

# PROGRESS.

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## THE CHAMPION ROSES.

NOT ON A BALL FIELD BUT IN A PHOTOGRAPH.

Some Idea of how This Organization has won the Favor of the Public and Retained It—Their Splendid Showing on the Diamond here and Elsewhere.

It took a sprightly baseball team like the Portlands, to waken up in the breasts of St. John's diamond game rooters, the old time enthusiasm, which had been lying latent for several years through the inability or inactivity of our local ball tossers to bring a crack American combination to these parts. It's inter-civic, inter-provincial or international baseball the people of St. John want, and when they get it they show their appreciation of it in no stinted degree.

Both the Roses and Alerts of this city, having defeated on more than one occasion the visiting Pine Tree State players, made the question of local supremacy a decidedly open one, only to be settled by a hand to hand struggle. These teams met on Labor day, in two remarkably fine exhibitions of the popular sport, the red-coated fellows from the city proper falling twice before the superior all-round work of their North End rivals, the Roses. Old time crowds attended, and the wordy support given each team from the grandstand and ropes was louder and stronger than on any similar occasion this season. Baseball was indeed king again.

Now that the Roses are practically St. John's defenders in the line of bat and ball sport it would not be amiss to quote a few instances wherein they have upheld the prestige of the city in that direction. In fact for the last three years they have been the most doughty combination of baseballists in the city, only rivalled in New Brunswick by Capt. Tibbitts and his Tartar band in Fredericton. As early as 1894 the Roses have been playing winning ball. It was then they organized, more as a junior club than anything else, but the quality of their games became such as to place them in the ring with larger fellows against whom "the ponies" contested most successfully on nearly every occasion. The "charter member" team was made up as follows:

Walter Chase, catcher.  
Frank Fanjoy, pitcher.  
Pearl Jordan, first base.  
Ed. Covey, second base.  
A. Kourke, short-stop.  
Arch. Whitaker, left field.  
Ed. Watters, right field.  
Harry Black, centre field.

In these days the Roses were merely short-troensed school boys, but when they donned their little blue suits and sallied forth to some vacant lot to play a "match game" after study hours, a crowd invariably followed them.

The Roses were two years coated in navy blue after which they adopted a pure white diamond dress, but latterly the old suit was gone back to with the addition of some white trimmings, the uniforms now worn by them. Gradually the North End boys crept into prominence with the baseball public through their exceptionally fine playing, which was thought remarkable considering their size and age. No yarn balls were used nor wheel-spokes for bats, but national league paraphernalia was at once adopted by the juniors who knew well how to make use of it.

Next year after the Roses were organized a city league was formed in which the Starlights, Acadias, Roses and two other strong teams from the city proper contested a long series of games in which the Roses came out unscathed. A percentage of one thousand, or every game won, was their seldom equalled record for that year.

The New Brunswick League was formed in 1896 with the Tartars of Fredericton, the Monotons and Starlights of this city as its component parts. For some reason or other the lads living in the northern end of the city were not allowed to enter this body of teams. Generally, this was considered a spiteful slight. However when the league series was concluded the Roses took great satisfaction in defeating each of the above named teams on their own grounds. It was also in this year the Alerts won from the Roses in a series of thirteen games, the city team capturing the deciding contest after one of the sharpest of struggles.

In 1897 the St. John City League was formed with the St. Johns, B. and A's, Alerts and Roses, the rival combinations. Throughout the whole summer's playing the blues only lost 173 from 1000 percentage mark.

They stood the champions at the end of the season with a record of 827 points out of a possible 1000.

When the season of 1898 dawned, Manager Frank Fanjoy hustled about and secured a couple of new men for his team, Mackin and Mills. They have proved stayers and were not long in becoming inculcated with that confident, cheerful style of playing which has characterized the Roses from its youth as a team.

said, and it has been remarked by visiting crack teams, they are wonderfully proficient in all-together or team work and play with a freedom and precision quite exceptional. They never say die no matter how far ahead their opponents are and many games have they snatched from the embers of defeat at the very last of the contest. The illustration above depicts the team in question with one of their former players, Cobolan, instead of Cunningham.

## A POLICE SENSATION.

HOW THE HALIFAX OFFICERS RUN THEIR AFFAIRS.

They Have an Unpopular Deputy Chief Who Makes Things Warm for all Hands—Detective Power has the Exhibition to Look After—Other Matters.

HALIFAX, Sept. 6.—There is serious trouble brewing for some of the members of the Halifax police force and before very

will no doubt put an end to this onslaught for the time being. Berrie visited the police station on business, and while there the Deputy-chief who is always anxious to exercise his authority, got into a little difficulty with Berrie. He ordered Berrie to leave the station, and he refused to do so, and then he called on his subordinates, and the unfortunate Berrie was cast into the cells. He was tried for the offence and the magistrate acquitted him of the charge. The deputy chief of police is one of the most obnoxious and high strung officials in the civic employ. It seems that he makes an effort always to displease and sometimes to please any one who has business with him. He is extremely domineering at the station, and always exercises his authority to its fullest extent. He never fails in this; it seem to be a hobby which he professes.

Why, if you approach him on business you have to be as meek and mild as a kitten, for fear that he will pounce upon you when you least expect it. What duty he performs no person seems to know, and he is looked upon as a sort of a "go as you please man." The greater portion of his time is taken up making out reports or smoking in the station conversing with the men on office duty. He receives a very remunerative salary for this valuable service which he so ably renders to the city. What the city keeps him there for it is hard to find out, and it is a still greater mystery to learn what his duties are, and what he gets paid for. The men are never instructed or drilled into their duty by him, and the chief of the force, to all appearances is afraid to exercise any authority over him. He has already cost the city several hundred dollars for making a false arrest, and it now looks as if there was going to be another law suit against him. Berrie threatens an action against him for false arrest and he will no doubt press it. There is going to be a bomb shell exploded before long and when it bursts there will be some big surprises in store for several members of the force. This state of affairs has run long enough and the people say, it is time to call a halt. The "Black Prince" has had his say, without a doubt.

At a recent meeting of the exhibition commission, there was somewhat of a spirited discussion over the appointment of a superintendent for the police at the coming fair. Last year the police were selected by Chief O'Sullivan, and the men chosen gave very poor satisfaction. Complaints were heard on all sides about the way the men conducted themselves on the grounds. The commission this year intends it possible to prevent a re-occurrence of this kind, so it has taken the matter out of the hands of the chief, and placed Detective Power in the position. It was over this selection that the trouble arose. O'Sullivan's friends did not like to see him thrown down in this way, but they had to bow to the majority, and Mr. Power got it. One commissioner threatened to resign, if the appointment was given to O'Sullivan. There is no salary attached to the position, and the present incumbent, it is understood is not very thankful for the appointment.

## MR. MCSORLEY'S RUDE ARREST.

He Served a Capias on Adam Bell and Had Some Trouble Afterward.

When Adam Bell of St. Stephen was coming out of Pitman's barber shop on King square Thursday morning Constable McSorley put him under arrest and according to Mr. Bell's story did so in a peculiarly offensive way. The capias McSorley had was taken out at the instance of John Burke a former landlord of Bell's who claims that he owed him some \$13. As an offset Mr. Bell claimed to have paid a plumbing account of \$9 leaving a balance of some \$4 due. McSorley did not allow Bell any liberty after he laid his hands upon him nor give him any chance to get bail but hung on with both hands though Mr. Bell told him he would go along but insisted upon going into Mr. Nobles plumbing shop with the constable not relaxing his grip. Mr. Noble was willing to go bail but the constable would not consent. Before this Bell thinking he was being treated with unnecessary harshness summoned a policeman who could not do anything for him apparently. Then Bell offered McSorley his gold watch as security for the claim and it was accepted. During the arrest McSorley's hand had become smeared with some phlegm and when he had released Bell he rubbed the stuff off on the latter's clothes. This was too much for Bell and he struck McSorley on the side of the head. Then officer Johnson took a hand and after making McSorley return Bell's watch he took the latter to the station to answer in charge of assault. The case came on yesterday after PROGRESS went to press.



THE CHAMPION ROSES.

Top Row—"Tip" O'Neill, 2nd b; J. Malcolm, (spare man); W. Kelly, 1. f.; Manager Frank Fanjoy.  
Second Row—T. Mackin, 1st. b; B. Mills, c. 1; Capt. Fred Shannon, 3rd. b; W. Curran, s. s; (now succeeded by Bob Cunningham).  
Front Row—Wes. Friars, pitcher; Jim McLeod, catcher; Master Friars, mascot.

and which seems such a puzzle to opposing baseballists. Here is what the blues have done so far this year:

They have played 10 games with the Alerts and won 7.

They have played 3 games with the St. Johns and won 3.

With the Tartars at the time of writing they have played 3 and won 1.

In Houlton the North End boys went down twice before the Yankees in a 3 to 4 and a 12 to 13 game; they won a game from the Houltons however when the latter team came to this town. The Roses also lost to the visitors on their own field.

At Woodstock the Browns failed to get a victory from the Roses in two stubbornly fought exhibitions and also succumbed to them in St. John. The Crescents of Halifax, at Halifax, were beaten in a couple of contests with the scores 7 to 14 and 4 to 1.

When the Quoddies of Eastport met the Roses on four occasions this season they only managed to secure 2 games.

In two games with the Portlands, of Maine the home fellows were not defeated once.

From the above table of games in which the Rose's victories far outnumber their defeats it can be plainly seen why the people of North End claim championship laurels for their representative team, which this year is composed of the following young men:

"Jimmy" McLeod, catcher and fielder.  
Wes. Friars, pitcher and baseman.  
Jack Mackin, 1st base and pitcher.  
"Tip" O'Neill, 2nd base.  
"Billy" Curran, short-stop.  
Fred Shannon (Capt.) 3rd base.  
"Billy" Kelly, left field.  
"Bucky" Mills, centre fielder and catcher.  
"Bob" Cunningham, right fielder.  
"Johnny" Malcolm, spare man.  
Master Friars, mascot.

The none too pleasant duties of manager have been devolving upon the shoulders of Frank Fanjoy ever since the club existed and through his careful management and gentlemanliness the Roses have gained greatly in prestige and favor and have always been accepted with pleasure when games were sought. During this season Mr. Fanjoy has been ably assisted in his managerial work by Frank Watson one of the Roses' staunchest supporters.

Of the Roses on the ball field it can be

learn their new right-fielder. Manager Watson is not there but Manager Fanjoy is on the extreme right. In the Rose's personnel there are some remarkably fine baseballists. O'Neill is considered the best in the lower provinces, McLeod is an almost faultless catcher, Friars can be depended on at any time to win a game in the box, while at batting, O'Neill, Shannon, Friars and Kelly is the heavy team. Intrepid base runners and cat-like fielders the boys from old Portland are worth gambling on.

## THE SHOW OF FRIDAY.

Sir Charles Tupper Will Fill the Hall—Other Politicians to be in Town.

Sir Charles Tupper will open the Exhibition on Tuesday next. Last year Sir Wilfred Laurier, assisted by other members of the cabinet performed the same kind of office for the association and this year the leaders of the opposition will have the opportunity. Sir Charles has been making speeches in Nova Scotia and has been receiving a grand reception. If the people of St. John accord him one of the same nature then a good many quarters will drop into the hands of the ticket seller. But opening day has never been a great success with shows here. The attendance rarely reaches 1500 and, in the past, the exhibition has not been in the best of shape. That is no more than should be expected but a good many think that some attractive feature should be introduced to popularize the show at the start and make the opening day one of the best.

The week will be interesting from a political point of view also for on Monday the political picnic in honor of Mr. Blair will be held in Gasquetown. With the minister of railways, Messrs Fielding and Davies will address the crowd and the next day will be in all probability accompanied Premier Emerson to the exhibition opening. Such a gathering of politicians should mean something to the people and to the fair for they will be a whole show in themselves.

The excursion rates promised are such that visitors may well be induced to take advantage of the opportunity and come to St. John. The exhibition association gives some idea of their plans on the eighth page of this issue and the information is as interesting as it is useful to all who propose to visit the show.

long there will be an upheaval which will surprise many of our citizens. From the state of the force at the present time, the men seem to do pretty much as they like, and no person dare look crooked at one of our finest, without being in danger of arrest. This is a well known fact throughout the city, and not one of the aldermen have the backbone to make a move in the matter for fear of losing the good graces of the blue coats. If you stand in with them it is all right, but was betide you if you attempt to run against them, or injure them in any way. Of course the whole force is not to blame, there are many good and conscientious men among its members, but there are nearly as many others whom I cannot say the same thing about. It seems to be the delight of policemen to secure convictions over his fellow man. As soon as they are armed with the necessary authority they start in and carry what they suppose to be their legal rights to do just as they please with other persons. A strange fact about a policeman is that if you injure one, you offend all the others, and they combine and try to get square with you in some way or other. Within the past week a very glaring case of this has been witnessed in our police court and there can not be the slightest question that the members of the force have made a dead set on John T. Berrie, who conducts a small shop at the north end, where he disposes of second hand goods. True it may be that Berrie is not the best citizen in Halifax, but that is no reason why he should be set upon and trotted to court every other day, to suit the wounded feelings of one of the bluecoats.

Five days out of six last week he was obliged to appear in court to answer to charges of a paltry character. This was not done to satisfy the ends of justice, but simply for the purpose of getting even with a man who had attempted to put up a fight against the police. When he did so he was defending his right, and that is the reason he has been almost hounded to death. There seems to be no question in the minds of the public, that they are trying to put Berrie out of business. His next door neighbors who violate the law in the same way that Berrie does by encumbering the sidewalk by his wares, are all allowed to go scott free, and he is made to suffer for them all. A climax was reached on Friday last which

**GREAT FREEZEOUT GAME**

**\$28,000 WON BY THE HOLDER OF A BOBTAIL FLUSH.**

Cashier of a New Orleans Bank Supposed to Have Only \$30,000, After Betting That, When Tracked by Gamblers, Produced \$90,000 More.

They had all been discussing the fine points of the great national game of poker in the office of the Hotel Dunkle the other day, and some very fair stories of games of freeze-out, stacked cards and monumental bluffs had been related by the drummers who were in the town over night, but it remained for Charles C. Campbell, a retired capitalist, who is known all over the East in lumbering circles, to relate the bonafide story of one of the greatest freezeouts in the history of the American game.

'It was back in 1845,' said he, 'that I saw one of the most remarkable exhibitions of nerve and incidentally of properly making use of the time-honored freeze-out game, in all my experience. At the time I was engaged in lumbering operations in the Atchafalaya Bayou, 250 miles north of New Orleans. Business called me to the Crescent City, and, arrived there, I found that it was necessary for me to proceed at once to Cedar Falls, a place on the Ohio nearly 100 miles west of Pittsburgh. In those days the great river steamboats were in the zenith of their glory, and the Mississippi boasted of some of the fastest boats of their kind in the world. The Great Republic had left for up the river the day before, so that I found that I would have to wait until evening and go up on the Eliza, then one of the crack boats plying between Cincinnati and New Orleans. I had engaged a stateroom, and boarding the boat an hour before it started, I went down into the saloon and there met, through a mutual friend, the cashier of a big New Or-

leans banking house, who, I later learned, was going to Cincinnati with \$30,000 in cash as the agent of his house to commission merchants in the City of Pork. He seemed an exceedingly pleasant fellow of about 32 years of age, was an excellent raconteur, and moreover, had a reputation as a nerry poker player. Time passed quickly in conversation with him, and we were both standing on the deck as the gong rang for the landing boards to be taken in preparatory to our immediate departure.

'Just before the gangplanks were hauled in a hack drove up to the wharf and three well-dressed, big-mustached men jumped from the vehicle, one of them stopping to place a bill in the hands of the jehu, made for the plank and walked aboard just before the gong rang to 'go ahead.' We both had an opportunity to examine the men as they stood together near the rail. My new-found friend, whom, for reasons this story will disclose, I will not name, closely scrutinized the trio and then said: 'I know these chaps. They are professional gamblers, and they are evidently after some lamb to pluck on this boat. I wonder if I am supposed to be their game. If so they may be disagreeably surprised, for there is something in a satchel in my stateroom which may cause them the loss of a few dollars.'

'With this enigmatical remark the cashier slowly sauntered into the saloon, and it wasn't ten minutes before I saw the gamblers engaged in earnest conversation with him. It afterward came out that they had heard that the bank was sending \$30,000 up the river with him, and, knowing that he was a dyed-in-the-wool pokerite, they had determined to inveigle him into a little game and thoroughly pluck him. Unfortunately, for them, they reckoned without a big bundle of notes which was

in the possession of the cashier, but concerning which he wasn't telling anybody.

'There was a jolly crowd of sporting men on the boat that night, and after dinner some ten or fifteen repaired to the smoking room, where stories, quip, and jest passed quickly amid the clink of glasses and the glow of fragrant Havanas. At about 11 o'clock, I remember—we had just left Natchez—one of the gamblers suggested a little game, and the cashier consented, although he had strict orders from his house not to play with money in his possession, to play a few hands with them. It was suggested that the game be played in the saloon, and thither eight of us repaired. While going there the cashier whispered to me:

'Watch out for something that will open your eyes. This game won't last more than one hand, and there are going to be three of the biggest surprised men who ever stacked up against a Tartar on a Mississippi boat.'

'This communication certainly aroused my curiosity and gave me a slight inkling of what proved to be the stiffest game of pure and unadulterated bluff that I have ever seen in a poker game. It was evident that the stakes were not going to be a few piayunes, as both the cashier and the trio laid out big rolls of bills on the table. There was a tense movement and an expression of excitement as one of the gamblers produced a new pack of cards, shuffled them and handed them to the cashier, who sat to the right, to cut. The latter made the cut, and the deal commenced. I was watching the game closely, and I saw a look of great satisfaction come upon the cashier's face as he picked up his cards. The ante was \$10, and a limit was made of the sky-high variety. There was fun for somebody, and all four players

FROM INDIA & CEYLON



**Best of Tea Value**

**HOUSEKEEPERS**, if you have not tried *Tetley's Elephant Brand Teas*, you should do so at once. These Teas are put up especially for family use.—Wrapped in air tight lead packets, the flavor and purity in ensured to the consumer, who is also protected as to the correct value by having the **RETAIL PRICE PRINTED ON EVERY PACKET.**

Sold by most grocers in Canada and the United States.  
25c. to \$1.00 per lb. in ½ and 1 lb. Packets.

If your grocer cannot supply you, write us and we will see that your order is filled.

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seemed to be after the lion's share of it.

'The look of satisfaction on the cashier's face was observed by the gamblers, as one who was watching the game closely could see by the covert glances they cast at one another. The lamb, however, didn't seem to notice that they were seizing him up, but proceeded to count out a wad of bills. Each man, on looking at his cards chipped in his eagle and the draw for cards commenced. The gambler opposite to the cashier discarded two, the one to his right drew one, the lamb didn't ask for any, and a look of puzzled surprise and furtive anxiety crossed the physiognomies of

the others. Was it a bluff? Well the dealer took three cards and seemed vastly satisfied. The man to the right of the cashier, whose bid it was, threw \$100 on the middle of the table. The cashier went him \$200 better. The dealer looked dubious for a moment, then shoved in the call of \$300 and clapped on \$500. The gambler opposite dropped out. His pal to the cashier's right, after another look at his cards, gave up the ghost.

'A faint smile flickered for an instant around the cashier's mouth as he quietly laid down \$500 and piled on \$2,000 more.

CONTINUED ON FOURTH PAGE.

# A CHANCE FOR INVESTORS!

## THE CUSHING SULPHITE FIBRE COMPANY, LIMITED.

### Capt. Partington Takes Two-Thirds of the Stock!

The Cushing Sulphite Fibre Co., Ltd., of Fairville, City and County of St. John, N. B., incorporated under the Great Seal of the Province of New Brunswick under the New Brunswick Joint Stock Companies Letters Patent Act, with an authorized capital of \$500,000, has been formed for the manufacture in Canada of **SULPHITE PULP** for the American and European markets. Within the last few years the manufacture of paper has been completely revolutionized by the substitution of Wood Pulp for Esparto and Rags as a Paper-making materials, and it is probable that at the present time there is no other industry offering such certain and lucrative results as the production of Wood Pulp, for which a great demand exists.

The Company is issuing for the present Shares to the amount of \$350,000. for the erection and operation of a **Pulp Mill** of a capacity of **50 Tons of Dry Pulp per day** at Union Point, Adjacent to the Cushing Saw Mills, of which site Mr. N. W. Jones, manager of the Katadin Pulp Company Lincoln Maine, says:

**"I consider the proposed site and facilities the very best that I have seen in America, and the shipping facilities from the Port of St. John are unequalled on the Atlantic coast."**

Capt Partington, of Manchester, Eng., the largest and most successful pulp and paper maker in Great Britain, thinks so much of the prospects of this company that he has not only taken two-thirds of the present issue of stock, amounting to \$240,000 but he also undertakes to buy from the company at the highest market value two-thirds of the whole output, which he intends using in his immense paper mills. Of the remaining \$120,000 worth of stock offered to the public a good portion has already been taken up by some of our leading business men. The balance is now open for subscription and the shares will be allotted in the order in which they are received.

**Wood:** It is a matter of prime importance to consider the extent of supply of Pulp Wood or Raw Material in locating a Pulp Mill. Experience has demonstrated the fact that many large Pulp Manufacturing Plants have been rendered helpless and useless by the rapid consumption of suitable forest growth within the range of reasonable transportation to such mills. The location here defies the occurrence of such a disaster, being situated at the mouth of the Saint John River, which is 450 miles long, and which, with its many lakes and tributaries draining the great lumber area of New Brunswick, Quebec, and the State of Maine, is the largest spruce area in America, if not in the whole world. It will always be borne in mind that the great highway of the Saint John waters affords the cheapest transportation for any supplies of Logs or Pulp Wood that may be required for Pulp Manufacturing, the wood being always floated from the point of production to the very foundation of the mill where consumption takes place, giving manifest advantage in the line of economy over all mills that rely in whole or in part for railway and other expensive means of transportation.

**Sulphur:** Obtainable at the lowest cost.

**Lime:** From our own quarries.

We have: **Cheapest of Raw Material** with an inexhaustible supply; **Cheap Fuel; Unexcelled Shipping Facilities; Situated on the Seaboard**, thus avoiding all expensive rail carriage; **Proximity to the Canadian Spruce Wood**, excelled by none for the quality of its fibre; **Open Harbor all the Year Round.**

The estimated cost of manufacturing Sulphite Pulp is \$31.25 per ton (2,240 lbs.), including freight and insurance to Great Britain and selling commission. The output at 50 tons per day, for 300 working days per annum, viz:

15,000 tons at \$ 31.25 per ton gives.....	\$468,750
The selling price of 15,000 tons, \$38 per ton delivered F. O. B. Great Britain gives.....	570,000
	<u>\$101,250</u>
Deduct allowance for depreciation of machinery and plant.....	15,000
Showing a surplus of.....	\$ 86,250

Or a return equal to 24 per cent, upon the capital issued. The Provincial Directors, pending the election of the permanent Board are:

JOSEPH ALLISON,  
WILLIAM H. MURRAY,

THOMAS McAVITY,  
GEORGE S. CUSHING,  
GEORGE F. BAIRD.

The shares are \$50 each, thus giving those who have but small amounts a splendid opportunity to invest their savings at a highly remunerative rate. Application forms for stock may be had from any of the Provincial Directors or from the Company's Bankers the Bank of Nova Scotia.

Music and The Drama

IN MUSICAL CIRCLES.

In addition to a chorus of male voices, for the rendering of several sea songs, the following ladies and gentlemen have so far signified their intention to assist in solos, in the B. K. Club concert Misses Lawlor, Knight, Brennan and Messrs. J. N. Sutherland, Robinson, R. Ritchey, J. Kelley, Dr. Daniel, J. Sutherland, Hegan. The programme will be chiefly of a nautical character. Harrison's orchestra will also assist.

Mrs. Andrews the fortune's possessor of a very sweet and well trained voice, is visiting this city, and many of the friends made during a previous visit have again had the pleasure of hearing her sing. Mrs. Andrews is the leading soprano in a church in Massachusetts.

Gwilym Miles, will doubtless prove a very strong attraction to music lovers, when he appears here next month. There is nothing definite yet, concerning the programme for his concert.

Tones and Undertones.

This is what a Boston paper says of a gentleman referred to several weeks ago in this department and to whom several St. John people had the pleasure of listening one evening, though neither he nor his pupil Miss Maud Richards who accompanied him sang here in public: 'Mr. F. W. Wodell of the Pierce building, Copley square, Boston, this summer, made a successful concert tour in Nova Scotia. He sang in St. John, Amherst, Digby, Halifax and other towns, and received high praise from the critics. The Halifax Herald said: 'Mr. Wodell has a baritone voice of fine quality, range and power, and sings in a most finished manner.' Several promising pupils are to come to Mr. Wodell from the Provinces this season. He begins teaching Sept. 12. As is well known, Mr. Wodell is a successful voice trainer. His method is his own, though based upon the principles of the Italian school which stands first for beauty of tone and a genuine legato, next for power and compass.

Here is a charming story about Verdi, just hot from Italy says the Westminster Gazette. A farmer living in the depths of country was very desirous to hear one of the illustrious composer's operas. So, better late than never, he took his fare, traveled up to Milan, and, securing a good seat, heard "Aida." He was very much disappointed, and wrote to Verdi to say so, adding that he did not like the music at all, and that under these circumstances he hoped that Verdi would see the reasonableness of at once returning him his money. There was his rail fare, his ticket of admission and his supper at Milan, for which he inclosed the bill.

The grand old maestro entered fully into the humor of the situation. He wrote back a polite letter, regretting that his music had failed to please and inclosing the rail fare and the price of admission. But he added that as the farmer would have had to provide himself with supper at home, he could not admit the justice of that part of his claim, and he absolutely declined to pay for his supper at Milan. The maestro added that he hoped the farmer would never come up again to hear any of his music, as he could not promise to refund him a second time. And then we talk about people growing old! But here is a man close upon 90, a practical farmer himself, who retains all the liveliness of a farceur and the sound heart of a boy.

The list of pianists announced to play in America this season comprises Emil Sauer, Jossely, Rosenthal, Fanny Bloomfield-Zeisler, Siliti, Sherwood, Aus der Ohe, Madeline Schiller, E. A. Macdowell, George Liebling, Godowsky, Constantin von Sternberg and Richard Burmeister.

BABY'S FACE

LOOKED LIKE RAW MEAT.

Our baby's face and neck was all raw meat, and something awful to look at. The way that child suffered, mother and child never had any rest day or night as it constantly itched, and the blood used to flow down her cheeks. We had doctors and the dispensary with no result. By using CUTICURA RESOLVENT, CUTICURA (ointment), and CUTICURA SOAP, the child was entirely healed.

Mrs. GARNJOSS, 213 Nassau Ave., Brooklyn. Mothers, to know that a warm bath with CUTICURA SOAP, and a single anointing with CUTICURA, will afford instant relief in the most distressing of itching, burning, and every infaustible humor of the skin and scalp, with loss of hair, and not to use them, is to fail in your duty. Sold throughout the world. FORTY-NINE AND CORN. COOP, PROP., BOSTON. How to Cure Baby Humors, free.

Jean Gerardy, the cellist, will take part in the Patti tour in the English provinces and will play at the Liverpool Philharmonic concert Dec. 6.

George Henschel has been granted a patent for an improvement in pianos.

Bernard Stavenhagen will begin his engagement as conductor at the Munich opera house Oct. 1.

De Pachmann's reading of the Chopin B minor sonata has been accepted in London as superior to that of either Eugen D'Albert or Herr Liebling.

Emma Eames will remain at her Italian villa until Oct. 1.

Miss Esther Paliser, the American singer, who has made such a reputation in London, is contemplating a tour of the United States next season.

Albert Gerard-Thiers is said to be meeting with much success singing in Europe.

TALK OF THE THEATRE.

Large and well pleased audiences have attended the Miles Stock Company's excellent performances at the Opera House this week. On Labor Day, the S. R. O sign was in evidence long before the afternoon or evening performances began. A feature of the week was the production on Tuesday evening of a play At the Mercy of Crooks, written by Mr. Butler, a clever member of the company. Other engagements prevented my witnessing it, but I understand it went with a swing and dash, and was full of interest from start to finish. I believe after all there is considerable in a name, and I must confess to a little prejudice against the one Mr. Butler has chosen for his play. I understand At the Mercy of Crooks is to be repeated during the week.

The company has produced several new plays this week, and all have been well received. A number of the sailors from the H. M. S. Indefatigable were present at the theatre on Wednesday evening, and enlivened things somewhat, by their hilarious ways. They were feeling pretty good, and the song specialties caught their fancy to such an extent that they lent the singers every assistance. The company will play here next week by special arrangement and should prove a good attraction for visitors to the city next week.

A performance of Under the British Flag will be given Saturday evening in honor of, and under the distinguished patronage of Capt. Primrose and officers of H. M. S. Indefatigable. This no doubt will be sufficient to pack the opera house, and of course it goes without saying that it will be a very brilliant event, and unusual here too.

'A Female Drummer' is a "cracker-jack" the boys say.

Maud Adams opens her season Monday in Troy in "The Little Minister."

'A Stranger in New York' follows Roland Reed at the Boston Museum next week.

Augustin Daly has secured the American rights to A. W. Pinero's next work.

Sol Smith Russell's season in "Martha Morton's comedy "Uncle Dick" will begin Sept. 26.

Lillian Russell is mentioned to play Marie Tempest's part in "The Greek Slave" in London.

The regular winter season at the Castle Square, Boston, opens this week. "Leda Astray" is the play.

Mlle. Anna Held will shortly be seen in a new French comedy, secured during her recent trip to Paris.

Adelaide Hermann has a new act for this season, in which she says she will make 50 changes in 10 minutes.

The tour of the Rogers Brothers in John J. McNally's new comedy, "A Reign of Error" began this week at New Haven, Ct.

Edward J. Ratcliffe contemplates heading a company of his own this season in a play by John E. McCann entitled "Punchinello."

George W. Brennan, formerly a Boston newspaper man, has leased the Third Avenue theatre, New York, and will open it with a stock company Sept. 24.

Jane Hading is negotiating for a trip to this country in 1899 with an English company. She speaks our language and will have her regular repertory translated.

