





Chat of the Boudoir.

An Eton suit of dark blue cloth is bid in black is one of the most chic among the tailored group. Its revers of heavy border of the same silk embroidered in blue dots and braided in black. The small buttons are of dull-finished gold.

A gown of leaf brown serge is made with a tucked blouse and bordered with white cloth. A sea of heavy deep cream lace forms the stock of the white Liberty satin blouse, and its ends slip under the collar of the blouse coat, falling loosely down either side of the front.

A second Eton suit in the new copper brown has its crepe cloth revers strapped and bordered in black satin, with a finish of small copper buttons for the straps. The cream waistcoat is embroidered in striped copper and black and buttons with copper buttons.

The stitched white felt hat trimmed with a black quill, worn with a copper gown, is a hint of one of the autumn fads. White felt hats trimmed in black are, French milliners are not false prophets, to be presently the swell thing in headgear for early fall, and possibly throughout the winter.

The triple bolero is also in shrewdest vogue, white, this time, and trimmed with deep cream lace and jewelry. The girdle and corsage knot are of white, but in black they give an air of chic action to the work.

A gown of apricot silk and wool has a tucked bolero elaborately trimmed in cream guipure. Through the lace collar is threaded black velvet ribbon. The bolero is of black velvet and two narrow black velvet bands edge the collar of the crepe guipure. The sleeves are also lined with black velvet. This touch of black velvet is particularly fetching upon lapels and cream, but it is effective with most any color, and the indications are that the colors for black velvet and black bolero will run over from the summer season into the winter modes.

Appropos of black velvet, here is a simple blouse that is a charming accompaniment to either black or a white skirt, and not to be despised with any light skirt. It is made of alternate strips of black velvet ribbon and cream guipure. The velvet ribbon turns over the top of the bodice and in points on the broad crepe collar where it finishes with rhine stone buttons. The guipure collar and full waterleaves are white mousseline and the girdle is of the velvet. Such a blouse is easily made at home and should be becoming to any woman. A bolero made in the same fashion will freshen up an old gown wonderfully.

No color should be selected with more care than brown, despite the absurd and time honored notion that any can wear brown. Blue, and even green, are much safer propositions for the average woman. The wrong shade of brown can effectually take the light out of hair and eyes and make a sallow complexion look its worst. On the other hand, brown can bring out a bright brown hair and eyes and tone down a sallow complexion. The ordinary rule is that brown in its stronger shades is for the brown eyed girl, and her gown should be chosen to match her eyes, but it is always well to try the effect of the goods against hair and face before buying. No woman with drab or colorless hair should not dream of brown for her frock.

The grays are lovely of course, but, in their most charming shades, are too light for street wear; the autumn and winter would better be reserved for later house and carriage use. The same is true of the wonderful delicate shades of cloth which are bound to be the swell thing for dressing during the winter, elbowing silk quite aside. Red is to be much used in trimming, the windreds, that is, but, so far, few red materials are shown for autumn wear. Black is, as always in great demand, and with a touch of white and Persian coloring is perhaps as desirable as anything one could buy for a tide-over gown, provided it is becoming and sufficiently youthful.

From Paris comes rumors of a velvet season; but the report may echo the manufacturer's wish rather than the dressmaker's probability. On the strength of the report, buyers are laying in heavy stocks not only of fine velvets, but also of velveteens. It remains to be seen whether they will, as prophesied, be greatly used for whole costumes, but the thing is to be doubted, in spite of the Paris hints.

A group of the new tailor gowns has

season's shopper; and, while the gown are merely developments of summer models, any of them may be safely followed for autumn and winter.

From countless sources, usually esteemed infallible, we are assured that the well loved bolero is, at that, on the wane; yet, from these same sources, charming bolero gowns are being traced out. The chances are that the house gowns and dressy toilettes the bolero will hold its own fairly through the winter, but for a street costume one would be wiser to select a coat, coat blouse, moujik blouse, or Eton ready to go to the winter.

The new silk and wool mixtures are also more and more filmy and come in wonderful ideal effects and exquisite blendings of delicate color. Where white gowns are desired plain Louisiana satin soups are the best choice, and these two materials have pushed teta aside for use in stripes, under sheer materials.

Of the bolero gowns in light weight wool whose bodices are sketched, the one with the lace bolero is perhaps the most charming. The gown is of delicate moonstone gray with a blouse of finely laced cream mousseline over white. The bolero is embroidered in shades of beige and running down the scale to deepest purple, and is laced with pearly purple satin olivings trimmed with silver.

Light weight cloth is, perhaps, the safest and most satisfactory investment for the shopper in search of a fall gown, and the cloths that are being shown in the shops are even lighter and more pliable than those of last season. The old-time prejudice against broadcloth because of its weight hasn't a grain of justification now, when cloths, exquisite in texture and sheen, are scarcely heavier than cheviot and so fine that they are as easily handled as any so-called wool goods.

The blues are in evidence in the fall goods, as they have been all summer, and from hyacinth down to the deepest navy will be much worn. There is a rumor, however, that blue has been overdone and that the consumers have their backs to it; but such a rumor is practically perennials and yet the blues hold their own. They

that and sun and to wear as no color does, and in the right shades, will do more toward clearing a muddy complexion than any other color. Then, too, they combine well with almost any other color. With these advantages it is small wonder that blue is the most common and wisest choice for street suits.

The weather does not encourage the use of furs, yet this is the time when the furriers show the new models and the business begins to boom. Especially, if one writes fur made over, now is the accepted time. Later the furriers will be too busy to do the work quickly.

There is a great deal of talk about making over this season, if one has an old shoddy coat or cape. Of course the luxurious long fur gowns will be the height of elegance, but the short blouse coats will be in their way, quite as well, and are being trimmed in heavy laces and embroideries in ravishing fashion.

Baby lamb, chinchilla, beaver, or camel or any other soft and pliable fur is suitable for these blouses and the slender woman looks exceedingly well in any of them. One of the two blouses sketched is in chinchilla, with fur collar and revers, whose edge is slightly scalloped. From under the scalloped edge the heavy Irish lace only an edge of the lace showing. The bottom of the sleeve has a fall of lace and an insert of lace runs up the outside of the sleeve, edged by heavy embroidery in brilliant Oriental colors and gold. The blouse belt is of this same embroidery, and the one large button is of gold and Oriental enamel.

The other short coat is a baby lamb and ermine with embroidered belt and wrist bands and jewelled buttons. Ermine is to be as popular as it was last winter, the black and white fad making it more than ever desirable.

The long driving cloaks so popular this summer have opened the way for long driving cloaks this winter. These may be entirely of fur, if one can stand the price and the warmth; but the most popular driving cloak will be the long one of heavy smooth cloth handsomely trimmed and, if desired, lined. Such a cloak in mode color with a huge collar of sable is

shown in the sketch.

Another winter fashion in which summer's influence will be felt is the use of the long loose cloak for evening wear. The gorgeous evening cloaks in lace and chiffon and velvet belong to a class and a world apart; but the woman who goes to theatre and opera and dinner, in the street cars, needs some wrap to protect her dignity gown. All sorts of long capes and coats have been made to

No, said Colonel Blodde of Kentucky, the government, is adopting mainly the wrong color with the Filipinos. What it should do, is to send a ship load of Gawgia watermelons and a shipload of Kentucky whiskey, and a shipload of mint candy, and assuage the natives' thirst, and manifest their sympathy by sending them some of those watermelons and whiskey and candy into the field. Yes, said

Baron—This is my largest carp pond, madam. Every spring the pond is stocked with fish brood. The animals are then exactly two inches long.

Visitor—Why, do those little things already know how to swim?

Teacher—What does h-u-l-l-y spell?

Johnny—Why, er—um—

Teacher—Come, come! Suppose a great big boy were to take a little fellow, what would you call him?

Johnny—I don't know, but tell yer, ma'am.

The idyllic husband is the man who has, got married yet.

Marrying a dullard to reform him is like trying fish to make beefsteak out of it.

When a woman is dead sure that she is a man she is never dead sure that she wants him.

Cabell—Was the show a success?

Cassidy—It was! A'feer bring out six weeks we succeeded in gettin' back our jobs.

Goburg—What is your objection to divorce?

Enpeck—It encourages matrimony.



HARVESTING.

serve the purpose, but the beautiful models evolved in the summer driving coats will be exactly the thing for this winter's evening use.

The design can be copied in dark and saffron materials and the wraps will be stylish and becoming without being in any way conspicuous. Bisuit and made cloths, are, of course, the most serviceable and inconspicuous of the light shades for such a cloak, but in a deep elvish color, in emerald green or in rich blue, with touches of heavy lace or embroidery, a cloak like the one sketched would be a comfort and joy to the city woman who is not lucky enough to ride in her own carriage.

The blouse with a royal blue collar and cuffs trimmed with applied passementerie embroidered in black, white and gold. The lacing and giraffe are of black Liberty satin and the under blouse of white, tucked with Liberty as it has a high collar of passementerie.

These embroidered passementeries are being brought out in new effects that are very beautiful, and is said that they are to supplant the favorite cream and white guipure on the most modish gowns of the coming season. Raised effects in embroideries are one of the latest fancies and few of the handsomest passementeries, whether in silk, jet or jewels, show a flat design.

Jet seems likely to have another day of power, and jetted robes and trimming, both in spangle and bead work, are among the most expensive and most expensive of the new season's novelties. The prolonged reign of all black and a black and white probably accounts for this flood of jet, and few trimmings are more effective or more becoming.

An excellent model for a tailor coat shows a new tendency toward the combination of two materials in the same color. The lowest part of the short, close-fitting jacket is of rough finished serge in reeds green, while the revers yoke and sleeves are in smooth cloth to match. Large dull silver buttons adorn the jacket, being, with the exception of stitching, the only trimming. A waistcoat of white cloth buttoned and braided in silver gives a touch of brightness to the gown. There has been a distinct effort to bring silver to the front at the expense of the over popular gold; but though gold trimming is not so aggressive and pronounced as last season, a note of it is found in many of the most chic fall gowns and seems appropriate with autumn coloring.

Millions USE CUTICURA SOAP

Assisted by Cuticura Ointment, the Great Skin Cure, for preserving, purifying, and beautifying the skin, for cleansing the scalp of crusts, scales, and dandruff, and the stopping of falling hair, for softening, whitening, and soothing red, rough, and sore hands, for baby rashes, itching, and chafing, and for all the purposes of the toilet, bath, and nursery. Millions of Women use CUTICURA SOAP in the form of baths for annoying inflammations and irritations, or too free or offensive perspiration, in the form of washes for ulcerative weaknesses, for many sensitive, antiseptic purposes which readily suggest themselves to women, especially mothers. No amount of persuasion can induce those who have once used these great skin purifiers and beautifiers to use any others. CUTICURA SOAP combines delicate emollient properties derived from Cuticura Ointment, the great skin cure, with the purest of cleansing ingredients, and the most refreshing of flower odours. No other medicated soap is to be compared with it for preserving, purifying, and beautifying the skin, scalp, hair, and hands. No other foreign or domestic toilet soap, however expensive, is to be compared with it for all the purposes of the toilet, bath, and nursery. Thus it combines in ONE SOAP at ONE PRICE, the BEST skin and complexion soap, the BEST toilet and baby soap in the world. Complete Treatment for every Humour. CUTICURA SOAP, to cleanse the skin of crusts and scales and soften the thickened cuticle, CUTICURA OINTMENT, to instantly allay itching, inflammation, and irritation, and soothe and heal, and CUTICURA RESOLVENT, to cool and cleanse the blood. A SIMPLEX SERI is often sufficient to cure the most torturing, disfiguring humours, with loss of hair, when all else fails. Sold throughout the world.







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SIXTEEN PAGES.

ST. JOHN, N. B., SATURDAY, AUG.

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

KING EDWARD'S TITLE.

KING EDWARD'S present title is EDWARD VII., by the grace of God, of the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland King, Defender of the Faith, Emperor of India.

Not a Tenderfoot. Horace Vachell, writing to his English home of the amazing boastfulness of the Californians youth not without a strong admixture of common sense relates the following story:

I was returning from a fishing tour in British Columbia and encountered a youth about seventeen in the Pullman car, who, taking me for a tenderfoot proceeded to set forth at great length the resources of California. Presently he asked he asked me if this were my first visit to his state.

Without Assistance. The sentiment recently expressed by a good natured Swede, when interrogated by a young bride, may be shared by a good many queens of the kitchen.

Upsetting An Adage. The adage, 'Happy is the bride that the sun shines on,' is one that is unknown in many lands. A Breton bride takes it as a bad sign when the day of her wedding dawns bright and sunny.

Remember the Main? It is getting to be something of a task. The hospital ship Maine, which served so honorably in South Africa and China, was lately presented to the British government.

The United States has not yet ceased to pay stamp duties to Great Britain and that 'without representation' in her Parliament. Revenue stamps to the value of twenty-five

thousand dollars were required to make legal the ten-million dollar deed of gift by which Mr. Carnegie endows the Scottish universities. So large a stamp duty was never before paid into the British treasury.

Most extraordinary children exist in Porto Rico, if a letter from San Juan may be accepted as authority. On the last day of the spring term the pupils in the public schools departed with the greatest reluctance and such a demand was made for summer school that arrangements have been made to open them in several towns on the island. This pleasant in every way. It indicates grateful appreciation of the new educational system in Porto Rico, and speaks well for the efforts of the government and the temper of the people.

In England the automobile comes into favor less rapidly than on the Continent. A London writer calls it 'a fad, and an extremely dirty, dusty, uncomfortable fad' and a nuisance on the public ways. He thinks it will be many years before 'these crude, impracticable machines' displace in the Englishman's affections 'a fine trotting horse and a smart trap.'

A cutting affray, which will most likely prove fatal, occurred shortly before midnight Saturday night near the water front Plymouth, Mass., when Charles Cromwell a negro laborer, was terribly slashed on the arms and across the abdomen with a razor in the hands of George A. Jones, another negro.

The Spanish minister at Washington has asked Vicente Guerra, the Spanish vice consul at Tampa, Fla., for the names of the subjects who were recently deported by the citizens vigilance committee as leaders of the Resistencia Cigar Makers' strike and for an investigation of the whole affair so far as Spain is concerned.

There came near being a riot on the beach at Narragansett Pier Sunday afternoon. It was caused by a woman in a remarkable bathing dress. The garment was made of white silk with pink and black dotted hose cut in the Frenchest fashion.

Four masked men armed with revolvers held up a tramcar in the suburbs of Melbourne, Australia, late Sunday night and rifled eight passengers of their money and jewelry, after which they escaped.

Emil Nielsen and Herman Holt, young men of Maspeth, L. I., who have been chums since childhood, quarreled Sunday Nielsen struck Holt a swinging blow on the jaw with his clenched fist.

Sunday being St. Joachim's day the pope held a reception in Rome which was attended by 20 cardinals and some 150 archbishops and bishops. He seems to be in excellent health. In the course of an address he referred to the constant com

News of the Passing Week.

The British admiralty at St. John's, N. F., intends to install the Marconi system of wireless telegraphy on Cape Race in order to communicate with the British royal yacht Ophir, bearing the duke and duchess of Cornwallis and York, when she approaches the Newfoundland coast in October.

The International bicycle race from Paris to Brest and return, a distance of 750 miles, was won by Garin, who reached the finishing point in the Paris velodrome at 9 04 a. m. Sunday having covered the entire course in 52 hours and 11 minutes.

Two good swimmers were drowned in the Merrimac river at Haverhill, Mass., Sunday afternoon because of the strong current into which one had unconsciously gone and the other while attempting to make a rescue.

Queen Sophia of Sweden is again seriously ill. The wheat crop of Italy this year is above the average yield. Edmond Aubrain, the French composer, is dead, aged 59 years.

Alfred Gilbert, the English sculptor, has been declared bankrupt. There is an animated discussion in Paris as to hats or parasols for horses. A Berlin paper wants the Government to send a warship to Venezuela.

Minister Conger is urging Washington's attention to the persistent occupation of Tien Tsin university by the Germans, who refuse to vacate the building and pay rent, thereby preventing Dr. Tenny from continuing his educational work, which the Chinese desire him to resume.

The first reports received in Manila of a famine in Iloilo are not taken serious, and the chief of the Manila papers to start subscriptions has been declined. The government has already advanced \$25,000 in gold, for Iloilo for public works to tide over the difficulty.

The British schooner Herbert Rice, Capt. Comeau, from St. John to New York reported at City Island, N. Y., Sunday, that off Captains island in the middle of the Sound, at 9 o'clock Tuesday morning passed the wreck of a vessel about 30 feet long, bow up and stern down, painted red, with a big white letter A on bow.

A thorough canvass of the situation in Fall River, Mass., Tuesday evening indicates that the plan to cut the wages of mill operatives in this place: cloth centre 12 per cent. Sept. 31, will fail.

Lord Kitchener's weekly report to London from Pretoria Monday, shows that 64 Boers were killed, two were wounded, 248 were made prisoners and 95 surrendered during that time. The prisoners include Landrost Steyn of Verdelort and Commandant De Villiers, father of Mrs. Schalk-burger, wife of the acting president, and Commandant Beyrenbach of Lillietenstein.

