

PROGRESS.

VOL. X., NO. 473.

ST. JOHN, N. B., SATURDAY, JUNE 12, 1897.

PRICE FIVE CENTS

Atlantic Railway.

On the 7th September of this Railway will be excepted, as follows:

LEAVE ST. JOHN
Halifax, Pictou, 7.00
Moncton, 12.30
Montreal, 17.30
Rochester, 20.45

John for Quebec and Montreal by Express Car at Moncton at 10.00

ARRIVE AT ST. JOHN:
Halifax (Monday), 8.30
Quebec (Monday), 10.30
Montreal (Monday), 16.00
Rochester (Monday), 18.00
Pictou and Campobello (Monday), 21.30
Moncton (Monday), 24.30

Atlantic Railway are heated and those between St. John and Moncton by Eastern Standard Time.

OTTINGERS, General Manager, September, 1896.

THE

DIANIFIC RY.

may GOLD FIELDS.

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ESDAY'S, FRIDAYS and

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A. H. NOTMAN,

Dist. Pass. Agent,

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Atlantic R'y.

1897, the Steamship and

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S. Prince Rupert,

(Sunday excepted.)

m., ar. Dieby 11.00 a. m.

m., ar. Halifax 4.00 p. m.

S TRAINS

(Sunday excepted.)

ar. in Dieby 12.45 p. m.

ar. Yarmouth 3.55 p. m.

m., ar. Dieby 10.45 a. m.

m., ar. Halifax 5.45 p. m.

m., ar. Dieby 8.20 a. m.

ar. Annapolis 4.50 p. m.

Parlor Cars run each way

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PELLE, Gen. Mgr.

uperintendent.

BOATS.

al S. S. Co.

APS A WEEK

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COMMENCING May 21st,

the Steamers of this Com-

pany will leave St. John for

Halifax, Lunenburg, Portland and

every

Monday,

Wednesday

and Friday.

Standard, Returning,

Monday, Wednesday and Fri-

day, and Portland at 9 p. m.

Eastport with steamer for

St. Stephen.

up to 8 o'clock.

L. LAECHLER, Agent.

STEAMERS

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Standard Time.)

Weston and Olivette leave

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mediate landings, and will

day (except Sunday)

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Steamer Aberdeen will

U.S. MAIL, THURSDAY

a. m. for Woodstock, and

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D. F. BAIRD, Manager.

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WILL THE BOYS PARADE?

MAJOR McLEAN HAS DISTURBED POLY-MORPHIAN PLANS

By Insisting That the Militia Shall March in the Morning—The Matter Under Consideration—The Plans of the Forty Beef Eaters—Who Will Lead Them.

In the last issue of PROGRESS an article on St. John polymorphism mentioned the fact that at that time some dissatisfaction among the polymorphian clubs and the military authorities as to the allotment of time for parade on the morning of the 22nd, when, according to the plans of the parade committee, both the militia and citizens are to appear before the public. Since last week the disagreement has widened and as the whole affair stands now there are "bright" prospects of a "dismal" failure of Tuesday's demonstration, as far as the morning's programme is concerned at any rate. The polymorphians contend they cannot put on their show properly unless they have the whole forenoon, while the militia claim to have an equally strong argument in the fact that upon that morning or rather at noon they must fall in line with the military organizations all over the British Empire in firing royal salutes and "feu de joie," a mark of respect and duty, which they say, cannot be omitted. However the turnout of the soldiers is simply a voluntary matter, so some say of the officers, and it rests with the men themselves whether they will parade with the polymorphian clubs to which they belong, or fall into rank with their red and blue-coated fellow militiamen.

A person with half an eye can see at a glance the impossibility of putting on in a couple of hours a parade of the dimensions promised by the polymorphians. Their assembling and starting at 10 o'clock is put down as 8 o'clock and the time of disbanding at 10.30. In this short space of time the parade, which will include 1,200 men, half as many horses and a dozen large floats, will be only fairly under way and perhaps not more than half way around the route of procession. The committee have not allowed for accident or other mishaps which would of course entail losses of time.

The polymorphians who have been organized now well on to six months, have been working assiduously in preparation for the display which they are now completing, and who, when about ready to make their display a very important part of the St. John celebration, are so seriously interfered with that the successful carrying out of their plans appears next to impossible. A short time ago after the polymorphians had made known this dissatisfaction as to the parade committee's decision, it was practically decided that the polymorphians should have more time than was at first allowed. Although not altogether satisfactory to the four clubs, they submitted to the ruling but shortly afterwards Major H. H. McLean, acting first officer 62nd Battalion arrived home, and in words peremptory and full of officialism ordered that his men should report themselves on parade at 10.30 o'clock on the morning of the 22nd, just about the time when perhaps the Polymorphians would be in the midst of their celebration.

This mandement fell into the polymorphian's camp like a bomb, causing consternation and indignation in the fullest degree. The general public as well were not unfeeling in the matter and expressions of regret that a more amicable arrangement was not courted were expressed on every hand. Many polymorphians lost heart, others were firmer while a large number of them were for throwing their plans completely to the winds. There is no doubt but that Major McLean's deft was a cruel blow to the laudable movement being so successfully carried out by our energetic and thoroughly patriotic citizens.

The fact that there are on the membership rolls of the various Polymorphian clubs, a large number of 62nd Battalion and Artillery men, is the chief point of contention. Major McLean when questioned could not very well act the martinet in full consideration of all the circumstances and promised leave of absence to any of his men belonging to the polymorphians on the morning of parade. While this offer in itself appears reasonable enough, yet several of the Major's Captains "set their caps on high" like the ruler in "William Tell" and threatened arrest, if any members of their companies should leave the ranks on the occasion in question.

What a patriotic, harmonious and graceful scene this would make, if a raid should be made upon the polymorphians while touring the streets. The old days of Orange parades through the York Point district would doubtless be tame incidents in comparison to a meeting as pictured above.

In West and North Ends the greater percentage of militia men are found among the polymorphians. The former party have promised to throw up the sponge if Major McLean's order is not greatly modified, the latter contingent do not look at the matter in the same light and say they will parade with the polymorphians whether or no. Colonel Armstrong head of the St. John artillery although not having made known his views as openly as Major McLean, has neither promised to give leave of absence to his men nor does he say that he will make them to the mark. There is indeed an air of mystery about the whole matter as far as the military are concerned, and fears are entertained, of an exhibition of petty curism.

Immediately after the head of 62nd Battalion made known his intentions the Central executive committee of the polymorphians held a meeting, to consider what action they would take. The committee is composed of such enterprising citizens as R. J. Wilkins, James McKinney jr., Duncan Lingley, Ex. Alderman McKelvey, J. Brayley, R. Rubin, President Whipple, of the Algerine contingent Charles Nevins, George B. Frost, and others. Although the actual proceedings of the meeting were not made public, yet the committee made known the fact, that they had addressed an urgent communication to his Worship Mayor Robertson. As the mayor is at the head of the general committee, which is composed of representatives from all bodies intending to celebrate, he was at the time of writing expected to confer with that committee in the matter. The main question asked by the polymorphians in their letter, was: Is it settled that the militia shall parade as per the present arrangements, if so, we, the polymorphians resign completely.

By today the citizens expected an answer from the committee, and whether favorable or no, the reply will be considered by the Central Executive on Monday evening next.

The argument seems not without reason, that despite the fact of the military demonstration on Sunday 20th, that the soldiers should also observe Tuesday which has been proclaimed "Jubilee Day." A feu de joie and royal salute are in a measure quite necessary, and St. John would indeed be a gladsome mark for annexationist roosters, if she were to become such a distinctive exception to the military organizations all over the Empire, who will upon the occasion in prospect, do honor to their Queen in the manner under consideration. Yet the question is asked, could not these salutes be fired at noon upon the Barracks Square without a second military demonstration around the city. If this course were pursued, a full hour longer or more would be allowed the polymorphians. In justice to Major McLean it may be stated that he was in favor of this idea. Again if the military parade should take place in the afternoon the demonstration of the societies would also be interfered with. So there you are.

Outside of the military—polymorphian matter altogether, the four citizen's clubs seem to be getting it "dans le cou" all round. When it became known that there would be a demand for horses during jubilee season, the owners of horse flesh, ranging in quality from the saw-dust fed "hat-racks" of the Strait shore to the well groomed prancers in our leading livery stables, raised their rates of hire to an unreasonable figure, almost double the original price. Others have even overreached that mark. A civic-political livery stable owner is receiving what little "credit" there may be in store for the originator of this scheme.

Tuesday the 22nd, will certainly not be a day for driving, consequently ordinary livery business would be rather slow, in fact dead, dead, and yet an extraordinary figure is being asked for the hire of horses which would otherwise be idle.

A very unique feature of the parade will be the Forty Beef Eaters and The Tower of London. Energetic "Andy" Hunter has this in charge and has able assistants. The suit has been chosen and is a sight itself. When donned by the forty beef eaters there will be plenty of merriment.

Of course there must be a leader and a leader has been chosen. The distinguished honor of heading the procession of beef eaters has been assigned to Mr. Edward Sears whose physical proportions are admirably adapted for such a position. Then the bullock has been chosen and will be roasted on the Shamrock grounds where a furnace is being built for this purpose. Messrs. Lilley & Aldous will perform this part and undertake to have the feast ready at four o'clock in the afternoon. Then will the Beef Eaters be in their glory catering to the wants of their friends.

SUGGESTS A LUNATIC ASYLUM.

It Might be Appropriate as a Monoclon Jubilee Memorial.

A well known city gentleman who takes a deep interest in all affairs pertaining to his native province send the following to PROGRESS:

It is strange that among the many suggestions as to a jubilee memorial in Moncton, no one in that enterprising town appears to have hit upon the idea of a lunatic asylum, although in view of its unenviable record of late, the notion of such an institution would seem to be the first to present itself. One would imagine it could not fail to "supply a long felt want."

Of course to us, who are blessed with an enlightened civic government, and our well trained police, under the direction of a rational being, it would appear as though the people themselves were to blame for this sad state of affairs. If so, it would be putting it mildly to style them a long-suffering people, "mild and mild" would not fill the bill. But there are many little things to be taken into consideration, which might show matters under a different aspect.

What I would humbly suggest is that we send a commission of enquiry, or a missionary, or a policeman, or something, just to wake them up to the fact that this is the nineteenth century.

It is all very well to have our laugh over the Moncton despatches at the expense of the Moncton police committee,—and I admit their antics are somewhat funny, but there is a sadder side to this picture. It is anything but gratifying to think that within a hundred miles of this centre of civilization, there should be a community so very "far away back" as our sister city. If we could realize the sense of shame and humiliation that must fall to the lot of the more enlightened of the inhabitants, I feel sure that at least our merriment would be tinged with pity.

We have only to put ourselves in their place to appreciate the situation. Suppose for instance, one of our respectable old citizens was wending his way home at 10 or 11 p. m., and should meet a howling lunatic prancing up King street flourishing a pistol, and blaring away in all directions; at the same time keeping up the most discordant yells on the principle of the small boy who whistles to keep up his courage. If the poor wayfarer could feel sure he was being aimed at, he might hope for a chance of escape, but in the case of such promiscuous firing, it is apt to be a very forlorn hope indeed.

Or supposing this same gentleman had indulged in one of those charming but heavy little suppers, to be had at any of the restaurants or cafes, and that as a result he should wake up at some unearthly hour with a groan, or possibly a yell, and find a couple of mongrels-half bumptious half tough, confronting him with levelled pistols. If he could breathe at all, would he not breathe a heartfelt prayer that he might be spared to take up his abode in some more civilized region?

Of course if the people of Moncton are satisfied with this state of affairs, it is, it may be expressed as "their own funeral," literally as well as figuratively, and 'tis not for us to interfere, how ever much we may commiserate them. All we would ask, as peaceable outsiders, is, that they would confine their peculiar methods within their town limits. But when they attempt to carry their antics into neighboring towns, as was recently the case in Dorchester, where a pistol with some sort of attachment, figured so prominently, we must enter a most emphatic protest.

One would naturally think that people of ordinary intelligence would endeavor to keep an edict and a pistol as far apart as possible. If some have failed to do this it develops on more enlightened communities to show that they are decidedly averse to such a dangerous combination.

Of late respectable travellers have looked upon Moncton as a very nice place to keep away from—a sort of "Devils half-acre" in fact, but they have never hesitated to get off at any other town between this and Halifax.

If these more favored communities wish to retain the confidence of the travelling public it would appear as though they must insist on the Band's systems being kept within the confines of the "Band."

HE IS NOT A FAVORITE.

THE PEOPLE HAVE NO LOVE FOR COLONEL COLLINGS.

He Stands on His Dignity Occasionally and Lets the People Know He is Bossing the Show—Why He Refuses to Allow His Musicians to Play.

HALIFAX, June 10.—There is no love being lost between Colonel Collings, in command of the Royal Berkshire regiment and the people of Halifax. Whether this is because of a misunderstanding, or because some people here have done something that the colonel does not like or because of self-interest on the part of the military, or because of other reasons no one seems to know. Perhaps it is a combination of all.

What causes this surmising is the repeated refusal of Colonel Collings to allow the band of the Berkshires to take part in any of the jubilee proceedings outside of those in which the military are solely concerned. The first of these refusals came to the commissioners of public gardens. From time immemorial the band of the British regiment has furnished the music at the concert on natal day, June 21st. This year even though it is under such special circumstances as a concert in honor of the Queen's diamond jubilee, and with a chorus of 600 children singing patriotic airs, Colonel Collings refuses to allow the band to take part, alleging that they have too much to do of their own work to permit helping entertain the public in the gardens. They are not asked to play for nothing. One hundred dollars a night is their charge. The unveiling of the jubilee fountain is to be another big affair, and for that too, Colonel Collings refuses his musicians.

Then the Halifax symphony orchestra is to give a concert next week during the meeting of the National council of women of Canada. It was thought necessary by the managers of that organization to have a half dozen soloists to fill up the ranks of the orchestra on this occasion. Colonel Collings said "No," they cannot be permitted to take part; the men are too busy with their regular work. He would not even allow three men off. The C. O. not only offends the musical public by this latter refusal, but some of "the leaders of society" are also indignant and do not hesitate to say so.

The reasons for this conduct are not so apparent as is desirable. The recent criticism of the marching of the military on the queen's birthday, which was anything but what it should be, may have nettled the C. O. and he is getting even with somebody in this way. Some who profess to know say there is trouble in the band and that so many have left it for the companies that heavy practice is needed to keep in anything like good form. Others think that the fact that the military are holding a tournament they wish everybody to go to and the band is not permitted to assist at anything that might become either directly or indirectly a rival attraction. The tournament is spread over three days, and one of these is the date of the natal night concert in the gardens. So it may be the tournament that is the hidden spring which moves the colonel. One thing is sure in this connection, the military authorities would not allow their men to take part in St. Patrick's tournament the other day on this account. There is one other possible reason. The Berkshires leave this garrison in September, and it may be that they do not care what people think or say.

Whatever the cause, the fact remains and with the queen's jubilee rejoicing will be mingled very little love for her majesty's army as represented at least by the Berkshires' C. O.

SHE WAS PROBABLY EXCITED.

A Female Cyclist Loses Her Balance and Gets Angry.

Each bicycling season brings with it some additional affection the list of wheeling fads now in vogue having grown to startling proportions. Bicycle heart, leg, eyes, head, etc., etc., are frequently spoken of and indeed many of the little homely ills of everyday life are attributed to the popular mode of locomotion. Bicycle manners have become as firm an establishment in America as is the etiquette displayed among horseman and women in England. Yet there are many occasions when the ordinary mode of self-conduct and wheeling ways come together

with a clash, the old time methods generally coming out on top.

The conduct of a Douglas Avenue young lady who a day or two ago when crossing the Market Square called a highly respectable and gentlemanly passer by "a horrid fool!" simply because she happened to fall off her wheel in front of him when a quartet of her admirers stood gazing on, has been a matter of debate in the bystanders' minds. Was she affected with bicycle heart? Did she have wheels in her head, or was it only a very new mode of address or mark of respect shown to those of grey hairs? The young lady in question, although only in the freshmen class of bicycle students is certainly far enough advanced in wheeling habits and talk to have full command of the new vocabulary, but the question is, has she become so engrossed in cycling and its ways as to fall far deficient in the amenities of every day life as well as deference due a lady or gentleman on any occasion.

NOT A POINT OF ETIQUETTE.

But a Case of Necessity That Caused All the Trouble.

Professional etiquette is certainly an excellent thing in its own way and in the right place, but there are times and occasions when it must give way before stern necessity. Such a case occurred recently when a man residing in Masquash who had been quite ill for two or three weeks, was taken suddenly worse and a member of the family drove in haste to the city for the family physician who had been attending the man previously. It was late at night and the Waterloo street doctor declined to go. The messenger set out post haste for another physician who had at one time prescribed for the man. Again the alarmed, and by this time angry individual, met with a repulse but in this case the physician was more obliging for he tried to get another to attend the sick person. A Princess street physician was telephoned for but was unable to go. The latter doctor put the case before a Wellington Row medico, who finally succeeded in prevailing upon his nephew, a gentleman formerly connected with the city hospital, to go out to Masquash, the Wellington Row doctor kindly furnishing him with his own horse and carriage.

In a drenching rain the doctor drove out and found the man delirious and in a very dangerous condition. He did what he could to alleviate his patient's suffering and before he returned to the city had the satisfaction of seeing him resting very comfortably.

Two or three days later the Waterloo street man, who had been first applied to, found time to go out to Masquash. When he learned that another doctor had visited his patient, his anger was very great and without a word he returned to the city and immediately sought out the offending brother and gave him in no very flattering terms his opinion of what he called "an unprofessional act." Both gentlemen grew so excited over the matter that the services of a peace maker were in requisition. Those who knew the facts of the matter were anxious to know if a doctor would be justified in letting a man die while a council of physicians settled a trifling point of etiquette.

DIDN'T FINISH HIS SPECIALTY.

Because the Orchestra Stopped at the Chorus.

Mr. Frank Buoman is one of the specialty artists of the Thomas E. Shea company now performing at the opera house, and a favorite he is too with the audience. The other night when they were cheated out of one of his songs, the gallery, balcony and lower floor expressed their disappointment in a way that left no doubt as to his popularity.

Mr. Buoman sang through the first verse of his specialty all right enough, and started in on the chorus in the rollicking way called for by the style of the song. In a moment the singer realized that the orchestra was not with him. He tried to go ahead without the usual musical accompaniment but was unable to do so and after a few angry gestures towards the cause of his failure he left the stage much to the disgust of the audience. The leader of the orchestra says he understood that after the first short dance was to be given and then the chorus was to be summed hence the pause.

Mr. Buoman says he never meant to do anything of the sort. Wherever the mistake occurred the audience was with the actor and expressed their chagrin plainly.

IN ENGLAND'S CAPITAL

THE GAY DOING OF SOCIETY IN THE GREAT METROPOLIS.

Balls, Parties and the Doings of the Different Royalties—A Lord Who was Known by His Hat—The Last Drawing Room—Brilliant Mansion House Ball.

LONDON, May 26.—Things really are beginning to brighten up, and there was a great deal last week—not, of course, as much as there would have been if the lords of creation were not at Newmarket. Lady Ancester began the week with her ball—very smart, but not many men at first, for they went to Mrs. Van Raalte, who had a dinner and early dance in Charles Street; and I am told Lady Ancester only invites men that she knows personally. The house was very prettily decorated, and everything was very well done, and it was very cheery. The Duchess of Abercorn went to Lady Ancester's ball—the first I have seen her at since Easter; and Lady Phyllis was looking very fresh and bright (now, I suppose, they will be shut up by Lord Edward Somerset's death; he was the Duchess's nephew). The Duchess of St. Albans and Lady Alice Beauchamp were there; Lady Leonfield and her daughters; the Duchess of Roxburghe and her girls, and a great many Lincolnshire people, I fancy, whom nobody knew very much about. Lady Ancester really looked as young as her daughters, and she is certainly one of the stateliest people I know, and so very gracious and kind.

Wednesday night was a very political evening. Mr. and Miss Balfour gave a dinner of 28 people, and a party afterward. The rooms in Downing street are really fine, and the dining-room, which is very stately, paneled with oak, was built by Sir Robert Walpole. The drawing-rooms are fine, only the green decorations are spoiled in some bright red velvet curtains, which are very new. The young Duchess of Marlborough was there, looking well, with such a chain of pearls! Lady Zetland looked young and pretty in blue, but Lady Rothschild's pearls, however, are far more beautiful than any others one sees. There was a most fearful crush after dinner in getting away from Downing street, for there is only one staircase, and everyone came and went at the same time, and Cabinet Ministers, painters, politicians, soldiers, sailors were all struggling to get up or down for over two hours.

On Saturday we went to the opening of the Blackwall Tunnel, that wonderful feat of engineering about which you have, no doubt, read in the daily papers.

The progress of the Prince and Princess of Wales to the Far East was something like a preparation for the jubilee procession the streets through which they passed being decorated and crowded with spectators. The Princess looked charming, and the Prince made a graceful speech in his usual genial way in reply to the address which was presented to him by the chairman of the London County Council.

The sudden death in Paris of the Princess Isabella de Bourbon, at the age of seventy-six, recalls the memory of a romance which excited universal attention in the year of the Queen's accession, and now, curiously enough, seems to be wholly forgotten. (The Infanta Isabella (then a beautiful girl of sixteen) was at that time an inmate of the ultra-fashionable Parisian institution familiarly known as the convent des Oiseaux, where a Polish refugee, Count Gurovski (many years her senior) gave lessons in riding. The Infanta eloped with the count and succeeded in reaching Namur. Louis Philippe promptly communicated the news of their flight to his newly-married son-in-law, Leopold I, by means of the semaphore, and the fugitives were arrested in the historic Hotel d'Hatscamp, where George IV dined after visiting Waterloo, and famous with epicures of all nations for its Burgundy cellars excavated in the sandstone rock. After several weeks of diplomatic pourparlers the Infanta's peccadillo was condoned and Count Gurovski and his bride took up their abode in Brussels, where they adorned a large mansion on the boulevards with the Spanish arms reproduced in every conceivable form. For nearly a quarter of a century they held a prominent position in Brussels society, and finally sold their house to the late Baron Hirsch, who never removed the Infanta's decorations. For a whole decade the Princess had devoted almost her entire income to works of charity, and she will be greatly missed by the poorest classes in Paris, among whom she labored with exemplary devotion.

Some years ago Sir William Harcourt happened to be staying at a country house where they have a habit of asking people to write in the visitors' book something in addition to their signatures. On the usual request being preferred to him. Sir William wrote: 'W. V. Harcourt—For the people.' The next visitor to whom the book was handed was curiously enough,

the Earl of Warwick, who very neatly capped his predecessor's entry thus: 'Warwick—For the other people.'

Lord Hardwicke, who died this week, was much better known to the sporting world before he succeeded to the title, and was Lord Royston, than in his later dignity. At one time the dandiest, dressiest, nattiest, slimmest man about town, even then always with a resplendent silk 'batle,' Lord Harwicke, after his step in the family, put on flesh, lost his man-about-townish dash, and was a far less noticeable figure to the general public. He maintained his individuality in later years very much through sticking to a peculiar species of bell topper, not all like the style Lord Lord Royston affected. Anyone who wanted to find his lordship in a crowd would look for the hat first, and be quite satisfied if he could discover the headgear.

The German Empress, who has become very stout of late years, has undertaken a cure, which has reduced her in a most surprising manner, and her majesty has now a slight, girlish figure. Unfortunately, her complexion has suffered from the too rigorous course of diet that she has had, and looks now very pale and much older. Her beautiful fair hair has become quite white, and she has quite lost the cheery, pleasant expression she formerly had, though her smile, as she speaks is as sweet as ever.

On Monday last we all wished 'many happy returns' to our beloved Queen on reaching the seventy-eighth anniversary of her birth, and everybody was pleased to hear that her Majesty appears to be in excellent health and spirits, and that the reports of those intimately concerned confirm the belief that the Queen will be able not only to go through the programme of the approaching festivities, but to enjoy it.

Among the first of the Court guests at that date will be Prince Henry of Prussia (with the Princess), who will come over about that time to attend the jubilee, as the Queen's private guest, and not, as stated, as the representative of the German Emperor. His Imperial Majesty will be officially represented by Prince Albrecht, of Prussia, should the Regent of Brunswick's health be equal to the strain of the journey to England.

The last drawing room, though less crowded than the previous one, was remarkable for the many well-turned-out carriages and the number of state coaches, nowadays so seldom brought out into the London sunshine. The Duchess of Devonshire came in her chariot, which was as usual, perfectly appointed. The Duchesses of Marlborough and Abercorn both attracted much notice in their splendid crimson coaches; that of the Austrian Ambassador (red and white, with liveries to correspond) proved equally attractive, and among the general company the two best chariots were occupied by Lady Melbourne (in violet velvet, with a most imposing "tender" of diamonds) and Lady Caledon who wore white with a train of turquoise-blue velvet.

There were present numbers of pretty women and fair debutantes, and among those presented was the Princess Louise, Wertheim, whose wedding I described to you last week. She appeared after less than three days of honeymoon clad in her bridal robes—a very unusual occurrence.

There have been so many balls and receptions last week that a full account of them would weary you, but one of the most successful balls was that of the Duchess of Roxburghe, where there were lovely decorations, excellent supper and plenty of dancing men; so the girls had a good time. Then there was a ball at the Mansion House, given by the Lady Mayoress, than which, strange to say, nothing could have been more fashionable and select. The Duchess of Buccleuch, Lady Lansdowne and no end of smart people were there, and no such gathering was every known before at a civic entertainment. One of the most amusing sights of the jubilee will be the procession of the Chancellor and the Speaker to present the address from both Houses of Parliament to the Queen at Buckingham Palace. The Lord Chancellor will go in his state coach, and the Speaker will also travel in his state carriage, which, I am told, weighs over three tons, and can only be drawn by a pair of horses, and that there are very few horses big or strong enough to draw it. It has not been taken out since the Prince of Wales went to St. Paul's to return thanks, and the Speaker followed in the procession. It is a huge carriage with a great deal of glass, and the Speaker sits facing the horses, the sergeant at arms with his back to them, and the secretary and train-bearer on the little low seats looking sideways. I believe the Lords are to wear their robes, and the faithful Commons what attire they like, only levee dress is preferred. The Queen is to receive them, and is not to read, but speak, her reply to their address.

Miss Helen Henniker, the ever-youthful one, gave a pleasant party at the new ladies' club, The Empress, in Dover street. The dinner in the winter garden was pretty good, but the club felt very cold and new. I think I told you that the Empress Club, which is another jubilee commemoration, is for ladies only, though members can invite men to meal, there. It promises to be a success, though whether the jeune personne for whose benefit it is especially intended will use it, without abusing the protection it is supposed to afford, remains to be seen. I hardly think our grandmothers would have allowed a girl to come to London and go to a club only attended by her maid.

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

Mr. Henry Oppenheim's flower ball, with animal-shaped representatives of all the loveliest flowers that grow, was one of the prettiest sights I have ever seen. I think I told you that each lady was to represent her favorite flower. The hostess herself was dressed to represent a basket of poppies; Lillian, Duchess of Marlborough, chose her own name flower, which was displayed most artistically in a dress of white satin with high stems of white regal lilies arranged up the skirt as if they were growing.

The Duchess of Leeds looked charming in a dress of handsome brocade in a design of roses, and trimmed with garlands of roses shaded from deepest crimson to soft pink, with foliage and softly embedded in tulle. Mrs. Aquith came as a red rose. The skirt of rose-red satin was veiled with rose-pink accordion-pleated silken muslin, on which were strewn branches of roses, while a ruche of the queen of flowers encircled the hem. The Hon. Mrs. George Keppel was cherry blossom and gave fulfillment, as well as promise, as her gown was trimmed with fruit besides flowers, while her humble cousin wore a costume to represent a 'La France' rose. The ball was very bright, plenty of fun and chaff, and not a little heartburnings about the buttonholes worn by the men, some of whom it appeared had been mistaken as to the identity of the senders.