It is said that Sadie Martinot's disrobing act in "The Turtle," which opened last Monday night at the Manhattan theatre in New York, outstrips anything before shown on the American stage.

Mr. Mervin Dallas, the distinguished English actor, has been engaged by Liebler & Co. managers of Viola Allen, to play Lord Storm in, and to act as stage manager of "The Christian."

Miss Grace Mae Lamkin, a Boston girl, who was a leading member of the Criterion

OUR TWO PUBLICATIONS BALANCE OF THE YEAR



FOR TWENTY-FIVE CENTS

We will mail THE LADIES' HOME JOURNAL, beginning with the next issue (October number), to January 1, 1899, also THE SATURDAY EVENING POST, every week, from the time subscription is received to January 1, 1899, for Twenty-five Cents, for the purpose of introducing our weekly with our well-known monthly.

The regular subscription price to THE SATURDAY EVENING POST is \$2.50 per year. It was founded in 1728, and published by Benjamin Franklin up to 1765, and has been regularly published for 170 years—the oldest paper in the United States. Everybody knows THE LADIES' HOME JOURNAL, with its 800,000 subscription list. The Post will be just as high a grade of literature and illustration, but entirely distinctive in treatment and in kind. The best writers of the world contribute to both of our publications, and the illustrations are from the best-known artists.

The Curtis Publishing Company, Philadelphia

club before she adopted the stage as a profession has been engaged as leading lady in the Baltimore Lyceum Stock company for this season.

W. A. Brady announces that if either Richard Mansfield's or Augustin Daly's production of "Cyrano de Bergerac" proves a success he will send out six companies to produce his own version of play in various parts of the United States.

Mr. Charles Coghlan will arrive in New York from his summer home in Souris, P. E. I., next Tuesday and will then assume personal control of the rehearsals of "The Royal Box," which have heretofore been conducted by stage manager Claude Brooke.

Jacob Litt is organizing a company of Germans to play "In Old Kentucky" in that language in Berlin, Vienna and other continental cities. Laura Burt will play her original part in the production and is now brushing up her German in preparation.

James A. Herne has rewritten his play "Rev. Griffith Davenport," and he will produce it this season. He is also re-writing his first successful play "Hearts of Oak" and will give that an elaborate production in November. Mr. Herne will not go out in "Shore Acres" this season.

IF YOU FEEL TIRED TRY A BOTTLE OF OUR CELERY NERVE TONIC.

It is a powerful alternative and diuretic. Purifies the Blood and Cures Liver and Stomach troubles. Revives the energies and spirits. It is a tonic and Blood Purifier. Price 75c. per bottle. Prepared only by

W. C. RUDMAN ALLAN, Chemist and Druggist.

35 King Street. Telephone 239

Have you tried my delicious Phosphate and Cream Soda?

Roland Reed is hurrying along the new play which Madeline Lucette Ryley is writing for him. "A Distinguished Guest" has not proven such a success as he had hoped. In fact it seems the most noteworthy feature of the first production at the Museum in last week was Isadore Rush's gowns.

Julia Arthur promises an innovation when she appears as Rosalind in "As You Like it." In the last act of the play, instead of assuming an elaborate court dress, as is usually done, Miss Arthur reasons that the heroine would have no such garment with her, and will don a simple peasant's gown.

Mrs. McKee Rankin has been specially engaged for "The Turtle," a farcical comedy, not so slow which introduces W. J. Ferguson, M. A. Kennedy, Henry Bergman, George Leslie, Sadie Martinot, Agnes Findlay, Merri Osborne and other skilled players, at the Manhattan theatre, New York.

Frank Daniels has arranged for a revival of "The Wizard of the Nile" to use with "The Idol's Eye" next season. He will make a tour of the large cities of the East and then go West to play a three months' engagement on the Pacific coast. This will be Daniel's first appearance on the Pacific coast since he left farce comedy.

Julia Arthur's company begins rehearsals at the Hollis Street theatre this week and open their season a month later in Detroit. The repertory will include "Ingomar," "As you Like It," a new version of "Camille," Thomas Bailey Aldrich's "Mercedes," "Infidels" from the Italian, and "A Lady of Quality." It is said that this will be Miss Arthur's last season on the stage.

Miss Viola Allen has been photographed in the first act costume of Glory Quayle in "The Christian." She wears in this act sea boots, a short skirt, a sailor's coat, a Manx Knit "jersey" and a "stocking cap" which make a most romantic costume. Miss Allen had an old Manx woman knit the "jersey" for her during her recent visit to Hall Caine at Greeba Castle, Isle of Man.

TO CURE A COLD IN ONE DAY. Take Laxative Bromo-Quinine Tablets. All Druggists refund the money if it fails to cure. 25c.

Man. Mr. Caine will arrive in this country on Sept. 10, and will be present at the first production of the piece at the National theatre, Washington, Sept. 26.

Boston will have another theatre this season called the Gaiety. The property is located in South Boston, and is rapidly being remodeled from a church into a cosy little theatre of about 800 capacity. The entrance will be greatly improved, a new stage built and fitted with scenery by W. F. Hamilton of the Columbia theatre. The house will present refined variety, and, it is thought, will appeal strongly to the large number of local theatregoers. Two shows daily will be presented. R. C. Sanborn will manage the house.—New York Clipper.

Mourning Millinery

A Specialty

In Stock a nice display of Hats, Toques and Bonnets

IN GRAPE, SILK AND JET.

ALSO WIDOWS BONNETS AND VAILS

Orders by mail will receive prompt and careful attention.

CHAS. K. CAMERON & CO. 77 King Street.

\$7 to \$10 a Week in leisure hours: any one can do the work. We want reliable families in every locality to help us manufacture Children's Toques, Gaiters and Bicycle Leggings for the trade, by a new process. No canvassing or experience required. Steady work, good pay, whole or spare time. Write to-day. Address, THE CO-OPERATIVE KNITTING Co., 15 Leader Lane, Toronto.



SOCIAL and PERSONAL.

September is the month of the whole year that is most lacking in general social excitement. The absence of social life in the movements of society in all seasons seems close...

The week has not been wholly without excitement however, the presence of H. M. S. Edgely making a pleasant break and stirring the city up generally. The officers from the ship have been entertained a good deal since their arrival...

A pleasant surprise was given Dr. and Mrs. Murray McLaren on Tuesday evening the 10th, anniversary of their marriage when a large number of friends remembered the happy occasion by calling to extend good wishes for continued happiness and prosperity.

- Mr. Chas. Coster, Mrs. Coster. Mr. Belyes, Mrs. Belyes. Mr. George Coster, Mrs. Coster. Miss Hazen, Miss Dwyer. Misses Furlong, Misses Tuck. Mr. F. H. J. Ruel, Mrs. Ruel. Mr. J. R. Stone, Mrs. Stone. Miss Keator, Mr. Gil Keator. Misses Sydney Smith, Mr. Boyer Smith. Mr. Stuart Fairweather, Mr. Teddy Jones. Miss Seely, Miss Outram. Mrs. G. K. McLeod, Mrs. Burpee. Mr. Hansard, Mrs. Geo. F. Smith. Mrs. George McLeod, Mrs. Jones. Mr. Geo. Jones, Mrs. Jones. Mr. Andrew Jack, Mrs. Jack. Mr. Jack McLaren, Mrs. McLaren. Miss Snider, Mrs. James Jack. Mr. Bertie Harrison, Mrs. Lawson.

Mr. and Mrs. S. W. Downs of Anderson Mass. spent part of this week in the city. Mr. and Mrs. John F. Holt were also here from Boston for a day or two this week.

Mr. and Mrs. George Babbit spent a day or two lately with Mr. and Mrs. D. J. McLaughlin. They returned to the Capital the middle of the week.

Mr. S. W. Milligan went to Quebec on a business trip this week. Rev. E. S. Langtry of Baddeck C.E. is visiting friends in North End.

Mr. Wm. Ritchie of the Boston Post staff a former St. John man who is visiting his father Mr. Wm. Ritchie of Hapton spent several days here lately. He was accompanied by Mrs. Ritchie.

Miss Sadie Brown of Moncton is visiting Mrs. Ferguson of Princess street.

Mrs. H. V. Cooper has returned to town after a visit of several weeks to friends in Milltown and Calais.

Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Stanley spent Sunday in St. Stephen.

Miss Sara Clarke has returned to Calais after a pleasant visit to Lancaster friends.

Little Miss Margaret White of this city filed the important position of mid of honor at the Merritt-Bebbington wedding in Fredericton this week.

The little maiden who was grace personified, was dressed in cream India silk with white lace and chiffon trimmings and carried a large basket of flowers.

Mr. and Mrs. James Catherwood of Fairville visited the capital this week.

Mr. and Mrs. H. Parley spent Sunday in Moncton as guests of Mr. C. A. Stevens.

Miss Doherty of Houlton who has been spending a few weeks in the city returned to her home on Monday last.

Mrs. F. A. Jones has gone to Montreal for a lengthy visit to relatives.

Mr. and Mrs. Tyler Thomson arrived from Montana this week and will spend some time with city friends.

Miss Lottie Nelson, who has been visiting friends up north the past two months has returned home. While in Chatham she was the guest of Mrs. John Sinclair.

Miss Louise Dunn and Miss Deborah Dunn who were here in the capacity of bridesmaids at the Burleigh-Cushing wedding last week returned to Houlton on a day or two ago.

Misses Lillie Norcish and Miss Minnie Pitts of Halifax are guests of Mrs. John Powers this city, for a few weeks visit.

Mrs. A. G. Blair wife of Honorable Mr. Blair and family are in Fredericton this week, and are being entertained by friends of the family.

Lieut. Col. Tucker M. P. has returned to Ottawa from Caledonia springs much improved in health, and is expected in St. John this week.

Mr. John R. Abney a prominent New York lawyer was in the city the first of the week.

Mr. S. E. Mitchell of Minneapolis is visiting relatives in this city.

Mr. and Mrs. Henry Spears returned the middle of the week from a visit to Boston.

Misses Jessie McAvinn and Edna McHowan returned to Memramcook on Monday to resume their studies at the Sacred Heart Convent.

Miss E. Melaney returned this week from Halifax accompanied by Miss Eric McInlay.

Mr. J. T. Hart returned Wednesday from a visit to Ottawa.

Judge Wedderburn is home from a pleasant trip to Toronto.

Mr. and Mrs. Bramhall of Douglas Avenue, N. E. left the first of the week for a tour of the United States, which will extend over two months.

Dr. Canby Hatheway who has been taking a much needed rest has returned to the city and will resume the practice of his profession.

Professor Heese, the American musician who was injured in a street railway accident in the early summer, and Mrs. Heese have returned to Providence R. I.

Mr. and Mrs. Will Fitcher who have been guests of Mr. and Mrs. J. H. Scammell, Lancaster, have gone to their home in Boston. They came to St. John to attend Miss Cushing's wedding.

Rev. Dr. T. G. Smith, Mrs. Smith and family returned Wednesday to Kingston after a pleasant visit in this city.

Mr. and Mrs. Sherwood Skinner are home from a very enjoyable visit to London, Ontario.

Colonel Markham who has also been visiting the upper provinces returned home the middle of the week.

Mr. Oscar Watson of the Associated Press who has been spending a holiday with friends in this city returned to New York this week.

Miss Maud Brown has gone to her home in Moncton after a pleasant stay of several days with city friends.

Mr. and Mrs. P. J. Gorman are enjoying a visit to Boston where they are the guests of friends.

Mr. David O'Keefe returned Monday from a trip to Montreal.

His Lordship Bishop Kingdon and Mrs. Kingdon of Fredericton spent a day or two in the city this week.

Mrs. Aubrey Vaughan of Montreal is paying a visit to this city.

Mrs. John Harding is entertaining Miss May Bent of Amherst for a week or two.

Miss Addie Purdy spent a day or two in Amherst lately.

Miss Minnie Armstrong of this city and her sister Mrs. Richards, wife of Hon. A. D. Richards of Dorchester paid a short visit to Nova Scotia lately.

Mrs. Townshend gave a small and extremely pleasant card party on Wednesday evening. Miss Edith Brock, Rectville, is a guest of Mrs. Townshend.

Mrs. Robert entertained six tables at progressive euchre on Thursday evening. The prizes were carried off by Miss Brock, Miss Isabel Aikman, Miss Nichols, and Mr. L. S. Gow.

Mrs. F. A. Rand gave a tennis party on Thursday afternoon.

Mr. E. R. Reid, Commercial Bank, is in Fictou spending his holidays accompanied by Mrs. Chas. Reid and child. Mr. Mosher, Berwick, whose many friends were glad to see him in charge of the agency in Mr. Reid's absence.

Miss Marion MacKenzie left on Thursday and Miss Vida Howard on Tuesday for Mt. Allison Ladies' college.

Mr. J. R. Cowans, his sister and brothers and other visitors took their departure on Friday, Miss Aikman left at the same time to return to New York.

Mr. G. S. Smith, Halifax, on a bicycling tour is staying at the Alpha.

Miss Upham is visiting friends in St. John. Mr. Aikman went to Halifax on Friday to meet his daughter Miss Agnes Aikman returning from England.

Dr. Johnson has been attending the dentist association at Dieby, Dr. McArthur in the meantime looking after Dr. Johnson's patients.

Mrs. Chambers and children are back from a visit at Dorchester.

Messrs. W. D. Maie, J. M. Townshend, T. S. Rogers and Travis, Amherst who are on a driving tour arrived in Farsboro on Saturday afternoon leaving again on Monday afternoon.

(CONTINUED FROM EIGHTH PAGE.)

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Mrs. Wheeler of St. John was a guest lately of Mrs. Ketchum at the latter's summer residence in Tidnish, N. S.

Mr. and Mrs. Barnaby are spending a few days at the capital.

Mr. J. D. Hazen returned from Fredericton this week accompanied by her mother Mrs. Tibbits who will spend a week or two here.

Miss Kitty Crookshank has returned from an extended visit to friends in Fredericton.

Miss McValley is the guest of Mrs. Robert Davies of Fredericton this week.

Miss Maud Golding is a guest of Mrs. A. W. Edgcombe, Fredericton.

Mayor and Mrs. Whitehead of Fredericton are entertaining the Misses McAvity of this city.

Mrs. I. J. D. Landry and Miss Landry went to Bangor on Tuesday.

Mr. and Mrs. John A. McLean of Boston arrived in this city on Tuesday and will make their return home here. Mr. McLean is Mrs. James Millican's father. Mr. and Mrs. and Master Gordon Millican are enjoying a trip to New York and Providence.

Mrs. Millican will likely go south before she returns.

Capt. Primrose of the Indefatigable and Mrs. Primrose are guests at the Royal during their stay in the city.

The following has been received from a correspondent in Chelsea Mass. and will be interesting to the many friends of the parties mentioned: "The marriage of Miss Alice Evelyn Strane and Benjamin Herbert Tobin, both formerly of St. John N. B. took place Monday noon, September 5th at the home of the bride, Spencer Avenue, Chelsea.

Owing to a recent death in the family of the bride the wedding was quiet, only the immediate relatives of the contracting parties being present.

The ceremony was performed by the Rev. Dr. Bakeman of the First Baptist church. There were no bridal attendants. The bride was gowned in a becoming suit of gray. On their return from their wedding trip, Mr. and Mrs. Tobin will reside in Chelsea.

Miss Marguerite Ready of Burlington, P. E. I. is visiting her aunt Mrs. James Rodgers, City Road.

Mrs. Fred G. Spencer is suffering from a severe cold, and an engagement to sing at a concert in St. Stephen on Tuesday evening has been cancelled.

FARSBORO. [Progress is for sale at Farsboro Book Store.] Sept. 8.—The Victoria cycling club held a picnic at Farbridge Island on Wednesday. The club enjoyed a run last evening and afterwards refreshments at the home of Miss Maud Dickinson.

To See it is Inviting To Use it is Convincing We are sure that you agree with this if you have already used it. If not, try it at once. Do not delay longer and you will heartily endorse the above sentiment. Most Effective for All Household Purposes. The Old Original and Reliable Welcome Soap.

Ideal Nourishment. Wholesale—delicious, Absolutely pure Cocoa in its most concentrated form. It nourishes without over stimulating. An ideal food. It dissolves easily. The most economical Cocoa for the household because of its great strength. Best grocers sell it. Fry's Cocoa.

You Want a Piano But you scarcely see your way clear to pay for it... Well! There are many who feel that way, but if you will take the time to consult us, we will convince you of the possibility of securing a piano on such easy terms of payment that you will scarcely feel it as an addition to your regular expenditure. The years slip around quickly and before you know it you will absolutely own a first-class piano free of any encumbrance if you purchase on our system. Come and see us, or if you live at a distance write us and we will mail you a beautifully illustrated catalogue free. W. H. JOHNSON CO., Limited. PIANOS & ORGANS, Granville and Buckingham Sts. Halifax.

Blue Flame Oil Stoves SAFE AND DURABLE. 2 or 3 Burners. Burns with a clear blue flame, without smoke, and a heat of the greatest intensity. Burners are brass, and so made that wicks can be replaced in a few minutes as in an ordinary lamp. Wicks are 10 inches in circumference and should last one year. Patent Wick Adjustment keeps the wicks from being turned too high or too low. Frames and Tops are made of steel and cannot be broken. Oil Tanks are placed where they will not heat and there are no perforated plates or braces surrounding the burners to retain any char or oil sootage, thus preventing odor. THE McCLARY MFG. CO. LONDON, TORONTO, MONTREAL, WINNIPEG, VANCOUVER If your local dealer cannot supply, write our nearest house.

When You Order..... PELLEE ISLAND WINES .....BE SURE YOU GET OUR BRAND. Wine as a restorative, as a means of refreshment in Debility and Sickness is surpassed by no Product of nature or art.—Professor Luzzo, M.D. Pure Wine is incomparably superior to every other stimulating beverage for diet or medicine.—Dr. Druitt. Ask for Our Brand and See You Get it E. G. SCOVIL, Commission Merchant, 62 Union Street.

"Fine Feathers Make Fine Birds." The Home Dye of highest quality (Maypole Soap) gives that true, even, brilliant coloring that makes old things as good as new again. Inferior dyes in Powder form lack the important qualities that make perfection in Home Dyeing possible. All colors (absolutely fast) in Maypole Soap Dyes. Of your grocer or druggist, 10 cents (15 for Black.) POLITICAL PICNIC. THE LIBERAL ASSOCIATION Of the City and County of St. John will hold a picnic at GAGETOWN, N. B. —ON— MONDAY, —THE— 12th Sept. Inst.

Tickets 75c. Each Can be obtained from W. G. SCOVIL, Oak Hall, King St. JAMES V. RUSSELL, Main St., N. E. ALD. I. E. SMITH, W. E. And from members of the Executive. J. V. RUSSELL, Secretary.

FOR ADDITIONAL SOCIETY NEWS, SEE FIFTH AND EIGHTH PAGES.



HALIFAX NOTES.

Progress is for sale in Halifax by the newboys and at the following news stands and centres. C. S. DeFARRETT, Brunswick street...

The Garrison tennis ground was crowded with spectators on Monday last, all very keen on seeing the finals of the tournament. Mr. King won the gentlemen's singles after a hard fight, and his sister was equally fortunate in the doubles.

Lady William Seymour's dance on Tuesday evening was in every way a delightful one, and one of the most successful dances of the summer.

Among the prettiest gowns worn on Tuesday night was Miss Burns' white satin, which was quite lovely with diamond sequins and shoulder knots of black velvet.

On Wednesday afternoon Mrs. Geoffrey Twining gave a recital of sacred music at Fort Massey church and delighted her hearers with a long and varied programme.

On Thursday evening there were several dinners, the largest given at Bellevue by Lady William Seymour. On Wednesday evening Lady Fisher gave a small dinner at Admiralty House.

The Rev. Alfred Townsend who has been spending some time with Mr. and Mrs. J. St. John left on Tuesday for England accompanied by his sons.

Captain and Mrs. Forrester leave this week for Toronto, after the marital ride which is to come off at an early date by the means of Capt. Forrester's command.

Miss Mary Bent is visiting Mrs. John Harding in St. John. Mr. Steward Jenks of the law firm of Logan & Jenks was married in Bellevue, Ont., today Wednesday.

Miss Addie Purdy of St. John was in town for two days this week. Hon. T. R. Black is enjoying a trip to Victoria, B. C. to visit his daughter Mrs. Trotter.

Master Roland eldest son of D. W. Robb, and participating from beginning to end. Dancing was in the spacious dining-room, to piano, by Mr. R. R. Stuart.



WOMEN WHOSE FACES ARE DISFIGURED BY UNSIGHTLY ERUPTIONS...

Women whose faces are disfigured by unsightly eruptions of pimples and blotches too frequently fail to understand that these are but the outward symptoms of inward disorders.

The following evening Friday, Mrs. D. B. Cummings entertained four tables of whist in Mr. and Mrs. O'Day's honor. The following were present: Mr. and Mrs. O'Day, Mrs. Oliver Cummings, Mr. and Mrs. Phillips, Mrs. A. C. Page, Mr. and Mrs. M. Dickie, Miss Dixon, Miss May Lawrence, Messrs. A. McDonald, E. M. Fulton, Mr. Eugene Cummings, Mr. Henry Dickie, Mr. E. R. Stuart.

Master Eric, second son of N. Curry, left this week to attend school at Rothesay, Master Victor Curry former student has also returned.

Mr. Morrison, manager of the Halifax Bank and Mr. Morrison are taking in the exhibition in Toronto, also Mr. Barry Baker, editor of the Maritime Sentinel is enjoying a trip to the Queen City.

Mrs. Robinson and children who are spending the summer in St. John have been a week in town guests of Mrs. A. Chapman. They leave shortly for their home in Vancouver, B. C.

Mr. Harry George second son of the late Rev. Mr. George is in town from Newton Centre, Mass., visiting his maternal relatives. He is the guest of his grandmother Mrs. Moses Lowe, Church St.

Mr. Armstrong of St. John and his sister Mrs. Richard wife of Hon. A. D. Richards of Dorchester were in town one day last week.

Mrs. J. W. D. W. is, accompanied by her sister-in-law Mrs. John Hickman of Dorchester are rusticating at Folly Lake this week.

Miss Mary Bent, daughter of C. H. Bent is visiting her friend Mrs. John Harding in St. John. Mr. Wilder, the new accountant of the Bank of Montreal has arrived in town and ended up on his new duties Mrs. Wilder is expected to follow soon.

Mrs. John McSweeney and little daughter are at home again from a ten days' visit in Bangor, Maine. Miss Hallett of Watnam, Mass., spent a few days in town last week a guest of her friends Dr. and Mrs. C. Bliss Church street.

Hospitable Amherst has been unusually dull this summer, with the exception of a few quiet teas and dances, there has been little of a social nature to record. Miss Wheeler of St. John, is visiting Mrs. Ketchum at Tidnish, Mrs. and Miss Brown who have been spending a week there are at home again.

Mr. and Mrs. G. M. Fairweather and little Miss Hazel spent Sunday and the holiday in Sussex. Mr. H. S. Murray spent Sunday at his home in Sussex.

Mr. Lund of Sackville was in town on Sunday guest of Mr. and Mrs. John Stevenson. Rev. Robert Falconer of Newcastle occupied the pulpit of Chalmers church on Sunday evening last.

Mr. and Mrs. J. H. Finney of Newcastle spent last Wednesday and Thursday in town guests of Mr. and Mrs. Robert Finney. Messrs. Geo. V. McInerney and Richard O'Leary returned on Saturday from a trip to Boston.

Mr. Allan Ferguson returned home on Tuesday after some weeks spent in town among friends. Rev. J. F. Bannon left on Monday morning for Halifax accompanied by his sister, Mrs. John McDonald of Chatham, who has been his guest for three weeks.

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THE HORSE CAN'T tell his distress or he would request the application of Tuttle's Elixir

to his poor lame joints and cords. This Elixir locates lameness, when applied, by remaining moist on the part affected the rest dries out. \$1.00 BOTTLE. WARD IS NOT GUARANTEED of Calicos of all kinds, Colic, Curb, Splints, Contracted and Knotted Corals, and Shoe Botis. Used and endorsed by Adams Express Co.

\$5,000 Reward to the person who can prove one of these testimonials bogus. Dr. S. A. Tuttle, St. John, N. B., Oct. 8th, 1897. Dear Sir:- I have much pleasure in recommending your Horse Elixir to all interested in horses. I have used it for several years and have found it to be all it is represented. I have used it on my running horses and also on my trotting Stallion "Special Blend," with the desired effect. It is undoubtedly a first-class article.

I remain yours respectfully, E. LE ROI WILLES, Prop. Hotel DuRoi.

PUDDINGTON & MERRITT, 55 Charlotte Street Agents For Canada.

Very Low Prices FOR THE BEST MILLINERY -IN- THE MARKET

will be the rule at our store during the balance of the summer season, THE ONLY INDUCEMENT we can offer the ladies of St. John at this season is the best quality of goods at the lowest prices. We think this is sufficient and will prove to the people for a few days at least that we mean what we say.

GIVE US A CHANCE to prove our assertion. If we fail, your money will be refunded.

OUR LOW PRICES will prevail during the warm weather season. White Straw Sailors worth 50 cents for 25 cents Silk and Crepe work and Wedding Millinery made free of charge for the remainder of this month.

The Parisian 163 Union Street, St. John, N. B.

PUTTNER'S EMULSION. Nothing is so good for THIN, WEAK, PALE PEOPLE—it gives them FLESH, STRENGTH and BLOOM.

Always get PUTTNER'S. It is the original and best. CROCKETT'S... CATARRH CURE! A positive cure for Catarrh, Colds in Head, etc., Prepared by THOMAS A CROCKETT, 162 Princess St. Cor. Sydney

Miss Jessie Campbell Whitlock, TEACHER OF PIANOFORTE, ST. STEPHEN, N. B. The "Leshchitzky" Method; also "Synthes System" for beginners. Apply at the residence of Mr. J. T. WHITLOCK

BLACK RIVER DULSE. JUST RECEIVED 5 Bbls. Choice Dulse. At 19 and 23 King Square, J. D. TURNER.

Plated Ware Is Like Cloth In so much as it pays to get the best.

It lasts much longer and costs but little more—your dealer will tell you that silver plated spoons, forks and knives bearing the mark of William Rogers

WILL ROGERS are not surpassed in quality. SIMPSON, HALL, MILLER & CO. Wallingford, Conn., U. S. A. and Montreal, Canada.

BILLIARDS Remember the "XX Century Electric Billiard Cushions" the latest improved cushion. 150 Billiard and Pool Tables, new and second-hand ready for market. \$25 to \$150.

The Largest Assortment in The Dominion. E. L. ETHIER & CO., 88 St. Denis St., Montreal.

DOCHESTER.

SEPT. 7.—Mrs. J. E. Teed gave a progressive whist party to a number of her friends last evening. There was about eight tables. The lady's prize was captured by Mrs. R. P. Foster—while Judge Hamington succeeded in carrying away the gentleman's first prize. The guests were Judge and Mrs. Hamington, Mr. and Mrs. M. J. Teed, Mr. and Mrs. H. W. Palmer, Mr. and Mrs. M. B. Palmer, Mr. Robb, Mrs. Welsh, Mr. and Mrs. R. P. Foster, Miss Hamington, Miss Maud Hamington, Miss Blanche Hamington, Miss Palmer, Miss F. Palmer, Miss Pipes (Amherst), Miss Robb, Miss Welsh, Miss Clara Welsh, Miss Weldon, Miss Ada Palmer, Miss Edna Lawton, Messrs J. B. Payzant, A. L. McLeod, C. L. Hamington, J. H. Palmer, and H. S. Murray. Mrs. Teed's parties parties are always most enjoyable and this was no exception to the rule.

Mrs. P. A. Landry entertained a few friends to progressive whist on Saturday evening. Miss F. Palmer and Mr. A. B. Pipes were the fortunate winners of the prizes. Mr. R. W. Howson and children who have been spending the summer here, returned to Moncton last Friday. A party consisting of Mrs. White and two sons, Miss Florence White, Miss Robb and Mr. F. W. Borden drove over from Shediac on Sunday. They were on a driving tour, returning to Shediac by way of Port Elgin.

Mrs. J. H. Hickman returned today from Amherst, where she has been visiting Mrs. W. D. Douglas. Mr. Hickman spent Sunday in Amherst. Mr. R. P. Foster spent Sunday and the holiday in Sackville. Mrs. Foster returned from Sackville, yesterday.

Madame Desbarats and Miss Edna McLeod, who have been visiting Mrs. J. B. Foster this summer, returned to Moncton Monday; they were accompanied by Miss Foster. Miss Helen Pipes of Amherst is visiting her friend Miss Florence Palmer. Chief Justice Tuck was in town yesterday holding circuit court; there was very little business court adjourned the same day. Miss Mowatt of St. John was the court stenographer.

Mrs. Ethel and Master Henry Emerson returned to Wolfville to continue their studies on Tuesday. The Misses Chapman give a ladies whist party this afternoon. Mrs. Murray wife of Professor Murray of Dalhousie college Halifax and little child spent yesterday with Mrs. G. M. Fairweather.

AMHERST.

Progress is for sale at Amherst by W. P. Smith & Co. SEPT. 8.—Mrs. Robert Moffat of Ottawa who has been visiting her sister, Mrs. Ingles Moffat Clifford street and Mrs. James Dickey, Grove Cottage returned this week to her home. Mrs. Chubbuck and little son Robbie have gone to Wolfville. Dr. Osborne Tupper left this week for Yarmouth to see his wife before leaving for Brooklyn, N. Y. Mrs. E. McCully left on Monday to make an extended visit in Toronto, Hamilton and Guelph. Mr. and Mrs. James Moffat have gone to Toronto and from there will go to Fort Williams, to visit their daughter Mrs. Hodgson. Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Moffat went to Toronto last week to take in the exhibition. Mrs. Nelson and little granddaughter of Truro, are visiting their relatives in town. Mr. Ingles Moffat of Halifax spent Sunday and Monday in town. Mr. John McKeen manager of the bank of Montreal went to Halifax on Saturday to attend the funeral of his brother-in-law Major Maxwell whose untimely death was heard here with much sorrow. Miss May Bent is visiting Mrs. John Harding in St. John. Mr. Stewart Jenks of the law firm of Logan & Jenks was married in Bellevue, Ont., today Wednesday, the name of the fair bride has escaped me Mr. and Mrs. Jenks will spend some weeks in Montreal, Toronto, Niagara Falls returning home by Yarmouth. Miss Addie Purdy of St. John was in town for two days this week. Hon. T. R. Black is enjoying a trip to Victoria, B. C. to visit his daughter Mrs. Trotter. He will return home by California. Master Roland eldest son of D. W. Robb, and

participating from beginning to end. Dancing was in the spacious dining-room, to piano, by Mr. R. R. Stuart. Those present were, the Misses Allie and Blanche McCullum, Misses Mamie and Minnie Snook, Misses Ina and George Blair, Misses Minnie McKerris, Cora Archibald, Gertrude Cummings, E. H. Hockin, Messrs. Henderson, Jack and Walter Blair, Luther McDonald, Paul McCullum, Frank Dickie, Elyad Archibald, Percy Page, A. P. K. ng, and Mrs. Romak, Mrs. Jenison (New Glasgow) Mrs. A. C. Page, Mrs. Laurie, Miss Codrart, Miss Blair Miss Susie Blair.