ROYAL BAKING POWDER. ABSOLUTELY PURE. Makes the food more delicious and wholesome.

gross of the Roman Catholic church, especially in the United States and Great Britain. He conversed in an animated way with the cardinals.

Five persons were killed outright and several others seriously injured in Chicago Saturday night in a collision between a trolley car on the forty seventh street line and a Fort Wayne passenger train.

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accident was the result of the machinery breaking and letting the metal drop into a tank of water.

The washout on the Lehigh Valley R. R. at Voburg, 40 miles north of Wilkes-barre, Pa., Saturday evening was the most disastrous in the history of the road. No lives were lost, but the damage done was considerable.

Daniel McDonald, of Mira, C. B., was killed Monday afternoon at Caledonia pit. He was engaged in blasting and the shot went off prematurely. He leaves a wife and family at Springhill.

The New York Commercial Cable Co. has issued the following notice: 'We are advised that the Siberian land lines are again in order, and that messages for Japan via Northern can be accepted without restriction.'

It is feared that the Russian bark Neptune, Capt. Zitzko, which sailed from Pensacola, Fla., Aug 10, for Montevideo, was lost in the recent storm. Pieces of the stern of a vessel bearing the name 'Neptune' were picked up on the outer beach of Santa Rosa island several miles out.

The British steamer Resenacht arrived at Kingston, Jan., Monday from Central American ports and brought advices from Colon of continued and persistent attacks by the rebels on the outskirts of Colon and Panama. The belief is gaining ground that the Columbia government is weakening.

Five cases of small pox have developed in Boston since last Friday, one death has occurred and two cases are on the dangerous list. The death is that of a child two and a half years old, which was taken to the city hospital by his father Sunday. The father also had the disease, but did not know it.

Receivers were appointed at Baltimore, Md., Monday for the Parkton Lumber company of Baltimore county, and the Chesapeake Lumber company of that city on the application of Charles E. Corbran, who asserts that he is the principal stockholder in both concerns. The petitions in both cases allege that the companies are insolvent because of misconduct and mismanagement of former officers of the corporations interested.

The Mohawk & Malone round house at Herkimer, N. Y., was discovered to be on fire at 9.30 Monday night. Watchmen Gilbert and an engine tender named John Deck assisted by residents of the vicinity and members of the bridge building gang attempted to extinguish the flames. While they were fighting with the fire a large quantity of dynamite stored in the building exploded with terrific force killing Gilbert and Deck and four others who have not been identified. The roundhouse was wrecked. It is feared that there are other bodies in the ruins.

Latent styles of Wedding Invitations and announcements printed in any quantities and at moderate prices. Will be sent to any Address. Progress Job Print.

Cook's Cotton Root Compound. Is successfully used monthly by over 10,000 Ladies. Safe, effective. Ladies ask your druggist for Cook's Cotton Root Compound. Take no other, as all 31 stores, pills and imitations are dangerous. Price, No. 1, \$1 per box; No. 2, 10 degrees stronger, \$2 per box. No. 1 or 2, mailed on receipt of price and two cent stamp. The Cook Company Windsor, Ont. For Nos. 1 and 2 sold and recommended by all responsible Druggists in Canada.

CALVERT'S 20 per cent. CARBOLIC SOAP. Cures and prevents Insect and Mosquito bites. The strongest Carbolic Toilet Soap. F. C. CALVERT & Co., Manchester, Eng.

The one writing is the... for the grand... serving all the... parties and all... the extent of... Few, if any... ment was made... P. McNutt on... the much adm... had been accep... abodes for the... has not been d... Duchess and th... shall occupy G... bers o the sta... MacNutt read... beautiful interie... been much adm... that no more f... visitors could h... In speaking of... evening dress... minds. As the... late queen has... evening dresses... be confined to... pretty costumes... shades of lavend... or black and w... "Sunnyside,"... of Mr. and Mr... two charming... Fully two hun... receptions given... Wednesday aft... Earnest H. Tur... The drawing... were decorated... other cut-liver... The presence... guests added co... The toilettes... summary creati... darker clothing... Mrs. Alward w... duties by sever... guests with dai... Mrs Ernest H... nesday next fro... The entertaini... Tues. Bullock... in aid of the... success. The... direction of Mr... pated in by mas... hood. The voca... ed by Mr. Fran... Arthur Bowman... Several ladies... city to attend the... were also in atten... Mrs Edward S... ban dance. It... although the se... decided upon... Mrs Crothers g... summer cottage a... ing. Several An... present. Ices an... dancing was kept... St. John is bei... this summer. Th... fulness of the c... tion is plainly ev... attend every open... For a few hours... llas were the se... day was an ide... weekly games wa... Tea was served... the several small... prettily arrang... Many St. John... the death of Mr... at Fredericton, on... was the daughter... for many years re...



BAKING POWDER  
Pure and wholesome

dent was the result of the machinery  
... and letting the metal drop into a  
... of water.  
... washout on the Lehigh Valley R.  
... of Voburg, 40 miles north of Wilkes-  
... Pa., Saturday evening was the most  
... in the history of the road. No  
... were lost, but the damage done was  
... considerable. The Black Diamond express  
... and carrying New York and  
... delphia passengers from Buffalo was  
... at Mehoopany, a small station five  
... west of the Voburg tunnel. The  
... remained in the storm all night and  
... ay morning the passengers were  
... ferred to lighter cars and taken over  
... Harvey's Lake branch.

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... vers were appointed at Baltimore,  
... Monday for the Parkton Lumber  
... y of Baltimore county, and the  
... Lake Lumber company of that city  
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... in both concerns. The petitions in  
... es allege that the companies are  
... because of misconduct and mis-  
... ment of former officers of the cor-  
... is interested.

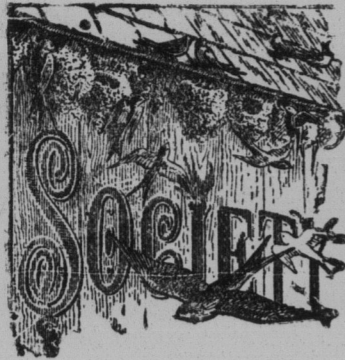
... Mohawk & Milons round house at  
... er, N. Y., was discovered to be on  
... 30 Monday night. Watchmen Gil-  
... an engine tender name John  
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... styles of Wedding invitations and  
... ements printed in any quantities  
... moderate prices. Will be sent to any  
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... Cook's Cotton Root Compound  
... is successfully used monthly by over  
... 1,000 Ladies. Safe, effective. Ladies ask  
... our druggist for Cook's Cotton Root Com-  
... no other, as all Mixtures, pills and  
... are dangerous. Price, No. 1, \$1 per  
... No. 10 degrees stronger, \$3 per box. No.  
... 100 on receipt of price and two sent  
... The Cook Company Windsor, Ont.  
... 1 and 2 sold and recommended by all  
... Druggists in Canada.

... and—No. 2 are sold in St. John  
... responsible Druggists.

... ALVERT'S  
... 20 per cent.  
... CARBOLIC  
... SOAP  
... and prevents Insect  
... and Mosquito bites.  
... strongest Carbolic Toilet Soap.  
... ALVERT & Co., Manchester, Eng.



SOCIETY

The one theme under discussion at the present  
writing is the coming visit of the Royal party. And  
for this grand event society people seem to be re-  
serving all their surplus energy as quiet picnic  
parties and other such informal affairs seem to be  
the extent of the weeks' gaiety.

Few, if any, were surprised when the announce-  
ment was made that the handsome residence of Mr  
P S McNutt on Queen Square and Caverhill Hall  
the much admired property of Mr Simon Jones  
had been accepted by the city council as fitting  
abodes for the Royal party during their visit. It  
has been definitely decided that the Duke and  
Duchess and the ladies and gentlemen in waiting  
shall occupy Caverhill Hall, while the other mem-  
bers of the staff will be comfortably installed in the  
McNutt residence. The splendid architecture and  
beautiful interior finishes of both buildings have  
been much admired and it is unanimously agreed  
that no more fitting place for the distinguished  
visitors could have been selected.

In speaking of the coming visitors, the subject of  
evening dress naturally presents itself to our  
minds. As the period of court mourning for our  
late queen has not yet expired the selection of  
evening dresses for the receptions etc., will have to  
be confined to half mourning. But then many  
pretty costumes can be arranged from the delicate  
shades of lavender, lilac, grey or purple, all black  
or black and white will also be much in evidence.

"Sunbyside," the pretty Mt. Pleasant residence  
of Mr. and Mrs. Silver Alward was the scene of  
two charming social functions this week. Fully  
two hundred invitations were issued for the  
receptions given by Mrs. Alward on Tuesday and  
Wednesday afternoons, at which Mr. and Mrs.  
Earrest H. Turnbull were the guests of honor.

The drawing room, library and dining room  
were decorated with masses of sweet peas and  
other cut flowers, ferns and palms. The  
presence of many gentlemen among the  
guests added considerable pleasure to the occasion.  
The toilettes of the ladies were chiefly dainty  
summer creations and contrasted prettily with the  
darker clothing of the autumn set.

Mrs. Alward was ably assisted in her pleasant  
duties by several of her friends, who served the  
guests with dainty refreshments.

Mrs Ernest H Turnbull will be at home on Wed-  
nesday next from 4 to 7 at 18 Wright street.

The entertainment held at the residence of Mr.  
Tos. Bullock at Westfield on Wednesday evening  
in aid of the Little Girls' Home was a pleasant  
success. The affair was under the personal  
direction of Mrs. Edward Sears, and was partici-  
pated in by many of the little folk of the neigh-  
borhood. The vocal and instrumental music furnished  
by Mr Frank Hogan, Mr H Sears, Mr  
Arthur Bowman and Mr Lively was also much  
enjoyed.

Several ladies and gentlemen went out from  
the city to attend the concert. The Westfield residents  
were also in attendance.

Mrs Edward Sears is arranging a masquerade  
barn dance. It will probably come off next week,  
although the evening has not as yet been definitely  
decided upon.

Mrs Crothers gave a small dancing party at her  
summer cottage at Westfield on Wednesday evening.  
Several American ladies and gentlemen were  
present. Ices and refreshments were served and  
dancing was kept up until quite a late hour.

St. John is being treated to plenty of good music  
this summer. That people appreciate the thought-  
fulness of the city bands and of the Tourist Associa-  
tion is plainly evinced by the large numbers that  
attend every open air concert.

For a few hours on Thursday afternoon the Golf  
links were the scene of society and animation. The  
day was an ideal one for golfing and the customary  
weekly games were entered into with unusual zest.  
Tea was served on the piazza, on the club houses  
the several small tables used for that purpose being  
prettily arranged with pink and white sweet peas.

Many St. John people were grieved to hear of  
the death of Mrs Julius Inches, which occurred  
at Fredericton, on Monday morning. Mrs. Inches  
was the daughter of the late Thomas Everett and  
for many years resided in this city. Mrs. Inches

had only been seriously ill for a few days, although  
her health has been gradually declining since the  
death of her husband, about a year ago. Mrs.  
Inches was a sister-in-law of Dr. Inches of Ger-  
main street.

Miss Fogarty of New York has been spending  
some weeks with her sister, Mrs. George Carville  
Paddock street.

Mrs R F Randolph of Fredericton spent part of  
the week in town.

Mrs R Cole and daughter Miss Dorothy left this  
week for Kentville and vicinity where they will  
visit relatives.

Mrs H H McLean and daughter Miss Elise, have  
retained from their trip to Westport Ontario.

Miss Marie Donnan who has been visiting in  
St Andrews is now the guest of Mrs J D Chipman  
at St Stephen.

Miss Constance Chipman of St Stephen was in the  
city for a day this week, enroute to Charlottetown,  
P E I land.

Mr and Mrs J E Irvine of this city are spending  
a few weeks at St Andrews at the Algonquin.

Miss Jennie McLaughlin of Leinster street is  
visiting Mrs W W Hill, at "The Nest," Rotsey.

Miss Nellie Leck who formerly resided here but  
now lives with her grandparents at Newcastle-on-  
Tyne, England, arrived in the city this week and  
will spend the winter with her sister, Mrs A E  
Finco. Miss Leck is being warmly welcomed by  
her many young friends.

Mrs Lizze McInerney has returned from a long  
and pleasant visit to Madawaska county. Miss  
McInerney's friends are pleased to hear of her ap-  
pointment to the permanent teaching staff of St.  
Malachy's school. Miss Emily Barsley has been  
appointed to the reserve staff of the same school.

Mrs P Murray and children who have been  
summering at Baywater returned to the city this  
week.

Mrs. Mrs. and Miss Lascelles of Dorchester,  
Mass., Miss Allingham of Boston. Mr. and Mrs.  
Spencer and their daughter Miss Henderson,  
spent Sunday with Miss Nicholls at her summer  
home "Rose Merrin."

Mr. W. H. McAfee of East Boston is visiting in  
the city, after an absence of twelve years. He is  
accompanied by Mrs. McAfee, and they are the  
guests of Mrs. J. R. Greer.

The garden party held on the beautiful Jewell  
grounds at Lancaster Heights, on Tuesday after-  
noon was well attended and quite a sum added to  
the fund for memorial fountain which is to be  
erected on Douglas Avenue by the North end W.  
C. T. U.

Miss Edith McCafferty has been enjoying a  
vacation at Oranmore.

Mr J E Horton formerly of this city but now of  
Boston is spending a fortnight here.

Misses May Bell and Rose McArdle of Moncton,  
who have been visiting friends here for the past  
two weeks return to their home this afternoon.

ANNAPOLIS.  
Aug. 22—The Rev H D de Blois is home again  
after his visit to Lunenburg.

Miss McLaughlin is staying with her sister, Mrs  
de Blois.

Dr George de Witt and Mrs De Witt of Wolfville  
were in town on Monday.

Rev Canon M-yward is a suist at the rectory.  
Miss Ebel Porter of Middletown, spent Sunday  
with J B Mills.

Mrs J M O'Connell returned from Yarmouth this  
week.

Mrs F C Whittman and family are camping at  
Lamb's Lake.

Miss Dobbie of Fredericton is visiting Miss  
Cassman.

Mr and Mrs James Harris who have been visit-  
ing Mr Bennett Hertz returned to New York.

The Misses Redden of Boston are on their annual  
visit to Annapolis.

Mrs H G Atwood of Boston is visiting Mr James  
Howe, LeQ ille.

Miss Florrie Buckler is spending a week at Par-  
adise, the guest of Miss Leta Cole.

Miss Mary Bishop is visiting friends in Wey-  
mouth.

Miss Helen Cole, of Moncton now visiting at  
Wolfville spent Sunday with her friend, Miss Ebel  
Leavitt.

Mrs Stalling, who with her family have spending  
a few weeks at Evangeline Beach, is now visiting  
her brother, E R Redden at Glace Bay.

Mrs Y Atkinson is the guest of Mrs Etta Withers  
Granville.

Mrs deBlois, accompanied by her sister Miss  
Ethel McLaughlin has returned home from Lunen-  
burg, after a pleasant visit of nearly five weeks.

Mrs P. Murray and children who have been  
summering at Baywater returned to the city this  
week.

Mrs. Mrs. and Miss Lascelles of Dorchester,  
Mass., Miss Allingham of Boston. Mr. and Mrs.  
Spencer and their daughter Miss Henderson,  
spent Sunday with Miss Nicholls at her summer  
home "Rose Merrin."

D. & A. Corsets  
Feel Fine.  
Fit Fine.  
Straight front and are  
recommended by discrim-  
inating users.  
Ladies' tailors are par-  
ticularly pleased with  
the results obtained by  
the use of these Corsets.  
MADE IN  
WHITE AND DRAB.  
Price \$1.00 to \$2.00 pair.

Leave Your  
Orders Early for Spring Painting, etc.  
At ST. JOHN PAINT STORE,  
153 PRINCE STREET, ST. J.  
H. L. & J. T. McGowan  
We sell Paint in Small Tins, Glass, Oil, Turpentine, Whiting, Patty, etc.  
WHITE'S  
For Sale  
by all First-Class  
Dealers  
in Confectionery.  
Caramel  
Snowflake  
Don't take inferior goods; the best do not cost any more  
than inferior goods.

A "PROTECTOR" NEEDED.  
That's the sort of  
usage that only a GOOD  
skirt protector can stand.  
The longer the skirt is  
the greater the need for a  
first-class protector braid.  
"Corticell" is a por-  
ous, elastic, braided, all-  
wool Protector; will stand  
more wear than any other  
because it is stronger.  
Every dress goods shade.  
Sewed on flat, not  
turned over.  
Guar-  
anteed  
by this  
Trade  
Mark  
Corticell SKIRT  
PROTECTOR

When You Want  
a Real Tonic 'ST. AGUSTINE'  
ask for  
(Registered Brand) of Pelee Wine.  
GAGETOWN, Sept. 21, 1899  
E. G. SCOVIL—  
"Having used both we think the St. Augustine  
preferable to Vin Mariani as a tonic."  
JOHN C. CLOWES

E. G. SCOVIL, Toronto  
62 Union Street  
INTERCOLONIAL RAILWAY  
WILL SELL TICKETS  
Toronto  
Exhibition  
Aug. 27  
To  
Sept. 7.  
FROM ST. JOHN  
To Toronto and Return  
Good Going  
Aug. 27, 28, 29 and 31 and Sept. 3  
AT  
First Class one Way Fare  
AND  
Aug. 30 and Sept. 2. At 16.50. Good for return until  
Sept. 12, and proportionately low fares from other points.

