

PROGRESS.

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Loyal Canadians Abroad.

Men Who Though Residing in a Foreign Country Think Much of the Mother Land and Canada.

Many people in St. John remember W. S. Baldwin, who some fifteen or twenty years ago went to Augusta, Maine, and has shown his friends over the border that a Canadian can succeed among them. Mr. Baldwin manages to come to St. John once or twice a year to see his relatives and renew his acquaintance with old friends. When here this spring he made a remark to the writer that though he had been in Maine a good long time and found life very pleasant there he had not been persuaded to become an American citizen. Still, at the same time he was quite ready to defend his American friends from unjust criticism and he did so time and again when he heard remarks that they were too boorish.

Baldwin swears by the Kennebec Journal and wherever he goes, the paper follows him. If he failed to receive it any one day he wasn't happy. Now he sends a copy to the editor of this paper to show that there are a lot of right thinking people around him in the state of Maine and, judging from the article he refers to, there are. The article is good enough to print and rare enough to preserve. PROGRESS gives it space with pleasure and with others of Mr. Baldwin's friends, is glad to know that he is surrounded by people who think so much like himself. This is what he sends as a specimen of their expressions.

"If any American citizens feel sympathy for the Boers in the present war that is their own matter. In this country every man is at liberty to think for himself, and within any reasonable bounds he is free to give expression to his opinions. There is an honest difference of opinion as to which party in South Africa is in the right, but in too many cases the American partisans of the Boers are inspired with an inherited dislike of England rather than with any real understanding of President Kruger's cause or true sympathy with it. This is an un-American condition of things and such an attitude is unworthy any portion of our people.

"Because the anti-English element is so loud in its demonstration of sympathy for the Boers, the impression may get about that most Americans belong to this party. This is wrong. It is not fair to judge the size of this party by its vociferations. We believe that the great majority of Americans feel that England is in the right, that her success in South Africa will best serve the interests of the world, and that her complete triumph there is certain in the not distant future. There are other considerations which ought to appeal to those who are shouting for the Boers, and which ought to induce them at least to keep still at this time. Gratitude has often the quality of duty, and this country never had occasion to feel more grateful to a foreign power than is now due from it to England. Only a few months ago, when the powers of continental Europe were ready and willing to oppose us in the necessary and just war which we waged with Spain, it was England which barred the way. It was only the firmness of her attitude which prevented a foreign intervention that would have made matters most serious for us. Whether it was for the sake of kinship or through selfish motives is another story. The fact remains that England showed herself our friend when a friend was much needed. And now it ill becomes a part of our people to forget this fact.

"Whatever our relations with England, a century and a quarter ago, they are now of the most friendly character, and it is distinctly to our interests to keep them so. Selfishness, if not the promptings of our common blood, demands this. It is an expression of ingratitude that is altogether discreditable for citizens of this country to hurl abuse and unkind wishes at a country which is now involved in a great struggle, so soon after having saved our own country from serious trouble by an attitude of friendship. So while Americans watch the South African war with interest, it is far better for them to watch in silence than to give utterance to any pro-Boer sympathy, whether such sympathy is really felt or only pretended through distrust or dislike of our mother country."

It is strange that almost by the same mail another Canadian—an old St. John boy—should think much in the same strain and from the city of Lewiston, Me., writes to PROGRESS to express his admiration of Canadians. The enlistment of Canadian volunteers to fight for England in distant lands has attracted attention to this country. But the letter speaks for itself:

"We who in a foreign land, are only able to read of the patriotic fervor of Canadians and not able to see the many expressions of this, are at least glad to know of the wonderful change that has come over the Dominion. I do not mean so much a change in the real nature of the loyalty of the people but the manner in which that loyalty has been expressed. The people here have heard all Canada shout; they have heard it sing; they have felt the far reaching thrill-wave of patriotism; they have seen Canada 'pay pay pay'; they have heard of Canada's sons dying and fighting and fighting and dying.

The result of all this is a wonderful reconstruction of notions regarding the North land quite unknown here. To-day the people here are just beginning to study the geography of Canada and its manners and customs of her people. They are beginning to respect a people whom they left unloved, because from east to west they were Loyalists. They are beginning to recognize an Anglo-Saxon rival who must be counted on. Canada is up to day in the estimation of the people of the U. S. The business prosperity of the Dominion has contributed no small amount to its prestige. The establishment of the great steel industries in Eastern Canada is considered here as a remarkable national triumph. The recent report of the Bank of Montreal is also highly flattering to Canada.