The following evening Friday, Mrs. D. B. Cummings entertained four tables of whist in Mr. and Mrs. O'Day's honor. The following were present: Mr. and Mrs. O'Day, Mrs. Oliver Cummings, Mr. and Mrs. Phillips, Mrs. A. C. Page, Mr. and Mrs. M. Dickie, Miss Dixon, Miss May Lawrence, Messrs. A. McDonald, E. M. Fulton, Mr. Eugene Cummings, Mr. Henry Dickie, Mr. E. R. Stuart. Mrs. Page won the first prize, a handsome bouquet, Mr. Henry Dickie for first prize was awarded a charming boutonniere.

The Misses Agnes and Margaret Dennis who have been visiting their grand-parents Mr. and Mrs. Alex. Miller returned to Halifax yesterday. The largest function in the way of a dance occurring here for some time, was that given by Mrs. Harriet Dickie on Monday night in the Merchant's Hall. The hostess invited was unusually large, and representative of all ages. Mr. and Mrs. Dickie's reputation as entertainers is too well known to require comment. The whole evening was delightful and the individual verdict was a "Good Time." The catering was from the "Prince of Wales," and was in their usual style. The floor was in perfect condition, and the music of the Irish orchestra nothing to be desired. The hostess received in black silk, bodice of red chiffon diamond ornaments. Among those present were—Mr. and Mrs. O'Day and the Misses O'Day, Mrs. O'Day wore a handsome gown of black mousseline de soie, over white satin; Miss Florence O'Day was in white and green striped silk; Miss Ruth O'Day wore white silk striped in blue. Mr. and Mrs. D. B. Cummings, Mrs. A. Page, Mr. and Mrs. C. A. Armstrong, Mr. and Mrs. Phillips, Mrs. Taylor, Mrs. George Blair, Mr. Henry Blair, Miss McKay, Misses Leckie, Misses McNaughton, Miss Winnie Bligh, Miss Turner, Misses Lilla and Ida Snook, Miss Mary Crowe, Misses Ethel Robbins, Misses Minnie McLeod, Miss Ethel Robbins, Kitty Butchart, Blanche McCullum, Jennie Flemming, Ethel Bawidge, Cora Archibald, Bessie Snook, Allie and Annie Gladwin, Ina and George Blair, Gertrude Cummings, Emma Johnson, Helen Fowler, Susie Linton, Dollie Chipman, Rae Smith, Gerrie McIntosh, Elsie Hockin, Misses Pearson, (Halifax).

Messrs. C. B. Coleman, Dickenson, J. W. Murray, F. C. Cotton, O. A. Hornaby, W. A. Fielder W. P. McKay, L. Murray, W. McKenzie, R. Hanson, J. Bentley, Henry Dickie, Jack Blair, L. McDowell, Guy McCullum, Harry W. Butchart, J. McRobert, D. Smith, S. Crowe, Percy Page, H. Linton, J. Hockin, Frank Turner, D. McCurdy, D. Cummings, R. Archibald, Hugh McCullum. Mr. F. C. J. Swanson, entertained a small party to an elaborate supper at the Prince of Wales last night. Mr. Swanson's guests were, Mrs. Oliver Cummings, Mrs. McRobert, Mrs. A. L. McKenzie, Miss Dimock, Miss Sutherland, Miss Grace number land, Miss McNaughton, Miss L. McNaughton, Mr. Henry McRobert, Mr. Stuart, Mr. Vizard, Mr. F. W. Cullen, and Mr. W. C. McKenzie. The Misses Leckie gave a party for whist last Friday night in honor of Mr. and Mrs. O'Day. Mr. L. J. Walker was one of the principals in an interesting ceremony solemnized in St. John yesterday. Mr. and Mrs. Walker are expected home tonight and will reside in the groome handsome residence on Queen street, which has lately been somewhat remodelled and refurnished. Miss Mary Seaman, Wallace, was a guest of the Misses Ross, Victoria square for a few days last week. Mr. and Mrs. O'Day are entertaining a picnic party at Folly Lake today. The party went out this a. m. per C. P. R., in a private car. Mrs. C. M. Dawson and her brother Mr. Henry Dickie are spending a few days with friends in Stewiacke this week. Mrs. Oliver Cummings leaves the last of the month to visit friends. Mr. Eugene Cummings accompanies his mother to resume his studies at the college of St. John in that city. PRO.

TRURO.

SEPT. 7.—H. P. Rowe Esq. superintendent of the Brookline, Mass. Chronicle and Mrs. Rowe, are guests of the latter's sister, Mrs. Learmont at the "Learmont". Miss Jennie Paillo, who has been visiting friends in Montreal, returned home, this week. Mrs. F. S. Yorston, returned from a short visit with Moncton friends last week, accompanied, by her friend, Miss Jessie Wallace. Mrs. O'Day's reception, last Thursday afternoon was a very largely attended function. There was quite a sprinkling of gentlemen, among the large number of ladies. Mrs. O'Day, received her friends in a handsome black silk gown, black Mousseline de Soie bodice with Tortoise blue silk yoke. Mrs. O'Day received in the larger Drawing-room which was beautifully arranged, flowers and beautiful potted plants and palms, being disposed about, in great profusion. Refreshments were served, from the smaller parlors, by maids-in-waiting throughout the afternoon. In the evening Mrs. O'Day gave a small dance, for the Misses O'Day, which was a delight, for a



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

### Baby's Own Soap

Used by Thousands of Mothers.  
MADE BY THE ALBERT TOILET SOAP CO. MONTREAL.  
CELEBRATED ALBERT TOILET SOAPS. 60

#### ST. STEPHEN AND CALAIS.

(Progress is for sale in St. Stephen at the book stores of G. S. Wall, E. A. Atchison and J. Froom & Co. in Calais at O. F. Treat's.)

Sept. 7.—Picnic dinners are the fad for these early autumn days, and all outdoor entertainments are given in the morning so to be able to return home before six o'clock.

Today Miss Alice Graham is giving a bicycle picnic at Young's grounds on the shore of Oak Bay for the pleasure and entertainment of Miss Gertrude Nickerson of Somerville Mass., who is Mrs. Charles F. Beard's guest.

The camping party at Hill's Point broke camp and returned home on Saturday. Mrs. Albert Laffin was the chaperone and the following young people made up a jolly party. Misses Roberta Murchie, Ada Penna, Jessie Wall, Maude Maxwell, Bessie Wall, Mercedes Olive and Messrs Harry Wall, John Wall, George Rounds, Frank Leland, Allan Short, and Eiwel DeWolf.

Through the invitation of Mr. Julius T. Whitlock a party of young ladies and gentlemen drove to Moores Mills lake, on Thursday afternoon, and enjoyed supper by the lake side, in the lights and shadows of three huge bonfires. The spot is a most picturesque one, with the huge beech and maple trees, and a favorite, although rare, picnic ground. There were eleven guests on this delightful party, and they did not return to town until a late hour in the evening, driving home in the moonlight. Mr. Whitlock, gave another duckboard ride on Monday afternoon to Oak Bay, which I hear was also a most delightful affair.

Mrs. Frederic M. Murchie, invited a large party of friends to join her in a picnic at Murchie's Basin last Thursday afternoon. Games of ball were the chief feature of amusement and everyone had a jolly time. A most sumptuous supper was served at six o'clock on the arrival of the gentlemen of the party which, every one did ample justice. The picnic is an annual affair with Mrs. Murchie and is always greatly enjoyed.

A canoeing party to the Dent's Kitchen, a few miles below town on the river bank was another pleasant outdoor affair.

Mrs. A. W. Reed of St. John accompanied by her youngest daughter, Nellie are guests this of her sisters the Misses Porter. Mrs. Reed meets with a most cordial greeting from her numerous friends as she returns to her native town.

Mrs. W. H. Howland, left today for Boston. She was accompanied by her son Mr. Gollie Howland, and her daughter Miss Winifred Howland. Mrs. Howland expects to sail for Switzerland at an early date, and will be accompanied by her daughter Miss Alice Howland, who is now in Quincy Mass the guest of Mrs. J. Francis Hayward.

Miss Ellen Todd arrived from Boston during the past week, and is the guest of her aunt Mrs. Charles F. Todd. Miss Todd, is making a farewell visit here before leaving to engage in missionary work in India.

Mr. and Mrs. Herbert C. Tilley were guests of Mrs. John D. Chipman for a few days recently.

Mr. and Mrs. Kellie Jones of St. John, with Mr. and Mrs. Weimore Merritt, Miss Bessie Sadler and Mrs. Thomas Blair spent a few days in town during the past week, and were guests at the Windsor Hotel during their stay.

Dr. J. H. Robbins of Ellingham Mass, has been the guest of Judge Gardiner during the past few days.

Lady Tilley is spending a week with her mother Madame Chipman.

Mr. and Mrs. George Babbitt went to St. John on Saturday to spend a day or two with Mr. and Mrs. J. D. McLauzilia.

Mrs. Arthur E. Burdette and her daughter expect to leave in a few days for their home in the city of Mexico, she will be accompanied on her trip by her mother Mrs. Celia M. Brown who will spend the winter in Mexico, and also visit Pasadena California before she returns to the St. Croix again.

Mrs. Robinson of Fredericton is the guest of Mrs. David Main.

The many friends of Mrs. R. R. Ross will regret to hear that she is very ill with a serious rheumatic trouble.

Dr. and Mrs. Franklin Eaton have returned from Druryville Maine.

Mrs. John Hodgins has gone to Boston to visit for several weeks before returning to Ottawa. Major Hodgins returned to the Capital on Saturday.

Mr. Thomas Main, recently returned from Vancouver B. C. has been visiting St. John.

Miss Ethel Sullivan left on Monday for Montreal to resume her studies at the convent of the Sacred Heart.

Mrs. John Clarke Taylor gave a clambake at Oak Bay on Friday afternoon which I hear was a jolly time and much enjoyed by her guests.

Mr. James G. Stevens gave a reception for his guest Hon. W. B. Fielding, at his residence on Wednesday evening of last week. A large number of gentlemen were present.

Mrs. W. S. Fielding who has spent a fortnight with her friend Mrs. James G. Stevens, left on Monday for St. John.

Mr. and Mrs. Albert Forbes Cousant, and Miss

Helen MacNicol are expected to arrive here this week from Narragansett Pier, where they have spent part of the summer. They expect to spend September in Calais with Mrs. Archibald MacNicol.

Mr. and Mrs. James Murray entertained on Friday evening a high tea, Hon. W. S. Fielding, Mrs. Fielding, Mr. and Mrs. J. G. Stevens, Mr. and Mrs. W. F. Todd, Mrs. W. B. Wetmore, Mrs. S. E. Blair and Dr. Frank I. Blair.

Rev. R. L. Sloggett accompanied by Mrs. Sloggett and their young son have arrived in Houlton after spending three months with relatives in England.

Mr. H. T. Watkins who has been the guest of J. L. Thompson jr. has returned to his home in Oldtown, Maine.

Miss Kate Hick, left today for Albany, New York, after spending a year here with her friend Mrs. Frank I. Blair.

Miss G. G. Gorge, and Miss Katherine Puelan have gone to Boston, to enter as students the conservatory of music, and spend the winter in that city.

Mr. Daniel Gillmore of Montreal is the guest of his brother Mr. Percy Gillmore.

Miss Bessie Birby, went to St. George today to spend a few days with her friend Miss Annie Talchens.

Judge Gardner has returned from a business trip to Boston.

A party of ladies and gentlemen went to St. George today on the steamer Arbutus to attend the meeting of the St. Andrews Denary Sunday School Association.

Miss Queenie Neill has returned from a visit in St. Andrews.

Mrs. S. H. Blair and Miss Mary Stewart visited St. Andrews on Thursday.

Mrs. Waterbury has returned from St. Andrews where she spent a week.

Miss Emma Sawyer and Miss Smith who were guests of Mrs. Frank Porter Woods have returned to their home in Cambridge Mass.

Mrs. Cushman Miss Mabel Clarke's friend and guest, left on Tuesday for her home in Ellsworth, Maine.

Miss Bessie Porter has returned from a pleasant visit in St. Andrews.

Miss Winter McAllister and Miss Rita Ross have returned from a week's visit to camp at Lake Umbagog, St. George.

Mr. George M. Chase of Kansas city made a brief visit to his sister, Mrs. C. B. Hound, recently but has now returned to the west.

Miss Sadie Clayton of Baltimore is visiting her aunt Mrs. Henry D. Pike.

Misses Eleanor and Kate Nelson have gone to Boston to spend the winter. They were accompanied to Keapport by their father Mr. Frank Nelson.

Mr. Frank McKenzie of Auburn Mass., is visiting his family after an absence of several years.

Miss Nellie Berryman is visiting friends in Woodstock.

Miss Sara Keating has returned from a pleasant visit in St. Andrews.

Mrs. Arthur S. Burdette is the guest of her sister Mrs. C. N. Vroom at Victoria Park.

Mr. and Mrs. John K. McKenzie and Miss Marguerite McKesie have returned to their home in Rumford Falls, Maine.

Mrs. Bealy V. Cooper has returned to St. John after a visit of several weeks in Milton and Calais.

Mr. Verne Whitman principal of the Calais schools has arrived in Calais ready to resume his duties when the schools open for the fall term.

Mrs. W. F. Ganong and Miss Bliss have returned to Fredericton.

Mrs. J. J. Morrison leaves today for her home in Hamilton Ontario.

Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Stanley of St. John spent Sunday in town.

Mrs. James Clark and Miss Wright are at Red Beach the guest of their cousin Mr. Herbert Eaton.

Miss Bessie Wall is the guest of her aunt Mrs. Gilbert S. Wall.

Mr. W. F. Vroom left yesterday for New York City. He was accompanied to Boston by his sister Miss Beatrice Vroom who will spend a few days in that city.

Mr. Everett Lord, accompanied by his daughter Miss Mina Lord are visiting Dr. William Wood.

Mrs. Magor of Montreal, and Miss Magor, are at the St. Croix Exchange guests of Mr. Basil Magor C. E. of Washington County Railway.

Miss Jessie Martine, and Miss Powers of Cambridge Mass, were guests of Mrs. Henry Graham for a brief visit during the past week.

Mrs. Thomas Courtney of New York City, is the guest of her aunt Mrs. C. B. Eaton.

Mr. Hazen trimmer who has been in Indianapolis attending a Knights of Pythias Convention has attended home.

Mr. A. Ian Haycock has returned to Boston, after spending his vacation most pleasantly in Calais.

Mrs. Frank Johnson has returned to Waterville.

A very pleasant picnic dinner was given yesterday at Moore's Mills Lake, for the entertainment of Mrs. A. W. Reed of St. John. There were about fifteen ladies in the party which left here at eleven o'clock in the morning returning to town before sundown.

Mr. Joseph Quinn left on Tuesday for Van Buren, Maine, to enter upon his studies again at St. Mary's college.

Miss Sara Clarke has returned from St. John.

The congregation of Trinity church greatly appreciated the singing of Miss Beatrice Nicholson in that church Sunday evening. The rendering of the sacred song "Consolation" was especially fine, it was sung with great feeling and artistic finish, and many pleasant comments are made in regards to it.

Mr. Archibald Cooke of St. John spent Sunday in town and in the evening presided at the organ in the Methodist church. Miss Louie Taylor also sang solo, "Nearer Home" with taste and pathos that is seldom heard in churches here.

Miss Grace Stevens has gone to Halifax to accompany home her two young nephews Lindsay and Harley Torrance. Miss Stevens intends to visit her sister Mrs. W. H. Torrance for several weeks.

Miss Louie Taylor has arranged a concert in the Methodist church on Tuesday evening of next week. She will be assisted by Mrs. Fred Spoger of St. John and several other singers of note. It is expected it will be a very enjoyable concert and a treat to those who care for vocal music.

#### FREDERICTON.

(Progress is for sale in Fredericton by W. T. H. Fenney and J. H. Hawthorne.)

Sept. 7.—The merry jingle of wedding bells has been incessantly the air this month and pleasant ramors are afloat of several yet to come. This afternoon a pretty scene was enacted within the walls of our classic Cathedral when Miss Grace, only daughter of Mr. G. W. Merrithew and John W. Beddington were united in marriage, the Very Rev. Dean officiating, in the presence of a large gathering of the friends of the bride and groom.

The bride was given in marriage by her father and was prettily attired in a duty gown of white organdy with trimmings of satin and Valenciennes lace and wore a bridal veil. She carried an elaborate bouquet of lilacs of the valley and maid in hair

fers. Little Miss Margaret White of St. John, was maid of honor, and was dressed in a pretty costume of cream Indian silk with white lace and chiffon and carried a gorgeous basket of flowers.

The ushers were John C. Allen and Sidney Bridges. Prof. Bristowe presided at the organ and played the wedding march as the newly wedded couple left the church. The bridal party were then driven to the home of the bride where luncheon was served. The groom's present to his bride was a handsome bracelet. Mr. and Mrs. Bebbington took the 6.30 train and will spend their honeymoon in Eastern Maine.

Prof. and Mrs. Davidson and Prof. and Mrs. Downings have returned from their vacation.

Friends here will be pleased to hear of the marriage of Mr. Jerry Harrison, son of Mr. Charles Harrison, M. P. of Margerville, who holds a position on the staff of the Bank of Nova Scotia agency at Chicago: the marriage will take place tomorrow at Milwaukee, the bride elect is Miss Lillie Welsh-Withers. After the ceremony they will leave for New Brunswick and expect to spend several weeks at Mr. Harrison's old home at Margerville.

Mr. Harrison has many friends here who will unite with good wishes for the future happiness and prosperity of the newly wedded couple. Mr. Harrison was at one time of the staff of the Maritime bank agency here.

Mr. and Mrs. Barnaby and family of St. John are spending a few days here.

The Rev. Mr. and Mrs. Teasdale are visiting in Toronto.

Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Porter have a camping party at "Pine Bluff" this week.

Mr. and Mrs. Inches Thompson of Blairgowrie, Scotland, are the guests of Mrs. Thompson's uncle Mr. J. L. Innes, and are charmed with the scenic beauty of our lovely little town.

Mrs. A. G. Blair and the Misses Marion and Amy Blair are in the city, and are the guests of Mrs. Blair's sisters the Misses J. Thompson.

Senator Temple is in the city.

Mr. A. W. E. Spiney of St. John is spending a few weeks in the city.

The Misses Coleman who were called here on account of the illness and death of their father, Mr. John Coleman have gone to their home in Ha Haax.

Mr. J. H. Winslow of the bank of B. N. A. Montreal after a pleasant vacation spent at his old home here. He was accompanied by his sister, Miss Daisy Winslow, who has gone to Montreal to enter a boarding school there.

Mrs. J. Douglas Hazen has returned to her home in St. John, accompanied by her mother Mrs. Tibbits, who will spend a couple of weeks visiting her daughter.

Mrs. Hedden, is here from London Ont. and with her children are guests at Miss Allen's. Mr. Hedden has been transferred from the bank in London to Amherst, and will shortly move his family to their new home.

After a long visit with relations here Miss Kitty Crookshank returned to her home in St. John yesterday.

Miss Carrie Thompson, of Denver, is visiting her cousin Mrs. J. W. McCready.

Mrs. Walter Murray, who has been spending the summer here with her sister Mrs. S. McFarlane has returned to her home in Halifax.

Mrs. Alex Block is visiting friends in Campobello.

Mr. and Mrs. W. P. Flowering are enjoying camp life at "Beach Knoll" and have a party of friends whom they are entertaining in that song retreat.

Mr. and Mrs. G. F. Gregory are at Summerside P. E. I.

Mrs. H. C. Lugin and daughters, the Misses Nan and Nellie Lugin of Victoria B. C. are here and are visiting friends and relatives, at present they are the guests of Mrs. W. S. Fisher.

Mr. and Mrs. W. T. Whitehead and family have returned from their summer vacation at Duck Cove.

Miss Lillian Beckwith, left yesterday for Cambridge Mass, where she will enter the Cambridge Training School.

#### THINGS OF VALUE.

When a man gets to be proud of his cynicism he is not dangerous.

There never was, and never will be, a universal remedy, for all ills to which flesh is heir—the very nature of man's curable ills being such that were the germs of other and differently seated diseases rooted in the system of the patient—their remedy for many and grievous ills. In Quinine Wine, when obtainable in a sound undiluted state, it is a remedy for many and grievous ills. By its gradual and judicious use, the frailest system is brought into convalescence and strength, by the influence of Quinine Wine on Nature's own restorative powers, strengthening the natural function of the system, thereby making activity a necessary result. It relieves the drooping spirits of those with whom a chronic state of morbid despondency and lack of interest in life is a disease, and, by tranquillizing the nervous system, sound and refreshing sleep—imparts vigor to the action of the blood, which, being stimulated, courses throughout the veins, strengthening the natural function of the system, thereby making activity a necessary result. It relieves the drooping spirits of those with whom a chronic state of morbid despondency and lack of interest in life is a disease, and, by tranquillizing the nervous system, sound and refreshing sleep—imparts vigor to the action of the blood, which, being stimulated, courses throughout the veins, strengthening the natural function of the system, thereby making activity a necessary result.

Necessity is the mother of invention—but it isn't patented.

Some persons have periodical attacks of Canadian cholera, dysentery or diarrhea, and have to use great precautions to avoid the disease. Change of water, cooking, and green fruit, is sure to bring on the attacks. To such persons we would recommend Dr. J. L. Knoll's Dysentery Cordial as being the best medicine in the market for all summer complaints. If a few drops are taken in water when the symptoms are noticed no further trouble will be experienced.

A good many men believe that when they have borrowed a shilling they have earned it.

Street Car Accident.—Mr. Thomas Sablin, says: "My eleven year old boy had his foot badly injured by being run over by a car on the Street Railway. We at once commenced buying the foot with DR. THOMAS' ELECTRIC OIL when the dislocation and swelling was removed, and in nine days he could use his foot. We always keep a bottle in the house ready for any emergency."

Iceland was first settled by a band of Irish monks about 795 to 800 A. D.

SLEEPLESSNESS.—When the nerves are unstrung and the whole body given up to wretchedness, when the mind is filled with gloom and dismal forebodings, the result of derangement of the digestive organs, sleeplessness comes to add to the distress. If only the subject could sleep, there would be oblivion for a while and temporary relief. Parmentier's Vegetable Pills will not only induce sleep but will act so beneficially that the subject will wake refreshed and restored to happiness.

If somebody would only pull the sleigh uphill for us it would be one long, delightful slide.

THE FLAGGING ENERGIES REVIVED.—Constant application to business is a tax upon the energies and if there be not relaxation, lassitude and depression are sure to intervene. These come from stomachic troubles. The way of exercise brings on nervous irregularities, and the stomach ceases to assimilate food properly. In this condition Parmentier's Vegetable Pills will be found a recuperative of rare power, restoring the organs to healthful action, dispelling depression and reviving the flagging energies.

The man who gives to advertise his charity has no charity worth advertising.

# MONSOON!

The body and aroma of Monsoon <sup>Indo</sup> Tea satisfies tea thirst perfectly. It permeates the palate with its grateful zest, and refreshes the system with its vitalizing strength. Yet Monsoon is simply a carefully selected tea—without any of the usual artifices which make most other teas heavy, astringent and so highly flavored.

# MONSOON!

### Artistic Quickly Made Desserts.



### Hansen's Junket Tablets

A quart of milk, a little fruit juice or flavoring, one Junket Tablet, a trifle of heat, a few moulds of cups, five minutes time in all—and you have Junket. Hansen's Junket Tablets are sold by grocers and druggists in packets of ten tablets at 15 cts. Thirty-three of Emma H. Crane's celebrated receipts accompany.

### AGENTS IN CANADA. EVANS & SONS, Limited Montreal and Toronto.

#### CONDENSED ADVERTISEMENTS.

Announcements under this heading not exceeding five lines (about 35 words) cost 25 cents each insertion. Five cents extra for every additional line.

**BICYCLE** THIS YEARS "MASSEY-HARRIS" FOR SALE. A 1898 model Massey-Harris bicycle, ridden very little, purchased in the middle of June. Nothing at all wrong with the machine, the owner having to discontinue its use through ill health. Cost \$75, cash and ready. Will be sold at big reduction for cash. The wheels are 22 inch frame and handsomely enamelled and nickel-plated. Address communication to "bicycle" Progress Office.

#### A GENUINE FOUNTAIN PEN FOR 35c.

Imitation hard rubber barrel with gold-plated pen. Satisfaction guaranteed. Postpaid 35 cents. BRUNSWICK NOVELTY CO., Boston, Mass.

#### WANTED

By an Old Established House—High Grade Man or Woman, good Church standing, willing to learn our business then to act as Manager and State Correspondent here. Salary \$900. Enclose self-addressed stamped envelope to A. T. Elder, Manager, 278 Michigan Ave. Chicago, Ill.

#### STAMPS

COLLECTIONS and old stamps bought for cash. State size of collection or send list. For particulars address Box 358 St. John, N. B.

#### RESIDENCE

at Rothsay for sale or to rent for the summer months. That pleasantly situated house known as the Fitzroy property about one and a half miles from Rothsay Station and within two minutes walk of the Kennebec. Rent reasonable. Apply to E. G. Fenety, Barrister-at-Law, Pugsey Building. 24-6-1.

#### Our Metallic Ceilings and Walls.

We make an immense variety of designs to suit any room of any building, and they're all artistically beautiful.

THINK IT OVER.

Wouldn't you appreciate the fire proof and hygienic qualities of this economical finish which is easily applied, and never wears out?

If you'd like an estimate mail us an outline showing the shape and measurements of the Walls and Ceilings to be covered.

#### Metallic Roofing Co., Limited.

1189 King St. West, Toronto.

#### GOOD WORDS FROM OLD STUDENTS.

No. 13.

Without the course of study which I took at your College I could not have taken the position which was offered me here.

J. ARTHUR COSTER, Head bookkeeper for Messrs. Macaulay Bros & Co, Wholesale and Retail Dry Goods.

The latest System of Business practice—The Isaac Pitman Shorthand.

Send for catalogues to S. KEAR & SON.

#### VENISON

THOMAS DEAN, City Market.

#### HOTELS.

### THE DUFFERIN.

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

E. LAROI WILLIS, Proprietor.

### Victoria Hotel,

81 to 87 King Street, St. John, N. B.  
Elevator Passenger Elevator and all Modern Improvements.  
D. W. McCORMACK, Proprietor.

### QUEEN HOTEL, FREDERICTON, N. B.

A. EDWARDS, Proprietor.

### CAFÉ ROYAL

BANK OF MONTREAL BUILDING, 56 Prince Wm. St., - - St. John, N. B.  
WM. CLARK, Proprietor.  
RETAIL dealer in..... CHOICE WINES, ALES and LIQUORS.

### Mitchell's Cafe

—AND—  
ICE CREAM PARLORS,  
125 Mill Street.  
Good dinners from 25 cents up. Served promptly.  
FRESH OYSTERS, - - CLAM CHOWDERS PRICES REASONABLE.

#### EXHIBITION

is getting near at hand: surely you are not going to miss the opportunity to brighten up your business a little—you will need some Window Display Cards, Booklets, Circulars, Posters, Business Cards, Stationery or some advertising matter of some sort—sure.

Don't forget that our . . . PRICES are RIGHT. Our Work Unequaled.

Progress Print.  
29 and 31 Canterbury St.

#### Natural History Prizes

—AT THE—  
INTERNATIONAL EXHIBITION, St. John, N. B.  
13 to 23 September, 1898.

Over \$150 is offered in prizes to Natural History Collections.

Collectors and others who may have Specimens or Collections of ANIMALS, BIRDS, INSECTS, FISH, PLANTS or MINERALS, are invited to send them to the Exhibition.

Handsome glass cases will be provided for all exhibits requiring protection.

Competent caretaker will be constantly on hand. Exhibits will be received, placed and repacked for shipment without cost, if the exhibitor cannot be present.

Large exhibits will be made by the Provincial Government, the University of New Brunswick, the St. John Natural History Society and the Department of Marine and Fisheries these are not eligible for prizes. For prize lists and all information, Address

W. C. PITFIELD, CHAS. A. EVERETT, President, Mgr. and Secy.

#### LAGER BEER.

On Hand 100 Doz. 2 Doz to the case

Geo. Sleeman's Celebrated Lager For Sale Low.

THOS. L. BOURKE

SOCIAL AND PERSONAL

(CONTINUED FROM FIFTH PAGE.) Mr. and Mrs. A. E. McLeod spent a day or two at Wolfville last week. Miss Sadie Eppo has gone to Wolfville to attend Acadia Seminary.

Mr. and Mrs. J. A. Johnson and children, Halifax, are staying with the Misses Letich, Prof. Brander lately had a visit from his father and brother, the latter on his way to Acadia College.

WINDSOR.

Sept. 7.—Mrs. Curry of Halifax who brought her sons to resume their studies at the collegiate school is the guest of Mrs. Lawson.

Closing Out.

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

Here are the Prices as long as the Goods Last!