Mr. Blair Mosher, who was one of the party of  
sixteen young men from here who went to Mani-  
toba.  
Mrs. C. R. Smith is visiting her sister Mrs. J. L.  
Henderson.

Fry's  
Cocoa  
is economical  
to use because  
it is easily so-  
luble in hot  
water. At the  
same time it is doubly satisfactory in the household  
because it is concentrated and has great strength.  
Pure, Rich, Nutritious.  
Best Groceries  
Economicall  
Dissolves  
Easily.







# FARMERS MAKE MONEY

Do not sell your poultry, turkeys, geese or ducks till you investigate this great Company, its object and the high prices to be obtained by dealing only with it—cash is better than trading—who last year made money out of your poultry—Did you?—No.—JOIN this co-operative company for the protection of farmers—get high prices as well as your share of the profits of selling in England. Join at once.

## The Canadian Dressed Poultry Company, Limited

Capital Stock, - - \$450,000

HEAD OFFICE: HAMILTON, ONTARIO.

PRESIDENT—MR. GIBSON ARNOLDI, Barrister-at-Law, Toronto, Ontario.  
MANAGER—MR. WILLIAM S. GILMORE, Merchant, Hamilton, Ontario.

Three Firms Alone Intimated Their Ability and Willingness to Handle About Two Thousand Cases Per Week at Good Prices.

### APPLICATION FOR SHARES.

GIBSON ARNOLDI, ESQ., PRESIDENT, THE CANADIAN DRESSED POULTRY COMPANY, LIMITED, 9 TORONTO STREET, TORONTO:

DEAR SIR,—I enclose you herewith \$..... in full payment for..... shares of fully paid and non-assessable stock in the Canadian Dressed Poultry Company, Limited, which I wish allotted to me, as I wish to become a fully qualified shareholder and entitled to all the advantages of the Company, as described in the published Prospectus.

YOUR NAME,..... ADDRESS,.....

#### WINDSOR.

Aug 22.—Mr and Mrs Gordon Drysdale, who has been visiting Mrs Drysdale returned home. Miss Alice Campbell, Boston, is visiting Mrs Joseph Fish, Hanoverport.  
Miss Mary Smith returned from Danmouth last week. Miss Smith is to assist her friend, Mrs Moore, in receiving at her new home in Cheverie.  
Mrs Geo Sterling and Miss Clyde returned from Gwynboro, and went to Kentville, Friday.  
Miss Anslow and Miss L. user of Boston, arrived in town on Saturday for a few days with Mr and Mrs Harris Smith. They left on Monday for the town of Halifax to spend a day or two.  
Mrs Foster Burgess and little daughter Clara, of Brock in Mass, are in Cheverie, spending the summer months at the home of Mrs Burgess's father, Capt Samuel Smith. Mr Burgess expects to join them in September.  
Mrs Johnson of L'Anse-au-Loup, is in Windsor, visiting her father, John Sterling.  
Miss Alice F. and Gays River left her home last week to resume her work as teacher at Cow Bay.  
Miss Maude Smith has returned home after a very pleasant six weeks visit in Danmouth and Halifax.  
Mrs J. A. McCallum and the Misses McCallum have returned home from their outing at Evangeline Beach.  
Mr T. G. Dickie, Maliland, is still in Boston undergoing medical treatment under which she is improving.  
Mrs Dr Reid and Miss Falconer returned home last Saturday after spending two weeks very pleasantly in Parisboro.  
Miss Julia Brox, J. Maliland, is visiting at Gays River.  
Miss A. J. Bigley is visiting Dr and Mrs Jeffers in Parisboro.  
Mrs Wallace, of Halifax, is the guest of Mr and Mrs J. J. Anslow.  
Miss Lennie Crossley went to Halifax on Wednesday last on a visit.  
Miss Gertrude West of Wolfville, is visiting her grandfather, F. G. Smith.  
Miss Edith Harvie is home from the States, visiting her uncle, Capt James Lislewell.  
Miss Dorton of Baltimore, is visiting at Falmouth the guest of Dr and Mrs Thomas.  
Miss Dorothy Smith returned from her visit to Bridgewater and Canning on Saturday last.

#### ST. STEPHEN AND CALAIS.

Aug 22.—Another international wedding took place at St. Stephen on Wednesday evening last. When Alice, the accomplished daughter of ex-Townclerk Brides, was united in marriage to Sanford W. Dimock, of Falmouth, Mass., Rev John Read, D.D., pastor of the Methodist church, officiated. The bride was attended by two little maids of honor, her cousins—Bessie Robinson, of Malville, N. B., and niece Ethel Cook, of Houlton. One carried a basket of pink flowers and was dressed in pink silk; the other was dressed in white organdie and carried a basket of white flowers. The bride, who looked very nice and was dressed in white, ordered a trimmed white ribbon and wore a bouquet of white roses. The father gave the bride away. A number of friends were present and enjoyed a lunch after the ceremony. The happy young couple will spend their honeymoon on the St. Croix. They will reside in Falmouth, Mass.  
About a dozen young people chartered by Mrs W. F. Todd, Mrs A. T. Todd and Mrs George A. Todd, enjoyed a most delightful trip in the evening on Friday and Saturday last. The party left here on Friday morning and went over the round trip, stopping at Richardsville over night. The young ladies and the chaperons were very comfortable and located at the cottage of Mr. Frank Johnson, and the gentlemen found quarters on the boat. The return trip was made on Saturday.  
Miss Christine Chipman leaves today for a two weeks' visit to Charlotte, N. P. E. I.  
Miss Carrie Morchie went to Frederic on Monday for a brief visit.  
One of the most enjoyable events of this season was the dance given by Mr. Vera Young in Red Men's Hall on Thursday evening last. About one hundred were present. The dancing was kept up until a late hour the music being furnished by Beate of Essex. Refreshments were served during the evening.

#### OURS ELECTED.

The Grand P.ory elected the following officers for the ensuing year.  
Grand Master, D. L. Carley, Windsor.  
Deputy Grand Master, William Gibson, ex-M. P., Beamsville.  
Grand Chancellor, Wm. H. Waite, Montreal.  
Grand Chaplain, Rev. A. O. Richardson, Kingston.  
Grand Constable, LeBaron Wilson, St. John.  
Grand Marshal, Wm. Campbell, Montreal.  
Grand Treasurer, O. S. Hillman, Hamilton.  
Grand Registrar, A. W. Thompson, Stanstead.  
Provincial Priors.  
London district—A. A. Campbell, London.  
Hamilton district—T. M. Daik, Hamilton.  
Toronto district—E. C. Davies, Toronto.  
Kingston district—W. Bowden, Ottawa.  
New Brunswick district—Judge J. G. Forbes, St. John.  
Nova Scotia—H. W. Yuille, Truro.  
Manitoba—R. Mayness, Winnipeg.  
British Columbia—H. H. Watson, Vancouver.  
Prince Edward Island—T. A. McLean, Charlottetown.  
Grand Council—C. T. Mansell, Dr. Thos. Walker, J. B. Tressider, W. G. Reid, J. Ross Robertson.  
It was decided to hold the next meeting of the Grand Priory at Ottawa, and the time was left for the grand master to fix, but it is possible that it will be held early in September.  
A past grand master's jewel was presented to Senator Ellis, the retiring grand master by the priory.

#### THINGS OF VALUE.

#### IF YOU CATCH COLD.

Many things may happen when you catch cold, but the thing that usually happens first is a cough. An inflammation starts up in the bronchial tubes or in the throat, and the discharge of mucus from the head constantly poisons this. Then the very contraction of the throat muscles in the act of coughing helps to irritate so that the more you cough the more you have to cough. It is of course beyond question that in many cases the irritation started in this way results in lung troubles that are called by serious names. It is in this irritated bronchial tube that the germ of consumption finds lodgment and breeds.  
Great numbers of people disregard cough at first and pay the penalty of neglect. Cough never did any one any good. It should be dispensed with promptly. Adamson's Botanic Cough Balm is a well-known remedy, and it is the surest and quickest cough cure known today. It does not deceive by dragging the throat. It soothes the irritated parts and heals them, then the cough stops of its own accord. The action of this medicine is so simple that it seems like nature's own provision for curing a cough. Every druggist has it, 25 cents. Be sure to get the genuine, which has "F. W. Kinsman & Co." blown in the bottle.

It Retains old and makes New Friends. Time was when Dr. Thomas' Electric Oil had but a small field of distribution, but now its territory is widespread. Those who first recognized its curative qualities still value it as a specific and while it retains its old friends it is ever making new. It is certain that whoever once uses it will not be without it.

Kiss—I'm proud to say I never borrow.  
Spender—Ahl perhaps you have money to lend, then?  
Kiss—No, it's because I never lend that I don't have to borrow.

A CLEAR HEALTHY SKIN.—Eruptions of the skin and the blotches which blemish beauty are the result of impure blood caused by unhealthy action of the Liver and Kidneys. In correcting this unhealthy action and restoring the organs to their normal condition, Farmley's Vegetable Pills will at the same time cleanse the blood, and the blotches and eruptions will disappear without leaving any trace.

BE THERE A WILL WISDOM POINTS THE WAY. The sick man pines for relief, but he dislikes sending for the doctor, which means bottles of drugs never consumed. He has not the resolution to load his stomach with compounds which smell villainously and taste worse. But if he have the will to deal himself with his ailment, wisdom will direct his attention to Farmley's Vegetable Pills, which act as a specific for indigestion and disorders of the digestive organs have no equal.

Bridget O'Hoolahan (on Pan-American excursion at Niagara)—Arrah, ain't it a grand sight, Puhlick?  
O'Hoolahan—Hist, woman! Sibop talkin' long enough for me to hear the roar!

Very many persons die annually from cholera and kindred summer complaints, who might have been saved if proper remedies had been used. If attacked do not delay in getting a bottle of Dr. J. D. Kellogg's Dysentery Cordial, the medicine that never fails to effect a cure. Those who have used it say it acts promptly, and thoroughly subdues the pain and disease.

The superiority of Mother Graves' Worm Exterminator is shown by its good effect on the children. Purchase a bottle and give it a trial.

Corns cause intolerable pain. Holloway's Corn Cure removes the trouble. Try it, and see what amount of pain is saved.

You had better make it ten stories higher, said good King Arthur to the royal architect.  
What is the use? queried the latter.  
Ode hoodlums and gadabouts call it. Know ye not a speck of the future will have to have a storied castle to write about.

A Knock Out For Asthma.  
You have had many disappointments, filled your stomach with nasty drugs, tried lots of things, but they all failed. Not being a stomach complaint, of course Asthma can't be cured by stomach medicine. But Catarrhone cures Asthma; it gives it a tired feeling in about fifteen minutes. Inhale Catarrhone; it makes breathing easy, cures the cough, makes you well. Doctors say there is nothing like Catarrhone for Asthma. 25 cents and \$1.00

A SPRAINED ANKLE is not an uncommon accident. Pain-Killer relieves and cures almost as if by magic. The greatest household remedy. Avoid substitutes, there is but one Pain-Killer, Perry Davis'. 25c. and 50c. J.T.B.

#### Break Up a Cold.

all you require is a glass of hot water, a little sugar, and thirty drops of Polson's Nerviline. Take it real hot, and in the morning you will wake up without a cold. When depressed or tired, try Nerviline; it will tone you up better than stimulants. Nerviline wards off all sickness and keeps people well. Large bottles 25c.

Futsum's Painless Corn and Wart Extractor. Is the only remedy that positively cures corns and warts without pain in twenty-four hours. Ask your druggist about it, he has sold it for a long time. Club any druggist who offers you a substitute for Putman's Painless Corn Extractor. He knows it is best; you will too if you try it.

Fastening Buttons.  
'When I get a bright idea I always want to pass it along,' said a thrifty housewife, as she sat watching a young girl sewing. 'Do your buttons ever come off?'  
'Ever? They are always doing it. They are ironed off, washed off and pulled off until I despair. I seem to shed buttons at every step.'

'Make use of these two hints when you are sewing them on, then, and see if they make any difference. When you begin, before you lay the button on the cloth, put the thread through so that the knot will be on the right side. That leaves it under the button, and prevents it from being worn or ironed away, and thus beginning the loosening process.

'Then, before you begin sewing, lay a large pin across the button, so that all your threads will go over the pin. After you have finished filling the holes with thread, draw out the pin, and wind your thread round and round beneath the button. That makes a compact stem to sustain the possible pulling and wear of the buttonhole.

'It is no exaggeration to say that my buttons never come off, and I'm sure yours won't if you use my method of sewing.'

A Dangerous Simile.  
Harry—It's an old simile, but an apt one. When a man is married, he is like the man who has caught his car; he doesn't run after it any longer.

Dick—He is merely intent upon getting a transfer.

This seems to be a time of religious unrest, said the rank outsider when the horns got mixed up with the church picnic party.

The butler—Good Evening! Be reasonable. The Cook—Be reasonable, is it? And do you think I'd be reasonable when the likes of you tells me to do it?

#### CONDENSED ADVERTISEMENTS.

HUSTLING YOUNG MAN can make \$50.00 per month and expenses, permanent position, experience unnecessary. Write quick for particulars, Clark & Co., 4th & Locust streets, Philadelphia, Pa.

#### BRANDIES!

Landing ex "Corean." Quartss or Pints

100 Cx. Villand XXX  
100 " Tobit & Co.  
100 " Morst, Ferrer.  
10 Oclaves "

For sale low in bond or duty paid.

THOS. L. BOURKE  
53 WATER STREET.

## Job... Printing.

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

Consult Us for Prices.

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

Job Printing Department.

29 to 31 Canterbury Street.

#### HOTELS.

### CAFE ROYAL

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

Retail dealer in.....  
CHOICEST WINES, ALES and LIQUORS.  
OYSTERS always on hand. FISH and GAME in season

MEALS AT ALL HOURS.  
DINNER A SPECIALTY.

QUEEN HOTEL,  
FREDERICTON, N. B.  
A. EDWARDS, Proprietor.

### Victoria Hotel,

51 to 57 King Street, St. John, N. B.

Electric Passenger Elevator!

and all Modern Improvements.

D. W. McCORMACK, Proprietor

### THE DUFFERIN

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



A Delicious Tubbing and then refreshing sleep—there is nothing better for any baby. Always use the "Albert"

### BABY'S OWN SOAP

and your child will have a fine complexion and never be troubled with skin diseases. The National Council of Women of Canada have recommended it as very suitable for nursery use.

The Albert Toilet Soap Co., MONTREAL, Sole agents of the celebrated Albert Toilet Soap.

### Eugene Field's Poems A \$7.00 Book.

THE Book of the century, it is a democracy illustrated by thirty-two of the World's greatest artists. Address ready for delivery. But for the noble contribution of the world's greatest artists, this book could not have been manufactured for less than \$7.00. The Fund created is divided equally between the family of the late Eugene Field and the fund for the building of a monument to the memory of the beloved poet of childhood.

EUGENE FIELD MONUMENT SOUVENIR FUND. (Also at Book Store.) 150 Montreal St., Chicago. If you also wish to send postage, enclose 10 cents.

### NOTICE.

Through the efforts of Mr. W. A. Hickman, Immigration Commissioner, who has been in England for some months past, it is expected that in the coming spring a considerable number of farmers with capital will arrive in the province, with a view to purchasing farms. All persons having desirable farms to dispose of will please communicate with the undersigned, when blank forms will be sent, to be filled in with the necessary particulars as to location, price, terms of sale, etc. Quite a number of agricultural laborers are also expected and farmers desiring help will also please communicate with the undersigned.

Dated St. John, N. B., Feb. 9th, A. D. 1901.

2-14 lm ROBERT MARSHALL.

### News and Opinions

OF National Importance.

### The Sun

ALONE

CONTAINS BOTH:

Daily, by mail, - - \$6 a year

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

### The Sunday Sun

is the greatest Sunday Newspaper in the world.

Price 5c. a copy. By mail, \$2 a year

Address THE SUN, New York



## Good Stories by Clever Writers.

King Edward VII resembles his mother not only in face, but in many other particulars as well. He is sensitive, courageous and indefatigable, and of a most affectionate nature, never forgetting a friend to whom he has once attached himself.

Dress had no great fascination for Queen Victoria. She was always fond of white, and of lace, of which she possessed a very large and unique collection. In her youth her favourite colors were a bright blue, called Royal blue, and rose-pink.