DRUDGING IN A DESERT.

American Enterprise Retracing Prohibited Canals in Southern Arizona.

'During my last visit to Arizona I saw, in the Salt River Valley, a sight that would strike a stranger as queer,' said a New York man who makes an occasional trip to the Far West. 'A steam drudging scow, such as is used in deepening rivers and harbors for navigation, was voyaging slowly and steadily through a wide strip of arid desert. It had started landward from Salt River, and was excavating its own channel ahead, the river waters following and floating it as it advanced. But the work done was not, in fact, the making of a new channel, but the digging out of an old one, the irrigating canal made by a civilized people that lived and flourished and departed before recorded American history began. That there was a time when this wide valley, now being again redeemed to man, was a garden of plenty, teeming with inhabitants, is shown by the extensive and regular system of broad canals leading from the river, through which water for irrigation was conveyed out upon the cultivated lands. These canals, though choked for centuries with drifting sand and earth, still are plainly indicated on the face of the ground, and so skilfully were they planned and built that modern engineering science applied to irrigation can do no better than retrace their course and restore them.

The region was well chosen by the primitive canal builders as a land of habitation. The climate is dry, sunny, and even of temperature, and the arid earth, at the touch of water, becomes fertile and productive. Here the apricots and oranges ripen long in advance of those fruits in California and Florida and are of rare quality. What race laid out the canals and built the towns whose ruins are strung along the valley is a question not yet settled by archeologists. Aztecs or Toltecs, or each nation in turn, probably tarried here in their centuries-long migrations southward to the valley of Mexico, and the ruins may be of an older people than either of these.

'Near Mesa in this valley, six miles east of Temple, is a particularly strange and impressive ruin—the ruin of an immense building, now fallen into a moundlike heap covering an area of two acres. Its walls were of the fashion the Mexicans call casajones. It is believed that the material used was clay mixed with cane juice, which hardened into a cement as durable almost as rock. The settlers in the valley come long distances to the run to get this material, which they use in making mortar for housebuilding, pulverizing it and then mixing it with water, as they would lime.

MUCH TOO RISKY.

The Traveller Wouldn't Risk Sleeping With the Trapper.

If it is true, as is generally conceded, that one must be easy in mind and body to go to sleep quietly, it seems unlikely that a recent sojourner in a Western State can have passed a restful night on one occasion.

He was detained by a snow-storm in a small town, the one 'hotel' of which could scarcely be said to deserve the name. It was crowded to overflowing, and the traveler was assigned to a room in company with a tall, hard-featured backwoodsman, who seemed inclined to give the stranger a cordial welcome.

'There's only one objection to your sleeping with me,' he said, heartily, 'and that ain't any objection to me, but you may

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Music and The Drama

IN MUSICAL CIRCLES.

In my reference last week to the productions of "The Mikado," as given by the amateurs, I quite accidentally omitted to refer to the creditable work of the orchestra, and as I had purposed, in an especial manner, to the valuable support given to the chorus by Miss Dora Armstrong who was the pianiste on the occasions. Having discovered the omission I hasten to make the necessary compensation.

Church concerts are not a little in vogue just now, but in the musical line nearly everything yields to the preparations for the coming jubilee celebration. A concert was given in the Carleton Methodist church the other evening, which gave me opportunity of hearing some voices heard before, as well as voices new to me, but whose possessors are aspirants for musical distinction. One young lady sang Shilly's "Abide with me," and her rendition was fairly good, but in her studies in future it would be well to devote a little more attention to the matter of articulation. There is no doubt whatever, no matter how good the quality of the voice may be, an imperfect and indistinct articulation detracts materially from the merit of the performance, and causes also a distinct sense of disappointment to the auditor. "Jerusalem" was the piece selected by a lady whose voice was never too frequently heard in concert prior to her marriage and I fail to see that it is not fully as good as ever it was. The selection was a good one but it seemed to me the interpretation was not quite so good as it might have been had more thought been bestowed upon it. The whole programme was the work of amateurs and gave such delight to those present that other similar pleasant entertainments might well be justified.

Sousa's Band has been heard here again and has not altered the favorable impression previously created. Mrs. Northrup, the soprano, is not a phenomenal singer by any means, but she has a true voice though light in quality, and Miss Johnstone the violinist, is all that has been claimed for her. The business done here was very meagre.

Tones and Undertones.

Madame Calve will sing at Covent Garden, London, England, on the 23rd inst. which will be the gala day of "the jubilee."

Late in August next the Bostonians begin a three weeks engagement at Manhattan Beach.

Mlle. Oltiza the Polish contralto has been engaged for the Carl Rosa Opera Company at Covent Garden for next Autumn.

This evening as announced Col. Mapleson the impresario, opens a season of grand opera at the Drury Lane theatre London. Among his principal singers are Mazzini, the tenor, and Mesdames Melba and Nordica.

Col. Mapleson and the tenor Mazzini quarrelled some time ago because the former insulted the tenor by offering him £850 per night for singing. They are friends again. There are not a few excellent tenors in the world now who would not take much offence on receiving a like insult.

Masogni and Leoncavallo are both in London now arranging for the production of her new opera.

Mme. Sembrich will undertake an operatic concert tour in the United States this year. It will begin next October at New York.

When but fifteen years of age Conductor Schultz of the Music Hall (Boston) concert orchestra, was invited to play before the Royal family in Berlin.

Marie Dumas, formerly Mrs. Maud Starkweather of Boston, Mass. has been engaged as prima donna soprano by Carl Rosa for his opera season at Covent Garden, London. She is a pronounced favorite in England.

Clara Lane and J.K. Murray of the Castle Square theatre opera company which has lately been singing in Brooklyn, are receiving unstinted praise for their excellent work. The company has gone to St. Louis.

The comic opera "The Walking Delegate" now on at the Tremont theatre, Boston, has made the biggest kind of a hit. The scenes are all laid in Corea among a population of Chinese, Japanese and Americans. There is said to be a great deal of fun and laughter in the piece. The composer is Lucius Hosmer and the librettist is Charles Emerson Cook.

It is altogether probable that Victor Maurel will return to the United States next autumn and give a series of recitals.

Sousa's Band with Mrs. Northrup,

and Miss Martina Johnston, violinist, give a concert in the Boston theatre tomorrow evening.

Leoncavallo's opera "La Boheme" is said to be, in its entirety, much stronger dramatically than musically. It is an important work nevertheless.

De Wolf Hopper with "El Capitan" is giving performances in the west.

Mrs. George Holman, well known as the "Mother of Opera," died recently aged seventy five years. She it was who established the Holman Opera company in Canada during the war.

DeKoven and Smith's new opera which is named "The Highwayman" will be produced next season at the Broadway theatre New York.

"Don Quixote" a new opera by William Kienzi will be one of the first novelties of the coming season in Berlin. It having been accepted by the Royal Opera house in that city.

DeWolf Hopper with "El Capitan" will begin a four weeks engagement at Manhattan Beach on the 26th inst.

Miss Dorothy Morton has been engaged as prima donna of William Perry's opera bouffe company which will open in "Little Faust" at Manhattan Beach following the Hopper engagement. It is said Miss Morton will go to England in the autumn.

At the theatre Italia in St. Petersburg, a new opera entitled "Leonore," was recently performed with much success. The author is a Mons. Jules Kapry, a French composer who is living in St. Petersburg.

TALK OF THE THEATRE.

Thomas E. Shea closes his season at the opera house this evening with a production of the "Snares of New York." His business during his engagement here has been quite large and his audiences have evidently been delighted.

On Monday evening next Miss Ethel Tucker, will begin an engagement at the opera house in which she will be supported by Mr. H. P. Meldon and his company.

I hear the company will again include John E. Brennan the comedian and that the soubrette in Miss Balla Vivian who is one of the daintiest of that order of talent. There is said to be other excellent singing, and dancing and speciality talent in this year's company. A number of strong melo-dramas are produced during the engagement and with the addition of the illustrations given by the cinematograph at each performance there is little doubt but that every taste will be gratified and good business attend Miss Tucker and the company throughout their season.

Miss Percy Haswell who has been a member of Augustin Daly's company (N. Y.) for the past few years, will be a member of W. H. Crane's (The Senator) company next season. Miss Haswell is a particular favorite with theatre goers in this city. She was leading lady in the Lansdowne theatre company here.

Miss Miriam Clements who is now playing at the Garrick theatre, London, in "My friend the Prince," will make a tour of the United States next autumn.

Charles Frohman has secured the American rights to a new play by E. E. Rose, which is a dramatization of Anthony Hope's novel "The Heart of Princess Sara."

"An Irish Gentleman" is the title of another new play now in rehearsal for an early production at the Globe theatre.

On Monday next 14th inst. a statue of Mrs. Siddons, the famous actress, will be unveiled at Paddington by Sir Henry Irving.

Emily Banker an English actress, died in the Albany (N. Y.) hospital of peritonitis on the 4th, inst. She first came to the United States in one of the companies brought over by the late Rosina Vokes. In private life Miss Banker was the wife of W. H. Ryley who acted with her. She was about 35 years of age and possessed much beauty.

It is announced that Frederick De Belleville will be leading man in Minnie Madden Fiske's company next season.

The Metropolitan magazine for June has in its pages a picture of W. S. Harkins as Henri in "Under the Red Robe" and Ida Conquest, one of the pretty girls of the stage who was playing in the scene with him. The picture represents them as lovers.

Lorimer Stoddard's play "the Daughters of New York" will in all likelihood be done by the Frawley Company in San Francisco this season; Blanche Bates, who is leading lady of the company, will play

the title role in "See." Frawley intends to bring his company to visit and give performances in several of the principal Eastern cities.

A new play entitled "A Man's shadow" written by Robert Buchanan, was given a performance in London Eng. on Monday last.

Augustin Daly proposes with his English Company this season, giving an open air performance of "As you like it" at Stratford-on-Avon, in aid of the local Shakespeare memorial. The date for the performance is 28th August next.

Paris is to have a new theatre shortly to be called the "Feminine theatre." In this house will be produced principally plays about women's rights and works written by women. Lectures and musicales by women will also be given.

At the close of her London engagement Sarah Bernhardt will produce in Paris a new piece entitled "Beaute Imperieuse." It is an adaptation from the novel of Rosay Freres and is a story of social question.

"The Wandering Minstrel" which is Clay Green's new play will be produced in Boston, next September by Messrs. Klaw and Erlanger.

Ross Coghlan will star next season in "The sporting Duchess." Her brother, Charles Coghlan is now sojourning in Prince Edward Island.

Herbert Kelley, Effie Shannon and William J. Lemoine will appear as joint stars next season in Madeline Ryley's play, "A Coat of many colors."

Fanny Davenport and her husband Melbourne MacDowell are quietly enjoying their summer home at Duxbury, Mass.

Mr. and Mrs. H. Price Webber (Edwina Grey) and company have recently been playing to excellent business at Waterloo, Quebec province.

Madame Duse made her Parisian debut last week in "Camille."

"Caste" is being given this week by the Castle Square comedy company, Boston.

Miss Ida Conquest of the Empire theatre company New York, is visiting her friend Mrs. J. H. Sutherland 295 Commonwealth avenue Boston.

TALKING WITH THE ORINOCO.

Cowboys in Venezuela who Have no Need of Using the Lasso.

On the upper waters of the Orinoco River in Venezuela is a region of high, open plains called llanos, where wild cattle graze in countless thousands, said Sidney Ascut, recently arrived in New York from South America. Many of these cattle have no owner, but, for the most part, they bear one or another man's brand, President Crespo being the largest individual owner. The vaqueros that herd them have ways different from any other cowboys that I have seen in North or South America. The Venezuela vaquero carries no lasso, and his saddle has no horn in front such as on the Mexican, the Texan, and the Gaucho saddle serves as a belaying pin for the lasso after the noose has been thrown about a creature's neck or legs. In other respects he is a regulation South American cowboy, with jacket, wide-brimmed hat, slashed trousers, and a knife handy to get at. His horse is a wiry, nervous pony, more docile of temper than bronchos in general, and he rides him well. Slung from his saddle or tied about his own body are several strong thongs of rope or leather, used in tying cattle, and sometimes a rope with which to picket his

horses out to grass, though oftener the horse is merely hobbled by tying together his fore legs.

When the Venezuelan cowboy wishes to catch a bull or cow for branding, or for any purpose, he rides alongside it and, with horse and cattle on the dead-run, stoops from his saddle, grasps the creature's tail, and, with a sharp, peculiar twist, sends the animal rolling on its back. From the force with which it falls, the creature's horns almost invariably pin its head to the ground, giving the vaquero time to dismount and sit on its head, holding the animal helpless to rise, while a companion ties its legs. The cattle of the llanos are large and active, with sharp, widespreading horns. A mounted man they fear, but a man on foot on a plain where they are in great danger from them. They do not attack him, but, moved by curiosity, they crowd him until he is trampled to death.

It is an exciting scene, the driving of the cattle selected for export aboard the steamers that come up the Orinoco for them. The water of this river deepens rapidly from the shore so that the boats can lie close to the bank. A chute is rigged from the bank to the boat, with tences on the shore converging to it in a V shape. The vaqueros hold the cattle together, and drive them on toward the chute. If one of the animals can be driven upon the chute the others press after, crowding one another along into the cattle quarters until the boat's load is made up. Ellis Grell, the cattle king of Venezuela, has a trained ox that is of great service in helping to get wild cattle aboard the boats. He is already within the fences when the herd is driven in, and he leads the way through the chute, the other cattle following. He passes through the cattle quarters out upon the afterdeck by a passage which is immediately closed behind him, while the others continued to file into the hold until it is filled.

During the rainy season many cattle are drowned by sudden rises in the river. In the great inundation of October, 1892, when the Orinoco waters rose ninety-two feet—the highest rise recorded since the seventeenth century—so many cattle were drowned that their floating bodies stopped navigation on the river, the upward bound steamer having to lay up at Bolivar until the carcasses had drifted past. The captain of the steamer Caratal describes the appearance of the drowned cattle he encountered in parts of the river as that of vast herds swimming with the current. For weeks the air was noisome with the stench of dead cattle caught among the trees of the overflowed banks. Turtles, alligators, garfish gorged upon the carcasses, and vast numbers of vultures and buzzards came into the valley. What the birds and reptiles left the ants made way with on the subsidence of the waters.

The ranchmen of the upper Orinoco are the best fighting men in Venezuela, and in the revolutions so frequent in that country the side they take up arms for is almost surely a winner. Living in a region where horses and cattle are plentiful and low in value, they have primitive and hospitable customs. Let a traveller arrive hungry at a ranch, and if meat is not already in the house a vaquero is sent out to knock an ox in the head. The animal's hide is taken off, a few choice cuts of meat taken, and the remainder of the carcass is left for the vultures. Equally primitive, and illustrative of the spirit of comity among the rancheros, their is method of travelling horseback between Bolivar and Caracas. The old Spanish road, a fairly well-constructed highway, connects the two cities. The ranchero, starting for instance, from Bolivar, with one horse, rides the animal until it is tired out, then catches another horse from the herds that feed along the roadside and turns his own loose to find its way back home. The same is done with a third horse when the second has been tired down, and this thing is repeated throughout the journey, each horse turned loose finding its way back to its own range in the course of a few days. The journey of 400 miles is thus quickly made, with the advantage to the traveller of fresh remounts as often as he may wish.

FOREST GIANTS.

Stately Grandeur of Some of California's Big Trees.

In the national park and forest reserves of California the big trees are by far the most interesting and greatest natural features. There are two varieties, namely, Sequoia sempervirens, ordinarily known as the 'redwood,' the tree which has furnished most of the redwood lumber of commerce, and Sequoia gigantea, from which a comparatively small amount of similar lumber has also been made. The former is the smaller variety, and grows on the foothills along the coast; the latter attains a considerable larger growth, is, more strictly speaking, the 'big tree' of California, and is seldom found at a lower altitude than 5,000 feet.

Scattered along the extent of the Sierra Nevada from north to south are many distinct and separate groups or groves of Sequoia gigantea. These are generally known by significant of locality, as, for instance, 'Calaveras,' 'Tuolumne,' 'Mariposa,' and 'Fresno,' names of the counties in which the groves so called are situated. The Tuolumne Grove is in the Yosemite Park, and the Mariposa near by. This last-

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ter is the one most frequently visited by tourists, and contains the 'Wawona'—a tree with a hole burnt in its base, through which the stage road runs and four-horse staves are drawn without difficulty—and the 'Grizzly Giant,' one of the largest trees in the world.

The stately grandeur of these enormous and lofty trees is so impressive it seems quite fit and natural that some of the larger ones should have been individualized and honored with distinguished titles. Nearly every state in the Union and every distinguished general of the civil war has a namesake among them. The 'General Grant,' in the General Grant Park, and the 'General Sheridan,' of the Giant Forest (situated in the Sequoia Park,) are individuals of the largest size. It is difficult to determine just which of the big trees is the largest, but these two and the 'Grizzly Giant'—the gnarly base of any one of which will exceed thirty feet in diameter—are probably the biggest trees yet discovered.

The trees often grow in such inaccessible mountain retreats that some of the territory covered by them has never yet been thoroughly and systematically explored. Outside the lands reserved by the government, in California lumber company owns several thousand acres of these trees—enough to last forty years, cutting many millions of feet per day.—Harper's Weekly.

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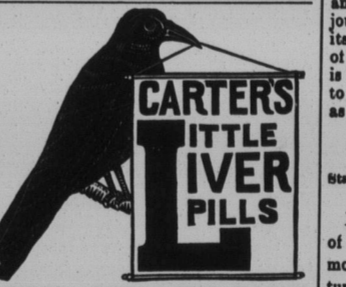
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SIXTEEN PAGES.

AVERAGE CIRCULATION 13,640

ST. JOHN, N. B., SATURDAY, JUNE 12,

A HITCH IN THE PLANS.

The regrettable trouble which has arisen between the military men and polymorphians threatens to mar the success of the Jubilee celebration, unless a satisfactory arrangement can be effected and the little difficulty adjusted before it goes much farther. It would be a very great pity indeed if at this late hour the festivities were interfered with because of the want of a little tact and generosity on both sides. Numerous visitors will doubtless be attracted to St. John during the week and to these both the polymorphians and military displays would be of great interest. As matters now stand there is not much chance of judging as to the relative merits of the claims of each organisation but certainly the polymorphians are entitled to more consideration than they are receiving. It has been pretty generally understood all along that their parade would take up most of the morning and by the majority it has been regarded as the most important feature of the celebration. They have been preparing for the event a long time and the disappointment at their withdrawal would cause, would be felt just as deeply by the citizens as by the different clubs themselves. The exercise of a little discretion would no doubt avert such a possibility, give each body a chance to participate, and still leave ample time and opportunity for the firing of a royal salute.

SAMUEL MAXIM, a brother of the famous HIRAM, inventor of guns and experimenter with aeroplanes, is himself a seeker after the fame which comes from making discoveries of scientific or industrial importance. Some time ago his attention was called to the fact that both India and Japan have produced swords that will cut through a gun barrel without losing their edge. This led him, according to HIRAM MAXIM to study old Hindu literature on the subject of steel manufacture, and then to begin a series of experiments which soon resulted in the production of a small quantity of steel possessing a remarkable temper. From these few ounces of steel he had one or two drills forged, and with these he was able to drill holes through an ordinary file without damaging the drills at all. He has not yet made any steel for sale, nor does his process, at present, always produce the desired results. As yet, therefore, he does not look upon his work as anything more than an interesting demonstration that, though modern steel makers have yet a good deal to learn before they can produce a metal which will equal that made by the old Hindu manufacturers of weapons, yet the hope of doing so is by no means doomed to inevitable failure.

The coincidence of the appeal made to the philanthropists of all nations, by a national committee of Greeks, for assistance on behalf of more than one hundred thousand destitute and famishing refugees from Thessaly, and the proclamation of Ethem Pasha inviting the fugitives to return and gather their crops, is most significant. The determination of the Thessalians to go hungry in Hellas, rather than return to their abandoned fields and homesteads under Turkish dominion, speaks louder than words. The Thessalians have not been so long released from Turkish bondage that they have forgotten what it means to belong to a conquered and outlawed race. They know that whereas they might be allowed to reap and thrash their corn if they should go back they would not be permitted to eat in nor live in peace and security; so they prefer to starve quickly as homeless wanderers, than slowly as Turkish slaves amid the accompanying horrors of outrage and murder. The bit-

ter choice of the Thessalians is the best answer to the lying reports circulated by the Porte that the people of the conquered province prefer Turkish domination to Greek rule.

Marshall CAMPOS' advice to the Queen Regent of Spain might have been compressed into two words: "Recall WEYLER." The obstinate adherence of Senor CANOVAS to his purpose to support the Captain General through thick and thin, may, indeed, be considered to have been the ultimate cause of the downfall of the conservative Ministry. The retention of General WEYLER after the failure of his military plans had become evident to all but Senor CANOVAS, had alienated from the support of the Ministry first the Spanish Republicans, then the Spanish Liberals, and finally even the Union Constitution party of Cuba to whose intrigues the demission of marshal CAMPOS from the Captain Generalcy was due. Marshal CAMPOS' advice to his sovereign was probably given with absolutely no feeling of resentment on account of his removal; for the fatuous occurrence of the late ministry with General WEYLER's futile policy of no compromise was the determining factor of the crisis.

And now comes the man who says he can change the climate of New England and these Maritime Provinces by building a dam across the Strait of Belle Isle, blocking it and diverting the northern currents. The dam would have to be ten miles long and about two hundred feet high and strong enough to resist the ocean. He thinks it could be done for \$9,000,000, and would give the territory named a climate like that of southern New York or New Jersey.

The rapidity with which fortunes are sometimes made by a single turn of fortune's wheel is well illustrated in the case of the Iowa merchant, who the other day became a rich man in a minute's time. He was the successful bidder for the unknown assets of an insurance company which recently failed. The unknown assets were offered for sale in one lump and it was bid off by the merchant for \$6. The assets have now been discovered to be worth \$170,000.

A recent discovery that practical men as well as scientists approve is the complete transformation of wood into gas. The product has a power four times greater than that made from bituminous coal. Its value lies in adaptability as a motive power, which can be applied to the ceramics. Rich in carbonic oxide as it is the gas is available for the manufacture of oxalic acid, and it is said at a very considerable saving in cost.

The Massachusetts Supreme court has decided that a musician cannot recover for services at a public concert on Sunday because such a contract is in violation of the Statutes and being illegal no suit can be maintained.

A western man has petitioned the Legislature to change his name JOHN RAT because he can induce no young woman to accept it. Very naturally any member of the fair sex is averse to becoming a rat catcher.

Paper belting for machinery is an invention that is being utilized in Germany.

Digby as a Summer Resort. Digby is an enterprising place with enterprising citizens who do not hesitate to spend their time and money in booming the attraction of their beautiful summer resort. One of these gentlemen is Mr. T. W. Longstaffe of the "Evangeline House," through whose effort a handsome booklet illustrating the scenery of Digby and giving much information about the place, is about being issued from the press. There are eight full page engravings and some thirty or forty pages which will not only interest the present tourist but is bound to make others think Digby a good place to spend days or weeks of the summer season.

POLLY WAS TOO TALKATIVE. The Noise of the Electrics did not Agree With her Nerves.

A talkative parrot, which a gentleman was removing from a friend's house to his home per electric railway the other day, caused no little amount of amusement for the passengers aboard the car. The clang of the motorman's bell, and the ringing of the signal and register bells, soon worked Polly into a fever of excitement. She whistled, screamed and sang, closing her vocal exercises with a volley of up-to-date slang and a few bad words. The anxious faces of the many lady passengers aboard was hint sufficient, and the custodian of the linguistic bird left the car before he had reached half way home.

Umbrellas Made. Recovered, Repaired, Dressed, 17 Waterloo.

VERSE OF YESTERDAY AND TODAY

The Sleep of the Beloved. He giveth His beloved sleep, The sleep of love is sweet repose; From every earthly sorrow free; From woe that wake the sorrow sea; And all life's bitter woes. We can but weep with those who weep, He giveth His beloved sleep. He giveth His beloved sleep, Whichever taking rest they lie; Whether were fond hearts mourn in vain Or on red fields of battle slain; They lay them down to die. Where guardian angels vigils keep, He giveth His beloved sleep. "He giveth His beloved sleep," Sometimes beneath a golden urn; Eat oftener for a hallowed mound, Where sighing roses white are found; Our passing footsteps turn. Where prayerful west winds love to creep, He giveth His beloved sleep. He giveth His beloved sleep, What sweeter message could He send; Sweet as the kiss that knows no parting hour, The waking in the mystic power; Of one unchanging friend. His word controls the silence deep, He giveth His beloved sleep. CYPRIUS GOLDBE. Elm Lawn, June 1897.

Tannahill's Weir.

O, sing me to-night his sweetest strain, And speak of his deathless glory; Yet sink on the dear, dead singer's pain, And his wonderful, sorrowful story. The bravest soul that ever despair'd, And the blithest heart o'er broken! Be the bravest of braves by my side, When proudly his name is spoken. He loved the hills and the wind-swept hills, The green woods joy-enchanting; Was the clatter of looms a fitting doom For that wild heart, beauty-haunted? His heaven was the light of a love's smile; Yet the high-souled poet lover Learnt the grim old craft that angel grace A childish mind may cover. Yet sweetly he sang his raptur'd strain Of glad hearts aching and taking; Though his own was worn by the secret pain That could only cease with its breaking. And "Earth is love's and Life is sweet," He sang while the dark days found him Entering the shadow with aching feet. And the silence deepening around him. For he dream'd "I will sing o'er the silence falls, And men shall be freer and stronger, And the narrow walls of their hovels and halls Shall prison their souls no longer. "No longer by custom so dull'd and bound The stranger, the beauty that girdles them round And haunts them in their sleeping hours. But coldly they heard his tender lay Nor cheer'd with a welcoming token, And the sweet song died in silence away, And the heart of the singer was broken. Earth's grandest anthems die in prayer, Her sweetest songs are of sorrow; Yet surely that sweet voice hushed in despair Shall gladden a shadowless Morrow. And gladly that spirit of Love and Truth By joys in immortal realms; O, the loveliest spirit that gave to Earth Was only his harp's low tunings! Then wrong not his grave with sorrowing breath, Nor doubt as we ponder his story; But the only singer's dim hour of death Was his crowning hour of glory.

The Ruse of John P. Jock.

Yes, I'm the Shagbark County Bard, an' so you come to see How I attained my wide renown an' popularity; I ain't no flower to blush unseem, an' I don't crawl, yer see, A poor unrec'olized galoot to all eternity. The Shagbark County Clarion wouldn't take a word I wrote, Its editor's ignorant, uneducated goat; It'd be a common genius I'd a languished on unknown. But I ain't no wilted violet to droop beneath a stone. So I got a man to write to him, "If he would kindly print the most transcendent piece of verse known as "The Demon's Hint." "The Demon's Hint." So I got a man to send it in—I had it in my trock—"I send "The Demon's Hint," he wrote, "by Mr. John P. Jock." The editor he printed it, the author's name and all. Next week an old subscriber asked for "Lines on 'Early Fall.'" Another fellow sent them in an' wrote "I've always held these lines on 'Fall' by John P. Jock are surely unexcelled." Next week a fellow asked him for "The Mystery of the Stars." A piece "that had consoled his life through many jolts an' jars." I got a man to send it in—as regular as a clock—"Who wrote these wondrous words by Mr. John P. Jock." Next day he got a postal card that gave his soul a shock, "Cut down your editorials and publish more of 'Give us more Jock,'" the words came up from all parts of the State, "More poetry by John P. Jock, a man supremely great."

So I'm the Shagbark County Bard; an' now, my friend, you see How I attained my wide renown an' popularity; I ain't no flower to blush unseem, an' I don't crawl, yer see, A poor unrec'olized galoot to all eternity. Sam Walter Foss.

My Record.

