

PROGRESS.

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ST. JOHN, N. B., SATURDAY, OCTOBER 21, 1896.

PRICE FIVE CENTS

Atlantic Railway.

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HER STRANGE STORIES

DOES JANE GREEN KNOW MORE THAN SHE TELLS.

Her Peculiar Actions on the Night of the Ditcher Murder—She Could not Have Seen a man Escaping of the Darkness—New Developments.

The idea seems to be steadily gaining ground amongst those who are making a special study of the matter, and should know, that Jane Green, sister-in-law of the murdered Mrs. Ditcher, knows more about the happenings of that terrible night, than she cares to tell. What the motive for her silence may be, is only a matter of conjecture, but she seems to have reasons of her own for keeping her knowledge to herself.

At the time of the inquest many people who read her account of the night's events scoffed and spoke of her very singular action in leaving her children alone in the house after the fire and spending the rest of the night at a neighbour's house. If Progress remembers aright she gave as her reason for doing so, that she was frightened; but it has been caused for alarm about her children, left to face whatever danger there might be, alone?

Her daughters in giving their testimony, stated they took their little wounded cousin home at first, but as their mother was away, and they did not know how to care for the child she was afterwards removed to the house of her uncle Hugh Green. Mrs. Green's conduct was extraordinary, to say the very least, in leaving her own house at such a time, and it is also very strange that she should have left her little nieces, even if she was only a niece by marriage, in such an awful plight, without making any effort to ascertain the extent of her injuries, or help her in any way, deliberately leaving her and afterwards to be cared for by a widowed uncle and two very young girls who were scarcely competent for the task. On the night of the fire Mrs. Green did not even wait until it was all over, but took her eldest daughter and went to the house of the neighbor before mentioned and though the daughter went home early in the morning Mrs. Green remained at Cormier's until dinner time next day.

People who read her evidence at the preliminary examination will remember that she stated she had not retired at all that night, merely resting on the bed because she was nervous and afraid of tramps and also because she was kept awake by the persistent barking of the Ditcher dog. Why she should have been afraid of tramps on this particular night she did not say, except that she was alarmed by hearing the sound of a wagon crossing a bridge. She appears to have been the only person in the neighbourhood who heard a wagon that night, and it is rather unusual for a sturdy country woman to lie awake from ten till two o'clock on account of nervousness, or even from disquiet at the barking of a dog. It will be remembered that Sullivan seemed decidedly afraid of Mrs. Green, as he told his brother he would not trust her, and stated to his father and mother before he left Moncton that he did not want to be mixed up in the matter as he was afraid Jane Green would swear his life away. This fear was proved to be well founded in one respect, as it was Mrs. Green who first directed suspicion to Sullivan by swearing that the dead woman told her she was afraid of John Sullivan and that he had aroused her on the morning before the tragedy to get him beer. It was also Mrs. Green who told Mrs. Ditcher saying that she was obliged to leave her purse upstairs and hide it, that Sullivan should knock her down in order to get it. Mrs. Green stated that on the night of the fire she was attracted by what she thought at first was a light in the Ditcher house, but which, after watching it for about five minutes, she discovered to be a fire when she started the alarm. The latest reports from a reliable quarter now state that she says what she really saw was a man carrying a light in the large room of the house, and that she afterwards saw a man come around the corner of the Ditcher house and run away.

These statements of her's are decidedly contradictory especially as it is an indisputable fact that the nights were pitch dark at the time, and Mrs. Green's house is some distance away from the Ditcher house; so that while it might be possible for anyone to see a light, or a person carrying a light, it would be outside the range of possibly to distinguish the form of a man running away, even if he had been within a few feet of her. In spite of this, Mrs. Green thinks she knows who the man was, though she is not positive. It would almost seem as if Mrs. Green had some reason to suspect that all was not right at the Ditcher house, and that the knowledge had the effect of keeping her wakeful and restless.

There are but speculations of course, but it seems as if there were some discrepancies in Mr. Green's statement that required clearing up and as John Sullivan

has stated more than once that he can clear himself easily and prove his whereabouts on the night of the fire, the necessary explanations may be forthcoming at the trial.

Little Maggie Ditcher is making rapid progress towards recovery, and her mind seems to be clearing. She recognizes the fact that she is in a strange place and sometimes cries to be taken home, but within the last few days she has referred for the first time to her mother's death. 'Poor mama and Harry are gone, and I sha'n't see them any more,' she said sadly. So her memory is evidently returning.

A strange circumstance in connection with the supposed attempt of last week to break into the almshouse, and abduct or kill the child, is not generally known. Shortly after the child was removed from Meadow Brook and established at the Almshouse, two well dressed and rather good looking men called one day, and requested to be shown over the house. The matron, Mrs. Forbes, was rather surprised at such a request from young men, but she complied at once, showing the visitors all over one side of the house. Coming to the part in which Maggie Ditcher and her nurses were installed, she passed and said—'Now this other side is exactly like the other.' 'Just exactly like, is it?' questioned one of the visitors. 'The same in every way,' replied Mrs. Forbes, adding as an afterthought, 'perhaps you would like to see the sick child?' 'Oh no!' they both exclaimed at once 'not at all, we only want to see the house.'

As every other visitor who had been at the Almshouse since Maggie's arrival had been consumed with curiosity to see her, Mrs. Forbes thought it strange at the time that they should take so little interest in her, and was surprised at the amount of solicitude for the welfare of the poor displayed by the two young men. Taken in connection with other events their visit looks significant.

John E. Sullivan, who is awaiting trial at Dorchester, is one of the best behaved men ever confined in that institution.

It passes his time in reading books, papers and magazines. He doesn't condemn any witnesses who have given evidence against him but declares that Mrs. McAoon, of St. John, is mistaken as to his (Sullivan's) visits to McAnn's hotel, on the Wednesday or Friday after the Ditcher tragedy. Sullivan receives a good many strange letters but refuses to talk about his case. He says 'I was requested by my lawyer not to speak to any one concerning the matter, and I want to follow out his instructions.' He eats well and appears to be quite contented. On Tuesday the prisoner's aged father visited him in the corridor of the jail. The son seemed to be much affected and several times requested his father to tell his mother not to worry over him, that the charge was baseless and that he would come out all O. K. During the time that the prisoner was talking to his father a young man who was sent down from Moncton on some minor offence, was cursing the Moncton authorities for their inconsistency. He said 'if one of us had been rich, and robbed the city of \$100,000 we could have had a special police officer to watch us at home, but because we are poor we must take our medicine.' This statement coming from a jailbird is rough on the Moncton authorities who are noted for making fish of one offender and fish of another. The men today who are clamoring for the hasty punishment of John Sullivan, only a few months ago were pleading for a man who stole thousands of dollars from the city treasury and was allowed to leave the town with the knowledge and consent of the authorities. Is British justice in Moncton ceasing to be administered in the best interests of society? At the present time there seems to be quite a difference in the case of those who are known in this section have been allowed to go scot free.

Sullivan has evidently been spending some of his spare time in writing poetry. The following verses have been sent to PROGRESS as a specimen of his efforts in this direction.

A Reverie
I lie upon my pallet here,
"A suspect in a prison cell,
Accused of crime I'd never commit
And those who know me, know it well.
I fear not but my heart is sad,
For those who always loved me dear,
Perhaps they weep in their faith?
No man is said that they must hear.
"Be chills and wild," you sure I've been!
As for too many are today,
Cursing, drinking, waste of time,
Forgetting oft the time to pray.
But friends! and some I'm told I have,
The race from which I sprang Don't shrink!
False accusations often born,
From death itself don't shrink.
Lying here tonight, on prison cot,
Astoned at "slitching hour" of night,
I put my doubts away to rest,
And feel that all will turn out right.

Chairs Remounted, Cans, Spigots, Perforated Drains, 17 Waterloo.

AN ALDERMAN'S VICTORY

AN AMENDMENT TO THE CIVIC SALARIES ADOPTED.

Alderman Hamilton Scores a Great Triumph—Another City Father who Did Good Work—Some Little Pleasantries that were Interchanged.

HALIFAX, Oct. 22.—Judge Johnston of the county court, is down on the rank and file of the police force with a severity of which it was thought the good old judge was incapable. Policeman Lovitt, a would be aquatic champion, is the immediate cause of the judge's onslaught. Lovitt arrested a poor man and the evidence goes to show acted harshly if not cruelly, and certainly acted unjustly, for Judge Johnston honorably acquitted the prisoner, and, metaphorically speaking, kicked the police out of the court. It is too true that there is often a great deal of unnecessary cruelty practiced by the police of the city as well probably as by the police of all cities, and it is hoped that the members of the Halifax force will take Judge Johnston's severe lesson to heart.

Chief O'Sullivan and Detective Power, every one knows, do not approve of cruelty by the police or any one else, and do all they can to suppress it. Judge Johnston took particular pains to exonerate these heads of the force from any responsibility for wrong-doing of this kind, and it is pleasing to know his was perfectly right in this. There is no kinder heart in Halifax than that which beats within Chief O'Sullivan's breast. The world does not bear of one of a hundred of the kindly acts, unintentionally performed by Chief O'Sullivan. All the members of the police force by no means come under the judge's reproach but of those as do had better begin a reformation ere it is too late.

Detective Power, too, is an officer who is honor itself in the discharge of his duties and it is gratifying to observe how Judge Johnston recognized this fact.

A VICTORY FOR THE ALDERMAN.

An Important Amendment to the Civic Salaries Report Adopted.

HALIFAX, Oct. 22.—That was quite a decided victory for Ald. Hamilton which he accomplished at Monday night's meeting of the city council, when his amendment to the report of the civic salaries committee was adopted. Ald. Butler's committee had done good work in threshing out the matter. They proposed to make J. J. Hope, treasurer, but that gentleman's chance for promotion was completely knocked out by the adoption of the amendment. For years committee after committee has striven with this matter of civic salaries and it does seem strange that without an hour's notice the council should adopt a resolution apparently prepared off-hand and report the latest committee's report. But Ald. Hamilton had like some others of the aldermen, has given this subject a great deal of thought.

Ald. Butler's work will by no means go for nothing, however. His superannuation scheme will be adopted, and he is deserving of much credit for the painstaking work he has put forth. Mayor McPherson complimented him on the adoption of the preliminary clause.

In connection with this discussion it was interesting to hear one alderman call another a "bumbug"—that was the word used. The reply from the aggrieved city father was "childlike and bland."

At this same council meeting Ald. O'Donnell got in some vicious blows at John W. Rahland, an account of that questionable house on Gratton street. He accused the brother of erecting a place, and of allowing a business to be carried on, which was the ruin of anyone in the neighborhood attempting to act and live decently. Ald. O'Donnell may take other steps in this matter besides merely talking in the city council. 'Neddy' seems to be in earnest, and he is pulling the strings in a direction which may bring about a sensation. Don't concentrate your attention on Mr. Rahland, alderman, you know there are other and very 'respectable' men, too, who own or are agents for similar houses on Gratton street. Don't make 'fish of one and flesh of another.'

WANT LADY COMMISS IONERS.

An Agitation in Halifax to Secure Their Appointment.

HALIFAX, Oct. 22.—Halifax in some things is behind other cities and towns. Our people do not profess to think that they lead or are even up to their fellow citizens in other parts of the Dominion in every particular. No, in some things they are behind. One of those points of backwardness is said to be the matter of lady representation on the Halifax board of school commissioners. The members of the women's council are on the move to 'take away this reproach,' as they call it. They have started an agitation to secure the appointment by the government of a couple of lady members to the board. This is a laudable enterprise, doubtless. It is interesting to note who they are

who are bestirring themselves in this matter and to look at some of the names suggested for membership. It is a strange fact that the women who are starting the agitation for membership on the board are women who do not send their children to the public schools. They are women 'above' that means of education, and their boys and girls are sent to private schools; or on the other hand they are unmarried women who have no children, and who consequently are just as little interested as those who send their boys and girls to private schools and academies.

The women who have been suggested as prospective members are mostly of the same position. They are mainly 'society' ladies whose children never darkened the doors of a public school, or they are ladies with out children. Possibly these good women are so sanguine of the results that would follow female membership or the school board, that they think so great a reformation would be wrought in the scholars as would make them fit places of learning for even their sons and daughters. The movement would have greater force, however, if it had been inaugurated by women who have a greater personal interest in the schools than have the women who are seeking for a 'change.'

HE LEFT HURRIEDLY.

And Forgot to Settle Several Accounts—A Choir Mourns Too.

HALIFAX, Oct. 22.—There is a vacancy on the leading staff of the Halifax public schools, and at the same time a vacant seat in the choir of a city church. It is not often that a school teacher of Halifax is thus to be numbered among the missing ones, leaving 'mourning creditors' to ruminate on the fact that what is the loss of Halifax is a gain, in population, to another town. This young man hardly took time to send in a written resignation to the board of school commissioners. It was unnecessary. Frequent absences from his position had some little time ago caused the issuance of an ultimatum that on the next occasion of non-appearance he need not return at all. This was the fact acted upon and now an important school is minus one of its teachers. Not only that, but a number of city accounts are unsettled so it is said, and there is not much hope just now of a remittance.

In this connection, friends of the school thus bereaved are talking of its standing. They say it does not bear comparison with a sister school in the North end as to efficiency, and they are quietly asking if this condition of affairs could not be remedied by the powers that be. A little scrutiny of this matter would not be out of place by those in a position to look into it. Let the glance be taken.

JOHN MAPLE FOUND A WIFE.

She is a Blonde and is Very Much in Earnest About It.

John Maple was from one of the seaport towns of Nova Scotia and came here last summer in search of a wife. John was green and he didn't get a wife but a certain number of young men in town had a lot of fun with him. One day the schooner in which John started out from his home on his matrimonial quest sailed from St. John and his story ended as far as this city was concerned.