A little incident, which the su may take as an omen of good for King Edward VII., passed unnoticed by the gentlemen who write in the morning papers. On the morning of the Proclamation, before the King came out of Marlborough House he was preceded by a little black cat, which ran out of the garden and, calmly sitting down in the middle of the drive, washed its face in the presence of the people. Here that audacious cat remained for half an hour. It a carriage came down the drive it ran away, only to return with complacency to the middle of the road until the arrival of the King, when a servant caught it up. A black cat brings luck, it is said.

Queen Alexander cursed her husband's mother with an unending devotion, and was well-nigh as overwhelmed with grief at her loss, as Queen Victoria's own daughters. The whole nation will acclaim the gentle Princess, who has won so much love among us, as their Queen.

There was something prophetic in the Queen's parting with the Kaiser at Windsor last spring, when he made her adieu after his visit with the Kaiserin. After having embraced him, the Queen, just as her grandson was leaving, called him back to her, and, folding him in her arms once more, fondly kissed him, as the tears streamed down her cheeks.

One of the most effective Royal funerals ever seen was that of Queen Adelaide, the wife of William IV. She died at Malta, and was buried at Windsor. Her remains came by train to Slough, and in the darkness of a moonless night, the procession, consisting of a hearse and one or two mourning carriages, surrounded by Life Guards in their long cloaks, and bearing lighted torches in their hands, filed through Eton. There was a ghostly weirdness in this funeral procession that a spectator could never forget.

It is told that our dead Queen in her last days frequently asked of Princess Beatrice, "Do my people still love me?" How that devoted daughter answered her mother we may guess. No one who saw the Queen on the occasion of her visit to London as she went to the garden-party at Buckingham Palace will forget how her face beamed with answering love upon the crowd. And it is true that when Her Majesty paid her informal visit to the City early last spring during our worst anxiety about the War, her joy at the extraordinary demonstration of loyalty for her person almost overcame her. "I have enjoyed today more than either of my Jubilees," she told a friend. "At the Jubilees I thought my people had come out to see the procession as well as to see me, but today it was all for me!"

Queen Victoria, in addition to her own fortune, possessed jewels and plate and objects of art to value of at least half-a-million, which were her own private property, and quite apart from the Crown possessions at Windsor Castle, St. James Palace, and Buckingham Palace. The Crown collection of pictures, china, and miniatures are priceless, and the gold and silver plate at Windsor was valued some years ago at £1,600,000.

It is with Elizabeth that history will compare Victoria as a Sovereign. The circumstances of their reigns were indeed so different that the comparison can only be instituted with many reservations; but it is that the Victorian Era is the only one in English history that can be named in the same breath as the Elizabethan. As to the personal character of the two women Elizabeth with all her qualities lacked the wisdom, the patient endurance of sorrow, the common sense of the modern Queen

"They say the—late departed, said the first cannibal, indicating the dish before them, was a very learned man. Indeed, replied the other, helping himself the third time, then this is truly what the white men call an intellectual feast."

Is he a patriotic citizen? Well, he is what I call a display patriot. He makes a great to-do about the census, and always cheers himself hoarse when there's news of a British victory. But he kicks like anything when it comes to paying his taxes.

What kind of a climate have you here? It's fine. The only trouble is that the weather gets discouraged and quits too soon. The summers are too short to produce bananas and pineapples, and the winters aren't long enough to raise Polar bears.

She—"Don't talk so loud, John, for mercy's sake? You can be heard all over the building!" He—"I reckon not. Every other family in the building is quarreling, too!"

Curiosities of Architecture. The eccentricities of those who build and furnish houses are too numerous to be described within the limits of an ordinary newspaper or magazine article, but two or three instances of freakishness described by the Golden Penny may be cited in illustration of certain phases.

A Russian gentleman has erected at a cost of eighty thousand rubles on his country estate at Savinowka, in Poodolia a sixteen-room house made entirely of paper. The house which was constructed in New York is calculated by its architect to last longer than would a stone building. The whole of the furniture, too, is made from the same strange material.

In County Westmeath, Ireland, a house has been built whereof all the windows are made to resemble in outline the backs of the easy chairs, being thus constructed by this eccentric owner to match the backs of a set of chairs in the dining room.

In the neighborhood of Ipswich a certain land owner thinking that the view from his house lacked a church proceeded to supply its place by erecting a row of cottages so designed as to resemble from his side the edifice required. Approach from the other direction however the sham is at once manifest.

She—"I see Shamrock 11. is to have a new jury mainmast. What is a jury mainmast?"

He—"I suppose it is the only one they use in the trial races."

Thoughtlessness. Musician (ironically)—I am afraid my music is disturbing the people who are talking over there.

Hostess—Dear me, I never thought of that. Don't play so loudly.

Dere goes Skinny Murphy with a black eye. Wot makes him so haughty dis mornin', I wonder?

Why he got soaked in de eye last evenin' by Kid McSwat, de great prize fighter, and now he won't associate wit de rest of de Gang no more.

### Bucouche Bar Oysters.

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

J. D. TURNER.

### Pulp Wood Wanted

WANTED—Underlined saw logs, such as Battin or Spilling. Parties having such for sale can correspond with the St. John Salvage Company, Ltd., stating the quantity, price per thousand superfeet feet, and the time of delivery.

M. F. MOONEY

### FOR ARTISTS.

WINSOR & NEWTON'S OIL COLORS, WATER COLORS, CANVAS, etc., etc., etc.

Manufacturing Artists, Colormen to Her Majesty the Queen and Royal Family.

FOR SALE AT ALL ART STORES  
A. RAMSAY & SON, - MONTREAL  
Wholesale Agents for Canada.

## Run Down

That is the condition of thousands of people who need the stimulus of pure blood—that's all.

They feel tired all the time and are easily exhausted.

Every task, every responsibility, has become hard to them, because they have not the strength to do nor the power to endure.

William Ross, Sarnia, Ont., who was without appetite and so nervous he could not sleep, and Leslie R. Swink, Dublin, Pa., who could not do any work without the greatest exertion, testify to the wonderful building-up efficacy of

### Hood's Sarsaparilla

It purifies the blood, gives strength and vigor, restores appetite and makes sleep refreshing.

It is the medicine for all debilitated conditions.

Hood's Pills cure liver ills, the non-irritating and only cathartic to take with Hood's Sarsaparilla.

Pointers About Newspapers.

The third edition of the Canadian Newspaper Directory just received is a thoroughly complete and up-to-date handbook of Canadian journalism.

Apart from its avowed purpose the book will be found a valuable gazetteer of every city, town and village that can boast of a local paper. It gives the population of each town, indicates country seats, gives the railroads touching each place, names the villages surrounding each newspaper town, the telegraph, postal and telephone facilities and the principal industries and Success, itself, is one of the clearest and most up to date magazines published.

It is bright, cheerful and optimistic, and inspiration and life are in every page. In a thousand different ways, direct and indirect, it tells how to lay the foundations of true success in life,—how to climb the ladder of achievement. Its contributors include the best known names in politics, religion, science, art, literature, and industry.

Business men of the highest standing men who will write for no other periodical, are willing to give the readers of Success the benefits of their wide and valuable experience. The illustrations of Success are by the best artists in the country, and the inspiration of a lifetime has come through its columns to thousands of Success readers.

King Oscar of Norway and Sweden has accepted Pres. Loubet's invitation to witness the close of the grand manoeuvres of the French army at Rheims. He will enter France at Dunkirk, having previously witnessed with Pres. Loubet the review of the northern Squadron, will welcome him to French waters.

I have just received a fresh supply of  
**Silk Elastic Stockings,  
Knee Caps**  
—AND—  
**Anklets.**

Also, a Complete Line of  
**Spring and Elastic  
Water Pad Trusses.**

Everything Marked at Lowest Prices.

**ALLAN'S WHITE PHARMACY,**  
87 Charlotte Street.

Have you tried my delicious Orange Phosphate and Cream Soda?  
Telephone 239.

### CANADIAN PACIFIC Toronto Exhibition.

August 26th. to September 7th, 1901.

ONE FARE FOR THE ROUND TRIP. Going AUGUST 27th to SEPTEMBER 3rd. Return to SEPTEMBER 12th, 1901. From St. John \$20.50.

Going AUGUST 29th and SEPTEMBER 2nd. Only. Return to SEPTEMBER 12th, 1901. From St. John \$16.50.

ONLY ONE NIGHT ON THE ROAD to TORONTO and BUFFALO if you travel by the Canadian Pacific.

All tickets to Buffalo good to stop over at Toronto.

TRY OUR PERSONALLY CONDUCTED

**Excursions**

—TO—  
**Pan-American**

EXPOSITION

ON SEPTEMBER 17th AND OCTOBER 16th. Call on nearest ticket agent or write to

A. J. HEATH, D. P. A., C. P. R., St. John, N. B.

### His Prize

An amusing story, which may perhaps be entirely true, is told of a short-sighted but energetic member of the Russian secret police.

He was walking through a little-frequented street of St. Petersburg one night, when he spied, high up on a lamp post a placard.

Aha, he said to himself, scenting mischief on the instant, and alert for action. That's one of those incendiary notices about his majesty the Czar! It must come down at once.

With some difficulty, being of a stout build, he succeeded in climbing the post and dislodging the placard. He bore it to the ground, and there, peering at it by the light of the lamp, he read two Russian words, the English equivalent for which is the well-known legend 'Wet Paint.'

Paying for a Pleasantry

It was a prisoner of great activity of speech who recently faced the magistrate in the Philadelphia Central Police Court. What is your name? asked the magistrate.

'Michael O'Halloran,' was the reply.

'What is your occupation?'

'Phwat's that?'

'What is your occupation? What work do you do?'

'O'm a sailor.'

The magistrate looked incredulous.

'I don't believe you ever saw a ship, he said.

'Didn't O', that?' said the prisoner. 'An phwat do yez 'tink O' come over in—a hock?'

The Philadelphia Record says that it went hard with Michael O'Halloran after that.

About 12.30 Monday morning a benz tank exploded at the Atlantic Refining Co's plant, Philadelphia, where a fire had been in progress. It is reported three persons have been killed and about a score injured. Ten tanks of benzine have already been destroyed by fire. The loss will probably reach \$500,000.

Warrants for the arrest of three persons of prominence in the police department will in all probability be issued in New York Tuesday as a result of the secret inquiry Justice Jerome has been conducting in the case of the people of the state of New York against Edward G. Glendon and others, according to information which the Times will print Tuesday.

Before. After. Wood's Phosphodine, The Great English Remedy. Sold and recommended by all druggists in Canada. Only reliable medicine discovered. Six packages guaranteed to cure all forms of Sexual Weakness, all effects of Abuse or excess, Mental Worry, Excessive use of Tobacco, Opium or Stimulants. Mailed on receipt of price, one package \$1. six \$5. One will please, six will cure. Pamphlets free to any address. The Wood Company, Windsor, Ont.

Wood's Phosphodine is sold in St. John by all responsible Druggists.



**YOUR BEST FRIEND**  
On every day and every other day is  
**SURPRISE SOAP**  
It will give the best service in always uniform in quality, always satisfactory.  
You cannot do better than have Surprise Soap always in your home.  
**SURPRISE is a pure hard Soap.**

'Yesterday my uncle sent me 100 marks to pay my shoemaker's bill. I was so surprised and moved by my uncle's kindness that I can't near actually paying the bill.'

'Bridget, did you get the flowers that I am to wear in my hair tonight?'  
'Yes, mum, but—'  
'But what?'

'I bruv mislaid the hair, mum.'

Mrs. Newlywed—Well, papa writes that he will indorse no more of your notes under any circumstances.

Mr. Newlywed—I am glad of it, I'm tired of lying to my bankers about what a fine chap your father is.

### 'Silver Plate that Wears'

MADE AND GUARANTEED BY



A very complete line of this reliable brand in Tea-ware, Bake-dishes, Fruit Bowls, etc., and also latest patterns in  
**'1847 Rogers Bros.'**  
Knives, Forks, Spoons, etc.

## JOHN NOBLE, LTD.

BROOK ST., MANCHESTER, ENGLAND,  
Largest Costumiers & Mantlemen in the World.

From all parts of the Globe ladies do their "shopping by post" with this huge dress and drapery enterprise, it being found that after payment of any postage or duties, the goods supplied could not be nearly equalled elsewhere, both as regards price and quality, and now that the firm is so firmly rooted in the public favour and its patrons so numerous, it can afford to give, and does give, even better value than ever.—*Canadian Magazine.*

ORDERS EXECUTED BY RETURN OF POST. SATISFACTION GIVEN OR MONEY RETURNED.

Model 256.  
Made in John Noble Cheviot Serge or Costume Coat-Brouse Bodice with tily trimmed Black fashionable Skirt with one box-pleat. Price complete, only \$2.56; carriage, 65c. extra. Skirt alone, \$1.35; carriage, 45c. extra.

Model 1492.  
Made in Heavy Frieze Cloth Tailor-made, Double-breasted Coat, and full wide carefully finished Skirt, in Black or Navy Blue only; Price complete Costume \$4.10; Carriage 65c.

**PATTERNS**  
of any desired material, and the latest Illustrated Fashion Lists sent Post Free.

**SPECIAL**  
values in Ladies and Childrens Costumes, Jackets, Capes, Under-clothing, Millinery, Waterproofs, Dress Goods, Houselinens, Lace Curtains, and General Drapery.

JOHN NOBLE KNOCKABOUT FROCKS FOR GIRLS.

Thoroughly well made, in Strong Serge, with middle top, long full sleeves, and pockets. Lengths in front, and Prices:

24	27 inches.
40c.	61 cents.
30	33 inches.
78c.	88 cents.
36	39 inches.
97c.	1.10
42	45 inches.
1.22	1.34
48	46 cents.

Postage 46 cents.

Readers will oblige by kindly naming this paper when ordering from or writing to—  
**JOHN NOBLE, LTD.**  
BROOK ST. MANCHESTER, ENGLAND.

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ST. JOHN, N. B., SATURDAY, AUGUST 24, 190.

## THE CHECKERBOARD SUIT.

Percy Briggs is a busy man—so busy indeed, that I was much surprised to meet him at Cannington one day last week, apparently killing time, and incidentally killing himself with El Hempo Cabbages of local architecture.

For a week past Briggs had been absent from the city, without a word of explanation to anyone—in short, had erased himself as suddenly and as completely from our midst as if he had never been. His disappearance was the chief topic of interest at the clubs and in hotel corridors, and, as is usual at such resorts, many theories were advanced and much idle talk indulged in, but all was conjecture, for not even his most intimate friends knew where Briggs was or why he had left town so mysteriously. Even his partner in the well known law firm of Middleton & Briggs possessed total ignorance of his whereabouts.

Of all men around town, Briggs was about the last to have been suspected of playing the vanishing act. Of moderate tastes and ambition, few vices, living as far as far as known well within his income, without enemies, but possessed of many friends, prosperous and popular, his farewell disappearance without the 'farewell' was indeed a hard nut to crack. Some there were who talked dogmatically about overwork and tramped their foreheads significantly; while others with an owl's leer, and looking as though they could say a great deal if so disposed, muttered in sepulchral tones about a woman being responsible for the affair. I was not to remain long in suspense.

The result of our casual meeting was an invitation from Briggs to dine with him at his hotel, which I was not slow to accept. Shortly afterwards I found myself comfortably seated in his temporary and modest quarters upstairs, outwardly calm, but inwardly a prey to the most consuming curiosity.

The fact is, Morrison,' he began at length, pausing to bite the end of a fat, brown 'Cannington's Pride' which I had just politely but firmly declined, 'I am the victim of an ill-considered act of benevolence which I performed a couple of weeks ago, and have come here to get away from myself. The affair began in this way. An advertisement appeared in the city papers a few weeks ago inviting contributions of cast-off clothing for a certain mission in town, and here I saw a chance to get rid of a suit I did not like, and do a charitable act at the same time. You will probably remember the suit, for it was certainly conspicuous enough. It was that pepper and salt tweed with large check pattern all over it, which made one look like an animated checker-board. I had been wearing it regularly up till the day I gave it away, but never liked the pattern—don't know how I stood it so long—and although it was not much worn, I was glad of the opportunity to unload it. The mission people took it away, and I thought no more of the matter at the time.

'A few days afterwards, however, as I was going down Yonge street' Joe Marshall overtook me.

'Well, I'm blowed, he said. 'Is it you?' I thought I saw you down town just now, coming out of Tankard's saloon, and I was going to claim that New Year's bet. I could have sworn it was you, only I never saw you so full before. But, of course, it couldn't have been you, for that was only half an hour ago.'

'I was indeed surprised, and assured Joe that I had not broken my resolution, and had not been in a bar this year.

'What was this fellow like?' I asked.

'I only saw his back, but he was the dead image of you, same build and dressed as you generally are.'

'Strange,' I muttered. But the truth did not dawn upon me then.

'The next morning I met Gregory down town.

'I have just had the darnedest experience,' with a fellow that I could have sworn was you. He was walking along King street ahead of me, and thinking it was you, I endeavored to overtake him.

