued silver, and they were issued now every year for distribution on Maundy Thursday are struck at the mint coins in silver of the value of a penny, twopenny and threepence. They are current coin and cannot be refused, but, methinks, if in Cheapside we offered one of these charming little silver pennies to the merchant who stands by the path, he would not recognize the Queen's smallest silver coin and would prefer to have the big bronze friend that we familiarly know as a penny.—Boy's Own paper.

HENRI DUNANT'S OLD AGE.

The Originator of The Red Cross Found in Illness and Want.

Henri Dunant, the originator of the Red Cross movement, was found in misery recently in a little village in Canton of Appenzell, in Switzerland. In his old age he was suffering in solitude from poverty and illness, after having devoted his fortune and his powers in founding the association which has relieved the distresses of thousands in all parts of the world. As soon as his situation became known most of the Red Cross committees of Europe, including those of Brussels, Paris, Berlin, Vienna, and Madrid, set to work to raise a fund to relieve him. It is now likely that he will end his life in comfort. To prevent his being overlooked or forgotten a second time the committees are going to publish a memorial of his work.

M. Dunant possessed a moderate fortune originally. Happening to be in Italy when Napoleon III. was waging war there, he was able to witness the horrors of a battle field, and the sight inspired the determination that resulted in the Red Cross. He went to work on the theory that while it might not be possible to prevent war, it was possible to mitigate its barbarity, and at any rate to divide prompt succor for the wounded. Up to that time the neutrality of the wounded was an unsettled question, which was left to the discretion of commanders of armies, when it received attention at all. Sometimes commanders agreed to conventions providing for the care of the wounded on either side, and sometimes they refused to do so. M. Dunant devoted his fortune and his energy to his idea. He began by publishing a pamphlet showing the need of a society to relieve wounded soldiers. In it he said, "I shall not discuss the right to make war, but I say that if war is inevitable it should be carried on with the least possible barbarity." That sentence was the key-note of his endeavors. The pamphlet failed to attract attention. Then M. Dunant wrote a second appeal, entitled "Memories of Solferino." In it he described simply and effectively the horrors he had witnessed. He used a large part of his fortune in circulating the pamphlet throughout Europe, and in this way obtained a hearing. The result of his efforts was the famous Geneva conference out of which grew the various Red Cross committees organized to relieve the wounded. In October, 1863, a preliminary congress gathered at Geneva to decide upon the method of procedure for the conference to assemble the following year. The members included philanthropists as well as delegates representing various governments, and their efforts were directed to formulating a plan to which military as well as civil authorities would agree. The chief obstacles were military. While the various governments sympathized with M. Dunant's purpose, they did not want military operations interfered with. The credit of overcoming the hesitation on this score is due to M. Dunant. In a remarkable speech he demonstrated that it was possible for the rights of war and those rights of humanity that he advocated to coexist on the battle field; and in August, 1864, he had the satisfaction of seeing his plan adopted by sixteen governments. The subsequent growth of the Red Cross movement is well known.

M. Dunant received many decorations and honors and was ranked among the great benefactors of mankind. Ill health prevented him from attending the latest Red Cross conference, and in the tremendous

expenses of the idea he came to be overlooked. While the present development of the Red Cross associations is due to others, it was he who obtained international recognition of the principle of the neutrality of ambulances.

A SKEPTIC CONVINCED.

HE HAD NO FAITH IN ANY ADVERTISED MEDICINE.

Attacked With a Bad Cold, His Trouble Went From Bad to Worse Until he was Threatened with Locomotor Ataxia—Then Dr. Williams' Pink Pills Cured After Other Medicines Had Failed.

(From the Yarmouth N. S., Times.)

The remarkable cures effected by Dr. Williams' Pink Pills have long been a matter of newspaper notoriety, and many of them—well described as miracles—have been in our own province, but we believe so far none have been published from Yarmouth. A Times representative enquired in a quarter where such matters would likely be known, and learned that there were several remarkable cases of restoration to health directly traceable to Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, right in our midst. Curious to ascertain the facts in relation thereto, our representative called on Mr. Charles E. Trask, who had been known to have experienced a long illness, and now was appearing in excellent health, his cure being attributed to Pink Pills. Mr. Trask, who has been an accountant in Yarmouth for many years, was in his office on John street when the reporter waited on him.

"Yes," he said, "there can be no possible doubt of the efficacy of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills in my case, and I will be pleased if the publication of the facts helps some other sufferer back to health. I caught cold, was careless and caught more cold. The first thing I knew I was seriously ill. I could not walk. All strength seemed to have left my legs and the weakness increased. From being obliged to remain in the house I became obliged to remain in bed, but still supposed it was but a very bad cold. I became so helpless I could not move in bed without help. I had good attendance and the best of care and nursing, but as week succeeded week I seemed to grow worse instead of better, till I was worn to a mere shadow and began to care very little if I ever recovered. A hint that I was threatened with something called locomotor ataxia reminded a friend that my case seemed similar to some of those described in the Times, which had been cured by Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, and this first drew attention to them as a possible aid to me. I admit that I was skeptical—very skeptical—here are so many medicines being advertised just now, and I was never much of a believer in them. Well Dr. Williams' Pink Pills were purchased and I took them. I suppose I would have taken anything else, simply as the routine of a sick room. The first box seemed to show little effect, and by the time I had got through with the third box there could be no doubt my condition showed a marked improvement, and I was correspondingly encouraged. The pills were continued and I became rapidly better, so that I was able to sit up and go about the house, and occasionally go out if the weather was fine. Day by day I grew stronger, and to make a long story short, I feel I am to-day in as good health as ever I was in my life, and I can hardly realize I am the same man who suffered for six months, a helpless, dependent being, who never expected to be on his feet again. While I have no desire for publicity I am quite willing these facts should be made known for the benefit of others, am ready at any time to bear hearty testimony to the genuine worth of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. They restored me to health when I never expected to be about again."



Found Mr. Trask in His Office.

For Sale by Street & Co.

Full of steam. It's the usual way on wash day—a big fire—a house full of steam—the heavy lifting—the hard work

A TEAKETTLE OF HOT WATER AND SURPRISE SOAP. According to the directions on the wrapper does away with all this muss and confusion. The clothes are sweeter, whiter and clearer than when washed the ordinary way.

Thousands use Surprise Soap this way, with perfect satisfaction: Why don't you?

SURPRISE is good for all uses. Every cake is stamped—SURPRISE.

Advertisement for D.C.L. Scotch & Irish Whiskies and London Gin. Includes a bottle illustration and text: 'ALWAYS ASK FOR D.C.L. SCOTCH & IRISH WHISKIES AND LONDON GIN. PROPRIETORS: THE DISTILLERS, CO. LTD. EDINBURGH, LONDON & DUBLIN.'

For Sale by Street & Co.

Use Only Pelee Island Wine Co's. Wine

OUR BRANDS: DRY CATAWA, SWEET CATAWA, ISABELLA, CHAMPAGNE, (Registered), CLARET.

THEY ARE PURE JUICE OF THE GRAPE. MARCH 15TH, 1888

E. G. SCOVIL, AGENT PELEE ISLAND GRAPE JUICE, ST. JOHN, N. B. DEAR SIR,—My family have received great benefits from the use of the PELEE ISLAND GRAPE JUICE during the past four years. It is the best tonic and sedative for debility, nervousness and weak lungs we have ever tried.—It is much cheaper and pleasanter than medicine. I would not be without it in the house. Yours, JAMES H. DAY, Day's Landing, Kings Co.

E. G. SCOVIL, Tea and Wine Merchant, 62 Union Street, St. John Telephone 583. Sole Agent for Maritime Provinces.

Advertisement for Walter Baker & Co. Limited, featuring an illustration of a woman at a counter and text: 'Walter Baker & Co. Limited, The Largest Manufacturers of PURE, HIGH GRADE COCOAS and CHOCOLATES. On this Continent, have received HIGHEST AWARDS from the great Industrial and Food EXPOSITIONS IN EUROPE AND AMERICA. Caution: In view of the many imitations, consumers should make sure they are getting the genuine Walter Baker's Cocoa, and not a cheap imitation. It is printed on each package. SOLD BY GROCERS EVERYWHERE. WALTER BAKER & CO. LTD., DORCHESTER, MASS.'

Sunday Reading.

HIS LUCKY BLANK.

Why Tom Amber Made His Resolve that He Would Keep to the Old Way.

There was a look of eager expectancy on Tom Amber's handsome face as he came into the hall filled train that morning. Slipping into an empty seat just behind a quiet looking middle-aged man, he took a letter from his pocket, and in a deliberate way proceeded to open it. As soon as his eyes fell on the printed form he unfolded his face clouded ominously, and crushing the offending message in his hand he muttered, "Just my luck! I might have known better than to put confidence in anything Jake Mooney recommended."

"Something gone wrong, young man, asked a voice in front of him, and with a blush Tom glanced up into the kind eyes of the unperturbed stranger he had noticed when he came in.

Tom was not in the habit of making confidants of strangers, but there was something in his neighbor's face that disarmed suspicion, and he answered politely, "Well, yes. An acquaintance persuaded me to invest in a little business concern out West, but instead of receiving the big cheque I had been expecting, I have drawn a blank. Tom colored guiltily when he referred to the business concern, but without appearing to notice his embarrassment, the gentleman seized his hand and shaking it vigorously, said, "Allow me to congratulate you on your good luck."

"Oh! you are mistaken," exclaimed Tom. "I have nothing left from my last five-dollar bill but this bit of worthless paper," and he held out the printed form for the stranger's inspection.

"And your experience," the man added as he took the paper offered.

"I would sell that very cheaply," remarked Tom. "Such experience does not count for much, particularly when it leaves you with an empty pocket-book."

"And yet it may prove the most valuable lesson of your life," the stranger remarked. "This is nothing or less than a lottery ticket, called by another name in order to cheat the government, which has excluded all such fraudulent matter from passing through the mails. In the eyes of the law it is a crime to take such matter from the post-office as well as to put it into the mail."

"I fail to see why when you have invested your last dollar in it," returned Tom. "I think I have paid dearly enough for the privilege of lifting that."

"You forget that you have only yourself to blame for the risk you took," replied the gentleman gravely. "You knew that you were running a risk when you invested the five dollars and you had chanced to draw what you call a lucky number, you would have become a party in defrauding others, who, like yourself, have drawn blanks. You know that it is only one in many hundreds who chance upon figures that count. The great army of investors must necessarily be disappointed. People do not run such schemes for the benefit of the many, but of the few, and their purpose always is to fill their own coffers."

"Had you been able to-day to have put a large sum of money in your pocket, you would have become so inflated with your success that all honorable means of earning a livelihood would have been abandoned. If the lesson you have had teaches you to keep clear of all such swindling concerns in the future, you have received the worth of your money, not withstanding the blank you have drawn. It is possible that this very bit of worthless paper may stand between you and the State prison. Success under such circumstances as you voluntarily placed yourself in would naturally have opened up to you the highway to crime, and a conscience lulled to sleep in one so young would not be apt to rouse itself in such a way as to assert its claims when greater temptations should be thrust in your path. It is always safe to do right, my boy, always; and God helps every one who helps himself, but nothing but danger lies in the way in which you cannot take God's blessing with you. I acknowledge that this firm has cheated you out of your money, but you have no reason to complain as you became an accomplice in the disreputable business the moment you joined in the scheme of trying to defraud others by enriching yourself."

"Perhaps you are right," admitted Tom, looking confused. "But I never looked upon things in that light."

"I thought not; I thought not," said the stranger. "It was the first departure from the line of right, but if you had been successful, it would not have been the last. If you had found out that you could increase your earnings a hundred fold by chancing on a lucky number, you would never have been content to go back to the slow, old-fashioned but honest way of earning your bread in the sweat of your face."

"I am afraid I should not," Tom admitted, and then as if to partially excuse the mistake he had made, he added, "I am not only an errand boy in a firm that does not pay big wages and is slow in advancing its employees, and as I want to make something of myself, I thought I might get a lift in this affair as did my friend who advised me to take the risk. He drew a five hundred dollar prize on the first dollar he invested."

"So much the worse for him, poor fellow," returned the kind-faced man, shaking his head gravely. "There is nothing that pays so badly in the long run as dishonesty. Remember that. The way of the

transgressor is always hard. There are snarls and pitfalls all around him. Even if he chances to escape them, and get money and keep it, do you think he can have any true satisfaction in its possession?"

"No, sir, I don't," Tom answered earnestly. "I believe that you mean to live honestly, now, whatever happens," said the stranger. "And though we may never meet again, I wish you every success."

"I will keep to the old way, even if I starve," exclaimed Tom emphatically, and he has kept his word.—Sabbath Reading.

HOW TO KEEP YOUNG.

Avoid the Constant Wear and Tear of Mind by Judicious Use of Time.

If the thousands who take their annual holiday that a few weeks every year judiciously used would keep health of mind and vigor of body till a green old age, what needless misery, what unnecessary pain would be saved. Emerson truly said, "Health is the first wealth," and yet to see how utterly regardless the majority are one would think that health was of no consequence whatever. Then, when too late, what valuable time is spent in bemoaning our lot. Look, again, at the thousands cut off in the very heyday of existence. A cold, and the strongest withers as quickly as Jonah's gourd. Emerson jokingly argued that the fact that the clergy had bronchitis proved that they had not intellectual health and spiritual vigor. Many a jest conveys the soundest lesson and this is one of them. Health is a question of understanding of laws of Nature. Transgress those laws one iota and you pay the penalty proportionate to the offence. On the other hand, Nature holds out to the wise and the prudent and the firm-willed prizes of incalculable value. Descartes thought that life could be prolonged to several centuries. Without going into the question of the possible duration of human life on this planet, it can safely be laid down that man, as we know him now, ought in the majority of cases to reach a hundred years. Mr. Gladstone ought to at least look forward to another fifteen or twenty years of thorough enjoyment of life and health. It is a common mistake to suppose that the bible has fixed the duration of life at three scores and ten. Even Schopenhauer has fallen into this vulgar error.