As I sit in the dusky twilight, And watch the day depart, A lone line enters my bosom, A sadness steals into my heart. I ask, "Has the day been wasted? Have I spent the day in vain? Have I given joy to my Master? Have I caused a brother pain? Have my thoughts been pure and loving As I've mingled with friend and foe; Would I answer to this now truly, I must sorrowfully whisper, "no." But why do I longer sorrow, As the daylight disappears? Another day is coming, And days are followed by years. But, hark! a still voice whispers, "Thy life will not always last; The silken thread will be broken, The golden hours be past. Ah, yes, I see it clearly The moments I must grasp. Each day is a written volume, And the night is the iron clasp. The book can ne'er be opened When once the day is done, A new record must be started Which will begin morning sun. But how shall that record be written, Shall I write it in spotless white, Or pen words stained and uneven, Like a child that is learning to write. No, my hand is weak and unsteady, I dare not write it alone; I will seek as teacher, my Master He will hold it within His own. —Edna G. Valpey.

A RETURN ENGAGEMENT.

Return of a Favorite Actress and a Good Company.

Theatre goers are looking forward to Miss Ethel Tucker and Mr. H. P. Meldon's return to St. John on Monday when they open a two weeks engagement at the opera house, with a great deal of pleasure. The supporting company this season is said to be excellent, all those who have been engaged having previously been with high class companies. The engagement will open with "A Broken Life" a play which had a run of over 300 nights at the Porte St. Martin theatre, Paris. It is a French melo-drama, remarkably well constructed, with thrilling situations and excruciatingly funny comedy. Other plays in the repertoire are the romantic scenic production "The Sea of Ice" Frank Harvey's most successful play "A Ring of Iron." The brightest of all French comedies "If you must lie, tell a good one." The original and up to date comedy drama "Speculation." The brilliant comedy "A Soldier of fortune." Effie Eskaler's greatest success "The Governess." The best American melodrama ever written "Escaped from Sing Sing." The famous English military play "The Queen's money." The powerful melodramas "A Legal wrong," and etc. "Queena," "Mr. Potter of Texas," and "An unequal match" will be retained. It will be remembered that these last three made a wonderful hit last season and the success will doubtless be repeated.

The specialty artists include Baby Vavene, a wonderful child actress, Belle Vivian of the famous English Vivian sisters, who is just as dainty a soubrette as there is on the stage, John E. Brennan a popular St. John favorite, Miss Marie Russell a talented contralto and Miss Allie Gerald in all the latest catchy songs of the day. In addition to these the cinematograph, the great of all picture projecting machines will be introduced with a change of views nightly. The scenery and wardrobe of this company during their last engagement were spoken of as about the best ever seen in St. John, and the press of Newport R. I. devotes considerable space to the gowns of the ladies of the company, and the beautiful scenic effects with which the plays are produced. Beginning Tuesday matinees will be given daily.

NO CONSTABLES THERE.

The Opera House Now Without Proper Protection.

Visitors to the opera house have much to complain of just now in regard to the very bad order which prevails in the gallery. The cause of this unprecedented state of affairs may be found in the fact, that where there were formerly two regularly appointed constables, there are now two irresponsible men, whose nightly fee is so small that they cannot be expected to take a particle of interest in anything but what is going on on the stage.

At one time two regular policemen used to look after the crowd at the opera house and their pay was very good indeed. After a while one policeman was dismissed and when the remaining one was offered a very much reduced wage he declined to act. Then Messrs Beckett and Wylie were appointed to guard the peace and look after the patrons of the gallery, and all other, who were likely to give any trouble. The recompense they received was small but for about two years they were familiar figures around the playhouse and gave good satisfaction to their employers and patrons of the theatre. Mr. Beckett looked after the auditorium and lower part of the house, while Mr. Wylie scooped in the balcony tickets.

Mr. Beckett asked for an increase of pay lately and was refused; he left and now instead of the two able bodied men that are required in the capacity they filled, there is one old man and a slightly younger one who doesn't strike the majority as very bright. These men get considerably less than a dollar a night and neither of them are constables. A certain portion of this and last weeks audiences evidently appreciated this, for it's a long time since there was so much noise in the neat little house. One night this week the confusion, scrapping and use of obscene language while the gallery was making its way out after the performance, was most disgraceful. It would seem as if a false system of economy would result very badly for the management.

A COURAGEOUS WOMAN.

How one Woman Defended the Rights of Another one.

When a victory is to be won to secure the rights of the poor and friendless, a woman is usually the successful warrior. The Outlook describes how a courageous woman made a brutal conductor respect a half-starved, feeble mother and her two babes:

The Spectator was the witness, a few nights ago, of an incident that grew out of the hardness and semi-brutality almost in-



separable from a life spent amid poverty, carelessness and low standards as to the relations of men and women.

It was a windy, cold night, with the rain falling in torrents. The Spectator was one of five passengers in a Third Avenue cable-car going down town. It was about half-past six in the evening. The other passengers were two women and two children; one a baby such as the Spectator has heard his wife's friends call a 'long baby,' meaning one in a long dress. The other child could just walk. The mother was a small, half-starved, discouraged-looking woman.

The other woman passenger was strong and well-dressed. The poor woman motioned for the car to stop as it approached the bridge. The conductor immediately brought the car to a stop north of the bridge road, over which tucks and carts were passing in an almost uninterrupted line, with a like procession crossing diagonally across the tracks toward the south roadway.

The rain was falling in torrents, the confusion of men, horses, vehicles bewildering. The mother of the two babies gave a despairing glance out of the window and rose. Immediately the well-dressed woman rose to her feet, and with a commanding gesture said, 'Sit down!' Then, turning to the conductor she said, 'Stop at the bridge please!'

Aggressively impudent, the conductor responded, 'This is the bridge.' 'I beg your pardon, this is not the bridge. Stop at the crossing.' As she said this, the woman looked pointedly at the conductor's number, and took out her notebook and pencil. 'I am not doing this for myself, but for that woman. I can get through this crowd; she cannot. To me your uniform means service; to her, authority. Stop this car at the crossing to the bridge.'

The conductor pulled the bell, with a muttered oath. 'Have you a wife and children?' was asked, slyly. 'Treat that woman as you would want your own wife treated.' 'The car stopped at the crossing, and the Spectator occupied the car alone. There are battles to be fought to secure the rights of the people that demand the courage of recognized war.

CROSS-EXAMINED.

The Great Novelist Barrie and His Mother's Evils.

Mr. Barrie tells us in 'Margaret Ogilvy' how very difficult it was to make his mother lead the easy life which her age and delicate health demanded. His description of one morning, when he had left her to take a long walk, is perhaps a sample of the way she hoodwinked him. In an hour or so I return, and perhaps find her in bed, according to promise; but still I am suspicious. The way to her detection is circuitous.

'I'll need to be rising now,' she says, with a yawn that may be genuine. 'How long have you been in bed?' 'You saw me go.' 'And then I saw you at the window. did you go straight back to bed?' 'Surely I had that much sense!' 'The truth!'

'I might have taken a look at the clock first.' 'It's a terrible thing to have a mother who prevaricates. Have you been lying down ever since I left?' 'Thereabout.' 'What does that mean exactly?' 'Off and on.' 'Have you been to the garret?' 'What should I do in the garret?' 'But have you?' 'I must just have looked up the garret stair.'

'You have been redding up the garret again!' 'Not what you would call a redd up.' 'O woman, woman! I believe you have not been in bed at all.' 'You see me in it.' 'My opinion is that you jumped into bed when you heard me open the door.' 'Havers!' 'Did you?' 'No.' 'Well, then, when you heard me at the gate?' 'It might have been when I heard you at the gate!'

The Only Machine in Town

For doing up ladies' shirt waists, is just being put in by us. We guarantee them to look like new. Ungar's laundry and dye works.

Great enthusiasm is manifested by many persons whose hair has been restored to its natural color by using Hall's Hair Renewer, a preparation of unsurpassed merit.



spend amid poverty, standards as to the re- women. cold night, with the rain The Spectator was one in a Third Avenue cable- town. It was about hall- women and two children; the Spectator has heard call a 'long baby,' mean- dress. The other child the mother was a small, suraged-looking woman. The poor woman motion- top as it approached the actor immediately brought north of the bridge road, and carts were passing in upt line, with a like g diagonally across the south roadway. illing in torrents, the con- sses, vehicles bewildering, two babies gave a det- of the window and rose. well-dressed woman rose with a commanding ges- wn! Then, turning to said, 'Stop at the bridge pendent, the conductor is the bridge.' rdon, this is not the the crossing.' is, the woman looked onductor's number, and ook and pencil. 'is for myself, but for can get through this t. To me your uniform her, authority. Stop sining to the bridge.' pulled the bell, with a life and children? was 'reat that woman as you own wife treated.' d at the crossing, and there d the car alone. There ought to secure the rights demand the courage of



On Monday afternoon last, Kingshurst, the Rotheray Church school for girls, was the scene of a very pleasant meeting, when the members of the Kingshurst Circle of King's Daughters, together with some of their friends, were addressed by Mrs. Tilley, the General Secretary for the order of King's Daughters in Canada. This talented and sweet faced woman, widely known throughout the Dominion, not only in her official capacity, but also for her social and intellectual qualities, which render her to a large circle of friends, arrived recently in St. John, en route to attend the National Council of Women in Halifax. She has already given several addresses in St. John in the interests of the Order, and as her time is necessarily limited, Kingshurst feels especially favored in being honored with her presence for a whole afternoon.

On her arrival in Rotheray, Mrs. Tilley and the friends who accompanied her, were conducted through the school, and at four o'clock all assembled in the large school room at Kingshurst. The meeting was opened with prayer and the singing of a hymn. Mrs. Tilley commenced her address, by directing her remarks particularly to the young, explaining that the chief object of the order was to elevate the ideals of all its members, and urging them to try to realize the true meaning of the Cross they wore, and the responsibility attached to it. She pointed out to them how the members were regarded by others, and what was expected of those who wore the badge, quoting several instances which had come under her own observation, where King's daughters were enabled to be of service to others and where the wearing of the silver cross had proved a safe guard against insult. Reference was made to the motto of the order, and it was shown that if all were indeed done 'In His Name,' nothing unbecom- ing or dishonorable would be possible. Suggestions were made as to practical work that might be carried out either individually or in the united efforts of the circle.

A most interesting account was given of the work of the King's Daughters in foreign mission fields, and an eloquent appeal was made to all to assist. A number of Ladies Colleges were mentioned as having formed orders similar to that at Kingshurst, and in all cases it had proved of the greatest benefit in elevating the tone of the school.

A cordial vote of thanks was extended to the speaker, and after a short address by the Rev. O. W. Howard, and a few remarks from the Lady Principal, the meeting was closed with another hymn and the Benediction, after which the visitors adjourned to the dining room for refreshments.

An inspection was made of some of the work done by the Kingshurst circle, which has been in existence for two years. At the weekly meetings held through- out the town, the time has been devoted to sewing, and the result is quite a large supply of linen and under- wear for the patients in the St. John hospital.

After the guests had made a tour of the beautiful grounds of Kingshurst, they were driven to the station, to take the return train to the city, all expressing themselves as delighted with the afternoon. Mrs. Tilley's lecture was appreciated by all present, and the members of the circle feel stimulated to more earnest work in the future.

The following is from last Saturday's issue of the Hamilton, Ont., Herald: C. S. Hulme of the Bank of Montreal, here, has been removed to the St. John N. B., branch, and left for that city this morning. Mr. Hulme came here from Lindsay branch a little over a year ago, and will be greatly missed by a large circle of Hamilton friends.

The "Old English May Day" at St. Paul's church, was repeated by special request on Wednesday evening to a delighted audience. The cast of characters upon this occasion was as follows, those who took part doing themselves and their instructors very much credit.

Jack—The Green, Master of Ceremonies. Fred Sturdee May Queen. Charlotte Sidney Smith Flower Children. Francis H. H. Edith Williams St. George. Richard H. W. Rowe Dragon.

FOREMANS. Guy Robinson, Chas. Manning, Harold Robertson, Ned Jarvis, George Coupe, Jack Sutherland.

ANCHERS. Will Stockley, Andrew Frith, Mich., Arthur Dick, Little John, Fred Patchell, Yalant, Harry Hall, Joseph Hamm Gauntlet, Robert Hoben, Friar Tuck, Ethel Rowe, Maid Marion, Ethel Rowe.

MILKMAIDS. Helen Thornton, Louise Beer, Helen Frick, Louise Wemore, Lucy Stephens, Mabel Seely.

MORRIS DANCERS. Louise Hamm, Nellie Ancevine, Osa Barbour, Avis Hall, Frances Sisk.

VILLAGERS. Grandfather, Charlie Angevine, Grandmother, Louise Rowe.

LADIES. Jessie Walker, Fred Alton, Mand Rowe, J. F. Berton, Laura Hazen, Francis Walker, Lina Rowe, Dacre Walker, Francis Stead, Harold Allison, Muriel Seely, Chester Gandy.

Mrs. F. H. J. Brigstocke went to Montreal this week and intends spending some time in that city. Mr. and Mrs. Charles Fisher left New York last week on a trip to England. Mrs. Fisher was formerly Miss Estelle Lewis of this city. Mr. Walter McLaughlin of Minneapolis is home on a visit to his father, Mr. D. J. McLaughlin. Mr. Alva Gordon, son of Rev. J. A. Gordon arrived this week from McGill college for the summer holidays. Mr. George W. Parker spent a part of this week in Moncton. Mr. H. D. Troop and family removed to Rotheray this week. A wedding that will be of interest to those who met the bride during a visit to this city not long ago, occurred at the home of the bride's sister Mrs. Jones, 97 Stanhope street, Brooklyn N. Y., on Wednesday evening June 2nd, when Mr. William Furdy of that city and Miss Edith Stammers of Turks Island, West Indies, were united in marriage by Rev. Dr. Blake. Mr. and Mrs. Jones residence was tastefully decorated with potted plants palms and cut flowers, and during the ceremony

the bridal party stood under a very large and handsome horseshoe of cut flowers. The bride who was attended by her maid, Miss Kelle Jones as maid of honor, looked charming in a beautiful cream silk dress, and carried a shower bouquet of tea roses. Mr. Stephen Furdy supported the groom. After the ceremony Mr. and Mrs. Furdy received the congratulations of their friends, and the evening was spent in dancing, music being furnished by Professor De Witt. When Mr. and Mrs. Furdy left for their home they received from the guests the usual hearty and 'Oh, of rice, and those and good wishes. Mrs. Furdy is a sister of Messrs. B. A. and C. J. Stammers of St. John. The young couple were the recipients of many handsome presents.

Mr. Hugh Finley Jr. formerly of this city but now of Boston, was called home suddenly this week by the serious illness of his mother, Mrs. Hugh Finley of King Street East.

Mr. and Mrs. George M. Jarvis of Moncton paid a visit to the city this week. Mr. and Mrs. F. R. F. Brown of the same city were also here for a day or two.

Miss Tessie Ryan of Nauviggawank is here on a visit to relatives.

Mr. A. S. Plimmer of Boston returned this week from Victoria, B.C. where he had been on a large fishing expedition that was very successful.

Dr. Silas Alward was in Pettoicodiac for a short time this week.

Mr. D. R. Brecken of Charlottetown P. E. I. is a visitor to the city this week.

Mr. James McKay of Pennfield, arrived in the city Tuesday for a short stay.

Miss Jean Sprague daughter of Rev. Howard Sprague a former pastor of Centenary church is visiting friends here.

Mr. A. J. Tutts left the first of the week on a trip to Boston.

Miss Minnie Elkin's friends will be glad to hear of her recovery from a severe illness.

Mr. Edward Murphy is home from McGill for the summer holidays.

Mr. S. D. Scott who has been in Ottawa for several weeks will it is said make a tour of the northwest before returning to St. John.

Mr. and Mrs. M. Walsh of Bristol were in the city this week.

Mr. F. H. J. Ruel of the Bank of Montreal left last Saturday for Southampton Mass., to spend his holiday. Mrs. Ruel is in that town visiting her father.

Dr. and Mrs. John Berryman returned last week from a trip to New York and Washington.

Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Elliott of Port Arthur were here for a few days lately.

Mr. and Mrs. E. M. Sipprell returned Monday evening from their wedding trip.

Mr. A. W. Rich of Boston spent a day or two here this week.

On Wednesday evening a few friends called upon Mr. and Mrs. David Hudson of Germain street to congratulate them upon the anniversary of their marriage. Dainty refreshments consisting of cakes and fruit were served, and a pleasant evening was spent.

Mr. Gilbert Hall has been spending a week lately at the home of his aunt Mrs. H. Bath, Upper Granville.

Miss Hamm of this city has been paying a visit to Miss Starratt, a schoolmate of Acadia Seminary, at the young lady's home in Paradise, N. B.

Mr. George T. Dibble of Fredericton was here for a short time this week.

Mrs. White is in Fredericton visiting her father Mr. Marvin Hart.

Among those who went from St. John to attend the Johnston-Hall wedding were Mr. and Mrs. T. H. Bullock, and the various members of Mr. Hall's family.

Miss Maude Golding is in Fredericton visiting her aunt Mrs. A. W. Edgecombe.

Mr. and Mrs. F. A. Jones were among the St. John people who visited the Celestial this week.

The marriage of Miss Mary Annie daughter of Mr. Leonard Johnston of Fredericton and Mr. Charles William Hall of this city which took place at the home of the brides parents on Wednesday afternoon is an event that will be read with much interest in this the groom's native city, where the newly wedded pair will reside on their return from a brief wedding tour. The important ceremony was performed by Rev. Messrs. Ross and Payson, the bride taking up their positions under a large bell of apple blossoms with clapper of white lilacs. The wedding gown was of ivory satin with court train, and was trimmed with embroidered chiffon; the tulle veil was caught with orange blossoms and a lovely bouquet of white roses was carried by the charming bride, who entered the room with her father, and was followed by her maids Miss Winnifred Johnston and Miss Jennie Hall, the former of whom was gowned in a duchess satin of heliotrope pink shade with trimmings of white chiffon, and carried a bouquet of pink and white carnations; Miss Jennie Hall, was very dainty and charming in her bridesmaid's gown of white brocade satin with chiffon trimmings; her bouquet was of white and pink carnations. The groom's gift to the bride was a brooch set in pearls and to each of the bridesmaids a gold bracelet.

After the ceremony a reception was held when the invited guests, numbering about seventy-five, extended their congratulations to Mr. and Mrs. Hall. A wedding luncheon was served in the library, the table decorations being especially pretty. The wedding presents included several checks, a great deal of silver, a bicycle, five o'clock tea sets, clocks, and a large number of other beautiful gifts.

Miss Jean Sprague of St. Stephen is here on a visit to friends.

Mrs. C. W. King and Mr. Gorham King went to St. Stephen for a short time last week.

General Warner has been enjoying a little salmon fishing expedition on the St. Croix. He had excellent luck, one of the fish caught weighing twenty two pounds.

Among the St. Stephen visitors to the city this week were Mr. and Mrs. Beverly Stevens, Mrs. and Miss Edith Delmstadt who are guests of friends here.

Messrs. Gerard Ruel and Percy Clarke are occupying a cottage at Henderson's point near Rotheray.

The residence of Mr. D. H. Nase, Main street, North end was the scene of a pretty wedding on Wednesday afternoon when his daughter Miss Minnie Gibson Nase and Mr. Herbert J. Fleming were united in marriage by Rev. R. P. McKim. The large parlors were beautifully decorated with potted cut flowers, and the ceremony was performed under an arch of apple blossoms, from which was suspended a floral bell. The bride wore a blue travelling gown with plaid silk vest, and bolero jacket trimmed with cream lace, with a dainty little hat that was most becoming. The bridal party was unattended. After a dainty luncheon Mr. and Mrs. Fleming left for a two weeks trip to Boston. Among the many elegant presents received was a marble clock from the employees of Fleming's foundry.

The marriage was solemnized Tuesday evening at St. Rose's church Fairville, Rev. Father Collins officiating, of Capt. James Leonard and Miss Maggie Kelly daughter of Mr. L. Kelly of Hillport. The bride was attended by her sister Miss Mary Kelly, while the groom was supported by his brother Mr. John Leonard. Mr. and Mrs. Leonard received many beautiful presents from their friends. Mr. C. N. Skinner and family are occupying their summer residence at Rotheray.

Mr. Thomas McAvay will remove in a day or two to the family's summer residence at Rotheray. Mr. and Mrs. H. A. Drury are located at the Bellevue for the summer.

Mrs. Morrison and son are in St. Stephen visiting Miss Georgie Meredith.

Miss Carrie Baker of Calais is paying a visit to the city.

Mr. and Mrs. J. R. MacIntyre have removed to Rotheray for the summer.

Mrs. Joseph Allison, Miss Gertrude Allison and Master Willie have been staying at the Bellevue Rotheray during the past week.

Miss Mabel L. Hanington who has been studying medicine at Toronto university returned to her home here this week.

The Newcastle Advocate mysteriously refers to a marriage that took place in Grace church, Derby, the last of June in which a Newcastle lady and a St. John physician are interested.

Miss Miller returned Wednesday from Boston where she had been studying painting all winter.

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The marriage of Miss Bell McColm, daughter of Mr. Andrew Malcolm, and Mr. S. J. McGowan of Poonooka business department is announced to take place next Wednesday evening at the home of the bride's parents, 170 Duke street.

officiating, of Capt. James Leonard and Miss Maggie Kelly daughter of Mr. L. Kelly of Hillport. The bride was attended by her sister Miss Mary Kelly, while the groom was supported by his brother Mr. John Leonard. Mr. and Mrs. Leonard received many beautiful presents from their friends. Mr. C. N. Skinner and family are occupying their summer residence at Rotheray.

Mr. Thomas McAvay will remove in a day or two to the family's summer residence at Rotheray. Mr. and Mrs. H. A. Drury are located at the Bellevue for the summer.

Mrs. Morrison and son are in St. Stephen visiting Miss Georgie Meredith.

Miss Carrie Baker of Calais is paying a visit to the city.

Mr. and Mrs. J. R. MacIntyre have removed to Rotheray for the summer.

Mrs. Joseph Allison, Miss Gertrude Allison and Master Willie have been staying at the Bellevue Rotheray during the past week.

Miss Mabel L. Hanington who has been studying medicine at Toronto university returned to her home here this week.

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\$38.50 CashAnd

300 WELCOME SOAP WRAPPERS

FOR A

HIGH GRADE BICYCLE

Option of Ladies', Gentlemen's or Boy's Wheels.
Write us for full particulars.

We have made a SPOT CASH PURCHASE of a large number of Wheels from one of the largest manufacturers, and offer this splendid opportunity to everybody to own and ride, for a small amount,

A Strictly First-Class, The equal of any High Grade
Up-to-Date Wheel.... Bicycle in the market.
... GUARANTEED

The celebrated Morgan & Wright Quick Repair, Single Tube 1 1/2 inch Tires, Garford Saddles, Combination Rubber Peda's, Re-inforced Joints, Dust-Proof Ball Bearings, Tool Steel Cones and Caps, Nickel-plated Adjustable Handle Bars and Parts, and the finest workmanship and material throughout.

Buy the Famous Welcome Soap and Save the Wrappers.

THE WELCOME SOAP COMPANY, - - ST. JOHN, N. B.

QUICKCURE

The Bicyclists' Lament.

He's a wise wheelman whose tool bag contains something besides medicine for a damaged machine. He is just as liable to puncture his own skin as to puncture his tire—more liable to bruise himself, than to break his wheel.

Now if I only had a little pot of Quickcure in my tool-bag.

"Quickcure"

is the emergency cure for unexpected injuries. Lint for applying comes with every pot of Quickcure. Make your own plaster—lay it on the wound, Quickcure will do the rest—quickly, surely, painlessly. At all druggists 25c., 50c. and \$1.00.

THE QUICKCURE COMPANY, LTD. QUEBEC, CAN.

QUICKCURE

Blue Flame Oil Stoves

SAFE AND DURABLE. 2 or 3 Burners.

Burns with a clear blue flame, without smoke, and a heat of the greatest intensity. Burners are brass, and so made that wicks can be replaced in a few minutes as in an ordinary lamp. Wicks are 10 inches in circumference and should last one year. Patent Wick Adjustment keeps the wicks from being turned too high or too low. Oil Tanks situated away from burners, connected thereto with small tubes; the oil is thus continually cool and prevents odor. Frames and Tops are made of steel and cannot be broken. No perforated plates or braces soakage, thus preventing odor.

Boils one quart of water in four minutes.

surround the burners to retain any char or oil

THE McCLARY MFG. CO.

LONDON, TORONTO, MONTREAL, WINNIPEG, VANCOUVER

If your local dealer cannot supply, write our nearest house.

For Sale.

A New Upright Piano

New York make, and superior tone and finish. WILL BE SOLD AT A BARGAIN.

APPLY AT THIS OFFICE.

FOR ADDITIONAL SOCIETY NEWS, SEE FIFTH AND EIGHTH PAGES.



SOCIETY

Progress is for sale in Halifax by the newboat and at the following news stands and centres.

- C. S. DEFEYER, Brunswick street
MORSON & CO., Barrington street
CLIFFORD SMITH, 111 Hollis street
LARK & CONNOLLY, George street
POWERS, DUNCAN STREET, 100, R. Street
CANADA NEWS CO., Railway Depot
J. G. KLINE, Gottingen street
H. SILVER, Dartmouth N. S.
J. W. ALLEN, Dartmouth N. S.

Last week was a week of weddings and very pretty ones at that, with real wedding weather.

The marriage of Miss Anderson and Mr. Robertson took place on Tuesday morning of last week at half past eleven, and after the ceremony the guests went to breakfast at The Cottage, Jubilee Road.

There were some very pretty frocks worn by the guests, and among the older ladies some very handsome gowns. Mrs. Anderson, the mother of the bride, wore a very becoming and elaborate gown and looked extremely well.

The house had been decorated for the reception with quantities of flowers, vines and apple blossoms and a very pretty idea was the suspension of a dove made of flowers over the arch, where the bride stood to receive congratulations.

Miss Tremaine, whose wedding took place on Wednesday afternoon, of the same week, was certainly one of the prettiest and most graceful brides ever seen in Halifax.

Her bridesmaids were Miss Tremaine and Miss Pittman, sister of the bridegroom. Both were dressed in white over pale pink, with large white hats trimmed with June roses and white feathers.

After the ceremony there was the usual wedding tea at the residence of the bride's parents, where everybody looked at the presents which were in Miss Tremaine's case, well worth seeing, after congratulating the happy pair.

One of the prettiest frocks at the wedding by the way, was a very pale pink one, which was almost prettier than those worn by the bridesmaids. Mrs. Courtney is still very ill. Bishop Courtney is with her, but from all accounts she is mending slowly, though surely, and it will be some time before she is able to return here.

Captain Semlin had an unfortunate accident last week while riding his bicycle; he had a collision and injured his knee, so much that he has been confined to the house ever since, and was, for a day or two unable to walk.

Mrs. Clarkson who was run over some three weeks ago, is only now well enough to go out.

There were several dinners given last week as farewells to Mayor Hamilton Smythe, who left Saturday for England where his marriage with Miss Kinnear will take place early in July.

The Hon. A. G. Jones also left to join Mrs. Jones and Miss Kinnear in London.

Among old friends in the navy returning here this summer is Commander Riddell, who has been coming and going here for the last ten years or more. Captain Biddell will bring his ship here in the autumn.

Mrs. Bartley and Mrs. Brush are expected shortly from Barbados and will spend all the hot week there here.

Mrs. Collard gave a small dinner on Friday evening for Major Hamilton Smythe and on Tuesday evening there was a very pleasant dinner given by one of the most energetic of Halifax hostesses.

The military tournament to be held in the Exhibition rink on June 19th, 21st and 23rd, will be a very grand affair. It will be as nearly as possible like the Royal Military tournament now taking place in London.

Also unless drill by the sailors who will take part in other events. Halifax ought to be very grateful to the admiral for reconsidering his decision as to going to St. John's.

The entire balconies at the rink and also the side parts will be built up with tiers of seats, so that the accommodation will be perfect. The receipts will go to a deserving charity, especially appealing to the people of Halifax, namely, providing for the women who married off the strength.