The other day another Nova Scotian bent on the same mission came to this part in the 'Thelma' one of the apple schooners. It was his first trip from home and he would not have made it only there was not a maiden in all his village that could capture his heart. That was his version but others say that none could be induced to marry. Forest was the young man's name. He owned a farm, a horse, some stock, a suit of clothes and a most enthusiastic desire to possess a wife, and the captain of the 'Thelma' made Forest's wishes known on shore and he was soon in the guardianship of the gentleman who had arranged matters for Johnnie Maple. It was quite easy to let him secure a girl who would share his ups and downs and he would take him to her at the first opportunity. Forest said he wanted a good looking female, and that was all.

Shortly after dusk one evening Forest and a couple of friends started for the young lady's house. Forest knew nothing of the city and its ways and was at once taken to one of the shady residences on the lower part of Water street. There were several young women there, and Forest was told he could select any one of them for a life partner. He chose a blonde and for several hours the young men who accompanied him had more fun than ever they anticipated. Forest proposed and was accepted, the best thing of it is that the girl is as sincere as he is. She has promised to go with him to his Nova Scotia home and he has gone back to arrange it for his bride. Forest is expected back on the next trip of the 'Thelma' and then the wedding will take place. There are only a few invitations out yet but it is a certainty that many can be had before the day the knot is tied.

A New Story in "Progress."

"Shadowed for Life." A new story by Gordon Stables M. D. R. N., will be begun in the next number of PROGRESS.

SHE WAS VERY PRETTY.

AND THE BOYS ALL LIKED HER RESTAURANT.

At The Foot of Indiantown—But she has Gone With Her Husband and Lots of Cash—Creditors and Friends Mourn Their Sudden Departure.

The North end has lost two residents within a week or so but only a few are sorry. This sorrow is not because of the decrease in the population but because they are financial sufferers. Some months ago a husband and wife reached here from the neighboring republic and opened a restaurant at the foot of Indiantown, near the landing places of the river boats. The wife presided over this place and the husband turned his attention to the manufacture of spring beds. The restaurant was not long in becoming a centre of attraction for a great many of the Indiantown young men. The proprietress was pretty and she always had attractive female friends at her house. The boys dined in and bought beer and beans and the girls invariably accepted invitations to dine. The restaurant was successful financially; the merchants about town paid no attention to the stories that the proprietress had once had her name shrouded in dense gloom. They knew only one thing, that she generally paid for what she got, and when she asked for credit, in most cases, she got it.

About a week ago the climax came and it is said that their are merchants in this town who lost from \$50 to \$100 each. The pair are back under the stars and stripes, a good many dollars in pocket. Just before they left the husband tried to purchase \$200 worth of tea from one of the large firms on six months credit. This concern would have nothing but money down and now they were hugging themselves. One of the young women who helped to make business good at the cafe is minus a gold bracelet and another a gold ring. Some of the boys who made such good fellows of themselves are now working hard to forget that they loaned the fair mistress several weeks salary but they think that the affair is a secret locked within their own breasts. The experience will do them good.

AN INDIGNANT COLORED CYCLIST.

She sees a White Girl Laugh and Pounces Her for the Offense.

There was trouble on Charlotte street in the twilight of Tuesday evening when a dusky maiden peddled along at a scorching gait on a wheel that 'had seen better days.' Now it has never been denied that a colored girl has as much right astride of a wheel as her white sister but it is a fact that but few of the daughters of Africa in this city attempt to pass as expert cyclists. Perhaps they are afraid of being run into on dark nights or that they might be more likely to meet with an accident than those whose general appearance presents a greater contrast with mother earth, or it may be that their natural sense of modesty is so developed that they do not care to make themselves so prominent as a lady must needs be when mounted on a wheel.

But in opposition to this somewhat general rule a colored girl broke out Tuesday evening. The boys jollied her as she sped along with the grace of a professional but she didn't mind that. Little trifles such as the boys remarks did not worry her but when Miss Jennie Steel who was walking down the street broke into hearty laughter—whether at the fair colored cyclist or at some funny remark of a gentleman standing near is not clear—there was trouble and that cyclist stopped in less time than it took to think. Then with a bound she was on the sidewalk and seizing the fair young lady with one hand she displayed her pugilistic expertise with the other. The attack was sudden, the punishment severe, when the offense is considered. Perhaps one would hardly think a colored cyclist so sensitive as to resent a laugh at her expense, though even that is doubtful, but to take vengeance into her own hands and administer a cuffing and punching on the public street is something quite novel. After this it may be as well to keep on a straight east of countenance when this colored cyclist is abroad.

HE DOCKED THE TAIL.

And the Livery man Refused to Take the Horse Back.

There's a good story going the rounds in which a livery stable man, an eight Hussey, a retired general and a horse are the principal actors.

The story began when the militia pitched tent at Sussex some two weeks ago, but the end of the story like many other continued yarns has yet to come. However judging from the first chapters the narrative promises to be a good one.

When general orders were first issued to our New Brunswick militia men to prepare for ten days of drill at Sussex under canvas, there was a grand hurry scurry and hustle to get uniforms cleaned up accoutre-

ments shining and pips clay all over where it belonged.

The Eight Cavalry Princess Louise Hussars of Kings county were among those ordered under canvas and among them the hustle was very brisk indeed.

Now the Eighth has many officers who are city chaps and so decidedly gallant that they do nothing by halves. Their uniform must be tailor made and must fit, the cap must sit just so, and the horse; why a country horse would never do you know, it must be a city horse and a brisk one at that, no ring bones or spavins in their if you please. In fact the Lieut from the city is right up to date in every particular.

It was one of those precise little officers that arranged with a Waterloo street livery stable man for a dandy steed to use at camp for ten days. The horse was carefully groomed and brushed, and looked natty with its flowing mane and long tail. The stable keeper felt easy when he saw by the papers that the ten days drill was to close on the morrow. He almost felt the roll of money in his inside pocket from the good hire he had made.

On the morrow the gallant young officer hove in sight over Waterloo street hill mounted on a lank looking steed. The stableman failed to recognize his horse at first but on closer inspection he found that Lieut. ——— had cut his horse's beautiful tail off short and had otherwise mutilated and changed the noble animal's appearance so much so that it was rather hard to recognize it. The Lieut. said that he had the horse's tail 'docked' to make it regimental.

The stable man got hot over what he justly termed a—cheek, and refused to accept the horse. The youthful soldier lead the dock tailed horse out of the stable and to his father's house. Explanations followed which resulted in the father of the young officer leading the horse back to the stable and giving it a cut with a whip-drove it in to its former owner. But the stableman says this don't end the matter as he intends to bring an action against the docker of his horse's tail.

AN EASY GOING CITY.

Society in Halifax Forgives But Does Not Forget Indiscretions.

Halifax is an easy going, forgiving sort of a place after all. Society frowns once in a while if her laws are disregarded too openly but when such liberty is permitted with them at all times but little sympathy is felt for those who come under the ban of the mighty displeasure of Mrs. Grundy.

Still after a time society gets in good humor again and especially so if those who transgress her laws are only polite enough to absent themselves for a while; take a trip to mother England and thus avoid the inconvenient method of ostracising which must of necessity be followed if the offender is among her friends. But after a suitable absence she may return, of course as unostentatiously as possible, and regain her lost prestige and reputation.

How different with this! If some poor choir master or clerk forgets that there is a Mrs. Grundy and permits himself to enjoy to the utmost the society of the fair young ladies to whom he is agreeable he must as soon as his offence is discovered take himself to foreign regions and remain there, particularly if he has been indiscreet enough to be careless.

This little homily is suggested, perhaps, by the renowned marriage of a musical young lady of that city and a gentleman who addresses many fashionable people once a week. Perhaps some of those who listen to him so attentively think it a shame that he is setting the widowers such a horrid example in forgetting their first loves so soon, while others of a more religious mood wonder that such an attractive young lady should display a taste for the church after her experience of four years ago.

By the way, that experience led, it was said at the time—and pretty openly too—to one of those little trips that Mrs. Grundy demanded. The unfortunate part of it was that two young ladies offended against society at the same time. One of them was not in the same position in society as the other as she worked for her living but her occupation was of a dainty nature and her position such that society was calling upon her all the time and of course thoroughly well acquainted with her. She, too, was intimate with the choir master and when the facts all came to light there was hurrying to and fro and one went to England, the dreadful man to Brooklyn while the other remained at home. But the heroine of this story paid a pleasant visit to her aunt in England and the fact was duly chronicled at the time. The writer is not quite sure whether it was in the column of Lady Jane in the Recorder or in the 'Whispers' in the Echo but he is sure it was in one of these papers. No doubt either would be an authority especially the former.

But now there is a marriage on the tapis and when it takes place so many will no doubt crowd the aisle of St. George in their eagerness to see the last act of a maiden who has experienced the shadow of her brow and the joy of her forgiveness.

McArthur's for Dials, says an' 'Twasop Good.

Musical and Dramatic

IN MUSICAL CIRCLES.

Local musical circles are already moved to their centre at the prospect of the Albany concert, which is now fixed for the 27th prox. 'Albani is coming! Albani is coming! is heard on all sides and I doubt if any two musical people in this city or the suburban towns can meet and separate, without some reference to the great musical event that will so soon take place in our midst.

Every one has heard of Madame Albani, her power in song method in her musical life, her custom in study, how she acquires opera, the extent of her repertory, her special successes, her nationality, the fact that she has been specially selected as a favorite by Queen Victoria, and the distinctions conferred on her by other reigning sovereigns—all these have been told again and again—but it has not so frequently been told to the Canadian people, that notwithstanding all her well merited success in the work of music, although honored by the highest in every land she has visited since the inception of her musical career though she is a Queen of song and as it were, had a world at her feet, she has never lost sight of the fact that she is a 'Canadienne' and to-day she is unaffected and truly womanly and approachable as though she had never left her native land. Albani is great but in this respect she is greatest.

As it is not possible to say anything specially new of Madame Albani's singing as she is so distinguished everywhere readers of this department will doubtless like to know somewhat of the musical talent that is to be heard here with Madame Albani. It may be conceded that inasmuch as the assisting talent has been personally selected by the great vocalist its quality is without question. The chief is Mr. Lempiere Pringle, a great basso from the Carol Ross Opera Company of London. Mr. Braxton Smith, a distinguished tenor, Miss Robinson an Ontario lady, Miss Beatrice Langley a superior violinist, Mr. Ernest Gye director, and M. Sempelli conductor. A more extended reference to these several talented artists will be given in this department next week. Meantime it is of interest to every one to know that so desirous is Madame Albani that everything offered her audiences shall be of the very best, she has insisted upon the presence of M. Sempelli, the conductor of the Royal Italian Opera in London, and

that gentleman will personally conduct the performance of the scenes from 'Faust.'

Mrs. Fred L. Spencer, has gone to New York to resume her musical studies under Wilfred Watters. Mrs. Spencer will remain in New York throughout the winter. She has made many friends and her voice has many admirers among the musical people of that metropolis.

An interesting musical occasion will be the concert in Centenary church next Tuesday evening when talented young lady instrumentalists from Sickville will appear.

Tones and Undertones.

Calve's repertory in the United States during her next visit will be 'Hamlet' 'La Navarraise,' 'Herodiade,' 'Carmen' 'Faust' 'L'Africaine' and 'Marriage of Figaro.'

The Boston Symphony concerts in Boston have begun with Mr. Emil Parr as conductor. The old Music Hall in that city was filled with people the opening night. The programme was Overture to 'Benvenuto Cellini,' Louis Albert Bourgaunt-Ducoudray, (first time in Boston); Orchestral Suite in D major, op. 49, Camille Saint-Saens (first time); Symphony No 8 in F major, op. 93, Ludwig van Beethoven; Overture to 'Euryanthe,' Karl Maria von Weber.

The first concert in the Berkeley Temple course in Boston this season was given last Tuesday evening and our friend Mr. Tom Daniel, took part in it as the basso of the Berkeley Temple quartette. The other members of the quartette are Mrs. Humphrey Allen, soprano, Mrs. Marie Kaula Stone, contralto and Mr. George J. Parker, Albany.

At the second rehearsal and concert of the Boston Symphony orchestra yesterday afternoon and this evening, Mr. Martinus Sieveking was the soloist and the programme arranged was: Overture, 'Gwendoline'.....Chabrier (First time); Concerto for Piano, No. 1, in B flat minor.....Tchaikowsky (First time); Rhapsody No. 3.....Dvorak (First time); Symphony in C major ('Jupiter').....Mozart.

It is said that Walter Damrosch has secured Frau Mohor-Ravenstein to appear in German Opera in the roles which had been allotted to Frau Klafsky. There is a rumor prevalent that Mascagni will visit the United States early next month, and that Leoncavallo will also come soon afterwards.

Rosenthal the great Roumanian pianist, called for the United States from Cherbou on the 23rd inst. He is a passenger on the steamer Augusta Victoria. He is practising daily from eight to ten hours in preparation for his tour. He was in America eight years ago. He speaks English quite well.

For the monument to Schumann to be erected at Zwickau, his birthplace, the sum of eight thousand dollars has already been secured.

Madame Januschowsky will participate in two concerts with the Boston Symphony orchestra, during the winter. The dates are January 6th and 14th.

On the 28th inst. in Vervier will be given a grand anniversary concert (orchestral) in honor of Vieuxtemps the famous Belgian composer-violinist, and M. Marix Levenson, the Cellist has been selected as soloist for the occasion.

Myron W. Whitney, the distinguished Boston basso, will give some of his time to teaching this season.

Evan Williams, a Cornishman, who came to the United States as a miner about five years ago is said to be the best tenor singer in the United States today. His musical history is very romantic.