You must not be surprised if the tourist travel this season is not greatly increased. The consequence of the country having been so well advertised. The soldier boys have done more for Canada, than 20 years of commercial prosperity to make the country known. If the returning soldiers could be reviewed in say Halifax, St. John, Quebec, Montreal, Toronto, Winnipeg and the capital, it would be following out the proposed march of the imperial troops through England, and would certainly be a great and drawing event to citizens at home and prospective tourists.

Nothing is lacking in transport facilities in any part of the Dominion and St. John has its share. There is no better steamship service on the Atlantic seaboard than that provided by the Dominion Atlantic Railway which connects or will I understand both St. John and Yarmouth direct with Boston. These two routes offer great inducement for scenic and beautiful advantages. What is needed is something to attract the people to our beautiful climate.

The people here have come to believe in the Canadian soldier to be a superior fighting man. Uncle Sam will now give Canada a little more 'elbow room' it is thought since she has shown herself worthy and able perhaps to take it. From this point of view the Dominion seems like a well consolidated ship of state, newly launched and rigged with a big cargo and on an ocean voyage and of which the whole world will ever be anxious to know its whereabouts. May her voyage be prosperous!

Choose Them in Rotation.

Some of the policemen are grumbling at the unfairness of the division of favors among the members of the force. At every base ball game two or three men are required to be sure that order is kept and, incidentally this year, to be sure that the umpire is not mobbed or ill treated. The officer like to see the game but they are better pleased when they are under pay and get their dollar and a half for looking on and showing their brass buttons and baton to the unruly ones in the crowd. The men on night duty are supposed to be able to attend the ball games in the afternoon and they do so only if it is said that some of them get more chances than others. Perhaps it is too early in the season to make any complaint with justice, but who ever has the say in the matter would please

a number of good officers and satisfy all if the base ball guardians were chosen in rotation from the force.

INDIANTOWN FIRE BELL.

It is a nuisance as it is—Why not Give it 21-0-10 Connections.

A relic of bygone days, days when our mothers and fathers were boys and girls, still remains in Indiantown, namely: the old fire bell at the head of the Public Steps. Whether the local authorities are keeping the ancient clang in position as a curio or landmark is not known, but it certainly does not serve the purpose for which it is intended. The only time its brazen tongue is heard nowadays is when some mischievous boys untie the rope and disturb the immediate neighbors with its ringing. In fact since the war celebrations this has become so frequent an occurrence that the aid of police has had to be sought in order to put a stop to the disturbances. Only the other day a full-grown man was caught in the act of ringing the bell, and came very near being arrested.

Mr. William Brown, the Indiantown postmaster, has for many years been the caretaker of the old bell, but now he is a confirmed invalid and cannot look after it, but his daughter has of late proved a vigilant custodian. Her duties have been none too pleasant, that of stopping a parcel of unruly boys and, as above stated, some times childish-acting men, from alarming the people roundabout every now and then. Nevertheless she has not given the care of bell up in despair, but is determined to have it left alone, even if the matter ends in the Police Court.

From Main street church to Pokiock the people seldom, if ever hear the fire alarm. The nearest bell is situated on the H. & L. station on Portland street and can be heard but very faintly at the Baptist church. Over Indiantown hill its sound is lost altogether. Often times the people in that end of town never know of a blaze in their midst until the engines hurry past. Why does not the Safety Board give the old and useless fire bell on the Public Steps electric connections with the other alarms, so as the people can be informed as to the location of a blaze, for often times Indiantown people, who work in the city, or have a business in the city have had their establishments in flames and learning of it only through the telephone. If this old bell cannot be made use of, a new alarm should be set up, either in Main street church, the car sheds or on No. 5 Engine House.

PROGRESS

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Unbridled Madie, Re-covered, Reported Dead if Waterless

A WARM NIGHT IN ROOP'S.

How Inspector Jones and the Officers Captured the Bar and Caught Several Frequenters of It.

There was a barrel of fun in Roop's bar on King Square the other night when Inspector Jones and some assisting policemen made a visit to the place. The fun was not particularly enjoyed by some of those present, but then that wasn't to be expected. They were caught and came near making a trip across the square.