When I got near enough, I called out,

'Hi there, Perce, but he did not turn around, which I thought strange, as I was sure he must have heard me. So I quickened my pace, and when I got close up, drew off and fetched him a crack on the back that made him stagger. You're in a deuce of a hurry this morning,' I said.

Then a strange thing happened. The fellow jumped around quick enough, threw up his fists, and danced a jig on the sidewalk. 'Who're ye hittin'?' he said, looking as if he would eat me. 'I ain't no purchin' bag. Lock out er I'll knock yer block off,' and, with head down, he edged towards me by short tacks, locking not unlike a wrestling bear and about as grateful.

Finally he endeavored to lunge with a right swing which only my agility enabled me to avoid, so I tarried with him no longer, for he was a bad man. He certainly did not resemble you in the face, and wore about three days' growth of stubble on his face.

When I come to think of it, he had no collar or tie on, and was chewing tobacco, but I never saw a fellow more like you from a back view.'

'Thanks, old man, for the delicate compliment, I laughed. I could afford to then, for my roubles were yet to begin, thus far the laugh having been on the other fellows. And they were to begin soon enough.

'Scarcely had I left Gregory when I saw Daisy Charlton and her sister coming towards me. You know how matters stand between us, so I need not enlarge upon that. I stepped forward to meet them but they approached, they quickened their pace and passed me without a nod. They seemed to be conversing earnestly, but I feel certain they saw me. You could have knocked me down with a puff of tobacco smoke. I went on like a man in a dream. As I walked, the truth of the thing began to dawn upon me. It was that other fellow! My blood boiled with indignation and anger and I gritted my teeth savagely.

'Of course, thought I, Miss Charlton would at once grasp the situation when it was explained, and might even be amused at it.

'To cut the story short, Dick, I called at Miss Charlton's residence that evening. I know it was her evening in, but judge of my consternation at being told she was 'not at home.'

'After a restless night, and feeling much worried, I came down early to the office next day and found out Middleton there before me, a most unusual thing. He was walking up and down restlessly, evidently much disturbed about something. Presently he called me into the inner office and closed the door.

'I have been hearing some strange and disagreeable stories about you lately, Briggs,' he began abruptly 'which in view of your past record and generally excellent behavior. I can hardly believe. Before I come to any decision, however, I would like an explanation.'

'What do you mean?' I demanded, curtly enough.

'Just this, Mr Briggs,' he continued. 'I have heard on what I consider pretty good authority, that you have been frequenting the saloons a good deal lately, and have been seen several times very much the worse of liquor. What have you to say?'

'What I said is not fit for publication. I wanted to knock him down, but restrained myself with an effort abruptly. While I was walking up Yonge street, and making up my mind to leave town and go away anywhere, so long as I could get away from this infernal couple, I met Gregory.

'There he is,' said Greg, pointing excitedly across the street. 'That's him coming out of the Horseshoe Inn.'

'I knew whom he meant and looked. There, sure enough, was the cause of all my mischief—the toughest looking hobo you could pick out in a tour of the Central or the 'Pen.' I saw all in a moment. He was wearing my checker board suit.

'There would be no use reasoning with a fellow like that, and upon second thoughts I concluded it would be unwise and equally futile to try to take it out of his hide. The only thing I could do would be to leave the town to him, and

trust that he would leave also, or commit some offence that would land him behind the bars. So I skipped, Dick, and that's all there is to it—so far,' he added meaningfully. 'for I'm not done with it yet, and there's a few details to be squared up when I return,' and he broke off a section of black ash from his cigar as carefully as though it were a prime Perfection.

'I have had lots of time to think things over since I came here,' he continued, after a momentary pause, 'and have come to two or three conclusions. When you give away a suit of clothes, Dick, have it sent to the hatches in Africa or China, or have a placard sewn on the back of the suit. 'This is not Dick Morrison.' Better still keep an advertisement standing in the daily papers. To all whom it may concern: The undersigned knows nothing about, and is not responsible for the acts of any prize fighters, losers, boxers or beats who choose to masquerade in clothes like his.'

As An Adjunct.

Rivers—'And you approve of the shirt-waist?'

Brooks—'Certainly I do. It's a cool, comfortable, sensible, and becoming style of garment, and I can't see why anybody should try to ridicule it.'

Rivers—'I thought you had more sense than to take up with such an idiotic fad. The idea of a full-grown man putting on the upper half of a shirt as an outside garment and going around exhibiting himself where people can see him, strikes me as so absurd that I am at a loss to understand—'

Brooks—'Who's talking about a man wearing a shirt-waist, you walking imita-

tion of a human being? You asked me if I approved of the shirt-waist, and I said yes. So I do—with a pretty girl on the inside of it—and if you throw that inkstand at me I'll run you through with this paper knife.'

A Belle of The Past.

A Darlington lady, upon engaging a new cook was very careful to impress upon her that no followers were allowed at that establishment and added that the last cook had been disgraced through breaking that rule. Shortly afterwards suspecting that all was not right in the culinary department she paid a surprise visit to the kitchen and upon making a tour of inspection was astounded to find a fine specimen of the genus Atkins standing bolt upright in a cupboard.

'Bridget! what is this man doing here?' she asked.

'Faix, ma'am he must have been left there by your last cook,' said Bridget.

Musical Identification.

That very original character, the late Sir Frederick Gore-Ouseley, professor of music at Oxford, used his finely attuned ear to some purpose. When going to call on a friend in London, he asked a fellow-musician the number of the house in which he lived in a certain street. I don't know his number, answered the other, but the note of his door scraper is C sharp. Sir Frederick went off contentedly kicked the door-scrappers all down the street until he came to the right one, when he rang the bell and went in.

Ready To Oblige.

He was a commercial traveller, and when he boarded a train one day there was

only one sitting left in the coach which he entered. Half of the seat was occupied by a very prim, precise-looking lady, and when the commercial traveller lifted his hat and asked if he might occupy the other half, the lady eyed him carefully and enquired:

'Do you chew?'

'No, ma'am,' he replied, 'I do not. But I guess I can get you one.'

Successful Alarm.

Parents who like to encourage early rising in their children might find this scheme successful. It is relayed by a city newspaper.

A patrolman has two boys of about the same size. He bought for them two suits of clothes, one new and expensive, the other very ugly and cheap.

They own these suits in common, and the one who gets up first in the morning wears the good suit as a reward. Both boys like to be neatly dressed, and the plan works well.

The minute the lads are called they spring out of bed and make a rush for the new suit. Sometimes they reach it together; then the father steps in and renders a decision, from which there is no appeal.

Omar, The Sausagemaker.

A pre'zal unb zwel stein of peer, und dou, Mit sigteen kinder, O mein liebe Frau! Sitting der pright peer-garten happy in— Ach, dis wass Baradise already, now!

Song of The S. O. Stockholder.

Let us then be up and squinting Oil on weeds and sod and soil; If it doesn't kill the 'skeeter It may help the price of oil.



### OUR BEST FRIEND

On wash day and every other day is SURPRISE SOAP

It will give the best service; in every uniform in quality, always satisfactory. You cannot do better than have Surprise Soap always in your house. SURPRISE is a pure hard Soap.

Yesterday my uncle sent me 100 marks my shoemaker's bill. I was so mad and moved by my uncle's kindness that I can't near actually paying the bill, did you get the flowers that I sent you last night? Mum, but— What? Missed the hair, mum? Nowlywe!—Well, papa writes that endorse no more of your notes under circumstances. Newlywed—I am glad of it, I'm trying to my bankers about what a your father is.

### Meriden Plate that Wears



complete line of this reliable Tea-ware, Bake-dishes, Fruit etc., and also latest patterns in 47 Rogers Bros. Knives, Forks, Spoons, etc.

### JOHN NOBLE

Knockabout Frocks for Girls. Thoroughly well made, in Strong Serge, with saddle top, long full sleeves, and pockets. Lengths in front, and Prices: 29 inches, 40c. 31 inches, 45c. 33 inches, 50c. 35 inches, 55c. 37 inches, 60c. 39 inches, 65c. 41 inches, 70c. 43 inches, 75c. 45 inches, 80c. 47 inches, 85c. Postage 45c.

Model 1492. Made in Heavy Frieze Cloth Tailor-made, Double-breasted Coat, and full wide carefully finished Skirt, in Black or Navy Blue only; Price complete Costume \$4.10; Carriage 55c.

Thoroughly well made, in Strong Serge, with saddle top, long full sleeves, and pockets. Lengths in front, and Prices: 29 inches, 40c. 31 inches, 45c. 33 inches, 50c. 35 inches, 55c. 37 inches, 60c. 39 inches, 65c. 41 inches, 70c. 43 inches, 75c. 45 inches, 80c. 47 inches, 85c. Postage 45c.

JOHN NOBLE LTD. LONDON, ENGLAND.



A GRECIAN BRIDE.



A MODERN DON QUIXOTE.

IN TWO INTALMENT—PART II.

CHAPTER III.

A thick November fog was filling the streets and houses of London with that yellow, all pervading atmosphere which makes everything dingy in hue, and chokes up throat and eyes of all but the veritable cockney.

Inside the smoking-room of the Coliseum Club the electric light, and good tobacco fumes did much to dispel the fog.

A man, tanned with years of travelling in hot climates, was standing on the hearth rug, sustaining a brisk conversation with half a dozen others.

'I was never so surprised in my life as when you walked in tonight as coolly as if you had been for a stroll, Barnaby,' said one, slapping him affectionately on the back. 'Quite brings back old times.'

'Must be six years since you last stood there, eh?' said another.

'Left England in the March of eighty-nine, and this is November of ninety-seven,' laughed Barnaby. 'I have no intention of writing an account of my adventures, though, nor of attempting any alteration of the existing geographies.'

'Quite right,' nodded a grey-haired old general, 'as a rule, a traveller's experiences may be judged in inverse ratio to his "fall" talk.'

'Do any of you know where Denzil Sartoris may be found?' Barnaby asked presently. 'I met a fellow in Calcutta who charged me with several messages. He said he had tried vainly to discover Sartoris' whereabouts. Has he not inherited that fine old property yet?'

'Nothing wrong, I hope?' Sartoris in Rome. Turning sculptor, and doing well, too.'

'Sculptor! After the—Hussars. He was always a little eccentric, but not erratic.'

'Just after you left England,' said the elderly man quietly, 'some connection of the late Mrs. Breerton turned up, with a son. She managed so well that the estate was induced to make a will in favor of her son, leaving only a small legacy to Sartoris.'

'What a villainous shame!' Barnaby said fervently. 'Why, the old man simply worshipped him! I stayed twice at The Hall, and Denzil was like his own son in every way. There was a very beautiful young girl, too—the squire's ward.'

'But women are the very deuce for mischief. After this will was read, however, another was produced by the old house-keeper, which the squire had written with his own hand a few days before his death. It was to be kept secret to the last minute, and Sartoris, by it, was entirely righted.'

'Then why a sculptor in Rome?' 'You said just now that he was eccentric. When he heard the contents of the first will, twenty others in his favor would make him accept the property. He had deeds drawn up leaving it to the other man, Calthrop, for life, settled a sum on the pretty girl, who had lost her own money, and went off to Rome.'

'Barnaby drew a long breath. 'What you may call Quixotic.'

'Sartoris was a fool to give up what was his by every right. The other man was too remotely connected to expect inheritance, and he is disliked to this day, while I believe the mother was cut by the whole county.'

'Sartoris was always fond of modelling, even in our Winchester days,' said Barnaby. 'He went to the schools, too, before entering the army. So perhaps he's found his vocation, and being what he is, is happier than some of us. He wasn't fond of squandering money, though no man knew how to get through life more comfortably. Does Sartoris never come to London now?' he asked abruptly.

'Never set a foot in it since the affair of the will. Now and then one reads an article in a leading review, signed with his name. But all his work goes to the Salon.'

'What has become of Miss Calderon?' 'I remember she had queer eyes. It always struck me that she would marry Sartoris one day.'

'There was a regular split all round. She refused to marry Calthrop, and went abroad, to despair of Lady Knowles, who had her eye on a duke, at least.'

'That fellow Calthrop was a lucky dog to come into the Hall! How does he bear his honors? Not much of a sportsman, I should imagine.'

'He and his wife don't hit it very well together. She visits a good deal, and so does he—but not at the same houses.'

'Well, it's a queer world,' said Barnaby. 'I shall run over to Rome and see Sartoris. His work ought to be interesting.'

'It is. They've got his Apollo in the Luxembourg; there was a tremendous fuss about it. Sculpture is very nearly a lost art, of course; but if Sartoris had begun as a boy, he would have been a living exception. His figures are full of life and strength and vitality, his women deliciously supple. I have always maintained,' went on Sir Hubert Merivale, talking apart with Barnaby, 'that, after the Venus of Milo, any mere painting of a woman falls flat on the senses. The painting may be superbly done, the colour, outline, every curve may be unrivalled in their way; but, placed by the side of fine marble, the whole thing is dwarfed. There is about the same difference as there was between Paillopetoux's

'Panorama of Niagara and the real falls. The one was all right until you had seen the other. Sartoris has got the right grip, but he ought to have gone straight to the schools from Winchester.'

'He did some work in a small way. I remember seeing some very dainty statuettes of his years ago. He used to have a studio somewhere in St. John's Wood when he was in London.'

'But that was not often. He was in India for some years, and he knew the Continent well. Sartoris must have been close on thirty when he gave up his property.'

'I'm his senior,' said Barnaby, and I'm still a year off forty. If he's done as well as you say, Sir Hubert, he is a marvel, considering those lost years.'

Six months after he had settled in Rome Sartoris had received a letter from Lady Knowles, that had at first amused, afterwards rather perplexed him.

'My dear Mr. Sartoris,—I am writing to you in great distress of mind about my niece, Cirina Calderon. You know more of her than anyone else, and, possibly, may have some influence to prevent a piece of downright folly.'

'As you know, I was only too delighted to have her with me; but, instead of remaining for the rest of the season after her presentation, and a month of such attention as would have turned most girls' heads, she suddenly left it all, just when the young Marquis of Harrington had proposed marriage.'

'I was never so annoyed in my life. Her refusal of Mr. Calthrop I could understand, although it seemed in many respects an ideal marriage. Still, I saw at once that Cirina could do much better than that, and I was more than willing to do all that her own mother could have done.'

'Fancy a girl declaring that the London season—her first, too—was all utterly uninteresting, that she did not care for people without brains or spirit, and that, as the marquis had no animation upon any subject but horses, she failed to see why he should wish to make her his wife.'

'I am repeating her very sentences, so that you may judge what I had to put up with. Of course, there were others besides the marquis; but the only person she cared for was a little hunchbacked violinist who certainly played wonderfully, and she actually got up a concert for him, and made everyone by tickets, as he was miserably poor, with a sick wife.'

'Of course, it was very charitable rather trying for me. So it ended declaring that, as she had enough life in her own way; and this means selling all over Europe with a chapron and a maid.'

'I believe she is visiting all the picture-galleries, and her last craze is for Bayreuth and Wagner. She tells me that when she is tired of Europe she will go to India and Japan. At the present time Florence is attracting her.'

'My dear Mr. Sartoris, think of it! A beautiful girl of one-and-twenty travelling about like this! Her mother's people will be scandalized when they hear of it, and she will certainly go to Rome soon. So you will be able to judge for yourself. I feel sure I may count on your assistance in inducing Cirina to return home. She is the child of extraordinary parents, and I her, but I cannot promise to invite Tom, Dick, or Harry to my receptions.'

'Believe me, dear Mr. Sartoris, Yours in the kindest anxiety, Adelaide Calderon Knowles.'

'Sartoris was not surprised at the information. Cirina had not bothered him with frequent letters.

But generally wrote on the first of each month, and gave the barest details of her own life, and gazing the greatest admiration for his career, and begging him to hide none of its hardships from her.

Her last letter had said that she was utterly wearied of ordinary conventional life, and had determined to change her mode of life.

'Do not ask me to give you full particulars yet. I will merely remind you of my promise to do nothing rash.'

He answered Lady Knowles' appeal by the assurance of his sympathy, but added that he understood Cirina too well to feel any anxiety about her.

At the Hall she had her own rooms, where she studied and amused herself for hours together, while the squire was out hunting or shooting.

Considering the brilliancy of Lyon Calderon and his wife, it was surprising that their only child should possess abilities far above the average, and be quite unhappy in leading a life of frivolity.

'My advice,' he concluded, 'is to let her have her own lot for at least a couple of years. At the end of that time, she will either return to you, or make some definite arrangement, unless I am very much mistaken. Meantime, my dear Lady Knowles, I thank you very sincerely for your kind letter and for all the care you have shown Cirina, which she will appreciate the more after living with strangers.'

Lady Knowles sighed over the letter, and remarked to her husband, Sir Granby Sartoris, that she could not expect him to sympathize with Cirina very strongly; but she had sufficient faith in his judgment, and in the strength of the affection between them, to follow his advice.

And so a letter was sent to Cirina which declared that her home was waiting for her when she was tired of wandering, and that she would be welcomed with open arms by her most affectionate aunt.