- Solid Gold Frames, Warranted - \$10
Gold Filled Frames, Warranted - 2 15
Years - .90
Gold Filled Frames, Warranted 5 Years - .65
Best Lenses, Per Pair, Warranted - .85
Aluminum Frames, Gold Filled Nose-Piece - .20
Alloy Frames, Note - .20
Steel or Nickel Frames, - .05

We have taken the sole Agency for the celebrated Mexican Medicine Co.'s Remedies and are closing our optical goods to make room for the same. Come at once. Don't delay. Respectfully yours, Boston Optical Co., 25 King St. St. John, N. B.

Left Prostrate

Weak and Run Down, With Heart and Kidneys in Bad Condition—Restored by Hood's Sarsaparilla.

"I was very much run down, having been sick for several months. I had been trying different remedies which did me no good. I would have severe spells of coughing that would leave me prostrate. I was told that my lungs were affected, and my heart and kidneys were in a bad condition. In fact, it seemed as though every organ was out of order. I felt that something must be done and my brother advised me to try Hood's Sarsaparilla. I procured a bottle and began taking it. Before it was half gone I felt that it was helping me. I continued its use and it has made me a new woman. I cannot praise it too highly." Mrs. BURNHAM, 217 Ossington Avenue, Toronto, Ontario.

Hood's Sarsaparilla

Is the best—in fact the One True Blood Purifier. Sold by all druggists. \$1.50 per bottle.

Hood's Pills

are purely vegetable, reliable, beneficial. 25c.

presence of so many gentlemen being quite noticeable at an afternoon entertainment, Mrs. Drysdale and Miss Elind assisted by the Miss Ouseley served tea in the library.

Dr. Bret Black and Mrs. Black are being congratulated on the arrival of a son.

Mr. Arthur Sutherland who fills a position in the People's bank at Megantic, Que., spent a few days with his parents here.

Mr. Ralph Carter, of Brooklyn spent several days here the guest of Rev. H. and Mrs. Dickie. Mr. Carter was employed by the D. A. R. Co. here but left two years ago to study at the Bible Normal school at Springfield Mass., he at present is engaged in church work at a mission in Brooklyn N. Y. On Monday he left for Stewiacke where it is said awaits a fair partner who will join him for life and be of great assistance to him in his noble calling.

Mr. Clarence H. Dimock returned from Halifax on Saturday where she has been visiting Mrs. Forsyth.

Miss Lily Dakin organist of the baptist church is enjoying a vacation at Truro, during her absence Mrs. A. A. Shaw ably fills the position as organist. Miss Mary Sutherland present with T. C. Allen & Co. of Halifax spent Sunday at her home here.

Miss Nora Blanchard spent Sunday in Kentville's he guest of Miss Glikins.

Miss Ethel Moody who has been spending the summer in Weymouth, returned to her home to resume her school duties.

On Friday evening Mrs. Norman Dimock gave a progressive euchre party at her pretty home at Avonton. Mrs. Dimock is a charming hostess and entertained in her usual graceful style. The first prize was won by Mrs. Paulin, while Mr. Armstrong of St. John, was the recipient of the gentleman's first prize. Mrs. Moody and Mr. John Dimock were the proud possessors of the "booby."

Those present were, Mr. and Mrs. Lawson, Mrs. Stubbings, (Halifax), Mr. and Mrs. Eynell, Mr. and Mrs. Christie, Mr. and Mrs. Clarence Dimock, Mrs. Kaye (New York), Dr. and Mrs. Moody, Mrs. Jamieson, Mr. and Mrs. Drysdale, Mr. John Dimock, Mr. Armstrong, Mr. C. Locke.

Miss Alice Lawson who has been spending a few days at Middletown with her brother Mr. Arthur Lawson, Mgr. of the Commercial bank, returned on Saturday.

Mr. Edgar of Halifax spent Sunday in town.

Miss Fio Dakin is spending her vacation with friends here.

Miss Wilde of Halifax, has been the guest of Mrs. Edward Dimock Toronto, left on Tuesday to fill the position of Matron at St. Andrews School Annapolis.

Mr. and Mrs. Hensley are spending a fortnight in Canby where Mr. Hensley is relieving the Manager of the Halifax bank there during his absence his place is being filled by Mr. Shannon of Halifax.

Dr. Reid, and Mrs. Reid were called to Sherbrooke owing to the serious illness of Dr. F. I. Jones Mrs. Reid's father. Dr. Reid returned on Tuesday evening.

Mr. J. Forsyth arrived on Saturday from Boston returning to resume his duties on Monday.

Mr. F. H. Roach who has been in Toronto on a business trip returned on Monday.

KENTVILLE.

Sept. 6.—On Monday of last week Mrs. J. D. Moore gave an extremely pleasant picnic at Moore's Falls; this most ideally romantic spot is the choicest picnic ground within easy reach of Kentville and the spot is only made more memorable with such an array of maidens, men, and estates as were displayed on this occasion.

A large number attended Miss Alice E. Westers usual Tuesday evening reception last week.

Mr. Beverly Webster returned from equitation school at Halifax on Friday last and proceeds to Ailsa on Monday.

Col. L. de V. Chipman has been placed upon the Ailsa list this year.

Mr. A. H. Cheley has enlisted in the King's Canadian Hussars.

On Thursday evening Miss L. Chute entertained a number of friends in her usual hospital manner.

Mr. L. S. Eaton returned on Saturday from a trip along the south shore where he has been indulging in deep sea fishing.

Mr. J. Scott Robinson of the Weymouth Free Press passed through town on Monday last.

"Valdemar,"

A. P. E. ISLAND J. P. WANTED.

INTERVIEWED BY THE PATRIOTS SPECIAL CORRESPONDENT.

Overwork Brought on Neuralgia and Shattered Health Generally—Passed Many Sleepless Nights.

From the Charlottetown Patriot.

The Patriot's special correspondent 'Mac' being in the eastern section of the island on business, heard many complimentary remarks concerning Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, which appears to be the favorite medicine in all parts of Canada. Among those who are very emphatic in the praise of this medicine is Neil McPhee, J. P. of Glencorrodale, and our correspondent determined to call upon him and ascertain from his own lips his views in the matter. Mr. McPhee was found at home, and as he is a very entertaining and intelligent gentleman, our correspondent was soon 'at home' too. When questioned about the benefits he was reported to have received from the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, Mr. McPhee said:—

'About four years ago I got run down, from overwork on the farm. As there is considerable timber land on my property, I thought I could go into making timber, in addition to my farm work. The task however proved too heavy for my strength, and I soon began to break down. I contracted a severe cold, neuralgia followed, and I found myself in shattered health generally. I felt very much distressed and discouraged and spent many sleepless nights. I tried several very highly recommended medicines, but received no permanent benefit from any of them. As Dr. Williams' Pink Pills were so highly recommended through the press, I thought I would give them a fair trial. After using a few boxes I found they were having the desired effect and I began to find my wonted health and strength gradually returning. I kept on using the pills until I had regained my former vigor and had gained considerable flesh as well. Now I consider myself a healthier man and

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

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

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

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

feel as well as ever I did in my life. I can conscientiously recommend Dr. Williams' Pink Pills to any person suffering as I was. I have the utmost confidence in their curing properties.' Rheumatism, sciatica, neuralgia, partial paralysis, locomotor ataxia, nervous headache, nervous prostration and diseases depending upon humors in the blood, such as scrofula, chronic erysipelas, etc., all disappear before a fair treatment with Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. They give a healthy glow to pale and sallow complexions. Sold by all dealers and post paid at 50 c. a box or six boxes for \$2.50 by addressing the Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont. Do not be persuaded to take some substitute.

Those persons who are afraid to trust anybody else would owe their caution probably to a thorough acquaintance with themselves.

You can flatter any man by telling him that you know him to be a man who is not easily flattered.

Lend the average man your bicycle, and he will be grateful enough to return for the loan of it again.

International Exhibition.

St. John, N. B. September 13th to 23rd, 1898.

The Exhibition Grounds and Buildings will be Opened to the Public at 9 a. m. on Tuesday, 13th September, and will open each day thereafter (except Sunday, 18th) at same hour remaining open till 10 p. m.; finally closing at that hour on Friday, 23rd inst.

The Admission is 25 cents for adults, and 15 cents for children under 12 years old.

Tickets may be had at the office, at the Gates, and various places throughout the City.

The Honorable Sir CHARLES TUPPER, Bart., will formally open the Exhibition at 3 p. m. on the 13th, and addresses will be given by Honorable H. R. EMMERSON, Premier of New Brunswick, and other prominent gentlemen.

Friday, 16th September, will be Maine Day, when GOVERNOR POWERS of Maine, attended by members of his staff, will officially visit the Exhibition and respond to an address of welcome at 3 p. m.

Saturday, 17th, will be Children's Day, when special efforts will be made to interest and amuse the children who may attend. Admission for children on that day 10 cents.

Thursday, 15th and Tuesday, 20th are special days to attend which greatly reduced Passenger Rates are given by the Railways. Special attractions will be presented on those days.

There will be a magnificent display of fireworks every fine evening throughout the Exhibition. Among the set pieces will be the "bombardment of Alexandria" and other works of great splendor.

There will be an exhibition of High Diving and other aerial Acrobatic Wonders in front of the grand stand every afternoon and evening.

FOREST SEABURY in his Eighty Foot Dive and wonderful Trapeze performances has delighted the best audien es in two continents. The three illustrious WATSON SISTERS, assisted by the intrepid Mexican Gymnast JUAN DE ZAMORA, will give their great Electrical Sensation on the Quadruple Trapeze and Triangul Ciraterio, and the programme will be further extended by other wonderful feats.

In Amusement Hall will be a First-class Vaudeville Performance each afternoon and evening, in which 14 clever artists will be employed. Ask for programme on the grounds.

A first-class Restaurant, under the charge of an experienced caterer, will be found in the main building, and oysters and light refreshments will be available on the grounds.

In addition to the regular hotels and boarding houses, a list of private houses, whose owners have expressed their willingness to entertain visitors from outside the city, will be at the Exhibition Office, Canterbury Street, where all possible assistance will be given.

CANADIAN PACIFIC RAILWAY ARRANGEMENTS.

Table with columns for Cheap Special Rates, Excursion Tickets, and various station rates. Includes rates for St. Stephen, St. Andrews, Barber Dam, and other stations.

INTERCOLONIAL RAILWAY.

Table with columns for Excursion Tickets, Special Excursions, and various station rates. Includes rates for St. John, Moncton, and other stations.

W. C. PITFIELD, President.

CHAS. A. EVERETT, Manager and Secretary.

ST. JOHN, N. B., SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 10, 1898.

TO LIFT UP THE FALLEN.

WOMEN WHO DEVOTE THEIR LIVES TO A NOBLE WORK.

The S. A. Rescue Home and its Workings Described—In it Fallen Women are Cared for—A Former Popular Leader of the Demi Monde Among the Inmates.

To deliberately choose a course in life that brings one into direct contact with sin, sorrow and shame, to give up personal ambitions and pleasures for an atmosphere dark with crime and suffering requires a heroism of which only a very few are capable. Slumming in the sense in which it is generally understood is thefad of an hour, prompted usually by some fleeting emotion or a morbid curiosity and the result in either case is much the same. Little good and possibly a vast amount of harm is accomplished. The charity which goes quietly to work among those who are beyond the pale, and with practical loving sympathy labors year after year that they may be reclaimed, is the only motive likely to meet with any degree of success. However much people may differ as to creeds, and forms of religion they can't but unite in admiration of the self sacrifice of the workers in this cause.

The name best known to St. John people in this connection is that of Adjutant Venimie Jost of the Salvation Army. Her slight blue clad figure and kindly sympathetic face are familiar in the haunts of vice, the quiet, unassuming manner commands the respect of those who are little accustomed to show respect to any living person. The adjutant herself sees nothing unusual in her chosen life work and it is perhaps this very unconsciousness that makes her work successful in dealing with society's outcasts. Whenever the brave little woman feels that she can help a fellow mortal in distress by kind advice, or more practical aid there she is always to be found. She is not the sort of woman who meets wrong doing with reproaches, and hard condemnation of sin and sinner. Adjutant Jost understands human nature pretty thoroughly and she doesn't go about distributing scriptural messages indiscriminately. She has tact and her religion is intensely practical.

Adjutant Jost presides over the Army Rescue Home on Elliott Row, an unpretentious enough looking building, but one that affords a good home and kind care to those who daily seek its shelter. From top to bottom the house is furnished in a cozy substantial manner, and while there is no display of elegance everything tends towards the comfort and convenience of the inmates. Reception, dining and bedrooms, are exquisitely neat, and in every department the utmost order prevails. The place is a home in every sense of the word, and the devotion of those in charge is as unobtrusive as it is untiring.

Certain regulations are of course necessary, but kindness and sympathy rule, and the desire of the officers is to train the inmates to earn an honest livelihood and to abandon the lives they have hitherto led. The adjutant and her assistants keep a close eye on the police court and where a female is arrested for drunkenness, street walking or other causes and is sentenced to a term in jail, they watch for her release and then induce her to come to the home for a little while. She is thus removed from old associations, bad influences, and after a few months, perhaps a good situation is obtained for her. Even then the officers do not give up their hold on her. The former inmate is kept track of and encouraged to visit the home frequently. If a girl is actually incorrigible when all due means have failed to lead her back to the paths of virtue, she is dismissed.

Every hour has its allotted work, and no interruption, or departure from the rules, is permitted. Six o'clock is the hour for rising; 7 for breakfast; then half an hour is devoted to prayer; house-work occupies the time until 9.30, when 10 o'clock sees everybody in the workroom or laundry; at 12.30 comes dinner and at 1.30 work is resumed, and goes on until 5.30, the supper hour. The time until 8.30 the hour for retiring, is spent in music reading and other recreations. Several local societies are interested in the home, and sometimes devote an evening to the inmates. There is nothing permanent about these arrangements however, and the evenings are passed as circumstances suggest.

There are quite a number of girls in the home just now, and the officers feel that they are somewhat handicapped in

their work by having to devote the greater portion of their time to maternity cases. They therefore propose opening a branch home on Crown street about October 1st, where such cases will be treated exclusively; the Home on Elliott Row will thus be left for the reception of a different class of girls, whom the officers feel require most of their time and care. They will be able to work more successfully when this is accomplished, though of course a great deal of extra expense will be entailed in connection with the new maternity hospital. At present there are about a dozen babies in the home the youngest being only a month old. Children under six months are never admitted without the mother, and one or two of the mothers are set apart to help the officer in charge in the care of the children each week, according to the number of infants. When a mother goes to a situation and her child is old enough to be left it may be boarded in the Home and a certain sum paid for its maintenance.



Adjutant Jost, S. A.

This amount is always in proportion to the wages paid the mother. The Rescue Home has no regular income or grants of any kind but is partly self supporting and Adjutant Jost says she is greatly indebted to the generous hearted people of the city for voluntary contributions. The laundry and sewing departments bring in quite a neat little income, and the work done is most satisfactory. The girls work is changed every two weeks, and dull routine, or monotony thus avoided.

The Adjutant, whose portrait appears above has been at the head of affairs here for nearly three years, though she has been engaged in rescue work a much longer time, and is peculiarly fitted by nature to deal with the class of women with whom she is brought in daily contact. Her sympathies are broad and her charity towards the erring boundless. Her gentle unassuming manner, and strong kindly face make a wonderful impression upon her girls, and their confidences are always met with tact and affectionate consideration. Baby hands cling to her skirts, baby heads nestle lovingly down on her breast and when she enters the nursery little arms are outstretched towards her; and the most fractious of the children is soothed and quieted when she bends for a moment over a tiny cot to carress and pet the restless little occupant.

The adjutant is devoted to her work, and though she doesn't often talk about it or herself PROGRESS managed to glean many interesting things during a visit to the home on Monday afternoon—the holiday when all the world was pleasure seeking. Life in the refuge flowed just the same, and work went on with the regularity in the sunny well aired rooms as on any other day.

"We haven't time for many holidays here," said the Adjutant, as she folded and tied up some papers that had been lying on her desk, "but we manage to extract considerable interest and enjoyment out of life. Of course we have our own pleasures and after all enjoyment is merely a matter of opinion. Didn't I find this sort of life a little hard at first? Oh yes, I thought at one time I would never grow accustomed to it. My heart was almost broken when I first took it up, and was brought into such close contact with sin and suffering and misery, and while I feel it almost as deeply now, I suppose the first awful horror has worn away. Some localities in this city were particularly heartbreaking, and I can never look back on my first experience in them without a shudder. Not that my officers or myself were ever subjected to the slightest insult you understand. No, indeed, we have never received other than the kindest treatment from the inmates of the

houses of ill-fame which we visit about twice a week. Oh, no, there has never been the least suggestion of insult and we have invariably found that class as good hearted as in other walks in life. Indeed I might say they are more so. See that small writing desk in the corner! Well it contains evidence, in the way of letters acknowledging gifts and sums of money, of the generosity and large heartedness of one whose name is notorious throughout this city. In her palmy days she kept a popular resort, and had money and property too, but she is with us now a mental and physical wreck. She hasn't any money now and of course no friends, but every day we are hearing of instances of her kindness of heart. Only the other day a policeman told me that once when some one was tiling of the hard circumstances of a family unknown to her she quietly slipped a bill of no mean denomination into the officer's hand with a request that it be conveyed at once to the family and that no mention be made of the sender. Distress of any kind always appealed strongly to her and many a poor person has been aided, without the slightest idea of the source from which help came to them. As a business woman she is said to have had excellent ability and all bills were promptly paid. She is most thoughtful and kind and never gives a bit of trouble.

She is exceedingly fond of children and delights to play with them. Occasionally when we have been crowded and nursery room all taken up, I have put a mother and child in her room, merely as a temporary arrangement of course. Does the baby grow restless in the night Grace is the first to hear it, and she is up and hushing it to sleep in her arms with the greatest tenderness. The children are wonderfully fond of her too. There is much to be said in this woman's favor; and police officials all speak pityingly of her present condition.

She will tell you perhaps before you leave about a little girl over whom she is fretting herself to death. It appears that twelve years ago she adopted the little one! when it was six weeks old at its mother's dying request and she grew devotedly attached to it, taking every care of it and shielding it from all knowledge of her own bad life.

She—the woman—was preparing to go to New York at one time to visit a sister so she says, when the child was taken from her and is now living in a house of evil repute on Camden street. She has appealed to the police several times for help to recover the child but so far without any success.

It is wonderful what a hold that girl has on this woman's heart. She does not want her to lead a life such as her's has been and she talks of the child constantly.

Yes, we have incorrigibles of course, girls with whom it is impossible to do anything, but that class is small in comparison with those we feel have been reached and benefited. I believe, you know, that the good in human nature far outweighs the evil, only when once the devil gets the upper hand, the downward path is so easy, especially with those girls who are exposed to temptation on every side; and then vice to my mind is largely a matter of inheritance. I have found in almost every instance that the women of those houses in their hearts dislike the life and do not enter upon it from a mere love of sin. They always intend to leave it sometime; they say, but I suppose as the years go by they get deeper and deeper into degradation until finally it seems all right to them.

Then too we have had men watch around the Refuge in order to get a chance to speak with some girl they have known; they have, even tried to get notes to some of the women, so you see there is a great deal for them to contend with on every hand.

We are looking forward very eagerly to the opening of our new maternity hospital. We shall then have so much more time to give the class for which we fear the most. The mothers have something to occupy them but the others have too much time on their hands and grow restless; they require more entertainment in fact, and that is our object in separating the two classes.

We have females from all the different denominations, and we always advise them to go back to their own church if they are so inclined. We never make any special effort to induce them to join the Army; they are free to do as they please. If we feel we have led them back to the way of virtue and honor we are satisfied."

SYSTEMATIC DRUG DRINKING.

Scores of Fashionable Society Women Practically Live on Drugs.

"I have often wondered," remarked a well-known doctor to the writer recently, "why those who attack the drink craze do not attack the drug takers at the same time. There are two vices which are growing enormously amongst women—namely, brandy drinking and the resort to drugs. In my practice I constantly meet young ladies who drink a bottle of brandy a day but though the spirit is bound to kill them in the long run—one of my patients died the other day after taking a bottle of brandy regularly every day for two years—they do not appear to lead to such miserable lives as those who luo themselves up with drugs."

It is generally supposed that drug drinking is not common in this country. This is an absolute fallacy; but I am not surprised that it exists, as the victims to the vice almost invariably administer to their weakness in complete privacy. Many a husband who to-day is not able to account for his wife's curious behaviour could ascertain the cause of her seeming eccentricities if he took a peep into her wardrobe. "This, however, he cannot usually do. Systematic drug-drinkers are the most cunning people it is possible to imagine in respect to their own particular failing, and I have known a woman to take opium for years without being found out even by her husband.

As a general rule, you may say that women fly to drugs and alcohol, not because they like the taste of them, but purely because they produce what they are pleased to call a pleasant sensation, and for the time being a feeling of strength. Scores of society women in London practically live on drugs. They could not do what they do without them. A reception in the afternoon and a ball or a dinner party at night are beyond the strength of any woman.

I was called to a lady's bedside last Wednesday evening. She had gone through a most arduous season, and was completely worn out. I could see at once that she was a confirmed morphia drinker, for the pupils of her eyes were very contracted—a sure sign of drug mania. Moreover, she was extremely excited. As soon as I spoke to her she screamed out— "Give me the morphia!"

"I refused, and no sooner had I done so than she jumped out of bed and rushed to a drawer in her dressing table and tried to get hold of the bottle. I was forced to restrain her, and a battle royal ensued. Fighting like a tigress—for the moment she had lost all control of herself—she made dash after dash at the bottle, and then, after biting me savagely in the arm, fell down utterly exhausted.

"Now this lady, who is well known in fashion-able circles, has reduced herself to this appalling condition simply and solely because she cannot bring herself to decline an invitation to a society gathering. She is one of those foolish women who must go everywhere, and who, finding that Nature has put a limit on his powers of endurance, seek to restore their jaded energies by artificial means. There are dozens like her, and the saddest feature of the whole melancholy business is that when a woman has accustomed herself to drugs the vice is almost incurable.

"The mania, of course, is chiefly occu-

fixed to the rich—the rich of all ages, I may add. Opium ruins the constitution in the long run, but, despite this fact, numbers of young girls of eighteen and nineteen are addicted to it—unknown, I need scarcely remark, to their parents.

"In nine cases out of ten, when a girl falls a prey to this pernicious habit her doom is sealed. One poor creature assured me that when she was unable to procure opium her sufferings were terrible, and when asked to describe her agony she compared it to that which she fancied would be produced by a serpent gnawing her flesh away. Several ladies have destroyed themselves because they were denied opium.

"Ten grains in twenty-four hours is what some of the most hardened opium maniacs take. A person consuming this amount all at once would pass out of existence in a very short space of time. The effects of the drug when taken in small quantities, however, soon wear off, and the consequence is that women dose themselves throughout the day.

"Look at the effects of belladonna again," the doctor continued. "Men have a weakness for it as well as women, and the havoc it is responsible for is awful."

"But how do these unfortunate people get their supplies, doctor? Chemists don't sell poison wholesale."

"You may well ask that question. Letters are written constantly to the papers asking how women are able to procure poisons, but very few people know how they manage it. The fact of the matter is they use old doctors' prescriptions. Chemists generally are most particular as to what they make up, but if they get a prescription signed by a duly qualified medical man they can't refuse to attend to it.

"This reminds me that I was recently summoned to a man who was in the last stages—he was just alive, and that was about all. His brother happening to mention that the patient had been in the habit of drinking whole bottles of medicine, I inquired the address of his chemist who had supplied it, and on going there I found that the medicine in question contained a large quantity of strychnine, and that the prescription from which it was made up was no less than twenty years old.

"Picture to yourself this man slowly poisoning himself. He was a madman if ever there was one. Unfortunately there are only too many medicine maniacs in this country. With some people the consumption of chemist's mixtures is just as much a disease as drunkenness is with others."—London Paper.

DISAPPEARING VOICES.

In the course of a paper read at the United Service Institution by Admiral Bosanquet, it was stated that about 40,000 boys annually apply for admission to the Royal Navy, which takes only about 8,000 so that there are about 35,000 disappointed aspirants every year for a life on the ocean wave. The mercantile marine will not have boys, except such as can pay premiums. The number of British lads under twenty in the mercantile marine was 1,462 last year, as compared with 4,735 in 1896, and 7,009 in 1891, and there is no reason to suppose that this process of dwindling is not still going on.

"Do you mean to say that you haven't resolved upon a plan of campaign?" said one Spanish official.

"None whatever," replied the other.

"Don't you think you had better begin to think about it?"

"No, sir. There's where my strategy comes in. So long as we don't make up our minds the enemy can't find out what we are going to do next."

A FAMILY FAILING.

The struggle with Heredity.

The Right Side of the Color Line.

To heredity, the transmission of traits from sire to son, we owe most of the possibilities of growth and development. If each newly born being started outancy, without the force of heredity the level of life might be expected to be that of the digger Indian or Bushman. Naturally bad traits descend like the good. Peculiarities of feature, eccentricities of speech and manner, birth marks, etc., are handed down just as surely as manual dexterity, physical beauty, mathematical ability, and the mental and moral qualities in general. A curious example of this descent of family traits is furnished by Mrs. Maggie Pickett, Canton, Ga., in whose family gray hair was hereditary. She writes:

"Gray hair is hereditary in our family. As long as I can recollect, my mother's hair has been gray. About twelve years ago, my hair began to show signs of turning. I resolved to try Ayer's Hair Vigor, and after using it only a few times my hair was restored to its natural color. I still use this dressing occasionally, a bottle lasting me quite a while; and though over forty years of age, my hair retains its youthful color and fullness. To all who have faded and gray hair, I would heartily recommend Dr. Ayer's Hair Vigor."—Mrs. MAGGIE PICKETT, Canton, Ga.

may be some sadness, because it is untimely, and out of season. Gray hairs are a crown of honor to the aged, but to the young they are a stigma. There is no need to be gray in youth. Grayness comes from a deficiency of the coloring matter which gives the hair its natural tint. This coloring matter can be supplied artificially and is so supplied by Dr. J. C. Ayer's Hair Vigor. It is by supplying the lacking pigment that Dr. Ayer's Hair Vigor restores gray or faded hair to its original color. Beyond this, it makes the hair grow, gives it gloss and softness, stops it from falling, removes dandruff, and cleanses the scalp. Mrs. C. M. Ayres, Mount Airy, Ga., writes:

"About three years ago, my head became full of dandruff, which caused great annoyance; after a time the hair began falling out. The use of Dr. J. C. Ayer's Hair Vigor stopped the hair from falling out, and made the scalp clean and healthy."—Mrs. C. M. AYRES, Mount Airy, Ga.

Dr. Ayer's Hair Vigor is noted as a dressing. It is used every day by thousands whose chief claim to beauty rests on beautiful hair. Send for Dr. Ayer's Curebook, a story of cures told by the cured. Free. Address the J. C. Ayer Co., Lowell, Mass.

## \* A DAUGHTER OF JUDAS. \*

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

CONTINUED.

Morewood was sure no hint of truth had reached her yet.

"When last I saw poor Madeline?" she said in a gravely wondering tone.

"Yes. If you don't mind telling me."

"Of course I don't mind. It will be five years ago next month—just before she started for Australia. She came to see me at the convent. But why do you ask Mr. Morewood?" she added suddenly, turning upon him an eagerly questioning look.

"I will tell you some other time," he murmured, evasively, relieved to see Lady Ruth come back into the room; for he would have been at loss to explain the reason of his question.

As he passed out of the Court gates, his eyes fell on Madge's white washed cottage. The sight of it brought back to his mind, in full force, that strange prophecy the old woman had uttered in reference to Sir Gerald and Madeline Winter.

"If he marries Lilian, and it—as may very well happen—her sister is discovered, and put on trial for her crime, would not that prophecy come awfully true?" he thought. "Madeline Winter would, indeed, have power to work him infinite misery, and shame, and woe. If I knew anything of Vere, such a calamity would blight his whole future life."

While these thoughts were still disturbing his mind, he suddenly came upon Madge herself.

She was sitting on a rustic seat by the wayside, her hands folded over her stick, her brow bent in deep and apparently anxious meditation.

"Good morning," he said, cheerfully. She returned his salutation with that air of quiet dignity which seemed to set her so much above the simple country folk.

"I'll sit and rest, for a minute or two beside you, if you don't mind," went on Morewood, moved by a sudden impulse. "It's hot, and I've had a long walk this morning."

"Surely!" said the old woman, and he sat down beside her.

"I was hearing something about you a little while back," he said, abruptly. "My friend, Sir Gerald Vere, told me you had prophesied, years ago, that harm would come to him from Madeline Winter, the murderer, whose grave is in Upton churchyard—that you prophesied this while both of them were children."

She raised her head, and looked at him, sharply.

"There was something almost hawk-like in the flash of her black eyes."

She was startled—she was surprised; but she was on her guard.

"This much Morewood could tell from that swift look of hers."

"Do you mind telling me," she went on, "what made you say such a thing as that? I am quite sure you are too sensible to talk nonsense merely for the sake of talking nonsense. Why, then, should you think Madeline Winter should ever be connected, in any way, with Sir Gerald Vere?"

"The Fates never lie!" was Madge's answer, uttered with perfect calmness and composure.

Morewood felt a little irritation; but he repressed it well.

His tone was perfectly pleasant, nay, even a little gay, as he said—

"And the Fates communicated their intentions to you, eh, Madge?"

"I do not pretend to read the future, if that is what you mean," she answered, coldly. "The past is enough for me; for, what is the future but the past repeated over and over again. I saw in the boy's eyes a look which showed him to be of a certain nature—a nature easily wrought upon. In the other child's eyes I saw power—the power to rule over just such a one as he. I did not believe her power over him would be exercised—if exercised at all—for good."

The old woman had spoken these words in a slow, level tone, with her eyes fixed upon the ground—more as though she were speaking to herself than to her companion.

Morewood could not but think that she herself honestly believed what she said.

"But, after all," he said, still bent on probing her, "you must admit your warning was unnecessary. Madeline Winter never crossed the path of Sir Gerald; and, surely, all danger is over now. A dead woman can work no ill."

Again she cast a swift, startled glance at him—a glance which seemed as if it would have read his inmost soul.

After a minute or two, she spoke, very slowly and deliberately, as if carefully weighing every word—

"I am only a superstitious old woman, sir; and so it's no matter what I say. Nevertheless, I know the Fates will have their will. If I had been Sir Gerald Vere, I would rather have sent Madeline Winter's dead body to the furthest end of the earth, than have had it brought here to his own gates."