DIGBY.

Progress is for sale in Digby by Mrs. Morse. June 9.—Judge Townsend is a guest at Mrs. DeBalinhard's.

Mr. S. B. Townsend is here spending some weeks with his family.

Mr. Jordan of Windsor has opened up the hotel formerly known as the Royal under the name of the New Dauntin.

Rev. Mr. Johnson will spend the summer here looking after the welfare of the presbyterian congregation.

Our popular station agent Mr. N. A. Turnbull is off on a vacation.

Spring Possibilities

The Parisian

Opportunities for early bargain buying have never been so great as they are now. The first prices placed on our Millinery are not the usual exorbitant charges for the season's novelties, but show only a fair profit for conveying to you the best products from Paris, New York and London. Such a display of

Hats, Bonnets, Flowers, Laces and Novelties

was never before seen in this city.

The Parisian

Cor. Union and Coburg Sts.

MATRICULATION

King's College, Windsor.

The examination for Matriculation will begin at 8 o'clock a. m., on

THURSDAY, June 10,

In the College Hall, Windsor, N. S.

And also, same day and hour, in the office of the Local Secretary for New Brunswick (J. Roy Campbell, Esq., B. C. L.), St. John, N. B.

R. J. WILSON, Sec. Governors. Halifax, N. S., June 7, 1897.

At Last

you may draw an easy breath. Let poor flour alone after this. You were a long time finding out that good bread only comes from good flour. "Tillson's Pride" was all right. We told you so.

THE TILLSON COY (LTD.), Tillsonburg, Ont.

MINARD'S "KING OF PAIN" LINIMENT

C. C. RICHARDS & Co.

DEAR SIR,—For several years I suffered so severely from neuralgia that my hair came out and I was entirely bald. I used MINARD'S LINIMENT freely, which entirely cured the neuralgia, and to my astonishment found my hair growing rapidly, and I now have a good head of hair. Springhill. WM. DANIELS.

MINARD'S "KING OF PAIN" LINIMENT

Very.. Elegant Barouche Cost \$650, used one season, for \$175!

ONE USED SIX MONTHS FOR \$135. BERLIN HACK, fine style, for \$150. LIGHT HACK for \$100; One for \$50. COUPE, in fine order, \$60. GOOD LANDAU, \$50; Six-Seater, \$40. 2000 Vehicles, new and second hand. HENDERSON BROS., NORTH CAMBRIDGE, MASS.



"STRONGEST AND BEST."—Dr. Andrew Wilson, F. R. S. E., Editor of "Health."

Fry's Pure Concentrated COCOA.

OVER 200 MEDALS AWARDED TO THE FIRM.

Purchasers should ask specially for FRY'S PURE CONCENTRATED COCOA, to distinguish it from other varieties manufactured by the firm.

A Row in the Choir

Henry Ward Beecher used to say that the evangelization of the world could never be accomplished until the church choir was dispensed with. It is proverbial that choirs are given to internal dissension. We do not pose as missionaries. We are selling Throat Kumforts for the money there is to be made out of it. But it has been shown time and again that where we have introduced Throat Kumforts into choirs the enthusiasm they have created has spread oil on the troubled waters. They make the voice clear as a bell for speaking and singing, and the choir that has once used them will never thereafter be without them. Put up in neat tablet form, convenient to carry and use. Invaluable for smokers' sore throat. Try a box for next Sunday.

MANLE'S EARLY

Thoroughbred POTATO.

The Greatest Cropper

The Finest Flavor

I raised 569 pounds, or over 3 1/2 barrels, from one pound in year 1896. JOHN H. KING, Smith's Creek, Kings Co., N. B.

TERMS:

Per Pound, 40c., 3 Pounds, \$1.00

Address all orders to

J. H. KING, Smith's Creek, Kings Co., N. B.

TEABERRY FOR THE HARMLESS TEETH CLEANING ZOPESA (CHEMICAL CO) TORONTO 25c.

Jewelry..

In TRACELTS, BROCHES, EARRINGS, PENDENTS, LOCKETS, NECK CHAINS, GUARDS, LINKS, STUDS, RINGS, STICK PINS, HAT PINS, Etc.

We have a large stock to select from, and will make prices right.

FERGUSON & PAGE, 41 KING STREET.

WINES.

Arriving ex "Escalona"

"The Nicest" in quarter case and Octives.

For sale low.

THOS. L. BOURKE WATER STREET.

Rev. Mr. and Mrs. W. F. Parker, Yarmouth; are guests of Mr. and Mrs. Lewis Rice. Mr. J. Crowe left this morning for Pembina, Dakota, a large number of "Joos" friends were at the station this morning to wish him "bon voyage."

There was a charming dance given one evening last week in D. T. Hanson's hall by Mr. F. C. J. Swanson. The affair was chaperoned by Mrs. Andrew Campbell and Mrs. Lpe Russell. A light running supper of sandwiches, cake, ices, champagne and charcut-coup, added much to the enjoyment of the evening.

Mrs. Campbell wore a charming gown of pink Swiss muslin. Miss Sutherland, yellow satin. Miss Anna Sutherland, an extremely becoming toilette black point-de-sole with rose colored ribbon trimmings. Miss Jean Crowe, figured organdie, pink silk trimmings of old lace. Miss Marion Leckie, turquoise blue satin arranged with white chiffon.

Among others present were Mrs. M. G. Atkinson and Mrs. E. Phillips, Miss Wetmore, Misses Butchart, Miss Frances Yull, Miss Bigelow, Messrs. A. J. Campbell, F. C. J. Swanson, Dr. Vincent, J. D. Ross, H. Vizard, W. Reynolds, Fenwick Cutten, W. MacKenzie, W. P. McKay, G. H. Williams, W. Crove.

Mr. and Mrs. Dan O'Day and party are expected to arrive Saturday night next in Mr. O'Day's private car to be present at the marriage of Mrs. O'Day's sister, Miss Etta Page on Wednesday next. Dr. Vizard R. N. of H. M. S. Crescent was in town a few days last week a guest of his brother Mr. A. H. Vizard at "Canaan Court Farm." Pse.

PARRSBORO.

Progress is for sale at Parrsboro Book Store.

JUNE 9.—F. A. A. officers of company 7 and committee from the various societies are hard at work preparing a programme for the celebration on June 22nd, weather permitting grand doing are anticipated and the town full of visitors. It is hoped that one of the ships will be ready for launching on that day which will add to the attractions. The proceeds of the dinner to be held on the grounds will go into the fund for the drill shed to be built in commemoration of the discussed jubilee.

Mr. and Mrs. Herbin of Wolfville are staying at the island. Mr. and Mrs. Vernon of Kings college conducted the services on Sunday and was the guest of Mr. and Mrs. Woodworth while here.

Mrs. F. Eaton has returned from a visit to her parents at Hanstford. Misses Adela Knowlton, Mamie Fullerton and Helen Bigelow are at home from Mt. Allison for the holidays.

Mr. Cecil Townshend arrived yesterday from McGill college. Mrs. Caswell who has been visiting Mrs. Gibbons left last week for a short stay with friends across the bay before returning home to Gagetown.

The band much improved under Mr. Gordon's leadership, plays for an hour on Tuesday and Friday evenings in the open air.

Mr. W. F. King of the Halifax Banking Co. St. John spent a Sunday with friends here lately. Miss Robb and Miss Thompson of Oxford are guests of Mrs. R. T. Smith.

Mr. Rand and little son went to Digby on Wednesday. Dr. Rand accompanying them to Kentville. Mr. George McDougall is at home from Boston.

Miss A. McLeod and Miss Mabel McLeod went to Wolfville to attend the closing exercises at Acadia college.

Miss Daniel of Pugwash is visiting Miss Janet Cameron. Much sympathy is felt for Mr. and Mrs. Fowler in the sad loss of two children.

Major Black of Halifax was here on Friday inspecting the armory militia company No. 7. Capt and Mrs. Charles Howard on their return from the West Indies spent a few days with friends here and have left for New York.

Mr. Arthur Mc. N. Patterson of Acadia villa school spent Sunday before last here and gave an address in the evening in the Methodist church. Mrs. Roy McDougall who has been paying a visit at her father's, has returned home to Truro.

BRIDGETOWN.

JUNE 10.—Mr. J. Willis was in town last Saturday.

Dr. C. A. Foster of Bridgewater was here this morning. Miss F. C. Williams spent last Sunday with friends at Granville Ferry.

Mr. Charles Parker is home from across the border for a visit. Miss Etta Gordon who has been visiting friends in town, left for Canada on Tuesday.

Miss Nancy Healey is home from Acadia seminary for the summer holidays. Mr. Gilbert Hall, of St. John has been visiting his aunt Mrs. H. Bath Upper Granville.

Miss Nettie Young of the McLean hospital, Waverley Mass, is home on a visit to her parents Mr. and Mrs. Wallace Young.

Miss Bernice Kinsey is home from Ladies college at Sackville where she has spent the last six months. Mr. A. F. Newcombe spent a day in town on his way from Acadia college to Queens Co, where he will spend his holidays.

Mr. and Mrs. A. Young who have been visiting at the home of Rev. J. M. Young, left for their home in St. George, N. B. last Tuesday.

Capt. E. P. Raymond arrived last Saturday from Brooklyn N. Y., to see what Nova Scotia air will do for his shattered health. The family are occupying a cottage on Washington street.

SPA SPRINGS N. S.

JUNE 10.—Mr. A. D. Dodge has returned from Acadia and will spend his summer at home. Mrs. Smith is with her daughter Mrs. James Woodbury and it is said will remain all summer.

Miss Maggie Dodge has not been well of late and has been unable to continue her studies at the Middleton high school. Rev. L. J. Lingley and Mrs. Lingley off report have been guests of Mrs. C. H. Stronach lately.

Mr. L. B. Dodge and Miss Dodge attended the marriage of their cousin Miss Ethel Cox's at Cambridge, Kings Co. on May 31. Miss Dodge who was to have been maid of honor was prevented by ill health.

You think of Scott's Emulsion as only for those who have consumption or who have inherited a tendency to it. Almost its greatest use is for those whose condition is so impaired as not to be able to get the good they should out of their ordinary food. In nearly every case with these, Scott's Emulsion of Cod-liver Oil brings back appetite, stimulates digestion, restores color and plumpness, and controls the diseases of thinness. Book about it, free, 5c. etc. and \$1.00, at all druggists. SCOTT & BOWNE, Belleville, Ont.

ST. STEPHEN AND CALAIS.

Progress is for sale in St. Stephen by Master...

June 9.—Invitations were given on Friday, by Mrs. David Main...

A meeting of the Sunday school association in connection with the St. Andrews Deacons...

Wedding bells rang gaily this afternoon in Calais when Miss Mary McCallough, eldest daughter...

Cards of invitation to attend commencement day at the University of Denver Colorado...

Mrs. Charles Porter's friends will rejoice to learn she has recovered from the effects of her accident...

Mr. Leo D. Lammond gave a "garret dance" on Friday last to which a large number of his young friends were invited...

Miss Janet Harvey has returned from Boston and will visit her home in Calais during the summer months...

Mrs. William Thickens of Portland Maine, and her young daughter are visiting friends in Milltown...

Miss Joan Sprague is visiting friends in St. John. Mrs. W. H. Kerr has returned from a pleasant visit...

Mr. and Mrs. David Maxwell are now occupying their handsome new residence on Prince William street recently purchased by them from the estate of the late Mr. George M. Porter...

Mr. Thomas Main has gone to Boston to attend the wedding of Mr. George Palmer and Miss Susie Blyskal which takes place in that city today...

Mrs. Frederic B. Edgecombe has returned to Fredericton after a pleasant visit in Calais. Miss Hannah Marks has arrived safely at her home in Vancouver B. C., which will be pleasant news to her many friends here...

Hon. C. B. Rounds has been attending court at Bangor. Miss Sealey of St. John was here attending the meeting of the W. C. T. U. which was held here last week...

Miss Wright returned from India, is the guest of Mrs. James N. Clarke. Mrs. B. W. McQuinn of Vancouver is visiting relatives in town...

Miss Edith King is visiting friends in New town Mass. Mrs. M. C. Kelley and her daughter Mrs. W. H. Osborne will spend the summer at the Isle of Wight...

Miss May Carter's friends and pupils were very glad to see her home again and so much benefited in health by her rest and visit, and gave her a most cordial welcome...

General and Mrs. S. D. Leavitt of Eastport passed through town recently en route to Boston. Mr. Walter Maxwell of Seattle, Washington, is here for a visit to his parents Mr. and Mrs. Levi Maxwell...

Miss Agnes Algan of St. Andrews made a brief visit here on Wednesday and was the guest of her sister Mrs. Jesse Dunstan. Miss Marie Watts was most cordially welcomed back to Calais last week after an absence of several weeks spent with relatives in Brooklyn, New York...

Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Meredith have returned home after a visit of several months spent in New York and other cities. Mrs. Howard Grimmer and Mrs. C. M. Gove of St. Andrews have been visiting Mrs. Hasan Grimmer during the past week...

Mrs. James Mitchell and her daughter Mrs. Margaret Mitchell, have gone to Belfast Maine to spend the summer. Mrs. Holmes of Eastport is the guest of Mrs. George W. Lord...

General Farmer of St. John spent several days here last week the guest of Mr. O. E. Clarke. The General came to enjoy the salmon fishing in the St. Croix, and during his stay had extraordinary good luck, catching a number of fish, one of which weighed twenty two pounds...

Mrs. Ward of Skowhegan, Maine is the guest of her daughter Mrs. F. T. Ross. Mr. Gilbert S. Wall, and his daughter Miss Jessie Wall, accompanied by Miss Roberts Murchie, daughter of ex-mayor Frederic M. Murchie, leave on the eighteenth for Europe where they spend three months in travel...

Miss Nellie Langley, is visiting her friend Mrs. Almon S. Reed. Mr. and Mrs. Beverley Stevens went to St. John today for a short visit. The marble bust of Queen Victoria that is to be placed in Christ Church, and unveiled on the twentieth of June, during the memorial service that is to be held in that church, has arrived safely from London England. It is an exceedingly handsome and artistic piece of work, a fine likeness of her Majesty, and will be a permanent and fitting memorial for many years to come...

Mrs. Morrison of St. John and her son are guests of Miss George Meredith. Dr. Thomas Byrne invited Mrs. Cullinan, the Misses Cullinan, Mr. and Mrs. Furlong and several other friends to enjoy a buck board ride and fishing excursion to Meddyemps lake on Tuesday...

Mr. John Stewart of Woodstock, was the guest of Mr. Duncan Stewart on Monday. Mr. Alexander Cullinan has returned from several weeks visit in Portland Maine and vicinity. Miss Carrie Barker is visiting St. John this week. Miss Mary Stuart has gone to St. Andrews and will be the guest of Mrs. M. A. Campbell...

Mrs. Will Gresham of Boston was the guest of Mrs. C. H. Clarke last week. Mrs. F. A. Beem of Butte City spent last week with Mr. and Mrs. Philip Breen.

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

June 9.—Not a solitary wedding so far, and we are well into June? It seems really too bad. Moncton is being the place to get the advantage over her in this respect. She has been satisfied to sit meekly by with her hands folded while other places made all manner of preparations for celebrating the Diamond Jubilee, and she alone stood out in the cold; and now she seems to be letting the month of weddings slip by without even an effort to participate in the general celebration. However I have heard some hopeful rumors of late, and perhaps by this time next week I may have more cheerful news to impart...

The many friends of Mr. J. W. Kaye, who has been so seriously ill with grippe, and pneumonia, for the past three months, will be glad to hear that he has sufficiently recovered to be out again, though he is still very weak. Mrs. E. W. Jarvis of Toronto who has been spending the past two months with her parents Mr. and Mrs. J. L. Harris of Queen street, returned home last week. Mrs. Jarvis was accompanied by her little daughter...

Miss Minnie Seaman left town last week for Malden Mass., to spend a month visiting friends. Mrs. A. M. Howard of Salt Lake City who has been spending a few days in town visiting her mother Mrs. Blair Botsford and her sister Mrs. J. H. Nickerson, of St. George street, left town on her return journey last Saturday...

Mr. W. F. Humphrey returned last week from a month's trip to England. Miss Hamilton spent Sunday in Dorchester the guest of her parents Judge and Mrs. Hamilton. Mr. F. W. Moore of the Bank of Montreal Amherst spent Sunday in town, the guest of Mr. and Mrs. T. V. Cooke of Steadman street...

Lieut. Governor McClellan and Mrs. McClellan, paid a short visit to Moncton on Thursday on their return from Backville, where they had been attending the closing exercises at Mount Allison. Mrs. J. O. Benedict and Miss Sallie Benedict spent some days in Dorchester last week visiting friends. Mrs. George F. Fair of Arbroath, Maine, is spending a few days in town the guest of her sister Mrs. Murray Fleming of Weldon Street. Mrs. Fair is accompanied by her little daughter...

Mr. and Mrs. M. B. Jones are receiving congratulations upon the arrival of a son and heir. Mr. and Mrs. Joshua Peters are also subjects for congratulations, the little stranger in this case is a daughter. The many friends of Mrs. A. B. Atkinson, formerly Miss Alice Bostford of Dorchester who has been so seriously ill with peritonitis, will be glad to hear that she is still improving though not by any means convalescent yet...

Rev. J. Eastburn Brown rector of St. Paul's B. C. church, left home on Monday for Ocean, New Jersey, where he intends spending his annual vacation. The Misses Dot and Sadie Borden are spending a few days in Dorchester the guest of Judge and Mrs. Hamilton. Mr. and Mrs. Flanagan of Chatham are visiting Mr. and Mrs. James Flanagan of Steadman street. Rev. J. M. Robinson, pastor of St. John's presbyterian Church left town on Monday for Winnipeg, to attend the general assembly which meets in that city. He was accompanied by Rev. T. F. Fotheringham of St. John. The following letter recently published in the "Annapolis Spectator" will be of deep interest to many Moncton people, who knew and appreciated Miss Chipman during her residence in our city, and while deeply regretting her departure will rejoice to hear of her continued success in her new field of usefulness...

The congregation of St. Luke's for your willing and hearty support rendered in the choir. The congregation is quite sensible of the time and the large amount of trouble necessary to render such music as has been given by the choir during the past year, and desire me to express their appreciation accordingly. I am, Yours truly, FRED W. HARRIS, Organist.

Miss Chipman has hosts of friends in our city, and the knowledge that she is valued as she deserves will always be most gratifying to them. Professor Wootton of Mount Allison university took the place of Professor Watts, at the organ of Central Methodist church, on Monday, the genial organist enjoying the pleasant experience of being a listener, by way of a change. Mr. Wootton's performance, delighted the large congregation...

Almost the only excitement in town during the past week has been the visit of Bossa and his famous band, which brought a number of strangers to our city, and made a pleasant stir. The concert was held in Victoria rink, and in spite of the bad weather, an audience of nearly eight hundred people were delighted with this famous musical organization...

Mrs. H. G. C. Ketchum of Fredericton spent a day in town last week, the guest of Mr. and Mrs. I. W. Binney of Church street. Mrs. Ketchum, was on her way to her summer residence at Tidnish, IYAN.

WOODSTOCK. Progress is for sale in Woodstock by Mrs. Lou Doan.—Mrs. G. F. Baird of Andover spent Thursday in town and attended the Sousa band concert. Mr. Alex. MacPhail and Mrs. James MacPhail of Perth spent part of last week in town, attending the Sousa band concert on Thursday...

Mrs. Wightman of Fredericton, R. I., is the guest of her sister Mrs. G. B. Manser. Mr. and Mrs. H. P. Baird spent Sunday at Andover the guests of Senator and Mrs. Baird. F. E. Hale, M. P., returned to Ottawa on Monday. The concert given by the Sousa Band in the rink on Thursday afternoon fulfilled all the expectations of an immense audience, upwards of one thousand people enjoyed the delightful music given by the band. The soloists also were thoroughly enjoyed, the music was the finest ever heard here. The programme included many gems. The band responded to numerous scores making a programme of varied and utterly entrancing melody...

A very large number of ladies and gentlemen from Hamilton, Fort Fairfield, Andover, Florenceville, Perth and Hartland were present at the concert. Miss Cora Smith entertained a few friends very pleasantly on Tuesday evening. The amusement was what. Those present were Miss Bull, Miss A. Bull, Miss M. Clark, Miss B. Dibble, Miss Bessie Nesles, Messrs. F. Lawlor, C. Peabody, S. Wetmore, F. B. MacKay and C. Neill. Miss Lizie Bull returned this week from Waltham Mass., and will spend a few weeks at home. Miss Florence Bull returned to her home in Northampton from Providence R. I., where she is studying nursing...

Mrs. George A. Taylor returned Saturday from a visit of some months in Halifax, N. S. Arthur Bay returned last week from Wolfville, N. S. for the holidays. Miss Julia Nesles is spending this week in Fredericton. Miss Pauline Balloch returned to Centreville Monday. Mr. C. Allan Smith and children are spending a few weeks at Miramichi. Miss Home of Houton was the guest of Miss M. F. Duncan last week. Mrs. Marjoram Brayley and children of Montreal are the guests of Mrs. Brayley's parents, Mr. and Mrs. D. F. Merritt for the summer. A very quiet wedding took place on Tuesday afternoon at three o'clock, when Rev. W. B. Wiggin officiated in the hands of matrimony Miss Ida Clark and Mr. Allan Allingham of the C. P. R. Montreal, at the residence of the bride's parents. The bride wore a very pretty dress of white silk with trimmings of chiffon and ribbon, white roses. She was attended by Miss Isa Arnold who wore a dainty dress of white dotted muslin over mauve silk, trimmings of mauve satin, ribbon and white lace, pink roses. The groom was supported by Mr. John Frapp. After the ceremony a wedding luncheon was partaken of. The guests were the immediate relatives of the bride and groom. The house was prettily decorated with apple blossoms and other flowers. Mr. and Mrs. Allingham left by the C. P. express for Montreal their home, followed by the congratulations of their numerous friends. ELAINE.

HAMPTON, N. S. June 9.—Mrs. Robert Starratt spent a few days of last week at Port Louis. Miss Ella Beardsley of Port Lorne has been spending a few days in town lately. Mrs. William Johnson of Digby has been paying a mother and brothers a visit recently. Mr. Reed Farnsworth is recovering from his late severe accident. He was fortunate to escape so easily.

THINGS OF VALUE. A Chicago shopkeeper announces "Pickles and New York papers." THERE IS NOT a more dangerous class of disorders than those which affect the breathing organs. Nallity this danger with Dr. THOMAS' EXPECTORANT. It is a pulmonary of acknowledged efficacy. It cures lameness and soreness when applied externally, as well as swelled neck and crick in the back; and as an inward specific possesses most substantial claims to public confidence.

Instead of an engagement ring the Japanese lover gives his sweetheart a piece of beautiful silk for her hair. You need not cough all night and disturb your friends; there is no occasion for you running the risk of contracting inflammation of the lungs or consumption, while you can get Bickie's Anti-Cough and Croup Syrup. This medicine cures cough, colds, inflammation of the lungs, and all throat and chest troubles. It promotes a free and easy expectoration, which immediately relieves the throat and lungs from viscid phlegm.

Japan now possesses 100 iron and steel steamships registered for foreign trade, with a gross tonnage of 231,139. The healthy glow disappearing from the cheek and moaning and restlessness at night are sure symptoms of worms in children. Do not fail to get a bottle of Mother Graves' Worm Expeller; it is an effectual medicine. Naming and numbering the streets of Eugene, Ore.—work undertaken by the school children of the city, was completed at a cost of \$140.

Are your corns harder to remove than those that others have had? Have they not had the same kind? Have they not been cured by using Holloway's Corn Cure? Try a bottle. A Chicago bartender recently routed two burglars with a wet towel. They attempted to rob his till, and he blinced them by snapping his novel weapon in their eyes. Having advertised in the local paper for a lost pocketbook, a St. Albans (Vt.) young woman called at the newspaper office upon being notified that the purse had been returned there, paid for the advertisement and went away, leaving the pocketbook and her muff.

No family living in a bilious country should be without Farmeie's Vegetable Pills. A few doses taken now and then will keep the Liver active, cleanse the stomach and bowels from all bilious matter and prevent Ague. Mr. J. L. Price, Shows, Martin Co., Ind., writes: "I have tried a box of Farmeie's Pills and find them the best medicine for F. F. and Ague I have ever used." Earl F. Hurdness has hitherto selected the queen of the carnival, but this year the market women, the Dames de la Halle, intend to compete with them. They have just selected unanimously for their candidate a good looking, dark haired girl of 18.

COLIC AND KIDNEY DIFFICULTY.—Mr. J. W. Wilder, J. P., Lalarville, N. Y., writes: "I am subject to severe attacks of Colic and Kidney Difficulty, and find Farmeie's Pills a most great relief, while all other remedies have failed. They are the best medicine I have ever used." In fact so great is the power of this medicine to cleanse and purify, that diseases of almost every name and nature are driven from the body. Chelsea district in London utilizes its street refuse by separating the rags and paper, which are converted into brown wrapping paper, while the rest of the refuse is burned in the furnaces of the reducing works and the residuum is used in brick-making.

Mr. T. J. Humes, Columbus, Ohio, writes: "I have been afflicted for some time with kidney and Liver Complaints, and find Farmeie's Pills the best medicine for these diseases. These Pills do not cause pain of gripping, and should be used when a cathartic is required. They are Gelatine Coated, and rolled in Fibrous Film, London, Ore. Apply to WARENEB FIB. CO., LONDON, ORE. I am directed to convey to you the hearty thanks of

YOUR SPARE TIME. Men, women, to conduct business at home. Work is simple writing and copying lists of addresses received from local advertising, to be forwarded to us daily. No canvassing; no previous experience required, but plain writing preferred. Permanent work to those content to earn \$6 or more weekly in spare time. Apply to WARENEB FIB. CO., LONDON, ORE.

A Refreshing Drink.

In the hot climates nature provides for the needs of the people. Fruit is abundant, and the juice is used as a beverage. The juice of the Lime is especially wholesome.

Montserrat

is the pure juice of Limes especially cultivated on the island of Montserrat. It can be taken with plain or aerated water. Try it with Claret or Soda or any spirituous drink.

If a Lime Juice Cordial is desired, "Limeetta" will be found the finest in the market.

When You Order Pelee Island Wines

.....BE SURE YOU GET OUR BRAND. While PELEE ISLAND WINE is highly recommended for La Grippe, Debility, Dyspepsia, etc., etc., it is the only Canadian wine so recommended.

It is frequently the case customers ask for our brands and get a substitute. Ask for Our Brand and See You Get It.

E. G. SCOVIL (Maritime Agent) 62 Union Street.

CAMPBELL'S QUININE WINE. The Ideal Tonic. Tones up the System, Restores the Appetite. No other Quinine Wine is just as good.

Sheriff's Sale.

THERE will be sold at Public Auction, at Chubb's Corner (so called), in the city of St. John, in the Province of New Brunswick, on Monday, the 13th day of September next, at the hour of twelve minutes after twelve o'clock in the afternoon:

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

The same having been levied on and seized by me the undersigned Sheriff on and under an execution out of The Supreme Court against the said Central Railway Company at the suit of Edward W. Clark, Selim W. Colton, Junior, E. Walter Clark, Junior, C. Howard Clark, Junior, and Milton Colton. Dated this first day of June, A. D., 1897. H. LAWRENCE STURDIE, Sheriff of the City and County of St. John. R. L. B. TWEEDIE, Plaintiff's Attorney.

New Cloths

FOR SPRING AND SUMMER WEAR. Just opened, a full stock of Cloths for the coming season, consisting of:

English and Scotch Suitings, Trousers and Overcoatings, Black and Colored Worsteds, Black and Blue Serges and Cheviots. Beautiful both in finish and design.

By ordering early, customers will avoid the annoyance of having to wait, which is necessary later in the season. A. R. CAMPBELL, Merchant Tailor, GERMAIN STREET.