Roop hasn't any licence to sell liquor and yet he sells it. The inspector is anxious to put a stop to this business and has tried several times to raid the place. Only once or twice has he succeeded and William was nearly put out of business. Still he keeps on in the even tenor of his unlicensed way and keeps a strict watch on the square and the corners for the police and the inspector.

The entrance to Roop's bar is just about as difficult as a pass in Boerland. Only those who know the way have any chance to pass the doors and get a glass of ale or rye whiskey. There are other entrances but they should rather be called exits. William is always prepared for surprises.

Strange as it may seem the police and inspector this night had no trouble getting in the main house. The door was open. Accidents will happen in the best regulated families and this was one. But it was another thing to get into the bar. One officer went to the back of the house to guard the windows and another went up stairs to prevent any sudden fitting from that quarter. Then the inspector demanded admittance. He got in but not any too soon, and placing a guard over the occupants he went through the house to the kitchen and began to go down another flight of stairs. Just then Bartender Doody came rushing up with two jugs in his hands. The same game of concealment in Mrs. McCutcheon's was being played again, but Doody was caught this time. When on the stand before he made a reputation for himself. He was the most innocent creature on this green earth, knew nothing, did nothing—and he was on his oath. His evidence surprised and disgusted those who heard it. This time the inspector caught him red-handed and he won't have a chance to tell another story.

Then the bar was visited. The ale pumps had disappeared and the last portions of the barrels of ale were gurgling through the taps with the sand. The officers were saved the trouble of moving them. But there were several five gallon jugs of whiskey and five people in the bar. Their names were taken though one party with his face in his hands was quite unwilling to give his proper cognomen. Upstairs in the kitchen there was a wash tub and board and a man was washing a piece of flannel in most vigorous style when the inspector went in. The sight was laughable but the officer was not in a funny humor and he asked "What are you doing there?"

"Washing my shirt" was the reply and the tub a dub, dub went on the same as before.

"Why can't you take off your coat when you do your washing?" asked the inspector.

"Never thought of it" was the reply and the washing went on.

"What's your name?"

"Maginty" said the shirt washer.

"Well, Maginty you can spend tonight in the police station or give me your real name and address," and the inspector took out his little book. He got the right name.

He met another man coming down stairs in a hurry and he asked where he had been and what he was doing. He said he was up stairs having a bath and that his name was Pat Griffin. Griffin was treated the same as the other fellows.

Several inmates escaped through a window to a roof nearby and the officer underneath them gave them a pleasant hour or two, but they managed to get off the porch in some way and escaped detection.

There were many other funny features about the raid which was more successful and quieter than any made there yet.

NIGHT PROWLERS IN THE PARK.

An Evil Disposed Class Who Ought to be Stopped.

The need of day and night patrolmen with a law officer's authority has been emphasized of late in connection with Rockwood Park, and it will be a gross injustice

to the decent citizenship of the city if such men are not soon appointed. The capture of the scoundrel Bourke and his hoped for punishment may be a wholesome lesson to the lurking class who frequent the favorite resort.

The need of a policeman in the park is most urgent in the evenings, from 6.30 until all hours. As soon as it grows dusk men and women, youths and maidens and boys and girls flock out there through all the entrances. Respectable residents nearby, or on the road to the park approaches say it is a crying shame the way in which Rockwood is used by the evil-disposed classes and are seriously considering acquainting the authorities in a formal way.

It is these night prowlers that have thrown our beautiful pleasure ground into bad repute after nightfall, and no matter how beautiful the moonlight for a boating party, or how delightful the cool of the evening might be, afternoon picnic parties have to hustle in to town as soon as they hear the six o'clock whistle, so that they may be free from the filthy crowds that flock parkwards soon after, and risk being classed with them.

It is truly a shame that no police protection is afforded at the Park, and if the authorities continue dilatory in the matter it well behooves some of our many christian organizations about town to agitate the matter until the safety of women and children is afforded out there, and the purity of the place brought about.

THEY WANT A TEN INCH MAIN.

The Proposition to Divert so Much Water Not Regarded With Favor.

The request of the Cushing pulp mill people that the city should lay a ten inch main to their property seems to have astonished even those aldermen who were strongly in favor of giving them all possible facilities to carry on their project. This is not quite correct. There were two aldermen who were not surprised. They were Dr. Christie and Mr. George Waring. The latter is employed by Mr. Cushing at the pulp mill and it is quite natural that he should know what his employer wanted and to try and help him to get it. Therefore nobody was surprised that Mr. Waring was such a strong advocate of the proposition to take so much water from the new Spruce Lake main.