"You say the dead can do no harm; but I know that evil could come to him—if the Fates willed it so—out of her very grave."

Having so spoken, with a dignity and deliberation impossible to describe, Madge rose and continued her journey, disregarding his entreaty that she would remain to rest herself a little longer.

She walked with a firm step, neither pausing nor looking back, until she reached her own cottage.

Then she sank into a chair, with the look of one who has been brought unexpectedly face to face with a new and startling train of thought.

"What interest has he in Madeline Winter?" she muttered. "He would not have

spoken like that without some motive. What motive could it be? Does he see a resemblance?—does he suspect a relationship? It must be so; and yet—

She paused, considered deeply, then added, in a tone of resolute energy—

"I must know the truth. Why should I stay in this uncertainty any longer?"

She rose, went to the window, and marked, with evident satisfaction, the storm-clouds which were approaching, in black, heavy masses, from the west.

"If the storm should come, I could not have a better time," she muttered. "Yes; there shall be an end of all this mystery. I will know to-night."

### CHAPTER XIV. THE OPENED GRAVE.

The storm did come that night.

About ten o'clock it broke—the lightning flashing, the thunder rolling, the rain pouring in such torrents as to drive almost everyone home who was not already there.

Doors and windows were bolted and barred earlier than usual.

It was not a night for anyone to care to be abroad.

A little before midnight the rain ceased somewhat, though still the lightning flashed, and the thunder rolled at intervals.

If anyone had chanced to pass through Upton Churchyard that night, they would have seen a sight almost as strange and affrighting as that which Tam-o'-Shanter saw, according to Burn's wondrous tale.

They would have seen the supposed grave of the murderer yawning wide open, the coffin raised, and resting slantwise at one end of it.

Beside the grave they would have seen a man—youthful, and strong, and brawny—from whose brow the perspiration flowed in streams, and in whose eyes there was a strange, unseeing look—almost the look of one who walks in sleep.

This man was loosening the coffin-lid; and, as the last crew was withdrawn, a figure, which had been hidden in the dark shadow thrown by the church, came forward, and stood within the light of the lantern that had been placed near the edge of the grave.

It was a tall figure, closely cloaked and hooded.

A flash of lightning revealed the face for a moment—a stern, dark face, surmounted with snow-white hair.

The face of Madge, the gipsy.

She advanced close to the grave, and stooped over it.

One end of the coffin was within her reach, and, waving the man to stand back, she herself lifted the coffin-lid.

One glance she cast within—one glance, and no more.

The reader knows what met her eye.

"Hah!" she muttered, with an accent of fierce exultation. "Hah! Then I was right. She escaped, after all. I might have known it. The Fates have never deceived me yet. Surely I should have known it, if that had been her doom."

She had put the coffin lid into its place again, and was standing now with one arm outstretched to Heaven—her face upturned also.

A flash of lightning illumined her as she stood thus, lending a weird and quite indescribable dignity to her aspect.

She looked like a sibyl—a prophetess—with her snow-white hair, her stern mouth, and her black flashing eyes.

No wonder the villagers regarded her as an oracle—as they might have regarded a pythoness of old.

She possessed that subtle trick which makes a gipsy—with it she dominated all inferior wills.

The man by the grave stood mute, awaiting her commands.

"Screw down the lid!" she commanded imperiously.

He obeyed her, without a word.

"Replace the coffin!" was the next command.

Then—

"Fill up the grave!"

And, whatever she commanded, he did obediently, without so much as uttering a word.

He might have been a dumb man, for any evidence he gave to the contrary.

When all was finished to her satisfaction, even to the careful relaying of turf above the grave, she stretched out her hand towards Vivian Court, saying in a loud clear voice—

"Now go back to your home!"

And, once more, he silently obeyed.

The morning after the storm broke bright and clear.

Old Madge was early in her garden, examining the flowers, to see what mischief the rain had done.

An elderly woman, lame with rheumatism, hobbled across the lane to speak to her.

She lived in one of the cottages opposite Madge's, and was the widow of the sexton of the parish.

The old man had died a few months ago, and his son had succeeded him in the office.

Mrs. Dakin—that was the woman's name—accosted Madge very civilly—very deferentially even.

Madge had more than once given her some mixture which had done her rheumatism good, and she was grateful and respectful accordingly.

"Well, Mrs. Dakin, and how are you this morning?" asked Madge, in her firm clear voice, so superior in tone to that of the villagers around her. "Did the powder to you good?"

"Well, I suppose it did. It made me sleep powerful sound, anyway. And do you know, Dame Rivers, I do believe our Jem was walking in his sleep again last night?"

"Ah!"

"Yes, I do; and I'll tell you why. His boots and cloths are one mass of mire. You never saw such a sight. He might have fallen down in 'em. He's awake now, and I've asked him where he's been; but he only scratches his head, and says he ain't been anywhere. It's not a bit of good talking to him, Lord bless you! He don't know anything about it, he don't."

"Perhaps the lightning affected him a little," said Madge, coolly, every muscle of her countenance under perfect control.

"People will walk in their sleep in a thunderstorm, if they've a tendency that way, such as your son has. I should just turn the key in his door, if I were you. A beautiful morning, isn't it? How sweet everything smells after the rain!"

At this moment Mrs. Dakin's door opened and her son came across the road—that same brawny young fellow who had rendered such complete obedience to Madge in Upton Churchyard last night.

"Good morning, Jem. Your mother tells me you were walking in your sleep last night."

Jem scratched his head shamefacedly, and with a very puzzled look, said—

"Ay, yes, but, bless it, I can remember nought about it. I wish I could."

"It's a bad habit lad," said Madge, gravely. "I should try to break through it, if I were you. If you don't, it may lead you into mischief."

### CHAPTER XV. KATE LISLE.

About this time, Morewood had occasion to go to London.

He spent a couple of days there, engaged in business, and started on his homeward journey one close September afternoon, when everybody in London was declaring the heat intolerable, and when he himself—slept pretty well seasoned to extremes of both heat and cold—could not help thinking longingly of the delightful shades about Beech Royal.

The train was well lit up on the point of starting when he reached the station, and he opened the door of the first compartment he came to, and hurriedly took his seat.

The next moment the whistle sounded, and the train was off.

Then, and not till then, did he see that he had a travelling companion, and that a lady.

Moreover, a lady; and, moreover still, a very pretty one.

She was sitting at the further end of the compartment, looking out of the window; and she did not move as he came in—instead, looked out of the window a little more intently than before.

As she thus sat, only her profile was to be seen; but that was quite enough to satisfy Morewood on the score of her good looks.

And, let what may be said to the contrary, it is a very satisfying thing—to a young unmarried man, at any rate—to find that the fellow passenger with whom one is to be cooped up for an hour or two, has a pretty face for one's eye to rest upon.

Morewood decided that this companion of his was more than pretty—she was beautiful.

True, he could not see her full face; but what he did see was enough to convince him—the slender white throat, the softly-tinted cheek the silken eyelash, and the pretty turn of the white brow, above which waved masses of lovely hair of a perfect shade of copper-brown, with bright gleams of gold in the sunshine.

And this beautiful hair was so charmingly arranged, too.

Morewood really could not help admiring it.

So few women dress their hair "just right," he reflected, as he looked at his fair neighbour.

He had seen hair that was as sleek and smooth as velvet; he didn't care for that kind.

Again, he had seen hair which, in texture, resembled nothing so much as a bundle of hay, so rough and towied was it; he didn't care for that kind either.

But this girl's was just perfect; neither too rough nor too smooth, prettily shading the white brow, and showing to perfection the fair neck and rosy little ear.

Her dress, too, was charming, refined, and lady-like, yet pretty and girlish.

A simple fawn-coloured costume, the coat opening over a white, lace-edged blouse, and black hat trimmed with a few graceful pink roses.

Two of these roses fell from underneath the brim, and rested on the bright brown hair.

John Morewood was not a great notice of ladies' dress, but it did occur to him to think he had never seen a daintier arrangement in his life.

He was by no means tired of watching the white neck and the softly tinted cheek; but he thought it would be very pleasant to see his fair companion from another point of view also.

And, just as he was thinking this, she obligingly turned from the unympathetic window, and gave him his secret wish.

She was, indeed, beautiful; for her mouth was as sweet a one as ever graced a woman's face, and the long, silken lashes veiled a pair of lustrous, grey blue eyes, and an expression of mingled sweetness, intelligence, and gay good humour lighted up the whole.

Never before had John Morewood so felt the irksomeness of the etiquette which forbids a man to speak to a strange young lady in a railway carriage.

Presently she drew out her purse, to assure herself her ticket was right, as women so often do.

The snap of the purse proved a little awkward, and, before she could retasten it, the train passed over a junction with so violent an oscillation that she was thrown forward.

The purse fell from her hand, and, it being still unfastened, its contents rolled over the floor of the compartment.

Here was an occasion which etiquette had clearly not foreseen, and for which John Morewood secretly thanked his lucky stars.

It is so very tantalising to have to sit opposite a pretty girl without opening one's mouth.

"Allow me!" he exclaimed, and was down on his hands and knees in a moment, groping under the seats for the half-sovereigns, six-pences, and shillings which had rolled about in all directions.

The girl went down on her knees, too; and, as there isn't too much room allowed for these exercises in a railway carriage, their faces were pretty close together.

"I don't know that I ever saw such a fresh, charming face," decided John Morewood to himself.

And, at that moment, he even forgot Lilian Leslie.

"Thank you so much," said the girl, as he handed the last coin to her. "It was very careless of me."

"Not at all. The oscillation of these trains is really abominable, at times. I wonder the line is not improved."

"Well, at any rate, I am very much obliged to you," said the girl, sweetly, the beautiful colour in her cheek deepening a little.

"Oh, pray don't mention it! But, are you sure you've recovered all?"

And he looked as though he would have gone down on his knees again.

"Quite sure, thank you!"

After this, silence no longer reigned between them.

Even etiquette herself—stern old harri-dant though she is—could hardly have expected that!

From talking about the delinquencies of the railway companies, Morewood got to a remark on the scenery through which they were passing, then glided on to another subject, and still another; and all with so much tact and courtesy, that the girl, even had she been the most timid and mistrustful of damsels, could have taken no alarm.

However, she was neither timid nor mistrustful; and, having assured herself she was in the company of a gentleman, conversed with that sweet, modest frankness which only a lady can command.

Much did Morewood wonder who she was, and whither she was going; but, for all her pleasant frankness, she said not a word which could throw light upon either subject.

Her dress was plain, but it was that of a lady—yes, from the crown of her dainty hat to the point of her neat little patent shoe.

Nevertheless, he had an impression—how gained he could scarcely have told—that she was poor rather than otherwise.

For one thing, she was travelling without an attendant; and, for another, the little purse had held more silver coins than gold ones; and she had seemed quietly glad when those few gold coins had been restored to her.

Her initials were "K. L."

At any rate those were the letters he deciphered on the pretty little bag of Russian leather, which lay on the seat beside her.

"K. L." he kept saying over and over again to himself, fitting them to imaginary names which he thought would suit his charming travelling companion.

"What a fool I am!" he muttered. "Why should I feel this interest in the girl, just because she happens to have a lovely face? A thousand times to one I shall never see her again."

Even as he was thinking this, she glanced across at him, and said—

"Can you tell me what time this train is due at Little Cleeve?"

Now, Little Cleeve was the station nearest The Towers, and, consequently, was not so many miles away from his own home Beech Royal.

"This train doesn't stop at Little Cleeve," he said.

"Doesn't it?" cried the girl, with a startled glance. "Oh, I thought it did!"

"No; if you had wanted to get out at Little Cleeve, you ought to have changed at the last station. We passed the junction a few minutes ago."

She looked troubled—almost distressed. Morewood could see she was in a quandary.

"You wished to alight at Little Cleeve?" he asked, gently.

"Yes. It is to a place called The Towers I am going," she added, frankly—an appealing look in her eyes, as though she thought he might be able to help her. "My friends will be at the station to meet me, and they will think I haven't come—and oh dear! I really don't know what I had better do."

"Oh! I think you won't find much difficulty in getting to The Towers," said Morewood, with a reassuring smile.

He felt secretly pleased that the charming girl was to be, for a time, at least his neighbour; and secretly surprised that she should be a friend of the Muggletons.

But he permitted neither emotion to betray itself in his looks.

"Will you please tell me what station I had better get out at?—the one nearest to The Towers, I mean," she said, anxiously.

"Your best course will be to get out at Southwood. That is the next station we come to. It is about five miles from The Towers; but you will easily meet with a conveyance of some sort. I get out there, and shall be most happy to be of use, if you will allow me. Unfortunately, my own carriage is not to be at the station, or I would have asked you to make use of it. But, as it happens, I am walking home. As I am a neighbor of Mr. Muggleton's, and have the pleasure of his acquaintance, you will, perhaps, let me give you my card."

"Oh, thank you," said the girl, gratefully. "It is very, very kind of you. And I must tell you who I am," she added, frankly. "I am Miss Lisle, and Vi Muggleton is my friend. You know her, perhaps?"

"Oh, yes; quite well—quite well; that is to say, considering the Muggletons are almost strangers here. I met them all at the house of a friend a few evenings ago."

"Vi is my very dearest friend, said Miss Lisle, with emphasis.

When the train stopped, Morewood handed her out, wondering, in his own mind, what the other initial stood for.

"Kate," he felt quite certain.

No other name would suit her half so well, he thought.

Kate Lisle! what a very charming name.

"If you don't mind sitting in the waiting-room for a few minutes," he said, "I'll attend to your luggage, and see about the best way of getting to The Towers."

"Thank you!" she said, and retired to the waiting-room accordingly.

In a little while he came back to inform her he had got a conveyance.

It was a pillion, belonging to the innkeeper, and the innkeeper's son, a lad of eighteen, was to be the driver.

Morewood would have liked to drive the girl himself; but his gentlemanly instincts told him this might be regarded as an unnecessary attention.

Therefore he contented himself with reflecting that he could see her again whenever he chose to pay a call at The Towers.

I sent a telegram to the station-master at Little Cleeve, he remarked, as he handed her into the vehicle. "He will communicate with whoever comes from The Towers so they will understand how it is you are not there."

"Oh, thank you!" said the girl, with a radiant smile. "I was troubling about that—wondering whatever they would think."

"I hope you will be comfortable," he said, after he had adjusted everything.

"I am sure I shall be. Thank you so much—thank you again and again."

A. d. she put out her hand frankly—such a pretty, dainty little hand, as d in a perfectly fitting glove.

"Good-bye!"

And then the pillion moved away in one direction, and John Morewood in another.

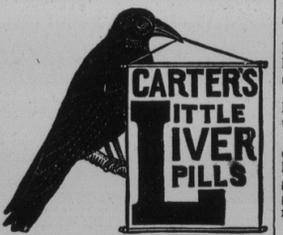
But he would not have felt quite so well content as he did, if he had not known he should meet that charming girl again.

A couple hours later, an interesting tete-a-tete was being held in one of the dainty dressing-rooms at The Towers.

Miss Lisle, now wrapped in the prettiest of pale-blue dressing-gowns, was lying back, at ease, in a downy-cushioned chair, while her "very dearest friend," Vi Muggleton, sat opposite her, with a look of ceasing happiness upon her pretty face.

"You can't think how I felt when that train came in, and I saw you nowhere. I believed I cried. Oh, Kate, darling, you

(CONTINUED ON FIFTEENTH PAGE.)



**CARTER'S  
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Positively cured by these Little Pills.

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Sunday Reading

"It is the Lord." When the day breaks along the beach. And turns to gold the yellow sand, When surging waves stretch forth and reach...

Straight To Jesus Christ.

I once said to a friend who attended my church: 'I have hoped that long before this you would have taken your stand for Christ.' His frank reply was: 'So I would if I were not a coward.' He had not only enemies within, but was surrounded by irreligious associates...

The Saviour once said: 'No man having put his hand to the plow and looking back is fit for the Kingdom of God.' That word 'fit' is not a happy translation; for the original Greek word signifies well put or well placed.

My friend, you have probably made but small progress toward that life which your conscience tells you you ought to lead. You often think about this vital matter; you often make good resolutions, and, perhaps, offer some earnest prayers.

Fat is absolutely necessary as an article of diet. If it is not of the right kind it may not be digested. Then the body will not get enough of it. In this event there is fat-starvation.

Scott's Emulsion supplies this needed fat, of the right kind, in the right quantity, and in the form already partly digested.

As a result all the organs and tissues take on activity.

50c. and \$1.00, all druggists. SCOTT & BOWNE, Chemists, Toronto.

loose from them. I have seen a steamer at the wharf start its engine, and, while the propelling screw was churning the water at the stern, the vessel did not move. A stout hawser held it to the pier; as soon as the rope was cast off, the steamer started. That vessel was not "well put" for its voyage until it was detached from the wharf and could use its motive power unhindered.

It is of little matter what may be the sin that holds you back, so that it keeps your soul from a full, sincere surrender to Jesus Christ. Cost what it may, make a clean breast of it in confession to God, and clean work of it in renouncing the sin. You cannot cling to your sins and cling to your Saviour, too. Up to this time you have failed, and you will continue to fail as long as you try to "serve two masters."

At the very point where the Holy Spirit is pressing upon your conscience to take a step or perform a duty, right there you must yield. That is the decisive point. When Christ pressed closely on the young ruler to quit his estate and come and follow him, the young man drew back, because he would not cut loose from his selfishness. That poor, rich youth was not "well put" for the noble career of discipleship which Jesus held out before him.

Walter Baker & Co., Limited. Established 1780. Dorchester, Mass., U. S. A. The Oldest and Largest Manufacturers of PURE, HIGH GRADE Cocos and Chocolates.

Sometimes a single passage of God's Word comes as a heaven-sent message for the emergency. 'Here is one for you: For the Lord God will help me; therefore I shall not be confounded; and I know that I shall not be ashamed.'

Bibles as Savings Banks.

Big family Bibles are frequently receptacles for all manner of valuables. Indeed, the holy Book is a sort of a safe, and old Bibles picked up at auctions reveal curious treasures of every imaginable sort.

One dusty tome testified to the saving tendencies of a former owner, no fewer than fifty sovereigns being securely fastened between its pages. The miser had gone to work in an original manner to make his hoard as secure as possible. Cutting out a big hole in the centre of the book, he deposited his wealth therein, pasted the leaves one over the other above and below the coins, until they were completely enveloped in a hard mass of pasted paper.

The book when closed appeared very ordinary, and as only the middle was a solid block, front and back leaves could be turned without exciting suspicion.

According to an insurance agent whose round is in a rural locality of a large city, money frequently kept in Bibles by poor people. A laundress, blessed with an intemperate husband, showed the collector her little treasury, which she kept between the leather of the back of a colossal volume.

The heavy cover of another big Bible was a sort of jewel-case, a pair of old-fashioned earrings, a string of coral beads, and a wedding ring being securely packed under the leather, which, well-padded, admitted them without bulging. This collection was discovered by a purchaser of odds and ends at a Miscellaneous sale.

The smart lawyer is always intent upon getting at weaknesses in the character of the principal and witnesses on the other side. A well-known barrister recently told the story of an exploit of his own, when, as counsel for the defendant, he was examining the plaintiff in a certain case.

'Why do people shrink from certain things—their pet aversion? In nine cases out of ten it is the transmitted idea that is at work.' 'A patient of mine had an unaccountable horror of a certain article of diet. He could not remain in the room where it was eaten; the very odour of it was repellent to him. Why? He was utterly unable to tell me. But I could, after making very careful and judicious inquiries into his family history. The grandfather was a man of gluttonous disposition, and had at one time a peculiar weakness for that very edible which so disgusted his grandson.

'No, the transmitted idea is not confined to the human race. In proof of this I may cite one curious fact about horses. If straw or litter from the cage of a lion or tiger is taken into a stable where there are horses, the animals will become restive and show signs of uneasiness. In some cases they will become simply frantic with fear. And yet not one of those horses may ever have seen or acquired any knowledge of wild beasts. It is just another instance of an idea transmitted in this case from remote generations.

THE REVERSE



of the truth is the idea that one soap is about as good as another. Make a trial of

Eclipse

and you will see the superiority at once. One soap for all laundry and cleansing purposes—ECLIPSE.

Send us 25 "Eclipse" wrappers or 6c. with coupon and we will mail you a popular novel. A coupon in every bar of "Eclipse."

JOHN TAYLOR & CO., Manufacturers, Toronto, Ont.

'That will do, Mr. Murphy,' said the lawyer. The court was already in a roar, and the lawyer felt that there was no need for further testimony or argument.

'Why are some of the best of us so cruel, treacherous, and malicious in our dreams? Why do we witness or perform revolting deeds with unconcern. Well, my theory, and that of many other students of hereditary impressions, is that in dreams, we are vaguely living over again the lives of our savage and even our animal ancestors.'

THE HUMAN BRAIN.

Does Our Ancestors' Ideas and Feelings Live Again In Us.

'One of the most remarkable things about the human mind,' said a medical authority on mental subjects, 'is the way in which it stores up and reproduces feelings and sensations which have been handed down from remote generations.'

'Many of those singular sensations and impressions which come into one's life occasionally without apparent cause are simply the floating up into one's consciousness of the ideas and feelings of ancestors transmitted by the subtle and marvellous psychology of mind. I could give you many instances, but I will confine myself to two simple cases in which the impressions were derived from near progenitors.'

'One of my patients is a widow with a little son who was not born until shortly after his father's death. The little fellow has a curious trick of slapping his pockets as he walks about a characteristic habit of the father, whom he never saw. He has also a curious fancy for wearing ties of a colour which the father was peculiarly fond of during his life.'

'A more remarkable case, which came under my own observation, was that of a young man who was strangely affected by a picture—a landscape—in the South Kensington Museum. It had such an effect on his mind that he said he had gazed on it for hours without understanding the secret of its fascination. The problem was solved when it was ultimately found that the scene was that of the birthplace of the young man's grandfather (whom he never knew). The grandfather was a traveller, and died in a distant quarter of the globe, lamenting many times that he would never behold his native place again. He was evidently a man deeply attached to his home, and the idea, you see, was transmitted over a whole generation.'

'Why do people shrink from certain things—their pet aversion? In nine cases out of ten it is the transmitted idea that is at work.'

'A patient of mine had an unaccountable horror of a certain article of diet. He could not remain in the room where it was eaten; the very odour of it was repellent to him. Why? He was utterly unable to tell me. But I could, after making very careful and judicious inquiries into his family history. The grandfather was a man of gluttonous disposition, and had at one time a peculiar weakness for that very edible which so disgusted his grandson.

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'The inherited idea is strongly brought out in the element of fear. Not one person in a thousand can hold his face against the glass of a case in which a serpent is confined, and allow the reptile to strike at his cheek against the glass. He may be a cool, level-headed, logical man, he may be perfectly assured of his safety, but he will be almost certain to jump back, although knowing all the time that he is beyond the reach of harm. The inherited impression, you see, is stronger than logic and common sense; the involuntary forces of the body will for the moment overcome the voluntary ones.'

'I have no doubt, too, that these inherited

impressions account for a good many of our dreams, more especially as during sleep the submerged life of the individual comes to the surface, and the involuntary faculties have full play.

'Why are some of the best of us so cruel, treacherous, and malicious in our dreams? Why do we witness or perform revolting deeds with unconcern. Well, my theory, and that of many other students of hereditary impressions, is that in dreams, we are vaguely living over again the lives of our savage and even our animal ancestors.'

A POPULAR HOME WORK.

Successful Only When the Diamond Dyes are Used.

In thousands of happy and thrifty homes in the Dominion and in the colony of Newfoundland the work of rug and mat making is becoming very popular. Homemade rugs and mats are more highly esteemed just now than imported goods. This is not surprising when we remember the fact that the home articles are the best wearing and prettiest.

The Diamond Dyes have given a great impetus to the work of making homemade rugs and mats. In former times the troublesome part of the work was the dyeing. With the old fashioned and poorly prepared dyes the dyeing operation was long and unsatisfactory. The introduction of the Diamond Dyes with their special colors for wool, and for cotton, and mixed goods has been a boon to womankind. Old and faded rags and yarns for mats and rugs can now be dyed in beautiful and brilliant shades with the Diamond Dyes—shades that are perfectly fast to sun and soap.

If you wish to be at all times successful in dyeing for rug and mat making, we here utter a warning note against the use of adulterated package and soap grease dyes that only produce muddy and streaky colors that cannot possibly stand an ordinary washing. Ask for the Diamond Dyes, use them as per directions, and your success is sure.

'An Apology.'

An editor who published an account of a wedding which had not taken place thus very neatly explained matter:

'Apology is due to parties concerned. We don't often get caught in this way, but this time we were told so confidently by honest folk that the wedding was a fact, that we took the bait and wrote the item. We sometimes feel like the venerable Scotsman who, as he read King David's words, viz. 'I said in my haste, All men are liars,' blurted out, 'Eh, mon, if ye had lived in our day ye might have taken yer time about it.'

Dyspepsia's Clutch.

Dr. Van Stan's Pineapple Tablets are nature's most wonderful remedy for all disorders of the stomach. The digestive powers of pineapple can be tested by mixing equal parts of pineapple and beet and agitating at a temperature of 130° Fahrenheit, when the meat will be entirely digested. Pineapple Tablets relieve in one day. 35 cents. Sold by H. J. Dick and Geo. W. Hoben.

London's Stray Cats.

It is calculated that London possesses 3,000,000 cats, and that about 100,000 of them are homeless. To meet their need, and lessen the sum of feline misery, Mrs. Morgan founded the institution for Lost and Starving Cats at 80, Park Hill Road, Hampstead, some two years ago, and her efforts ought to be warmly supported by the enemies as well as the friends of poor puss, for since the institution was opened she has received 10,146 cats, of whom 90 per cent, have been put out of their misery by the painless process of chloroforming, while homes have been found for the remainder.

The oyster is one of the strongest of creatures, and the force required to open it is more than 1,500 times its own weight.

STAINED GLASS Memorials, Interior Decorations. CASTLE & SON, 20 University St., Montreal. Write for catalogue B.

Notches on The Stick

A happy chance put into our hands a copy of "Pine, Rose and Fleur de Lis," just before we went up river to a summer encampment on the banks of the Mattawamkeag. The dusky old hemlocks that overlook that stream, and the flowers that star the grassy paths of approach to the grove were brightened by the arch of tender tapers of "Seranus;" [Mrs. S. Frances Harrison, of Toronto, author of "Crowded Out and Other Sketches," "The Birthday Book," etc.], for we found her choice book a means of generous entertainment. Afterwards, when on the shore at Northport, we sought to supplement the charm we found it had not become passe. But it perplexes us to conjecture why she should be called "a Canadian Longfellow" except it be upon the supposition that everything and everybody must be surmamed after some foreign master, and that in this day it does not matter whether the label has any definite relation to the substance or not. Surely the graceful piquancy of her "Down the River," could never suggest Longfellow to herself, while "Vis De Boheme" would easily recall the dramatic lyrics of Browning, with whose spirit our authoress, we venture to say, has real fellowship. "Down the River,"—which, with all due regard to the fine "Monody" on Isabella Valancy Crawford "November," "The Post's Sunday," "September," and "October," is the brightest gem of the cabinet,—is a poetical record of a trip down the St. Lawrence, given in the lyrical measures of the Trobadours, to which the author adds a spirit and an aroma of her own.

Well, well, well, I see it all; Presbyters and polars tall, Wayside cross and lichen'd wall, Dark-eyed gamin brown and fat, Cheerful cure fond of chat, Sparkling spires among the hills, Waterfalls and roadside rills, Blueberries in birch canoes, Poucht by boys in wooden shoes, Cones of berries red and sweet Brought by girls in bare brown feet, And beyond it all, the pride Of the lofty Laurentide Mountain range so misty blue, All the glories, peerless view Of the river flowing down Past Cape Diamond's Jewell'd Crown; Past each sleepy little town White against the hillside brown, Past Ste. Anne's where you may see Relics of a featy Long since dead in wiser places, Planned by cautious, colder races; Past the Isle of Bacchus, where All the past is in the air, And in none and none we deem La belle France to be so dear.

Two joyous companions, man and maiden, lovers it maybe, surrender themselves to the charms of nature; they glide down the lake-shores and along with the stream, touching here and there at The Thousand Isles, dreaming of Dryad, Satyr, Persephone and Theocritus; visiting Ottawa; Gatineau Point, Chateau Popineau, Ste Therese, St. Remi, Petite Ste Rosalie, Cap Sante, Cote Beaulieu, St. Barthelemy, St. Jean Baptiste, Ste. Rose, St. Hiluire, and Ste Scholastique and other points. A musical ear, a quick observant eye, a generous appreciation of character and a ready hand in the delineation of its oddities and characteristic types, are indicated by the verses. Benedict Brosse, Catharine Plouffe, and Father Couture, Cure of Petite Ste Rosalie, live in our imagination after we have closed the book.

Father Couture loves a fricassee, Serv'd with a sip of home-made wine, He is the cure, so jolly and free, And lives in Petite Ste Rosalie. "Victoria Regina." In the Queen's Park, May 24, 1887, 'England,' 'Ou Durdham Down,' 'Tintarn Abbey,' 'To Maurice Thompson' 'The Bill and the Star,' 'The Dying Year,' 'December' and other pieces, add their charm to the volume.

From Mr. Morgan's book of Canadian Biography we learn that Mrs. Harrison is a native of Toronto, and is at this date something over thirty years of age. She is daughter of the late John Byron Riley, and was married to Mr. J. J. W. Harrison, organist of St. Simon's church, Toronto, and an accomplished musician. Her first writing in the press dates from her sixteenth year, since which time she has become well known in Canada and in England, as well as in the United States. She has been a contributor to "The Strand," "Temple Bar," "The Atlantic Monthly," "The Cosmopolitan," "The New England Magazine," etc., and as a song writer and musical composer has been highly successful. She was one of the first, as she is one of our best, exponents of French Canadian life, and scenery, having "done for the habitat of Lower Canada much the same service as George W. Cable has done for the Creoles of Louisiana." Her productions have met with favor at the hands of critical writers.