So the years went by, and Cirina spent a month or so with her relatives each summer; but she adhered strictly to her own mode of life, and at the expiration of her visit her travels were resumed.

She made many friends, and her chapron was a charming companion—a born traveller.

Mrs. Ogilvie was a colonel's widow, without children, and her income was just enough for her to insist upon sharing expenses.

She became so devoted to Cirina that their unsettled life was a constant enjoyment to both, and after two years in Europe, they spent three more in Japan, Egypt, and India.

She developed a great linguistic talent, and she mastered languages with astonishing rapidity.

Now and then she came across people who had known her father, and they welcomed her with a warmth that was as sincere as it was deep.

In spite of herself, her movements were frequently chronicled by ubiquitous journalists, who remembered the debut and retirement of a society star, and sometimes recalled anecdotes of Lyon Calderon, by way of embellishing their paragraphs.

Denzil Sartoris was reticent about his triumphs; but Cirina had both English and French newspapers forwarded to her, and his exhibitions in the Salon afforded her untold pleasure.

After eighteen months in Paris, and nearly five years in Rome, Sartoris was recognized as a man of mark, and the Art-world spoke highly of his work, and of his happy felicity in depicting suddenly arrested motion, and in the boldness and vitality of his figures.

An 'Eros and Psyche' almost vibrated to appreciative eyes, and the exquisite grace of the feminine form, its spirituelle look and clinging tenderness, yielding to the passionate clasp of the other, made the statue one of striking beauty.

Working for twelve, frequently fourteen hours a day, with an energy and determination which astonished all who knew him, executing orders from all parts of the civilized world, Sartoris hardly permitted himself any rest.

He made money rapidly, but he also gave largely and was reckless of expenditure with his charities.

In the very zenith of success, however, his health broke down suddenly—the surprising fact being that it had not done so before.

He read and wrote much and could have visited at all the leading houses had he chosen; but with the over exertion of English Ambassador and a taciturn old Turk smoked all day long who at all times privileged to enter the studio, Sartoris lived a solitary life.

When his strength gave away, Hassan Ed Ali nursed him as tenderly as a woman had done, never leaving his bedside.

It was his weather. The small country house was a model of artistic beauty and comfort, yet Sartoris moved restlessly and made little progress towards recovery.

'How long is he going to keep me here?' he asked his doctor wearily. 'I shall die of ennui I warn you!'

The doctor, a clever Frenchman, laughed softly. 'He was used to the improvidence of artist, and had long anticipated his patient down fall.'

'Mon ami! I shall keep you here until you can walk a dozen yards without falling a little pale, and then—'

'Then what? He soon can I go back to my work? Has my pony on La Fontaine. I am sick of this room—of this scenery.'

The doctor's eyes met those of old Hassan Ed Ali, who rarely spoke but whose face expressed much.

He looked meaningfully at the white haired head that lay outstretched on the coverlet and La Fontaine, who was in his own coil palms.

'It will be at least three months before you are able to work again. Say—remember that.'

not only have you burnt your candle at both ends, but you have cut it in half, and set all the ends at naught. You have done wonders, and you have earned a rest. Nature will not be denied, and see—what can she do?'

He held up the delicate hand lightly by the wrist, watching the shaking fingers.

'Attempt impossibilities, and I will not answer for the consequences. Follow my advice, and you will be strong as ever.'

As soon as you can stir the journey, go to England. The air of one's own country is a wonderful tonic; you have not been there for years, I know.'

Sartoris groaned and endeavored to throw a few grapes at La Fontaine as he was leaving, but the effort was beyond him, and he fell on the floor.

Old Ed Ali got up quietly, and went through the curtains into the adjoining room.

In a few minutes he emerged with several photographs in his hands, and set down by the bed in his usual chair.

The greatest proof of the devotion he had shown, was his attention from smoking—a privation which was truly very great.

'What have you got there?' Sartoris asked irritably. 'The deuce!' as he saw the photographs. I looked them up. Where do you find the keys, Ed Ali?'

'In the pocket of your dressing gown,' the other answered imperturbably. 'I took them whilst La Fontaine was examining you this morning.'

They were photographs of the Hall from various points of view, taken by Sartoris years and years before.

They were all his pet bits of scenery, the famous walk through the pine woods, the tennis-law, with Cirina in costume making a 'back hander.'

Groups of the squire, Mrs. Breerton, and Cirina surrounded by the dogs, of the squire with the bounds, and one of him with the brush at arm's length, just from a long run.

Cirina figured in every conceivable position and costume, from a riding habit to a ball dress.

Those of him:—I were less distinct, Cirina not being so expert with the camera. Sartoris spoke with the impatience of an invalid.

'What scheme have you got in your head? Do you think I do not know them by heart?'

Ed Ali separated those representing Cirina. There were several large platinum types, taken recently, very beautiful studies which she had sent from time to time.

'In case you will forget me' was written under one.

The best of all represented her in a Greek dress, worn at the Ambassador's ball in Athens, and the delicate tinting showed off her beauty as well as a fine crayon drawing would have done.

Proud, reserved, and rather disdainful was the expression on the daintily curved mouth, but there was a look of yearning in the large, deep eyes which told those who could read beyond the surface that the happiness of a reciprocated passion had never been hers.

'Who is she?' Sartoris knew that old Ed Ali loved him too sincerely to act without some good motive.

The two had met daily for years, and the older man, himself without kith or kin, and an alien from his own country, had centred all his affection upon the artist, taking as keen an interest in his work as if he were his own son.

'My sister, Cirina.'

'I asked you who she was,' said Ed Ali, imperturbably.

'We were brought up together by the dear old man who adopted me. Sartoris laughed feebly, a spark of amusement lighting up his worn face. 'She is as dear to me as if she had been my own sister; it was partly through her that I took seriously to the profession when the squire died. I had had thought of going to Australia, but she was horrified at the idea, somehow.'

'Where is the lady now?' 'Travelling in Egypt. She has been twice to Rome within the last three years, but you were away.'

'She travels alone?' 'With a chapron and a strong minded maid. She did not care for society life with her aunt, Lady Knowles, who thinks that it is madness for Cirina not to marry as most girls do.'

When this beautiful old home was broken up, she was grieved to part from you? Ed Ali was looking at one of the photographs of the Hall, with Cirina, in a white gown, sitting on a low chair on the lawn, surrounded by dogs.

'We were both grieved,' said Denzil, in a dreamy tone, his thoughts reverting to that dreary day when Cirina had gone to tell him about the will.

'She travels because she does not wish to marry. She is—perhaps five and twenty or rather more—why do you not go to see her? She must think this separation very strange.'

'I could not leave my work, old friend. This time last year we had a few days together at Fiesole—with the lady chapron, Denzil added gravely, looking at the other's intent face, and then smiling again.

'Any more questions?' he said. 'You correspond often?'

'About every month.'

'You have been ill for nearly two. I suppose, however, that she knows nothing of it, and that it is not as it should be. This is the face of one who would be a good nurse. Now that you cannot work for some time, you must go to England, as the doctor advises, and she must go also. The aunt whom you have named will be pleased to receive you. This is a counsel, my son.'

Sartoris was silent for a time. 'You should meet in your place, but that cannot be, of course.'

'You think that I ought to go to Egypt, Ed Ali? It would be delightful for me, but Cirina may not wish to leave Egypt.'

Ed Ali nodded slowly twice. 'She will go if you write and tell her. But your hand is not steady. Let me be your scribe, my son. Now, this moment.'

Much to his own surprise, Sartoris found himself yielding to the question, and Ed Ali deliberately wrote a letter.

Then he read it aloud expressing some sentences, and altering others.

'It is rather like commanding her, you know, Ed Ali.'

'Women must obey the dictates of men,' said the old Turk calmly. 'Tell me the address.'

And the letter was posted.

'You have not quite forgotten the old days then? But you are so changed, child. I feel that I ought to say, "Miss Calderon."

'Is that a hint that I am to say "Mr Sartoris"?' 'I left a little girl behind me, and I find in her stead one fitted to be a queen of confidence, of course, and because I am sure you will not misunderstand me whether you know of anyone—anyone for whom Cirina cares, and who is blockhead enough not to perceive it?'

Denzil Sartoris laughed aloud. 'I have not the remotest idea, and I am afraid she would not allow me to ask how ever indirectly. We have been separated for so long, you see, and she is not a child any more.' He paused for a few minutes.

'Those flying visits hardly count, precious as they were; and then you so carefully guarded that there was no opportunity of recalling the old days.'

Cirina laughed softly, and the colour deepened in her face.

'There is no need of guarding with you, Denzil. Poor Mrs. Ogilvie could scarcely have been left, you know, and she was so very good to me. I miss her terribly now that she is to be married again. But why did you never come to see me when I was with Lady Knowles every summer?'

'I have never left off work, you see. 'But now you are to take a long, long rest—for months, Denzil. After such long labour you can afford to rest on your laurels. I feel so proud when I hear people speaking of your masterpieces, all achieved in six years! I gave you ten at least. But your early work was always beautiful, especially the little Psyche you gave me.'

'Is that still in your possession? But you were always loyal.'

Sartoris, still looking very white and weary, lay lying on a sofa in the library of Sir Granby and Lady Knowles' shooting box in Perthshire.

Cirina was standing at the open French window leading into the gardens that commanded a view of Ben Lomond.

She was playing idly with a spray of Gloire de Dijon roses that waved just above her head.

At the last words of Sartoris, she gathered one and threw it lightly at him.

'Why not say at once that you think I have utterly degenerated? Changed from a fairly likeable kind of girl—as girls go into a worldly, artificial, and detestable woman?'

'Cirina! how dare you try to pollute my feeble understanding?'

'You used to tell me the plain unvarnished truth once. Why not now?'

'I have told you that I find a little girl, one as sweet and winning and true as ever walked, developed into a lovely woman with an originality in her loveliness, and in herself, more than enough to drive men mad for love of her. I had not time nor opportunity to realize it during your short visits to me, but now that we are once more living under the same roof my eyes are opened. And I am very proud of the friendship of Miss Calderon.'

If she had only turned her head, she would have seen the laughter in his eyes, and the deep loving admiration with which he was regarding her form, slender figure full of fascination in every movement.

But she would not look.

She told herself that he was speaking ironically.

When a woman was past five and twenty and unmarried, every man, unless he were in love with her, thought she was quite old. Many men had metaphorically, and some times literally, thrown themselves at her feet.

She had had more offers of marriage than could easily be remembered; and it was a delight with Lady Knowles' to enumerate the various coronets that Cirina might have worn had she chosen.

Sartoris was naturally more familiar with her than any other but the familiarity that had so delighted her formerly was now dreaded, since there was now no barrier between them.

Lady Knowles waited until his strength was almost returned before she broached the subject of Cirina, but Sartoris knew that the matter was in the air, and braced himself up for endurance.

'The opportunity came after the Twelfth, when the men were out shooting, and Cirina had gone off for a long ramble with her own intelligent fox terrier, who always accompanied her on her travels.'

The day was very hot, and Lady Knowles, having seen that her guests were all occupied or resting, made her way to the smoking room, where Denzil was lounging by an open window, with a big boarhound and the papers of the previous day for company.

After some desultory conversation he laughed, and laid one hand on the plump arm nearest to him.

'You are going to talk about Cirina.'

'Yes, I am,' she returned, laughing too. 'Can't you imagine that all these years I have been simply mad about her? And as it is quite useless to try to influence her, I am going to ask you what her plans are.'

'My dear Lady Knowles, I assure you that I am in complete ignorance. If Cirina has formed any at all, she has not given me her confidence.'

'It is quite time that something was settled,' said Lady Knowles with decision. 'It is all very well when a woman is young—she can be more or less eccentric then; but if the age of thirty is reached without marriage, a woman is always pined. Cirina is not one of the "advocate type," thank Heaven, though she has more brains than any other girl I have ever met, and my brother would have been not asy proud of her.'

'She is one who would make her husband in love with her to his dying day unless he were an idiot, and I have too much anxiety about the matter—I love her too much—to be able to rest content with things as they are. She is twenty-eight you know, next November. Of course with her great beauty, there is plenty of time yet, but must men prefer a girl in her first youth?'

Denzil listened attentively, and, seeing that Lady Knowles was by no means exhausted.

'You and I are the two best friends of Cirina, and I want to ask you, strictly in confidence, of course, and because I am sure you will not misunderstand me whether you know of anyone—anyone for whom Cirina cares, and who is blockhead enough not to perceive it?'

Denzil Sartoris laughed aloud. 'I have not the remotest idea, and I am afraid she would not allow me to ask how ever indirectly. We have been separated for so long, you see, and she is not a child any more.' He paused for a few minutes.

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(CONTINUED FROM TWENTY PAGE.)

moments, thinking deeply. Believe me he said at length, 'I much appreciate your kindness of heart in this matter, and I fully agree you. Carina ought to make her home with you now. She seems cold to me; but that may be the result of our having lived apart so long. There could scarcely be any foundation for your thought, surely, I had fancied that Lord Halsborough has seen in favor the last few days. As I cannot join in the dancing tonight, I will see if Carina will tell me anything. She will sit out two or three for the sake of old time, I am sure.'

'They were sitting in a quiet corner of the terrace, almost surrounded by tall flowering plants and roses which climbed everywhere, making the air sweet with their perfume.'

Sartoris had put his name down for three dances in succession after the supper, and Carina had looked at him for a moment in amused wonder as he returned her programme.

'Oae is a square, Denzil. Will you really give me so much time?'

'It is for you to decide that, child,' he said effusively. 'I cannot dance, and Halsborough will want to shoot me. I will yield to him only if you wish it.'

She turned aside, ostensibly to arrange some lace on her dress, and her voice trembled slightly when she answered.

'I do not wish. You shall have as many as you please.'

All her bright spirit, her quick wit, and ready repartee deserted her when she was with the man she had loved for years with a fidelity that had never swerved for an instant.

She could laugh and parry with an old diplomatist in a manner that would win his warmest approval; there was not a man in the room with the exception of Denzil Sartoris, to whose lightest remark she would not have given a sparkling answer.

With him she stood almost silent until claimed by an eager partner.

When the time came for the dances, Denzil led her to the sets which he had reserved by a little re-arrangement of the palms.

Very gentle and kindly he talked for some time of her travels, asking her finally if she wished to continue them, now that Mrs Ogilvie was going to marry an old friend, and settle down in a Norfolk rectory.

'Why not?' said Carina quietly, after thinking for a few moments. 'There is not one to whom I really owe any allegiance—no one who wants me. My aunt Knowles has a pretty way of saying so; but Sir Granby and my cousin Mark absorb most of her time.'

'And amongst the crowd of your worshippers, little one,' he said presently, slipping into the old phrase that she loved better than any other, 'is there no one to whom you are going to give a practical demonstration of Paradise here below?—not even Halsborough? He seems to understand you better than most.'

'Amongst the crowd of my worshippers,' she repeated with a shrug of her shoulders, 'since you put it so, there is not one—not even Lord Halsborough, who has cared for me for years. I honor him too much to marry him, with esteem merely to match love.'

He was silent for some time.

She leaned back, looking with grave dark eyes, out at the landscape, the bright light of the full August moon shining with a lustre which made it possible to read almost as clearly as by daylight.

Denzil looked at her, letting his eyes rest on the delicately set face, thinking what a perfect model it would make for a Psyche.

She was dressed in a white gown, the hardness of the thick, satin relieved by some drapery of old Mechlin lace.

Her throat and shoulders were like ivory, and her long gloves, which she had not replaced, lay in her lap; so beautiful were the arms, that Denzil took the left arm and laid it across his coat sleeve.

'Carina.'

'I am listening.'

'You must pose to me. This hand and arm are so perfect, that I feel a sense of injury in never having had the chance of making them immortal.'

Her face was sad spiritless, in her eyes was the look that old El Ah had noted in the photograph.

'You do not answer, little one,' he said, lifting the slender hand and kissing it softly.

'I will pose for you with pleasure, at any time, Denzil. You are in a complimentary mood to-night.'

'The promise will be claimed, so do not forget it. Now, dear, I am going to talk to you seriously.'

'He still held her hand in both his own. 'Turn your face a little this way, child. I cannot see it.'

Involuntarily she laughed as she obeyed but there was no mirth in the sound.

She was thinking of the irony of the situation.

If anyone had seen them, they would assuredly have been taken for a most sentimental pair.

She was in a listless humour, inclined to be scolded, teased, anything, so long as she not called upon to say any thing.

'I do not like the idea of your wandering about the earth like a restless spirit. You have seen enough to rest for a time now.'

self into his arms and told him she would follow him round the world.

But he spoke gravely and with self-control, because it was only since he had seen her lately that he had realized she was the one woman he had loved all his life.

His own hard work had prevented him from dwelling upon thoughts of marriage, and he had always expected to hear that Carina was going to wed one of her many admirers.

Their early life together had established the feeling of brother and sister, and it never entered into his thoughts that Carina cared for him otherwise.

When they met again under the same roof the old relations could not be taken up.