The salary of the late famous tenor Duprez was seventy thousand francs per year. Mario had 30,000, Naudin 110,000, Levasseur 45,000, Mme. Slotz 72,000, Falcon, 50,000 and the celebrated Gruvelli, 100,000.

Mlle. Zolie de Lussan has attained much success in the new opera 'La Vivandiere' in London.

Miss Ella Russell who sang at the Norwich, Eng., festival recently is said to be 'undoubtedly the leading soprano in England with the exception of Mme. Albani.

TALK OF THE THEATRE.

The Bennett-Moulton Company is playing an engagement at the Opera House opening last Monday evening. A change of bill nightly is provided. The business is large, and there is some talent in the company the best so far as seen being Mr. Justin Adams. Some fault has been found with one of the specialties of the little girl but I notice, the objectionable specialty has been removed. It is well, because it was of a character unfitted to a St. John audience and the wonder was that any one would tutor a child of such tender years in that significant line. The stage settings by this company are truly excellent.

Mr. Sawtelle manager of what is by courtesy called the Sawtelle Dramatic Com-

pany while in Fredericton I understand, made several glaring mistakes regarding this department of PROGRESS. During these remarks he is credited with the statement that the criticisms of a dramatic performance are affected by advertising business and the withholding or granting of the ordinary press courtesies. This assertion of Mr. Sawtelle is utterly without foundation and false in every particular, and if all his statements are equally unreliable then he is a deserving object of commiseration.

Miss Ethel Tucker and company are in Calais this week and will play a return engagement at the Opera house here beginning on the 16th Nov. when, with a number of new people, they will produce several entirely new plays.

'Mora' and Fred Williams and company have been playing in Eastport this week.

Olga Nethercole will open in Brooklyn on 2nd Nov. with a new drama entitled 'The Wife of Scarff' by Giuseppe Giacosa. Later on she will produce 'When Greek meets Greek.' The only English actors in her company will be Robert Pateman, Miss Alexis Leighton and Henrietta Watson.

Georgia Cayvan revived 'Squire Kate' at Palmer's theatre last Monday evening.

Fannie Edgar Thomas, the Paris correspondent of the Musical Courier writes: 'There should be a free theatre for the people in every country in the interest of education, development, religion, morality, refinement and culture in all that goes to make human beings in place of brutes.'

The latest news from Genoa states that young Salvini cannot possibly survive the malady from which he suffers. His wife writes and says 'his malady is fatal.' News of his death may be called at any moment.

Fannie Davenport has gone into the farewell business, she announces that this is her farewell Sardou season.

A recent Boston paper says that 'Miss Mary Hampton, Miss Jessie Builey and Miss Minnie Dapree of 'The Two Little Vagrants' company, are ardent bicyclists and believe in the divided skirt—not bloomers.

Edith Crane, who was here with Tyrone Power and afterwards made a hit in Trilby on learning of the death of Du Maurier, the author of the book, cabled a London florist to send to the funeral, a floral offering 'from the American Trilby.' Notwithstanding Miss Crane's claim to the role, the fact is that Virginia Harrod was the first chosen to play the part.

Charles Frohman is arranging to send out a special 'Rosemary' company about the new year to visit the principal cities of the United States. This is rendered necessary by the New York success of the piece with John Drew in the leading role.

Sarah Bernhardt's new play entitled 'La Duchesse Catherine' has been read to Fanny Davenport. The result is not yet announced.

Mamie Gilroy, who is playing at the Park theatre, Boston this week in 'The Strange Adventures of Miss Brown' is spoken of as a 'dainty piece of bric-a-brac.' The Holland brothers appear at the Hollis theatre, Boston, this week in two new plays, one of which is entitled '1871' and the other is entitled 'The Superstitious Husband.'

Miss Minnie Radcliffe, well known and well liked in this city as leading lady in Harkins' Company a couple of years ago, is now leading lady with the Hollands.

Sarah Bernhardt has recently produced 'Camille' with the costumes of herself and

supporting company, made in the fashion of the epoch in which the story was laid. A writer on the production says: 'It is difficult to imagine any added value other than the novelty in resurrecting the actual costumes of the unfortunate people.—The plot is neither generic nor localized; beginning in the Garden of Eden and enacted in every palace, parlor and kitchen of every city in the globe 365 times every year.'

During the coming engagement of Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Boucher (Violet Vanbrugh) at the Park theatre, Boston, besides giving 'The Chili Widow,' they will be seen in 'The Queen's Proctor,' 'Monsieur de Paris,' 'Kitty Clive' and a new play by Sardou written expressly for them. Their season in the States will begin January 18th, inst.

Charles B. Hanford, principal actor in support of Thos. W. Keene the tragedian, was considered by the late Edwin Booth and Laurence Barrett, the ideal Marco Antonio.

Miss Nora Lamison is the name of a 'very charming little lady' who is the ingenue of the Holland company. Her performances are marked by a breeziness and spontaneity thoroughly refreshing says a recent paper.

Fanny Davenport thinks that birds bring misfortune to her. She never allows any of these to be about the theatre during an engagement. Scenery with peacocks or other birds in it is always rejected. It is said that she refused to act in 'Fedora' until her manager had an elaborate stage setting, which contained the painting of a peacock, remodelled and the peacock eliminated.

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Humphrey's Specifics.

for Canada, was destroyed by fire on the 16th inst.

The drug trade is now being supplied direct from New York, so that our friends may not be disappointed.

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A LIVING FLOWER.

MARION FROELICH.

G. FROELICH.

Musical score for 'A Living Flower' by Marion Froelich and G. Froelich. Includes piano accompaniment and vocal lines with lyrics.

(4320)-2.

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Musical score for 'A Living Flower' (continued) by Marion Froelich and G. Froelich. Includes piano accompaniment and vocal lines with lyrics.

A Living Flower.-3.

PROGRESS.

EDWARD S. CARTER, EDITOR.

All letters sent to the paper by persons having no business connection with it should be accompanied by stamps for a reply.

Copies can be purchased at every known news stand in New Brunswick, and in very many of the cities, towns and villages of Nova Scotia and Prince-Edward Island every Saturday, at Five Cents each.

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Remittances should always be made by Post Office Order or Registered Letter. The former is preferred, and should be made payable in every case to EDWARD S. CARTER, Publisher.

SIXTEEN PAGES.

AVERAGE CIRCULATION 13,640

ST. JOHN, N. B., SATURDAY, OCT. 24

SUMMER RESORT BUSINESS.

The board of trade of this city has started a movement to advertise the advantages of this city and province as a summer resort and is meeting with much encouragement and assistance from transportation companies and hotel proprietors.

vested in these tenements, however, runs up annually from \$45 to \$55. A corporation store sells all kinds of goods, except liquors at a small advance on cost prices.

necessarily be compelled to retain a working engineer. In his own practice, Mr. Long has found that an ordinarily intelligent man can be placed in charge of a steam engine, applied to all sorts of work, without any special training.

PHASES OF YESTERDAY AND TODAY

Good Night My Love. The sweetest flower is still the rose. Love breathing through its prayer;

The pending socialistic Congress at Berlin has already revealed the diversity of opinion which exists among these would be reformers. The fact is, social reform is today just as devalued as nationalities.

Mr. W. T. STREAD is evidently not regarded favorably out in Australia; a Sydney journalist is sneering at delamination of character a doctor who called him "a colonial Mr. STREAD."

THE HORSE MUST GO.

A London trade journal, Industries and Iron, has lately published a series of articles on the expediency of substituting auto-cars or motor-cars for the wagons and carriages drawn by horses.

A SUCCESSFUL CONCERT.

A Large and Fashionable Musical at Mount Allison. The first of a series of five entertainments under the auspices of the Alumnae society was held in Batheson Hall on Friday evening.

NOT ON THE PROGRAMME.

A Scene at the Opera House That was not on the Bill. Sometimes there are scenes portrayed in the Opera House that are not "on the bill" or part of the stage performances.

DEBILITY OF CYPRUS.

As Laving as Rock and Unaffected by Weather. The cypress is a notoriously slow-growing tree, and its wood is just as notoriously durable. It is capable not only of resisting the action of the weather in a manner totally different from all other woods.

PEN, PRESS AND ADVERTISING.

Mr. Bates of the firm of Edmondson, Bates & Co., of Toronto, well known in the patent medicine world was in the city this week, pushing the sale of his preparations and looking after the firm's advertising contracts for the next year.

Highest of all in Leavening Power.—Latest U. S. Gov't Report.

Royal Baking Powder

ABSOLUTELY PURE

SOME STYLISH MILLINERY. The New Parisian Store on Union Street and its Large Patronage.

Hats and bonnets, bonnets and hats! what a part they play just now in lovely woman's world. That the styles of the new millinery have a trend in the direction of the picturesque is certainly indicated by their names.

That establishment, of which Mr. H. G. Marr of Moncton is the proprietor was opened several weeks ago with considerable more eclat than is usual in St. John.

Electricity, which has made such immense strides since 1889, will have an important place in this exhibition, and so will the chemical industries.

One praise worthy feature of this fair is to be the position of the exhibitor. In earlier exhibitions of this kind the exhibitor has been the raison d'être of their existence.

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Advertisement for Royal Baking Powder, featuring a large illustration of a woman in a hat and various text blocks.

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And we want the public to know it. This good thing is the best of its kind and is known as

Fairy Soap A most delightful, free, velvety lathering Vegetable Oil Soap.

The Clear, White Color indicates its Purity.

Made in two sizes—a small, twin cake for the Toilet, and 12 oz. cake for the Nursery, Bath, and Washing of Fine Fabrics.

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Sea Foam It Floats. A Pure White Soap. Made from vegetable oils it possesses all the qualities of the finest white Castile Soap.

USE ONLY Pelee Island Wine Co's Wines.

THEY ARE PURE JUICE OF THE GRAPE.

E. G. SCOVIL, Sole Agent for Maritime Provinces



There is very little of importance to chronicle in society columns so far this autumn, quietness and other informal entertainments being about the only gaieties indulged in.

Mr. J. M. Lamont of Fredericton was in the city Wednesday. Mr. B. D. Clark of Halifax, was here for a day or two lately.

Mr. J. M. Johnson of Calais, was here the first of the week. Mr. and Mrs. R. H. McDonald of Port Hope were in the city this week.

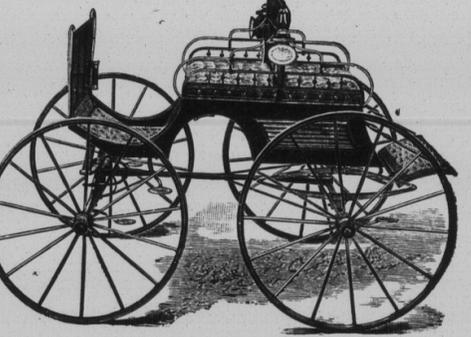
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Tetley's TEAS FROM ANCIENT INDIA AND SWEET CEYLON.

Are not injurious to nerves or stomach because early pickings only are used in blending. Older leaves contain strong acids that are not found in those we use.

Delicate or Nervous Women Should Drink Tetley's. In lead Packets to preserve their Fragrance.

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Sunday Reading.

THE SOURCE OF TROUBLE.

An Able Sermon on Trouble by Rev. Mr. A. B. Carpenter.

"Let not your heart be troubled; ye believe in God, believe also in me."—St. JOHN xiv. 1.

There is no life that does not experience what we call trouble. I do not mean to say that trouble is equal in all lives and all experiences. There are some to whom trouble seems to come in greater quantity, in greater intensity; while there are others whose lives seem to pass comparatively untroubled through the world. Yet, if we could analyse the lives and feelings of our fellow men, if we could get deep down into their very heart and soul, we should find that there is no life, however untroubled it may seem on the surface, that does not encounter what we call trouble. It falls to the lot of all mankind to have trouble sooner or later. The child that lies helpless in our arms, we know that if the life of that child be spared to old age, one experience among others it will have—the experience of trouble. If you and I think for one moment we shall see that trouble in itself is not of necessity an evil. The life of man would have been very different if it had not been for the influence and action of trouble.

There are three things that may come out of the experience of trouble. Does not trouble help to develop human character, human ingenuity, human power? Would man collectively or individually have grown in such strength and power and ingenuity, if it had not been for the presence of trouble? Just as man is called upon to encounter the difficulties and troubles of his life, his character is tested, just as he braces himself to overcome trouble does his character grow in strength and greatness. And, besides that, is not trouble one of the means which brings us into sympathy with our fellow men, having that softening, that charity-inspiring influence which enables us to enter into the troubles of others and thereby to draw closer to them? And does not trouble make us look beyond the clouds of the present, giving us just that element of dissatisfaction, which sets the heart and soul craving after something greater than ourselves. It brings home to us a sense of our weakness, sends us into the darkness asking for one greater than and beyond ourselves that makes for righteousness. The troubles of this world often make us feel that this life, cut off from all else, does not give us satisfaction, which is only to be found in faith in God and the conviction of the immortality of the soul. Here it is we may see that trouble has its advantages.

There is one danger. It may upset our plans, but this is not the danger of trouble; the real danger is when it enters into the life, and the man or the woman grows disheartened, and the strength of resistance becomes weakened, and the tides of trouble overwhelm him. If that be so, surely you and I need some help by which we may face the troubles of life, and that will give us that strong and great heart and soul which can look within and face a very sea against us, and yet maintain the courage and endurance and faith of our souls. It is just such a faith and courage which Jesus Christ would give us. You hear the words coming to you that have come to troubled humanity throughout eighteen hundred years, the words of the Master spoken so calmly and with such assurance—"Let not your heart be troubled, neither let it be afraid."