Easy to Take Easy to Operate

Are features peculiar to Hood's Pills. Small in size, tasteless, efficient, thorough. As one man

Hood's Pills

said: "You never know you have taken a pill till it is all over." See C. I. Hood & Co., Proprietors, Lowell, Mass. The only pills to take with Hood's Caraparilla

The Marquis of Dufferin writes of her work: "It gives me pleasure to think that Canada should possess such an author." Characteristic examples of her verses may be found in Stedman's "Victorian Anthology," and Lighthall's "Songs of the Great Dominion."

We are pleased to revive traditions of Joseph Rodman Drake, the friend and literary collaborator of Fitz Greene Hall, and the author of "The Calprit Fay," and that ringing patriotic poem, "The American Flag." A poet of no mean accomplishment and of brilliant promise, and a person of great physical as well as spiritual beauty, he passed to the unseen in the morning of his life. His brother muse mourned him sincerely:

"Tears fell when thou wert dying From eyes unused to weep, And long, where thou art lying, Will tears the cold turf steep." It is to be feared that tears do not flow very freely there, now,—but what matter? He wrote once of the stream beside which he loved to lie in his dreaming days, and which he called, "My own romantic Bronx."

"A more pleasant than the face of men, Thy waves are old companions." Near this loved scene his grave is made. He lies buried "in a curious and neglected little cemetery in Morrisania, in the borough of the Bronx. The visitor from Manhattan should take a Southern Boulevard car at Harlem Bridge and get off at Hunt's Point road. Going along this road, and keeping to his left, the pilgrim would find himself in a beautiful and well kept rural avenue, overarched with magnificent shade trees, and lined on either side with massive stone fences inclosing splendid estates. After going along this lovely sylvan thorough-fare in a leisurely manner for about twenty minutes, a sharp turn in the road to the left will throw the visitor that he is within a stone's throw of the patriotic young poet's grave. Skirting the roadside one hundred and fifty feet away he will notice a clump of thickly-clustered trees of perhaps an acre in extent. In the heart of this copse the ancient burying-ground lies. But so densely huddled are the trees, and so wild and tangled is the vegetation with which it is overrun, that the wayfarer would be likely to pass it by oblivious of its character. The stone steps which once invited entrance to the graveyard are falling into ruin. The old wooden gate is still intact, and swings outward on its rusty iron hinges; but a formidable barrier of prickly vines and scrubby undergrowth on the other side repels the intruder. No gateway, however, is now necessary. A narrow path leads from Hunt's Point road, up a slight incline, direct to Drake's tomb. And as the pilgrim pushes aside the bushes and brambles that beset him, and clambers up, the first monument that greets his sight will be that of the author of "The American Flag" This would have suited his fancy who sang:—

A well-remember'd form in each old tree, I shall see And hear a voice long loved in thy wild minstrelsy." Mr. Morris Phillips, of the New York Home Journal, who has a happy manner with the pen, and mingles description and reminiscence very entertainingly, writes of Hon. Hannibal Hamlin, in his recent article on "Newport Thoughts and Things." We chance to live in Hamlin's old home town, where he is still fondly remembered, and where his former residence and law-office are pointed out to the summer visitor. Hamlin was a man of the people, and very popular in Maine, where he was regarded in much the same spirit as was once Hon. Joseph Howe in Nova Scotia. Thus Mr. Phillips: "I remember that I was assisting in a subordinate and small way, one night, in the management of some benefit performance at that the

stre (Niblo's Garden). If memory serves me, Madame Anna Bishop, on that occasion, appeared as Arline, in Balfe's 'Bohemian Girl.' Hannibal Hamlin, Lincoln's first vice-president, was in town, and it was my aim to secure his presence at the theatre. I asked Mr. Stewart for his box for the use of the vice-president, and he gave his consent immediately and graciously; he was a courtly man. I had the box draped with American flags (it was war time then, too), and it was suggested that Madame Bishop sing George P. Morris' song, 'The Flag of Our Union.' This is the refrain: The union of lakes and the union of lands, The union of states none can sever; The union of hearts and the union of hands, And the flag of our union forever, The flag of our union forever. The vice president stood up in his box (he was a large man) and greeted Madame Bishop and the flag she waved with great enthusiasm. Mr. Hamlin imagined that he was indebted to me in some way, for when he returned to Washington, he sent me a package of valuable books, which were published at great expense by the government. . . . I prize these books highly, both for their intrinsic value and for the esteem in which I hold the memory of Hannibal Hamlin."

Our accomplished and agreeable friend, Louis M. Eshema, having cultivated the dolce far niente in Hampden, and having attained "fresh fields and pastures new," sends back his musical regrets. Artist, poet, and musician, and long-remembered Bohemian, the wild world has been made his familiar. He is apt to describe an African or Arizanian sand storm, as a snow squall in the White Mountains. A Parisian cafe, or an Italian cuomo, or a Chinese quarter, the memory of those rushes in swift discomure,—in all such things he is au fait. The lord of a Blake, a Poe, a Verlaine, a Silius, causes him to be eloquent. He lingered about our fields, under our apple trees, sat in the maple shade upon our stone wall, haunted our coves, cliffs and beaches, put our loneliest nooks and loveliest maidens upon his canvases, and then departed. From our neighboring town of Winterport he sends,—and we share it with our readers—

A Memory of Yesterday. This is a dull and heavy day— The fog-clouds will not lift nor move. The air is hot—no birdings play; And quiet is the hollow grove. I sit me in the clover-field; before me lies Penobscot, stretching here into a bay; Beyond are home-strown hills, dim 'neath the dull grey skies. The crickets chirr, and bees resound Their buzzing 'n; at moments blows A gentle wind—while on the ground Ants thrid their way through wild-flower rows, And golden daisies peep near me—and, o'er my head, A many-limbed oak doth find his bound; And round me lie cut grasses, sleek as silken thread. I see the wide stretch of the river: A mile from shore 's wooded shore. I see the clover-flowers quiver, As now a breeze springs from Noon's door. And then I dream of happy days, but two days gone. Spent where a poet dwells in joy forever— For he hath wife and children, so he be not lone. In Hampden Corner he doth dwell: Fair elm enchant his eyes each day; In orchard seated, near a well, He loves to read some poet's lay; Or wanders o'er the hills—and sees a blue brood band B-low, by willow-trees oft hid away— And knows 'tis deep Penobscot coursing through the land. He loves the river's side, from where He sees high Orrington shine in glow, As dreams of Normandy there; And sees the house built long ago, That braved the British cannons through our early war. But most he loves his little room all fair: To thought so sacred, to his precious books, his Lar!

Those days still fragrant in my mind; Those hours still throng my lonely thought: When we had sit the angry wind; Or read some song with feeling fraught. When on Penobscot's windy wharf he read deep lays To us; and when in memory we would find Sweet thoughts of long dead poets whom we loved all ways. Nor can I ever forget the laughter Of small Corinna, and boisterous Snow— When chasing them o'er fields and after: Within my arm, all to and fro I cradled them; nor from my mind can I efface] Mary and Jessie—one in maiden glow, The other budding into beauteous maiden-grace! The river rushes to the sea; 'Tis midway to fair eventide. And now the rain falls down on tree— The grey skies will not long abide. But 'neath this oak fond shelter from the rain I found. Alone I am; with no boon company— Yet sweet in bond with life on tree and on the ground. Yet walls the rain all gently falls— And I am lonely on the shore— My memory lives; and now recalls Those days to keep forevermore; Sweet Mary, Jessie, Snow, Corinne; those children fair; And all his own; and, in the woodland-halls Of my strange soul, he, poet, ever will be there! L. M. E. Aug. 10, 1896. The house referred to as having "brayed the British cannon" is at Orrington. It

is large and squarely built, and stands on the high bank above the river. a familiar landmark The Loud family, who inhabit it, had preserved, and used to exhibit, the cannon ball which was shot through the wide hall that extends from the back to the front of the building, from the gun of a British cruiser that came up the river during the war of 1812. It is one of the oldest residences in this part of the country.

We have heard of a book which, could we see without the trouble of purchase, we might examine at last curiously, for the title's sake. "The Non-religion of the Future" (M. Guyan.) we have reason to suspect is a chimera of the present. Whether for good or ill, unless we except the select few represented by M. Guyan, mankind is, in the phrase of Sabatier, incurably religious." If therefore, when we have a terrible notion of God, will it not be kind, on the part of these men to leave us in undisturbed possession than, dispossessed, to drive us to the invention of a bawdy deity, such perchance as the infidel worshippers—himself? A reviewer remarks: "The religious man, whatever the phase of his religious life, will not take the book seriously. Its labored arguments, occupying over five hundred pages, appear to us to be sufficiently refuted by the bon mot quoted in a note: "You are occupied with religion. There is, then, some such thing. So much the better for those who cannot do without it." Talk of the ethereal man, who is to float like a feather, whose whole body is an eye, and to whom the dew is nutritious substance; for he will be here in advance of "The Non-religion of the Future."

Mrs. Percia V. White gives us another of her dainty little flower poems. We must not break the series by any omission:

The Clover Housewives. The merry wives in Clover land Are flying round in glee, For they've received a message from That gay brigand, the Bee. "Now load your three-leaved table down With sweets in colors three, For I'm very fond of honey!" quoth That gay brigand, the Bee. "And I will find the pollen hoards Of the Miser of clover lsa, And fling his gold among you!" cried That gay brigand, the Bee. So they're loading down their tables small With sweets in colors three— In red and white and gold—to please That gay brigand, the Bee.

There is one street in Brunswick, Maine, of unusual interest to the intelligent visitor. There are homesteads that should be preserved by the nation, as pilgrim haunts and the repositories of relics,—especially that in which Mrs. Stowe wrote her "Uncle Tom's Cabin," and that in which Longfellow wrote his "Otrre Mer." There also are the homes in which T. S. C. Abbot wrote his "History of Napoleon Bonaparte," Prof. Cleveland his "Mineralogy," and Prof. Upham his "Moral and Mental Philosophy."

A revival of George Eliot is said to be gathering way. Several editions with special notes and edition are announced by publishers in England and America. Not long since Longmans brought out a new edition of "Silas Marner," with introduction and notes by Robert Herrick. We are not surprised that renewed interest should be found in such noble books as were given to the world by Marian Evans. The public has hardly begun to know their greatness. "Speaking of literary revivals," remarks the "Home Journal" the publisher and editor of a new and complete edition of N. P. Willis will make money. Why will not his friend and the Journal's editor, Mr. Morris Phillips, undertake it?

"Down Durdley Luxe," by Woodward Cloud, is to be published sometime in the autumn by Century Company. The verses are in the same vein as the ballads of Cowper and Goldsmith, and so appeal to the young as well as the old.

We observe the announcement of "New York Nocturnes and Other Poems," by Charles G. D. Robert Lamson Wolff & Co. PASTOR FELIX. CHURCH COURTS. May D'Arce and split hairs on Doctrines Profane, but may Jolie Hands for Humanity in Proclaiming the Victories of Dr. Agnew's Catarrhal Powder.

Catarrh, that dread menace to humanity, attacks this high, the low, the rich, the poor, the learned and the illiterate, but Dr. Agnew's Catarrhal Powder is the sovereign cure and needs no more reliable testimony of its efficacy to cope with and cure this disease than that such eminent civilians as Rev. Mungo Fraser, Presbyterian; Bishop Sweatman, and other prominent leaders in the Church courts, who have over their own signatures testified of its virtues. What better evidence for you that it will cure you. Planned by the Cook. The famous Cardinal Fesch, a man of high honour in the annals of gastronomy, had invited a large party of clerical dignitaries to dinner. By a fortunate coincidence two turbot of considerable size appeared upon the scene as presents to his Eminence on the very morning of the feast. Now the Cardinal felt that to serve both would appear ridiculous; but, notwithstanding, he was exceedingly anxious to have the credit of both. In his embarrassment, therefore, he took his chef into his confidence. "Oh, do not be troubled, your Eminence," said that worthy, "both shall duly appear; both shall enjoy the reputation which is their undoubted right." The dinner was served. One of the turbot followed the soup. Exclamations unanimous, enthusiastic, gastronomic—it was the critical moment in the banquet! The butler advanced; two attendants raised the monster and carried him off to cut him up; but one lost his equilibrium—the result being that the attendants and the turbot rolled together on the floor. At this sad sight the assembled guests became pale as death, and a solemn silence reigned in the convales. To the expectant magnates it was a moment of disappointment unutterable. But the butler suddenly turned to the attendants. "Bring another turbot," said he, with the most perfect coolness. The other fish appeared a few moments afterwards, and the good humor of the whole company was effectively renewed. In elegant. The subject of a young lady's essay, who was graduated from a high school in an Ohio town, was 'Hawthorne,' and in her essay she said, 'At the age of thirty nine Hawthorne married and took his wife to the old manse.' The day after the commencement one of the village maidens called on Miss E., and in talking the affair over, remarked: "Wasn't it awful that Maude should say such a thing in her essay?" Miss E. inquired to what she alluded. "Why, she said at the age of thirty-nine Hawthorne married and took his wife to the old man's. Why didn't she say to his father-in-law's?"



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Start wash day with good soap, pure soap, that's half the battle won.

SURPRISE SOAP

is made especially for washing clothes, makes them clean and fresh and sweet, with little rubbing. It's best for this and every use.

Don't forget the name. SURPRISE.

We observe the announcement of "New York Nocturnes and Other Poems," by Charles G. D. Robert Lamson Wolff & Co. PASTOR FELIX. CHURCH COURTS. May D'Arce and split hairs on Doctrines Profane, but may Jolie Hands for Humanity in Proclaiming the Victories of Dr. Agnew's Catarrhal Powder.

Catarrh, that dread menace to humanity, attacks this high, the low, the rich, the poor, the learned and the illiterate, but Dr. Agnew's Catarrhal Powder is the sovereign cure and needs no more reliable testimony of its efficacy to cope with and cure this disease than that such eminent civilians as Rev. Mungo Fraser, Presbyterian; Bishop Sweatman, and other prominent leaders in the Church courts, who have over their own signatures testified of its virtues. What better evidence for you that it will cure you. Planned by the Cook. The famous Cardinal Fesch, a man of high honour in the annals of gastronomy, had invited a large party of clerical dignitaries to dinner. By a fortunate coincidence two turbot of considerable size appeared upon the scene as presents to his Eminence on the very morning of the feast. Now the Cardinal felt that to serve both would appear ridiculous; but, notwithstanding, he was exceedingly anxious to have the credit of both. In his embarrassment, therefore, he took his chef into his confidence. "Oh, do not be troubled, your Eminence," said that worthy, "both shall duly appear; both shall enjoy the reputation which is their undoubted right." The dinner was served. One of the turbot followed the soup. Exclamations unanimous, enthusiastic, gastronomic—it was the critical moment in the banquet! The butler advanced; two attendants raised the monster and carried him off to cut him up; but one lost his equilibrium—the result being that the attendants and the turbot rolled together on the floor. At this sad sight the assembled guests became pale as death, and a solemn silence reigned in the convales. To the expectant magnates it was a moment of disappointment unutterable. But the butler suddenly turned to the attendants. "Bring another turbot," said he, with the most perfect coolness. The other fish appeared a few moments afterwards, and the good humor of the whole company was effectively renewed. In elegant. The subject of a young lady's essay, who was graduated from a high school in an Ohio town, was 'Hawthorne,' and in her essay she said, 'At the age of thirty nine Hawthorne married and took his wife to the old manse.' The day after the commencement one of the village maidens called on Miss E., and in talking the affair over, remarked: "Wasn't it awful that Maude should say such a thing in her essay?" Miss E. inquired to what she alluded. "Why, she said at the age of thirty-nine Hawthorne married and took his wife to the old man's. Why didn't she say to his father-in-law's?"

Weak Kidneys. Always Cured by Doan's Kidney Pills. Mr. I. Patterson, Croft St., Amherst, N.S., makes the following statement: "Having been troubled for some time with distressing backaches and weak kidneys, I decided to try Doan's Kidney Pills. They acted promptly and effectively in removing the trouble with which I was afflicted, and restored me to my old-time form. It is a pleasure for me to recommend them to others." Doan's Kidney Pills are the most effective remedy in the world for Bright's Disease, Diabetes, Dropsy, Backache, Gravel, Sediment in the Urine, and all kinds of Kidney and Urinary Troubles. Price 50c a box or 3 boxes for \$1.25. The Doan Kidney Pill Co., Toronto, Ont. Remember the name, "Doan's," and refuse all others.

BUY Coleman's Salt THE BEST Every package guaranteed. The 5 lb Carton of Table Salt is the neatest package on the market. For sale by all first class grocers.

Chat to Boys and Girls.

With the boys and girls of St. John Halifax and the many other places where Progress is a welcome visitor, I want to spend a short time each week, in real friendly social chat especially as the considerate editor has promised us this cosy corner, all "for our very own"—I propose that we should institute a sort of round table (you know they fit so well into a corner) about which we may all gather on Saturday and as that is a holiday from school I shall hope to meet a great many of you then, and there, trusting you will look forward to and enjoy our chats, as much as I shall. I am very fond of school boys and girls, and feel deeply interested in all that concerns their young, happy life—I say happy, because though you have your trials and vexations, just as many and as real, as we older ones yet they do not fall so heavily upon young shoulders, nor are the effects so lasting, and really, whether you think it or not, this is just the happiest time in your lives, because it is the time most free from care, and most full of hope—enjoy it then all you can, in a manly or a womanly way, and if I can help you in our weekly talks together how glad I shall be! Don't neglect first of all I would say to enjoy life—remember, boys and girls the old home will not stand forever! It seems to you very secure now perhaps, with mother's kind face always at the table, she looking bright and well, able and willing to see, and settle with "butcher and baker, or tailor or dressmaker" and all the other people upon whom your comfort largely depends. Why you can't fancy home without mother! She's part of your very life and you cannot separate her even in your thoughts from everything pleasant and comfortable that goes to make up the home. Well, I say from the bottom of my heart "God grant she may be long spared to you" but while you have her—love her—not only with words and kisses but with little acts of thoughtfulness for her; comfort, if it is only running upstairs to give her often tired feet, or closing the door gently, setting her chair at the table, or in the warmest corner, doing her errands cheerfully even though you wanted to go in the very opposite direction for some fun of your own, or giving up a good part of your holiday to amuse the half sick and perhaps fretful baby—it seems hard at the time I know, but oh! it pays well in the end—depend upon it, the memory of mother's approving smile and kind words, will be far, far sweeter and more satisfying than all the fun you could possibly have had, with Jennie or Tom playing house or coasting, or anything else. Read these few verses will you?

Nobody knows but Mother, Nobody knows of the work it makes, To keep the home together, Nobody knows of the steps it takes, Nobody knows—but mother. Nobody listens to child's woes, Which kisses only mother; Nobody's pained by naughty blows Nobody—only mother. Nobody knows of the sleepless care Bestowed on baby brother; Nobody knows of the tender prayer Nobody—only mother. Nobody knows of the lessons taught Of loving one another; Nobody knows of the patience sought Nobody—only mother. Nobody knows of the anxious fears Lest dear ones may not weather The storms of life in after years Nobody knows—but mother. Nobody kneels at the throne above To thank the Heavenly Father, For that sweetest gift—a mother's love Nobody can—but mother.

I think this expresses exactly what I would say. Perhaps too, there are merry sisters, and brothers, filling the house with fun and frolic making company for each other, and sharing little treasures and con-

fidences. And then, there is father, strong and helpful, at the head of all, to protect and provide for you, without a thought on your part. Why of course you feel safe and secure in this nest, nor does it dawn upon your young minds that the home blessings, should be appreciated, though, over, and given thanks for day by day. Ah! I am not very old yet, but I have lived to see my home so broken up, so wanting in the dear familiar faces that make child life pleasant that, though the house is still there, I dread to enter it—everything is so changed, and it can never be the same again you see so from a full heart I advise my boys and girls, to love and appreciate Home and Mother as among life's best blessings.

At another time I should like to talk with you about your school life, and occasionally I shall tell you a story, as all young folks I know are great story lovers, and I should like to see the round table so full of happy listeners, that Progress will have to supply many extra copies to meet the demand. If I can suggest games or amusements for the boys in these long autumn evenings or help the girls with hints of fancy work for birthday gifts, or fixing up their rooms prettily, I hope they will let me know. Any letters sent to the care of Progress will reach my corner safely, if addressed to AUNT BELL.

FRILLS OF FASHION.

Many of the latest Parisian toques are ablaze with a mixture of red and orange that almost defies description. Velvet draperies in rich orange, emerald and petunia are veiled with crazy net, dotted here and there with sparkling jewels and jewelled pins of large dimensions fasten loops and twists on hats and bonnets.

The newest shade of red is begonia. It is rich and deep and not so harsh as cherry red or cardinal.

Overskirts and draperies are becoming general on the light, fluffy type of evening gown, and they will no doubt be universally adopted for evening wear before winter sets in.

A novel finger ring is made to send forth a spray of scent whenever the wearer pleases, or to speak more accurately, when she is wise enough to keep the receptacle well filled. Other rings are set with a tiny watch.

Chains of all sorts and sizes are the order of the day. The more small jingling ornaments that can be crowded on the lorgnette chain the more fashionable it becomes. Paris sends us a brand new chain, showing a sort of Grecian border formed in steel and black enamel united. The whole thing is fully half an inch in width.

Chenille and straw blended together form bold patterns for the embellishment of bodices and skirts. Straw embroidery, by the way, is being much employed on muslin evening gowns, and some beautiful tulle ball gowns are worked all over the front with straw, the sleeves and belt being of turquoise blue or nasturtium velvet.

The most fashionable handkerchiefs of the moment are bordered with narrow colored Valenciennes lace. They may be fashionable, but the women of really refined taste avoids everything but pure white in her linen from her handkerchief to her night-dress.

English women of fashion are wearing shoes and stockings to match even their day gowns. Colored shoes have never taken well in America. Unless a perfect match is possible the effect is very ugly.

Velvet trimmings will find unlimited favor this winter, and dressmakers are still utilizing all kinds and shades of narrow ribbon as trimming for new autumn gowns.

Few women can afford to adopt the eskaladee, with nothing in the way of a frill, puff or epaulet to give the required breath to the shoulders, but all shoulder trimmings must be exceedingly small to meet fashionable demands.

Pretty shades of golden and seal brown are much in evidence in winter materials, and there seems to be a rage for every shade of red.

Tailors are disposed to smile most graciously on the new skirt that is mysteriously fashioned without any seam up the back and no fulcrum at the waist.

A magnificent teagown, designed in Paris for a new Yorker, is made of reddish guipure over white liberty silk. The corsage fastens with two large choux in black tulle, long ends of the tulle falling to the hem of the gown.

WOMEN HERE AND ABROAD.

Women in Victoria, will in future have the privilege of helping to elect the members of the Legislative Assembly. A bill has been passed giving them the suffrage. There was almost no opposition to the measure.

Mrs. A. T. Fisk, an English woman and a member of the Women's Vegetarian

Union, is lecturing on Vegetarianism as a cure for poverty.

Medicine was the profession to which women were first admitted in Russia. Many unattached woman surgeons accompanied the troops during the Russo-Turkish war in 1877, and were reported to have done their duty with undiminished courage and never-failing zeal. Quite recently a law has been passed whereby medical women who have obtained the diploma granted by certain medical schools are eligible for Government appointments and become entitled to the privileges that go with them. Russian women are elated over this turn in their affairs which places them on the same footing as men. Here's the best part of the new law after all, perhaps. The woman doctor who obtains an official appointment becomes eligible for a pension.

The San Francisco Chamber of Commerce and Half Million Club has sent Mrs. Janet McDonald of that city on a tour through the South and East to attract immigrants and capital to California. Mrs. McDonald was formerly in the millinery business, and made such a success that she was singled out for this novel mission.

St. Louis has only one woman lawyer, and St. Louis is proud of her. She is Miss Daisy Dorothy Barbee, and is about 25 years old. The leading members of the bar regard her with friendly interest, holding out a helping hand when a chance comes their way to do so. At present Miss Barbee is giving her attention to some civil cases, and is achieving success. She believes in dress reform "to a degree," as she puts it, and in woman suffrage "in a way." She believes in marriages, provided people are mated as well as matched, and never fails to read two novels a week as a recreation.

WAR ON THE TORMENTORS. 12 Years of Irritation, Torment and Pain Relieved and Cured With one box of Dr. Agnew's Ointment, for Skin Diseases and Piles.

A. Darnell, of Hayden, Neb., writes: "For 12 years I was tormented with itching piles, the agony at times was almost beyond bearing. I tried a dozen or more so-called pile remedies without any lasting benefit. One box of Dr. Agnew's Ointment cured me." This remedy cures eczema when all else fails.

MEN WHO MAKE TOWNS.

English Towns Which Have Been Made By One Person's Influence.

It is interesting to note the number of important English towns which, once inconsiderable, have been raised in the course of a few decades to their present position chiefly through one person's influence. There is for instance, Bournemouth. It was discovered by a gentleman from Dorsetshire, named Tregonwell who erected among the pinewoods a dwelling for himself, and was careful to sound the praises of Bournemouth everywhere he went. In gazettes of forty years ago the town is not thought worth a mention; to day the Mentone of England boasts a population of nearly forty thousand, and is full of visitors all the year round. Its development starts from 1856, when a Board of Commissioners was formed, chiefly owing to the exertions of Mr. Tregonwell.

There was no Southport a hundred years ago. In 1792 a man named William Sutton built the first house there, an inn, which was called 'Sutton's Folly,' in derision.

Windsor Salt Purest and Best for Table and Dairy No adulteration. Never cakes.



Priestley's "Eudora" Cloth

is softer, richer, ideal in the richness of its surface glow and draping qualities. It is the perfection of a

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The Improved Henrietta

Sold by Dry Goods Dealers Everywhere.

The builder, however, knew better than the scoffers what he was about, for today Southport is the most flourishing sanatorium of Lancashire, with a population of over 41,000. In gratitude to its founder the town has erected a handsome column to his memory at the junction of Lord street and Duke street.

Sir John Clark may be called the Columbus of Ventnor, he having discovered this charming 'beauty-spot' in 1841. His eulogies of it as a resort for invalids spread far and wide, and from a fishing village it has become a well-known watering place, populated by nearly 6,000 people.

Bexhill-on-Sea has loomed large in the public eye for the last two or three years, and its almost magical growth has been due in a large measure to Earl De la Warr. Evesbourne, a very near neighbour of the last named resort, owes much to the late Duke of Devonshire. Forty years ago it boasted of but 3,000 inhabitants, now it has over 34,000 people, and stands second to none of those in search of a vacation by the sea.

Royalty itself we find among the individuals who have made towns, for what Weymouth have been without the patronage of George III., or the very queen of watering-places, Brighton, without that of the fourth George, while Regent?

Turning from pleasure-resorts to manufacturing towns, we find that Barrow, forty years ago a collection of fishermen's huts, was made an important centre, with a population of nearly 52,000, by the exertions of the Duke of Buccleuch and the late Duke of Devonshire, after the discovery of a rich vein of hematite ore.

West Hartlepool owes its being to a railway speculator named R. W. Jackson, who began it in 1847. Ere long West Hartlepool had outstripped the old town, and now, with a population of 42,700, is just double its size.

The enormous development of Cardiff is greatly owing to the Marquess of Bute. To-day it is an important centre, with 126,000 of population, whereas fifty years ago it boasted but 10,000 souls.

A Simple Test of Drinking Water.

An inquiry has been made as to a simple test for the presence of sewage in water. All drinking water should be tested in town or country frequently as there are other impurities beside sewage which are quite as deadly, and every cistern of water liable to be a source of blood poisoning—mice, rats, and other pests must have water and many a case of typhoid is set up by such as these falling into the cistern and remaining there for months in a decomposed state. To detect this impure condition is very simple and unobtrusive. Draw a tumbler of water at night put a piece of white lumb sugar into it, and place it on the kitchen mantelshelf or anywhere that the temperature will not be under 60 deg. Fahr. In the morning the water, if pure, will be perfectly clear; if contaminated by sewage or other impurities, the water will be milky. This is a simple and safe test, well known in chemistry.

Natural Intercourse.

Americans still have the name in the old country of being very free with their money. Hence this story from the London Telegraph:

'Princess street, sir?' said a cabby outside a Yorkshire railway station to his fare. 'Why, that's only half a minute's walk from here.'

'Never mind, drive away,' answered the gentleman.

'But I can't charge you less than eighteen pence, sir; that's the legal fare.' 'All right, my good man; only start quickly, and I'll give you a couple of fares.' Cabby jumped upon the box with a beaming face, flicked up his horse, and shouted jocosely to an imaginary wife. 'Don't wait dinner if I'm late, Mary Ann! I'm takin' the King o' Klondike to his imperial habode!'

Scarlet flowers are said to stand drought better than any others.

No fewer than 1,173 persons have been buried in Westminster Abbey.

The thickness of the hair varies from the 250ths to the 600th part of an inch.

During the Jordan's course of 120 miles it has twenty seven falls and descends 5,000 feet.

Tea is very cheap in China; in one province of the Empire good tea is sold at 1 1/4d. a pound.

Bank of England notes are numbered backward—from 10,900, hence the figures 00,001.

The deepest coal mine in the world is the Lambert, in Belgium; you can descend 3,490 ft.

A hive of 5,000 bees should produce 50lb of honey every year, and multiply ten fold in five years.

Italy produces annually 70,000,000 gallons of olive oil, the market value of which is £24,000,000.

It is estimated that there are 62,050,000 horses in the world, 185,150,000 cattle, and 435,500,000 sheep.

The longest span of telegraph wire in the world is in India, over the River Kistna. It is over 6,000ft. in length.

Cyclists should wear shoes with soles of average thickness. Thin solid shoes cause numbness of the feet, and should not be worn, especially on long rides.

In a home for sandwichmen in London there are said to be several University graduates and medical men, and a Scotchman who ran through £50,000 in three years.

Egypt is the only country in the world where there are more men than women. The male sex in the dominions of the Khedive exceeds the female in numbers by one hundred and sixty thousand.

Smoking a pipe of medium size, says a statistician, a man blows out of his mouth every time he fills the bowl 700 smoke clouds. If he smokes four pipes a day for twenty years, he blows out 20,440,000 smoke clouds.

EDGEMOUNT SCHOOL FOR GIRLS, WINDSOR - - - NOVA SCOTIA, Incorporated 1891.