He found his little sister, his sympathetic little chum, grown into a beautiful woman, able to hold her own with men whose intellect was well known.

She, on her side, had no reason to think that his views had changed from the day when he declared he should never marry.

Thus both were deceived. Her breast came a little quicker as he watched her, but her facial control was great.

'You are taking pity on my loneliness,' she said at length, and her voice sounded strained. 'Why victimize yourself? I should only be in your way.'

'That,' he returned, smiling, 'is my business. What you have to consider is that in marrying me you sacrifice a high position, which might be yours to-morrow if you choose. A poor working sculptor is no great party.'

'Please do not be sarcastic,' she said listlessly. 'If you really mean this Quixotic thing, I will agree. If you are only jesting I will forget all about it.'

'I am not jesting.'

'Very well.' She laughed suddenly. 'You might praise me for my obedience.' He took her hand, held them together with one of his, and turned her face to wards him with the other.

'Dear little one, will you try to be happy with me?'

He kissed her very softly. But she only answered— 'Of course, Denzil.'

When Lady Knowles heard of the engagement she showed a little surprise and much pleasure.

Only to herself did she laugh, and congratulate her own powers of diplomacy.

So they married, and went yachting for a month, until Sartoris, being perfectly strong again, declared he could no longer live in idleness, and took his wife to Rome.

She was charmed with the routine of his artistic life, with his house and spacious studios, more especially with the lovely little country retreat.

He wished to take one very much larger but Carina said he would never find one half so pretty, and declared that she was more than content.

It was the same with everything.

She expressed no independent wishes, but thanked him very sweetly for all the presents he continually showered upon her.

The long-cherished ideas for his Sappho and his Psyche were carried out, Carina proving an admirable model of untiring patience.

'They were both to generous, to loyal to each other to drift apart.'

Moreover, they had the old life to talk over, reminiscences and recollections to discuss; but time went by, and they were no more than firm friends.

Sartoris had achieved further honors, and could well afford to be capricious about his orders.

Had he chosen, he could easily have doubled his income, for commissions poured in upon him; but he never worked for mere wealth, and a bust from his studio had a celebrity which was always justified.

He no longer remained shut up within his walls, accepting invitations for Carina's sake; and she became as famed for her beauty and fascination as he for his genius.

One morning at breakfast, as he was glancing over the Times, Sartoris uttered an exclamation that made Carina look up quickly from her letters.

'Bute Calthrop is dead! Uncommonly like suicide, too! Poor fellow!'

'Dead! How, Denzil?'

'Accidentally shot whilst out with Colonel Luttrell and a party near Inverary. Bute was a wretched sportsman, as you know. He was alone at the time, and shot what a woman!'

It seemed that Marguerite, his wife—formerly Marguerite Lascelles—had had a violent quarrel with her husband a week before his death, regarding a certain Russian prince with whom she persisted in making herself notorious.

She had let the house the same day, taking all her valuables and some of the heirlooms, to join the prince at Dover.

Nemesis interfered, however.

When he discovered that she was free, the Prince Yroubatskoi declined to fulfil his part of the contract, and his wretched companion, in a fit of rage, managed to empty the contents of a packet of laudanum into his coffee.

Talked into taking cheap washing powders in the belief that they are equal to PEARLINE! Grocers who want to work off unsalable goods; peddlers, prize-givers, etc., all say "This is just as good," "much cheaper," "same thing." Don't be deceived. The most effective, most economical, best made, is PEARLINE, unequaled.

oms, d... with her several times, and as said to her bodily. 'You are not happy.' She smiled, and said: 'N on sons.'

But the knowledge that he loved her so well as to divine the truth filled her with fresh despair.

When they reached home, she dismissed her maid, and threw herself on a bed in her dressing room with a low despair.

'Denzil, Denzil! Will never love darling, as I love you?'

She leaned her head on the cushion trying to still the sob that were rising her throat, but her grief had been so long pent up that it refused to be restrained and her sobs lay there sobbing wildly she never knew.

Denzil, remembering a message from the wife of the Ambassador, went in search of her, fearing he might forget it in the morning.

Hearing such intense grief, he entered without knocking, his own face growing white with fear, and called her gently.

She started up, making violent efforts to recover herself.

'My poor little one! Is it so hard?' he said, as tenderly as one could to a child, sitting down beside her, and drawing her to him. 'Tell me, Carina, tell me what is in your heart. Do not fear. If I am your husband, I am also your best friend.'

He stroked her hair softly, and rested her head on his shoulder with such infinite sympathy that her tears came afresh.

'Is it Halsborough, after all? I have always thought that you cared for him. Was there ever a quarrel? Your happiness is the only thing I care for, remember. Tell me, little one.'

'Lord Halsborough!'

'With a startled cry, she flung her head back and stared at him.

In that sudden, unguarded moment all her love and longing shone out in her face. Each looked straight into the other's very soul, with a strained intensity; then the mist rolled away from their understanding, and Denzil's eyes flashed.

'Oh my darling! My darling, is it I?'

She was in his arms, clinging to him, as he pressed his lips to her with a passion too deep for words.

The minutes passed, but he only held her closer, and Carina was too happy to wish to move.

'Answer,' he said presently, 'my dearest—dearer than all the world?'

'Ah! she murmured, with a little catch of breath, 'what is there to say? I have loved you, Denzil, all my life—you only!'

Landlady (threateningly) — I'll give you a piece of my mind one of these days if you're not careful.

Barber—I fancy I can stand it if it isn't any bigger than the piece of pie you gave me.

She—When I go to get an ice cream I generally get three. He—Why is that? She—Well, I first take the flavor I ordered last, and then I go back and then I go back and take the ones I changed my mind about.

Jack—I made two calls this afternoon, and I must have left my umbrella at the last place I called. —How do you know you didn't leave it at the first place? Jack—Because that's where I got it.

ABSOLUTE SECURITY.

Genuine Carter's Little Liver Pills.

Must Bear Signature of Aunt Wood

See Fac-Simile Wrapper Below.

Very small and as easy to take as sugar.

CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS.

FOR HEADACHE, FOR DIZZINESS, FOR BILIOUSNESS, FOR TORPID LIVER, FOR CONSTIPATION, FOR SALLOW SKIN, FOR THE COMPLEXION.

PURELY VEGETABLE. CURE SICK HEADACHE.

Seal Brand Coffee (1 lb. and 2 lb. cans.) Its Purity is its Strength Flavor and Fragrance its natural attributes. CHASE & SANBORN, MONTREAL AND BOSTON.

Sunday Reading.

Pastoral Visiting.

Being present recently at a meeting of presbytery where a pastoral relation was dissolved, we enquired of an elder of the church the real cause of the dissolution, and heard an unusual story of unsatisfactory relations.

The young minister during a prostrate of several years had never been in many of the homes of his people and had persistently neglected to visit even the sick and afflicted. The elders had advised and admonished him and had offered to go with him but in vain. He was well liked as a preacher and a man, but his failure to meet the people in their homes and to minister to their need alienated them and made a change in the parsonage necessary.

More recently still a similar case was brought to our notice in which a long pastorate was terminated, not through lack of preaching ability, but through pastoral negligence. It seems almost incredible that a pastor should so far fail in his pastoral duties as never to visit many of his families, and even to neglect the views of the ministry held by a pastor who so signally and apparently so wisely fails in the discharge of his duties. It is not believed that there are many pastors who are so negligent or deficient in this part of their service, but it is well for all pastors at times to examine themselves in this respect.

Pastoral visiting is a full half of the minister's service. His preaching, of course, is a vital part of his work, and he should not neglect this. Good sermons full of interesting and helpful truth are the first and a constant demand made on the minister, and he should endeavor to make the week or rather his whole life, head to tail, and culminate in the pulpit every Sabbath. Yet preaching will in a large degree fail of its purpose unless it is backed up with pastoral visiting. Only a preacher of genius can hold his place without visiting his people; and even he would be stronger and more helpful if he would keep in personal touch with them. A visit to the home of a family brings the pastor into sympathetic and vital relations with its members as no sermon can. The personal hand clasp and presence and conversation knit the pastor and people together in familiar acquaintance and fellowship. A word spoken in such circumstances on spiritual matters, a prayer, or a personal appeal, is far more effective than when spoken from the pulpit. Even if religion is not mentioned, yet a cheery visit from the pastor puts him in better relations with a family and also tones it up spiritually, for his presence is suggestive of divine things and right living. Affliction especially calls for the pastor, and it is then that he can minister most helpfully to a family and bind it to himself with the strongest ties. Every pastor can trace the results of his pastoral visiting during the week the next Sabbath morning in his congregation; all the families visited are sure to be represented; some of them may have been habitually absent for weeks or months, but a pastoral visit always brings them out.

It is true that pastoral visiting is a heavy tax on the time of the studious and busy pastor and it is also distasteful to some ministers of a retiring disposition; yet it is a duty that demands its full share of time and it cannot be cultivated so as to become an agreeable part of the minister's life. The minister makes a mistake who spends too much of his time in study, absorbed in his books or moping all week over his sermons. Let him spend half his time in the study and the other half in the open air and in the world in sympathetic and cheerful intercourse with men and especially with his own people and his sermons will be better his hold on his people will

be stronger and his ministry to them will in every way be more useful.

Church Gazette.

The vexed question of ecclesiastical precedence is coming up again in connection with the arrangements for the visit of the Duke of Cornwall and York. It takes an uncommon deal of teaching to make some people understand that in Canada there is no State church, and that the general superintendent of the Methodist church, or the Moderator of the Presbyterian church, or the chief officer of any other church, is on as high a footing as any other ecclesiastical dignitary. It is a petty business but not altogether unimportant.

The delegates from Canada elected to the Methodist Ecumenical Conference, to be held in London England, this fall, are:— Rev. William Briggs, Toronto; Rev. John Potts, D. D., Toronto; Rev. J. C. Antiff, D. D., Kingston; Rev. J. Hazelwood, Hamilton; Rev. John Wakefield, D. D. Dundas; Rev. Chancellor N. Burwash, D. D. Toronto; Rev. W. J. Crothers, D. D., Belleville; Rev. R. W. W. I. Shaw, D. D., I. L. D., Montreal; Rev. S. P. Rose, D. D. Ottawa; Rev. W. H. Hartz, D. D., Halifax, N. S.; Rev. Prof. Charles Stewart, D. D., Sackville N. B.; Mr. Chester D. Massey, Toronto; Mr. H. L. Lovering, Coldwater; Mr. W. J. Ferguson, Stratford; Mr. Joseph Gibson, Ingersoll; Mr. William Johnson, Belleville; Mr. W. H. Lambly, Inverness; Geo. H. S. A. Chesley, Ludenburg, N. S. Mr. J. R. Ince, L. L. D., Fredericton, N. B.; Mr. David Spencer, Victoria, B. C.

In commenting upon Lord Mountstephen's gift to a Presbyterian church in Scotland, The Westminster says: 'Now Lord Mountstephen made all his money in Canada, and he is a Presbyterian whose interest in ministerial support is illustrated in his recent gift to the Church of Scotland. Is it too much to expect that men of large wealth should give largely for the missionary work of the church in the country to which they owe their success? We do not hesitate to say that half of £40,000 if given to the Augmentation Committee of the Presbyterian church in Canada for the strengthening of pioneer congregations and the development of mission work between Newfoundland and the Yukon, would accomplish more for the Kingdom of God than twice that sum expended for any purpose whatsoever in Britain. The time in Canada is critical and the position strategic, and if anything edifying is to be done it must be done quickly.'

The laundryman is the real abridger of the man.

Sir Richard Catwright might begin his speech on the census of 1901 with the words, 'Here beginneth the second chapter of Exodus.'

Her Mother—'You must be patient with him.'

The Bride—'Oh, I am. I know it will take time for him to see that he can't have his own way.'

There is not much change in the appearance of the strike situation. On the one hand three thousand more men are out; but on the other hand President Shaffer seems to be losing his temper.

The prorogation of the imperial Parliament to-morrow will deprive the Boers of much aid and encouragement. They will hardly care to prolong a hopeless losing fight, when the distinguished British statesmen who form His Majesty's Opposition are not able to applaud them from the floor of Parliament.

That was a brilliant idea of John Edmond's to have the editor of the London Globe ordered to the bar of the House this afternoon. If he is found guilty of breach of privilege he will be liable to be imprisoned until the end of the session. Luckily for the prisoner at the bar, the session is expected to end to-morrow.

Umbrellas Made Re-covered, Repair & Dressed at Waterloo.



# A Fateful Letter.

There is no name under the sun so odious to young girls as 'old maid,' and there is no class so thoroughly despised.

Now, Sarah Willett was an old maid, and one who brought terror to the hearts of all her acquaintances.

Her habitation was a boarding-house, where a company of twenty-five or thirty gathered daily.

Among her many excellences, Miss Willett possessed a tongue which had the faculty of running without cessation from morning until night.

She fairly hated men, and totally despised women—that is, women of nowadays.

It made her frantic to see the tastefully-attired young ladies come in to dinner, and when from the opposite side of the table the gentlemen threw admiring glances at them, she could have annihilated the party, and looked upon the wreck without a pang of regret.

The feeling came up more especially at the times when Mr. Dickson, an old bachelor who had the reputation of keeping good hours, and invariably paying his board in advance raised his eyes and looked smilingly at them.

'Weak-minded, simple, foolish, disgraceful, bold, brazen creature!' she would say.

'How do they expect ever to settle in life, after such efforts to attract the attentions of the opposite sex? Oh, woman, woe! When will you ever learn the way in which Heaven designed you to walk?'

Mrs. Berry, it makes my heart bleed to see such carryings on. The bold-faced thing!

Mrs. Berry, the landlady, pitied her case, and, perhaps for that very reason, retained Miss Willett's sufferings word for word.

But Mrs. Berry's boarders were not sympathetic.

They laughed heartlessly, and a number of the abused young ladies gathered in the drawing-room that very night, and with their pretty heads close together, laid the foundation of a plot to seriously disturb the peace of mind of Miss Sarah Willett.

The days passed.

Miss Willett continued to moralize, the young ladies to dress and flirt, the gentlemen—Mr. Dickson with the rest—to admire and Mrs. Berry to sympathize.

Nellie Dobson, the belle of the party, was Miss Willett's especial horror.

She dressed better and laughed louder than the others, and was the greatest flirt of the lot, and Miss Willett hated her.

She had passed the drawing-room a few evenings before, and seen her at the piano, with Mr. Dickson bending over her, listening to her music, as it entranced, and she had felt like doing something desperate ever since.

She had heard him say that he was passionately fond of music, and as she herself could neither play nor sing, she naturally felt like choking everyone who could.

It is a disgrace to your house Mrs. Berry she said, meeting that lady on the stairs, and, for my part, I shall leave unless there is a change. It grates upon my sensitive nature, and it makes me feel as though I should faint whenever I see it.

It shall be attended to, Mrs. Willett. I was just beginning to think myself that the young people were getting a little careless. I'll speak to them.

She kept her word to the letter by going to the drawing room, and nearly throwing them into convulsions, and thereupon there was another gathering of pretty heads and a continuance of the plot.

Rat-tat! went the door-knocker one day as they all sat at the table.

That's the postman! called half-a-dozen voices, and every eye turned towards the door.

For me? for me? was the inquiry, as Mrs. Berry entered, holding a letter in her hand.

No; it is not for you, Miss Nellie, nor you, Miss Rose. It is for Miss Sarah Willett.

Miss Willett arose in her stately manner, and received the missive, and, to show the impulsive young girls how devoid she was of impatience and curiosity, she sat down again without opening the letter, and ate her dinner as though nothing had happened taking an unreasonably long while in so doing.

As a matter of fact, she was dying to know the contents of that letter; but for worlds she would not display her weakness to the hated tribe, and give them an opportunity to retaliate upon her.

Letters to her were like angel visits, few and far between, and their perusal was an event of great importance; hence there was

no small amount of fortitude and patience necessarily brought into use by this little act of sitting quietly there, slowly eating her dinner, with the letter lying away at the bottom of her pocket, its contents as yet shrouded in the darkest mystery.

But at length she walked out the room in her usual dignified manner.

After that we are not positive as to her progress; but Biddy the chamber-girl declared that something must have happened for the 'old maid ran as though the old feller himself was after her.'

In her own room she opened her letter and read—

'Miss Willett,—If I dared I would call you Sarah, but as yet you have given no signs to me that might warrant such familiarity, and so I can only say Miss Willett. Although I am an unattractive man I have dared to raise my eyes to you, and hope you will find a plaid in your woman's heart for pity, if not for love. I cannot sit day after day, seeing your lovely face before me, and hearing your voice, without feeling for you an adoration, almost akin to worship. Miss Willett, most considerate and compassionate of beings, hear me, I beseech you, and lend a pitying ear! Smile upon me, and give me a few words of encouragement, and thus save me from distraction.

Yours in anxiety and love,  
Gerald Dickson.'

Gerald! Ah! what a name! Miss Willett actually folded her thin hands over the letter, and smiled.

Smile upon me, and give me, a few words of encouragement.