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

Buctouche Oysters.

RECEIVED THIS WEEK: 20 Bb's Buctouche Bar Oysters. At 10 and 23 King Square. J. D. TURNER.

T. O'LEARY,

Choice Wines and Liquors and Ales and Cigars. 16 DUKE STREET.

Health.

Concentrated COCA.

IRM. distinguish it from

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Finest Flavor

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H. KING,

Kings Co., N. B.

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3 Pounds, \$1.00

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BORKE

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THE GREAT TWINS

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Believe and Cure The Great Twin Pills

INDIGESTION AND CONSTIPATION.

Write for samples, testimonials and guarantees. K. D. C. COMPANY, Limited, New Glasgow, Nova Scotia.

CIAL AND PERSONAL

(CONTINUED FROM FIFTH PAGE.)
a charming brunette, looked exceedingly well in a gown of heliotrope brocade with trimmings of violet velvet and cream lace and carried a magnificent bouquet of cream roses, and was given in marriage by her son Mr. Geo. Golding. Mr. Sanderson had the support of Mr. Geo. Black.

After the ceremony a reception was held. Later the bride party and guests repaired to the dining hall where a sumptuous luncheon was served. Mrs. Sanderson's presence was beautiful but it would be impossible to give a list.

Mr. and Mrs. Sanderson left in the afternoon train for Boston. The bride's traveling dress was handsome costume of post man's blue cloth with military trimmings and toque to match.

Rice and suppers with many good wishes were freely sent after the newly wedded pair and as the train, taking the two brides moved slowly out of the station, torpedoes, which had been placed on the track gave a rousing salute.

Mr. A. L. Gibson of Marysville has generously donated \$100 to the Victoria hospital fund. Five weddings in one day is a pretty lively showing for a city the size of Fredericton, but such is today's record.

Rev. Mr. Burgess of Carleton occupied the pulpit of St. Paul's church at both services on Sunday last.

Mr. and Mrs. T. H. Hall, the Misses Hall, and Mr. Walter Hall are in the city, having come to be present at the marriage of Mr. C. W. Hall.

Mr. and Mrs. T. H. Bullock of St. John and Mrs. Holyoke of Woodstock are among the visitors in the city to attend the marriage of Miss Johnston to Mr. Hall.

SLEEP FOR SKIN-TORTURED BABIES

And rest for tired mothers in a warm bath with CUTICURA SOAP, and a single application of CUTICURA OINTMENT, the great skin cure.

CUTICURA REMEDIES afford instant relief, curing itching, burning, bleeding, scurfing, humuliating, itching, burning, bleeding, crusts, scaly skin and scalp humors, with loss of hair, when all else fails.

AMHERST.
[Progress is for sale at Amherst by H. V. Parry.]
June 9.—Mr. J. Medley Townshend gave an afternoon tea on Tuesday at her residence Victoria street, for her mother Mrs. Brown, who will soon leave for Halifax.

Mr. and Mrs. T. H. Bullock of St. John and Mrs. Holyoke of Woodstock are among the visitors in the city to attend the marriage of Miss Johnston to Mr. Hall.

Mr. Geo. Blair of Ottawa spent a few days in the city with relatives.

Mr. and Mrs. Howard H. Shaw of Hawkeshaw are spending a few days in town.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank Risteen have returned home from visiting Boston.

Mr. Goldstream of New York is visiting here for a few days.

Mrs. Thomas Morrison who has been here several weeks the guest of her aunt Mrs. Julius L. Inchen, leaves tomorrow for her home in New York.

Mrs. Chesley Dunfield was in Sussex during last week visiting relatives there.

Mr. Harold Hoyt of St. John, is sojourning at Mr. and Mrs. Chris Smith's for a few weeks.

Mr. Howard McCully was in St. John last week the guest of Mr. Jarvis Wilson.

Mrs. Jean Teakles and Master Willie Howe of Sussex are visiting Mr. and Mrs. Duncan McNaughton this week.

Mrs. Bezanon of Moncton was in town on Tuesday.

Mr. Lemont of Fredericton was in town on Monday.

Mr. Herbert Stockton who has been attending the Carle Business College in St. John during the past year, is spending the summer with his brother Mr. Geo. W. Stockton.

Mr. Chris Smith and Miss Smith, spent two or three days of last week in Sackville attending the closing exercises of Mount Allison.

Mr. Roy E. Smith who is a student of Mount Allison College and who will spend the summer with his parents on Paul Avenue.



PAINT YOUR HOMES
Paint them inside, paint them outside. Paint will preserve them. It will make them look better. Use the right kind of paint.

THE SHERWIN-WILLIAMS PAINTS
are the right kind. They are made right, they wear right, and they look right. There is

A SHERWIN-WILLIAMS PAINT
for every purpose—not one paint for all purposes, but a special paint for each purpose.

Our booklet, "Paint Points," tells all about it. It is free—send for it today. For booklet, address 7 St. Genevieve Street, Montreal.

THE SHERWIN-WILLIAMS CO.
CLEVELAND, CINCINNATI, NEW YORK, MONTREAL

DICKEN'S CAT.
How the cat Slyly Secured Petting From her Master.

Charles Dickens was a lover of animals, and like all true lovers, he was likely to become the slave of his pets.

Charles Dickens was a lover of animals, and like all true lovers, he was likely to become the slave of his pets. Williamina, a little white cat, was a favorite with the entire household.

Again they were removed, but the third time of their return she did not leave them in the corner. Instead, she placed them at her master's feet, and taking her stand beside them, looked imploringly up at him.

This little creature followed him about like a dog, and sat beside him while he wrote. One evening Dickens was reading by a small table whereon sat a lighted candle. As usual, the cat was at his elbow.

ST. GEORGE.
JUNE 9.—Mrs. W. W. Shaw has returned from a two month's visit with her daughter in Boston.

Mr. A. McCully returned to his home, having been in St. George last week on account of the illness of his mother Mrs. Hugh McCully.

Mrs. Henry Lavers, Miss Florence Lavers, Mr. Fred Seely Miss Seely and Mr. Charles Ludgate were visitors to St. George last week.

Mr. and Mrs. Harris with two lady friends have arrived from New York and will occupy their summer residence at Lake Utopia.

The balcony and delightful atmosphere of St. George should attract many visitors this summer.

Mr. Colin Campbell is visiting his parents after an absence of fourteen years in Montana.

Wanda is a very interesting event to take place soon, in which a young lady well known in social circles and a gentleman member of the firm of one of our industries will be the principals.

Mr. and Mrs. J. Sutton Clark have a little son who arrived on Sunday morning.

Mrs. Harry McGowan has the sympathy of all in the death of her mother Mrs. T. Black, which occurred at her home in St. Andrews.

Opera House
TWO WEEKS COMMENCING Monday, June 14
Return engagement of St. John's Favorite Actress, MISS ETHEL TUCKER.

The Yarmouth Steamship Co. (LIMITED).
For Boston and Halifax, Via Yarmouth.

4—Trips a Week—4 THE STEEL STEAMERS BOSTON and YARMOUTH UNTIL FURTHER NOTICE.

Stmr. City of St. John,
Will leave Yarmouth every FRIDAY morning for Halifax, calling at Barrington, Shelburne, Lockport, Liverpool and Lunenburg.

Elegant Coupe
Very Roomy, Hands Low, trimmed in Green Turkey Morocco, cost \$1500; for private use, one seater, in fine order, for \$1250.

Merit Made Hood's Sarsaparilla
That is just the truth about Hood's Sarsaparilla. We know it possesses merit because it cures, not once or twice or a hundred times, but in thousands and thousands of cases. We know it cures, absolutely, permanently, when all others fail to do any good whatever.

HARCOURT.
[Progress is for sale in Harcourt by Mrs. S. Livingston.]
JUNE 9.—Rev. F. W. Murray left here on Monday to attend the Presbyterian general assembly at Winnipeg.

GRANVILLE FERRY.
JUNE 10.—The Misses Lillian and May Blair have gone to Digby for the summer.

PORT LOENN.
JUNE 9.—Mr. John Ray is visiting friends here. Mr. Arthur Neaves is home for a few days.

ST. JOHN, N. B., SATURDAY JUNE 12, 1897.

FOR DISTRICT NURSES.

A PRACTICAL SUGGESTION TO THE PEOPLE OF MONCTON.

A Way in Which the "Bend" Might Still Have Some Share in Commemorating the Queen's Jubilee - The Plan Discussed - The Nurses' Settlement in N. Y.

Now that Moncton has definitely decided not to celebrate the Diamond Jubilee in any way; and the urgent need of an hospital to have lessened in some mysterious manner so as to enable the suffering poor, the friendless clerk who is condemned to the harsh mercies of a boarding house, when he is ill, and the wounded railway shopman, or tramman, who meets with an accident in the discharge of his duty, to wait at least twelve months for the accommodation they were supposed to stand in such immediate need of - now that all these things have occurred it might be well for those who have really had the welfare of the sick and suffering, at heart all along, to consider a thoroughly practical and comparatively inexpensive plan which would really be of far greater benefit, especially where the poor are concerned, than a hospital could ever be. This is the provision of district nurses whose duty shall be to care for the sick, especially amongst the poor who are unable to provide any luxury for themselves.

This idea has long been cherished in the hearts of some of the charitable ladies of our city who work amongst the poor and whose knowledge of their real requirements is gained through everyday association, and an intimate acquaintance with the inner life of the very poor, the privations they are obliged to suffer and the daily wants that make poverty so hard to bear. Such knowledge is of really practical value and enables these ladies to give far more intelligent advice, than any mere theorist could do, no matter how much in earnest he might be, or how philanthropic his intentions. They know just how impossible it would be for the mother of four or five small children to leave them uncared for, and go to a hospital even though she might be seriously ill.

The poor know but one law - that of necessity - and though it may be easy for the mere theorist to preach of the comfort and advantage of a hospital to some poor sick woman suffering from fever, pneumonia, or perhaps consumption, the hard fact remains that however alluring the prospect of perfect rest, and the best of care may be, it is simply impossible for her to avail herself of it. True she cannot care for the children but as long as she is with them she can at least look after them, and have the comfort of knowing that no harm comes to them. She can in a sense keep the home together, tell the elder children how to "get a bite" for the father when he comes home from his day's work, see to his comfort to a certain extent, and keep the younger children under some sort of control. She can even take care of the baby to a limited extent, keeping it warm beside her in bed and comforting it as no one but a mother, even though she be a sick mother, can. She is there to be appealed to, and to exercise her authority when needed, and while "mother" is still in the house it can never be quite desolate even though she may be unable to leave her bed. For the rest, the neighbors with that wonderful self-sacrifice and kindness, so characteristic of the very poor, will come in when they can, and "set to rights a bit" for her, bring her a share of their scanty meals, or perhaps cook a bit of food for her husband.

Under circumstances such as these, it will readily be seen that the provision of a trained and skillful nurse would be an inestimable boon to the poor, and would fill a want that the best equipped hospital in the world could never reach. Such a nurse could devote an hour or two every day to each patient, could wash the invalid, make her bed, supply clean linen when necessary, prepare some suitable food for her, and leave her clean and comfortable for the day. She could even set the house in order a little, and perhaps wash the poor children's faces, if she was not very busy, and so cheer and comfort the whole family. If it was a case where a baby was responsible for the illness, she could wash and dress it relieving the mother of her greatest care, and insuring such comfort for the little one as it would never have otherwise.

But take the wife to the hospital and you leave the family utterly unprotected. There is no one to care for the children, no one

to look after the husband, and the good done to the wife is almost counteracted by the deplorable condition of her family. Should the father be able and willing to support his children, no matter in how poor a fashion, it is quite impossible to pauperize them by taking them forcibly to the almshouse, so the poor little beings must be left to shift for themselves, and the chances are that their poor mother's anxiety about them is such that her recovery is retarded, and perhaps prevented, for the knowledge that half a dozen little children are certainly half starving, and probably either setting themselves on fire, falling out of the window or getting run over by the electric cars, is not conducive to a peaceful frame of mind on a mother's part.

Where the patient was the husband and father, the services of a trained nurse for even an hour a day, would be invaluable, as the poor are usually lamentably deficient of any aptitude for nursing, with the best intentions in the world they seem destitute even of that instinct so often seen in women of the better class, for taking care of the sick. A nurse could instruct the wife in such simple care of the patient as might be necessary for his comfort during the day and where the case required it, the nurse would of course remain for the greater part of the day and take entire charge of the patient.

The nurse, or nurses, if two could be supported, would be paid the usual price for their services and be provided with a comfortable place to board where she could always be found when not engaged, and where she could rest between times. When there was absolutely no work amongst the poor she could attend cases where those who employed her were unable to afford the luxury of a nurse all the time, but were willing to pay for her services for a few hours each day. Such is the scheme which has long been in the minds of some of the benevolent ladies of Moncton, but which they hesitated to take any active steps in making public until it should be decided whether the hospital was to be built, or not, lest it might interfere with the larger enterprise. The plan has been pronounced quite feasible, and several of the wealthy men of the city have promised substantial help should the experiment be tried. Four or five hundred dollars a year would easily cover the expense, even including a small supply of clean linen and the occasional provision of some little luxury or necessity in the shape of food where better nourishment was required.

There is no lack of real charity in Moncton or of those who are able and willing to give, and once such a sorely needed charity was fairly started it would be sure of support. Lady Aberdeen's favorite jubilee scheme of the Order of Victorian nurses, may be very well in its way, but that it is not practicable or adapted to the conditions of life in this country, is proved by the lack of support it is meeting with; we need some simpler and less expensive method of supplying help to the poor, and it seems to me that the district nurse would meet the requirements of the poorer classes much better.

An institution on much the same plan has been in successful operation in New York for the past five years, and today it is prospering so far beyond the wildest dreams of its promoter that a branch was opened last month, and it is probable that in the near future it will be still further extended. This institution is called the Nurses' settlement, and it had its origin in the active brain of Miss Lillian Ward, a philanthropic lady whose first move in that direction was the formation of nursing classes for poor mothers, in order to teach them how to care for the sick, and who gathered these poor women together once a week and gave them lessons in the proper airing of sick rooms, the making of beds and other vital necessities in caring for the sick. Struck with the need of bringing the services of a nurse within the reach of people who were not paupers, and yet were too poor to afford a regular nurse at the usual high price, Miss Ward decided to open an institution which should provide wage earners with proper care in sickness, and the present flourishing settlement is the

result of her decision. There are seven residents in the settlement six of them being trained nurses, and they go to a patient for one, two or three hours a day, or for a half day, charging thirty cents an hour for their services, and doing all that is necessary for the patient. In this way one nurse can care for several patients, but the first thought is always for the poor who cannot pay anything, and to these of course their services are freely given. One nurse remains in the settlement always to see people and attend to a small dispensary which is kept in the house. If such an institution has grown so rapidly and proved so successful in New York, it would be strange if a city like Moncton could not support a district nurse, especially as its citizens were eager only a short time ago, to build a seven thousand dollar hospital and keep it up on an expense of three thousand dollars a year.

GEORGEY CULTBERT STRANGE. SMART YOUNG SAILORS. Prompt Obedience Makes Good men at Sea or in War. 'The boys responded with surprising quickness and good order. This is the second life they have saved this winter.' These were the concluding words of a statement made by Commander Field of the school-ship St. Mary's at a meeting of the Board of Education of New York city, a few months ago, regarding a rescue made by the boys of his ship. On the night of the 23rd of February, after the boys of the St. Mary's had turned in, the cry was raised on the wharf at the foot of which the ship lies, in New York, that a man had fallen overboard in the North River. The boys turned out, lowered a boat, and in a moment were off to the rescue. Just as the man rose for the last time they pulled him in, and in an insensible condition he was taken to the hospital, where he revived. The next moment would have been the man's last, and the least delay on the part of the handy boys would have been fatal to him. But if they had been capable of delays they would not have been good sailors, and they make no delays and did no bungling. The school-ship on which these boys acted so bravely and promptly this time, and have acted so promptly and effectually before, is, though commanded by an officer of the United States navy a part of the public system of New York city. The boys are just such as go to the public schools in the most crowded parts of the metropolis. They are good material for the making of prompt, quick, ready and intelligent sailors, and - for much the same causes as those which make them good sailors - for the making of good citizens as well.

Two Entrances { 27 and 29 King Street, } Furniture Warehouse, 13 and 15 { 39 and 41 Germain St. } MARKET SQUARE GENERAL TELEPHONE, 123. CARPET DEP'T TELEPHONE, 864. FURNITURE DEP'T TELEPHONE, 979.

HAMMOCKS



With one Spreader, 75c.; with two Spreaders, \$1.00. With Pillow and one Spreader, \$1.00. Canvas Weave, with one Spreader, \$1.25; with Pillow and one Spreader, \$1.35. Canvas Weave, with one Pillow and one Spreader, \$1.60 and \$1.80; with Valance, Pillow and one Spreader, \$2.75; with Valance, Pillow, Spreader, and two Wooden Bars, \$3.15; do., extra large, \$4.00. Child's Hammock, with two Curved Spreaders, 90c.

Manchester Robertson & Allison, St. John

SOUTH AMERICAN JAGUARS.

A Hunter's Run From One and an Indian Woman's Brave Effort.

'In the Autumn of 1892 I was staying at a ranch on the Alta (upper) Orinoco, in partly open lands of the cattle region of Venezuela,' said Sidney Ascot, who has travelled South America from one end to the other. 'One day my friend, Ellis Grell, a noted cattle exporter, at whose house I was a guest, proposed that we go out with our shotguns for pewas, as the wild turkeys of that region are called. I was reading an interesting novel at the time, so when we started out with our guns, a lunch, and pockets full of corn, I knew that pewa hunting meant hours of silent waiting, which reading would help to while away. When we got to the place we meant to hunt Grell and I separated so as to cover more country. I found a spot to suit me, and then dropped the corn along in lines, all leading, from considerable distances away, up to the bird, to entice the turkeys within shooting range. Then I seated myself comfortably behind the blind and, taking out the novel began to read.

'The story was a good one, and as I was expecting nothing but turkeys to arrive I did not at first pay much attention to a rustling sound that after a time came to my ears from a tree that stood a few paces away, so near that the tip of one of its lower branches almost overhung me. I merely glanced up among the leaves, and seeing nothing to cause the sound, thought that it was made by a bird or monkey, and went on with my reading. In place of the rustling came another sound, a steady flip-flap, which I could not understand, and I looked up into the tree again more carefully; but still seeing nothing to alarm me I turned again to my book. I should not have found the novel so absorbing had I known, as presently I found out, that the rustling was caused by a jaguar lying upon a limb of the tree within easy springing distance of me, and that the flip-flapping sound was made by his tail.

'A turkey came along at last, a solitary one, and I shot it directly opposite the blind. The instant the bird fell struggling the jaguar leaped from the tree upon it, struck it down with his paw, and turning, crouched, growling, as if to spring upon me. The only cartridges I had along were loaded with fine shot, and there was but one left in my gun. I did the only thing possible to save myself and fired at the jaguar's

head, destroying both his eyes. He sprang, but the shot made him swerve, and he landed to one side of me, giving me a chance to run. Blinded as he was, the jaguar chased me all the way home to the ranch house, guided only by the sound of my movements and his sense of smell. Running slap against tree trunks and whatever else might lie in his way, he nevertheless led me so close a chase that had not my path led through woods he certainly would have overtaken me. I had no cartridges with which to pepper him as I ran, having left my cartridge belt on the ground at the blind with my book in the hurry of getting away.

'A garden fence before the house stopped the jaguar, and, while he was noising along it trying to get through, I had time to dash indoors and get some buckshot cartridges for my gun, with which I came out and finished him. I had had a close call, closer than ever I care to repeat; and I never went out shooting again in the tropics without taking both ball and buckshot cartridges with me. That the jaguar lay so long in the tree without springing directly upon me I attribute to the probability that he was not very hungry. It was the sight of the fluttering turkey, its natural prey, and the smell of its blood that woke the jaguar's savage instinct.

'In the village of Nutria, up the Orinoco, I saw an Indian woman named Josefa Arabundo who bore sad marks of a jaguar's teeth and claws, being lamed for life, and she incurred them in defending her child from being carried away. It occurred in this way: As she sat at her door one day with the child beside her a jaguar suddenly appeared, seized the child, and turned to dart away with it into the forest. In desperation the mother grabbed the best; by the tail and held on. The jaguar dropped the child and, turning upon Josefa, with one stroke of his paw tore through flesh and muscle from her hip to her knee. Again he seized the child and again the mother caught him by the tail. This time the jaguar attacked her more savagely than before, tearing her with his claws and biting her terribly in the breast. Once more the brute seized the child, but the little five-year old Indian, with the jaguar's teeth in his hip, fought so fiercely, hammering the beast's head with his fists, and at last pushing his fingers into his eye, that the jaguar dropped it for the third time.

'By this time the father came up and attacked the jaguar with his machete. In his excitement he missed the first stroke, merely severing one of the jaguar's ears. Again he struck, as the animal turned on him, this time cutting off one of the jaguar's feet. The blow caused the jaguar to miss its spring upon him and gave the Indian a chance for a fair stroke at the neck, which severed the head from the body. The mother showed me the scars of her wounds, and I saw the child that the jaguar had seized, now grown up to young womanhood. She had sustained no permanent injury from the teeth of the brute.'

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BEAUTIFUL MISS BOOZER

Several months ago I read a sensational newspaper story about a beautiful woman from South Carolina who had drifted into a Turkish harem, where she had been barbarously murdered by the minions of the cruel pasha who was her lord and master.

The sketch would have been intensely interesting to me if I had been able to accept it as a fanciful narrative, but it struck me as a fanciful sketch from some imaginative space writer, and I paid very little attention to it.

But it seems that the story was strictly in accordance with the facts, and the writer merely gave one incident in a very remarkable life history.

The other day I was talking with Major Tom Williams, a gallant ex-Confederate who was with General Pierce Young's cavalry in South Carolina when Sherman marched through the State.

"Did you ever hear of the beautiful Miss Booczer?" asked the major.

I laughed heartily, and told him briefly the substance of the newspaper article concerning the lady in question.

The major's face assumed a thoughtful expression as he slowly whiffed his cigar.

"That was not a fake, as you seem to think," he said in his deliberate way.

"Miss Booczer was no fiction. In her day she was the prettiest woman south of the Potomac, and the pasha was in big luck when he got hold of her."

"Do you know anything about her?" I asked in surprise.

"I should say I do," was the answer. "If you have a few minutes to spare I will tell you all about it."

I resumed my chair, and waited with my curiosity pleasantly excited.

"Early in '65," said the major, "I was with General Young in South Carolina. We were hanging on Sherman's flank, doing what we could to worry him, without much success. I must admit. You see, that dashing trooper, Kilpatrick, was always on hand to hold us in check, and we had a hard road to travel. Our fellows were plucky enough. They would ride and skirmish all day, and dance all night, but they were living on half rations, and were no match for the Federal cavalry. Still, we made Kilpatrick hustle, and many a night we routed him out of bed and made him change his quarters in a hurry."

"Before the fall of Columbia we spent a few days there. One afternoon General Young was standing with me on a corner nudging the campaign when he suddenly nudged me and pointed up the street."

"Only a few rods away, advancing toward us, was the most dazzling vision of loveliness that ever blinded the eyes of mortal man!"

"We saw a girl of perhaps eighteen summers, dressed in exquisite taste, skipping along with a step so light that it would not have crushed a flower. She was a radiant creature with golden hair, brown eyes flashing under long dark lashes, and her complexion was absolutely transparent."

"Her faultless form and features, and the mingled haughtiness and grace of her manner and movements would have attracted admiring attention in a crowd of the world's fairest women, and it is no wonder that the rough soldiers were struck dumb with speechless admiration."

"The general was the first to recover. In a husky whisper he requested me to follow him. The invitation was unnecessary. Little groups of officers were coming in our direction from every quarter, and then was seen a strange spectacle. Walking up the main street of the town was this paralyzing beauty, and following her at a respectful distance sauntered a score of officers with clattering sabers and jingling spurs."

"Yes, we continued our promenade until the girl stepped into a carriage and was rapidly whirled out of sight."

"We returned to camp badly demoralized. We had learned that our charmer was a certain Miss Booczer, a belle who was very popular in Confederate military circles, and very unpopular with her own sex."

"Nothing was said against her character, but several persons looked at us in a peculiar way when they spoke of her."

"Our cavalry had to leave that night and some of the officers rode off with heavy hearts. If they could have secured Miss Booczer they would have remained and surrendered to Sherman."

"Two days later, when we were many miles away, some of our fellows joined us and reported the capture of Columbia. That did not interest us much. What we wanted to hear about was the beautiful Miss Booczer. How had she fared? That was the question."

"Kilpatrick dove us Northward, but we were frequently overtaken by refugees and from them we learned that our fascinating siren had captivated a crowd of Federal generals and colonels and having a good time."

"You may imagine our rage and despair when we learned that Miss Booczer had left Columbia with the invaders. She had departed under the protection of one of the officers, and traveled in great state, riding in a fine carriage belonging to the father-in-law of General Wade Hampton."

"It was a long time after that before I heard any more about this wonderful young woman. I am sorry to say that I did not hear any good of her. She found Washington and New York too slow, and soon made her way to Paris, where she lived in royal style as the favorite of a prominent French statesman. Then she went to St. Petersburg with a Russian prince and remained several years."

"In the course of time she returned to Paris, where she enslaved a wealthy Turkish pasha. The goddess rascal showered diamonds upon her and induced her to go with him so his province as the star attraction of his harem."

"The fair South Carolinian retained her health, vivacity and beauty, and successfully defied the ravages of time. At the

age of 49 she was prettier and younger looking than most women at 30.

"But she made the mistake of her life when she got the notion into her head that she had civilized the pasha and could disobey him with impunity. She bribed her attendants and several times slipped out at night to meet distinguished foreigners who had been among her admirers in Paris."

"The sleepy-looking old Turk who owned her body and soul was in reality a very wide-awake old scoundrel. He knew exactly what was going on, and one night he set a trap for his pretty bird. She was caught in disgrace, and was locked up on bread and water for a week."

"The pasha then took supper with her and gave the half-famished creature the choicest viands and the rarest wines. She felt sure that he had relented, but at the hour of midnight her tyrant took out his watch and gave her five minutes to pray to the God of the Christians before the executioner took her in charge."

"The frightened woman fell fainting at the monster's feet, and before she had fully recovered consciousness a gigantic Turk had severed her head from her body with one blow of his keen weapon."

"And that is all I know about the beautiful Miss Booczer," said the major, lighting a fresh cigar.—Wallace Patnam Reed, in Chicago Times-Herald.

FIERCE FIGHT FOR LIFE

It was With Weasels, and They Almost Won It.

Naturalists often see strange sights and enjoy curious experiences, even in England I have heard the 'hedge-pig' grunt, and watched him in the dusk walk fearlessly to my feet before detecting the presence of a possible enemy, but who, needless to say, did not even frighten him. I have all but trodden on an otter concealed in a dry ditch, and seen the dormouse like a miniature squirrel quietly eating nuts in a hazel copse. To take another family—weasels. I have watched a weasel-mother lead out her young ones from a hollow tree and teach them to hunt for their food along the edge of a brook, much as a tigress teaches her cubs how to kill. If I never caught a weasel asleep, I have seen one pull the tail out of a water-ben, which only just dropped into the water off the bank before the disappointed and bloodthirsty pursuer could seize it. A weasel has even attacked me because I rescued a skylark from its clutches, and has returned again and again to its prey while in my hand. The following incident, however, well illustrates the cunning and persistent ferocity of the weasel, than which hardly a more destructive animal ranges country districts. It is not, indeed, so bloodthirsty as the polecat, which kills for the mere sake of killing; but it is fiercer and more ready to act on the aggressive, and at times loses that instinctive fear of man which more or less actuates all animals. When it is remembered that in India the little wild jungle dogs will contrive to kill the lordly tiger by hunting it in a pack and surrounding it, till, unable to obtain food, it perishes miserably by starvation, it is no wonder that when numbers give confidence, the weasel, insignificant enough by itself, will dare to attack even man, the lord of all.