Rev. Bishop Curney, J. D., Chairman Board of Trustees. Miss Lefroy, of Cheltenham Ladies' College, England, Principal. Eight Resident Experienced Governesses from England, France, Germany, and the United States. Board and Tuition Fees, including French, Latin or German or Greek, Daily Canteen, Class Mining and Needlework, \$225 per annum, or \$75 per term. Music, Singing, Painting, Drawing, etc., are extra. Preparations for the Universities. Michaelmas Term begins Sept. 14th, 1898. For Catalogue apply to DR. HIND

Trafalgar Institute. (Affiliated to McGill University.) SIMPSON STREET, MONTREAL. FOR THE HIGHER EDUCATION OF YOUNG WOMEN, with Preparatory Department for Girls under 13 years.

President.....Rev. Jas. Barclay, D. D. Vice-President, Ven. Archdeacon Evans, D. C. L. Principal...Miss Grace Fairley, M. A., Edinburgh. The Institute will Re-open on TUESDAY, 13th SEPTEMBER. For prospectus and other information apply to the Principal, or to A. F. RIDDELL, Secretary, 21 St. John street, Montreal.

ST. CATHARINE'S HALL, August, Malco. A FIRST CLASS SCHOOL FOR GIRLS, Will Re-open Sept. 21st, 1898. For prospectus address REV. GEO. F. DEGEN, August, Malco.

KNIVES, FORKS, AND SPOONS STAMPED 1847 ROGERS BROS. ARE GENUINE AND GUARANTEED BY THE Meriden Britannia Co. THE LARGEST SILVER PLATE MANUFACTURERS IN THE WORLD.

good half... AP wash clean With every... SE... ment of 'New Poems,' by... on Doctrinal... to humnity, the rich, the illiterate, but is the sover... reliable... with and... Presbyter... who have... of its... for you... a man of... gastronomy, clerical dign... considerable size... ents to his... ing of the... that to serv... but, not... gly anxious... his embar... chef into... our Emin... shall duly... reception... of the turb... ons unani... nic—it was... et! The... raised the... him up;... result: be... the turb... led guests... mance... expectant... disappointment... rned to the... e, with the... fish ap... s, and the... ny was el... essay, who... school in an... in her es... thirty nine... wife to the... ment one of... es E, and... should say... alluded... thirty-nine... wife to the... to his fath... Doan's... t., Am... following... n trou... distress-... Kidney... ly and... trouble... and rem... m. It... mment... the most... rld for... Dropsy, ... in the... ey and... a box... Doan... an's,

## WHEN WOUNDED IN BATTLE.

A Celebrated Surgeon Tells of Some of the Scenes He has Passed Through.

In these days of alarms and scares of all kinds the young army surgeon polishes up his instruments and dreams strange dreams of mountains of sticking-plaster and forests of bones. It is curious, in view of his immense responsibilities and truly awful nature of his occupation, that such a little should be known of the army doctor and his sad office. We hear much about our soldiers, still more about our generals, but the surgeon—the solace of the wounded and the companion of the dead, who follows in the wake of his regiment and is really in a better position to judge of the disastrous results of a battle than anybody on the field—passes almost unnoticed so far as the public is concerned.

In order to obtain an insight into the work of an army surgeon, and also some information respecting the effects of the various injuries which are received in battle the writer, recently had an interview with Sir Charles Alexander Gordon, one of our most distinguished surgeon-generals.

Sir Charles's life has been made up of one long series of thrilling experiences. He has seen men die in great numbers in India; he has been present at no fewer than twenty-two battles and minor engagements; while, as Medical Commissioner to the French army (1870-71), he was with the besieged in Paris throughout the whole period of investment.

Sir Charles looks the man of iron nerve that he is, and I told him so.

"I suppose," I said, "we who live at home don't realize the ups and downs of our calling and the tremendous nerve that it requires."

"A regimental surgeon must possess a certain amount of nerve," Sir Charles replied, "or he could never perform his duties. The work is most arduous and most responsible. The surgeons accompanying an army exercise enormous influence on the efficiency of the force. You see, when a soldier drops his first cry is for the doctor. If the latter arrives on the scene immediately all well and good, but if he happens to be some distance away the wounded man either falls to the rear or is carried there by his comrades, the ranks being thinned in consequence, and disorder caused."

"The surgeon must be here, there, and everywhere, watching with an eagle eye for every man who drops. If he fails to do this the morale of the troops is affected. Nothing disorganizes an army more than insufficient medical attendance."

"A lot of surgical and other paraphernalia has to be carried, of course?"

"Not so much as most people think. The effects of wounds received in battle vary to a considerable extent. Some wounds scarcely require any attention. I have known a man to go on fighting for quite a long time with a bullet in his leg. Soldiers often don't realize that they have been shot—that is, of course, when the bullet has not penetrated a vital part. They feel as if they had been struck a blow but the general conditions under which they fight are such that they have no time to think of wounds. A man engaged in battle is braced up to a very high point of nervous tension indeed."

"What is the worst kind of wound that can be inflicted in battle?"

"That resulting from the bayonet-thrust, which is far worse than the average bullet wound. A single bullet may go through two or three men without killing them. During the siege of Paris a large number of men who shot clean through the breast recovered. A wound from a bayonet, however, which in nine cases out of ten is thrust through the body, is nearly always fatal. I have a vivid recollection of a bayonet charge undertaken by our men in India. Not a shot was fired, but after the engagement I counted ninety-four of the enemy's dead, every one of whom had been bayoneted."

"How about sword-cuts?"

"They may, of course, be dangerous, or they may not," Sir Charles answered. "It is extraordinary what you can do with a sword. Shaw, the famous Lifeguardsman, at Waterloo, is said to have cut a French cavalry soldier from the crown of his head—through his cuirass—right down to his chest. Hands are constantly cut off when cavalry meets cavalry. Indeed the first aim of a cavalry man is to sever the left hand of his adversary, for it is the left hand, of course, which guides the reins. It is a common thing to find hands lying about the battle-field, and the same can be said of legs, which can be either cut off with the sword or blown off by the bursting of a shell. It is said to be comparatively easy to cut a man's head off with a sword."

"What effect has a battle-field strewn with dead on the average soldier, Sir Charles?"

"No effect whatever, unless it be to

make him more savage. Personally, I have never seen anything approaching an act of cowardice on the field, nothing even suggestive of timidity on the part of the British soldier. The matter-of-fact way in which trained men fight is truly extraordinary, and the difference between an old soldier and a young one in this respect is most marked. I am a believer in old and seasoned warriors. It takes a long time before a man accustoms himself to the idea of being killed and acquires confidence in himself and his companions. In the bayonet charge I have alluded to, our fellows had perfect confidence. They took pleasure in the physical force entailed in the use of the weapon, and whenever they lunged forward at an enemy cried out, 'Take that, you brute!'

"I suppose you have been repeatedly requested to convey messages from dying soldiers to the old folk at home?"

"Strangely enough, during the whole of my career I only once heard a dying confession. A young private who had been wounded was anxious to learn what I thought of his case. I told him that he was going to die, and then he gave me the address of his people and after begging me to communicate with them told me that he was born in good position and that he had run away from home."

"Perhaps you would like a romantic little story of real life," Sir Charles continued. "It is so the following may be worth recording. A sick officer at Hong Kong sent for me and demanded to know whether he had any prospects of recovery. A brief examination showed me that his end was fast approaching, so I hesitatingly asked whether he was prepared for my answer."

"If I wasn't," he gruffly replied, "I wouldn't have put the question."

"I told him his condition was most critical; upon which he remarked, 'I thought as much. You see that parcel on the chest of drawers? When I am dead I want you to burn it unopened.'

"The next morning the poor fellow was dead, and I carried out his wishes."

"The incident never recurred to me until two years later, when I was dining with my wife at a hotel in Paris. An elderly lady and her daughter—strangers to us—were next to us at table, and we happened to get into conversation, and the former, learning who I was, inquired if I had ever met a certain officer—mentioning the name of the dead soldier whose parcel I had destroyed. I told her that I had, and also informed her of the officer's dying command, whereupon she observed—

"It is a most extraordinary thing," but he was engaged to my daughter now sitting here. His death caused her a great shock, and she has been so much out of health ever since that I thought I would see what Paris could do for her. I haven't the slightest doubt that the packet you burned contained her love-letters."

"Nothing funny happens on the battle-field does it, Sir Charles?"

"Not in my experience—things were far too serious for that; but here is something I heard repeated that is grimly funny. During the first Afghan war an English officer got into a hand-to-hand combat with a tremendously expert Afghan swordsman. He felt that he was likely to get the worst of the encounter, so he resolved on a ruse. In the middle of the fray he called out, 'Strike this villain from behind!' The Afghan instantly turned round to defend himself, but before he had time to realize that there was no one there the Englishman had lopped off his head at a blow."

## FOR THE AGED

Paine's Celery Compound gives the needed stimulus to food digestion and assimilation, and keeps the blood pure.

Nature's Medicine Brings Health and Happiness to Those in Advanced Years.

King David, the sweet singer of Israel says: 'The days of our years are three-score years and ten; and if by reason of strength they be fourscore years, yet is their strength labor and sorrow.'

The physical troubles and burdens of old people are many. Disordered nerves, constipation, flatulence, drowsiness, indigestion, palpitation and impoverished blood seem to make them grow weaker from day to day.

Paine's Celery Compound is a precious and invaluable medicine for old people. It is nature's true nerve, tissue and flesh builder; it keeps the blood pure and fresh from day to day, regulates the organs of digestion, and keeps the appetite natural and healthy. No other medicine in the world so quickly recruits the strength and waning energies of men and women advanced in years. Paine's Celery Compound has added many long years to the lives of old people in the past, and to-day thousands sing the praises of the wonderful medicine, because it has bestowed peace and comfort and kept them free from the infirmities of old age.

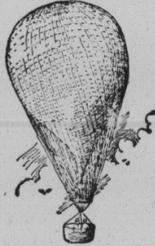
## A Bushman's Unique Surprise.

David Walter, a farmer, living near Littleton, in the United States, was the victim of a unique surprise the other day. It was the thirty-eight anniversary of his birth, and Mrs. Walter invited about fifty friends and relatives to participate in a celebration of the event. Shortly before dinner a handsome carriage was presented to Mr. Walter. Under his plate at the table was a fine gold watch. Leaving the table, Mr. Walter was invited to the yard, and a herd of ten Holstein cows was driven up and presented to him. This was followed by the appearance of two young ladies dressed in pink, who carried a tray on which were piled gold and silver amounting to \$3,000. This too, was presented to the happy man. Everything was the gift of Mr. Walter's wife, who by industry and frugality in the fifteen years of married life had saved the money without the knowledge of her husband.

## Decorations of the Prince of Wales.

The Prince of Wales has the right to decorate himself with no fewer than fifty foreign 'Orders,' while besides the Garter the 'Thistle,' and the St. Patrick, the Prince possesses five other British Orders of lesser note. The Queen is not half so well off in this respect as her son, for, besides the British Orders which were in existence when she began to reign, and those—such as the Crown of India and Royal Red Cross—which she has herself established, she has but ten others, these including St. Catherine of Russia, St. Isabella of Portugal, Maria Louisa of Spain, Louisa of Prussia, the Lion and the Sun (Prussia), Pedro I. of Brazil, and the White Elephant of Siam.

## Walking on Air.



The feeling of buoyancy produced by the action of Dr. Ward's Blood and Nerve Pills is remarkable. One feels bright and active, energetic and full of snap and vim. Rich red blood fills the veins, and the nerves tingle with the sensation of youthful life and vigor.

## TREMBLING HANDS AND SHAKY MEMORY. A HAMILTON MAN'S EXPERIENCE WITH A NEW MEDICINE.

DEAR SIRS,—I have spent half a fortune in doctors' bills, all to no avail. These Pills seemed to reach the seat of disease at once, and they also seemed to possess a remarkable influence over me. The violent palpitation of the heart, the trembling of the hands, the loss of masculine vigor, the frightful dreams, the loss of memory and general collapse of the entire system, have yielded to Dr. Ward's Blood and Nerve Pills. Great were the results from the use of four boxes of these Pills. I am enjoying the very best of health. I fully believe they are able to do for others as much as they have done for me. Before using them I was a miserable wreck. To-day I am a well man.

Yours truly,  
THOS. FLYNN, 51 Elgin St., Hamilton, Ont.

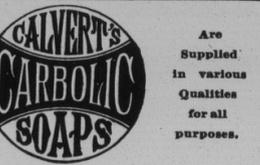
Dr. Ward's Blood and Nerve Pills are sold at 50 cents per box, 3 boxes for \$2.00, at druggists, or mailed on receipt of price by The Dr. Ward Co., 71 Victoria St., Toronto. Book of information free.

## D &amp; A "CREST" CORSETS



Indestructible AT THE SIDE.

The D & A "CREST" Corset is just what thousands of women are looking for. The disposition of the lower steels and the hip lacing are what make this corset positively unbreakable. It is also perfect as to fit and made in all styles. Ask your dealer to show you the D & A "Crest."



Pure, Antiseptic, Emollient.

Ask your dealer to obtain full particulars for you.

F. O. CALVERT & CO., Manchester.

## FLASHES OF FUN.

Mr. Meeker: 'But Philpotts, you don't go the right way to work with me. You should appeal to the good and noble in me.' Mrs. Meeker: 'You wish me to be silent.'

—She: 'Mrs. Chatterbox says she knows more than she cares to tell.' He: 'That must be a very unusual experience for her.'

'As soon as a woman reaches a certain age—' began the philosopher, when a man who observes things interrupted. 'Her age is then uncertain,' he said.

Farmer Grindstone: 'Your niece rides her bicycle a good deal, don't she?' Farmer Giles: 'Aw! yes. She's a regular spinster!'

'She is in love with two different men.' 'And can't decide between them?' 'Not exactly. Neither has decided on her.'

Bachelor: 'I don't believe in long engagements.' Beneficent: 'Nor I, if one wishes to have enough money left to set up housekeeping respectfully.'

Susie: 'Kate says she likes church music the best.'

Lizzie: 'Of course. In church she is on a level with other singers. They don't have encores at church, you know.'

As an example of how easily the most acute persons may lose themselves to some extent in the mimic action of the stage, a story is recalled of an eminent lawyer who was witnessing a performance of Macbeth.

First Deaf Mute: He wasn't so very angry, was he?

Second Deaf Mute: He was so mad that the words he used almost blistered his fingers.—Indianapolis Journal.

'War is terrible, terrible!' muttered the humanitarian.

'Yes, I agree with you,' said the enthusiastic supporter of cricket, tennis and golf; 'the papers are not giving half enough space to the sports of the day.'

Young Mother (displaying the baby): 'Do you think he looks like his father, Mr. Olduffer?'

O. duffer: 'Well, yes, there is a family resemblance, but it isn't striking enough to worry about.'

'Well, then,' said the doctor, 'as I understand you, you think it we had no microbes we shouldn't have an illness?'

'I didn't say exactly that, doctor,' replied the caller; 'you know we should still have the doctors.'

—Jeweller: How did your boy like the watch I sold you?

Fond Father: 'Very well indeed. He isn't ready to have it put together yet; but be patient and I'll send him round with it in a day or two.'

—'Shure, now,' recently remarked an irate auctioneer, whose accent bespoke an Irishman's origin, 'if you don't buy them goods what O'm giving you for less than nothing, then all O've got to say is, that ye're the dullest set of intelligent men ever O' saw'd.'

—He: 'Yes, it is a fine thing to possess our own little home; but there is one thing I miss.'

She: 'What is that?'

He: 'Our periodical fights with the landlord about the repairs which he never would make and which we never supposed he would.'

'Maud, I am almost afraid to go and see your father.'

'You needn't be, Harry! When he asks you if you can support me in the style to which I have been accustomed, tell him you can support me a great deal better than he could have done if it hadn't been for mamma's money.'

Mrs. Westend: 'Good morning, Mr. Northend. I want to run in and see your wife. Is she at home?'

Mr. Northend: 'Yes; she'll be at home all day. When I left this morning she was trying to make up her mind to go out and visit the dentist.'

In the scene where the Thame of Cawdor, questioning the witches in the cavern, says, "What is't you do?" the answer is, "A deed without a name." This phrase struck the man of law at once, and he cried out at once—

"A deed without a name? Then it's void."

'I am told,' said an officer in the Spanish ship, 'that the way to make a modern epigram and be regarded as clever is to take an old saw and reverse it.'

'What has that to do with this war?' inquired his superior sternly.

'Oh, nothing much. But I can't help wondering,' he went on, as he gazed pensively at the ocean, 'if that is why the Madrid government keeps telling us to cheer up, as there is always room at the bottom.'

Mrs. Shortwed: 'What are you looking in the cookery-book for?'

Mr. Shortwed: 'To see if you made that cake right. It mentions the flour and the butter, but it doesn't say anything about the two pounds of lead.'

'Papa, what is a sweeping assertion?'

'A statement, my son, that fills our opponent's eyes with dust.'

'When we are young and trusting,' said the matron thoughtfully, 'we regard a readiness to believe every protestation and excuse of man as nothing less than sublime faith.'

'Is that so?' asked the maid anxiously.

'And when we are older and have been married a few years,' continued the matron, ignoring the question, 'we regard it as simple foolishness.'



Chase & Sanborn's SEAL BRAND JAVA AND MOCHA THE STANDARD OF EXCELLENCE

## SCROFULA.

"My little boy, aged 7 years and 15 months, was a victim of Scrofula on the face, which all the doctors said was incurable. To tell the truth he was so bad that I could not bear to look at him. At last I tried a bottle of Burdock Blood Bitters, and before it was half used he was gaining, and by the time he had three bottles used he was completely cured. I cannot say too much in recommendation of B.B.B. to all who suffer as he did." JOSEPH P. LABELLE, Maniwake P.O., Que.

There can be no question about it. Burdock Blood Bitters has no equal for the cure of Sores and Ulcers of the most chronic and malignant nature. Through its powerful blood purifying properties, it gets at the source of disease and completely eradicates it from the system.

## BLOOD BITTERS.

33 pills for 25c

—Save money on medicine as well as on food or drink—

## Dr. HARVEY'S Anti-Bilious &amp; Purgative PILLS

CURE biliousness, sick headache, indigestion, boils, eruptions, costiveness, etc., and cost only 25c. per box of 33. Over 25 years on the market. Sufferers from liver complaints should write for genuine testimonials.

Full size box will be sent as sample on receipt of 25c.

THE HARVEY MEDICINE CO., 424 St. Paul St., MONTREAL.

## HERBINE BITTERS

Cures Sick Headache

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Purifies the Blood

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Cures Indigestion

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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

(CONTINUED FROM THIRTEEN.)

to resign her to Harry Rolleston, who was hovering near. His own attention was taken up with watching Kate Lisle, who was playing with much energy and skill.

She looked more charming than ever, he thought, gowned in pure white, a sailor hat, with a blue ribbon round it, resting lightly on her pretty hair.

The exercise had called a brighter colour than usual to her cheek, and an added sparkle to her eye. Moreover, she looked so graceful—so thoroughly lady-like and refined.

She either had not seen him approach, or effected not to see him. Who, that knows the nature of woman, could presume to say which? In a minute or two the game was finished, and then Vi called to her—

'Kate, come here a moment. I want you.' 'Kate! Then I guessed her name. How very remarkable!' thought Morewood.

It was not so very remarkable if one remembers how few ordinary names, beginning with K, there are in the English language; but it somehow pleased him to think so. Kate came, with a fitting blush and a sweet smile, and told Mr. Morewood, a gain, how very much obliged she felt to him, and all the rest of it.

And then Miss Vi walked off with Harry Rolleston, and left those other two together. Vi and Harry Rolleston's being together did not commend itself at all to the prudent mother-mind of Mrs. Muggleton.

Harry was no match for pretty Vi; and, certainly, it would be a thousand pities if Morewood—who was all that could be desired—should fall to the share of Kate Lisle. Mrs. Muggleton liked Kate very much; but it wasn't natural she should like her well enough to wish her to make a better match than her own daughters.

However, if poor Mrs. Muggleton were not perfectly happy, the four pairs of young folk seemed as though they thought there was nothing left to be desired. Sir Granville Grantley was in close attendance on Miss Janetta; Harry Rolleston monopolized Vi; and Morewood took care to keep in the near neighbourhood of Kate Lisle.

The only other couple were Marie Muggleton and the Reverend Mr. Tiptait, who had "dropped in" at The Towers, in order to discharge those duties as a Christian and a clergyman to which he was so conscientiously alive.

Just at first these two had been afflicted with unsatisfied longings. Mr. Tiptait had thought Vi by far the most charming of the millionaire's daughters, and, consequently, the one whom he most wished to obtain; and Miss Marie had certain maiden yearnings in the direction of John Morewood and Beech Royal.

That impudent Harry Rolleston, and that too charming Kate Lisle, disappointed their hopes; and then, what more natural than that the two should find consolation in each other? The rector of Little Cleve was a philosopher.

He bethought himself that one girl's million was as good as another's; and that the older and less attractive Miss Muggleton would not only be easier to get, but would probably be easier managed when she was got. There was a flash in Vi's dark eye, and a spic of mischief in her laugh, which lightly daunted the spirit of the reverend gentleman.

Accordingly, he attached himself, with great assiduity, to Marie; and, as he had a fine figure, a handsome face, and a fluent tongue, she readily permitted herself to be thus consoled. After all, it is a great thing for the daughter of a soap-maker to be courted by the nephew of an earl.

Not that Miss Muggleton really intended to be won by Mr. Tiptait. She set a far higher value upon herself and her father's millions. The reverend gentlemen would have to play his cards very adroitly before he accomplished that. However, it must be admitted, he did not lack adroitness.

It was not long before he induced his fair companion to imagine she was tired of tennis; and then they gently sauntered through shady glades together, while he discoursed, in bland soft tones, of themes which made her fancy be the most disinterested and ingenuous of men.

Poor Marie Muggleton was not a very acute observer of human nature. Respect for the clergy had been ingrained in her from early childhood; and the fact that she had, in London, met, with many who were noble, high-souled men, made her more ready to give credit for sincerity to this softspoken, man smooth-faced man, who was, it she had only known it, a disgrace to his high calling.

CHAPTER XVII. LAWN TENNIS.

A couple of afternoons later, Morewood made his call at The Towers, and found Mr. Muggleton alone, in the drawing-room.

'My girls are playing tennis,' said the millionaire. 'Prhaps you'd like to go and have a look at them?'

Before Morewood could reply, Mrs. Muggleton bustled in, full of anxiety to do honour to a guest so distinguished as the master of Beech Royal.

'I'm so pleased to see you, Mr. Morewood. We were wondering when you'd give us a call. It's very kind of you, I'm sure; and now you are here, I hope you'll stay a little. My young people are having a game at ten. They look very happy over it, don't they? Just look at them, Mr. Morewood. You can see them quite well from this window.'

The good lady bustled across to one of the windows, as she spoke, and Morewood followed her, thinking how pleasantly motherly she looked, with her face glowing with pride, as she pointed out her daughters.

'That is my youngest who is playing now—a very good player, I'm told she is. Mr. Morewood, I don't profess to know much about the game myself. Do you?'

'Well, no. I can use a racquet without making myself look ridiculous—that's about all.'

'Will you have a game now? Do, Mr. Morewood. They would be so pleased, I know.'

'Thank you, I think I will. At any rate, I'll go and look on, if I do nothing more. Perhaps they'll want an umpire.'

He had glanced at the six or eight people on the tennis-ground, and had seen that Miss Lisle was among them.

Perhaps this was the reason he had acquiesced so readily in Mrs. Muggleton's suggestion. The good lady herself led the way to the tennis-court; and Vi, racket in hand, came to meet him, with great animation.

'Oh, Mr. Morewood, you're a perfect godsend! We were just wishing for another gentleman. How charming of you to come at the right moment!'

Morewood laughed, and made some fittingly courteous reply. Vi looked very pretty, in cool, fresh pink muslin, with her sparkling eyes daintily waving dark hair; and at another time, he would, probably, have constituted himself her partner, but to-day he felt quite willing

to resign her to Harry Rolleston, who was hovering near. His own attention was taken up with watching Kate Lisle, who was playing with much energy and skill.

She looked more charming than ever, he thought, gowned in pure white, a sailor hat, with a blue ribbon round it, resting lightly on her pretty hair.

The exercise had called a brighter colour than usual to her cheek, and an added sparkle to her eye. Moreover, she looked so graceful—so thoroughly lady-like and refined.

She either had not seen him approach, or effected not to see him. Who, that knows the nature of woman, could presume to say which? In a minute or two the game was finished, and then Vi called to her—

'Kate, come here a moment. I want you.' 'Kate! Then I guessed her name. How very remarkable!' thought Morewood.

CHAPTER XVIII. TOBACCO HEART.

HAVE you been smoking a good deal lately and feel an occasional twinge of pain round your heart?

Are you short of breath, nervous, unshined, sensation of pins and needles going through your arm and fingers? Better take a box or two of Milburn's Heart & Nerve Pills and get cured before things become too serious.

Here's what Mr. John James, of Caledonia, Ont., had to say about them: "I have had serious heart trouble for four years, caused by excessive use of tobacco. At times my heart would beat very rapidly and then seemed to stop beating only to commence again with unnatural rapidity.

"This unhealthy action of my heart caused shortness of breath, weakness and debility. I tried many medicines and spent a great deal of money but could not get any help. Last November, however, I read of a man, afflicted like myself, being cured by Milburn's Heart & Nerve Pills. I went to Roper's drug store and bought a box. When I had finished taking it I was so much better I bought another box and this completed the cure. My heart has not bothered me since, and I strongly recommend all sufferers from heart and nerve trouble, caused by excessive use of tobacco, to give Milburn's Heart & Nerve Pills a fair and faithful trial.

Price 50c. a box or 3 boxes for \$1.25, all druggists. T. Milburn & Co., Toronto, Ont. LAXA-LIVER PILLS cure Constipation, Biliousness and Dyspepsia. Price 25c.

could tell you how pleased I am to see you. "I know, me boy, I know. Ye needn't trouble to find a single word."

"And where have you dropped from—the skies? It would be just like you." "No, me boy, no. I haven't been there yet," said the Irishman, with a look of shrewd humor. "I've simply come from the old country"—landed at Holyhead last night—and thought I must run down and take a look at ye before I set out again."

"Set out! Where on earth are you going now?" "Anywhere. I'm not particular." "Well, it you want to go to a fresh place it's my belief it's not in this world you'll find it, for you must already have been to every spot on earth. I never saw such a restless, roving fellow as you, Donovan."

"Why, my dear fellow," said the Irishman, suddenly growing serious, "what can I do? I can't stay there and starve!—and he pointed westward. "At least, some people think that I oughtn't to do it. For myself, I'd about as lief die in old Ireland as live in any other place; and if I thought they'd bury this old carcass of mine anywhere else when the soul's out of it, why, be jabbers! I'd never lie still in my grave. I love the old place just so; but, nevertheless, what can I do?—as I was saying just now."

"I can't bear to stay at the castle, and not keep it up as befits a Donovan. That's about the truth of it, me boy; and so I'm going on me travels again, as I've been many a time before."

And with this Sir Patrick Donovan—late Major of Her Majesty's Dragoons—threw back his head, almost fiercely, while a look of determination flashed in his blue eyes. He was something of "a character"—a choleric, fire-eating, devil-may-care Irishman, with a spirit as bold as a lion's, a heart as gentle as a child's.

Everybody who knew him, loved him, and, indeed, it was difficult to help loving Sir Patrick Donovan. If his spirit remained almost boyishly gay at forty-five, it was not because he had not had troubles and misfortunes enough to crush half-a-dozen men less brave than he. The Donovans were one of the oldest of the old Irish families.

Kingly blood ran in their veins; and Castle Donovan, in ancient days, has been one of the strongholds of Ireland. But they were poor—poor with no common poverty; and, rather than back-rent the few toll worn peasants who still owed, and cheerfully paid, fealty to "The Castle," Sir Patrick had gone out into the world as a soldier-of-fortune.

In earlier years he had had a brother, many years younger than himself, a fair-faced, slender stripling whom he had loved with a tender, self-sacrificing love—as, with his own mother might have loved him. The lad had fallen into bad company, had contracted debts impossible for him to pay, and then, in a sudden frenzy of remorse and agonized despair, had put a bullet into his heart and died.

When they brought the dead body back to Ireland to bury it in the vault of the Donovans, Sir Patrick was almost heart-broken. But, even in the midst of his grief, he a solemn vow, never to rest, while he had breath, until he had paid everyone of those fatal debts which had sent his young brother to his grave.

"Poor Terry!" he said, softly, laying his hand on the dead boy's brow. "Sleep in peace, darlin'. No one shall throw an ill-word over your grave. I will see to that. Ah! but you might have trusted to me, Terence dear."

Ever since that day—now nearly a dozen years ago—Sir Patrick had set himself to keep his vow; and, by means of noble self-denial, he had accomplished it at last. But he was a ruined man; and, as he had just said to Sir Gerald, he felt he would rather bear his poverty elsewhere than in

the land where the Donovans had once been so great.

Sir Gerald knew and loved him well; for he had been his father's friend as well as his. There were few men he honored as he honored Sir Patrick Donovan.

"And how is the Lady Ruth?" asked the Irishman, presently. "She is always well. She will be pleased to see you, Don. Of course, you have come to stay with us?"

"If you'll have me—for a day or two. It may be for the last time." "Nonsense! Where's your trap?" "They're at the station. A clean shirt, and a dress suit. You know my style, me boy."

"I should think I did! I'll send down for them at once, and, if you speak of leaving us this month, I shall consider you've insulted me. Now let's go in, and find Lady Ruth."

That evening, when Sir Gerald and his guest were sitting together over their wine, after dinner, the younger man remained silent and thoughtful for a long time, then suddenly broke out with—

"Donovan, I've got a plan for you." "A plan?" "Yes. Look here now! How old are you?" "Forty-five on Michaelmas Day," said Sir Patrick, in some slight surprise.

"Well, don't you think that, instead of tearing off to foreign parts, where nobody knows you, or cares a shot about you, it would be a great deal better for you, at your time of life, to settle down at Castle Donovan—to take a wife, and begin to think about a family, like a Christian?"

Sir Gerald spoke with considerable energy. His friend looked at him with a humorous twinkle in his eye. "A wife! He repeated. "What should I be doing with a wife, me boy?"