The writer of the verse referred to bewails in a pessimistic mood the shortness of human life, brought on by transgression of the laws of Nature. The various biblical writers emphatically promise long life to the man who keeps the law. The proverbs of Solomon are full of excellent advice on health. "Happy is the man that findeth wisdom. Length of days is in her right hand." Living in health is an art that must be learned and practised. It is the art of arts, for what is the use of idly contemplating beautiful statuary unless we strive continually to elevate ourselves to the ideal. Perpetual youth may be an empty dream, but constant health is within reach—more, ought to be attained by all.—Arthur Lovell.

RELIGION IN THE FAMILY.

No Time is too Early to Approach Children With Religious Suggestions.

It is a remarkable thing in regard to little people that it is almost never too early to approach them with religious suggestion, writes Rev. Charles H. Parkhurst, D. D., in the October Ladies Home Journal. It is not what we say to them that makes them religious it is the religious instinct already in them that makes intelligible to them whatever of a religious kind we say to them. The best that a child can become in this, as in every other respect, accrues from wisely handling and fostering some impulse already contained in the child's original dowry. If the beginnings of individual religion were not an implant no method of treatment, no ingenuity of culture could suffice to establish such a beginning. Religion can be immanent in the child, and even be a part of his experience, without his being able to comprehend the allusions made to it by his elders. "It holds in the twilight of life what is true in its dawning, that it begins to begin to be morning a good while before there is sunshine enough in the air for the sun-dial to be able to tell us what o'clock it is. The infant's eyes are full of light waiting to be greeted by the light of the sun as soon as its lids are lifted. The heart of the child is tuned to the things of God, and its strings are ready to become musical so soon as they are touched by a hand that knows how to stir them into resonance. It is a good while before the child and the earth come very close to one another, but on the contrary "Heaven lies about us in our infancy."

Made Strong by the Lord.

Often hast Thou sent me a peace that passed understanding. It came where it had no right to come—on the steps of poverty, down the ladder of humiliations. It came when life was low, when fortune was low, when hope was low. . . . Thou hast followed me with invisible steps. Thou hast brightened me with invisible sunbeams. Thou hast nourished me with intangible food. Thou hast strengthened me with unaccountable comfort. I have soared without wings; I have sailed without ship; I have climbed, though shrunk in sinew. The man is perfected in weakness whose arms "are made strong by the hand of the mighty God of Jacob."—Matheson.

Living is a Reality.

Opinions change, but human nature survives; and no decrees of scientific hierarchy can long hush the questions, What is force or how is it gathered into centres, and why do they forever vibrate, and what is the stupendous movement working out? It is a balance of the forces in the universe, why do they not neutralise one another? If there is not, how are we held off from chaos? And there is no meaning in it all, no purpose accordant with mind, and heart, and purpose of man? Is the universe but a stupendous kaleidoscope, in which forms of beauty tumbled together, only to be scattered by the next revolution? If it be so, I am not of that world on which I look through the window of the eye. In

Gladstone's Message to Young Men.

Be sure that every one of you has his place and vocation on this earth, and that it rests with himself to find it. Do not believe those who too lightly say nothing succeeds like success. Effort, honest, manful, humble effort, succeeded by its re-acted action, especially in youth, better than success, which, indeed, too easily and too early, gained, not seldom serves, like winning the first throw of the dice, to blind and stupefy. Get knowledge—all you can. Be thorough in all you do, and remember that though ignorance often may be innocent, pretension is always dan-

spicable. But you, like men, be strong, and exercise your strength. Work on-ward and work upwards; and may the Most High soothe your cares, clear your vision, and crown your labors with reward.

HUMAN DIFFICULTIES.

The Involutions of Providence all Lead the way to Better Things.

There are troubles which come to us through human perversity; there are others which are Divine visitations; they come to us in the order of Divine Providence rather than from any misstep on our part. Persecution may arise from our adherence to the principles of the Divine economy; the prophets and martyrs suffered wrong and died at the hands of an evil generation. God ministers through evil things as well as good. "Shall evil befall a city and the Lord hath not done it?" In the individual as well as the public life we have to take account of this ministry of evil. In many passages of their lives it is God's will to perfect His people through suffering. He purposely brings them into straight places to test their faith, to their patience or to demonstrate to men the superiority of His grace in the individual soul. Job stands as a model of patience for the men of all generations, as does Abraham for unshaken confidence in the promises of God. How great were these qualities in these instances could be known to us only by the crucible of Providence. The true good remained unwashed in the fire. That God ordained the test is our comfort and hope. The route of Moses and the hosts of Israel to the Red Sea was indicated by the Divine finger-points; the pillar of fire and clouds led them into the place of greatest danger. The sea was in front, the armies of Pharaoh were in the rear. We may not wonder that the faith of Moses, for a moment, wavered. If God were on our side, how could they be in so evil a case?

We easily assume that if God be for us, He will clothe us in purple and enable us to fare sumptuously every day; but He makes great use of bitter herbs in the spread of His providential table. A new zest comes from their fire use. In this bitter provision we are not to think some strange thing has happened to us and that the whole order of life is to be changed. The order of God came to Moses: "Speak to the people that they go forward." There are times when it is more important to act than to pray; there must be no delay even for the most sacred duties when the order comes for the movement of the column. But how can we move in the face of the deep sea? There is no sea so deep or so broad God cannot dry it and make a way through it for his people. Listen in silence until you hear the Divine order: "Forward!" The way out of a human difficulty is to turn square about; the way out of a providential involution is straight forward. In God's order there is no reversal of the standards; He leads out of any trouble by an advance through.

What should a Preacher Be? He should stand, as it were, on the watch tower, like the Hebrew prophets, exhorting and reproving, breaking down and building up, boldly rebuking vice and patiently suffering for the truth's sake, helping to sway the destinies of the nation by uplifted banner of righteousness. He should be like a heavenly archangel, hurling arrows of light into dark and guilty hearts. He should be the enemy of the oppressor and the champion of the oppressed. Sometimes his words should descend softly as dew upon the sun-scorched wilderness, and sometimes they should be a hammer, never should he spare to smite the hoary head of invertebrate abuse, but always be ready to throw the shield of his sympathy over persecuted virtue, and never to break the bruised reed or quench the smoking flax. What largeness of sympathy, what tenderness of compassion, what keenness of insight, what dauntlessness of courage does the true preacher require! What passionate and heart-searching love of truth, lest, after all, he should be but daubing tottering walls with untempered mortar! All this should be, and, alas! what is he? Too often a burdened, weary, timid and conventional man, afraid of what people say and afraid of suffering opportunity, policy and slothfulness to dominate his words.—Dean F. W. Farrar.

Youthful Piety.

Some tell us that child-piety is not reliable; that churches make a great mistake in receiving children an early age into full communion; and that we must wait until there is a more mature judgement and assured Christian life. However plausible this position may seem, facts are on the side of youthful piety. A more careful, intelligent and observant witness on this point cannot be found than the late Charles Spurgeon, and he gives this remarkable testimony: "Out of a church of 2,700 members, I have never had to exclude a single one who was received while yet a child." His who comes at the earliest period of intelligent comprehension to Jesus, and then grows up in the church, rarely backslides. Jesus has his eye upon the children, and if, during the formative period, they are under the right influence and training, the sooner they claim their covenant rights and enjoy the church's fostering care, the better and truer Christians are they likely to become.—Presbyterian Observer.

Habit of Morning Prayer.

The habit of morning prayer is a most important one. The sense of helplessness with which we lie down at night makes us find comfort in whispering our childhood's prayer, "Now I lay me down to sleep, I pray the Lord my soul to keep;" but does not the soul need that loving guarding and keeping amid the temptations and perplexities of the day, even more than amid the dangers of the darkness? Let the morning nap be given up, if necessary, or the reading of the morning paper curtailed, but don't start out to the life of the day without a look forward to its probable needs, and a little talk with Jesus that shall at least invite him to go with you through all its hours.

This World a Beginning.

All things around us and in us are felt to be beginnings; and the curtains of the unseen world, as it lifted by the wind, wave over and anon into our face, and cling to it like a mask we see through, or think we see. Neither can we resist the conviction that this world is for us only the porch of another and more magnificent temple of the Creator's majesty, wherein we shall enter still further into the Creator's power, and learn that to be in the Creator's power is the creature's happiness.—F. W. Faber.

Hints of Heaven.

That is not an enviable nature that hears no strange melodies hinting of heaven through the mystic marches of the year; that sees no glorious signs hung out on earth and sky of an infinite love that is never forgetful and never unkind that passes

this ethereal inward world to which I belong, will purpose, reason, affection, principle, reign as supreme all animating powers. And I, being as I am, have no part nor lot in that great and terrible wilderness masked with a shimmering mirage of beauty that rings me round. Nay, I am myself more real than anything without. That desert world is a dream for aught I know, but as for me, I live—and oh! for a universal life, that in it I may live and move and have my being!—J. Alanson Pictou. M. A.

FOR A BETTER LAND.

Our Dreams and Longings on Earth Will Not End in Disappointment.

"But now they desire a better country, that is a heavenly,"—Heb. xii., 16.

In the language of poetry and rhetoric, man is very frequently described as a wanderer, a stranger without a home, and his life on earth is spoken of as a pilgrimage of but a few days, and these few days are said to be as sad as they are brief. But these poetic figures, beautiful as they are, do not contain the whole truth. The children of Israel were wanderers through a desert, but they were not marching along the lines of an aimless pilgrimage. They had not set forth at a peradventure. They started out with a settled purpose. "They went out to the land of Canaan." The pillar of fire by night and the tremulous cloud by day led them on through devious paths, but by a right way to "a city of habitations." So if life is a pilgrimage, it is a pilgrimage with a purpose. And fair and beautiful as the pilgrim path maybe, the heart of man yearns for something better. The writer of this letter to the Hebrews described a group of the men and women of the world's young morning who became heroic by the mighty power of personal faith. All these died in faith, as they had lived by the power of faith. Of them Paul says, "The world was not worthy." And another characteristic of the Old World saints was this, that long before the revelation of immortality by that great teacher who "brought life and immortality to light," there burned and flamed in the hearts of each of these pilgrims a "desire" for "a better country, that is heavenly." Far away back, when the world was young, the gleaming hope of a life beyond the bounds of time are found stirring the souls of men! We talk in these days about instincts that if not substantial arguments were at least freighted with great power. Whence came these instincts of eternal hope? Who set aflame those torches of hope that radiate all the life, that no despair can quench? If, as seems most natural to believe, God has lighted those torches of hope, we may be sure he will take no joy but in their blessed fulfillment. To implant such desires only to disappoint them would be cruel to the utmost bound of cruelty. God is not mocked. Much less will he mock the creature's hand he made. He who gave us such dreams of a better land will bring us at last to the happy shore.

FOR A BETTER LAND.

Our Dreams and Longings on Earth Will Not End in Disappointment.

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Youthful Piety.

Some tell us that child-piety is not reliable; that churches make a great mistake in receiving children an early age into full communion; and that we must wait until there is a more mature judgement and assured Christian life. However plausible this position may seem, facts are on the side of youthful piety. A more careful, intelligent and observant witness on this point cannot be found than the late Charles Spurgeon, and he gives this remarkable testimony: "Out of a church of 2,700 members, I have never had to exclude a single one who was received while yet a child." His who comes at the earliest period of intelligent comprehension to Jesus, and then grows up in the church, rarely backslides. Jesus has his eye upon the children, and if, during the formative period, they are under the right influence and training, the sooner they claim their covenant rights and enjoy the church's fostering care, the better and truer Christians are they likely to become.—Presbyterian Observer.

Habit of Morning Prayer.

The habit of morning prayer is a most important one. The sense of helplessness with which we lie down at night makes us find comfort in whispering our childhood's prayer, "Now I lay me down to sleep, I pray the Lord my soul to keep;" but does not the soul need that loving guarding and keeping amid the temptations and perplexities of the day, even more than amid the dangers of the darkness? Let the morning nap be given up, if necessary, or the reading of the morning paper curtailed, but don't start out to the life of the day without a look forward to its probable needs, and a little talk with Jesus that shall at least invite him to go with you through all its hours.

This World a Beginning.

All things around us and in us are felt to be beginnings; and the curtains of the unseen world, as it lifted by the wind, wave over and anon into our face, and cling to it like a mask we see through, or think we see. Neither can we resist the conviction that this world is for us only the porch of another and more magnificent temple of the Creator's majesty, wherein we shall enter still further into the Creator's power, and learn that to be in the Creator's power is the creature's happiness.—F. W. Faber.

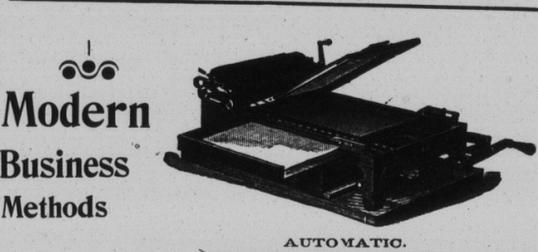
Hints of Heaven.

That is not an enviable nature that hears no strange melodies hinting of heaven through the mystic marches of the year; that sees no glorious signs hung out on earth and sky of an infinite love that is never forgetful and never unkind that passes

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es not with reverent spirit to ponder the lesson that is told in grass and tree and flower, and that feels no benediction in the bright air and the palpitating sky. He may be just to his neighbor, industrious, and virtuous, yet he does not understand the meaning of Jesus in the fields of Galilee, pointing to the birds and lilies, and telling of our Father's care.—H. N. Fowler.