We ask who was it spoke these words and to whom did He first address them? He who dared, knowing what life was, to tell His fellowmen not to let their hearts be troubled or afraid, was He one who had never felt the pinch and press of trouble Himself? Nay, He was a man of sorrows and acquainted with grief, He was one who had been thrown into the very vortex of adversity, knowing what the conflict of trouble and sorrow was in the world. Was ever a life more troubled in its external environment than that life of Jesus Christ Who knew what trouble was from day to day? And those to whom He spoke these words, who were they? Were they some of Heaven's favourites sheltered off from the blast of adversity, from the trouble and experience of life? As the Master looked upon them He knew perfectly well what trouble lay in store for them. He knew that He would be taken from them, and He knew that all the brunt of the new movement would fall upon them—persecution, imprisonment, misrepresentation—even death itself would be the lot of some of them. His eye could see what was in store for them, and He never hid it from them. He told them to count the cost, He told them they would be regarded as the off-scouring of the world, that persecution and trouble was to be their lot in life, and yet He spoke to them and said, "Let not your heart be troubled, neither let it be afraid."

He did not mean then that some external peace was to be theirs, that men of like passions with ourselves were to be made so hard that they would not feel the pinch and press of trouble; He did not mean that life's pathway should be miraculously smoothed for them, that they might glide with ease along the way of life. No, men

of suffering, men persecuted, men full of trouble they would be, and yet in the midst of a very whirlwind of trouble the Master bade them keep a heart of peace and faith and assurance, a priceless treasure which the world of trouble could never take from them.

And how was it to be done? By faith in Him. 'You have had that larger faith in God; I have brought you a fuller revelation of God; believe also in Me. Take my life, My teaching, My acts, My words, take Me as I stand in your midst and let your faith gather round Me, if you would have that faith which will make you strong and peaceful in the midst of the violent disturbances of life; you will find in Me the great antidote that subtle poison of trouble which would seek to take away from you, to suck away from you the very foundations of your strength and peace. What then has Christ done to give us this peace, this untroubled heart?

Look and see what are some of the sources of trouble which come to us in life. Until we know from whence to expect the great shadow of trouble on our lives we shall not understand fully what Christ has done for us, to bring us peace in the midst of trouble. There are three great sources from which a man may reap trouble. There are those little ups and downs in life. You find that, somehow or other, things will not go exactly as you would like, you see that life itself is far too restless an animal ever to get it to go just as you like, the days do not come just as you desire; other's interests clash with your's; sorrow and pain come sometimes roughly and rudely upon you, and you are inclined to think that the whole of life is a boiling vortex of uncertainty and disappointment. And what does Christ say to us under those circumstances? 'Let not your heart be troubled, neither let it be afraid.' The trouble of life may come to us because we do not understand the meaning of life. If you and I cross the threshold of the world and imagine that life is intended to be a scene of ease we shall misunderstand it. But supposing this thing we call life is the great sphere for the manufacture of human souls and characters, the great throbbing machinery that is intended to turn out, under the guidance of God, heroic men and tender women, noble-hearted women, tender-hearted men; that all the meaning of life, the richness of life, the success of life is not that the hand should be full of the good things of this world, that the heart should be allowed to sleep in the cool gentle zephyrs of perpetual prosperity, unmoved by the shocks of time. That is what Christ taught us. He came and lived the troubled life Himself. He had not where to lay His head. He did not scale the heights of ambition, He cared not two straws what the world said of Him; He had his own mission and His own message and step which He spoke out the truth God had given to Him fearless of all results and consequences. He would sooner have parted with life itself than part with a single particle of truth and justice and reality and honesty. And He said to His disciples, as He has said to the world ever afterwards: 'You mistake the meaning of life if you think it is intended only for ease and comfort and wealth.' Just as you understand that God's purposes to you are something loftier than you have been dreaming of you will cease to wonder if providence crashes in upon you and destroys your plans. You, who thought to build your nest high up in the rocks where you will be safe from the discolors of life—that you would make a palace of art in which you could live in selfishness, your rock is swept by the torrent and you are sent down again into the midst of your fellowmen. You are intended to live amongst your fellowmen, to be one with them in sympathy. When we find in this life that we save thy perpetual example and the perpetual friendship of Jesus Christ then I think the little worries and troubles of life begin to afflict us less than they did before. We brace up the nerves of our souls to face them, and we say "We will not be conquered by the troubles of life, but we will conquer them, and though the troubles seem overwhelming, crushing down the physical life within us and scattering all our plans, we have that within us, greater, grander, nobler still; we will draw the development of our characters from the life of Christ." Here, therefore, the faith in God and faith in Christ, the eternal fatherhood of God working through all plans for the training and education of His children, invite you to leave yourself in all courage and in all obedience in the hands of the Father; to mould your life according to the experience of life; to follow on close to the footsteps of Jesus Christ Himself, following Him and learning that God hath got something in store for us; even by means of the disappointments and troubles of life, training our characters till we become in heart and soul the children of the Most High. fit, prepared, for the better life He may have in store for us.

Look once more and see how great a trouble it is when we reflect on the follies and failings of our character, and ask ourselves whether sin is not after all the bitterest source of trouble. There are two ways in which men feel trouble from sin. There is the coward, the man who shrinks from the punishment of his sin. Such men have been so anthropomorphic in their ideas of God that they have argued from their own experience of men what is the action and nature of God. They see a man here caught by the throat and shaken and due retribution awarded to him for his misdeeds and they argue that it must be so with God. 'When we do wrong,' they say, 'His gathering wrath shall break in vengeance on our heads.' And men have been cowed at the sense of their sins because they have been afraid of the wrath of God. But nobler souls have not thought so much of the consequences of God's wrath; what has troubled them has been that they are unworthy of the favour of God. They have done wrong, and have cried out to God and striven to do better in the future. It is not fear of punishment that troubles our hearts, it is our infirmity; it is the trouble lest I, having once done wrong, who knows? I may repeat the transgression. It is the discovery of the weakness, the baseness, the meanness of the sin within us, the leprosy of the soul within. This is the thing which troubles us, and we would by the gift of worlds get back or get into us the strength which shall enable us to overcome sin. And the answer has come, and the revelation of the fatherhood of God has once more swept away the cringing fear of the wrath and the punishment of God, and has been the manifestation of a power in itself to overcome sin, the revelation of a power to help men. Faith in Christ is an actual spiritual power that is implanted into the soul of man, and by it he is victorious over sin. He who feels 'I am not alone in the conflict with sin here; I cannot here tell my sense of sin, words will not express it. I need a friend within the tabernacle of my own heart and soul to speak there with me in the loneliness and the solitude of my being.'—he finds that such an one has come in Christ. He knocks at the door, He enters, He reigns and rules, and we find in this perpetual companionship the power that makes for righteousness within.

And has there not been a third source of trouble? I mean that dark shadow of death which hangs over every life, and sweeps down early on some, comes later upon others, but gathers all at last into the garner. The most heroic souls have felt trouble at the contemplation of death and felt the desire to cling to life. What is the good of striving against temptation if it is the end? If death ends all things, is life worth living? And you know the answer of Jesus Christ to that, how He has told us that the training and discipline and the hard fight are not in vain; they are not all to end in dust and ashes in the grave as it the whole tragedy of human life were one great failure at the end. He has pointed to the Father's house of many mansions that lies beyond the narrow straits of death. You have mistaken death when you have cried out at its presence. There is no such thing as death. Look you by the eye of faith across the narrow stream into the pasturage of that eternal home, the Father's house of many mansions. Wherever your Father's house is that must be your home. Death is but a going home, it is the opening of the door, to receive the wearied-out child of God who has just managed to fight on to the last, and then is called home. The doors are rolled open to receive the strong and the heroic and the tender ones, those who have worked for God—the doors are rolled open to receive those, too, who, fallen back into utter despondency, have dreamed there is no God, no heaven, no hell, a rest, the outcasts of the world, but not, thank God! outcasts from the eternal home of the Father Himself. This is the faith that makes us strong, strong to bear all things, strong to be true to our convictions, strong to be true to the service of life, that gathers around Jesus Christ and says, 'Be not afraid of sin; you have that power within that shall overcome the sin; be not afraid of the adversities of life; you have the power to mould these for good; be not afraid of death; it is the entrance to the joy and peace beyond.' This faith will make nations strong. Would to God we had more of that faith.—Rev. B. A. Carpenter, M. A.

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THE BOY AND THE MAN.

A Student Who not Tolerate Suggestive Songs or Stories.

Coleridge Patteson—a scholar at Eton, one of England's famous historic schools—was a high-spirited lad, and a great favorite in the cricket eleven of the school, for he was an uncommonly good player.

At the club suppers 'Coley,' as the boys called him, was disturbed by the questionable jests and stories of some of the members, and at length declared publicly that he should protest against anything like indecency in the conversation or in the songs that were sung.

Notwithstanding this, at the next meeting one of the boys began to sing a saucy ditty, and Coley rose indignantly to his feet.

'If this sort of things goes on I shall leave the room,' he said.

The singer continued, and Coley marched out. The next day he wrote to the captain of the eleven, and assured him that unless he received an apology he should quit the club.

He was too important a man to lose, and the apology was sent. The trial of feeling to the young fellow who made it could have been no greater than the trial of demanding it and risking a refusal; for, like all enthusiastic cricket-players, Coley was passionately fond of the game. But he loved character better than cricket, and the outcome was a victory of principle.

Here was the kind of boy of which martyrs are made. The spirit that emboldened him to resent villainy sent him afterward to present Christianity to a pagan people. A group of islands north of New Guinea in the South Pacific became the brave man's field of labor, and there he fell a victim to heathen cruelty.

But death has not erased from the memory of earth his example of manly courage and royal discipline. The story of the boy of Eton and 'Martyr Bishop of Melanesia' is told here—and will be told for many a year to come—to kindle fearless virtue in other minds, and impress a noble lesson on Christian life.

The Ocean of Eternity. Some poet-mind has fancied that all the sound waves born on land escape to the ocean at last. They jostle and crowd each other above solid ground, but the sea has room for all, and they are rocked in billow cradles into harmony with the voice of the deep—the voice that speaks the language of all emotion. So it is with the warring, discordant, crowded feelings of earth-life. They escape from the narrow bounds, to find free play on the ocean of eternity. It is a mistake to think that the life of heaven is like the unrippling monotony of the sea of glass. The emotions that here are confused by circumstances, frozen by lack of sympathy, bound by selfishness, shall be as free as the airs that kiss the bosom of the sea, or the voices of the deep, that call and change unceasingly. Heaven is not the abode of insipid goodness. Emotion does not need the taint of sin to render it interesting. Happiness and purity in heaven go hand in hand, with full-orbed power to be, to do, to enjoy, with the liberty of thought and feeling the world cannot contain.

The Influence of Appearance. A seeming to be is a temptation to be. The Scripture injunction to avoid the appearance of evil is not merely given to us in the interest of others who might be misled by our example, nor is it merely in our interests as a protection against our being misjudged or falsely accused. It benefits us more directly than that. To get into the habit of appearing evil is to grow accustomed to such appearance. A man's appearance becomes, as it were, his second self, upon whose evil countenance he grows accustomed to look without remorse. His nice sense of moral judgment is thus blunted. He gravitates unconsciously to being what once he only seemed to be. It is not only safer for others, then, that we avoid the appearance of evil, but safer for ourselves.

Do Not Procrastinate. What thou doest, do quickly. There is only one niche into which your effort will be forever as those unfinished pillars at Baalbeck, which only show that somebody was criminally behind time. A benevolent man once discovered that a minister's family was in great distress. He gave a deacon fifty dollars, saying: 'Give it to them in a way becoming their standing; do it ingeniously, lovingly, but do not mention the giver.' The deacon said: 'Yes, I will do it the first thing in the morning.'

PILES CURED IN 3 TO 6 NIGHTS. Dr. Agnew's Ointment will cure all cases of itching piles in from three to six nights. One application brings comfort. For blind and bleeding piles it is peerless. Also cures Tetter, Salt Rheum, Eczema, Barber's Itch and all eruptions of the skin. 35 cents.

How the Tables Were Turned on a Would-be Swindler. It is always gratifying to one's sense of justice to see the tables turned upon a would-be swindler. Mrs. J. G. Jebb tells the story of a young Englishman who was travelling in Mexico. One Don Manuel represented to him the immense value of a certain silver-mine, with which circumstances compelled him to part. But his friend should see and judge for himself!

The two men were accordingly lowered a short distance into the shaft and the Englishman was so pleased with the appearance of the ore that he gave his check for half the purchase price. Later, he felt moved to explore his investment farther, and going alone to the mine, hired an Indian in the vicinity to lower the cage. He speedily discovered that the mine was full of water!

Putting into immediate action a plan of reprisal, he sought Don Manuel and expressed his desire to visit the shaft again, to which the Mexican reluctantly yielded. The Indian was again hired to lower the cage, Don Manuel, at the Englishman's instance, giving the requisite instructions. The Englishman then politely motioned the older man to be seated.

Hardly had he done so, when the Indian, in obedience to a gesture from his secret patron, began turning the windlass. In vain Don Manuel entreated and threatened, till his voice arose faintly from far below.

Then the cage was drawn up to within a few feet of the surface and the Englishman demanded of its drenched occupant the surrender of his check. Evidently the young man meant business, and without a word, Don Manuel yielded.

TRY SATINIS.

The Finest Molasses Chewing Candy in the Land.

GANONG BROS., L'td., St. Stephen, N. B.

'No, said the benefactor, 'do it to-night before sunset, before the dew falls. Who can tell the importance to those sad hearts of a night's sleep untroubled by the wail of want!'