"What do other men do with wives? Aren't you old enough to be married?" "If I'm not, I suppose I never shall be. But now, look here, Gerald, me boy, what's in the wind? What is it you're driving at? Ye know, as well as I do, that wife and babes are not for me—and ye know why. A pretty scoundrel I should be to make pretence I could kape a family, when it's all I can do to kape myself."

Sir Patrick usually put in an extra touch of Irish brogue when he was excited or deeply moved. He did so now. "Well, now, keep cool, and I'll tell you what I'm driving at. What would you say to a nice, bonnie girl for a wife—not too young to be sensible, nor too old to be unpleasant—about seven or eight-and-twenty, eh?"

"I should she'd be an uncommonly nice possession for a man who could afford such luxuries; but that man isn't Pat Donovan?" "Well, then, and further, what should you say to a fortune of close on a million pounds, to be had with that girl on the wedding-day?"

"I should say, again, such things were not for Pat Donovan." The Irishman's lips tightened as he spoke. "A gleam of resolution, almost of sternness, shone in his usually gay, laughing eyes.

"And I should say he's just the man they are for!" exclaimed his friend, impetuously; "and it will be a great shame if you throw the chance away. Ever since you came, I've been thinking of it."

"Now look here; you've heard of old Sam Muggleton—or, perhaps, you haven't. But that doesn't matter, for I can tell you who he is—an honest, hearty, sensible fellow, who started in life as a soapmaker, and who, by judicious speculation, has made his millions."

"You see, I tell you the whole truth. I know how sensible you are, and that you wouldn't turn up your nose at a nice, pretty, lady-like girl, simply because her father's money was made in trade."

"Certainly not," remarked Sir Patrick, gravely. "I should deserve to be whipped if I did." "Well, then, to make a long story short the old fellow has got three daughters; and as he's no son, they're to have his fortune between them, share and share alike. He'd just taken the Towers, and is getting very intimate with all the people herabouts. Of course we know what that means—he wants to marry his daughters."

"Naturally!" said Sir Patrick, without moving a muscle of his countenance. "Yes, naturally, as you say. They're thoroughly nice girls; and they deserve good husbands."

"I'm sure I hope they'll get them," said the Irishman, still with an unmoved face, and with cheerful energy. "Sir Granville Grantley is after one of them," went on Sir Gerald; "and I rather fancy another neighbor of mine, young Harry Rolleston, is sweet on the youngest. But there's still the eldest, and she's as good-looking and as good tempered a girl as you need wish to meet. Just one of your style, I should say. Now, why shouldn't you marry her?"

tries to obtain some good thing for which he can offer no suitable equivalent.

There was something truly grand about the quiet, manly pride with which Sir Patrick spoke these words. The look in his blue Irish eyes was a sight worth seeing.

After a moment or two, he resumed, more soberly— "By your own showing, this young lady is well worth winning, for her own personal charms alone; and, in addition, she has a fortune of something like a million pounds. Now, what have I, a battered old soldier, to offer in exchange for all this?"

"What have you to offer? By Jove! all that any reasonable woman could desire!" exclaimed Sir Gerald. "You would make her Lady Donovan for one thing; and an old title, like yours, isn't to be sneezed at, I can tell you. But above and beyond that, there's you yourself, a man with the sweetest temper, and the best heart that ever beat in mortal bosom. Ah, Donovan, you could make your wife the happiest woman in the world!"

"Ye think so, me boy?" said the Irishman, with a swift, warm glance, which showed how he appreciated the others' friendship. "No; I'm sure of it. I tell you, Marie Muggleton would be a happy woman if she married you. She had to go down on her knees every night to thank Heaven for her husband."

"This time Sir Patrick made no answer. The shadow of a cloud passed over his fine countenance, and there was a far-away look in his eyes. Perhaps Sir Gerald's words had stirred some depth of his big, honest heart in which there lurked a longing for the sweet, of domestic life, the love of wife, the smiles and prattle of children.

Assuredly no man was more fitted than he for the relations of husband and father. Sir Gerald was right in that. His wife, it ever he had one, would be indeed a happy woman.

"And you know," went on Sir Gerald, "if you can't go in for that girl, there's plenty of others who will. You'll leave her to fall into worse hands—that's all."

"There's a smooth-tongued parson after her at the present time. I should like to see him bowled over, for he is a sneaking humbug, if ever there was one. I love the Church, as you know, Donovan; and, on the whole, her clergy are men to be respected; but, of course, there are black sheep. And if Augustus Tiptait isn't a bit of a hypocrite, I'm a Dutchman!"

"Tiptait!" said Sir Patrick. "You never mean old Gowan's nephew?" "Yes; do you know him?" "A bit!"

"And you don't care for him?" "I should think not!" said Sir Patrick, laughing. "A pink faced, simpering fool. Gowan's ashamed of him, I can tell you that. I hope he doesn't call himself an Irishman."

"He doesn't. He's ashamed of his grandmother's country," said Sir Gerald, dryly. "Begorra! he is, is he, the dirty scoundrel!" exclaimed Sir Patrick, his eye blazing with excitement. "Then let me tell ye, me boy, his grandmother's country is ashamed of him! The miserable shalpeen, to dare to say a word against old Ireland!"

"Well then, you just go and cut him out with the heireses." "Not I," said the Irishman, cartily, sternly almost. "Dye think I'd demean myself to play the same dirty game as Gus Tiptait? No sir, no! Come let us go to Lady Ruth."

"Foolish, bare-brained fellow!" thought Sir Gerald; but he thought it very tenderly. And, indeed, who could ever think harshly of Patrick Donovan? For the present, of course, no more was said of Marie Muggleton.

Fate, however, shortly threw that young lady across Sir Patrick's path, in a manner which seemed decidedly propitious to his friend's wishes. Ah! it only he had made the best of the golden opportunity which his guardian angel prepared for him!

To be continued.

THE FAD REACHING Perfume of a good name heralds the claim that Putnam's Faintless Corn Extractor is a sure, certain, and painless remedy for corns. Fifty imitations prove it to be the best. At druggists.

IT'S ALL IN THE POLISH. Why Do Some Shoes SHINE BETTER THAN OTHERS? It's not in the leather. It is in the quality of the polish. PACKARD'S SPECIAL Combination Leather Dressings are the kind that give the best shine and the longest life to your shoes. All colors, Brown, Tan, Russet, Ox Blood and Box Calif. PACKARD MAKES IT. PACKARD OF MONTREAL. L. H. PACKARD & CO.

CANCER And Tumors cured to stay cured, at home, no knife, plaster or pain. For Canadian testimonials & 130-page book—free, write Dept. 11, MASON MEDICINE CO., 577 Sherbourne Street, Toronto Ontario.

### The Yellow God.

Tom Jenkins ran his hand through the gold that lay heaped on the floor of the shack. 'Seems to me, Billy,' he said, slowly, 'that hopin' to find it is better 'fin' it.'

Dull glimmers of light from a smoky lantern fell athwart the face of the old miser, rugged, homely, deep-furrowed by time and hardship, and offering a marked contrast, indeed, to the handsome, patrician features of Billy Bailey, his junior partner.

'Fiddin', Billy, means quitin'. It's an end to the wants an' privations I've known for nigh twenty years. But, somehow, I've come to like these still old mountains, an' the singin' of the pines, an' the river. They've growed like friends, an' I'm never lonesome among 'em. Listen! you can hear 'em now. Maybe it's the last time they'll ever sing fer me.'

'We're goin' back to civilization,' continued Tom, unheeding the other's lack of sympathy with his reminiscent mood, 'an' that means separation. I know you like me, Billy. A feller couldn't want a better pardner than you've been fer the two year I've knowed you. But with yer education, an' yer young blood, an' yer ambitions, you sin't my kind in civilization. We can't be the same down there. I couldn't expect it. But I think a powerful deal of you, Billy.—'

'Oh, come, Tom,' broke in his companion, impatiently, 'you're in the dumps tonight. Take a walk and brace up. Shouldn't you look on the bright side of things now? We've worked and starved in these cursed wilds for gold, until at last we've got it. Think of the city's ten thousand pleasures that this stake can buy for us. There's no life in these solitudes. It's there in the crowded streets, and it can be ours when we've got such a god—the god of gold—to see us through.'

Billy laughed gloomily in anticipation. Then once more he fixed his eyes with a glancing intensity on the yellow heap, which meant for him all that life can mean to a selfish, low-back nature.

'But it ain't for me,' persisted Tom. 'I'm past them things. If it wa'n't fer the hope of findin' the old woman down there in Frisco an' makin' her comfortable, I'd stay. I don't care fer the gold after all. I've found it, an' my hungerin' fer it's satisfied.'

Billy made no answer. He had long since become resigned to the diversity of their tastes, and tonight he was in no mood for argument. He got out some materials, and began to repair a rent in his coat. Tom rose presently, and dumped the nuggets into a gunny-sack. Then he arranged his blankets for the night.

'Put it away safe, Billy,' he said, jocularly; 'we're already on the edge of civilization, an' must learn to be pertickler.'

'I'll look after it, never fear,' said the other, shortly; 'good-night.'

Billy finished his task, but his mind was still busy with thoughts of the future. He rose and stepped out into the night. At his feet the turbulent river rushed blackly along, its foaming crest gleaming like dull silver in the clear starlight. Behind him towered in silent majesty the rugged, wooded mountains. The air was heavy with the breath of the pines. But Billy saw none of the beauty of the night. The mountains awakened memories of hardships and hopelessness; the river was only a highway to civilization. He lit his pipe, and began to pace up and down the shelving shore.

There was none of the stuff of which heroes are made in Billy Bailey's composition. Had the fate seen fit to continue their kindly beginning, he would probably have developed into one of the horde of whitened sepulchres that so largely made up what the world is pleased to term the respectable of humanity—those who observe the conventions to the letter, indulge every desire with a studied care that wins the approval of men, and dying are respectfully buried and speedily forgotten. On the contrary, fate had preferred giving Billy a chance to prove his mettle. His college career cut short by the melting away of his father's fortune, he awoke one morning to find himself face to face with the world, his wish his only capital.

He remembered to night his struggles to maintain his social position; the slights heaped upon him by erstwhile boon companions; the gradual sinking away of hope, until, with starvation staring him in the face, he had shipped in a vessel bound 'round the Horn.' On his lips were angry phrases for the friends who had failed him; in his heart a resolve some day to retaliate. He recalled his hardships on the Western frontier, his final falling in with old Tom Jenkins, and the hopeless search for gold until a week ago, when the gravel of a dried up mountain stream unexpectedly yielded them their little fortune and ended for him the wretched existence in these solitudes. His future course was plain. Mercilessly he would engage in the war of wealth. His heart must know but one love—the love of gold.

And the stake! it was not so much after all. If he only had Tom's share, too! The thought startled him, and he looked furtively about as though already under surveillance. Well, why not? The old man cared no'ing for gold—he had said as much. Why not begin the task of wealth gathering tonight, and double his fortune by a single coup? The skiff was all ready for the morrow's journey down the river. He could easily reach North Fork by daylight, and miles of distance would lie between him and Tom before the latter could make the trip across the almost impassable mountain trail. He weakened for a moment as he thought of Tom's almost motherly solicitude—of how throughout their wanderings the big-hearted miser had borne the brunt of the struggle. Even when the treasure was discovered the old man's first words were: 'I'm glad for your sake,

Billy.' Then he asked himself if he, too, was growing sentimental, and tonight of all nights, on the very eve of battle.

He walked back to the house. Tom was fast asleep. The flickering light of the lantern fell slantwise on the corner where he lay, his powerful form half swathed in the tattered blankets, his brawny arms thrown above his head. The face, from which sleep seemed to have smoothed away the deep furrows, mirrored the rugged honesty of his heart. But the touching picture meant nothing to Billy, who watched the sleeper for an instant, and then proceeded to put his cowardly scheme into effect. It was but the work of a few minutes to gather together the things necessary for the short journey down the river, and to secure the treasure for safe transportation. He was thinking of the surprise awaiting Tom who was 'fool enough to believe in human friendship.'

He made a cautious step toward the door of the shack, when a slight noise, real or fancied, caused him to glance back over his shoulder. The next instant the bag of gold crashed to the floor, while Billy sank on his knees as though felled by a blow. Tom was sitting bolt upright in bed, his revolver leveled at Billy's breast. He was thinking of the surprise awaiting Tom who was 'fool enough to believe in human friendship.'

'Well,' he said, bluntly, 'what do you intend to do?'

'So, Tom, with a long breath, 'I wuz mistook in you, after all. To think that I give you my frien'dship an' you wa'n't worth it. What be I going to do? What do men usually do when a pardner turns thief?'

'You wouldn't shoot me, Tom?'

'Why not? Men's been killed fer less an' this an' the world wuz well red of 'em.'

Then it did mean death.

As Billy realized this his face turned ashen pale, while a palying terror struck through him, sending his bravado mask and revealing him as the pitiable dastard he was. He cowered before the old man, pleading hysterically.

'Oh, spare me, spare me, Tom. You said you cared no'ing for gold, while I was mad with love of it. It is my god—my heaven—my everything. But take it, take it all—only give me my life—Tom—I can't die.'

'Get up,' commanded the other, coldly, 'don't make me despise you worse'n I do. What would you do if you wuz in my place? Shoot, wouldn't you? You'd kill me now if you had the chance.'

'But think, Tom, what life means to me; I'm young an'—'

'Think what frien'dship meant to me; Billy, I'm old.'

In the momentary silence that followed, the pines and the river could be heard singing their old, old song, unheeding of the strife of mortals for a scrap of the treasure they guarded. Tom heard the song and his bitterness seemed to go out with the weird melody. The hand that held the weapon dropped listlessly to his side.

'I'll spar yer life,' he said hoarsely; 'you kin go.'

Billy stood a moment as though he had not heard.

'Yer free. Go!' said Tom.

The boy glanced from the old man to the bag of gold, and then turned slowly toward the doorway.

'Yer better take yer pile now,' said Tom quickly, 'as I reckon you won't be comin' back.'

'Do you mean it?' gasped Billy.

'Certainly; hall'voun, ain't it? There's only one thief in this camp, an'—it ain't me.'

Tom proceeded to open the bag, and roughly divided the contents.

'You can take the best, that goes with your halt. As for me,' he added, in a voice that wavered in spite of himself, 'I'll do what I'd done if you'd 'robbed me. I'll stay awhile longer with the mountains an' sometimes dangerous, but most-wise th'ere's better'n a man.'

Billy vaguely appreciated the nature of the man with whom he was dealing, yet he felt that such nobleness required some acknowledgement. He spang forward, and tried to grasp the old man's hand.

'No, no—not that!' cried Tom, fiercely. 'Don't touch me. The gold is yours. Take it and go. But go quick, Billy—fer I'm only kuman.'—San Francisco Argonaut.

**A CONVERTED PHYSICIAN.**

With the Aid of South American Kidney Cure, Nurses his "Stopsless" Cases back to Health.

A prominent physician writes this of diabetes: "Personally until very recently I had never known an absolute cure." But the same physician says further that he has noted the wonderful work accomplished in patients of his by South American Kidney Cure; patients whom he has ceased to treat because in his estimation there was no cure and no hope. What a tribute this is to the medic genius in the compounding of this great remedy—the kidney specific. It soothes, heals and cures the diseased parts. Does it quickly and permanently.

**Practical.**

The great Marchesi, like other famous singers, was the recipient of valuable gifts from an admiring public. Many of these were of a perishable nature, and some were rich and rare. One only bore the character of absolute practicality. During a concert tour in Switzerland, there was a concert in which the prima donna was especially brilliant. She sang a varied programme: a song from Handel, an Italian air, some German songs; and, not only through the greatness, but the diversity of her gifts, roused her hearers to a tremendous pitch

of enthusiasm. Many of them crowded up to her when the concert was over, overwhelming her with the profusion of the flowers they brought. After the crowd had dispersed, a bashful looking girl came up, holding a parcel in her hand.

'You delighted me so very much at your last concert,' said she, 'that to-day I should like to express my admiration for you in person. Flowers however, fade. I therefore beg to offer you a lasting and practical souvenir which will keep me in your memory.'

With these words, she unwrapped a silver soup-ladle, presented it and disappeared.

What does your wife do when she's angry with you? Threaten to return to her parents? Ask for a divorce? Or, she takes revenge by repeating the idiotic things I said to her on our honeymoon?

Twenty-five dollars would be cheap pay for the cures Dr. Harvey's Southern Kidney Pills effects for twenty-five cents.

'It beats me,' mused a country theatre manager. 'This here William Shakespeare wrote the play of Hamlet, in which Ophelia gets drowned, yet he leaves the drowning scene out.'

'It does seem queer,' observed the stage carpenter, with a touch of vanity; 'but maybe he don't know how to make a tank.'

**BORN.**

Taylorville, to the wife of Mr. Robert Jennings, a son.

Halifax, Aug. 26, to the wife of Mr. E. S. Dover, a son.

Halifax, Aug. 31, to the wife of Mr. Geo. A. Nault, a son.

Amherst, Aug. 23, to the wife of Mr. Albert Fraser, a son.

Halifax, Aug. 25, to the wife of Mr. Alex. Griley, a son.

Moncton, Aug. 26, to the wife of Mr. H. W. Martin, a son.

Halifax, Aug. 28, to the wife of Mr. Mangle, a daughter.

Cannan, Aug. 15, to the wife of Mr. Harry Rand, a daughter.

Halifax, to the wife of Mr. George H. Thornton, a daughter.

Fredericton, Aug. 25, to the wife of Isaac Winn, a daughter.

Windsor, Aug. 27, to the wife of Mr. John Cox, a daughter.

Berwick, Aug. 10, to the wife of Mr. J. Wilband, a daughter.

Halifax, Aug. 28, to the wife of Mr. Andrew Muir, a daughter.

Wellington, Aug. 24, to the wife of Mr. J. F. Herbin, a daughter.

Halifax, Aug. 29, to the wife of Mr. James Spear, a daughter.

Halifax, Aug. 22, to the wife of Mr. Eli Archibald, a daughter.

Coxheath, Aug. 20, to the wife of Mr. A. C. Reade, a daughter.

Sydney, Aug. 24, to the wife of Mr. Stephen Tully, a daughter.

Parroboro, Aug. 27, to the wife of Mr. A. W. Jackson, a son.

Halfway River, Aug. 10, to the wife of King Peck, a son.

Amherst, Aug. 28, to the wife of Mr. Angus McLeod, a son.

Parroboro, Aug. 25, to the wife of Capt. D. W. MacShelburne, a son.

Shelburne, Aug. 18, to the wife of Mr. Lemuel Crow, a son.

Belbrook, Aug. 26, to the wife of Mr. Edward Sarette, a son.

Peterborough, Aug. 27, to the wife of Mr. J. S. Mahood, a son.

Fredericton, Aug. 24, to the wife of Mr. Andrew Parsons, a son.

Windsor, Aug. 27, to the wife of Mr. John McDonold, a daughter.

Lake George, Aug. 14, to the wife of Mr. George A. Rogers, a son.

Diligent River, Aug. 27, to the wife of Mr. Hallett Canine, a son.

Amherst, Aug. 28, to the wife of Mr. John Purdy, twin daughters.

Acadia Mines, Aug. 29, to the wife of Mr. Samuel Park, a daughter.

Foly Village, Aug. 23, to the wife of Henry McLean, a daughter.

Windsor, Aug. 28, to the wife of Mr. John W. Conolly's daughter.

Yarmouth, Aug. 24, to the wife of Mr. S. S. Whitehurst, a daughter.

Treemontville, Aug. 30, to the wife of Mr. George Smith, a daughter.

Shelburne, Aug. 23, to the wife of Mr. William H. Hunter, a daughter.

Parroboro, Aug. 27, to the wife of Mr. Clarence Johnson, a daughter.

Halifax, Aug. 29, to the wife of Mr. Walter S. Davidson, a daughter.

Tusket Wedge, Aug. 29, to the wife of Mr. Vincent Richard, a daughter.

Mystic, Conn., Aug. 25, to the wife of Mr. Herbert Goudy, a daughter.

Dufferin Mines, Aug. 26, to the wife of Mr. John Routledge, a daughter.

Boacbee, Charlotte Co., Aug. 24, to the wife of Mr. Samuel Canine, a son.

Worcester, Mass., Aug. 22, to the wife of Mr. Geo. F. Haley, a daughter.

South Westville, Aug. 29, to the wife of Mr. G. Foster, twin daughters.

Kelley's Cove, Aug. 28, to the wife of Rev. Mr. J. Stanley Durkee, a daughter.



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Kelley's Cove, Aug. 28, to the wife of Rev. Mr. J. Stanley Durkee, a daughter.

**DIED.**

St. John, Sept. 1, Mary Smith.

St. John, Sept. 6, Jane Brown, 76.

Yarmouth, Aug. 16, Maud Haley 19.

Moncton, Aug. 30, Francis Byers, 19.

St. John, Sept. 8, Mrs. Elizabeth Barratt, a son.

Halifax, Aug. 18, Stephen Jones, 76.

Halifax, Aug. 18, Catherine Lynch, 15.

St. John, Sept. 4, George Dunfield, 18.

Grand Frox, Aug. 25, Mrs. John Brown.

St. John, Sept. 4, Mrs. Mary A. Green.

Sunny Brae, Sept. 3, Edward Burch, 79.

South Boston, Aug. 29, William Fidler.

Fort Medway, Aug. 22, Susan Easter 16.

Fredericton, Sept. 2, William McDonald 74.

Halifax, Aug. 3, Norman McDonald 74.

Central Economy Aug. 25, Robert Vance.

Maitland, Hants, Aug. 30, Ann Brown, 64.

St. John, Sept. 3, Jennie Carlin, 5 months.

White's Point, Aug. 28, Fred Springer 32.

Windsor, Aug. 29, Roy Rupert Riding, 3.

St. John, Sept. 1, Cornack McGlinchey, 84.

New Albany, Aug. 23, Elsie Abbott Merry, 63.

Parroboro, Aug. 26, William Nightingale, 91.

Portauk Cove, Aug. 28, George Sadler, 83.

Nictaux, south, Aug. 29, Mrs. Thom A. Banks.

Fisher's Grant, Aug. 24, Samuel A. Foster, 68.

Milton, Queens, Aug. 16, Edward Burnaby, 37.

Halifax, Aug. 29, Hartley Duncan, 10 months.

Parroboro, Aug. 25, Margaret Adams, 4 months.

Hantsport, Aug. 27, Mrs. Hannah Burgess, 70.

Coverdale, Co., Aug. 29, George F. Ryan, 37.

Hanover, N. H., Aug. 29, Mrs. Minnie Foster.

Harmony, Colchester, Aug. 18, Eja Crowell, 20.

West Petpswick, Aug. 29, Isaac E. Greenough, 61.

West Petpswick, Aug. 29, Cameron Sutherland, 1.

Cambridge, Mass., Aug. 26, John D. Creelman, 63.

North Kingston, Aug. 14, Mrs. Susan Rhodes, 81.

Charlottetown, P. E. I., Aug. 16, Bridget Gaul 18.

West Quoddy, Halifax Co., Aug. 22, Bertha Smith, 6.

Innellen, Scotland, Aug. 19, Capt. Joan Halford, 71.

Upper North River, Aug. 22, Kenneth McKenzie, 73.

Tatmscouche Bay, Aug. 14, Mrs. Angus McDonald, 76.

Charlottetown, P. E. I., Aug. 27, Robert Fellows, 76.

Peterville, Queens Co., Aug. 12, Stewart McKinstry, 55.

Hillsboro, A. Co., Aug. 31, Arthur Sherwood, 14 months.

Prince Edward Island, Aug. 24, Archibald McKenzie 91.

**MARRIED.**

Storvicks, Aug. 31, Charles W. McMullin to L. Banché Huntley.

Shemogue, by Rev. J. W. Gardner, William H. Hunter to Rachel E. Allen.

Southampton, Aug. 9, by Rev. Jos. Sellers, Hugh Morris to Annie Rodolph.

## Paint Protection

You realize the necessity of protecting your house with good paint, but you do not protect the necessity of protecting yourself against poor paint. It all looks alike in the can, but one kind comes off, the other stays on; one kind soon looks shabby, the other keeps new. The kind that holds on strongest, looks new longest, is

### THE SHERWIN-WILLIAMS PAINT

It is the result of a quarter of a century's paint-making experience; the product of the largest paint factory in the world. A book on the subject of paint, free.

THE SHERWIN-WILLIAMS CO., PAINT AND COLOR MAKERS, 100 Canal Street, Cleveland. 2629 Stewart Avenue, Chicago. 897 Washington Street, New York. 21 St. Antoine Street, Montreal.

**STEAMBOATS.**

**Star Line Steamers**

—FOR—

**Fredericton.**  
(Eastern Standard Time.)

**Mail Steamers Victoria and David Weston**

Leave St. John every day (except Sunday) at 8 a. m., for Fredericton and all intermediate landings, and will leave Fredericton every day (except Sunday) at 8 a. m. for St. John.

Star Line Steamers will leave Fredericton for Gagetown and intermediate landings for Gagetown at 4 o'clock (local time). Returning will leave Gagetown every morning at 6 o'clock. Saturday's Steamer will leave at 6 o'clock.

GEO. F. BAIRD, Manager.

**Steamer Clifton.**

On and after July 7th.

Leave Hampton for Indiantown,

Monday at 5:30 a. m.  
Tuesday at 8:30 p. m.  
Wednesday at 2:00 p. m.  
Thursday at 8:30 p. m.  
Saturday at 5:30 a. m.

Leave Indiantown for Hampton,

Tuesday at 9:00 a. m.  
Wednesday at 9:00 a. m.  
Thursday at 9:00 a. m.  
Saturday at 4:00 p. m.

CAPT. R. G. EARLE, Manager.

**RAILROADS.**

**Dominion Atlantic R'y.**

On and after Monday, Aug. 1st, 1898, the Steamship and Train service of this railway will be as follows:

**Royal Mail S.S. Prince Rupert,**

**DAILY SERVICE.**

St. John at 11 a. m., arr. Digby 10:15 a. m.  
Lve. Digby at 1:45 p. m., arr. St. John, at 4:30 p. m.

**EXPRESS TRAINS**

Daily (Sunday excepted).

Lve. Halifax at 3 a. m., arr. in Digby 12:28 p. m.  
Lve. Digby at 3:45 a. m., arr. Yarmouth 3:18 p. m.  
Lve. Digby at 5:45 a. m., arr. Digby 1:35 p. m.  
Lve. Digby at 7:45 a. m., arr. Yarmouth 3:45 p. m.  
Lve. Yarmouth at 9:00 a. m., arr. Digby 11:45 a. m.  
Lve. Digby at 11:55 a. m., arr. Digby 10:25 a. m.  
Lve. Yarmouth at 8:35 a. m., arr. Halifax 3:35 p. m.  
Lve. Annapolis 7:15 a. m., arr. Annapolis 4:40 p. m.  
Lve. Digby 6:30 p. m., arr. Annapolis 4:40 p. m.

Pullman Palace Buffet Parlor Cars run each way on Flyer B enroute express trains between Halifax and Yarmouth.

**S. S. Prince Edward,**

**BOSTON SERVICE.**

By far the finest and swiftest steamer plying out of Boston. Leaves Yarmouth, N. S., every MONDAY and THURSDAY, immediately on arrival of the Express Train arriving in Boston early next morning. Returns leaves Long Wharf, Boston, every SUNDAY and WEDNESDAY at 4:00 p. m. Frequent connections on Dominion Atlantic Railway Steamers and Palace Car Express Trains. Steerage can be obtained on application to City Agent.

F. S. Bragelonne makes daily trips to and from Kingsport and Parroboro.

Close connections with trains at Digby. Tickets on sale at City Office, 114 Prince William Street, at the wharf (off), 3 from the Express steamer, from whom time-tables and all information can be obtained.

W. R. CAMPBELL, Gen. Man'gr.  
F. GIFFINS, Superintendant.

**Intercolonial Railway.**

On and after Monday, the 20th June, 1898, the rates of this Railway will be as follows: SUNDAY excepted, as follows:

**TRAINS WILL LEAVE ST. JOHN**

Express for Hampton..... 6.3  
Express for Campbellton, Eggenah, Picou and Halifax..... 7.0  
Express for Halifax..... 11.5  
Express for Sussex..... 11.5  
Express for Hampton..... 14.4  
Express for Quebec, Montreal..... 18.  
Accommodation for Montreal, Yarm., Halifax, and Sydney..... 22.0

A sleeping car will be attached to the train leaving St. John at 11:30 o'clock for Quebec and Montreal.

A sleeping car will be attached to the train leaving St. John at 2:30 for Yarm., Digby, and Montreal.

Dining and Buffet cars on Quebec and Montreal trains.

**TRAINS WILL ARRIVE AT ST. JOHN**

Express from Hampton..... 7.15  
Express from Sussex..... 8.0  
Express from Halifax, Quebec and Montreal..... 11.0  
Express from Hampton..... 11.0  
Express from Hampton..... 21.50  
Accommodation from Montreal, Monday excepted..... 1.25  
Accommodation from P. E. Co. Quebec and Montreal..... 11.25

All trains are run by Eastern Standard time.

**CITY TICKET OFFICE,**  
91 Prince Wm. Street,  
St. John, N. S.

**CANADIAN PACIFIC RY.**

**Fall Exhibition Excursions**

Tickets on sale from St. John, N. S. as follows: Ottawa Exhibitions. To Ottawa and return at \$17.50 each Sept. 16th to 19th, and at \$11.00 each on Sept. 20th only, all good for return until Sept. 27th.

**FALL EXCURSION.**

To Montreal and return at \$14.15 Sept. 16th to 19th and at \$10 on Sept. 20th only. All good for return until Sept. 27th.

Harvest Excursions to Canadian North West. August 20th, and Sept. 18th only; good for return within 60 days at the following rates: Winnipeg, Portage La Prairie, Brandon, Deloraine, Eston, Egan, Bismarck, Moosemin and Winnipeg \$25.00 each; Regina, Moose Jaw and Yorktown, \$30.00 each; Prince Albert and Calgary, \$35.00 each; Red Deer and Edmonton \$40.00 each.

Further particulars of C. P. R. Ticket Agents.

**EL. ROYMAN,**  
Asst. Genl. Pass. Agent,  
St. John, N. S.