Our Own Thoughts.

To believe your own thought, to believe that what is true for you in your private heart is true for all men—that is genius. Speak your latent conviction, and it shall be the universal sense; for the inmost time becomes the outmost—and our first thought is rendered back to us by the trumpets of the last judgement. Familiar as the voice of mind is to each, the highest merit we ascribe to Moses, Plato, and Milton is that they set at naught books and traditions, and spoke not what men said but what they thought.—R. W. Emerson.

THE IMPORTANCE OF A LIVER.

Thousands Suffer Because the Liver is De-ranged.—South American Nerveine is the Great Panacea of the Day for a Diseased Liver and All Stomach Troubles, Indigestion, Dyspepsia, Nervousness and General Debility. When a well-known author wrote his book entitled "Is Life Worth Living?" Mr. Funch with a shrewd, practical common-sense, replied to the query, "That depends on the liver." And undoubtedly it is the case that when the liver is diseased un-doubted troubles follow. Dyspepsia, indigestion, sick headache, nervousness and general debility are all species of stomach trouble that come from this source. The practical question is, "What are you going to do about it?" That great discovery of the century, South American Nerveine, with ten thousand voices says, "I will cure." We might easily quote the words of well-known Canadian citizens to fill this entire page. Let us on two suffice. Mr. John Boyer, banker, of Kilmarnock, says, "I was very

much troubled with indigestion, giving rise to those distressing feelings that can hardly be described in any language, but that are so common to the dyspeptic. I tried South American Nerveine, and it cured me. I have no hesitation in recommending it to any person affected with stomach trouble." Mr. J. W. Dinwiddie, of Campbellford, Ont., the large railroad contractor, says: "I keep South American Nerveine always in the house, and I do not hesitate to say that it is the very best medicine I have ever taken, and most confidently recommend it to any one troubled with nervousness of whatever form and the attendant diseases of the liver and stomach that follow this weakness." Mrs. A. V. Galbraith, of Shelburne, Ont., says: "South American Nerveine cured me completely of indigestion. I never fail to recommend it to my friends." It is not an experiment with any one who used this great discovery. It has been tested and proven over and over again, with the one result, that it provides a certain cure. An Old London Church. St. Martin's, at Ludgate, one of London's oldest churches, is to be opened again, after being closed for six years. The earliest mention of the church is in 1267, but the present building was erected by Sir Christopher Wren at the end of the seventeenth century. Famous Cedars. The famous cedars of Lebanon bear little resemblance to our cedars. These famous old monarchs of the forest at Tenet-el-Abd are zealously guarded by the Algerian government, and their wood is prized for cabinet work. Hugo's Testimony. After Victor Hugo died, more than 10,000 isolated verses were found scattered about his rooms, written on little slips of paper. He used to write incessantly, even while he was dressing himself, in the morning.

SOCIETY ON THE WHEEL.

LADY RANDOLPH CHURCHILL AS A SHINING EXAMPLE.

She is now gaining the title of the First Cyclienne of England and France—She Invents a Winter Wheeling Dress and Rides With the Princess Louise.

Mrs. Grey-Catfield writes from London to the Chicago Inter-Ocean as follows: While Americans are looking with interest upon the decent little sprig of English nobility now in the United States, Americans abroad and Europeans also are looking with amazement and admiration upon the fair American aunt of the same Duke, Jennie, Lady Randolph Churchill, widow of Lord Randolph Churchill, and the fairest American that ever wedded a title, has sprung into new notice by her skill in handling a bicycle.

Lady Randolph Churchill since her marriage has distinguished herself in many ways. She worked hard in India, and in recognition of Indian political work the Queen conferred upon her the imperial Order of the Crown of India. But this is only one of her many distinctions. As the wife of a great politician she took prominent part in all general affairs of the day, and in token of the general admiration felt for her by the whole Churchill family, the late Duke of Marlborough, brother to Lord Randolph Churchill, said: "She is easily the first of her sex."

"The first of her sex" is now winning laurels in fields little expected of her. She is gaining the name of "First Cyclienne" of England and France. Her speed upon the wheel, her grace, her new inventions and discoveries to aid cycling women who wheel for health and pleasure, are attracting attention across the entire continent.

At Aix-les-Bains, where she has been spending a month, crowds turned out daily to see her wheel, and at her home in Connaught Place, London, there are always to be seen little groups of women waiting for My Lady to come out and take her place upon the wheel.

The interest which Lady Randolph Churchill takes in cycling is a surprise to her friends because she has never been an athlete. Of fine, slender figure, she did not need to take violent exercise, and that she should now wheel persistently sends them shaking their heads and saying, "There's no knowing a woman." But as Lady Randolph Churchill herself explained it to me, "My husband was not well enough for any outdoor exercise besides driving, and I would not go without him, otherwise I should have taken to the wheel two seasons ago."

The improvements which Lady Churchill has made in wheeling circles since she began to ride are important ones.

One of the best is the ankle practice. She advocates and even instructs her friends in bending the ankle to make it supple. An hour's practice working the foot at the ankle joint each day will limber it up and make the member not only better in cycling, but also in walking. With a supple ankle the pedal need never be struck a violent blow after it has turned—as so many cyclists practice wrongly.

Another of the improvements made by my lady is in the matter of coasting. She has an ingenious pose upon the wheel that takes the feet off the pedals, yet does not raise them too far to allow them to be too quickly put in place again should obstacles arise. This is an ankle pose, quickly learned by lifting the feet and holding them in the air, one, two, and three minutes at a time, without either extending them or drawing them very close to the body.

The number of hours for cycling a day, the best time to ride, and the necessary rests have all been considered by her ladyship, who practised with the Princess Louise in the Royal Gardens many hours a day at first. After much experience both ladies agree that the best time to cycle are in the morning and after the early 4 o'clock tea. At these hours there are fewer vehicles in the streets, and the air is cooler, clearer, and more removed from the distempers of the latitude of mid-day. In the matter of exercise after eating, both ladies find that it is no harm to cycle immediately after meals, as the exercise of the limbs in no way interferes with digestion, while the variety of scene even aids this function.

Lady Churchill wheeled at first because of loneliness. Her husband was dead, and she was debarred from the London season. The cycle seemed a rational and delightful way to exercise.

A year before she had heard of one of Frances Willard's remarkable cycle lectures and she was secretly longing to "walk six inches above the ground." Now she wheels for her health, her looks, and her enjoyment.

A very delightful scene was viewed the other day in the establishment of a photographer who makes a specialty of taking cycliennes. He had all the necessary "scenery" of the road, and can stand the fair rider against a stone wall resting with her wheel alongside or even provide a smooth "studio road" for racing.

But Lady Randolph Churchill only wanted a simple photograph of herself in cycling dress. The photograph was to send to friends in the United States who have been asking Mrs. Leslie and Mrs. Frewin, Lady Churchill's two sisters now traveling

in America, "just how" Jennie looks and how she passes her time in her social retirement.

The gown which Lady Randolph Churchill wore was on her own creation, and very proud she was of it, or she would hardly have put it on the first cool day to have her picture taken in it. The gown is Lady Churchill's invention, and is a model winter cycling suit—the first ever seen in London.

To have a picture of a suit and not know its material is aggravating, so it is only fair to say that heavy rough serge is the material and the trimming is short Persian lamb, cropped and close setting to the figure. The waist is corset-breasted and lined with fur. It buttons far on the side, so there is no possibility of its obstructing the workings of the handles. Lady Randolph Churchill is very proud of this her own invention, and the probability is that it will be extensively copied in London this winter. Already "my lady's permission" has been asked to have a suit like it, and modistes are advertising themselves "Maker of cycling suits for her Ladyship Lady Randolph Churchill."

As to the social career of the bicycle, Lady Churchill thinks it will be a long and brilliant one. "The machine is not a cheap one," she said to a journalist interviewing her on the subject, "nor is it a common one. I know a Duchess who is having a good wheel made, with plating wherever the gold is not hard enough for the purpose. I, myself, like silver better."

Regarding the actual social status of riders, Lady Churchill thinks they will necessarily be of the best-toned people, if not of the wealthiest class. "There will be no inducement for a person of doubtful tastes to ride a wheel, for the exercise takes one into the country, where nature is purest, and on a wheel a woman must attend to her business of pedaling along, without stopping to chatter or to elicit admiration from others, as she may do when riding or driving."

When asked about the morale of bicycling—that ridiculous question raised by a few of peculiar mind—her ladyship would give absolutely no opinion, but the disgusted look upon her face and the contempt of her patrician lip gave their own answer.

It is claimed that bicycling gives entertainments to young and old, grandmothers and grandchildren. With a woman so beautiful as Lady Randolph Churchill all question of age is put aside; but when one comes down to cold facts one finds that she was born in 1858, and that, therefore, her years must be on the other side of 40. Nevertheless she is now at this minute one of the most beautiful women in the world, and her great skill upon the wheel shows her to be as young in action as in looks.

In America the woman of society have long since elevated the bicycle even as they have been literally and figuratively elevated by it; but in London, while the street has been full of cycles, the royal ladies, who set the fashions here, have wheeled in their own private grounds or in the select parks. But Lady Randolph Churchill comes out openly, and a bonny sight she is upon her shining wheel. She is the laiciest cyclienne of London, and that is saying much for a woman who has already earned the greatest titles that can be given to her in other fields.

THE DEAD MAN AT THE WHEEL.

Five years ago this present summer (1893), an English sailing ship was struggling and tumbling in the midst of a cyclonic gale in the South Atlantic. As a part of the effort to bring the ship to the wind the mate sang out to the man at the wheel to put the helm hard over. Seeing that the mate made no movement to obey the order, the officer in front of him the officer looked for an instant and ejaculated "MY GRACIOUS!" The poor steersman's eyes were turned up in their sockets, the upper lip was drawn from the teeth, and the facial muscles fixed as though cast in bronze. He was dead, with his horny fingers still gripping the spokes. A stroke of lightning had done the job in a fraction of a second. He may have heard the first words of the mate's order and been deaf to all the others. But how long was the electric battery in the heavens loading for that fatal shot? Tell me that.

But, you say, not many people are struck dead that way. True, not many comparatively. There are things however—Well, here's an incident that may help you to understand.

In February, 1890, Mr. George Martin, of 23, Smalley Road, Stoke Newington, London, was working at Chingford. One day while thus engaged a sharp pain struck across the small of his back. The writer of these lines on the bad that same pain struck him while he was washing his hands at a sink in his own house, and fell to the floor as though a musket ball had gone through him. Millions of men—(its nearly always men, seldom women)—have been dumped to the ground that way without having the ghost of an idea what ailed them. And lots of them have died in from ten to thirty days afterwards, and some in less than thirty minutes, in convulsions. That too, understand, without any previous intimation of anything being the matter with them. The doctors will call such a style of taking off any of a dozen names—commonly *uræmia*. What's that? Wait a bit. Let's get on with Martin's experience first.

The pain he speaks of disabled him as a blow from a club might have done. Or rather, he says, it felt like the thrust of a knife. He dropped his work and set out for home, but had trouble enough getting there because he could not use his back. Every attempt to walk or to stir brought on the agony again. Finally, however, he reached home, and sent for a doctor im-

mediately, who said he was suffering from gravel, and prescribed some medicine. Getting worse, he consulted successively two other doctors. The last of these medical gentlemen assured him he had stone in the bladder.

Only think of the deep wisdom of these men. One said gravel, the other said stone. As if stone—any stone on earth—whether inside or outside a man's body—where anything but gravel packed into a mass! We desire to speak respectfully; but what would the learned professions do if they couldn't weave a fog of words around a simple fact?

Well, the last doctor recommended Mr. Martin to go to a hospital. So he went. He became a patient in the University College Hospital. This was in April 1890. Now, there he passed a stone, suffering excruciating pain as the hard, angular substance tore the tender passages. Improving a little by and by he returned to his work but was never well. In a letter, dated April 20, 1893, he says, "Often I had to give up my work for a few days at a time. For two years I was in this condition, suffering awfully. Finding the doctor's medicine did me no good, I made up my mind to try a medicine that three years ago cured my sister, Mrs. Mennery, of Chelsea, Torquay, after the doctor said she was incurable. I began taking it in November, 1891, and in two weeks a second stone came from me. But no more. I was soon as well as ever. This medicine—which was Seigel's Syrup—cleared all the gravel from my system without giving me any pain. I have never had any signs of the complaint since.—(Signed) George Martin."

We beg to shake hands with Mr. Martin. Probably he does not realize how narrow an escape he had from chronic and a deadly disease. The shock that struck him at Chingford was the opening gun, the first sensible touch of the poison—uræmia—kidney secretion, uric acid in the blood. His case has a history of indigestion and dyspepsia—the foundation and cause of it all. Gravel, or stone, is formed by the uric acid uniting chemically with the alkalies of the body. Mother Seigel's Curative Syrup cures by expelling the acid and preventing the formation of more. But keep an eye on your digestion. There's where the deadly bolt is lodged.

FOLEY AND HIS FROG.

Relations That Result in Occasional Embarrassing Episodes.

The embarrassments and annoyances incident to the existences of a man, whose stomach is occupied by a barstone, frog, with a propensity for demanding recognition at any time, under any circumstances, will readily suggest themselves. Yet this is precisely the predicament in which James Foley of Wheatland finds himself. One evening recently he was sitting with his family playing dominoes, when a peculiar grunting sound made the children jump.

"What's the matter James; aren't you well?" inquired Mrs. Foley.

"Why, I didn't do that."

"Yes, you did, James. I heard you. Have you been drinking again?"

Mr. Foley was in the act of making a most emphatic denial, when the sound was heard again.

"Yes it comes from me, sure enough," he was forced to admit. Like a flash his mind grasped the true state of affairs; he must have swallowed something in the drinking water, and it had grown inside him.