Testimony of Eminent Men. It is well for all to keep in mind that Franklin gave as his last and most earnest testimony:—'Young man, my advice to you is that you cultivate an acquaintance with and a firm belief in the Holy Scriptures—that is your certain interest; that Diderot said: 'No better lessons than those of the Bible can I teach my child; that both Descartes and Newton said: 'No sciences are better attested than is the religion of the Bible—not even the mathematical; and that Jesus said: 'If they hear not Moses and the prophets, neither will they be persuaded, though one rose from the dead.'

A VERY USEFUL BABOON. An Animal That Was Trained to Work Very Intelligently. Certain wild animals can be trained to act very intelligently as servants of man, and even to exceed the dog in power of thought and action. Le Vaillant, the African traveller, says that he had a tame baboon which was not only sentinel, but hunter and purveyor of food and water.

This monkey, by sheer force of brains, took command of the dogs which protected the camp, and used and directed them just as the older baboons command and direct the rest of the tribe.

By his cries, says Le Vaillant, he always warned us of the approach of an enemy before even the dogs discovered it. They were so accustomed to his voice that they used to go to sleep, and at first I was vexed with them for deserting their duties; but when I had once given the alarm, they would all stop to watch for his signal, and on the least motion of his eye, or the shaking of his head, I have seen them rush toward the quarter where his looks were directed.

I often carried him on my hunting expeditions, during which he would amuse himself by climbing trees, in order to aid us in the pursuit of game.

When he was thirsty he used to hunt about and discover some succulent taber which was as effectual, under the circumstances, as a watermelon. One might say that he was not more clever than a terrier-dog; but though the dog can find a root he cannot dig it up.

The baboon did both, having the advantage of hands: though he used these, not to extract the root, but to adjust his weight to it, so as to use the leverage of his teeth to the best advantage.

He laid hold of the tuft of leaves with his teeth, pressed his four paws on the earth, on all sides of it, and then drew his head slowly back. The root generally followed.

If this plan did not succeed, he seized the root as low down as he could, and then throwing his heels over his head, turned a back somersault and came up smiling with the root in his mouth. It was easy to teach him that it was a part of his business to find these roots, and that his master must 'go staves.'

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IN CASE OF FIRE. Your house takes fire. What burns first? The lightest and most inflammable stuff, of course—furniture, doors, shelves, floors, panelling, and other woodwork. If it is a stone or brick house the walls will probably remain standing—a melancholy sight. Were not this a principle of universal application Mr. Meddings would never have compared himself to a skeleton, as he does in the letter to which your attention is now invited.

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Advertisement for 'BEST FOR EVERY DAY' featuring 'SE' and 'SAVES MONEY'.

WHAT WOMEN MAY DO. THE NEW WOMEN AND SOME DUTIES OF HER LIFE.

The Woman with Liberal Training and Social Power is the Guardian of Her Home. Her Sisters—Girls Who Rush Blindly Into Various Occupations.

Out of 340,000 children of school age in New York city, 50,000 are untaught for want of school room, because of ragged clothes, or unwillingness to learn. Twenty-eight thousand more children of school age are employed in stores and factories.

Who should act, or this toiling army of little ones, should guard the human race from degeneration, should demand the enforcement of existing laws and the making of better laws in their behalf, should secure the building of schools, the expenditure of more money for kindergarten and primary and industrial education, unless it be intelligent woman.

Their mission it is, too, to bring about better housing of the poor and the artisan, to insist upon their right to decent dwellings, fresh air, pure water and plenty of it, clean alleys and courts and some privacy in their homes—conditions without which those engaged in productive industries can with difficulty lead moral and virtuous lives. It is a mistake to suppose that workers and honest poor folk are satisfied with any miserable abode. Many of them are ambitious. They have the home-making instinct and turn their pitifully small resources to admirable account, surrounding themselves with dainty neatness and refinements in spite of wretched quarters and overburdened lives. I know whereof I speak, having studied the tenements of every large city and many manufacturing centers in the United States. Not long ago I spent four months in a house-to-house, room-to-room investigation of parts of the most congested 'slum' districts of New York and Philadelphia. I visited 1400 tenements, 1600 families, and 7250 individuals.

The woman with liberal training, a competence, and social power is the natural guardian of the civic rights of her humble and ignorant sisters, whose civic wrongs she must also have imagination enough to discover by putting herself in the needy fellow creatures' place, bringing to bear upon their problems her own broader insight and nobler vision. To put yourself in another's place signifies to empty yourself of self. Use imagination, precept yourself for the time being into the life of another. Put yourself in the place of those you propose to aid, and then indeed your help becomes not charity, but brotherhood.

To the least observant it is plain that the manual workers who today represent those factory operatives that led us to economic freedom are far less skilled in many branches of industry than were their primitive forebears or their ancestors under the domestic system of trades. Steam-power inventions and appliances tend to change the wage-earners who watch them into soulless, almost brainless, machines. Labor is now so specialized that one repeats endlessly the same process—feeding presses, turning cranks, guiding seams. Reason is stultified, sensibility is deadened. All around perfected craftsmen exist no more. Who conserves the artistic workmanship, the artistic and industrial skill of the primitive female? It is not displayed by our proletariat, certainly, as Prof. Mason remarks: for when we take the exquisite sewing of the Eskimo woman, done with sinew thread and needle of bone, or the wonderful basketry and pottery of our American Indians, or the feather work of Polynesia, or the loom products of Africa, and compare them with the tasteless, useless decorations and clumsy needlework of the untrained daughters of our laborers and mechanics, the comparison is all in favor of the wives and daughters of the degraded savage. Household knowledge and pursuits are at the lowest population. The mothers and girls can neither cook nor sew, nor wash and iron, nor care in the simplest way for the body. Ignorance causes the death of infants and the ill health and poverty of adults, whom poor food robs of their only capital, the power to earn.

Not only over the homes of the workers, but over the shops, foundries, mill, and factories, the curse of incompetence hangs. Unless the grade of labor improves, the pay of the skilled workman will be still further lowered by unskilled competition. Our wealth, our greatness, depend on the mastery of industrial art. It helps us little to be the largest coal-consuming and most inventive nation on earth, if the era of machinery is to be also the era of blind force; if behind the machine we have not the trained hand and eye, the taste of the designer, the skill of the architect and wood carver, the science of the ship-builder—in short, manual dexterity reinforced by art. However we pride ourselves on mere material resources, without industrial power and technique the rest of the world will beat us. Japan and China have developed their exquisite textiles, bronzes, and lacquer for four thousand years. Russia has greater oil fields than America. If Egypt and India fail to out-ace us in cotton, Africa could be turned into one vast cotton field where the three economic factors—food, shelter and raiment—would be minimized,

since the cultivator would wear no clothes, would sleep under a tree, and, when he wanted food, would climb the tree and get it.

Clearly, too, we shall continue at an ethical as well as a commercial disadvantage unless we replace the handicrafts of the primitive woman and build up the industrial arts—the all important, ever dignified and beautiful pursuits of cooking and sewing, cleaning and repairing, needlework, embroidery, carving, coloring, and house-decoration. The most unlovely homes in the world are the bare, untidy homes of our working population. The most wasteful housewife on earth is the thriftest American housewife. To re-instate the skilled industries, to weave in beauty with the life of the people, we must carry manual and technical training and applied art to the point of action as it were, down among the degraded, the belated, the neglected, the submerged. In the 'slums' where ignorance revels, crime festers, and decent poverty hides, we should found cooking, sewing, and housekeeping schools, with carpentry centers, wood-carving, brass hammering, drawing, modeling, and other creative pursuits that will fascinate the roughest street girl and transform the boy 'tough' into an eager, industrious artisan. Belgium and France, whose products we vainly try to equal, have planted industrial and domestic science schools in every hamlet, technical schools in all the manufacturing towns, dairy and farm schools in the agricultural districts. The teaching is adapted to local industries; on the coast, to shipbuilding and fisheries; in the quarries, to stone-cutting; around textile mills, to weaving and dyeing; with drawing everywhere. Hence the industrial supremacy of these countries, their excellent food, absence of waste, national thrift, and the love of art that prevades even the humblest classes. To educate by the same methods the children of America, to improve our homes, to bring order, skill, and beauty into the barest lives, to carry on the propaganda for universal, industrial and art training, is the privilege and duty of the 'new woman.'

Two words of warning. Even to dabble in handicrafts and aesthetics is a sign of the crude and amateurish but noble striving of our times, just as it indicates awakened civic conscience that club women settle in one hour's discussion the most far-reaching municipal problems and the gravest financial issues. One fault, however, of modern industrialism is that girls rush hastily, blindly, and sometimes unnecessarily into self-supporting pursuits for which they are unfitted, and to the neglect of a legion of home duties. The desire for pin-money, for more to spend on dress than clerks or mechanics can afford their daughters, sweeps into the ranks of competition a whole army of frivolous workers too young to understand the responsibility of the industrial career, untrained for it and determined to end it by marrying the first bona-fide suitor. Such young women, half maintained at home, fond of excitement and of the crowd that congregates in shops and factories, thinking chiefly of self, uninducted with the interests of persisting labor, enter the economic market not on a fair business basis, but accepting any pittance that will supply pocket money and gratify their natural and in some respects commendable desire to make a good appearance. Then, having cut down pay below the life line for the self-supporting toiler, these transients join in condemning merchants and manufacturer for offering no more than starvation wages. Better economic conditions for women will not come until they enter the field less faintly and on strictly business terms; until they are trained enough, staple and responsible enough to deserve these ameliorations, and capable of the concerted and unselfish action required to win them.—Popular Science Monthly.

The Indian pipes, or 'beech drops,' that are often found in rainy weather at the foot of the trees in the woods, are all parasitic. They grow from the roots of the forest trees, fastening upon them, and drawing for support the sap which is the prepared plant-food. If you examine these pipes—which are usually all snowy white, but sometimes all yellow, pink or red—you will see that there are numerous, leaf-

shaped scales upon the stem; these are colored like the stem and bloom: once they were good green leaves, doing the work of food-preparing, but when the roots fastened upon the tree roots, and sucked prepared food, the occupation of the leaves was gone—they lost the chlorophyl of which they would make no proper use. So in Scripture, he who had buried his talent, lost it entirely. These Indian pipes, or 'beech-drops,' are members of the wintergreen family; their cousins, the wintergreens, have plenty of stiff, aromatic, dark green leaves; they perfect that red, spicy berry, delight of children's hearts, and joy and comfort of the birds which winter among us. Long, long ago these 'pipes' may have had toothsome berries, and like the other wintergreens, may have been competent to yield useful extracts. Now they produce nothing, mere blanched ghosts of their ancient selves, feeble and short lived, they make in a night their rapid growth on borrowed capital, then in a day blacken and decay.

Another parasite is called the broom-rape, or broom-thief, from its habit of stealing for its subsistence the juices of more industrious plants. The broom-rape is a tall, slim plant with stem, small scales and tiny flowers, all of a dull reddish brown color. It is a 'seedy' looking individual of the kind that loafs about for other people to maintain. Sometimes the broom-rape fixes itself upon the red clover plant, close above the root, and the more the broom-rape thrives, the feebler grows the clover, which no matter how hard it works, cannot secrete and digest enough food for its greedy guest.

Another species of plants, resembling somewhat the parasites in their manner of growth, are the epiphytes; these are plants that naturally fix themselves upon other plants, rather than in the ground, but they are by no means parasites, because they do not draw any of their nutriment from the plant upon which they are fixed. Epiphytes are air-plants; they take all their food from the atmosphere, and all they ask of the trees upon which they fasten themselves, is leave to remain, held up in a position where their roots and abundant green leaves can gather plentiful food from the air. These epiphytes have most magnificent blossoms, paying for their tenancy by their beauty, as for example many of the orchids.

The mistletoe in its manner of growth is partly parasite, and partly epiphyte, as it sucks much nutriment from the tree upon which it grows, yet absorbs from the air at least an equal amount of food-stuff, which it prepares in the laboratory of its green leaves.

England's Camels. The British Government is the owner of about 25,000 camels, the greater number being in India, where they are kept in reserve at the commissariat depots, to meet various requirements—such as the carriage of stores to out stations, and camp equipments of troops changing quarters by line of march. In the war of 1878, in Afghanistan, camels were used by the British. Some 50,000 died during the campaign from cold, neglect and starvation. Included in the above 25,000 are the camels employed in Egypt with the British army of occupation—in 1884-85 a camel corps of 1,000 was formed, which did excellent service during the war against the Mahdi. At present between six and seven thousand camels belonging to the British Government are engaged in the advance on Dongola in the Sudan, and the Government is still buying largely, so that probably before the autumn campaign is over these numbers will be at least doubled. As the camels are used, they are organized into companies of 400 each.

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men, and prepare food for man and beast as well as for themselves. Most plants work busily at this food-preparing, and one can never look at the green leaves and stems, without thinking of the marvelous chemistry carried on in them. But there are some plants which do not draw their food-supply directly from the earth or atmosphere; instead they lazily settle down upon other plants, and feed upon what these more industrious-neighbors have prepared. Plant idlers and paupers are these, called parasitic plants.

Some of them do little work for themselves, and thus are not entirely parasitic. The mistletoe is a partial parasite. It springs from a seed dropped upon some tree; this, rooting in the bark and growing, derives nourishment from the sap of the tree. But it is not an entire parasite, because it develops green leaves, which draw food from the air and digest it, so preparing a large portion of its own diet. The mistletoe matures a pure white waxen berry bearing seed. This berry is about as large as a chick-pea. The mistletoe is evergreen, prefers the oak-tree as its host, and was worshipped by our Celtic sires, in their Druid rites.