I was walking quietly through a wood and had almost gained the farther side—in fact I was walking up a dry ditch which was itself bounded by the hedge—when I heard a rustling in front. Halting at once I saw a rabbit, seemingly fascinated, in the ditch gaily running towards me. At once I guessed the cause of this unusual proceeding—that a weasel was pursuing the rabbit. On it came not in the least caring for me, its greater foe, but pushing past me with scared eyes, far more terrified at the weasel which was behind. At that moment, with its head right up in the air sniffing the rabbit's scent, the weasel appeared some twenty yards before me, also in the ditch. The rabbit when once it had passed me seemed to shake off its curious trance and terror, darted through the hedge and ran nimbly over the grass field beyond. Raising my stick, I advanced towards the bloodthirsty little creature which slowly gave way and ran back through the herbage. I pressed on, and was astonished at a turn to find the weasel standing still at my hair-bristling, its tail waving like that of an angry cat, and now reinforced by a second, which also looked extremely unamiable. I was miserably hampered by trees and bushes on each side, and deter-

mined to get out of the ditch in case my little enemies should attack me. An old willow bent over my head from the hedge, and I jumped up, caught a branch and pulled myself towards the trunk by it, scrambling thence to a larger bough which extended over the hedge, and intending to drop in the field beyond. But I looked at my enemies before dropping, and saw them reinforced by three more, and all had scented me and were approaching with fury in their demeanor to assail me in my friendly tree. Clearly it was best to remain where I was for a minute or two and let them pass on. This, however, was farthest from their thoughts. Baffled by their smaller victim, they had made up their mind in their frenzy to attack me, and soon they advanced to the tree, and while two proceeded to climb up, the others rubbed at the hedge and commenced to scramble up its sticks. Matters looked serious, and I leaned down and struck one weasel off the trunk of the willow, but it began climbing again, apparently little the worse for the blow, and I remembered that unless its back be broken the weasel possesses even more lives than a cat; the weasels which were scrambling up the hedge were now nearing me, and I foresaw that they might render my position untenable if they all fell on me at once. Luckily I disabled one with my stick, but as I did so another bit me fiercely on the left hand fingers which held the willow bough, and then dropped off as I hastily removed my hand.

Matters now looked serious, as my hand bled a good deal, and the smell and sight of the blood appeared to madden my small foes worse than before. To my horror, too, I now counted seven questing about below me, now rushing up to the willow, and now ascending by the boughs of the hedge, while I stoutly defended myself, and mediated what should be my next move. Fortunately I was not more than a hundred yards from a river which ran in a grass field below, and I determined to evade my present position, and take refuge in it, where I might evade or better deal with my assailants. I had small time allowed me in which to come to this decision, for the maddened creatures were all round me, and gave me plenty of work in defending myself. Nor did they seem in the least tire of the business. On the contrary, they now numbered eleven, and each accession of allies appeared to give them fresh rage.

Suddenly I dropped on the hedge, and leaping into the field ran at once to the river, first somewhat disconcerted by my strategy. They soon recovered themselves, however, and caught me, tearing at my trousers and leaping on my coat, but I effectually disabled two before I reached the bank. Weasels, I knew, could swim well. I had often seen them crossing streams, but I had laid my plan of escape as cunningly as did Horatius in the battle between his kindred and the Curatii. My plan was to cut them off one by one. Then, wading in the river while trout-fishing, I knew its exact depth, and, jumping in, swam some half dozen strokes to a pebble ridge, on which I was certain I could stand up to my waist, but none of it projected from the water. The current naturally flowed swiftly on each side of this bank. Taking my stick from my mouth, I now faced my pursuers in confidence. They halted for a moment on the bank, sniffed the air, and did not seem inclined at first to dispute my victory. At length a couple leapt in. I could not reach them, but waited for the rest. By others, whether from instinct or by other means, looked remarkably like a reasoning process, went twenty yards or so farther up the bank, and then leapt in, hoping the stream would carry them on to me. I let them come opposite, and then killed both as they swam by. Not discouraged, the others leapt in all at once, and dived down towards me. I killed another and disabled a second. I was now clear of my enemies now. Not at all they landed, and to the number of five ran up the bank, and repeated this queer curve of swimming down. Again I killed two, and it will hardly be credited that the remaining three with courage worthy of a better cause, again and again leapt in, trying to fix on me, until I had killed every one of them. Then I swam out victorious, but drench and bleeding. Without doubt had the little vivacious brutes once disabled me, I should have had scant mercy shown me, and would have been eaten alive.

I went home and changed, but mentioned the story to no one, fancying that it would seem hardly credible for a man to have been exposed to such danger from these small creatures. But a month afterwards I met the keeper, attended by his two inseparable terriers. On asking him as I usually did, whether he had seen any

uncommon bird or the like of late, he answered, 'No, but a curious thing has happened all the same. I have not lately seen or trapped a weasel in these woods, where there are generally plenty, nor have the dogs found or chased one. I can't think what has come of them all!' could have told him, but I didn't.—M. C. Watkins

Low Tides at Blackfriars. Many a time in summer have I sat on the landing-stage under Blackfriars Bridge in London watching the tide run out; the vile, fish-laden water. Lower and lower it sank, and more and more the grimy piers seemed to rise above it. It went fast, yet it seemed to hate to go. It was a wild beast drawn backwards by the tail. By-and-by it was all gone—all the tide water. What was left was residuum—water without character or reputation. No life, no sparkle, no foam. It hardly responded to the churning of the boat's paddlewheels, so dense, ambitionless was it. It was water—but I'll show in a minute what it was like, and why, by means of a human illustration.

"In the summer of 1889," writes a lady, "every thing seemed to be a trouble to me. My strength an energy were gone. After partaking of food—no matter how simple it was—I had intense pain at the chest, and lumps would rise in my throat as though they were solid substances. A pain struck into my right lung, and my breath came hard and short. This was so bad that when I went out walking I had frequently to stop and rest as I went along."

"Subsequently I began to perspire profusely, and often my hair and linen would be wet with sweat. I became so weak I was unable to get in or out of bed or to dress myself without assistance."

"Getting anxious about myself I went to a hospital in Marylebone Road, London. There I was seen by several doctors who sounded my lungs and treated me for consumption. They gave me cod-liver oil and other medicines. I was also rubbed with embrocations which brought out a rash over my body. Yet nothing did me any good, and I feared I was in a decline. At this time I read of your remedy, and although I had no faith in it, I began taking it. After having used one bottle I felt the benefit, and soon all pain left me, and I regained my former strength. Since then I have kept in good health. (Signed) Mrs. E. A. Chatterton, Woodborough, near Dewize, Wilts, September 22nd, 1893."

"In May, 1892," says another, "my appetit failed, and after eating the least morsel I had great pain and tightness at my chest and side. My husband got me all kinds of delicacies, but I could not touch them. I grew weaker, and for five weeks was confined to my bed, attended by a doctor and a nurse. I was too weak to raise myself in bed, and had to be moved from side to side. I had great pain in my legs, and a strange numbness all over my body."

"I was carried up and down stairs, and for months my life was despaired of. The doctor's medicines gave me no strength, and as I got daily weaker I thought my end must be near."

"One fortunate day my husband read in a newspaper about your remedy, and persuaded me to try it. I did so, and after a few doses I felt easier. I gained strength. In a fortnight I could get about the house, and have never looked behind me since. I consider that Mother Seigel's Curative Syrup saved my life. (Signed) (Mrs.) Alice Jones, 20 Well Street, Gerlan, Bethesda, near Bangor, July 3rd, 1893."

Both these ladies were very ill, and both recovered rapidly and completely through the use of Seigel's Syrup. That is the fact: How are we to account for it? One was treated for consumption, and the other might have been with as much reason. Yet neither had it. How common and how fatal this mistake is. The most experienced doctors appear to make it. Consequently thousands of persons die annually of indigestion and dyspepsia [the disease which afflicted these two] when they might easily be saved but for this miserable blunder—that of calling it "a decline" and letting it go as incurable. Will the great host whom Seigel's Syrup is constantly restoring to health kindly warn other sufferers on this point? It is your duty. We are sure you will do it.

Indigestion and dyspepsia is like the low tide in the Thames. Through lack of nourishment the life force ebbs last away, exposing the dank mud flats of disease, weakness, and death. With the use of this right remedy comes the turn of the tide, and the river of being covers and hides the churchyard mould.

Fairy Palaces. A chamber where camphor is manufactured is a veritable fairy palace of pure white crystals. Fac similes of palms, ferns and masses of tropical vegetation drop in graceful festoons from the roof and cover the walls.



WELL-BEGUN IS HALF DONE

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

SURPRISE SOAP

is made especially for washing clothes, makes them clean and fresh and sweet, with little rubbing.

It's best for this and every use.

Don't forget the name. SURPRISE.

WHY HE FAILED TO LAUGH

Was Afraid he Would Miss Something if he did so.

While a small party of Clevelanders were abroad last year they chanced to be in an English town of limited attractions, and it was suggested that all hands attend the theatre in the evening to make up for the disappointment of the day. Now, one of the party is a gentleman of somewhat circumscribed notions about the stage and its mission, and it was feared that he might be a little offended at the suggestion. But, no; he consented to go with great, apparent willingness, and the party set forth.

The play of the evening was one of those hilarious adaptations from the French, where a staid householder of mature years takes a night off and makes the most of it in an atmosphere of champagne and general revelry. As the performance progressed and the fun grew faster and more furious the other members of the party looked at the man with rigid views with considerable solicitation. How would he take it? Would he get up and go out? Might he not even rise from his seat and denounce the performance? But, no; he sat there quietly enough, his face fixed in a look of frozen intentions and his eyes glaring through his spectacles at the spectacle before the footlights. However else he might regard the performance, he certainly wasn't amused. Not a ghost of a smile crossed his face. The others might laugh and nudge each other, but he sat stolidly through it all to the very fall of the curtain.

When they were all going down the stairs, one of the party had the temerity to ask him how he liked the show and all the others waited with bated breath to hear his withering denunciation.

"Why," he pleasantly answered, "it was the funniest thing I ever saw in my life."

"B-but," stammered the astonished questioner, "you didn't laugh. You didn't even smile."

"No," answered the other, "I didn't laugh because I was afraid I might lose some of it."

And the laughter that followed that silly was far more enjoyable than anything the play brought forth.—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Shirked the Trouble.

An amusing view of matrimony is that presented in a story told of two Scotchmen.

A country laird at his death left his property in equal shares to his two sons, who continued to live most contentedly together for many years. At last, however, one of them said to the other:

"Tam, we're getting to be auld men; take a wife, and when I die, you'll get my share of the land."

"Na, na, Jeems," said the other, "you're the youngest and the maist lively you take a wife, and when I die you'll get my share, mon."

"That's always the way wi' you, Tam," said the first brother, "when there's any fash or trouble, I must take it all; you'll do naething."

A Claim AND An Offer

WE CLAIM there is only one preparation in Canada to-day that is guaranteed to cure BRONCHITIS, and that is DR. CHASE'S SYRUP OF LINSEED AND TURPENTINE. It is MOTHER'S cure for her child when it is all stuffed up with CROUP and coughing its little lungs out with WHOOPING COUGH. One small dose immediately stops that cough. By loosening the phlegm, puts the little one to sleep and rest. Dr. Chase compounded this valuable syrup so as to take away the unpleasant taste of turpentine and linseed. WE OFFER to refund the price if Dr. Chase's Syrup will not do all that it is claimed to do. Sold on a guarantee at all dealers, or Edman-Son, Bates & Co., 45 Lombard St. Price, 25c.

Advertisement for Walter Baker & Co., Limited, featuring 'PURE, HIGH GRADE Cocoas and Chocolates'. Includes an illustration of a woman in a long dress and a small child.

Advertisement for Dr. Chase's Syrup of Linseed and Turpentine, including a testimonial and a list of agents.

Sunday Reading.

THE CHURCH FIRST.

In one of the children's hymns is the line, 'Surely the Captain can depend on me,' and it declares the quality of service which every cause, and especially the Christian cause, needs.

Mrs. E. was the heart of the little church to which I first ministered. She was a very gracious lady and attracted by her winning ways; she had a large family of children, and always brought them to church, to fill her pew; she kept her rather easy-going husband up to his church duties and obligations, and set the fashion of helping the church to all her neighbors; but all this was of less account than her faithfulness.

Now this faithfulness was not maintained by her without opposition or without careful management. Her attractiveness, the good-nature of her husband, the social disposition of her children, made her house a favorite resort, and she never closed its hospitable doors.

'I will arrange it,' she would say quietly when time came for getting ready, she would say to her guests, 'We belong to the little church here. We are much needed there and are always in the habit of attending. We have plenty of pew-room and should be glad to have you go with us.'

Such an invitation was generally sufficient, and the little congregation was increased by the presence of the visitors; but if it was otherwise, and they preferred to remain at the house, they never could complain of want of courtesy on the part of their hostess.

It is sad to know that a part of the human race lies down at night hungry. Yet it seems still sadder that there are constantly around us, in our homes perhaps which are starving for a little appreciation. It is possible that those who are willing to try an experiment similar to that described below, may find the result as surprising as did the originator of the plan.

Just what put the idea into her head Mildred never quite knew. Perhaps the spirit of fault-finding, which prevailed in the Marsh family as in many another, may have produced a certain reaction in the heart of the oldest daughter. It is certain that when she came down stairs on this particular morning, he had resolved that through the day she would say every appropriate word she could honestly utter.

'How nice these muffins are!' she exclaimed at the breakfast table as soon as the meal had fairly begun. Mrs. Marsh looked surprised. She had been dreading comment on the coffee, which was not as clear as usual that morning.

The family tasted the muffins critically. 'Light as a feather,' declared Mr. Marsh. 'Mother's muffins are always good,' said Jack. And then the conversation at the breakfast table went on most pleasantly, and no one thought to grumble.

Bridget was scrubbing the front steps when Mildred put on her things to go to school.

'You did up my lace collar beautifully,' the young girl said, passing at the door. 'I believe it looks better than when it was sent to the laundry.'

'That's a good thing, sure,' answered Bridget smiling. And then, for some reason, she went back, and scrubbed a corner of the upper step which she had passed over earlier.

'That explanation of yours helped me to see into the seventh example perfectly,' Mildred said, lingering after the class in algebra had been dismissed. 'Thank you.'

The pale teacher looked up and smiled. She had a sudden refreshed, rested feeling, such as she had felt one day when some one had dropped a bunch of violets on her desk, and their fragrance had soothed and comforted her without her realizing its source.

After school Mildred went into the shoe store after a pair of rubbers. 'My last ones wore splendidly, Mr. Grote,' she said, as she stood waiting for her change. And the angular Mr. Grote actually tipped over a pile of shoe-boxes in his astonishment. He was used to complaints, but appreciation of his really excellent goods was so unusual that he felt fairly embarrassed.

These were little things, indeed the trifles which make the difference between happiness and misery for so many of us. But one girl, at least, thought the experiment worth repeating indefinitely. Try it for yourself, and see if she was right.

HELP THEM TO BE HELPFUL. One Way to Bring People Nearer the Way Christ Walks.

There is one field of usefulness which you earnest, energetic young people are very likely to neglect. Your idea of helpfulness is to do something for some one, to spend your time and strength in the service of others. Yet there are times when our love should prompt us to withhold rather than to give.

This is an illustration of a very practical truth which you would do well to italicize in your mental note-books. The best way to help others is to lead them to be helpful. Frequently it costs more than the more showy form of giving aid. A child was putting her play-room to rights slowly and laboriously, when an older sister appeared upon the scene, pushed the little one aside, and proceeded to finish the task in the most expeditious manner.

Help others to be helpful. You big brothers and sisters, guide those small hands and feet that are so willing, although so unaccustomed. Get those poor children in your mission class interested in helping those less fortunate than themselves. Suggest to that sa-l-eyed invalid that she can radiate blessing from her chamber of suffering. Ask the advice and the co-operation of those people who all their lives have been sitting with folded hands, letting others carry the heavy burdens. Get them to feel some responsibility. Wake their interest and enthusiasm. It is not so easy, in the beginning at least, as to do the work yourself, but it is infinitely nearer the way Christ works in uplifting men, and transforming them into his likeness.

A STRANGE SOWING. How One Man's Christianity Revolutionized an Island.

Marvelous indeed are the ways through which God makes his truth known to the world, as is proved by the following account of a strange sowing and its glorious harvest, taken from the 'Missionary Herald.'

Nine, or Savage Island, which is south of Samoa, has recently celebrated its Jubilee. It seems that more than fifty years ago a native of the island escaped in time of war to Samoa, where he learned to read and write, and made confession of Christ. On four distinct occasions he tried to return to his native island, but each time he was prevented by his countrymen from landing. In 1846, however, they suffered him to come ashore, but stole his goods and persecuted him in various ways.

Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills. FOR WEAK PEOPLE. Here is Proof. More Proof Still. HEART. IT IS THE TRUTH. A Brantford Lady Tells How She Was Cured. THE DYING FISHERMAN. Fainter came the answer, 'with all my heart.'

This native, strange to say, after telling faithfully the gospel message, fell back into heathen habits, but the Word he had spoken was effectual in the conversion of some souls. Three years later a Samoan teacher came to Niue, and still others in succeeding years, so that when the first English missionary went to the island in 1861 he found five large chapels, family worship in almost every house, and one hundred protesting Christians; hundreds waiting to be admitted to the church, and only eight avowed heathens remaining out of a population of four thousand.

Visiting at the home of a friend not long ago, we came upon the daughter of the house so interested in the book she held that she failed to notice the sound of approaching footsteps. The volume was a well-known collection of child's verses, and when at length the reader laid it down she must have seen, in our expression, a wonder at her choice of literature.

'I travel quite a little in the summer, and I am always meeting with children who are tired and uneasy and want to be amused. So I fill my head with little stories and poems for their entertainment.'

'IN SICKNESS AND IN HEALTH.' Man and Wife Join Hands in Proclaiming the Great South American Nerve King of Cures for Stomach Troubles and Nerves. Mr. S. Phillips, of Warton, Ont., writes: 'I was very much emaciated by chronic dysentery and dyspepsia for a number of years. No remedy or no physician seemed to successfully cope with my case. When all else had failed I read of the cures being effected by South American Nerve. I decided to give it a trial. Before I had taken half a bottle I was much improved and felt greatly relieved. A few bottles of it has made me a new man. I am better and healthier than I had been for years. My wife was also a great sufferer from stomach trouble and headaches. She says: 'Seeing the wonderful effect it was having on my husband, I tried it also. The remedy gave me almost instant relief, and has cured and made a strong woman of me.'

They brought him to the little tavern and when they asked him if he wanted to see a priest he gasped out that his mother was an Episcopalian, and he knew she'd want him to see a clergyman of that church. A messenger was dispatched to a neighboring town and in a short space of time a young missionary was on the spot. The injured man's brother, a brakeman on the same train, and several other train men were standing about his bed. As the minister entered the room the brother cried in agony, 'Oh, sir, do something for my brother. Pray for his soul.' Going at once to the bedside, the young clergyman saw that he had but a few moments in which to minister to the dying man, and asked him whether he was a believer in Jesus and had ever been baptized.

'Yes,' said the poor fellow, 'I do believe in Him, and I was christened when I was a kid, but God knows I haven't had a chance to go to church or to be a Christian.'

'He has been a good boy,' said his brother. 'He worked night and day to support our crippled sister, old mother, and me, when I was laid up with the rheumatism and couldn't do a thing for a year.'

'He took care of me through the small-pox when no one else would come near me,' declared a big, burly railroad worker, with a sob. 'And after taking his own run,' added a young, sickly-looking fellow, 'he often took mine when I wasn't able to go out.'

Fainter came the answer, 'with all my heart.' 'And you didn't tell her because you knew I loved her, too?' Eyes full of tenderness and affection gave the answer which the lips could no longer utter, and with his brother's cry of mingled admiration, gratitude and love, 'Jack, Jack, God bless you!' sounding in his ears, the soul of the man who had had a chance to be a Christian passed into the other world.

In matters of health and life no man or woman can afford to take risks or experiment foolishly. A wrong move, or following the advice of the careless or ignorant, may result in serious complications. This is especially true in regard to the use of medicines when people are in a low condition of health.

When the physical powers are impaired, when you are weak, nervous, irritable, despondent, sleepless or weighed down with that dull, aching feeling that usually commences at this season of the year, it is wise and prudent to use the medicine that has given health, vim and activity to thousands of weak people in the past.

This safe, certain and health-giving remedy is Paine's Celery Compound, which is now so extensively prescribed by the ablest doctors in Canada. The ingredients of Paine's Celery Compound, besides those in the ordinary walks of life, are clergymen, lawyers, judges, members of parliament and bankers, hundreds of whom it has rescued from suffering and death. Avoid the numberless liquid medicines that are worthless from a medical standpoint, and that have never gained the shadow of a reputation. Put your faith in Paine's Celery Compound, and when you purchase be sure you are supplied with the right article. See that the bottle and box bear the name 'Paine's Celery Compound' and the stalk of celery; this is the only genuine make—the kind that makes people well.

A Eason for Cooks. The country woman who has invented a kettle in which meats and vegetables may be boiled without odors being diffused through the house, should be greatly rewarded by her sister sufferers. The merit of the invention lies in the cover, which has a curved tube or spout long enough to extend into an opening in the range pipe, and provided with a circular piece of tin near the end so that it may be fitted into any aperture. With this kettle one need not eat her boiled dinner before meal time.

**Notches on
The Stick**

At a meeting of the Alumni of Mount Holyoke college, held recently at Manchester N. H., an address was delivered by Dr. B. W. Lockhart, of the Franklin street Congregational church on Mary Lyon and her Work, which is so apt and eloquent an exposition of its subject and so noble a plea for the higher education of women, that we have reproduced it:—

MARY LYON.
One hundred years ago, in a hill town of Massachusetts,—Buckland, in Franklin county—was born the woman chosen by Providence to be the greatest name in the world, among names memorable in this century in the story of the education of women. She was born in the year in which Washington retired to Mount Vernon, after having by pre-eminent statesmanship established the nation which he had created by war. This was the epoch when Napoleon was rising to his zenith; when Burke and Pitt were waging relentless war against him, when England was completing her conquest of India. In this epoch, whose strife was indeed the birth-throe of our modern age, came into this world a pure, strong soul, who by inaugurating the greatest spiritual movement of the last half of the 19th century, the higher education of women, has won for herself everlasting remembrance. The educated womanhood of the world for ages to come will not forget the woman who first established a school to do for them what Oxford and Harvard were doing for men. She was a Puritan in her greatness and her limitations. Born in a beautiful and romantic solitude, in a little farmhouse under a hill, one of seven children, of a pious father and heroic mother, she grew up like the maiden in Wordsworth's poem:

The stars of midnight shall be dear
To her; and she shall lean her ear
In many a secret place
Where rivulets dance their wayward round,
And beauty born of murmuring sound
Shall pass into her face.

Nature gave her much and grace gave her more. God touched her and consecrated her to religion. She became a Christian in a high, heroic sense; a consecration full of power and radiance, without softness; a devotion to duty equal to the noblest Puritan ideal; but to duty lifted above the sense of compulsion into joy; a certain mysticism, too, as of one who had learned the secret of meeting God face to face, and listening to His voice speaking in the silence to her alone. With this spiritual nature and experience went an extraordinary intellectual sanity which led her to construct an ideal of the utmost nobility, an ideal which at time seemed quixotic indeed, but which today has become realized nearly everywhere among civilized nations,—the ideal of an education in which there should be neither male or female, but only minds and souls, with their inalienable equal right to grow, to develop the gifts in them, to attain their perfect stature in the knowledge and joy of all truth. In pursuance of this ideal she set her heart on a college for women, and never rested till she saw it built. She collected or superintended the collection of the \$60,000 which went into that historic pile, now destroyed by fire. She dedicated ten years of her life to the new institution, and then God took her. But Mt. Holyoke college will remain we trust as long as our nation endures, to commemorate its founder and to give to women the kind of education which Mary Lyon believed in,—an education of the mind for the sake of the soul, of women as a daughter of God:

That mind and heart according well
May make one music as before,
But vaster.

The greatest changes in human ideals are not those which make most noise. The spiritual temple goes up without sound of hammers. The last half century has witnessed great changes. We have seen the ideal of universal emancipation realized in the thunder of battle. We have seen the fourth estate, the proletariat, move forward out of Aeonian dusk, out of uncounted millenniums of obscurity, and with brawny hands take the ballot and undertake to share the government of states. We have seen the industrial and social life of man revolutionized by the invention of machinery and the utilization of steam and electricity. And there is a movement which has run parallel with these; it has moved quietly and unnoticed by the majority; it has cost no tears and no blood. Yet it is no less revolutionary, no less, perhaps more, far-reaching in its meaning and consequences than the others. I refer to the movement for the higher education of women. And just as those first-mentioned movements have some great names identified with them, some great ones whose

Biliousness

Is caused by torpid liver, which prevents digestion and permits food to ferment and putrify in the stomach. Then follow dizziness, headache,

**Hood's
Pills**

insomnia, nervousness, and, if not relieved, bilious fever or blood poisoning. Hood's Pills stimulate the stomach, rouse the liver, cure headache, dizziness, constipation, etc. 25 cents. Sold by all druggists. The only Pills to take with Hood's Sarsaparilla.

lives are bound up with them, who will live in history through that connection; a Lincoln, e. g., with the onward sweep of democracy and liberty, so there is one name bound up with this last mentioned movement; one greatest name—the name of Mary Lyon. America is proud to have produced the greatest political leader of the 18th century and the greatest political person of the 19th century,—Washington and Lincoln. May she be no less proud to have produced the greatest educational leader in the ranks of womanhood in her day. Not from the old civilizations, rich with the intellectual traditions of centuries, but from a young nation, a republic; not twenty-five years old; from a Massachusetts farmhouse, sprang the woman whose vision was most prophetic, whose faith was most profound, whose energy was most effective in the building of that highway of culture along which we already hear the sound of many footsteps. Although built so lately, this highway seems to be as old and indestructible as the ancient Roman roads; nor can we conceive (except through a recrudescence of barbarism) a future generation closing it to any who wish to walk thereon. As one looks on the picture of modern civilization, not all that he sees is pleasing. There are frescos as grim as Angelo ever painted. But one vision is full of hope,—the vision of our daughters achieving intellectual womanhood on equal terms with our sons the libraries and laboratories of the world thrown open to them. Can any one see a menace in this picture? It must be such menace as is inseparable from light and the discovery of the soul.

It is possible for us today by an effort of the historic imagination to realize a condition of society in which as in ancient Athens a woman had to be common property in order to exist as an intelligence? When to be a wife and mother was to be a man's private property, doomed to absorption in household duties, and not counted at all as heir of the culture of the nation? Had the famous Aspasia not belonged to the class of Hetairai she never could have met Pericles on equal terms and discussed with him a play of Sophocles. Do we need to go to Athens? In the day of Horace Walpole only great beauty excused great intelligence or learning in a woman. Lady Mary Wortley Montagu translated Epictetus at the age of nineteen, and apologized to her friend the Lord Bishop of Salisbury for doing what society regarded as work unfit for a woman. In that day certain ladies, weary of endless card parties, instituted a kind of intellectual symposium after the manner of the French salon, where men and woman could meet and talk of things of intellectual interest.

Sam Johnson was a great figure in these gatherings and poured forth his wit and wisdom as genially as he was wont to do in his famous club at the Mitre tavern. A bishop named Stillington dubbed these women "blue stockings,"—a term of contempt which endures to this day. It took courage in those days for a woman to own that she had any aspirations above a little gossip at a game of whist. How times are changed! Our cities now have numerous clubs where women meet to discuss the gravest questions and to read papers which have cost them months of research. Three centuries ago Europe was almost as benighted in regard to the education of women as ancient Athens. Mademoiselle de Saintonge, a French woman, was examined by four physicians at the instance of her father, who thought she was possessed by devils because she wished to establish a school for girls. About fifty years after the Pilgrim Fathers established the common school at Plymouth, which girls were permitted to attend two hours out of the day. At a later period they were allowed to attend all day in summer. In 1826, after a discussion of three years, the city of Boston established a high school for girls, but so many young women clamored at its gates for admission that, after a trial of eighteen months, the school was closed. We have made some advance in high schools since then.