He has now brought suit against Philip C. Dickinson to recover \$5,000 for damages to the plaintiff's health, alleged to have been caused by drinking impure water furnished by the defendant. The Foley and Dickinson farms adjoin, and Foley paid his neighbor \$12 a year for the privilege of using water from the latter's well.

Mr. Foley claims that the animal inside of him is a frog. "I know it's that," said he, "for nothing else would make so queer a noise. Last Sunday in church the frog took it into his head to kick up a fuss just as I was enjoying the sermon. First I knew, it gave a big croak. Everybody looked at me, and of course I got embarrassed. Then it started to croak still louder. I couldn't stand that, so I got up and walked out. All the way down the aisle the frog, or whatever it is, kept making its strange and peculiar sounds. I'm afraid I've queried myself for that church."

"The worst of it is," continued Mr. Foley, "they won't believe me. Everybody seems to think I am doing this for fun. I can't go to any little social gathering or prayer meeting without this infernal animal tuning up in my interior."

Mr. Foley, like many others, doesn't realize his own possibilities—he doesn't know what's in him. He ought to make the frog pay for his lodgings by earning a lot of money for him—Oil City Blizzard.

The Truth About Opals.

"The superstition which causes people to regard opals with awe as the cause of ill luck and even death," said a jeweler yesterday, "is due to a peculiar observation made many years ago. Opals were in considerable use in Venice during the plague, and it was noticed there in the hospitals that before death the stone would sometimes brighten upon the victim's finger. It never seemed to occur to the people that the illness could produce a glow of color. They took it for granted that the stone occasioned the illness. As a matter of fact, opals are affected by heat, even by that of the hand, and the fever, being at its height just before death, caused the color to shine with unwonted clearness. This confirmed the superstition, and to this day there are sane and able-bodied people who believe that a chip of stone in the house can cause calamities. Probably another reason for the distrust excepted in opals is the fact that they change and lose their color. That is due to the softness and por-

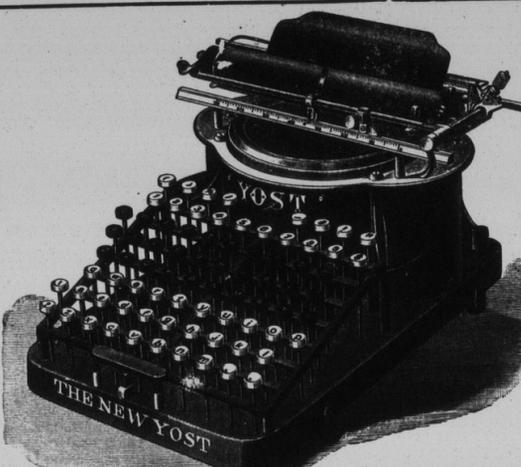
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ousness of the material and its capacity both for absorbing water and parting with what it has one of which tends to make it dull and the other chalky and opaque.

They have been known to be carefully cut and laid away, and upon opening the paper had crumbled into dust within a few weeks. A species of opal known as the hydrophane, found in small quantities lately in Colorado, has wonderful powers of absorption. In its usual state it is of yellowish, waxy tint, but when water is dropped upon it the tint passes slowly away and from being translucent it becomes transparent. On exposure to the air the water evaporates in an hour, leaving the stone as it was before.—Washington Post.

DOUBLE DECEPTION.

The Public Often Imposed On.

Proprietary Medicines and Pills that are Utterly Worthless.

When you ask for Paine's Celery Compound do not Allow your Dealer to Recommend Something Else.

Yes, there is a vast amount of double deception practised in the country. The double deception imposed on a two-conditioning people, just means the making of worthless liquid medicines and pills, and putting them into the stores of dealers, who often recommend them when Paine's Celery Compound is asked for, because they pay larger and handsomer profits.

This work of falsely recommending and substituting is fraught with many evils. It encourages deception and falsehood; it brings the public to the position of slaves to the will of the grasping dealer; it tends to prolong sufferings and agonies; when the sick are forced to buy what they do not ask for; and lastly, the vile work of substituting assistants that should be prohibited by law.

This work of recommending poor and trashy medicines when Paine's Celery Compound is asked for, is meeting with its just reward in many places. The substituting and deceptive dealers are being shunned, and the money for Paine's Celery Compound goes into the hands of upright and honest business men, contented with moderate profits, and who are anxious to give men, women and children just what they ask for.

The great desire of sick and diseased people is a new life, which means health, strength, and bodily vigor. This condition is surely and speedily realized when Paine's Celery Compound is used. This fact is proved every day by the number of testimonials received from cured people. The clergy, medical men, bankers, merchants and the everyday

people testify in favor of Paine's Celery Compound; such letters cannot be shown by the proprietors of the medicines you are asked to avoid.

TORTURE OF CRIMINALS.

Not Confined to Europe but Used in the Early Days of America.

The constitution of the United States and of the various States, in prohibiting cruel and unusual punishments, were not enforcing an absurdity. The use of torture in legal processes was not, when these instruments were framed, so remote as it is now.

When Sir Thomas Dale came as High Marshal to Virginia he crushed a conspiracy by killing the ring leaders by torture. One had a hobkin thrust through his tongue and was chained to a tree until he died, others were broken at the wheel. It is quaintly stated that Sir Thomas was "a man of good conscience and knowledge in divinity."

Dole's date was 1611. The next notable instance of the use of torture was in 1692, in the Salem witchcraft excitement, when Giles Cory was pressed to death—the "peine dure et forte," the most horrible of deaths. A far worse instance was the burning of the negroes at the stake in New York, already described in these columns.

Throughout the early colonial period the use of the stocks "cage," and pillory was common, but these were torture only to the sensitive spirit. A similar device is the cangue, or plank necklode, four feet square, which Chinese prisoners still carry.

Executions were in public throughout the East until comparatively recent times. When Quetch, the pirate, and six others were hanged in Boston, Sewall writes in his diary: "When the scaffold was let to sink there was such a screech of the Woman that my wife heard it, sitting in my entry next to the orchard," though the gallows was a mile away and the wind unfavorable.

The use of torture to wring the truth from witnesses is said to have been recognized as legal in Austria until well within the present century.—New York Recorder.

Consumption of Spruce Lumber.

The consumption of spruce in the manufacture of paper pulp increases at the rate of over a hundred million logs a year. Half of the spruce lumber in the United States has already been consumed. Where the future supplies are to come from begins to be a serious problem. At this rate it will not be long before the somewhat limited areas upon which this spruce grows will be entirely denuded. Other woods may be found to supply its place in pulp-making, though none so good has yet been

discovered, but if not it will obviously be come necessary to seek fresh material abroad. Siberia, just been opened by the Trans-Siberian Railway, contains the greatest spruce forests in the world, and may in time become the headquarters of the world's paper manufacture. The privity with which the demand for this privity eats up the forests of a continent is somewhat appalling, and the discovery of new substances out of which it can be made becomes of the most urgent importance. Humboldt says that wherever man appears upon the earth he provides conditions for his own extinction in the destruction of forests; and the paper business has accelerated that destruction with extraordinary rapidity. If the spruce forests of the American continent supply its requirements only a few years, how long will even those of stretching Siberia last? And what is to be done when they are to be exhausted? The pulp-makers will probably not bother themselves much with these queries so long as they can get material to go on with, but they must be met and answered sooner or later.—New York Tribune.

The Poetry of Matrimony.

Her constant aim is to be interesting to her husband. She multiplies herself. In turn she is his friend, his confidante, his partner in business, his chum, and, if I may say the word in its best and most refined sense, his mistress. She is forever changing her appearance. For instance, you will seldom see a French married woman wear her hair in the same way longer than three or four weeks. She knows that love feels on trifles, on illusion, on suggestion. She knows that, when a man loves his wife, a rose in her hair, a new frock, a bonnet differently trimmed, will revive in him the very emotion that he felt when he held her in his arms for the first time. She also knows that the very best dishes may sometimes become insipid if always served with the same sauce.

She understands to a supreme degree the poetry of matrimony. I have heard men say that matrimony kills poetry. The fool! There is no poetry outside of it. And the poetry has all the more chance to live long in French matrimonial life because our wedding ceremony is not, as in England, the end of courtship, but only the beginning of it. In France, when you have married your wife, you have to win her and the process is very pleasant. I have often told my English friends that it in their country there were not so many kisses indulged in before the wedding ceremony, there would be a great many more administered after it. Why is the French woman of forty so attractive? Because every feature of her face shows that she has been patted and loved.—Max O'Rell.

A Stunning Gown is Easily Made

If you have a pretty material and use

FIBRE CHAMOIS

to give it the style and stiffness. Put the Light weight, No. 10, in the sleeves and skirts; make the collars, cuffs and belt of the Heavy weight, No. 30; and use the Medium weight, No. 20, through the body to give a comfortable windproof warmth. This is also the best grade for caps, coats or wraps.

Always cut it across the goods and never be satisfied unless you find the name and number on every yard.

Imitations are miserable failures. Patented July 1890, March 1895.

# WOMAN and HER WORK.

I clip the following from a newspaper: "J. M. Barrie suggested in one of his skits that the best way to spend a holiday was to spend it in bed, but until quite recently this theory was never put into actual practice. Two hospital nurses of London tried it the other day, however, with the most pronounced success. They each had a fortnight's vacation, and they hired a cottage in the country and engaged an old woman to attend on them. The inhabitants of the little community were not informed regarding this novel project, and as the days went by and the newcomers were never seen the neighbors naturally were astonished.

"Some suggested that there was some terrible mystery about these women and that their strange and unnatural behavior should immediately be probed. It was even thought advisable to have a consultation with the police of the district. The little cottage was not molested nor its secrets pried into, and the story did not come out until the two ladies, their vacation over, made a call upon the vicar, and after giving him some small sum for charity explained the matter.

"It appears that they had practically spent their whole time in bed. For a year past they had got their sleep in such short snatches and subject to so many interruptions that their one idea of a blissful holiday was a season of absolute and undisturbed repose."

I suppose when most of us read Mr. Barrie's whimsical suggestion as to the ideal holiday, we laughed heartily and thought the idea worthy of his peculiar fancy. But for my part I doubt whether Mr. Barrie really intended to be humorous at all! There is far more wisdom than wit in the suggestion, and none knows this better than a hardworking man, and busy brain worker like the gifted J. M. Barrie.

I remember once when I was very tired, and very much discouraged with things in general, saying that I would be willing to go through a severe illness, just for the sake of the rest I would have while I was getting well. Not very long afterwards I was ill enough to satisfy the most ardent seeker after rest, but somehow I did not enjoy the convalescence half as much as I expected; I had not counted on drawbacks of weakness, and helplessness, and I had no idea that what used to seem comfort itself when I was well, could be transformed by a few weeks illness into a place of torture. I discovered lumps in it which had never existed before, and valleys which were equally new to me, and I could not find one position that was restful. So by the time I had made an end of my getting well, I felt as if I never wanted to see a bed again.

So I came to the conclusion that one must be in perfect health in order to thoroughly enjoy her downy couch, and take the good of it.

I remember reading once of a celebrated literary woman who got through an enormous amount of work, managed her household, looked after her children, attended to her social duties and yet has never been ill, never had a headache, and always looked as fresh as a rosebud. Someone asked her once how she managed it and she answered that for many years she had made it an inflexible rule always to take one day in bed each week. She never allowed anything to interfere with her custom, denied herself to all visitors and rested and slept as much as she could until six o'clock, when her day ended. And she had never had cause to regret the time so spent.

I know it would be utterly useless to try to impress the wisdom of this needy rest upon the tired housewives of today, because they would all shout in an indignant chorus that they hadn't time, but I think they would find it pay in the long run, if they would only give it a trial, and they would also find it much less expensive than a month's trip to the seaside every summer with doctor's bills to pay in the meanwhile.

I have no doubt that the friends of those two hospital nurses thought they had taken leave of their senses, but I will venture to say that the girls went home rested and re-freshed in mind and body, which is more than the average summer girl does, after her three months of rest and recreation at a fashionable summer resort! They may not have had what is called "a good time" and they certainly did not make any conquests, but they enjoyed themselves in their own way recuperated all their vital forces, and I only hope Mr. Barrie heard about them and enjoyed the knowledge that someone had been found courageous enough, and sensitive enough to put his advice into practice.

It is beginning to be whispered that the high collar the crush collar, and every variety of choker has had its day, and the woman with the pretty neck is about to have hers: for low necked dresses are coming in again, not only for house wear but also for the street. I don't envy the low necked lady during the coming winter, but if her neck is very pretty I suppose she won't mind, and on chilly days she can always wear her short octra hat in the house.

with the certainty of being not only comfortable but thoroughly in the fashion as well. Won't the jolly plump girl whose short white throat has been smothered in folds of silk and velvet for so long, rejoice! And won't the rest of us who have been cheerfully hiding our six inches of scrawny hawl with indignation? Well we can't all have our inning; at once, so we must take these things by turns, and be as good natured about it as possible!

The new hats have arrived, and all I can say about them is that they are large, and in that respect only they resemble the hats of the past season, for at the first glance they are neither pretty, booming, nor picturesque. Their chief characteristic seems to be enormous width, and next, the quantity of flowers worn on them, and the size of the flowers. Immense velvet poppies, dahlias, and roses with carnation and gillyflowers in exaggerated sizes; I have not yet seen any pumpkin blossoms, but some of the yellow poppies shown, might easily be mistakes for them. Even the feathers are in exaggerated sizes, and seem to be taken from the larger birds, such as the owl, heron or osprey, and they are used flat on the hat. Some of the flat brimmed hats are so large they remind one forcibly of a barrel cover, and others are like immense scoops with the back part turned up, and standing above the hair like a huge comb filled in, and piled up with feathers. Others again are almost like the poke bonnets of ten years ago, only much larger.