A true example of a parasite is the dodder, a slim vine much like the convolvulus and wild blind-weed. It is of the same family originally as these. The blind-weed, however, kept strictly and honestly to its work, developed large leaves, beautiful broad white and painted blossoms, and ripened its seeds. On the rule of 'To him that hath shall be given' the blind weeds have grown more and more comely. Who does not love the morning glory, with its hundreds of exquisitely painted chalice, opened to the early day? The dodder has clusters of tiny pink blossoms, shaped like minute morning-glories; it has no leaves and its stem has paled and skrunken to a slim pink thread, which we find wandering over clover and every other low-growing, soft-skinned plant or shrub, to which it fastens itself. Examine it, and you will find here and there clusters of minute roots, fastened into the stem of its ennobled host-plant, and drinking the juices and food-stuff it is preparing for itself.

Ages ago the dodder was less lazy, and merely twined about other plants for support, as do the morning-glories. It had green leaves, and good roots fixed in the earth; it prepared its own food. By degrees it turned pauper, and demanded food of its neighbors; it wanted its entire support given to it. Its little pink blossoms still attract insects to carry pollen for it, so that it can ripen seed; for all else it begs.

The dodder seems never to realize or regret that it wears out the plant's upon which it fastens, causing their decay and death. The busy plant cannot collect and digest food enough for themselves and their enticed guest. Here we might take the dodder for the text of a little sermon about idle people who have work and who insist upon living on some relation, who is worse to death in trying to support them. Very contemptible style that! What became of the green stem and green leaves that the dodder plants had ages ago? As they were not used they were taken away; the less they were used, the more they shrunk and faded, until they were all gone. Atrophied, that is called. Here we might preach another little sermon about idle people, who will not use the powers which God has bestowed upon them, and so become weak in body and mind, according to the general rule that the unused is nothing bettered but only grows worse.

The Indian pipes, or 'beech drops,' that are often found in rainy weather at the foot of the trees in the woods, are all parasitic. They grow from the roots of the forest trees, fastening upon them, and drawing for support the sap which is the prepared plant-food. If you examine these pipes—which are usually all snowy white, but sometimes all yellow, pink or red—you will see that there are numerous, leaf-

shaped scales upon the stem; these are colored like the stem and bloom: once they were good green leaves, doing the work of food-preparing, but when the roots fastened upon the tree roots, and sucked prepared food, the occupation of the leaves was gone—they lost the chlorophyl of which they would make no proper use. So in Scripture, he who had buried his talent, lost it entirely. These Indian pipes, or 'beech-drops,' are members of the wintergreen family; their cousins, the wintergreens, have plenty of stiff, aromatic, dark green leaves; they perfect that red, spicy berry, delight of children's hearts, and joy and comfort of the birds which winter among us. Long, long ago these 'pipes' may have had toothsome berries, and like the other wintergreens, may have been competent to yield useful extracts. Now they produce nothing, mere blanched ghosts of their ancient selves, feeble and short lived, they make in a night their rapid growth on borrowed capital, then in a day blacken and decay.

Another parasite is called the broom-rape, or broom-thief, from its habit of stealing for its subsistence the juices of more industrious plants. The broom-rape is a tall, slim plant with stem, small scales and tiny flowers, all of a dull reddish brown color. It is a 'seedy' looking individual of the kind that loafs about for other people to maintain. Sometimes the broom-rape fixes itself upon the red clover plant, close above the root, and the more the broom-rape thrives, the feebler grows the clover, which no matter how hard it works, cannot secrete and digest enough food for its greedy guest.

Another species of plants, resembling somewhat the parasites in their manner of growth, are the epiphytes; these are plants that naturally fix themselves upon other plants, rather than in the ground, but they are by no means parasites, because they do not draw any of their nutriment from the plant upon which they are fixed. Epiphytes are air-plants; they take all their food from the atmosphere, and all they ask of the trees upon which they fasten themselves, is leave to remain, held up in a position where their roots and abundant green leaves can gather plentiful food from the air. These epiphytes have most magnificent blossoms, paying for their tenancy by their beauty, as for example many of the orchids.

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PLEASANT TO TAKE DROPPED ON SUGAR.



JOHNSON'S ANODYNE LINIMENT. RHEUMATISM, BRUISES, SCALDS, BURNS, SORES, COLIC, CHOLERA, HEMORRHOIDS, PILES, GOUT, NEURALGIA, SPRAINS, SWELLINGS, BRUISES, SCALDS, BURNS, SORES, COLIC, CHOLERA, HEMORRHOIDS, PILES, GOUT, NEURALGIA, SPRAINS, SWELLINGS.

Every Mother should have in her house a bottle of Johnson's Anodyne Liniment. It is a fact, proven by the investigations of medical science, that the real danger from disease is caused by inflammation; cure the inflammation and you conquer the disease.

JOHNSON'S ANODYNE LINIMENT

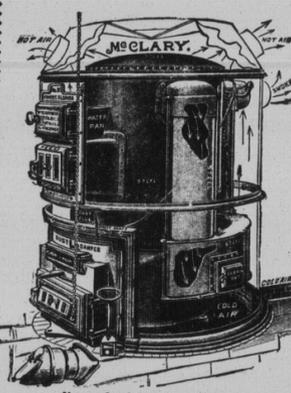
Could a remedy have existed for over eighty years except for the fact that it does possess extraordinary merit for very many Family Uses? There is not a medicine in use today which has the confidence of the public to so great an extent as this wonderful Anodyne. It has stood upon its own intrinsic merit, while generation after generation have used it with entire satisfaction, and handed down to their children a knowledge of its worth, as a Universal Household Remedy, from infancy to good old age.

Granby Rubbers

new patterns are added, to fit all the latest shoe-shapes, and Granby Rubbers are always "up-to-date." They are honestly made of pure rubber, thin, light, elastic, durable, extra thick at ball and heel.

It is no wonder that rubbers, which are not the same shape as the boot, should be uncomfortable. It costs money to employ skilled pattern makers but the result is a satisfactory fit. Each year Don't Draw the Feet They Fit the Boot

Hot Air Furnaces



With Hot Water Combination if desired. Our Famous Florida For Coal. with steel dome, low steel radiator and cast-iron base, is constructed on the principle of a baseburner stove and is as easily regulated as one. The distance the heat has to travel is very small, and consequently insures great heating power with economy in fuel. WE HOLD HIGHEST TESTIMONIALS FROM USERS THE McCLARY MFG. CO. LONDON, MONTREAL, TORONTO, WINNIPEG, VANCOUVER.

WILLIAM TELL OUT-GONE.

A Man Who Shoots Two Apples from Two Boys Heads. An Italian inventor has recently made a double barreled gun, the barrels of which are easily controllable and which enables a marksman to shoot simultaneously at two objects. The inventor is Alessandro Scuri and he calls his invention the 'scurimobile.' Scuri has worked upon this invention almost incessantly since 1877 and accomplished his purpose in an eminently practical and ingenious manner. The gun as it now appears, is fitted with two barrels, which may be turned horizontally to a certain extent, and set at the proper angle while aiming for the shots. This is done with the left hand by sliding forward or backward a ring provided for the purpose on the under side of the gun. The axis around which the gun barrels revolve is placed in such a way, that both aims are visible to the marksman's eye at the same time. The moving of the gun barrels may be interrupted at any time, whereupon they will remain fast in any desired position, and the gun is then ready to be used. The illustration shows Scuri shooting simultaneously at two glass balls upon the heads of two children in imitation of the famous Swiss patriot William Tell, an act which he has been performing in public in order to attract attention to his patent. His shot smashes both balls and immediately afterward he throws out both cartridge shells with a single motion of the thumb. The gun may also be used singly, and either of the two barrels may be temporarily put out of use, by letting down the cock all the way. A very valuable property of the 'Scurimobile' is the possibility of figuring out the exact distance from the objects aimed at by means of a graded scale, showing the angle at which the gun barrels are fastened in relation to each other and a simple trigonometric formula. The gun has been placed on the market by a firm of gunsmiths in Liege, Belgium, where the inventor now resides. He is still improving upon his invention and will soon exhibit models of the movable double barreled gun fitted with magazines, so that they may serve as double repeating rifles.

ARE DEFORMITIES OUT-GROWN?

Certain Deformities if Carefully Attended to Will Disappear in Time. It is a matter of common observation that the 'bow-legs' and 'knock-knees' of young children become apparently straighter as age advances, even when no assistance is given to them. Perhaps it is due to these facts or possibly to a species of self-delusion that mothers so often believe that their children will outgrow many slowly increasing deformities, which are consequently neglected, to the children's further hurt. Certain deformities, when arrested, will

apparently grow less or disappear as the growth of the child increases, until as adult age is reached they may cease to be noticeable. But even though the ideal of symmetry be a comparatively low one, a deformity of any moment must be treated early if the body is to be brought up to the average standard. The child, like the tree must be taken in hand early if any natural distortion is to be corrected.

Pott's disease, a curvature of the spine due to an inflammation of the joints causing decay of the bones of the spinal column, and hip disease, due to a similar condition of the hip joint, are among the deformities which require treatment at the earliest possible moment.

Postural deformities, so called, including bow-legs, knock-knees, flat chests, round backs, 'stickle' or loose joints and weak feet, are among those for which most can be done by surgeons and parents. On the other hand, such deformities will be increased if the weak parts are subjected to strain. Thus attitudes producing fatigue at weak spots, attitudes induced or encouraged by uncomfortable seats or by defects of eyeglass are common causes of a want of physical symmetry.

Newly acquired postural deformities yield in most cases to simple means which a mother or nurse is capable of applying; but the first evidence of any disease of the bones or joints, such as a limp, a dragging of one foot, or a curvature of the spine should receive immediate attention at the hands of a surgeon.

In general, it may be said that deformities do not tend to correct themselves. Nature exerts herself in other directions. However, a corrective force, though in itself very slight, if rightly applied, may entirely do away with the deformity, or at least aid largely in lessening it.

I CAN'T SLEEP

Is the Daily Wall of Thousands of Humanly Who Have Suffered as Was. Proud Foot of Hamantville Has Read This. The Great South American Nervine Did For Him. I was greatly troubled with general nervous debility, indigestion and sleeplessness. I tried a number of cures and consulted best physicians without any benefit. I was finally induced to give South American Nervine a trial. I had heard of some great cures by it. I took it, got relief from my sufferings, and after using one bottle sweet sleep came to me. I slept like a child. Six bottles have completely cured me.

'Doctor,' said he. 'I'm a victim of insomnia. I can't sleep if there's the least noise, such as a cat on the back fence, for instance.'

'This powder will be effective,' replied the physician, after compounding a prescription.

'When do I take it, doctor?' 'You don't take it. You give it to the cat in a little milk.'—Odds and Ends.

STRAIGHT AS AN ARROW



TO THE MARK.

In all diseases that affect humanity there is some weak link in the chain of health, some spot that is the seat of the trouble. It may be the liver, it may be the stomach; perhaps it is the bowels or the kidneys; most likely it is the blood. Burdock Blood Bitters goes straight to that spot, strengthens the weak link in the chain, removes the cause of the disease, and restores health, because it acts with cleansing force and curative power upon the stomach, liver, kidneys, bowels and blood.

With good red blood health is assured, without it disease is certain to come and Burdock

BLOOD BITTERS

is the only remedy that will positively remove all blood poisons. In ulcers, abscesses, scrofula, scrofulous swellings, skin diseases, blotches, old sores, etc., B.B.B. should be applied externally, as well as taken internally according to directions.

WOMEN AND THE BICYCLE.

Natty Costume—The Bicycle Knee-Selecting a Wheel. Have you noticed how many pretty costumes are spoiled in effect by the skirt blowing above the knees? Half the women who ride in skirts seem to be troubled in this way, and yet the remedy is simple. Take two pieces of elastic about an inch wide and of a length equal to the depth of the hem in the skirt, or about 4 or 5 inches. Fasten one end of the elastic to the point where it touches the buttons of the leggings when standing in a natural position, sewing one end of the elastic strongly to the top of the hem (on the inside), and with a black safety pin fasten the other end to the leggings between the buttons. When adjusted properly the bands should not draw, when standing, and they will not be visible either in walking or riding; yet the device is effective in the most blustering weather.

A few Sundays ago a tandem wheel appeared which attracted universal attention. One's notice was first called to a light gray cloud swooping down the drive. As the object drew nearer it became apparent that it was a buxom woman riding on a tandem wheel. She wore sleeves of the latest proportions and a full skirt, which fluttered wildly in the breeze, and it was not until the spectators obtained a side view that they became aware of the fact that a small but energetic man was seated behind, industriously supplying the motive power. Before the onlookers had fairly recovered, another tandem flashed into view, this time a diamond frame mounted by two young ladies so resembling each other in face and figure that it must have been somewhat puzzling to their friends to distinguish them apart. They were dressed in bloomer suits of a brown mixed goods, and rode so perfectly as to seem a part of their machine. Many women who ride have been afflicted at one time or another with what is known as "bicycle knee." This is a most aggravating ailment, being a lameness in the knees which frequently comes on before the rider has pedaled a mile. It seems to be caused by overexertion. When this trouble begins to manifest itself it is best to ride only short distances until the lameness disappears.

The color craze is running riot and at ready wheels of every shade of the rainbow glide along the boulevards. Men are using some very startling effects, not even drawing the line at the brightest orange or green and occasionally combining a grass-green sweater and floss with a wheel of bright yellow. The feminine love of harmony and softness of tone is manifest, however, in the enameling which the makers are putting on women's wheels. In selecting a wheel a woman should give careful attention to the gear and it possible arrange with the dealer to have a change made if the one selected is not right. For the benefit of those who do not understand the difference between the high and low gear it is well to explain. If you have a low gear you must make revolutions of your pedal in order to make your wheel go at a certain speed than if you have a high gear; but on the other hand, if your gear is high each push must be harder. When riding uphill or against a wind a low gear is easier, but for those who have considerable power in their limbs a high gear gives better satisfaction. For women 54 is as low and 68 is as high as is usually desired, while the gearing between 60 and 65 is most frequently selected. Beginners generally take a low gear and have it raised in a few months. Most dealers will do this without additional charge. In buying it is well to arrange for changes in gear, handle-bar and saddle in case the first adjustment does not prove satisfactory.—Boston Herald.