I will! This very day shall the unhappy man receive relief. How much good we can do in this world if we are only willing. Poor Gerald!

Perhaps that afternoon was the longest that she ever spent, but the supper-hour came at length, and she was at the table betimes.

Soon he came, and sat down opposite. He seemed remarkably jolly under the circumstances, but this fact Miss Willett imputed to his good common-sense and desire to keep up appearances.

As he arose and passed her chair, she lightly touched his arm.

I will see you in the drawing-room, Mr. Dickson, as soon as I have finished my supper.

The gentleman bowed politely.

'I shall be most happy!'

Five minutes later she was there, and beside the attentive Mr. Dickson.

'Mr. Dickson—Gerald,' she began. 'It has been my desire to benefit my fellow-creatures, and if I can in any add to your happiness I shall be only too happy.'

The gentleman's eyes opened perceptibly. I am sure Miss Willett, I am very grateful but at present I am comfortably situated.

'I thought you were very unhappy.'

'Unhappy! What do you mean?'

'Your letter certainly conveyed that idea,' she replied.

'My letter! What letter?'

'Didn't you write me a letter? Didn't you write this?' taking the letter from her pocket.

'No, madam, I never was, I may say, guilty of doing such a thing,' said he, after looking it over. 'You are the victim of a practical joke, madam! I am already engaged, and if nothing serious occurs, I shall, in all probability, be married at Christmas to Miss Nellie Dobson.'

From behind the curtains which shaded the bay window came an audible titter, which finally swelled into a roar, and Miss Willett fled.

Not an hour after, she was directing a cabman at the door, and from that day to this she has never been seen by any of Mrs. Berry's boarders.

The doctor—'Above all things, madam, your husband mustn't worry. Perhaps you'd better not show him my bill just.' 'But I did, doctor, and it didn't make any difference. He said he knew he couldn't pay it, anyway.'

'I notice you've got new paper in your hall.' 'Yes. How do you like the design?'

'It seems to me it's rather loud.' 'Yes, that's why we thought we selected it. We thought it might drown your daughter's piano playing.'

Clarissa—'He is such a flatterer! I was holding a rose in my hand. It is an English Beauty, George?' I asked. He never looked at the rose at all. 'Instead, he gazed fondly into my eyes. 'It certainly is,' he whispered. 'Madame—indeed! Perhaps he's cross-eyed.'

**Cordially Overdone.**  
Whoever has a short memory for names and faces will be able to appreciate the experience of a resident of Detroit, whose story is told by the Free Press of that city. The lady's friends, who recognize her inability to fit names and faces together say she usually makes up in tact what she lacks in memory.

One afternoon recently, says the lady, who tells her own experience, I was sitting on the veranda when a rather nice-looking man, carrying a small satchel, came up the walk. He bowed pleasantly, and I returned his greeting as cordially as I could, while racking my brain for his name.

He looked familiar, but I could not recall his name. Here was an old friend from out of town, probably,—perhaps a relative of my husband,—and I must not fail in cordiality. So I greeted him warmly, shook hands, and invited him to be seated. I said I was delighted to see him, and knew my family would be equally glad, I regretted that so long a time had elapsed since we had last met. I hoped his family were quite well, and of course he had come to dinner.

Thus I rattled on, fearing to let him discover what a hypocrite I was, and hoping all the while that his name would come to me. Finally he managed to say:

'I'm afraid you don't know who I am.'

'Oh yes, I do,' I responded. 'Of course I know perfectly.'

'No, I am pretty sure you don't even know my name.'

'Well,' I admitted, 'your name has escaped me for the moment; but I am so wretched on names! Don't tell me; I shall recall it in time.'

Do not try, responded the young man, pleasantly. I am only the sewing-machine man. I came to repair your machine.

**A Common M. Lady.**

I wonder if John Gordon has any trouble with his throat, mused Mrs. Payne, as a friend of her husband passed by the window. I've seen him day after day with his coat collar turned up, when the mercury was 'way up in the sixties.

There's nothing the matter with his throat, said Mr. Payne, with an unfeeling grin. 'It's his engagement that's made all the trouble.'

What do you mean Robert? demanded Mrs. Payne, indignantly. You know Mary Wills is one of the sweetest girls that ever lived, and one of my best friends, too.

That's all very true, my dear, said her husband but it doesn't alter her taste in neckties.

Taste in neckties! faltered Mrs. Payne. Yes, my dear, said her husband, that is what I said. She gave the helpless and enamoured Jonathan one dozen neckties for a Christmas present, and what is more she expects to see them adorning his person every day. John confided in me, as a married man, and said he was unwilling to hurt Mary's feelings. But I know how much a man can and ought to bear in the way of criticism from his fellow men, and after I'd seen the ties I counseled John to keep his coat collar turned up when he took his walks abroad.

Why I never heard of such a thing in my life! said Mary Wills's defender, weakly.

Robert! Robert! I believe, now I look at it, that you wear your collar turned up when you have on that lovely pink and blue plaid tie I gave you for our anniversary present. Robert—

But Mr. Payne was already in the hall, and the front door closed behind him the next moment.

**Cheap Meals.**

'About the cheapest restaurant I ever visited or read about,' said a man lately returned from England, 'was a dining saloon in the Whitechapel district of London, where a relishing and fairly substantial meal may be had for halfpenny, or one cent in our money. This cheap repast is not served up in the shape of a cut from a joint and two vegetables. It is a big brown pie, very juicy and very hot. The absence of beetsteak is evident when you cut the pie, but you find inside a liberal sprinkling of sheep's liver, onions and turnips, and a plentiful supply of gravy. For a halfpenny extra two slices of bread and a cup of tea are supplied. Between the hours of twelve and one the poor and hungry from all parts of the East End of the city flock to the dining-room. Most of the patrons are shoeblacks, penny toy men, costermongers, and now and then young clerks whose salaries will not permit them to indulge in a more costly dinner.'

I thought you said that girl you introduced me to was from Boston?'

'Well, isn't she?'

'No; No York.'

Why I asked it her she was a follower of Emerson, and she said: 'What team's she playing on?'

**He Thought It Was a Picnic.**

A young Cleveland woman who teaches a Sunday school class told her small flock several Sunday ago about the long journey of the children of Israel on their way to the Promised Land. She described the march of the column through the wilderness, and told how the priests walked behind the vanguard bearing their sacred burdens.

Last Sunday she thought she would discover how much of the lesson the little fellows remembered. To her chagrin the first boy she asked remembered nothing about it.

'Come, now,' she said; 'some of you surely remember what the priests carried when they marched through the wilderness. But no one remembered until she reached little Hally.

'Now Hally,' she said, 'You know what they carried, don't you?'

Hally nodded.

'They carried the 'unch,' he said, with a look of triumph at his stupid classmate. He called her his precious jewel; but the truth upon him dawned, when they were wed, that she was not The kind that could be pawned.

'Honesty is the best policy, of course,' moralized Uncle Allen Sparks, who had just given the income tax assessor a true statement of his worldly wealth; 'but it's expensive.'

Husband—I see they're advertising bargains in patent medicines at Kutz and Prices drug stores. Wife—Isn't that too aggravating? There isn't a thing the matter with any of us.'

## BORN.

- Ohio, July 29th, to the wife of H. Porter, a son.
- Hullax, Aug 14 to the wife of Max Weil, a daughter.
- Moncton, Aug 15, to the wife of T. W. Bell, a daughter.
- Bridgewater, Aug 19, to the wife of Geo. A. Cook, a son.
- Amherst, Aug 11, to the wife of Douglas Trenholm, a son.
- Cumberland Co., Aug 9, to the wife of Wesley Bird, a son.
- Falmouth, Aug 13, to the wife of Joseph Taylor, a daughter.
- Ireland, Aug 19, to the wife of James Purcell, a daughter.
- Hantsport, July 28, to the wife of Jas. Baker, a daughter.
- New Glasgow, Aug 8, to the wife of Sydney Smith, a daughter.
- Burlington, Hants, Aug, to the wife of Morris Saurford, a son.
- Fossil, N. S., July 5, to the wife of Dr. Howard Shaw, a son.
- Springhill, Aug. 2, to the wife of Wilfrid Arsenau, a daughter.
- New Glasgow, Aug 11, to the wife of John MacKenzie, a son.
- Marble, June 27, to the wife of Capt. Edwin Spicer, a daughter.
- Summersville, July 31, to the wife of Seadman Marlette, a daughter.

## MARRIED.

- Halifax, Nora Ramsey to Joseph Gillis.
- Halifax, John J. Romano to Angela Adams.
- Amherst, A. M. Adams to Ida Katie.
- Truro, Aug 7, Alfred Tucker to Annie Campbell.
- Halifax, Aug 15, Harry Toun to Martha Maryatt Digby.
- Aug 10, Joseph S. Kelly to Annie M. Gillis.
- Rawdon, Aug 8, R. J. Davis to Mrs. Rebecca A. McPhee.
- Halifax, Aug 6, Evan J. McIntosh to Nellie McNeill.
- Sydney, Aug 7, Arthur W. Ferguson to Clara Louisa.
- Yarmouth, Aug 10, Oscar S. Jeffrey to Estella Sullivan.
- Tusket, Aug. 8, Murray S. Bullerwell to Eva B. Hildred.
- New Germany, Aug 13, Jonas Robar to Bertha S. Mulgrave.
- Halifax, Aug 14, George Shephard to Sarah S. Redick.
- Moncton, Aug 7, Edmund Churchill to Louisa E. Hildred.
- Tusket, Aug 8, Murray J. Bullerwell to Eva B. Hildred.
- East G. Roway, Aug 7, John W. Arkhill to Euphemia Smith.
- Moncton, Aug 14, Rev. George F. Johnson to Charlotte Adie.
- Providence, R. I. July 23, Fred V. Dickey to Mrs. Nettie Mann.
- Bridgewater, Aug 10, Robert A. Bodenbizer to Emily Richardson.
- Tusket, Wedge, Aug 5, Albert Jacquard and Miss Arlene Moutreau.

## DIED.

- Halifax, Aug 14, Jane Kirby, 27.
- Taylor, Aug 4, Agnes Sprong, 60.
- Springhill, Aug 16, Joseph Mott.
- Truro, Aug 19, Frank McLean, 30.
- Halifax, Aug 17, Harry Nevers, 9.
- Halifax, Aug 17, Thomas Cann, 79.
- Argle Head, Aug 1, Susan Crowell.
- Halifax, Aug 7, Bertha Bulger, 14.
- Halifax, Aug 17, Patrick Burke, 18.
- Springhill, Aug 13, Enoch Carter, 2.
- Amherst, Aug 14, Annie Beakus, 55.
- Hebron, Aug 4, Mr. Ira Phillips, 48.
- Liverpool, Aug 12, Josiah Coon, 70.
- Grand Bay, Aug 18, Mary Donohue.
- Kosindale, Aug 8, Bessie Kenny, 22.
- New Village, Aug 13, Jess H. Phalen, 51.
- Halifax, Aug 14, James A. Lesman, 60.
- Halifax, Aug 19, Patrick O'Sullivan, 61.
- Mason, Aug 4, Alexander Cameron, 78.
- Outer Brook, Aug 12, Hugh Dunbar, 42.
- Kelly Cove, Aug 10, Harriet Osborne, 65.
- Springhill, Aug 11, Mary Ann Moran, 61.
- Hectanooga, Aug 12, Mrs. Luke Robichaux.
- Bear River, Aug 10, Cecelia McDonald, 37.
- Sydney, Aug 16, Florence Holly, 2 months.
- Halifax, Aug 17, Roy Knott, 6 months.
- Waterford, Aug 8, Elmer Hunter, 2 months.
- Moncton, Aug 19, Roy Ferguson, 3 months.
- Moncton, Aug 17, Hattie Jamison, 5 months.
- Springhill, Aug 12, Roderick McDonald, 18.
- Halifax, Aug 17, Stanley Staggart, 6 months.
- Halifax, Aug 16, Dorothy Ludlow, 3 months.
- Halifax, Aug 19, Alexander MacDonald, 61.
- St. Josephville, July 30, A. S. Mahala Fullerton, 82.
- Moncton, Aug 17, Mrs. Sarah Ann Finmer, 55.
- Halifax, Aug 18, Dalarosa Wickwire, 4 months.

**As a Last Resort.**

'There has been considerable said about the per cent. of fare the conductor thinks belongs to him over and above his salary, and some very witty things have been said about it. Even the Broadway back platform philosopher has his digs at them,' said a Cleveland professional man the other day to a 'Plain Dealer' reporter.

I once heard of a fellow, much under the influence of liquor, who got on the train to go home after enjoying himself at a picnic. He slipped into a seat and fell asleep. After the train pulled out the conductor came into the car and called, 'Ticket!' The picnicer was to weary to respond and so the conductor poked him up finally he pulled out a ragged bill and handed it to the conductor. After examining it carefully the latter said: 'Say my friend, see here. I can't use this.'

'The passenger pushed himself up on his elbow and remarked: 'What's (hic) that you shay?'

'I can't use this,' the conductor replied. 'Well, give it (hic) to the company z-z,' remarked the weary but generous hearted man, dropping back into the seat. confident he would be put off at his destination.'

**Surprised.**

'Are railroad employees unaccustomed to common civility from passengers?' asked a young woman yesterday, and to the expected 'why?' she answered: 'Last Saturday evening I rode from the Reading Terminal to Girard avenue, and as I was the only passenger who alighted there I backed the brakeman for getting off especially to assist me, and incidentally she remarked: 'It's too bad to trouble you.' He cast a look of enquiry at me, and when I repeated my remark he seemed more than ever amazed.'

'It's a wonder he did not fall dead,' was the remark of her masculine friend.—

## RAILROADS.

**Intercolonial Railway**

On and after MONDAY June 10th, 1901, train will run daily (Sundays excepted) as follows:—

**TRAINS WILL LEAVE ST. JOHN**

- Suburban Express for Hampton..... 5:20
- Express to Halifax and Campbellton..... 7:00
- Suburban Express for Antigonish..... 11:05
- Express to Point du Chene, Moncton and St. John..... 11:10
- Express for St. John..... 11:45
- Suburban Express for Halifax..... 17:45
- Express for Quebec and Montreal..... 19:35
- Accommodation for Moncton and Point du Chene..... 21:45
- ..... 23:00

**TRAINS WILL ARRIVE AT ST. JOHN**

- Express from Halifax and Sydney..... 6:00
- Suburban Express for Hampton..... 7:15
- Express from St. John..... 8:5
- Express from Montreal and Quebec..... 11:50
- Suburban Express from Robroy..... 12:50
- Express from Halifax and Pictou..... 17:00
- Express from Halifax..... 18:35
- Suburban Express from Hampton..... 21:45
- Accommodation from Pt. du Chene and Moncton..... 23:45
- ..... 24:15

All trains are run by Eastern Standard time. Twenty-four hours notation.

**D. POTTINGER,**  
Gen. Manager

Moncton, N. B. June 6, 1901.  
GEO. CARVILLE, C. T. A.  
St. John, N. B.

## CANADIAN PACIFIC

**PASSENGER TRAIN SERVICE.**

From St. John.

Effective Monday, June 10th, 1901.

(Eastern Standard Time.)

All trains daily except Sunday.

**DEPARTURES.**

6:15 a. m. Express—Flying Yankee, for Bangor, Portland and Boston, connecting for Fredericton, St. Andrews, St. Stephen, Hamilton, Woodstock and points North.

**PARLOR CAR ST. JOHN TO BOSTON.**

9:10 a. m. Suburban Express, to Westford.

1:00 p. m. Suburban Express, Wednesdays and Saturdays only, to Westford.

4:30 p. m. Suburban Express to Westford.

6:45 p. m. Montreal Short Line Express, connecting at Montreal for Ottawa, Toronto, Hamilton, Buffalo and Chicago, and with the "Imperial Limited" for Winnipeg and Vancouver. Connects to Fredericton.

Palace Sleeper and first and second class coaches to Montreal.

Palace Sleeper St. John to Lewis (opposite Quebec), via Megantic.

Fullman Sleeper for Boston, St. John to McAdam Jct.

7:30 p. m. Boston Express, First and second class coach passengers for Bangor, Portland and Boston. Train stops at Grand Bay, Riverbank, Ballentine, Westfield Beach, Lingley and Westford. Connects for St. Stephen, Jonction, Woodstock (St. Andrews after July 1st) Boston Fullman Sleeper of Montreal Express attached to this train at McAdam Jct.

8:20 p. m. Fredericton Express.

24:00 a. m. Saturdays only. Accommodation, making all stops as far as Westford.

**ARRIVALS.**

7:20 a. m. Suburban, from Langley.

8:20 a. m. Boston Express.

11 p. m. Montreal Express.

11 p. m. Suburban from Westford.

7:10 p. m. Suburban Express, Wednesday and Saturday only from Westford.

10:30 p. m. Boston Express.

11 p. m. WESTERN.

St. P. A. Montreal.

A. J. HEATH,  
D. F. A., C. P. R.  
St. John N. B.

VOL. X

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