To give an idea of the of trimmings used, one immense imported model had a brim of plated chenille with three large bows, turned downward from the edge to produce width. Large cock's plumes, four small birds, and a good assortment of steel buckles finish the hat. Royal purple velvet will form an important part in millinery this winter, and one imported hat of this regal material is bordered with a fringe of ostrich feathers, and has for trimming very large upstanding bows of black satin ribbon. One truly enormous hat has a brim of plated chenille with three large bows turned downward from the edge, to produce an appearance of width. It is finished with a large cock's plume, four small birds, and any number of steel ornaments.

This reads very much like a recipe which calls for "four small onions, and plenty of seasoning," and veritably much of the autumn millinery is like a hotch-potch of fowls, fruits, and flowers.

There is very little difference between the toques and bonnets, this season, indeed the strings often form the only distinction, because the bonnets all have strings, and the toques do not. A very pretty kilted bonnet, nestles closely down upon the head, and is wonderfully becoming on that account; this model which was amongst the imported novelties at one of the leading millinery houses, is of velvet with a crown of the kilted, and a ruche of the same doing duty for a brim with soft silk poppies nestling here and there in it. A large hat of grey felt has fullings of grey velvet, and grey satin ribbon bows arranged in a sort of wreath, all around the rather low flat crown. It is turned straight up at the back, and ostrich plumes in either a darker shade of grey or black stands up aggressively against a large bow of grey satin ribbon, both at back and front.

So many plaids are being worn this autumn and the variety from which to choose seems so endless and bewildering that it requires some judgment in order to make a wise selection.

I am quite certain that the large and influential portion of humanity classified as "the average woman" has no idea that the purchase of a plaid costume is almost as dangerous an experiment as playing hand-ball with a can of dynamite—because if she had, she would make a more careful selection. "Beware of the train!" is the customary warning which embellishes a railway crossing in the country, and "Beware of the Dog!" is the motto which the philanthropic owner of a fierce dog affixes to his front gate, when the dog is loose; but yet the shopkeeper gives notice of attaching the necessary warning. "Beware of the large sized, and loud toned plaid," to his exhibit when he is displaying plaid goods in his window, so that all short, stout women may see it, and tremble. The woman who is large, without being dumpy, may safely indulge in any pretty plaid material, provided the colors are not glaring, and the size of the plaids not too large, but she must have sufficient height to enable her to carry it off well, otherwise she will simply make a caricature of herself.

What a terrible two edged weapon Dame Fashion holds in her hands, and she does wound her votaries with it! No sooner does she pronounce a certain article to be in favour than old and young, stout, and thin women rush in where angels might well fear to tread, and proceed to make gyps of themselves with a happy unconscienceful terror for their friends to witness! All of which means, that plaids should be indulged in temperately as they

are the most unbecoming things the ordinary woman can wear. Only young and pretty girls should indulge in whole costumes of plaid goods, and then they should be careful to select some of the really artistic and beautiful combinations which a careful search will sometimes reveal, among the monstrosities which a long suffering public is supposed to accept and wear, because they are the fashion. Among the really well blended, and pretty plaids may be mentioned a lovely green, with cream cross bars, blue in a broken plaid with deep maroon, and dark grey and blue, also in broken plaids. Some of the bright fancy plaids in small patterns are also very pretty, but the woman who is past twenty had better confine herself to a plaid bodice worn with a black skirt, if she wishes to look well, and make the best of herself.

Some very elegant bodices which may be appropriately worn by middle aged ladies, are of plaid silk with huge sleeves of black gauze, or else of the gauze with plaid silk sleeves, some of these fancy silk bodices are very becoming to women who are no longer young, and when worn with black silk skirts they make very dressy costumes. For instance, a bodice of geranium silk, is worn with a skirt of dark grey silk, it is made with very full sleeves, and its brightness may be toned down with a yoke of black lace, or it, if desired.

Once upon a time the belt was considered an unimportant accessory to the dress, but lately the belt is assuming such importance that the whole costume will soon be merely an adjunct to the belt. The very newest belts are actually seven inches deep, reaching from the waist line to a point just below the bust. Very handsome and elaborate clasps fasten these girdles, sometimes in startling designs such as coiled serpents in gold or silver, with emerald eyes. Some very elegant belts are made of finely woven silk elastic varying in width, from five, to eight inches. They come in all colors, and are fastened with buckles which harmonizes. Others for full dress occasions are of silk webbing, studded with metal disks and having buckles of rhinestones. A lovely belt of oxidized fish scales produces an iridescent effect which is charming when worn with a shot silk blouse, and another is of gold scales, with shield shaped buckles of rhinestones.

Oriental designs seem to make their appearance in all materials, this autumn. The newest black mohair is figured with large circles of colored wool, and though far from pretty, it is striking in the extreme. New smooth-faced cloths for tailor-made suits show the same mottled effects.

The Irish poplin is having its day once more and a charming model shown in New York lately was of heliotrope, in a particularly rich shade. The skirt was scarcely as full as they are usually made, and was draped at the left side, to show a petticoat of white satin. The bodice was close fitting and opened with wide revers over a full front of white satin. The sleeves were very full to the elbow, with a deep cuff reaching from thence to the wrist of the satin and the collar was of the poplin. A pointed girdle also of poplin fastened in front with a rosette of heliotrope ribbon, and two similar rosettes with long ends reaching to the foot of the skirt, finished the back.

It is said that capes will hold their own through the autumn and winter, but that jackets are already making their appearance, so the large sleeves must really be on the decline, in spite of all assertions to the contrary.

A great many lovely shades of blue are seen in the new autumn goods, almost as many as there are in green and brown. One is a shade of grayish silver blue, very becoming to women who are neither dark nor fair, but neutral tinted. Other shades are swallow, ocean, cadet, bengal and a revived tone of the old peacock blue in a shade so soft and dark that it resembles the Neapolitan and Roman blues, seen in Oriental paintings. Roman and marine blue appear in handsome heavy weight cloths, for winter coatings and costumes.

Pink is in again with a vengeance, and will appear in every tone and shade this winter, for evening dresses, handsome opera toques and bonnets, and for lining velvet and cloth capes for ball, and theatre wear. A new and delicate shade of raspberry pink that is combined with several lovely tints of green for evening dresses, is called salmon, and is more effective in Marie Antoinette brocade showing a beautiful floral design, upon a rich background shot with pink and green.

The old box plaited Norfolk waist has re-appeared amongst the autumn designs, not only in every day gowns of mohair, serge and camel's hair, but also in dress toilets of fancy taffeta, corded silk, flowered satin plaid surah, and cream.

Black and white costumes, still hold their own, and are likely to do so for some time. An elegant gown of black and white silk has a bodice of white chiffon, with black lace applique over it, and large white chiffon sleeves: the skirt being plain and full.

## Now The cool weather is coming on one of the most comfortable things you can put on is a pair of our CLOTH OVERCAITERS.

We have them at all prices from **50c. upwards.** Also a fine assortment of Ladies' Misses and Children's Leggings.

## Waterbury & Rising.

61 King, 212 Union St.

"Strongest and Best."—Dr. Andrew Wilson, F. P. S. E., Editor of "Health."

# Fry's PURE CONCENTRATED COCOA

100 PRIZE MEDALS AWARDED TO THE FIRM.  
Purchasers should ask specially for Fry's Pure Concentrated Cocoa, to distinguish it from other varieties manufactured by the Firm.

# R.I.P.A.N.S

ONE GIVES RELIEF.

### JENNY LIND'S GRAVE.

A Handsome Monument Marks the Spot Where the Nightingale Lies.

It has been stated that the grave on Malvern Hills, in England, of Jenny Lind Goldschmidt, the Swedish nightingale, has been sadly neglected and is not even marked by the simplest slab. This is not true. A handsome and costly monument in the shape of a cross tells the passer-by that the remains of that noble woman, renowned, not only as the most wonderful songstress of her day, but for her almost unparalleled generosity and saintly character. It is stated that her husband, long after her decease, was in the habit of visiting her grave daily and strewing upon it the most beautiful flowers. It was a most devoted and loving husband, and her last days were made happy and sweet by his kind attentions. Mr. P. T. Barnum, her American agent, in a visit to England some years before his death called upon the Goldschmidt family and saw the daughter and granddaughter. In the house were a number of fine portraits and marble busts of the Swedish nightingale. She was much beloved, not only by her own family friends, but by multitudes who have been the grateful recipients of her many charities. Her very last days were spent in singing for indigent clergymen. It is recorded of Mr. Barnum that he could make her cry any time by repeating to her a story of poverty, and that she always "backed" her tears with a purseful of money." Jenny Lind had a world-wide reputation as a songstress, but without this she would have been honored and almost adored as a great hearted, benevolent woman, and, as some one has said, would have "been known and loved if she had never sung a note."—Boston Transcript.

### Pilgrimages to Lourdes.

The Lourdes pilgrimage, whatever its benefits to those who take part in it, is certainly a source of revenue to the railway company over whose lines it is conducted. The number of the pilgrims goes on increasing from year to year. In 1878 the Orleans Company transported by special trains alone between twelves and thirteen thousand, while in 1884 the number was considerably more than doubled, and last year reached a total in round numbers of 40,000 representing in the balance sheet a sum of £25,600. It is to be noted that these figures do not include the whole number of the pilgrims. Independently of the special trains run at the request of the organizers, the company conveys by ordinary trains parties of at least forty persons at reductions averaging 50 per cent of the usual fare.—London Daily News.

### "HEALTH FOR THE Mother Sex."



### COMPOUND

Women who have been prostrated for long years with Pro-lapsus Uteri, and illnesses following in its train, need no longer stop in the ranks of the suffering. Miles (Can.) Vegetable Compound does not perform a useless surgical operation, but it does a far more reasonable service. It strengthens the muscles of the Uterus, and thus lifts that organ into its proper and original position, and by relieving the strain causes the pain Women who live in constant dread of PAIN, recurring at REGULAR PERIODS, may be enabled to pass that stage without a single unpleasant sensation. Four table-spoonfuls of Miles (Can.) Vegetable Compound taken per day for (3) three days before the period will render the utmost ease and comfort. For sale by all druggists. Prepared by the A. M. C. MEDICINE CO., 136 St. Lawrence Main St., Montreal. Price 75 cents.

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

### CURE FITS!

Valuable treatise and bottle of medicine sent Free to any holder. Give Express and Post Office address. No. 4007, M. C. 187 West Adelaide Street, Toronto, Ont.

### Miss Jessie Campbell Whitlock, TEACHER OF PIANOFORTE.

ST. STEPHEN, N. B. The "Leschetzky Method"; also "Synthetic System," for beginners. Apply at the residence of Mr. J. T. WHITLOCK.

### Intercolonial Railway.

On and after MONDAY, the 9th September, 1895, the trains of the Railway will run daily (Sunday excepted) as follows:

**TRAINS WILL LEAVE ST. JOHN:**

Express for Campbellton, Piquash, Ficton and Halifax	7 00
Express for Halifax	10 30
Express for Quebec and Montreal	11 30
Express for Sussex	16 40

Passengers from St. John for Quebec and Montreal take through sleeping car at Moncton at 10 30 o'clock.

### TRAINS WILL ARRIVE AT ST. JOHN

Express from Sussex	8 30
Express for Montreal and Quebec (Monday excepted)	10 30
Express from Moncton daily	10 30
Express from Halifax	16 40
Express from Halifax, Ficton and Campbellton	18 30
Accommodation from Moncton	14 00

The trains of the Intercolonial Railway are best & by steam from the locomotive, and those between Halifax and Montreal, via Lewis, are lighted by electricity.  
All trains run by Eastern Standard Time.

D. POTTINGER, General Manager  
Moncton, N. B., 6th September, 1895.

### THE YARMOUTH Steamship Co.

(LIMITED.)  
The shortest and most direct route between Nova Scotia and the United States.  
**The Quickest Time!**  
Sea Voyage from 15 to 17 Hours

### FOUR TRIPS A WEEK

from Yarmouth to Boston. Steamers Yarmouth and Boston in commission. One of the above steamers will leave Yarmouth every Tuesday, Wednesday, Friday and Saturday evening, after arrival of express from Halifax. Returning will leave Lewis' Wharf, Boston, every Monday, Tuesday, Thursday and Friday at noon. Steamer "City of St. John" will leave Yarmouth, every Friday at 7 a. m. for Halifax, calling at Barrington (when clear), Shelburne, Lockport, Lunenburg. Returning will leave Halifax every Monday at 8 p. m. for Yarmouth and intermediate ports, connecting with S. S. Yarmouth for Boston on Wednesday. Steamer Alpha leaves Walker's Wharf, St. John every Tuesday and Friday at 7 p. m. for Yarmouth.

### Pineal Syrup.

BOTANICAL REMEDY  
A Certain Cure for  
Dysentery, Chronic Diarrhoea,  
Cholera Infantum, &c.  
For Sale by all Druggists.  
Manufactured by Mrs. Leachman, 117 Sydney St.

THAT MURDER MOST FOUL.

Appearance of the Castle when Macbeth Made Himself a King.

It was on one of those showery days which incite rebellion in the heart of even a pious Scotchman that I journeyed into Forfarshire to visit the Glamis castle.

The residence of Lord Strathmore, famous in the history of the Highlands, and the apocryphal scene of the tragedy of Macbeth.

The central tower has stood since the tenth century, and two wings were built about it in the seventeenth century by the first Earl of Strathmore.

The name of the first builder is unknown, and his work has been subjected to structural changes by the architects of the reconstruction period.

One of the three staircases seen in the basement of the tower leads to the room where Malcolm II. is reputed to have been assassinated.

There are many handsome rooms in the castle. The dining-room is a splendid banquet hall, with floor and wainscot of oak.