A Warning Custom. "Do you notice how much the practice of carrying the hands in the pocket has been given up by all classes of men within the last few years?" asked the literary man, "It was never good form, but still you would often see it. I think the new boys are responsible for the change. Put your hands in your pockets as you stand for an instant on the street corner or walk along the street some day and see if you don't agree with me. If you are anywhere in the lower or central portion of the city there will be from from one to a dozen or more new boys in sight. Every one of them will notice the motion of your hands in your pocket, and if one is looking in another direction he is attracted by the rush of his fellows, and you are surrounded by a struggling mass of boys, and as many papers as there are arches are thrust into your face. It is a dangerous thing to put your hand to your pocket unless you are willing to have your progress delayed for a minute or two."—New York Times.

It Was His Memory. Poor patient Ned had been kept in again and again and again to learn a very simple stanza that had been easily mastered by all the rest of his class. Finally he broke down and sobbed out:—"I can't do it, Miss Gray; I just can't do it. Father says it's because I have such a poor memory."—"A poor what, Ned?"—"You know what it is," a glimmer of light flickering in the dear dull little face, "the thing you forget with."—"Such is memory, alas, to the most of us!"—Philadelphia Times.

The season when catarrh is most troublesome is now upon us. This irritating and troublesome disease yields at once to the marvelous power of Hawker's catarrh cure, which will effect a complete cure in even the most obstinate cases. Twenty-five cents worth of Hawker's catarrh cure may save you many dollars. It cures cold in the head instantly.

Use Dr. Manning's German remedy for pains and aches. It is the best pain killer you can get. Have you got "the sniffles"? Hawker's catarrh cure clears the head like magic.

DISEASE DOES NOT STAND STILL. Every one is either growing better or worse. How is it with you? You are suffering from KIDNEY, LIVER OR URINARY TROUBLES. Have tried doctors and medicine without avail, and have become disgusted. DON'T GIVE UP! Warner's Safe Cure WILL CURE YOU. Thousands now well, but once like you, say so. Give an honest medicine a honest chance. Accept no substitute. Write for free treatment blank to-day. Warner's Safe Cure Co., Rochester, N. Y.

Manufactures Royales de Cersset, P. D. French P. D. Corsets. Awarded 10 Gold Medals and Diplomes d'Honneur. The celebrated P. D. Corsets are unrivalled for perfect fit, beauty of finish and style, and have received the highest awards at all the important exhibitions during the last 20 years. Obtainable from all leading dry goods stores in every variety of shape and style. WHOLESALE ONLY. KONIG & STUFFMANN, 10 St. Helen Street, Montreal.

DR. FOWLERS' EXTRACT OF WILD STRAWBERRY. CURES DIARRHŒA, DYSENTERY, COLIC, CHOLERA INFANTUM, and all SUMMER COMPLAINTS in Children and Adults. PRICE 55¢.

THE SAME MAN, Well Dressed. A much higher place in the estimation of even friends, than when thoughtlessly and indifferently clothed. Newest Designs Latest Patterns. A. R. CAMPBELL, Merchant Tailor, 64 Gervais Street. (Let door south of King.)

A GREAT CORRESPONDENT.

He at Last Met Death Through His Attendant since Upon a Friend.

'T was after a fashion a liberal education to listen to the fluency in some half-dozen languages of poor MacGahan, the 'Ohio boy,' who graduated from the plow to be perhaps the most brilliant war correspondent of modern times.' So writes Mr. Archibald Forbes, in his 'Memories of War and Peace,' and in another part of the same book he gives a brief but enthusiastic sketch of the same 'Ohio boy,' by extraction an Irishman, by birth an American. It is a proud, sad story.

Of all the men who have gained reputation as war correspondents, I regard MacGahan as the most brilliant. He was the hero of that wonderful lonely ride through the Great Desert of Central Asia to overtake Kauffmann's Russian army on its march to Khiva. He it was who stirred Europe to its inmost heart by the terrible, and not less truthful than terrible, pictures of what have passed into history as the 'Bulgarian atrocities.'

It is indeed, no exaggeration to aver that, for better or worse, MacGahan was the virtual author of the Russo-Turkish War. His pen pictures of the atrocities excited the fury of the Slav population of Russia, and their passionate demand for retribution on the 'unspeakable Turk' virtually compelled the emperor Alexander II. to undertake the war.

MacGahan's work throughout the long campaign was singularly effective, and his physical exertions were extraordinary; yet he was suffering, all through from a lameness that would have disabled eleven men out of twelve. He had broken a bone in his ankle just before the declaration of war, and when I first met him the joint was encased in plaster of Paris. He insisted on accompanying Gourko's raid across the Balkans, and in the Hankioj Pass his horse slid over a precipice and fell on its rider, so that the half-set bone was broken again; but the indomitable MacGahan refused to be invalidated by this mishap. He quietly had himself hoisted into a tumbrel, and went through the whole adventurous expedition, being involved, thus helpless, in several actions, and once all but falling into the hands of the Turks.

He kept the front throughout, long after I had gone home disabled by fever: he brilliantly chronicled the fall of Plevna and the surrender of Osman Pasha; he crossed the Balkans with Skobeleff in the dead of that terrible winter; and finally, at the premature age of thirty-two, he died, characteristically, a martyr to duty and to friendship.

When the Russian armies lay around Constantinople waiting for the settlement of the treaty of Berlin, typhoid fever and camp pestilences were slaying their thousands and their tens of thousands. Lieutenant Greene, an American officer officially attached to the Russian army, fell sick, and MacGahan devoted himself to the duty of nursing his countryman.

His devotion cost him his life. As Greene was recovering, MacGahan sickened of malignant typhus, and a few days later he laid him in his far-off foreign grave, among his fellow-soldiers, the members of a dozen nationalities—Youth's Companion.

WHAT COULD ALL HER. Her Appetite Was Very Ethereal—Her Last Moments.

In a certain New England village there is a little Irish cottager whose conversation is much esteemed by his fellow-citizens for the amusement which they are pretty sure to derive from it. "Good morning, Mr. Mooney," said a customer one day, going into the shop with a pair of shoes to be mended. "I hear your wife is ill. What is the matter?" "It's mesil that's tried to find a rayson for Nora's being took sick since yesterday morning," said Mr. Mooney. Unless it's the heat, I don't know what the trouble is.

"Day before yesterday she was as well as iver she was. Ye mind it was a powerful hot day, day before yesterday?" Well, this, Nora took notice of the weather, and she picked blueberries all the morning; thin she made a blueberry pie for dinner, and she ate the half of that pie, and a quarter of a watermelon I'd bought, and she relished ivery mouthful.

"Thin she made the rest of the blueberries into a nice cake for supper, and she ate the half of that—me eating the rest, same as I did of the pie—and the last quarter of the watermelon; and what would frish doughnuts and the last end of Mr. Mulcabe's wedding-cake, she made out of fine meal. "And in the evening it being so terrible hot, she made a pitcher of lemonade, and drunk the whole of it."

"It's the quare thing her being took yesterday morning after being so well the day before," said Mr. Mooney. "She ate twice what I did, and I remember speaking to her about her fine appetite, wid the heat, all; and here she is flat on her back since yesterday morning!"

BELIEF IN SIX HOUR. Geo. Seales, a Well-Known Contractor of Niagara Falls, Completely Restored by the Great South American Kidney Cure—Thousands More Can Hear The Same Testimony.

I was a great sufferer for years with acute kidney disorder and pain in my sides. When almost all other known remedies had been fairly tried and had failed I was advised to take South American Kidney Cure. One bottle did me so much good I purchased two more. I am now completely restored—feel better than I have for five years. It's a great cure; will give relief in six hours; and I delight in recommending it to others.

Flourishes of the Sea Shore. She—I have often wondered what the wild waves are saying. He—Judging from their roar I should say that they were joining in the general kick against the high prices at this resort.

the doctors

approve of Scott's Emulsion. For whom? For men and women who are weak, when they should be strong; for babies and children who are thin, when they should be fat; for all who get no nourishment from their food. Poor blood is starved blood. Consumption and Scrofula never come without this starvation. And nothing is better for starved blood than cod-liver oil. Scott's Emulsion is cod-liver oil with the fish-fat taste taken out. Two sizes, 50 cents and \$1.00. SCOTT & BOWNE, Belleville, Ont.

ADAMS' Ginger Beer. FOR MAKING A DELICIOUS HEALTHY DRINK AT SMALL COST. RECIPE. Adams' Ginger Beer Extract, - one bottle Fleischman's yeast, - one-half to one cake Sugar - - - - - two pounds Cream of tartar, - - - one half ounce Lukewarm water - - - - - two gallons Dissolve the sugar, cream of tartar and yeast in the water, add the extract, and bottle; place in a warm place for twenty four hours until it ferments, then place on ice, when it will open sparkling, clear and delicious. The ginger beer can be obtained in all drug and grocery stores in 10 cent bottles to make two gallons.

CLEAN TEETH and a pure breath obtained by using ADAMS' TUTTI FRUTTI. Take no imitations.

DRUNKENNESS Or the Liquor Habit Entirely Eradicated by Dr. Hamilton's Golden Specific. It can be given a cup of tea or coffee without harm, and will effect a permanent and speedy cure. IT NEVER FAILS. Mothers and Wives, you can save the victims. GOLDEN SPECIFIC CO., TORONTO, Ont.

HOTELS. HOTEL Aberdeen. 106 to 110 Prince Wm. Street, ST. JOHN, N. B. PASSENGER ELEVATOR. STREET CARS TO ALL POINTS. This first-class Hotel wants a few more Permanent Boarders for the winter. Cheaper for you than keeping house. The "comforts of home" so common to the guests of the Aberdeen, and we throw the luxuries in Rooms being up. You'll be sorry if you don't come soon. No reasonable offer refused. Plenty of rooms reserved for transient guests, and winter rates for them, too. E. M. TREE, Manager. THE ABERDEEN HOTEL CO., Proprietors.

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. L. LAPOINTE, 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.

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I WAS CURED of terrible lumbago by MINARD'S LINIMENT. Rev. Wm. Brown. I WAS CURED of a bad case of carache by MINARD'S LINIMENT. Mrs. S. K. Laidlaw. I WAS CURED of sensitive lumbago by MINARD'S LINIMENT. Mrs. S. Mayers.

INFANT SCHOOLS IN OLD DAYS.

Quaint Customs That Were Practiced in the Old Days.

Quaint indeed were the dame schools attended by our grandmothers in their early childhood, says the Youth's Companion, and scanty enough were often the scholarly qualifications of the good dames who taught them. Indeed, save for the one large exception that these school-ma'ms of the old days bore always an excellent character morally, there is hardly a wider difference between the trained nurse of our time and the Sarey Gamps of an earlier period than exists between our present ladies of the kindergarten and their predecessors of the old-fashioned infant school.

They were usually widows or elderly spinsters who taught, with no especial inclination or preparation therefore, simply because they were poor and knew not what else to do; and often they were besides actually recipients of charity.

Such a one was Ma'am Betty, the early teacher of Lydia Maria Child, an ancient maiden the great sorrow and never-to-be-forgotten mortification of whose life had been that Governor Brooks once saw her drinking out of the nose of her teapot! She kept school in her bedroom, was a great chewer of tobacco and always untidy, but was good-natured enough to win the liking of her pupils, and little Maria was long accustomed to go to her house at the end of every week with her father to carry the old dame a Sandy dinner.

In an old Massachusetts town tales are told of another dame school which must have been much after the same pattern. It was kept by a singularly squint-eyed and slightly deaf old woman called Ma'am Lyddy, whose pupils ranged in age from three to seven and eight years.

The chief accomplishments taught were spelling and sewing patchwork. The multiplication table was heroically attempted, but beyond the "six timeses" it was observed that no scholar failed unless she hesitated; so long as she rattled along with a knowing swing and rhythm, it did not at all matter seven times what was what.

In the matter of patchwork, however, Ma'am Lyddy was an expert and a martinet. She sometimes made an unhappy little bungler rip out and sew in a patch as many as eight or nine times before accepting it, and when she was dissatisfied she snapped the small seamstress's knuckles with a sinewy, lean thumb and forefinger, the latter capped with a heavy brass thimble of unusual dimensions. This the winning culprit quickly learned to dread.

Two of her other punishments were turning up a naughty girl's pinafore over her head and tying it there, and rapping inattentive scholars with a stiff buck whipped out of the front of her dressbody for the purpose. This latter weapon she used much as a tithing-man used his stick, for she was wont to parade up and down the room while conducting the opening devotions, and was to the wriggling little sinner whose attention wandered!

Ma'am Lyddy did not pause to interrupt her own performance of pious duty, but a swift gesture to the front of her dress and a sharp smack on the little head emphasized its importance to others as she went steadily on without the omission of a syllable, or so much as a break in her monotonous voice.

She did not, like Ma'am Betty, keep school in a bedroom, but she frequently carried sleepy tots into an adjoining room and deposited them in a limp, heavily breathing row on a big press bed with green chintz curtains. Like Ma'am Betty, she was devoted to tea, and kept her teapot beside her on a little squatty table; but the nose of her teapot was associated with the shame of others, not her own.