Such was the humble beginning. How far have we come? Out of 389 colleges in the United States 237 permit co-education. Of these are all the state universities and nearly all the colleges under Protestant patronage. Our four largest colleges for women—Smith, Wellesley, Vassar and

Bryn Mawr—have an endowment of six millions of dollars. It seems wonderful that Mt. Holyoke, the pioneer, should have been left to comparative neglect. In England, Holland, and in fact most of the Christian countries of Europe, except Germany, the colleges and universities have been thrown open to women. In the number and perfection of educational facilities for women the United States is far ahead of all competitors. And it ought to be so. For democracy, republican institutions, is an appeal to the intelligence of the whole people. The intelligence of the whole people must therefore be educated. Half the population are women. Half if not more of what children receive from ancestors by the law of heredity comes through mothers. A policy that would condemn women to ignorance, triviality, mere mechanical drudgery, that would shut out from her the ideals, the discipline, the dignity of the intellectual life, would thereby dwarf the race of men. It is highly probable that a race of educated women with uneducated husbands would produce a finer generation of children than would ignorant mothers with educated husbands. It was in view of tremendous probability that Mary Lyon said that it was more important to educate the mothers than the fathers. In the decay of ancient civilizations account has been taken of the institution of slavery, which degraded labor and concentrated wealth and power into the hands of the slave owner, while it reduced the poor freeman to actual pauperism. But who has estimated, who can estimate, the influence of the banishment of women from the intellectual life, upon the decadence of Greece and Rome? After the humiliation of France by Germany, in the early seventies, the French government became convinced that only through the elevation of women could the whole people be elevated. When Camille See proposed in 1880 that the government maintain lycées for women, a motion adopted without delay, he said: "Our law is a moral as well as a social and political law. It concerns the future and security of France, for upon the women depends the greatness or decay of the nation."

That the education, the freedom, the elevation of woman to her rightful place as a spiritual person, complementary rather than inferior to man, is necessary to the life and greatness of the nation, is a quite recent discovery. That it is necessary to a true realization of true marriage, and the spiritual development of the race, is also a modern discovery, both greater than any discovery in the realm of thought since Christ proclaimed the fatherhood of God. How many ages has the world waited for its poets to write of man and woman as Tennyson wrote in "The Princess."

And so these train upon the skirts of time
Sit side by side, full summed in all their powers,
Dispensing harvest, sowing the seed to be;
Self-reverent each and reverencing each,
Distinct in individualities;
But like each other 'ere as those who love;
Then comes the staller Eden back to men;
Then reign the world's great brides, chaste and calm;
Then springs the crowning race of humankind.

It seems as if mankind, having at last attained to the height of this thought, could never go back from it in the future. It may be that the working out of this ideal of an educated womanhood may save modern peoples from that process of degeneration which destroyed the civilization of the ancient world.

Dr. Charles H. Parkhurst, Editor of Zion's Herald Boston, has been resting for a few days in "Beautiful Nova Scotia," which he is visiting for the second time. He has written an article, expressive of his appreciation of Yarmouth and its vicinity, which appeared in its latest issue of the Herald. He delights in restful Acadia, its lovely scenery, its steady-going people, its literature and traditions, and of its cordial spirit discourses with pleasing volubility. His article was the more interesting, being illustrated.

As a practical method of advertising the Maritime Provinces, The Dominion Atlantic Railway Company, have issued a catalogue of books kept in stock, which were written by Canadian authors, and which illustrate the sea-washed lands of Acadia. The following is a partial list: The Forge in The Forest; Roberts; Sam Slick, Haliburton; From Blomidon To Smoky, Bolles; Through Evangeline's Country, Grant; Tales of Evangeline's Land, McLeod; The St. John River, Bailey; Appleton's Canadian Guide Book, Roberts; Over The Border, Chase; History of Canada, Roberts; History of Acadia, Hannay; Low Tide on Grand Pre, Carman; Earth's Engines, Roberts;

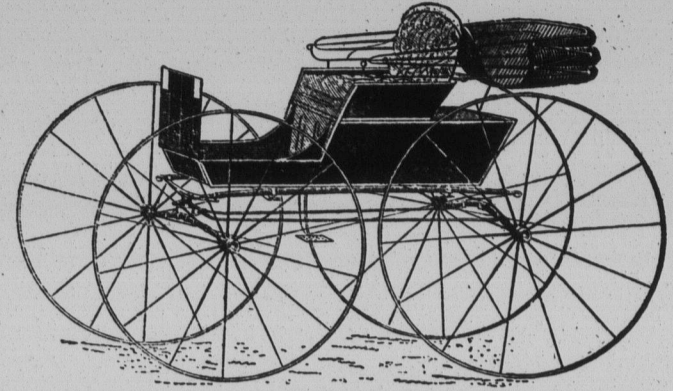
The books can be obtained at publisher's rates, by application at The New England Agency, 228 Washington st. Boston.

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MODIFIED MILK.

It is one of the Measures Employed in Successful Nursing.

The approach of hot weather is regarded with dread by many a weary mother who understands the increased perils which surround the life of her little one at that time of the year, especially if it is so unfortunate as to be found "nursing the bottle."

In summer the child's nervous system, always easily influenced, is so much at the mercy of the heat that any deviation from the natural order of things is sure to result unfavorably.

The cause of many a serious digestive disturbance will be found to lie outside of any suspected change in the character of the milk. The milk may be sterilized and mixed with various ingredients to render it more easily digested, according to the best known formulae, and it still remains to modify it to suit the immediate wants of the individual case.

If the milk is too rich, that is to say, if it has too much fat in it, the little stomach will be unable to digest it fully. This failure will cause a looseness of the bowels and if the case, although so simple, is misunderstood and therefore improperly treated, exhaustion and even collapse may eventually be the result—literal instance of "starving in the midst of plenty". The superfluous fat keeps the bowels in a continual state of irritation.

On the other hand, if too much sugar is present in the milk, the opposite effect is produced and the child suffers nearly as much from the retention in the system of matter which should have been eliminated. The child usually becomes excessively nervous and fussy, and no treatment is of avail until the bowels are regulated.

As might be expected, it is possible to "play off" these two facts one against the other. And this is what is meant by modified milk. If it is suspected that there is too much fat in the milk it may not only be diluted until the desired proportion is reached, but more sugar may be added to

insure the speedy recovery of the little patient.

In the same way the milk may be made richer, if occasion seems to require it, by the addition of a little cream.

It is only by watching the child carefully and striving to appreciate the changes which are taking place in its sensitive organism that the attempt to forestall serious disturbance of the alimentary canal will be made successful.

It is needless to say that the giving of modified milk is only one of the many measures which are employed in successful nursing.

He Meant Well.

The story is told in a New Hampshire town of a half-demented boy who one Sunday escaped from the poor-farm and in the course of his wanderings entered the orthodox church.

The day was hot, and the sermon long; the congregation drowsed in their seats, or sleepily fanned themselves and wished the minister would draw his remarks to a close. Suddenly the half-witted boy entered at the rear of the church, with his arms loaded with apples.

He threw one of them at the right hand wall, where it hit with a squashing sound, and spattered down upon the head of a slumbering deacon, who gave a sudden start and sat up very straight.

The minister paused, and addressed the sexton, who had also suddenly awakened from a nap.

"Remove that disturber at once," he said, with some severity.

"Don't you mind me, parson," answered the half-wit, as he aimed another apple; "you go right along with what you were saying, and I'll keep 'em awake for you as long as you say."

Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills.

Chase's pills have gained popularity because they are a specific for the uric acid condition, prevent Bright's disease, cure Rheumatism and all Catarrhal conditions of the Kidneys and Bladder. They do this because they possess remarkable astringent, tonic diuretic properties, exerting a wonderfully soothing influence on irritated or inflamed mucous membranes of the kidneys or bladder. One pill a dose. 25 a box. The cheapest medicine in the world.

Woman and Her Work

Is bicycling a desirable, and healthful exercise for women, or not? That is a question.

"You are thoroughly out of sorts," says the high-priced physician, "your nervous system needs toning up, and unless something is done for you soon it will be a case of complete nervous prostration with you."

"Hum" says the specialist stroking his chin thoughtfully, "curvature of the spine, constant headache, pain in the eyes, shattered nervous system; it is scarcely necessary for me to ask whether you ride a bicycle, the symptoms answer the question already? Yes! I knew it. Well go home—sell the bicycle, or give it away, and then come back to me and I will do what I can for you; but until then I can do nothing for you; your case is a common one."

I am not prepared to discuss this matter "from an intelligent point of view" as the newspapers say, for the simple reason that I don't know anything about it, and I have a prejudice against giving an opinion on matters I do not understand. I never was on a bicycle but once in my life, and I did not remain upon it long enough on that occasion to be able to give a very clear account of my sensations. I know that just before I fell off, I had a feeling that my entire spinal column was being violently forced up into my skull, and "then I remembered no more."

So I cannot hold forth at any length upon the evil effects of the wheel on the human constitution; but this I must say—it wheeling is such a healthful and invigorating pursuit why is it that one of the first things a physician orders an invalid to give up, is the bicycle? I have known more than one man who was just slightly out of health, and who explained casually that he was not riding his wheel now; as he had been rather under the weather lately, and the doctor had forbidden him to ride at all.

Why is it that we can seldom pick up a newspaper without finding somewhere in its columns an advertisement or two of a ladies bicycle for sale, nearly new, and to be sold at a bargain! It would almost look as if the wheel was not such an unalloyed blessing after all.

There is no doubt that we hear now of ailments hitherto unknown to medical science. We have bicycle hand, bicycle curvature of the spine, bicycle limp, bicycle nerves, bicycle defective vision, and finally bicycle face, which is not by any means the joke it is usually considered, but a real contraction of the muscles of the face which give a peculiar expression of anxiety and a look of premature age to those who indulge to excess in the pastime and which is caused, so scientists tell us by the constant watchfulness which it is necessary to exercise in cycling.

The great difference between cycling, and almost all other forms of exercise is the utter absence of rest, and the impossibility of relaxing a vigilance upon which the rider's safety depends. In driving the reins can be loosened and the horse allowed to take his own way without danger, and that most delightful of exercises, riding, the most exciting gallop may be followed by an inaction that is almost perfect rest. The reins are laid on the horse's neck and he is allowed to choose his own pace without an anxious thought; he does not need guiding, he knows his own way, and can take excellent care both of himself and his rider and there is no need of keeping a perpetual tight rein, and holding him up lest he topple over; he is a self supporting institution with four good legs to stand upon, and an intelligent brain to direct his movements. In the case of the bicycle all this is reversed; to stop means either to dismount instantly or to fall over, standing still is an impossibility, and a pleasant lazy saunter is out of the question, there is no taking it easy, no lounging restfully along and admiring the scenery, it is work, work all the time, with no eyes for anything but the bicycle, and a constant fear that a sharp stone may puncture a tire and leave one stranded and helpless miles from home; or that an unseen im-

pediment in the way may cause a complete wreck, or an unexpected collision result in the utter demolition of both bicycle and rider. It is this constant strain of every faculty, physicians say that causes so many expert riders to break down suddenly, and find it necessary to choose between their health and their wheels.

And yet I know a lady who, after suffering for years from chronic bronchitis was perfectly cured by bicycle exercise, and when the enfeebled health left after a long attack of grippe obliged her to give up her wheel, the old troubles returned almost immediately. So, as I said before, it is really very difficult to give an opinion on the subject, and as far as I know the question has never been satisfactorily answered yet.

The fashions for children this season are almost as varied as those for grown people, but the chief feature they aim at seems to be the picturesque, and a very sensible difference, that is being made between the small and the large costume is the very general use of inexpensive materials for children's dresses. For the best, or party dresses China and pongee silks, are frequently used. Accordion plaited India silk with a white ground and Persian pattern is soft delicate colors is a pretty choice for these little dresses which are made with a short low necked blouse finished around the shoulders with a lace trimmed bertha of white batiste, or frills of the silk edged with narrow velvet ribbon, and worn over a white guimpe. Such dresses are worn by girls between six and twelve years of age. White China silk is another favorite dress for girls just entering their teens, and it is made up very plainly, the skirts either perfectly plain, or with a trimming of lace edged trills or rows of insertion. The waists have a lace yoke with a lace trimmed ruffle as a finish, and the pongee dresses generally have a deep collar of embroidery.

The sweetest little gowns of all, the flowered organdies dimities and lawns which cost so little and may be made up so simply. Dimity under dresses of some plain color are a great improvement to the organdies, and do not add greatly to their expense, while bright ribbons for sash, and bows are essential to the success of the dress. The skirts are often plainly finished with a deep hem for younger children, and the waists have a guimpe yoke of lace insertion with a frill of lawn around the edge. For older girls the skirts are gored, and trimmed with ruffles. A pretty model is of white organdie covered with a design of pink rosebuds. The belt is of white muslin through which pink ribbon is run coming out in front to form a rosette. Accordion plaited lace edged frills of the muslin fall over the close sleeves, and a lace edged ruffi trims the skirt. A pretty, and very easily laundered trimming for these little gowns consists of rows of lace insertion around both the skirt and full blouse bodice, and fine tucks above the hem is another simple and pretty decoration. White dotted muslins made up over colored lawns and trimmed with lace makes dainty dresses for very small girls, and as the lining is separate from the dress they are very easy to do up, the lining needing to be washed much less often than the overdress.

Very serviceable summer dresses for young girls of all ages are made of both white and colored pique, and cut in the coat and skirt style. They are sometimes trimmed with braid, embroidered insertion but are quite as often perfectly plain. Other pique dresses have a guimpe yoke of embroidery or finely tucked white batiste with rows of insertion between the tucks, a frill of embroidery finishing the edge, and rows of embroidery on the skirt.

The softly draping cashmeres which are so fashionable this year make ideal dresses for young girls, and when light colors are chosen they are very dressy. Tucks are very much used in trimmings and narrow velvet ribbon is very effective on cashmere. A pretty little party dress of India silk has a groundwork of pale pink with white, green and black pattern on it. The skirt is perfectly plain finished with a deep hem and shirred with several cords run in around, and below the waist. Plaid ribbon showing all the colors of the silk forms braces belt and collar, and embroidered muslin frills fall over the shoulders. Canvas, is quite as popular a material for older girls as it is for the gowns of grown people and one very simple and pretty canvas dress was of tan color trimmed with bands of white satin covered with cream guimpe lace. Embroidered ecru batiste, and colored pique are both used as trimmings for these canvas dresses. Of course these are only the best dresses in the little wardrobes, and there is an almost endless variety of pretty cambrics and prints to choose from. These are made up in the simplest style with yokes, full bodices, and plain deeply trimmed skirts, for older girls, while for very small tots, frills of embroidery, feather stitched braid, and all-over embroidery,

We have been talking...

a good deal lately about medium and high priced footwear, now we want to let Everybody know that in the low priced shoes we also lead.

IN MENS' BALMORALS we have what can fairly be called HANDSOME stylish lines at \$1.25, and \$1 50,

And in Womens' Dongola Kid Button Boots, our lines at \$1.00, \$1.25, and \$1 50, will be found the best value in the city.

Unquestionably ours is the store for low priced stylish footwear.

WATERBURY & RISING,

61 King and 212 Union Street.

are used with lavish hand. But while the older ones may have two or three pretty print dresses, the really standard gown for every day wear is the skirt of serge, or some thick dark material, and the ever convenient shirt waist. This costume keeps the laundry bills down, and is always both serviceable and comfortable.

It is scarcely necessary to say that the sailor hat is the accepted headgear for all ordinary occasions, nothing has yet been found to take its place, and I do not imagine anything ever will. The mixed raws are more worn this year than the plain ones, they keep clean longer than white, and are less heavy looking than either black or navy blue. For best there are the prettier picture hats of white lghorn, shirred India silk, and lace; trimmed with wide thick satin ribbon in either cream or white, and loaded with the daintiest of flowers; or else looking rich and plain with loops of satin ribbon, and a profusion of ostrich tips. Altogether, the children's lines have fallen in pleasant places this summer, as far as dress is concerned.

ASTRA.

WHY THEY DIDN'T LAUGH.

The Story Fell Flat Because It Was no Property Told.

"Suit the action to the word, the word to the action," says Hamlet, instructing the players, and his advice should be heeded by all public speakers. Once upon a time a stump orator, who is now a United States Senator, told a story and it fell flat, because his action suited not his word. The Hon. W. E. Morris of Chicago describes the warning incident in the Times-Herald:

Another of the stories that has made an occasional hit, said Mr. Mason, was one about my friend Scharlau, who was running for office in one of the north side districts. We arranged a meeting for him in the fourteenth ward.

There was a decorated dry-goods box for Scharlau to stand upon in front of the wigwam. The building itself was festooned from floor to rafters with bunting and flags. Love of his adopted country and enthusiasm for the stars and stripes bubbled in Scharlau's soul, and found fervent expression in his speech.

Before he began his address a large American flag was swinging over his head. It was held by ropes passed through pulleys. The crowd was so enormous there was insufficient room in the house, and the speech making took place in the open air.

The flag was swung from a building across the street to the apex of the roof of the wigwam. The rigging had fouled, and just before Scharlau climbed upon the box the flag was hauled over to the building across the street for rearrangement.

Scharlau did not remark the absence of Old Glory. Looking his audience squarely in the eyes, as a successful orator should do, and pointing up to where the flag had been flying, he said in his most impressive manner:

"Yellow-citizens, I lofe dot flag; I gannod help id. In der land von vance I vas gebora der brincibilities of dot flag—again pointing to it, but not looking up—'are not respected; I gannod help lofing id just der same.' Then, looking upward and still pointing, he said: 'See dot emblem of liber—vare der tuyfel ish dot flag gone?'"

The value of this incident depends on the position of the eyes of the speaker. He must keep them fixed on his audience, and point up, not cast his eyes that way. If Scharlau had looked up, it is evident he never would have referred to the flag.

I was making a tour to the Eastern States a few campaigns ago with a man who is now a United States Senator. 'Do you know, Mason,' he said, when we were going over to an New Jersey city to address a meeting, 'do you know I believe that story-telling, conversational style of yours is a winner. I think I'll tell 'em some myself.' That flag story of yours is a good one; if you don't object, I'll use it tonight. You're a lot more and don't need it. I'm a poor man with no stories, and I'll just borrow it."

Of course I told him to go on and tell



A Fair and Beautiful Complexion

Pimples, Freckles, Blisters, Blackheads, Redness,

And all other Skin Eruptions, vanish by the use of

Dr. Campbell's SAFE ARSENIC COMPLEXION WAFERS

And FOULD'S.....

MEDICATED ARSENIC COMPLEXION SOAP.

ONE BOX of Dr. Campbell's Safe Arsenic Complexion Wafers, if used in conjunction with Fould's Arsenic Soap, will restore the face to the smoothest and fairest Maidenly Loveliness. Used by the cream of society throughout the world. Dr. Campbell's Wafers and Fould's Arsenic Soap are guaranteed perfectly harmless and not deleterious to the most tender skin.

BEWARE OF WORTHLESS COUNTERFEITS. Wafers by mail 50c. and \$1 per box; soap large boxes, \$5. Soap, 50c. Address all mail orders to

H. B. FOULD, Sole Proprietor, 144 Yonge St., Toronto, Ont.

SOLD BY ALL DRUGGISTS IN CANADA. THE CANADIAN DRUG CO., Wholesale Agents.

the story, and he did. He ranged the good men of the town up in front of him, and led properly up to the story. 'I lofe dot flag,' he said, following his upward pointed finger with his eyes. 'I lofe dot flag. In der goundry I gme from ids brincibles, der ids glorious brincibles are nod respected—again pointing and looking up in the air. 'See dot emblem of liberly waving—looking up for the last time—'vare ish dot flag gone?' Naturally the story fell flat. He had told all about the removal of the flag, but which he personated Scharlau he kept elevating his eyes as often as he lifted his finger. He didn't raise a laugh. Going home, discussing the meeting and the lack of enthusiasm in the reception of the flag story, he said, 'I believe more than ever, Mason, the success of a story depends on the sense of the hearers. Now that crowd we had was a set of cold, unappreciative, unamgnetic clams.'

ONE MILLIONAIRE'S START.

Penitent, He went Right Over to the Bank and Got the Money.

A young German immigrant, who had not a dollar in the world and no relatives friends, or acquaintances in America worked his way westward from New York until he reached a small town in Ohio, where he secured a position as clerk in a flour and feed store and went to work. In almost an incredibly short time he learned the English language and had mastered the few details of the business he was in.

One day he walked into another feed store a few blocks away, said that he had heard that the proprietor of the place desired to sell out and inquired the price. The feed dealer wanted \$1,500. After a few inquiries the caller said:

'All right. I will call tomorrow at 10 and ye'll go over to the bank and get the money. No one knew anything about the young German. The feed store man who wanted to sell jumped to the conclusion that the prospective purchaser must have brought considerable money from Germany. The next day promptly on time, the German called to take possession.

'Come on,' he said, 'ye'll go right over to the bank now and get the money.' Together they entered the bank. The German approached the cashier's window, introduced himself and said, 'Dis is Mr. Jones, who keeps the feed store on Main street. I haf bought out his place for \$1,500, and ve haf called to get the money.'

'I beg your pardon,' replied the cashier, 'you have no account here, have you?'

'You don't understand,' earnestly remarked the German. 'I don't vant an account at all; I vant only the money.'

'But you have no money in this bank, explained the official.

MILBURN'S HEART AND NERVE PILLS FOR WEAK PEOPLE. At all Druggists. Price 50 cents per Box, or 3 for \$1.50. Sent by Mail on receipt of price. T. MILBURN & CO., Toronto.

\$19.500 GIVEN AWAY IN BICYCLES AND WATCHES FOR SUNLIGHT SOAP WRAPPERS During the Year 1897. For full particulars see advertisements, or apply to LEVER BROS., LTD., 23 SCOTT ST., TORONTO. Miss Jessie Campbell Whitlock. TEACHER OF PIANOFORTE. ST. STEPHEN, N. B.

PLAYING FOR BIG STAKES.

Noted Statesmen who have Won and Lost Great Wagers.

Much gossip has grown out of the reports that several members of the Fifty-fourth Congress had mortgaged their salaries to make good bets lost at Washington gambling tables.

Col. Cols Martin, in commenting on this to a Washington correspondent, said it brought to his mind some of the statesmen with gambling propensities who served in Congress before and just after the war.

'Dave Prindle ran one of the most genteel and elaborate gambling establishments in the country on Pennsylvania avenue, between Four-and-a-half and Sixth streets.

'Prentiss strolled into Prindle's one day and remarked: 'Dave, I am lucky enough to-night to win the stars from heaven.

'There is no limit for you, Mr. Prentiss,' said Prindle.

'Prentiss started in by making \$100 bets on a card. Luck was with him, and he began to increase his bets, and before closing up time he had beaten the bank out of \$20,000.

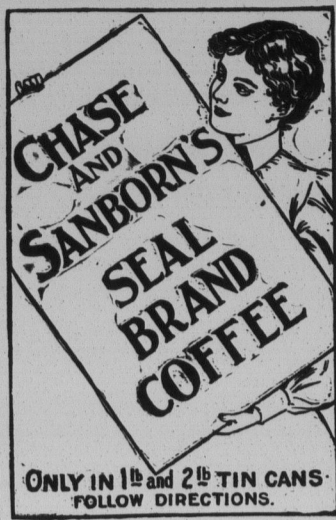
'Senator Green, taken all around, however, probably went against the bank heavier than any other man in his set. One day he remarked to a group of Senatorial friends in the cloak room of the Senate that he was burning up with luck, and asked them to chip in \$1,000 each.

'Green started in with the \$15,000. He won the first bet. Then he began to play the ace and king, according to the song, ace to lose, and king to win, until the end of the deal, without winning another bet.

'Another celebrated Senatorial point at that time was that of Joe Hall. He never permitted a person to play against his bank unless he knew that the player could afford to lose.

'In point of intellectual attainments,' continued Col. Martin 'the old-time gamblers were far ahead of the modern sports.

Kean—Isn't your wife afraid to drive that horse?
Steam—Not at all. It's the people she meets who are scared.—Hartford Times.



French P D Corsets

Awarded 10 Gold Medals and Diplomes d'Honneur.



The Celebrated P. D. CORSETS are absolutely without rival, and occupy the first position in the Corset trade throughout the world.

Obtainable from all leading dry goods stores in every variety of shape and style.

E. L. ETHIER & CO.

MANUFACTURERS OF

Billiard and Pool Tables

BOWLING ALLEYS, &c.

Importers of Billiard Cloth, Balls, Tips, etc. Our Columbus Electric Cushions are known to be the best in use.

88 St. Denis St., Montreal.



TURKISH DYES

EASY TO USE.

They are Fast.

They are Beautiful.

They are Brilliant.

SOAP WON'T FADE THEM.

Have YOU used them; if not, try and be convinced.

One Package equal to two or any other make.

When Your Wife Has Callers

Does she serve them a cup of COCOA? Just ask her if she has found any beverage that is as good value as

MOTT'S BREAKFAST COCOA,

in 1-4 lb. tins, at 15 cents.

JOHN P. MOTT & CO.

Blair, Ruel & Blair,

BARRISTERS, ETC.,

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

THE CITY BEAUTIFUL.

Jerusalem is Not Disillusioning to the Western Visitor.

In The Century an article on 'The Miracle of the Greek Fire,' by Richard Watson Gilder, describes the scenes of Holy Week in Jerusalem. Mr. Gilder says: A city beautiful! On Palm Sunday, from the stairway near the spot where Mary stood when the body of her Son was taken from the cross, I saw the Greek procession in the Church of the Sepulcher.

The sunset sky was wild and cold, with streaks of sunshine. The rain ceased and the air grew warm. In the rich, low light all blemishes were lost, and the City Beautiful was spread before the pilgrim's eyes.

You see that we did not find the Holy Land disillusioning. There are many things that confound the western mind. There are filth and degradation and superstition. But here are the same sky, the same landscape, the same dominating orient.

FULTON'S FIRST FARE.

How He Got the First Recognition of His Services.

There was one little incident in Robert Fulton's life about which few people know and which Fulton never forgot. It took place shortly after the return trip of his famous boat's voyage by steam up the Hudson river.

'This is Mr. Fulton, I presume?' 'Yes, sir.'

'Do you return to New York with this boat?' 'We shall try to get back, sir.'

'If you wish to take the chances with us, sir, I have no objection.'

'What is the fare?' 'After a moment's hesitation, Fulton replied, 'Six dollars.' And when that amount was laid in his hand he gazed at it a long time, and two big tears rolled down his cheeks.

'Excuse me, sir, but this is the first pecuniary reward I have received for all my exertion in adapting steam to navigation. I would gladly commemorate the occasion with a little dinner, but I am too poor now even for that. If we meet again, I trust it will not be the case.'

Exactly describes the condition of a hard or soft corn to which Putnam's Painless Corn Extractor has been applied. So quickly does Putnam's Extractor cure that its action seems magical. Try it.



Ask your Dealer

FOR A SPOOL OF THREAD— and he will give you the kind he makes most profit on—and small blame to him.

But ask him

For a spool of CLAPPERTON'S THREAD, and you'll get the kind that will give you most profit and satisfaction—and it costs no more than inferior kinds are sold for.

CLAPPERTON'S THREAD.

Does not break or snarl.

LIFE LASTS LONGER

If Puttner's Emulsion be taken regularly by Consumptives and all weak and ailing people.

Always get PUTTNER'S. It is the original and best.

CANADIAN EXPRESS CO.

General Express Forwarders, Shipping Agents and Custom House Brokers.

Forward Merchandise, Money and Packages every description; collect Notes, Drafts, Accounts and Bills, with goods (C. O. D.) throughout the Dominion of Canada, the United States and Europe.