It is often supposed that boys in growing keep ahead of girls; but recent measurements disprove this.

"Thou shalt not kiss," is the new commandment laid down by the health convention as a means of preventing consumption.

Public speakers and singers cannot afford to be without Hawker's balsam. It removes hoarseness and heals the irritated vocal organs.

Chase & Sanborn's



Seal Brand Coffee

Universally accepted as the Leading Fine Coffee of the World.

CHASE & SANBORN, BOSTON, MONTREAL, CHICAGO.

HERBINE BITTERS

Cures Sick Headache

HERBINE BITTERS

Purifies the Blood

HERBINE BITTERS

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The Ladies' Friend

HERBINE BITTERS

Cures Dyspepsia

HERBINE BITTERS

For Biliousness

Large Bottles, Small Doses. Price only 25c. For sale all over Canada.

Address all orders to

For sale in St. John by S. McDIARMID and J. J. MAHONEY, Indianapolis.

GERARD G. RUEL, BARRISTER, & C.

Walker's Building, Canterbury Street, St. John, N. B.

DEAFNESS

An essay, describing a really genuine cure of deafness, with directions, etc., no matter how severe or long standing will be sent post free.

Address: THOMAS KEMPE, Victoria Chambers, 19 Southampton Building, Holborn, London.

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Hundreds of business men in his city read Progress who do not advertise in any paper.

Isn't it worth a trial? Think about it, and if you conclude to try advertising, come to Progress.

Puttner's Emulsion PREVENTS CONSUMPTION.

Puttner's Emulsion Cures Consumption in its early stages.

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Puttner's Emulsion is the Remedy, par excellence, for Consumption and all Lung Troubles.

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CONSUMPTION. Valuable treatise and two bottles of medicine sent free for name of sufferer.

DAVID CONNELL, LIVERY AND BOARDING STABLES, 45-47 WATERLOO STREET.

CAFE ROYAL, Demville Building, Corner King and Prince Wm. Streets.

WHAT GLUE IS USED FOR.

Common as the Use of this Compound is, Few Know Much About It.

There are three kinds of glue. One is made of the hides or sinews of cattle.

The second kind of glue is made from the larger bones of cattle, and only differs from the other method in that acid instead of lime is used in softening the stock.

Authorities differ as to which kind of glue is the best. The acid mode is used largely in stiffening straw goods.

Manufacturers are continually asked, it seems, "What is glue used for anyway?"

The tone of the inquiry suggests usually some confusion in the questioner's mind between glue and mullage.

Besides binding books, glue binds paper boxes together. It goes to make up every wheel and the sizing of petroleum and turpentine barrels.

Factories are found in all our great cities, their location being near the supply of stock, and it is strange that no two make glue just alike.

Glue will not hold unless the pieces to be fastened are put together while the glue on them is still hot and liquid.

"Bring me, in a hurry," he said to the landlord, a burly Western man.

"Say, Bill! tell the band to play 'Rule, Britannia.' The Prince of Wales has come."

I WAS CURED OF terrible lumbago by MINARD'S LINIMENT.

I WAS CURED OF a bad case of rheumatism by MINARD'S LINIMENT.

I WAS CURED OF sensitive lumbago by MINARD'S LINIMENT.

OVER THE WORLD



The most prompt pleasant and perfect cure for Coughs, Colds, Asthma, Bronchitis, Hoarseness, Sore Throat, Whooping Cough, Quinsy, Pain in the Chest and all Throat, Bronchial and Lung Diseases.

The healing anti-consumptive virtues of the Norway Pine are combined in this medicine with Wild Cherry and other pectoral Herbs and Balsams to make a true specific for all forms of disease originating from colds.

Price 25c. and 50c.

LOST OR FAILING MANHOOD

General and Nervous Debility,

Weakness of Body and Mind, Effects of Excesses in Old or Young, Robust, Noble Manhood fully Restored.

Large and Strengthened Weak, Undeveloped Organs and Parts of Body. Absolutely unfailing Home Treatment—Benefits in a day.

Descriptive Book, explanation and proofs mailed (sealed) free.

ERIE MEDICAL CO., Buffalo, N. Y.

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Money orders sold to points in Canada, United States and Europe.

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Table with columns for destination (e.g., To Wexford, To 8 Essex, To 10 Essex) and rates.

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To Honor His Guest. An English actor was a member of a company enroute in the Sieras while en route from California to the East.

The first of American Newspapers, CHARLES A. DANA Editor.

The American Constitution, the American Idea, the American Spirit.

The Sunday Sun is the greatest Sunday Newspaper in the world.

Price 5c. a copy; by mail \$2 a year. Daily, by mail - \$6 a year.

The Weekly, - \$1 a year. Address THE SUN New York

MADAGASCAR'S QUEEN.

She is Said to Be as Fragile as a Figure of Wax.

Madagascar's Queen was brought up in poverty, in an unknown village, by a country butcher, her uncle, who sold to peasants third-grade meats.

The constitution of the country permitting only descendants of the founder of the Malagasy dynasty to reign, the young girl claimed the throne.

When the Queen died this Prime Minister married the girl, in accordance with the laws of the country, which exact that the Prime Minister shall always be the Queen's husband.

Should the Prime Minister survive his sovereign—he is only 70 years old—he will marry the "Granddaughter of God."

The Queen of Madagascar is of medium height, thin and lithe, as undulating and supple as a snake.

Her foot, which shoes have not deformed, is famously small, and the narrow palm and tapering fingers of her hand are at ease in No. 5 gloves.

At first the Queen would wear only princess gowns, but now she consents that waist and skirt be separated.

The royal residence is composed of eight palaces. The one which the Queen inhabits is called "Eye of the Day."

The official palace is a frame building, surrounded by stone verandas.

There is no luxury in her dining-room. The Sovereign and the Prime Minister sit on cushions, but their guests sit on the floor.

"Ranavalona knows how to sew, and her favorite occupation is to fly kites. If ever the chances of war bring as a hostage to France Queen Ranavalona she will be well received.

A Paying Business. It will have been noticed that the will of Dr. Talmage's late wife leaves \$166,000 to her husband.

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CANCER ON THE LIP

CURED BY



AYER'S Sarsaparilla

"I consulted doctors who prescribed for me but to no purpose. I suffered in agony seven long years. Finally I began taking Ayer's Sarsaparilla. In a week or two I noticed a decided improvement. Encouraged by this result, I persevered, until in a month or so the sore began to heal, and after using the Sarsaparilla for six months, the last trace of the cancer disappeared."

JAMES E. NICHOLSON, Florenceville, N. B.

Ayer's Sarsaparilla

Admitted at the World's Fair.

AYER'S PILLS Regulate the Bowels.

MENTAL FATIGUE

relieved and cured by ADAMS' TUTTI FRUTTI. Insist on getting the right article.

EPILEPSY

Fits, Nervous Debility.

Cause, Symptoms, Results and How to Cure. Treatise free on application to M. G. Eason, 35 de Salaberry St., Montreal.

I CURE FITS!

Valuable treatise and bottle of medicine sent free for name of sufferer. Give Express and Post Office address. M. G. Eason, 35 de Salaberry Street, Toronto, Ont.

SPECTACLES, EYE GLASSES, OPERA GLASSES

CLOCKS AND BRONZES, SILVER GOODS, JEWELRY.

WATCHES AND DIAMONDS, AT 43 8 ST., FERGUSON & PAGE.

Fresh Salmon, Mackerel, Shad, Haddock, Codfish.

Smoked and Salt Fish of all kinds, King Square, J. D. TURNER

FOR THE TEETH & BREATH. TEABERRY

THE SAME MAN, Well Dressed.

Kills a much higher place in the estimation of eyes than when the face is unshaven and indifferently clothed.

Newest Designs Latest Patterns.

A. R. CAMPBELL, Merchant Tailor, 64 Gormley Street, (1st door south of King.)

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GORDON LIVINGSTON, GENERAL AGENT, CONVEYANCER, NOTARY PUBLIC, ETC.

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JOHN B. McINERNEY, Proprietor, Opened in January. Handsome, most spacious and complete house in Northern New Brunswick.

BELMONT HOTEL, ST. JOHN, N. B.

Directly opposite Union Depot. All modern improvements. Heated with hot water and lighted by electricity. Baggage to and from the station free of charge. Terms moderate. J. SIMS, Prop.

QURE HOTEL, FREDERICTON, N. B.

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

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FAIR KILLERS OF MEN.

POISON A FAVORITE WEAPON OF WOMEN WHO MURDER.

Borgia found in the Annals of the Race... Cases where a High Degree of Artistic Skill has been Displayed.

Poison has been a favorite weapon of the murderer for as many centuries as the world is old, says a recent writer.

It is the most cruel and diabolical method of making away with an enemy and ferocious criminals who would not hesitate to use a knife or pistol on a fellow man, shrink from a poisoner.

New York at the present time has a poison case on its hands which will go down in criminal history.

Euripides says: "The violence of the ocean waves or of devouring flames is terrible. Terrible is poverty, but woman is more terrible than all else."

Cato says: "The perversity of woman is so great as to be incredible, even to its victims."

Celso, an author of the fifteenth century, says: "No possible punishments can deter women from heaping up crime upon crime."

Ryker says: "Feminine criminality is more cynical, more depraved, and more terrible than the criminality of the male."

Romantic history tells of the fair and elegant Greek parasites, who, when they tired of their lives, invited them to a sumptuous feast, and carving some dainty dish with a knife, the blade of which was poisoned on one side only, helped them to the fatal portion and saw them die before the banquet was over while the remaining guests escaped unharmed.

Cleopatra belongs to the ranks of the women poisoners. In fact, she excelled in all varieties of crime, but everything was done with a delicacy that bespoke the artist.

The ancients, while knowing more about poisonous drugs than the experts of today, were always opposed to their use.

In the middle ages the female poisoners operated on different systems, but always in a graceful and elegant fashion.

Catherine de Medici sent death in dainty perfumed gloves, and Diane de Meridor in juicy golden oranges.

In the seventeenth century, an epoch when poisons were freely used, they were currently called by the cynical and ironical appellation of "poudre a succession."

The woman Voisin was less reticent, admitting that her trade in poisons had added the profession of witchcraft, and that "on stormy nights she summoned the devil to St. Dany's."

This Mme. de Brinvilliers, in addition to poisoning numerous persons, tried to

poison her 16-year-old daughter. The latter was very beautiful, and her mother became insanely jealous of her.

A more modern type of the woman poisoner was Mme. Lafarge, nee Marie Capelle; she was the daughter of an officer of the Imperial Guard, well married, happy at first, then tired of her husband and fell madly in love with another man.

She had by letters warned her husband that he had become distasteful to her, and that she would get rid of him at any price.

She made him eat a piece of cake thickly powdered with arsenic, was tried, found guilty, and condemned to prison for life.

However, in 1852, she was pardoned by the Prince President Louis Napoleon, and died a few months after her liberation, leaving a book of Memoirs called "Prison Hours."

The case of Mme. Lacoste about the same time attracted world-wide attention, but she was more fortunate than Marie Capelle.

Baltimore had a famous poisoning case in 1871. Mrs. Wharton, the widow of an army officer, was accused of the murder of Gen. W. S. Ketchum, of the United States army, and an old friend of her husband.

Some light refreshments were offered the two gentlemen, and shortly afterwards the general died in great agony, while Mr. Van Ness narrowly escaped death.

The Mybrick case in England is again being brought to notice, by a fresh effort on the part of the American friends of Mrs. Mybrick to secure her pardon.

England had another famous poisoning case at the beginning of the present century. Eliza Fanning, an 18-year-old girl, of extraordinary beauty, was convicted of poisoning the entire family in which she was the governess.

Emporia, Kan., some seven years ago was the scene of a unique crime. Mrs. Walkup, formerly a famous belle of New Orleans, was charged with poisoning her husband, Judge Walkup.

The most remarkable poisoner of the year was Mme. Joniaux, called "The Antwerp Brinvilliers."

Mrs. Henry Meyer's fate for alleged complicity in the many murders by poison charged to her husband is still unsettled.

History repeats itself. Gaswell—What picture is that? Dukane—That is "Venus Rising from the Sea."

"You are sure that she belonged to the ancient Greeks, are you?" "Yes, why?"

"Just this: A great deal of fuss is made about the smallness of the modern bathing suit, and it is some satisfaction to know that they were just as small many years ago as they are now."

Some hints on health. Other points on sanitation which escape the attention of many people—there is danger in opening the doors of too public places with the hands.

SOME HINTS ON HEALTH.

VERY MUCH TO BE DONE FOR OUR BREAD!

Other points on sanitation which escape the attention of many people—there is danger in opening the doors of too public places with the hands.

Shirley Dare quotes the following opinions of matters of everyday life in relation to the health:

"We must have a different race of men for leaders and supporters in war and business. But before we have such men we must have another race of women."

"If women knew how closely their health, their looks, and lives were dependent on healthy conditions of living, food, sanitary houses and streets, pure air, pure water, and incessant guard over these conditions, we would see a prompt and decisive change in society."

"Now you are not to give the name of the men who subscribe to these sentiments," said the doctor, at whose name all hats would come off, as he closed the MS. book in his private study.

"I remember that it struck me as I read it that I never quite realized the fact before that doctors like other men, instinctively withhold the truth where it is no use."

"I had better not say anything more, so I had better not say anything more."

"Your bread"—well—the bread of the present day keeps us doctors in business, so I had better not say anything more."

"A host of minor points on sanitation ought to be cared for, which are almost unwarred. It cannot be any better for hands than it is for gloves to take hold of door knobs and catches which the vilest creatures handle any hour in the day."

"What particular word have I for the benefit of women? Simply this, that if they take to eating whole meal bread properly made and baked, taking care of themselves in other ways, American women may have the most beautiful and most lasting complexions in the world."