"Would you mind," asked a grown-up pupil of Ma'am Lyddy's many years after Ma'am Lyddy was in her grave, "would you mind turning the nose of the teapot the other way? It makes me nervous when it points towards me." Her hostess complied, but looked a little surprised. "It's a feeling left over from my school days," explained the guest with a sigh of relief. "When I whispered at school Ma'am Lyddy used solemnly and slowly to turn her teapot till the nose pointed straight at me and leave it pointing; and I used to feel ready to sink through the floor with shame! I shall never quite get over it. To me the pointing nose of a teapot is like the very finger of scorn, and it is quite impossible to sit and face it comfortably."

She Did Her Best. "You should make home more pleasant for him," was the advice of the wise matron to the weeping young wife. "That's the way to keep a man at home."

"I have done everything I could," sobbed the young woman. "Haven't I been reading out of those delightful Scottish dialect stories aloud to him every night for a week?"—Cincinnati Enquirer.

A Promise. "Mr. Whoopley, if you will only say that I can have your daughter I am willing to wait 'or her forever."

"It's a go, young man. You can have her when the time's up."

MILLINERS. FOR... Hand or Machine SEWING. USE It does not SNARL or KINK. Clapperton's Thread.

'Crescent' Enamelled Ware. Kitchen Utensils. Are made of Steel. enameled by the latest and most perfect process. They are superior in design, finish and durability to any other cooking utensils offered for sale. EVERY PIECE GUARANTEED. All progressive dealers sell "Crescent" enameled ware. The Thos. Davidson Man'g Co. Ltd. MONTREAL.

HERBINE BITTERS. Cures Sick Headache. HERBINE BITTERS Purifies the Blood. HERBINE BITTERS Cures Indigestion. HERBINE BITTERS The Ladies' Friend. HERBINE BITTERS Cures Dyspepsia. HERBINE BITTERS For Biliousness. Large Bottles, Small Doses. Price only 25c. For sale all over Canada. Address all orders to

It isn't HIRES' Rootbeer. Her Expression Alone Tells That..... A GOOD CUSTOMER IS LOST. Imitations and cheap artificial preparations are not "just as good" as the famous HIRES'. Ask your Grocer or Druggist for it.

For Your Health DRINK REAL FRUIT SYRUPS. Strawberry, Raspberry, Gingerette, Lemon, Lime Fruit. MADE ONLY BY BROWN & WEBB HALIFAX, N. S.

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DR. RUMSEY'S PATIENT: A VERY STRANGE STORY.

BY L. T. MEADE AND DR. HALIFAX.

Joint authors of "Stories from the Diary of a Doctor."

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CHAPTER XXIII.

The twilight darkened into night, but Andrew still remained in the office. After a time he groped for a box of matches, found one, struck a match, took a pair of heavy silver candlesticks from a cupboard in the wall, lit the candles which were on them, and then put them on his office table. The room was a large one, and the light of the two candles seemed only to make the darkness visible. Andrew went to the table, seated himself in the old chair which his father and his grandfather had occupied before him, and began mechanically to arrange some papers, and put a pile of other things in order. This nature was naturally full of system; from his childhood up he had had untidiness of all sorts. While he was so engaged there came a knock at the office door. He rose, unlocked the door and opened it, and a footman stood without.

"Go away now, Maggie, I cannot see you; I am very much engaged," he said. Instead of obeying him she stepped across the threshold. "But you have no one with you," she said, looking into the darkness of the room. "What are you doing, Robert, all by yourself? You look very tired. We have finished dinner—my uncle has come over from Cuthbertstown, and would like to see you—they all think it strange you being away. What is the matter? Won't you return with me to the house?" "I cannot yet. I am particularly engaged."

your manner that you have something not so satisfactory to tell me?" "That is so; at the present moment I do not like his state. He was out and about all day, but instead of returning home to dinner went straight to his office, where he now is. As far as I can see, he is doing no special work, but he will not come into the house. He tells me that he is facing a problem which he also says is a moral one. He refuses to leave the office until he has reached a satisfactory conclusion."



CHASE & SANBORN'S Seal Brand Coffee is the "finest grown." For perfect results follow directions in each can. Packed ground or unground in cans only. CHASE & SANBORN, BOSTON, MONTREAL, CHICAGO.

"Is Mr. Andrew in?—yes, I see him. I must speak to him at once." She staggered across the threshold. "I must see you alone, Squire," she said—"quite alone and at once."

A real hint, or suspension of the heart's action, is never a long affair. When Hetty fell in an unconscious state against the body of her dead husband she quickly recovered herself. Her intellect was keen enough, and she knew exactly what had happened. The nice black stuff which gives such pleasant dreams had killed Vincent. She had therefore killed him. Yes, he was stone dead—she had seen death once or twice before, and could not possibly mistake it. She had seen her mother die long ago, and had stood by the deathbed of more than one neighbour. The cold stiffness, the grey-white appearance, all told her beyond the possibility of a doubt that life was not only extinct, but had been extinct for at least a couple of hours. Her husband was dead. When she had given him that fatal dose he had been in the full vigour of youth and health—now he was dead. She had never loved him in life, although he had been an affectionate husband to her, but at this moment she shed a few tears for him. Not many, for they were completely swallowed up in fear and terror which grew greater and greater each moment within her. He was dead, and she had killed him. Long ago she had concealed the knowledge of a murder because she loved the man who had committed it. Now she had committed murder herself—rot intentionally, no, no. No more had she intended to kill Vincent than Andrew when he was out that night had intended to take the life of Horace Freer. But Freer was dead and now Vincent was dead, and Hetty would be tried for the crime. No, surely they could not try her. How could such a little, timid, weak creature be supposed to take the life of a big man? She had never intended to injure him—she had only intended to give him a good sleep, to rest him throughly—to deceive him, of course—to do a thing which she knew might break his heart; but to take his life, no, nothing was further from her thoughts. Nevertheless the deed was done.

Oh, it was horrible, horrible—she hated being so close to the dead body. It was no longer Vincent, the man who would have protected her at the risk of his life, it was a hideous dead body. She would get away from it—she would creep up close to Rover. No wonder Rover hated the room; it was because he saw the spirit of her husband. Oh, how frightened she was. What was the matter with her side?—why did her heart beat so strangely, galloping one, two, three, then pausing, then one, two, three again?—and the pain, the sick, awful pain! Yes, she knew—she was sick to death with terror.

She got up presently from where she had been kneeling by her dead husband's side and staggered across to the fireplace. She tried wildly to think, but she found herself incapable of reasoning. Shivering violently, she approached the table, poured out a cup of cocoa which was still hot, and managed to drink it off. The warm liquid revived her, and she felt a shade better and more capable of thought. Her own instinct now was to save herself. Vincent was dead—no one in all the world could bring him back to life, but, if possible, Hetty would so act that not a soul in all the country should suspect her. How could she make things safe? If it were known, known everywhere, that she was away from him when he died, then of course she would be safe. Yes, this fact must be known. Once she had saved the Squire, now the Squire must save her. It must be known everywhere that she had sought an interview with him—that at the time when Vincent died she was in the Squire's presence, what up in the office with him, the door locked—she and the Squire alone together. This secret, which she would have fought to the death to keep to herself an hour ago, must now be blazoned abroad to a critic world. The lesser danger to the Squire must be completely swallowed up in the greater danger to herself. She must hurry to him at once and get him to tell what he knew. Ah yes, if he did this she would be safe—she remembered the right word at last, for she had heard the neighbors speak of it when a celebrated trial was going on in Salisbury—she must prove an alibi—then it would be known that she had been absent from home when her husband died.

The immensity of the danger made her feel quiet and steady. She took up the

lighted candle and went into the dairy—she unlocked the cupboard and took out the bottle of laudanum. Returning to the kitchen she emptied the contents of the bottle into the range and then threw the bottle itself also into the heart of the fire—she watched it as it slowly melted under the influence of the hot fire—the laudanum itself was also licked up by the hungry flames. That tell-tale and awful evidence of her guilt was at least removed. She forgot all about Susan having seen the liquid in the morning—she knew nothing about the evidence which would be brought to light at a coroner's inquest—about the facts which a doctor would be sure to discover. Nothing but the bare reality remained prominently before her excited brain. Vincent was dead—she had killed him by an overdose of laudanum which she had given him in all innocence to make him sleep—but yet, yet in her heart of hearts, she knew that her motive would not bear explanation. "Squire will save me," she said to herself—"it is proved that I were with the Squire I am safe. I will go to him now—I will tell 'im all at once. It is late very late, and it is dark outside, but I will go."

(To be concluded.)

MONEY SAVERS.

For Families Who Desire to Economize.

Diamond Dyes the Agents.

It would require many large volumes to give a complete record of all the strong testimonial letters written by the women of the country in favor of Diamond Dyes. These indispensable aids in good house-keeping are gaining in public favor every week, and once tried, they become permanent home favorites. Just think of it! One package of Diamond Dyes will color from one to six pounds of goods, according to shade desired. This is wonderful work when the small expense is considered. Your last year's jacket, suit, cape, dress, and your husband's suit and children's clothes may be soiled, faded and unshiny; but with a ten cent package of Diamond Dyes you can work wonders, and make the old things look like new for this season's wear. Have you ever tried this work with Diamond Dyes? One effort in this direction of true economy will convince you that Diamond Dyes are money savers to the family.

TRUE WHEN WRITTEN.

But Time Brought Changes at the Summer Resort. I was attracted to a place in Virginia, near the Atlantic Ocean, where the combined advantages of surf bathing and an absence of mosquitoes was advertised. The surf bathing was there, but there were never more or larger mosquitoes than infested the place. The landlord was a leader in the church and made a great point of his conscientiousness, so I questioned him about the insects: "Mosquitoes worse this year than usual?" I asked. "Reckon not. They generally bite purty sharp this season of the year."

MAKE NO MISTAKES.

Your Case Demands The Use of Paine's Celery Compound. Imitations and Substitutes are Dangers to Yourselves and Others. See that you make no mistakes when you are making efforts to regain lost health. At this particular time safety, care and vigilance will insure a large measure of your success. Your case demands the use of the best medicine that science has produced. The acknowledged triumph of medical research is Paine's Celery Compound, the only sure and permanent cure for all nervous diseases, nervous prostration, sleeplessness, dyspepsia, run down system, rheumatism, neuralgia, liver and kidney troubles, and blood diseases. An error made at this time by the use of common medicines, imitations and vile substitutes may lead to complicated troubles and serious results. Thousands in this land of ours have thrown of the shackles of disease and suffering by the use of Paine's Celery Compound. It waits to do the same good work for you. There is no experimental work with Paine's Celery Compound; do not fear defeat or disappointment; the great medicine cures and builds up every man and woman even after the doctors have given them up. See that you get the genuine Paine's Celery Compound from your dealer; look for the name "Paine's" and the stalk of celery.

NICKNAMES ONLY.

A Family Who Were Known Only by Funny Nicknames.

Half a century ago, in the rural portions of England, it was no uncommon thing for people to grow up, live and die without ever being called by their family names. Their neighbors, and even their own children, knew them only by some nickname. This was especially true in fishing hamlets on the Lancashire coast. Kendall Perry vouches for the following story:

Wishing to secure the services of a boat-builder known to be living in Little Haws, Mr. Thomas Rigby visited over a dozen of the fishermen's cottages, inquiring for Mr. Richard Wright, boat-builder. After being told repeatedly, with many a solemn shake of the head, accompanied by gaping grins and incredulous looks, 'that nobody of that name bides here or ever did sin wa coom here,' the discouraged man spied a new rowboat, bottom side up, glistening with paint, before a cottage. 'Here's a boat anyway,' he exclaimed, 'so the builder cannot be very far away,' and hastened to the cottage.

His brisk knock brought a trim little woman of middle age, dressed in the usual fishwife's kersey and linsey petticoat; but to the oft-repeated inquiry, 'Does Mr. Richard Wright, boat-builder, live here?' she shook her head decidedly, and said, 'No, he does na.'

'I want to get a boat built. Can you tell me where he does live? It is in this place somewhere.'

'Happen he is a newcomer to these parts. There is but one boat-builder about, and at this point of the conversation a little gray-headed man arose from the chimney-corner and came forward, pipe in hand, to the open door, at sight of which the baffled searcher cried out: 'I've been hunting for thee all over Little Haws, and no one knew where the lived!'

'The funniest part of all was, the old wife stood by, peering over her spectacles, and slowly ejaculated in admiring tones, 'An' it is thy name Mr. Richard Wright?'

We may as well add that Mr. Rigby found that Mr. Wright had three brothers. Their names, according to their respective ages, were, Kessie, Bossie, Bummie and Buss.

MIRACLES TODAY.

William H. White of Portsmouth, Conn., Racked by the Tortures of Rheumatism, is Quickly Relieved and Permanently Cured by the Great South American Rheumatic Cure.

'I was a martyr to acute rheumatism for years. All the known remedies and best doctors were given a trial, but nothing ever gave me any permanent relief until I obtained your great South American Rheumatic Cure. It has done so much for me that I gladly give my testimony, that other sufferers from the agonies of rheumatism may take my advice and try this great remedy. I am satisfied it will cure them as it has me.'

HASTE WASTES TIME.

A gentleman who had an impediment in his speech was dining at a restaurant, and was being served—a great favor—by the proprietor of the establishment. This man was a bustling, nervous person, with an exaggerated opinion of the value of his time. Soup was served. The guest waited a moment, and at the first opportunity, began to say to the restaurant-keeper: 'I c-c-c-an't e-e-e-eat.'

'Well, pray,' asked the restaurant-keeper, 'what may be the matter with your soup, that you are unable to eat it?' 'I c-c-c-an't e-e-e-eat my soup, I t-tell you,' answered the guest, 'w-w-w-it-out-out-out-put-put-put-put to eat it with!'

'The restaurant-keeper comprehended that he would have saved time if he had waited for his stammering guest to finish his sentence.

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