C. CREIGHTON, Asst. Supt.



DRUNKENNESS

Or the Liquor Habit Positively Cured by Dr. Hamilton's Golden Specific. It can be given in a cup of tea or coffee without the knowledge of the patient. It is absolutely harmless, and will effect a permanent and speedy cure. IT NEVER FAILS.

A NOVEL LADDER.

An Heroic Action of a Janitor, Saved Many Lives.

A ladder is made to be walked on, but a human ladder is a novelty, and sometimes a grand novelty. Such a ladder came in to requisition in New York not very long ago. But after all, though the act was novel, the actor was but one in the long line of men and women who, in life's emergencies, are always on hand to exhibit that spirit of courageous self-forgetfulness which makes the looker-on feel that there is something grand left in humanity yet.

It was but the old story of a tenement-house on fire, and a small crowd of frightened escaping tenants. They came down the fire-escapes in desperate haste, before the firemen arrived upon the scene. But between the last rung of the ladder and the ground was a drop of ten feet.

The light, flimsy ladder awayed beneath the weight of the most venturesome tenant, who stood irresolute, frightened to take the big drop, and unable to return, for above was an ever-increasing weight of human beings pressing downward. It was a moment of peril, and it threatened to be one of catastrophe. But just then the janitor stepped forward, self-possessed and self-forgetful. Standing on the stoop he reached up and found that his arms could just grasp the end of the shaly ladder.

HE LOOKED HONEST.

He Discriminated Against the Others in Favor of a Rogue.

An honest face, so called, is one part of a rogue's capital, a truth which is suggested anew by a story reported by the New York Herald from the lips of the district attorney of Kirg County:

I went to Poughkeepsie once with another lawyer and a detective in plain clothes, who was escorting a prisoner who was to be sentenced there. The prisoner was shackled to the detective. They sat in the seat ahead of that occupied by the other lawyer and myself.

A nervous passenger who had ridden in the same car with us from New York, and who did not know that one of us was a condemned criminal, wished to get out for lunch, and thought it advisable to ask some one to keep an eye on his hand baggage in his absence.

He hesitated until he saw only four of us left. Then he approached and looked keenly at each of us in turn. After a close scrutiny of our countenances, he leaned over, tapped the prisoner on the shoulder, and said:

MANY WOMEN DECEIVED.

At the present time many manufacturers of crude and adulterated package dyes are making lively efforts to induce the wholesale and retail druggists and grocers to buy their dyes.

These common dyes are quoted at such low prices that some profit-loving dealers are tempted to buy them. The profit-loving dealers then take care to sell these adulterated dyes to the inexperienced and careless at the same price as the popular and reliable Diamond Dyes are sold for.

This iniquitous and deceptive work has caused a vast amount of loss and trouble to many in Canada, and will continue as long as women are foolish enough to take anything that is offered them.

If home dyeing work is to be a successful and money-saving work, every woman should see that she gets the Diamond Dyes, as they are the only guaranteed package dyes in the world.

Warned.

A gentleman who spent last summer in the country with his family has two little boys, who one day wandered into a pasture in which a bull belonging to a neighboring farmer was grazing. Although no harm was done, the gentleman the next day received the following note from the owner of the bull:

Sir.—You better not let your little boys go into the pasture with my bull creature for he is not a amiable bull creature and he might do considerable damage if he test them twenty or thirty feet into the air which I would not be responsible for him not doing if he took a notion to, so please take notice and beware of the bull hereafter.

C. C. RICHARDS & CO.

DEAR SIRS,—For several years I suffered so severely from neuralgia that my hair came out and left me entirely bald. I used MINARD'S LINIMENT freely, which entirely cured the neuralgia, and to my astonishment I found my hair growing rapidly, and I now have a good head of hair. Springhill. Wm. DANIEL.

DRUNKENNESS

Or the Liquor Habit Positively Cured by Dr. Hamilton's Golden Specific. It can be given in a cup of tea or coffee without the knowledge of the patient. It is absolutely harmless, and will effect a permanent and speedy cure. IT NEVER FAILS. Mothers and Wives, you can save the victims. GOLDEN SPECIFIC CO. TORONTO, Ont.

SIXES AND SEVENS.

'My last day at Oxford,' sighed Mrs. Romer as she lay back in the punt and put up her parasol. 'Isn't it a shame, Mr. Elsworth, that I have to go away on the first day of the 'sevens'?

way,' replied Elsworth. Then meeting Mrs. Romer's eyes, he said: 'But you needn't laugh at a man. I'm rough.'

NEAL DOW'S CLOSE CALL. Story Told by the Rebel who Captured him in the war.

Col. Allen D. Chandler, Georgia's Secretary of State, was a mountain schoolmaster at the breaking out of the civil war, but he comes of fine old Irish ancestry, and the opportunity to lay aside the rod of correction and take the shillelah of war was too much for the doughty pedagogue, and he raised a company and offered his services to the Confederate Government and soon rose to the rank of Colonel of the regiment. His command was stationed in north Georgia in 1863 to assist in stopping the advance of the Federals, but he was detailed to take command of the post at Jackson, Miss., and was there during the summer of that memorable year, when hard fighting was going on around Vicksburg, and the Confederate and Union forces were struggling for supremacy in Mississippi.

cast such a stain on the government and on the city by such an act of violence against all the rules of civilized warfare. After much pleading he succeeded in dispersing the citizens of Montgomery, who had assembled to assist in the execution. But the Spaniards from Pensacola were not so easily dissuaded from their purpose. They continued to fill up on mean whiskey, and, in a short time they began gathering in front of the hotel again, and Col. Bibb and the proprietor of the hotel advised me to get my prisoner out of the city as soon as possible.



with instructions to take two of them once in so often. A few days later the man hailed him as he drove by his house. After a little chat, the doctor, seeing that he was better, asked if he had taken all the medicine.

THE TONE OF THE BELL. Not Improved by the Use of Gold or Silver in the Bell Metal.

IT DOESN'T PAY TO PARLEY WITH RHEUMATISM. Rheumatic joints, and aching limbs mean inability to work, and inability to work, for most people, means inability to gain a livelihood.

HE WAS NO GLASS-EATER. He Swallowed the capsules and Complained of Their Heat.

KEEP CLOSE WATCH! Look to it that you are well guarded against that stealthy Enemy, KIDNEY DISEASE—South American Kidney Cure is the only Remedy which will Relieve at once and Cure.

DECEIVED. Many manufacturers of package dyes are induced the whole- and grocers to buy

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WHERE BEASTS COME TO DRINK.

Strange Signs Seen by an old Prospector in Arizona. 'The weirdest spot on earth is the canon of Tres Alamos (three cottonwoods) and it lies hidden in the fastness of mountains the most barren and forbidding in the territory of Arizona. A cool spring pours out of the solid rock and chatters its way noisily down the narrow canon. Here, at the dead of night, come the beasts of the barren mountains for miles around to drink of the running waters. And here, lying quietly in the moonlight, I have been a silent spectator of some of the queerest sights that man's eyes ever beheld. I have seen the deer and the wildcat and the coyotes and the tilted lynx, and even a lumbering cinnamon bear or two, come here to drink. I have lain quite still in the moonlight and watched them for hours, and there is no more fascinating spectacle to be seen in the open.'

The man who spoke has seen some wild sights in his day, too, for he is one of the oldest prospectors in Arizona. He came into Phoenix the other day from Tres Alamos, and in the evening he went south and east to the new diggings at the S. H. Mountains in Yuma county. Every mining man on the coast knows L. J. Court. Court is a strange character. He has made some money out of his ceaseless and tireless prospecting, and has a score or more of claims staked out in different parts of the territory. He is an intelligent man, of not a little education.

'It's a wonderful country,' he went on, 'and no man ever set foot into a wilder region. There are three cottonwood trees where the spring pours out of the rock, and along the banks of the creek are many willows. Near the spring is a level spot of ten acres. The first night I camped there because I was tired. But after that I stayed on for two weeks because of the wonderfully weird charm of the place. The walls of the canon are marvels of conglomerate malpais or lava. There's gold, iron, copper, cobblestone, granite, marble, sandstone, and silver ore all ground up in a mountainous mass that is as bare of vegetation as the day it poured forth in the most hideous shapes imaginable, and seen in the moonlight these shapes take on all kinds of horrible and wonderful aspects. It's a region worth travelling miles to see, and you can reach it in a day's rope from Congress.

'But the average man who goes there will not see what I saw in the moonlight. I'll tell you how the deer came to drink—the first night I was in the world. The first night I was on the point of going to sleep, when I heard a snort from the top of the bluff at one me. I looked, and there was a big buck with magnificent antlers standing on the very brink, his dusky figure sharply outlined against the sky. In a moment his snort was answered by the patter of many feet, and he was surrounded by a pack of deer. I counted eighteen in all. The big buck ventured cautiously down the lava slope, and when half way he halted, tossed his snickers about as he sniffed the air, and then gave another musical snort. At this signal on came the pack. They halted just behind him. Then he ventured further down, and presently stood so close to me that I could have hit him with a pistol shot. Here he halted again, tossed his head up and down, right and left, then gave another snort, and the rest of the pack came up. Three times in this way they halted. Always the buck acted as scout, and no one advanced till he gave the signal. Arrived at the water, the buck waded in a few steps, then signalled for the others to advance and drink. And while they drank he fell back of them several yards and stood there as guard until they had finished. Such an alert scout no human being ever made. And there was a world of pride and dignity in him as he stood there and watched and waited. Surely, he realized that the fate of the entire pack depended upon him, and his honors and responsibilities sat heavily upon him. It took the pack perhaps ten or fifteen minutes to satisfy its thirst. Then it moved back from the water and stood near the buck. Now it was the buck's turn to drink. He strode forth, bent his head and drew in great draughts of the cool water. But he drank with his dignity still upon him. The pack waited for him, and when he was once more at its head there was a wild scramble up the jagged sides of the bluff.

'I was fascinated by the spectacle and resolved to witness it again. So I stayed another night. The performance was repeated exactly. Again on the third night they came to drink in the same way, and the next night and the next, and so on, till it dawned upon me that I must quit losing and get back to work. Of course, the deer scented me at once and knew all along just where I lay, but I kept very still and they did not seem to mind me.'

'The smaller animals came at all times of the night, and the smaller they were the more noise they made. The foxes were the slyest of all and the most timid. They go on a dead run all the time, but their heads always wriggling from side to side. The first time they sniffed my presence at camp they made a wild scamper back to cover behind the rocks, but presently they ventured out again, and after three or four essays, they finally came down and drank. I saw only one bear. He was a pretty big fellow, but I have seen lots bigger. He came down the bluff like a pig, his nose

rooting in the ground at every step. No I wasn't afraid of him. There isn't an animal in America, I believe, that will touch man unless man makes the attack. He came within a few yards of me, stood still and stared at me. I met his gaze calmly, and, I believe fearlessly. Then he went on to the water, waded boldly in, and drank his fill. Of all the animals that came to drink there only this gruff and daring old cinnamon bear went about his business fearlessly. Even the coyotes and bob cats moved cautiously, and would have turned tail and scampered off if I had stirred about. But Bruin was not that kind of an animal. I have never seen a timid bear in this country. We don't shoot bears in Arizona, you know. I meet them frequently on my trips, and can handle a rifle as well as most men, but I never shoot. Often we have met face to face on a narrow trail, and in these cases I have always stood politely and stepped aside to let Mr. Bruin pass. I never dispute the way with a bear, nor court an untimely end by firing my gun when a bear is in sight.

'I prospected in the region a little, but in a day or so I saw there could be nothing located there. The lava is of too recent a date, and the conglomerated to be of any use whatever. In the early days there was a packet post at Tres Alamos, and the larger bluff back of the spring is the famous signal Butte that you have read about in Capt. King's novel by that name. You can't imagine what a weird and un-entrancing spot it is in the moonlight, nor what the deer, the bear, the lynx, the coyote, and the fox come out of their hiding places in the dead of night and drink at the springs.'—St. Louis Globe.

A THANK OFFERING.

A CLERGYMAN WRITES ON BEHALF OF GRATEFUL PEOPLE.

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills Restored Their Health as They Wish Other Sufferers to Know It—A Letter That Will Bring Hope to Many—No Other Medicine Gets Such Voluntary Praise.

The following letter written by the Rev. Wm. Lawson, Methodist minister at Kichibucto, N. B., attests in the strongest manner the merits of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, and a personal of it will suggest why this great medicine is so popular in thousands of homes throughout the Dominion—it cures when other medicines fail.

KICHIBUCTO, N. B., April 26th, 1897.

Dr. Williams' Medicine Co.

Dear Sirs,—I am glad to furnish you the following voluntarily given testimonial, with the fullest permission to give the names and place. They do this as a thank-offering to God and your medicine. Mrs. Wm. Warman of Molins River (near here) she could hardly ever retain food, and his parents had but little hopes that he would live long and the doctors who attended him were of the same opinion. Till seven years of age he continued in that condition. Then the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills was begun, and under them he recovered and is now a strong healthy boy. Mr. Warman, the boy's father, also adds his testimonial to the great value of Pink Pills, saying: 'I suffered for years with a bad back, until I used Dr. Williams' Pink Pills and they cured me.' Miss Annie Warman adds this evidence with enthusiasm and freedom. 'I was weak and sickly, and did not know the blessing of good health till I took Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. I used eight boxes and have since enjoyed the best of health. In fact I am never sick now.'

Here you have three members of a family restored to health by the use of your medicine, and you would almost covet their good health. They wish you to freely use these facts to help other sufferers, and I am able to their pastor to certify to the facts as stated.

Sincerely yours,
WM. LAWSON,
Methodist Minister.

BORN.

- Truro, May 25, to the wife of Edwin Shaw, a son.
- Pictou, May 23, to the wife of Frank P. O'Conor, a son.
- Halifax, May 31, to the wife of John T. Woods, a son.
- Mochele, May 21, to the wife of A. H. Milner, a son.
- Kentville, May 21, to the wife of W. A. Smith, a son.
- Morcton, June 4, to the wife of George Palmer, a son.
- Gates Mountain, May 7, to the wife Rupert Paiks, a son.
- Fort Lorn, May 29, to the wife of Harry Hires, a son.
- Louisburg, May 25, to the wife of T. P. Bourgeois, a son.
- St. John, June 1, to the wife of Fred A. Dykenau, a son.
- Halifax, May 27, to the wife of R. A. Croucher, a son.
- Fredericton, May 26, to the wife of Martin Butler, a son.
- Maitland, May 24, to the wife of Smith Baxter, a daughter.
- Truro, April 26, to the wife of H. E. Connolly, a daughter.
- Truro, May 6, to the wife of James D. Waugh, a daughter.
- Weymouth, May 27, to the wife of Ellis Borriett, a daughter.
- Moncton, June 1, to the wife of Joshua Peters, a daughter.
- Hibernia, N. S., May 29, to the wife of Gordon Ball, a daughter.
- Fredericton, May 28, to the wife of Waitall Wyman, a daughter.
- Baccaro, May 24, to the wife of James S. Madden, a daughter.
- Brookside, Truro, May 30, to the wife of John Hay, a daughter.
- Hawke Point, C. I., May 26, to the wife of Howard Smith, a son.
- Clark's Harbor, May 16, to the wife of Horace Smith, a son.
- Andover, N. B., May 24, to the wife Rev. E. G. Gray, a son.
- South Range, May 11, to the wife of Benjamin Smith, a son.
- Clark's Harbor, May 19, to the wife of Thomas Bymonds, a son.
- Centerville, C. I., May 24, to the wife of Barch McCarty, a daughter.

Clark's Harbor, May 24, to the wife of William A. Swin, a daughter.
Roxbury, May 19, to the wife of Thomas W. Feltus, a daughter.
Brazil Lake, May 17, to the wife of Thomas P. Crosby, a daughter.
Clark's Harbor, May 24, to the wife of Charles Anderson, a daughter.

MARRIED.

- Halifax, June 2, Harry Bennett to Agnes Hunt.
- Cole Harbor, June 2, by Rev. Dr. Morrison, Elias Eliza to Alice Ware.
- Pictou, May 27, by Rev. R. McArthur, Henry Bray to Alice T. Chisholm.
- Parabro, June 2, by Rev. H. K. McLean, Peter Demont to Anna Rose.
- Parabro, June 2, by Rev. H. K. McLean, Wm. Marsh to Isabel Marry.
- Halifax, June 2, by Rev. Dr. Smith, Wesley MacKay to Edith J. Selcher.
- Weymouth, May 29, by Rev. Geo. Harris, Herbert Journeay to Nellie Jones.
- Arcadia, May 27, by Rev. F. Q. Foster, Andrew Elz to Estie Balcom.
- New Glasgow, June 1, by Rev. A. Rogers, George M. Dunbar to Jane Logan.
- Westville, June 2, by Rev. T. D. Stewart, R. H. McKay to Margaret Fraser.
- Middleton, May 18, by Rev. B. Kempton, Simeon Kempton to Jessie Kempton.
- Brookly, May 25, by Rev. Z. L. Fash, John F. Westville to Nora L. Gardiner.
- Westville, June 1, by Rev. T. D. Stewart, Robert H. McKay to Margie Fraser.
- Acadie Miers, May 29, by Rev. J. A. McKenzie, George Baxter to Carrie Myers.
- Eastville, St. Lawrence, June 2, by Rev. D. S. Fraser, Edwin Brown to Jessie E. Ellis.
- Central Falls, R. I., May 26, by Rev. G. N. Perry, Peter Brown to Rosa V. Connell.
- Rosford, May 26, by Rev. G. J. C. White, Herbert G. Harris to Annie Chipman.
- Aylesford, N. S., by Rev. J. S. Coffin, J. F. McManon to Margaret H. McIntyre.
- St. John, June 3, by Rev. E. K. Ganong, Capt. W. B. Barton to Hattie E. Chastan.
- Elgin A. C. N. B., May 31, by Rev. Jos. Crandall, Elva A. Power to Daniel Berry.
- Brookline, Mass., May 27, by Rev. L. J. Morris, J. C. Christie to Annie Hall of Halifax.
- Richmond, N. B., May 28, by Rev. A. W. Teed, Herbert H. Gidney to Mary Crawford.
- Halifax, June 1, by Rev. E. F. Crawford, Corporal Joseph Fraser.
- Mosers River, May 22, by Rev. M. Harvey Alexander Hattie to Mrs. Margaret Brock.
- Cape Island, May 24, by Rev. G. M. Wilson, Weymouth Falls, May 26, by Rev. F. R. Langford, Edward I. Cromwell to Emma Crawford.
- South Ohio N. S., June 2, by Rev. T. A. Blackadar, John L. Milner to Floris Blackadar.
- Baddeck, C. B., May 22, by Rev. D. McDougall, Donald R. Ethbridge to Mary Ann Dimmons.
- Halifax, June 2, by Rev. E. F. Crawford, assisted by Rev. H. Lemoune, Rev. H. H. Pitman rector of St. George's church, to Mary Agnes Sinclair Tremaine.

DIED.

- Truro, May 27, Daniel Dogget, 63.
- St. John, June 4, David Prince, 89.
- Springhill, May 22, John Eaton, 42.
- Springhill, May 24, John Seaman, 53.
- St. John, June 4, William G. O'Leary, 31.
- St. John, June 7, Margaret Whelby 66.
- Truro, May 30, Lucius McElhinney 45.
- Pembroke, May 27, Nathan Scoville 85.
- St. John, June 6, Andrew Donaldson 88.
- Sherbrooke, May 3, Donald McKay, 82.
- St. John, June 3, Daniel McQuarrie, 80.
- Upper Stewiacke, June 2, J. S. Tupper, 64.
- Shag Harbor, May 24, Rosa V. Connell, 21.
- Brighton Mass., June 4, Melburn J. Roach 40.
- Truro, June 2, Isabel wife of James Roy.
- Westville, June 2, Isabel wife of James Roy.
- Greenfield, Queens N. S., Abram Joudrey Sr.
- Ferrona, Pictou Co., June 1, Joseph McNeil, 23.
- Wallace Bay, May 24, William R. McPherson, 41.
- Weymouth, May 2, Ella, wife of H. R. Kinney, 31.
- St. John, June 2, Ann M. wife of John E. Lear, 87.
- Pictou, May 30, Mary Ann, wife of Hugh Grant, 61.
- North Richmond, May 27, Mrs. Margaret Wiggins, 59.
- Marby Hope, Pictou Co., Apr. 13, James McRae, 72.
- Bridgeport, C. B., May 21, Ann wife of Angus McNeil, 42.
- St. John, June 6, Christina, wife of Robert J. Logan 24.
- Isaac's Harbor, May 19, Jane G. widow of John Henderson, 83.
- Dartmouth, May 20, Robert, son of Alexander Henderson, 33.
- New Glasgow, May 23, Jennie only daughter of David Henderson.
- Ronald Hill, Kings Co. May 29, Prudence, wife of J. R. Jones 69.
- Sand Point, May 13, Willie C., son of Mr. and Mrs. David Henderson.
- Halifax, June 2, Katie, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. M. E. Keele, 22.
- The Narrows, Queens Co. June 2, Margaret, widow of G. W. Day, 63.
- St. John, June 5, Michael, son of Mr. and Mrs. Patrick Dace 19.
- Ohio N. S., Apr. 21, Mary child of Mr. and Mrs. D. R. Chisholm, 4.
- Lower Woods Harbor, May 12, George, son of Edward Rhoads 23.
- East Somerville Mass., June 4, Ernest Le Roy, son of N. J. Jackson, 21.
- Halifax, May 31, Ralph Middleton, son of Alfred St. Johnings, 11.
- Hebron, May 9, George M., daughter of Mr. and Mrs. James Bain 2.
- Blanch, Shelburne Co., May 19, Ennice, wife of Alexander Lyle 81.
- Salmon River, May 7, Muriel E. M., daughter of Dr. E. W. Dunlop 4.
- Denver, Col., May 21, John L. son of Louis C. Coman of N. S. 22.
- Malden, Mass., May 12, Margaret Ellen McLean, of Cape John N. S. 21.
- St. John, June 4, Margie, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Bathomew Annie 11.
- Halifax, June 2, Lillie M., daughter of Mr. and Mrs. L. Westerbees 17.
- Fredericton, May 27, the infant son of Mr. and Mrs. Herbert Campbell, 3 months.
- Howley Pa., May 12, John, son of the late Thomas Bell of Shubenacadie N. S., 75.
- Moose Jaw, N. W. T., May 9, James R. child of Mr. and Mrs. Tupper Vance, 2.
- Portland Me., May 29, Mary, daughter of the late Columbus Weir of Hannis Co. N. S. 43.

CANADA'S INTERNATIONAL EXHIBITION St. John, N. B. 14th to 21st Sept, 1897

OVER \$12,000 IN PRIZES For Live Stock and Farm and Dairy Products. Competition open to the World.

Very Cheap Excursion Rates on all Railways and steamers. Rates and dates announced later. Special Arrangements are made for the cheap transport of Exhibits.

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

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

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

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

SHERIFF'S SALE.

There will be sold at Public Auction at Chubb's Corner (so called) in the City of St. John in the Province of New Brunswick, on SATURDAY the fourteenth day of August, 1897, at the hour of fifteen minutes after twelve o'clock P. M. of the said day: All the right title and interest of Thomas Youngblood in and to the leasehold premises described as: All the certain lot of land situated lying John on the Southwestern corner of Mill and Main Streets bounded and described as follows: Beginning at the said Southwestern corner of Mill and Main Streets thence southerly along the right angle of the said Main Street forty seven feet nine inches, thence southerly parallel to Mill Street the said twenty six feet, thence at right angles southerly sixty feet to the Western line of Mill Street, thence along the said Western line of Mill Street No. thirty seven feet more or less to the place of beginning being the northern portion of of E number two as shown on plan number five of the subdivision of the Estate of Robert F. Hazen. Together with the buildings and erections thereon standing and being. The same having been levied on and seized by me the undersigned Sheriff, on and under an execution issued out of the Supreme Court against the said Thomas Youngblood at the suit of Catherine McIntyre. Dated the eighth day of May A. D. 1897. H. A. WILSON, Sheriff of the City and County of Saint John, N. B. H. A. McKeown Plaintiff's Attorney.

RAILROADS. Intercolonial Railway.

On and after MONDAY the 7th September 1896, the trains of this Railway will run daily, Sunday excepted, as follows: TRAINS WILL LEAVE ST. JOHN Express for Campbellton, Pictou, Pictou and Halifax..... 7.30 Express for Halifax..... 12.30 Express for Sussex..... 12.40 Express for Quebec and Montreal..... 12.50 Suburban Express for Robtasy..... 20.45

TRAINS WILL ARRIVE AT ST. JOHN:

Express from Sussex..... 6.30 Express from Montreal and Quebec (Monday excepted)..... 10.30 Express from Moncton (daily)..... 10.30 Express from Halifax..... 10.50 Express from Halifax, Pictou and Campbellton..... 12.30 Suburban Express from Robtasy..... 20.35 Accommodation from Moncton..... 22.30

TAKE THE CANADIAN PACIFIC RY.

Kootenay GOLD FIELDS.

(CANADIAN PACIFIC TRAIN from Maritime Provinces WEDNESDAYS, FRIDAYS and SATURDAY) connects at Revelstoke, B. C., following Mondays, Wednesdays and Saturdays for all points in the Kootenay Country. Wedne day's train connects at Sleeping Car, Thursday morning, with Weekly Tourist Sleeping Car, B. C. point. For rates of fare, tourist car accommodation, and other information apply to D. P. A., St. John, N. B. D. MCKNICOLL, Pass. Traffic Mgr., Montreal. A. H. NOTMAN, Dist. Pass. Agent, St. John, N. B.

Dominion Atlantic Ry.

On and after 1st June, 1897, the Steamship and Train service of this Railway will be as follows: Royal Mail S.S. Prince Rupert,

EXPRESS TRAINS

Daily (Sunday excepted). Lve. Halifax 6.30 a.m., ar. in Digby 12.45 p.m. Lve. Digby 1.03 p.m., ar. Yarmouth 8.45 p.m. Lve. Yarmouth 8.00 a.m., ar. Digby 10.45 a.m. Lve. Digby 11.00 a.m., ar. Halifax 6.45 p.m. Lve. Annapolis 7.00 a.m., ar. Digby 8.20 a.m. Lve. Digby 8.20 p.m., ar. Annapolis 4.40 p.m.

Fullman Palace Buffet Parlor Cars run each day daily on express trains between Halifax and Yarmouth. Staterooms can be obtained on application to City Agent.

Close connections with trains at Digby. Tickets on sale at City Office, 114 Prince William Street, and from the Purser on steamer, from whom time-tables and all information can be obtained.

International S. S. Co. THREE TRIPS A WEEK FOR BOSTON.

COMMENCING May 31st, the Steamers of this Company will leave St. John for Eastport, Lubec, Portland and Boston every Monday, Wednesday and Friday mornings at 8 o'clock, standard. Returning, leave Boston every Monday, Wednesday and Friday mornings at 8.45 o'clock, and Portland at 9 p.m. Connections made at Eastport with steamer for St. Andrews, Calais and St. Stephen. Freight received daily up to 5 o'clock. C. E. LAECHLER, Agent.

STAR LINE STEAMERS FOR FREDERICTON and WOODSTOCK

(Eastern Standard Time) Mail steamers David Weston and Olivette leave St. John every day (except Sunday) at 8 a.m. for Fredericton and intermediate landings, and will leave Fredericton every day (except Monday) at 7.30 a.m. for St. John. Steamer Aberdeen will leave Fredericton every THURSDAY, THURSDAY and SATURDAY at 6.50 a.m. for Woodstock, and will leave Woodstock, on alternate days, at 7.30 a.m. while navigation permits. GEO. F. BAIRD, Manager.

The Steamer Clifton

will leave her wharf, Hampton, every MONDAY, WEDNESDAY and SATURDAY at 5.30 a.m., for Indianstown and intermediate points. Returning, will leave Indianstown on same days at 4 p.m. CAPT. R. G. BABLE, Manager.