"Americans suffer for want of good bread. I know people who send ten miles regularly to a bakery where they can be sure of perfectly sweet, well-baked wheat meal bread while dyspeptics have their supplies sent by mail from the Atlantic to

CORNWALL'S BICYCLE AGENCY

Controlling the largest line of wheels represented in Canada, including English, American and Canadian Wheels.

The following are prices of some of our leading lines of Wheels:

Table listing bicycle models and prices: Junior \$35.00, Empi e, (Royal Mail) 50 00, Prince and Princess 50.00 each, Crescents 55 00 to \$80, Spartan 70 00, Duke and Duchess 75.00, Fleet Ladies and Gentlemen's 90.00, Road King 90.00, Davies Uptodate 100.00, Keating Ladies and Gentlemen's 110.00, Hyslops 110 00, Whitworth's 110.00, Beeston Humber 120.00 to \$125.

We can meet all demands both in quality and price.

REPAIRS PROMPTLY ATTENDED TO

We have Second Hand Wheels for Sale

IRA CORNWALL, General Agent, Board of Trade Building, ST. JOHN, N. B. IRACORNWALL

See our samples and get our catalogue before purchasing and you will not make a mistake.

Oregon, not able to secure bread short of this which will not render eating a penalty.

"The underground fetid dens of baking cellars, where half-naked men, reeking with sweat, work the bread, would give one the nightmare to think of. The London sanitary bakeries are a sight worth visiting—clean, bright, airy quarters, on the upper floors of buildings, with everything—kneading trays, cloths, and baking arrangements—scrupulously white, and the bakers healthy men, neat in prison and dress as if they were to be eaten as well as the bread."

"Equal importance to women is the use of filtered water. I don't know why I should say so, except that they are always desiring good complexions, and there is no surer way of refining and brightening the skin than by drinking pure, filtered water."

"The classic doors into the reading-room, where rich wood and artistic tracery were ennobled by a smear of grease, where washed and unwashed hands take hold of the swinging leaves to open them. It doesn't go well with vandy and antique and marble pillars, and it cannot be safe to touch such defilement. Doors in public places should be made to open with the foot, pressing against the lower molding protected by metal or rubber. It is entirely practicable to hang doors so truly that they open with the touch of a foot. It isn't necessary to kick them any more than it is to bang them. Stores and railway depots especially need to inaugurate this reform."

"The ladies must see to it, for few things deform more than using them to open doors. In the very high ladies' schools South, early in the '30s, girls were not allowed to open a door for themselves because it would spread their hands. Where gentility and sanitation agree, we might as well give gentility a chance."

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THE TOWN WAS SAVED.

He was not romantic to look at; indeed, there was something almost comic in the short, stout figure, clad in his washed-out blouse, and the wrinkled, sunburnt face under the faded bonnet, round and yet in the heart of Pierre Goblet there were thoughts and feelings that might have done honor to some knight of olden times.

In the summer of 1870, when the Franco-German war was at its height, Pierre Goblet stood one evening at the threshold of his home, smoking his pipe. The old mill which had belonged to the Goblets for many generations, was built on the summit of a rising ground, and could be seen for many miles.

The miller smoked thoughtfully as he gazed out before him along the white dusty road that led to the town. He was quite alone, for the few men he employed in the mill, and would not return with their empty wagons until the following day.

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Pierre Goblet had one child, a daughter, who was married to one of the chief shopkeepers of St. Andre. Babette was a young and pretty woman. She was very fond of her father, yet she sympathized with him as little as any one in the town.

"Ah! child, that is the spirit of the age that would shirk all responsibility," the old man answered sadly. "But that was not what the soldiers in my young days were taught. Then each man who went to swell the numbers of those conquering armies felt that it rested with him, individually, whether the end should be victory or disaster."

The twilight deepened as Pierre Goblet stood by the solitary mill, gazing dreamily out before him. He was so lost in thought that his pipe had died out unheeded, and he did not hear the sound of approaching footsteps. It was only when a heavy hand was laid upon his shoulder that he turned and found himself surrounded by some half-dozen big men in the Prussian uniform.

"Monsieur le Miller, we have come intrude ourselves upon you," the captain said. "Remember that you cannot do us no; so take matters with a good grace and bring out quickly all your hard-boiled in the way of meat and drink."

The officer seated himself at the table, and the men waited upon him before satisfying their own hunger. Then, seated

bread, and wine were placed in a basket, and two of the men left the cottage carrying it between them. From the window Pierre Goblet watched them making their way in that direction of the wood. They were a vicious-looking set of men, and he might sweep down upon St. Andre and take it by surprise.

Pierre Goblet emerged into the granary and closed the trap-door after him, and fastened it. He had no special object in going to the mill except that he might find solitude. He stood still and ruminated. On the whitened floor empty of rats and odds and ends were strewn about and among them he noticed a large can that was filled with petroleum. He was always well supplied with this oil, for it was used for the many lamps about the mill, but having no further need for it at present he had directed that it should be taken in the last wagon and left in the town, as he thought his daughter might find it useful in the time of siege when necessities ran short.

A wooden ladder ran up the side of the mill to the little door like window that opened just behind the wheel. Pierre Goblet mounted the ladder, opened the window and leaned out. Only not two or three from him the great sails were getting steadily round and round—the four huge arms that had been familiar to him since his childhood; and to him each had an individuality of its own.

The old miller's heart sank within him as he thought of the little town, whose last approaching doom seemed inevitable. It only it were possible to warn the inhabitants of the danger! But he was a prisoner in his own home. An hour went by, and the daylight slowly faded. The officer who had taken possession of the cottage was joined by another, a younger man, and they sat together over the fire, smoking and talking. Above the chimney-pipe was a crowd of men, and the first to enter was a poor little picture, and did but scant justice to the handsome face it was supposed to represent; but the cocked-hat, the gray coat, and the faded red ribbon across the breast, were all familiar to Pierre, and he had cherished the little figure since the day he had seen it for the first time.

Then Pierre Goblet turned his eyes away from the mill and looked straight before him, to where—a few miles distant—the little town lay; and he thought of its unconscious inhabitants. They little knew that night by which would bring them, that to many it might be their last on earth. Next the old man looked towards the wood. It was grim, dark, impenetrable. But in his fancy he could see men armed to the teeth, who watched and waited, ready at the first word of command to spring upon the town. Then Pierre Goblet lifted his head and looked up into the clear cool sky, where a few pale stars were shining. His lips did not move, but from his heart went up an agonized cry that might be shown a way to help his countrymen. If he were even then upon the road he knew he should not leave one to reach the town. Most likely a German bullet would find him out, and he would fall lifeless by the roadside, his work undone. How could he warn St. Andre? Their preparations to receive the enemy were so nearly completed, and a few hours make so much difference.

All at once the light of inspiration came into the old man's face; his eyes glowed with a sudden eager hope. He did not hesitate for an instant. Carefully he clambered down the ladder back to the granary floor. First he took a dark lantern from a shelf and lighted it; next, he found a long thin stick, which he placed with the lantern ready for his use. Then he uncorked the can of petroleum and carried it slowly and steadily up the ladder. He leaned from the little window as far as he was able, and tilted the can gently, so that a stream of oil fell on the great sails as they passed. Again and again each turn received its portion, until the wind-dried canvas was soaked through and through, and the ponderous wheel groaned and creaked more loudly under its increasing weight.

Pierre Goblet replaced the empty can, again taking up the lantern and the stick, he mounted the ladder, once more, but before he proceeded with his operations he glanced in the direction of the town, and a smile was on his lips as he murmured: "Ah! my little Babette, one man—and an old man too—may make a difference!" Then, pushing back the slide of the lantern, he lit the stick, and he looked from the window, he fired his beacon. He touched each arm as it passed, and in an instant a huge wheel of fire, that could be seen for many miles, was whirling around.

Pierre Goblet knew that within a very short space the whole mill would be on fire.

Still, that blazing wheel must attract attention, and one moment was enough to give an alarm.

The smell of fire, the noise of burning wood, brought the Germans hurrying from the cottage. But Pierre Goblet heeded them not. He stood there gazing from the window, though he was almost blinded by the flames as they passed close to him. There was a look of breathless expectation on his face, which, after a moment changed to one of intense relief. For a strange conviction came to him, that at the eleventh hour the people realized their danger and would be prepared.

THE PARSON'S WIFE.

When Dulcie Heywood married the minister, and was starting on a blissful little bridal journey, her Aunt Dorothea took pains to observe that, although married, she was by no means out of this troublesome world.

Dulcie felt in her heart of hearts that she was not good enough to be a minister's wife, she had been very cordially taken in by the parson's wife, and she was by no means out of this troublesome world.

It would not do, Paul saw at once, to blame her or let her know what she had done, for with prophetic vision, he saw the Hopkins' empty pew, and he felt his purse lightened of the Hopkins' liberal subscription. But his little wife, whose physical condition was that of weakness and dependence, must be soothed and quieted; and Paul talked gently to her, and they wondered about heaven, where little Adam had gone.

"To think," said Dulcie, "that his little hands have opened the door so closely shut to us."

Then Dulcie, with the strange, sweet smile upon her face which the angels give to the dying, whispered: "It is best so, Paul; I never was good enough; but I hope he will give us a little place in heaven near the gate, Paul—baby and me, and we will watch for you. I will teach her. Don't, Paul," she said, as he hid his face in his hands and groaned, then took her to his heart, as though that strong, warm grasp could keep her from death itself.

"I cannot let you go, my darling," he said. But, smiling still, she whispered again: "There are the giants for you to fight, Paul; I never could; somehow, I wasn't strong enough. His will be done; you know, you always said that, Paul."

She was silent then; they watched her as the shadows began to creep in, and when the night came, lo, to her came the morning. When after the years had recently laid a crown of silver upon his head, and he, too, heard a voice, "Come up higher, friend," he left a record of giants slain by word and deed, of which that pure knight of Arthur's day need not have been ashamed.

"MAN OVERBOARD."

It was a lively joke, but it cost the Joker his Baggage.

"Steamship passengers frequently resort to practical jokes to relieve the monotony of voyages," said a retired sea captain, "and while the pranks, as a rule, are perfectly harmless they sometimes have a boomerang effect.

"Three years ago we were crossing the Atlantic, and both the owners and myself were exceedingly anxious to make a speedy trip, as a rival liner had the week before lowered the record held by our company. On the third day out just about dusk the cry of 'Man overboard!' rang through the ship, and a hurried investigation elicited the information that several of the passengers had heard a splash, followed by piteous appeals of 'Help, help! Save me!'

"The engines were stopped, and the steamer put about, a close watch being kept meanwhile for the drowning man. A half hour was spent in cruising about without results, and we started on our journey under the belief that the poor fellow had gone to bottom. The inquiry that followed proved puzzling. No one was missing, and we came to the conclusion that a stowaway had committed suicide.

meeting or church. Her daughter told me that she is too feeble to get out."

"Carpet and chairs at a prayer meeting!" Mrs. Hopkins looked perfectly aghast. "Do you think," said Dulcie, "that we are nearer heaven on a wooden bench and bare floor? Would you invite a guest into a room in your house furnished like the one into which you ask the Lord to enter?"

"I am sorry that people have such an opinion of our brother; I am sure my husband, when he said Judas, meant Judas. I don't think he would have been afraid to say Hudson Hopkins if he had meant him. Heaven forgive you!" cried poor Dulcie.

"But I think it would have been kinder in you to have gone to help take care of Adam Trille than to come here troubling me."

"Adam will need no more nursing—he is dead," said the woman, as she closed the door. And little Adam died! The little boy she had loved and petted and nursed. Her head sank upon her breast, and she would have fallen had not her husband at that moment opened the door and caught her in his arms.

"My poor little wife," he cried; "who has been so unkind as to tell you? I wanted to say it so gently to you; but he is better off, we know. I talked with his mother; and Dulcie, darling, his father has signed the pledge."

Dulcie threw her arms round her husband's neck. "A giant!" she cried. "No one but you, Paul, could have slain it; and that poor mother told me her husband never listened to any one as he has to you." And then, with sobs and little whispers of self-reproach and pleadings for forgiveness, out came the story of her morning's trouble.

It would not do, Paul saw at once, to blame her or let her know what she had done, for with prophetic vision, he saw the Hopkins' empty pew, and he felt his purse lightened of the Hopkins' liberal subscription. But his little wife, whose physical condition was that of weakness and dependence, must be soothed and quieted; and Paul talked gently to her, and they wondered about heaven, where little Adam had gone.

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"I cannot let you go, my darling," he said. But, smiling still, she whispered again: "There are the giants for you to fight, Paul; I never could; somehow, I wasn't strong enough. His will be done; you know, you always said that, Paul."

She was silent then; they watched her as the shadows began to creep in, and when the night came, lo, to her came the morning. When after the years had recently laid a crown of silver upon his head, and he, too, heard a voice, "Come up higher, friend," he left a record of giants slain by word and deed, of which that pure knight of Arthur's day need not have been ashamed.

"The next day, however, an explanation came. We had a ventriloquist aboard in the person of a very smart young man, who was too tickled over the success of his joke to keep the secret.

"Then the laugh was on him. As he had caused a serious delay and much annoyance I notified him that I had made an official entry of the circumstance on my log and the loss of time, and that on approaching shore I would detain him until a sufficient guarantee had been put up that he would answer in court to reply to a demand for financial restitution. I talked of \$60,000 being about the penalty under the government mail contract, and it is needless to say he spent the balance of the voyage on tender hooks. He disappeared before we docked, leaving his baggage behind."—San Francisco Post.

A Plucky Judge of Dundee.

How many rats should put an ordinary man to flight? We now know that thirty won't cause a Scotch judge to turn tail. Sheriff Campbell Smith has just had before him at Dundee a case of broken tenancy on account of an incursion of the rodents, and while he gave judgement in favor of the occupant who had left the house on account of the rats, he told him he thought he and his family had been unduly alarmed. "If they could not face them themselves they should have got a dog or a cat to assist them. To be put to flight by three rats—for these were all the tenant had seen—was hardly to be understood. He knew some timid people were terrified by rats, but three rats or thirty rats would not frighten His Lordship out of the house."—Westminster Gazette.

BORN.

- Moncton, Oct. 2, to the wife of B. C. Selig, a son.
Truro, Sept. 25, to the wife of I. D. McKay, a son.
Clarendon, Sept. 22, to the wife of Clarence Cove, a son.
Moncton, Oct. 2, to the wife of Owen McGinty, a son.
Smithfield, N.S., Sept. 29, to the wife of J. D. Pratt a son.
Windsor, Oct. 3, to the wife of R. V. L. Dawson, a son.
New Glasgow, Oct. 1, to the wife of Albert G. Fraser a son.
Falmouth, Sept. 26, to the wife of Walter Aiyward, a daughter.
Buctouche, Oct. 1, to the wife of Alex McAlister, a daughter.
Bridgetown, Sept. 29, to the wife of W. Caldwell, a daughter.
Lakerville, Sept. 26, to the wife of Harmon T. Vley, a daughter.
Kingscote, Sept. 26, to the wife of Prof. Bobar, a daughter.
Halifax, Oct. 3, to the wife of W. C. Harris, a daughter.
Malagash, Sept. 23, to the wife of K. D. Ross, a daughter.
St. John, Oct. 2, to the wife of Ernest J. Johnson, a daughter.
Truroville, Oct. 1, to the wife of W. H. Trueman a daughter.
Centerville, Sept. 28, to the wife of August Whelan, a daughter.
Truro, Sept. 22, to the wife of Mr. McGregor Archibald, a son.
Yarmouth, Oct. 3, to the wife of N. Vailto Bloomington, a son.
Shubenacadie, Sept. 11, to the wife of A. C. Stems-tron, twin sons.
Fredericton, Sept. 20, to the wife of Fred St. J. Bliss, a daughter.
Central N. A. man, Sept. 10, to the wife of J. W. Wilson, a daughter.
St. Stephen, Sept. 24, to the wife of E. A. Barten, twin, a son and daughter.
Lower Grandville, Sept. 30, to the wife of James Brown, a son.
Cyster Pond Guysboro Co., Sept. 30, to the wife of Bertram Robinson, a daughter.
Lynn Colchester Co., to the wife of Simon Webb, triplets, two sons and a daughter.

MARRIED.

- Yarmouth, Sept. 28, Ernest E. Crosby to Penny McWilliams.
Yarmouth, Oct. 2, by Rev. Mr. Fullen, Carl Stayer to Helen Jones.
Boston, Sept. 28, by Rev. H. Page, Edgar E. Russell to Grace M. Austin.
Truro, Sept. 24, by Rev. H. F. Adams, Arthur E. Cox to Annie Curtis.
Truro, Sept. 17, by Rev. W. F. Parker, John Oakes to Mrs. Ellen Watson.
Pictou, Sept. 29, by Rev. A. Falconer, Alexander C. Ross to Isabel Ross.
Oak Hill, Sept. 25, by Rev. W. C. Goucher, Richard Garnett to Ada Hildout.
Oak Bay, Sept. 23, by Rev. J. W. Millidge, Thomas McLean to Alice E. Gilman.
New Glasgow, Oct. 2, by Rev. W. Stewart, John P. Fraser to Ellen McFadden.
Milltown, Sept. 28, by Rev. E. Boyle, Charles Casper to Mary Hinchey.
Windsor, Oct. 2, by Rev. Henry Dickie, Alphonso Brown to Estelle Withrow.
Truro, Sept. 30, by Rev. J. Wood, J. Webster Berry to Ella Williamson.
Five Islands, Sept. 25, by Rev. A. Gray, Newton Pappay to Milla Corbett.
Halifax, Oct. 1, by Rev. B. B. Brown, James Thomas to Mary St. Clair.
Caledon, Sept. 23, by Rev. A. Leard, David Oliver to Emma J. Robbins of N. B.
Hazel Hill, Sept. 28, by Rev. D. W. Johnson, John A. Grant to Rhoda Barnes.
Fredericton, Oct. 3, by Rev. W. Tippet, J. Darley Harrison to Jennie Logan.
Truro, Sept. 25, by Rev. D. Underwood, John Sedgwick to Ellen McCreath.
Port Maitland, Sept. 28, by Rev. F. Beattie, Joseph H. Crosby to Emmeline Ross.
North River, Sept. 21, by Rev. E. B. Mack, Willam Murray to Maggie Reid.
Windsor, Oct. 1, by Rev. Henry Dickie, Weston McLean to couple McLean.
Shubenacadie, Sept. 24, by Rev. A. B. Dickie, Davin Crowe to Laura Frame.
Georgetown, Sept. 25, by Rev. G. B. Martell, Albert Nelson to Ruby Ritzinger.
Cape North, Sept. 22, by Rev. M. McLeod, James McGivray to Sarah McLellan.
Arbroath, Oct. 1, by Rev. James Sharp, Wm. L. Lorraine to Charlotte Morgan.
Durham, N. S., Oct. 2, by Rev. J. B. Coffin, John Muirhead to Frances J. Fraser.
Grand Pre, Sept. 25, by Rev. Wm. Brown, L. C. Loggell to Mary A. Fullerton.
Bals vert, Sept. 30, by Rev. W. B. Thomas, Berder Goodwin to Annie J. Wells.
Fredericton, Oct. 2, by Rev. Wm. Tippet, John William Glover to Grace Harris.
Buctouche, Sept. 25, by Rev. Fr. Michaud, Albert J. Dymally to Marie J. Hamelin.
Waverille N. S., Sept. 29, by Rev. J. M. Allan, George Eaton to Mary G. Crowe.
Bass River, Sept. 25, by Rev. C. F. Wilson, Charles E. Thompson to Annie M. Fulton.
Fredericton, Sept. 26, by Rev. Mr. Whalley, Thomas Edgar to Maggie Moffat.
St. Stephen, Sept. 28, by Rev. A. A. McKensie, Louis N. Towers to Grace Merrill.
Kouchibouctou, Sept. 20, by Rev. F. Pattenand, John Chibbald to Josephine Veale.
Henry Station, Sept. 25, by Rev. J. A. McLean, William Hunter to Maggie Herbert.
Mahone Bay, Sept. 25, by Rev. Jacob Maurer, James E. Dennis to Leonora Barry.
Port Maitland, Sept. 28, by Rev. F. Beattie, William B. Lindsay to Adelle S. Crosby.
Lorneville, Sept. 25, by Rev. W. B. Thomas, Allison F. Baxter to Harri B. Goodwin.

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DO NOT BE DECEIVED. With Pastes, Enamels, and Paints which stain the hands, injure the iron, and burn. The Rising Sun Stove Polish is Brilliant, Odorless, and Durable. Each package contains six ounces; when moistened will make several boxes of Paste Polish. HAS AN ANNUAL SALE OF 3,000 TONS. DEARBORN & CO., WHOLESALE AGENTS.

Fredericton, Oct. 2, by Rev. Wm. Tippet, Dr. Kirkpatrick of Woodstock to Edith Porter.
Little Harbor, Sept. 28, by Rev. B. McLean, Daniel B. Cameron to Annie E. Walsh.
St. George N. B., Sept. 23, by Rev. L. R. Skinner, E. mast Harvey to Margaret Robinson.
Bay Road, N. S., Oct. 2, by Rev. W. B. Goodwin, George C. Copp to Tillie M. Fullmore.
Port Hawkesbury, Sept. 24, by Rev. C. W. Swain, low Frank Little to Annie M. McLaughlin.
Charlottetown, Sept. 24, by Rev. T. F. Fullerton, Frank E. Dickie to Blanche McDougall.
Port Breville, Sept. 29, by Rev. Simon Gibbons, Thomas D. Webster to Mildred Haisfield.
St. Stephen, Sept. 22, by Rev. W. C. Goucher, Robert A. Smith to Lucia J. Hamson.
Shediac, Sept. 25, by Rev. E. C. Matthews, W. E. Talbot of Bermuda to E. Winifred Harper.
St. Stephen, Sept. 25, by Rev. W. C. Goucher, an Elsie to Elsie to Margaret Robinson.
Weymouth, Sept. 25, by Rev. J. M. Whycombe, Willis H. Crowell to Mary L. Crowwell.
Tatamagouche, Sept. 24, by Rev. W. C. Goucher, James D. McDonald to Estelle May Hamfield.
St. Stephen, Sept. 25, by Rev. Father Gallagher, Patrick Brennan of St. John to Margaret Campbell.
Chesley Cove, Deer Island, Sept. 25, by Rev. A. B. Dargat, Stephen Fountain to Mrs. Adelaide G. Snel.
Melrose, Mass, Oct. 8, by Rev. Paul Sterling, Charles Frederick Strout to Leonora Caroline M. Seely, both of St. John.

DIED.

- Halifax, Oct. 4, James Scott, 74.
Halifax, Oct. 4, Ann M. Art, 84.
Halifax, Oct. 3, Agnes Atkinson, 54.
St. David, Sept. 20, Mary Hall, 25.
St. John, Oct. 3, John F. Fussell 82.
Jacques River, Oct. 1, C. Bent, 70.
Caledon, Sept. 25, Stephen B. Berry, 70.
Mapleton, Sept. 28, George Smith, 25.
Digby, Sept. 25, Amelia W. Dakin 27.
St. John, Oct. 2, P. Partelow Mott, 34.
Westville, Sept. 12, Michael Foley, 34.
St. John, Oct. 5, Eliza B. Steward, 49.
Halifax, Oct. 3, Emily Piers McLaren, 68.
Gaspereaux, Oct. 1, Percy J. Smith, 19.
White Rock, Oct. 2, Thomas Chas. 72.
White Rock, Oct. 2, Thomas Chas., 72.
Jacques River, Oct. 1, John C. Bent, 70.
Freepoint, Sept. 20, Mrs. Alfred Thurber.
Shelburne, Sept. 20, Alvin M. Perry, 20.
Lynn N. B., Sept. 29, Miss Hattie Lewis.
Port Saxon, Sept. 13, Daniel McLean, 35.
Ayleford, Sept. 24, Ernest L. Graves, 33.
Great Village, Sept. 25, Mrs. John Vance.
Yarmouth, Sept. 29, Ada B. Lawson, 41.
Havelsack, Sept. 15, George H. Nowlan, 41.
Buctouche, Sept. 27, Cora L. Roberts, 15.
Milltown, Sept. 29, E. Isabeth A. Foley, 66.
Shelburne, Sept. 22, Mrs. Andrew Perry, 41.
New Glasgow, Sept. 20, Isaac Marshall, 55.
Halifax, Oct. 2, Mary, wife of Charles H. Hopper, N. S. Sept. 21, Maggie G. Sullivan, 39.
Princeton, N. B., Sept. 26, Martha A. Sprague, 69.
Halifax, Oct. 2, Walter C. Lasher of New York 19.
North Sydney, Oct. 1, Mary wife of Robt. Scott, 46.
Stellarton, Oct. 1, Agnes wife of David W. Colton, 42.
St. John, Sept. 20, Mary, wife of George Maloney, 62.
Bay View, Sept. 27, Janet wife of Richard Tanner, 80.
Westville, Sept. 20, Maggie wife of James C. Munroe.
King's N. S., Oct. 2, May wife of Clayton C. Cogwell.
St. Paul, Oct. 3, Harb J. McKee, formerly of St. John.
East Town, Oct. 4, Lillian E., wife of Edward E. Beck.
Yarmouth, Sept. 21, Addie wife of Adelbert Wyndham, 62.
Lincoln, Sept. 25, Mary Long, widow of Edward Long, 62.
Mapleton, Sept. 23, George N. son of Benjamin Smith, 29.
Boxbury Mass, Sept. 28, Daniel Cogan, formerly of N. S. 60.
Caledon, Sept. 28, Jennie E., child of Samuel and Eva.
Centerville N. S., Katherine Boyd, wife of Robt. Munson, 69.
West Jeddore, Sept. 29, Agnes widow of David Blakey, 66.
Parsonsboro, Sept. 20, son of Albert and Alice Buller, well a month.
Windsford, Sept. 27, Eugene, son of Mr. and Mrs. A. H. Turner, 2.
St. John, Oct. 1, Charles R., child of John and Annie Ballard, 13 months.
Fredericton, Oct. 4, Annie Connel, widow of Hon. Charles Connel.
Truro, N. B., Bet E. daughter of Avard and Hannah Beaks, 3.
Truro, Sept. 20, Maggie Seard, daughter of F. S. and Mrs. Magee, 7.
Liverpool, Sept. 25, Cecil J., son of Andrew and Tina Vert, 6 months.
Caledon, Oct. 4, Alice May, daughter of E. and Elizabeth Maxwell, 2 years.
Halifax, Oct. 2, Mrs. Ann Birkenhead widow of Henry Birkenhead, 80.
North Sydney, Sept. 30, Jessie A., daughter of James Scott, 13 months.
East Town, Oct. 2, Kate, wife of Wm. McLean, formerly of Sanbury N. B.
Wagha River, Oct. 4, Fannie Co., daughter of Wall-wood and Mary Jane Currie.
Lawrence station, Sept. 23, Kenneth E., son of George and Sarah Kitchin, 2 years.
Kilburn, Sept. 20, William L., son of C. W. and Phoebe Morehouse, 15 months.
Halifax, Oct. 1, Agnes Florence Higgins, daughter of James and the late John Higgins, 4.
Hammond Plains, Sept. 20, Minnie daughter of John and the late Minnie Romans, 6 weeks.

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