Was it not put there for the purpose of supplying the pulp mill and not as some people fondly hoped to give the residents of Carleton a sure and certain supply of water? Ald. Waring was elected some years ago to represent the people in Sidney ward and the spathy of the taxpayers has been such that he has been able to take almost any liberty with them and yet not be opposed. In what other city would an employe of any manufacturing concern interested in obtaining concessions from the city be listened to as an alderman at the council board? According to the remarks made by him and Dr. Christie at the meeting of water and sewerage board held recently, the engineer is all wrong when he says that a smaller pipe will supply all of the needs of the Cushing property. In his autocratic way Dr. Christie said the demand must be complied with and with his usual persistence he may succeed in carrying his point. The good sense of the majority of the aldermen is in favor of supporting the contention of the engineer. They do not want to see so much of the water supply being diverted for one purpose. Whether they will vote as they think remains to be seen. The cost of laying this main will it is said be very great—so much that the city cannot afford to spend it for a private purpose. As one alderman remarked to PROGRESS there is no doubt that the Cushing pulp mill will employ a lot of hands and and be of some benefit to St. John but not to such an extent as has been represented. Fairville is a growing place and has splendid stores. The people can buy there to quite as good advantage in many respects as they can in St. John and the dealers there are wide enough awake to purchase in the best market. If the street railway was extended the city would get more of this trade, but as it is at present, but little of the bulk of it comes to the larger centre. Under these circumstances the alderman thought that the city has been very generous toward Mr. Cushing's enterprise. Many people will agree with him.

any, May 23, Mrs. K. J. Davis.
May 26, Philip O'Hara, 6 months.
May 29, Capt. Leander J. Yull, 57.
May 31, Mrs. George Fulson.
June 1, Sarah J. Hudson, 3 months.
June 2, Capt. Henry W. Baker, 60.
June 3, Mass., May 14, Frances Wilson, 2.
June 4, Mr. Robert R. Hogg, 74.
June 5, May 14, Thos. Brimley Gould, 78.
June 6, Mass., May 21, James M. Bennett.
June 7, May 19, Mrs. Mary McMaster, 66.
June 8, Florence E. Wilson, 2 months.
June 9, Sarah, wife of Willard Wilder.
June 10, Mass., May 22, Charles Madden, 78.
June 11, Elizabeth, wife of Joseph H. Parry, 47.
June 12, Mass., May 18, Roderick Mackenzie.
June 13, Ellen, wife of John McDonald.
June 14, Margaret, wife of John MacKay.
June 15, Laura I. wife of Frank L. Brown.
June 16, May 21, Eleanor Louisa McDonald, 7.
June 17, May Agnes S. wife of John Mc.
June 18, Ellen, wife of Douglas Slaughter.
June 19, Sarah, wife of Thomas F.
June 20, May 19, Elizabeth, widow of Moses.
June 21, May 28, Caroline, widow of Capt. W.
June 22, May 24, George G. child of S. G.
June 23, May 18, Sarah, wife of Oubert.
June 24, Elizabeth McKenzie, widow of John G. English.
June 25, May 19, Mary M. infant daughter of M. and Mary Carroll.

RAILROADS.

CANADIAN PACIFIC

SUMMER TOURS

Commence June 1st.

Write for 1900 Tour Book.

The Famous Fast Train

Imperial Limited"

Pacific Coast will be put in service commencing June 11th, 1900

ROUTE TO QUEBEC

Starting June 5th, there will be a combination of sleeping car leaves St. John at 7.30 a.m., and runs through to Lewis, F. Quebec.

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

Imperial Atlantic R'y.

Starting Monday, Feb. 6th, 1900, the sleeping car and train service of this mail will be as follows:

Mail S. S. Prince Rupert.

ST. JOHN AND DIGBY.

John at 7.00 a. m., Monday, Wednesday, Friday and Saturday; ar. Digby 10.00 a. m. Leaves Digby same days at 12.50 p. m., at St. John, 3.30 p. m.

PRESS TRAINS

Daily (Sunday excepted).

Halifax 6.30 a. m., ar. in Digby 12.50 p. m., 12.45 p. m., ar. Yarmouth 3.30 p. m., 3.20 p. m., ar. Digby 11.45 a. m., 11.40 a. m., ar. Halifax 5.50 p. m., 5.45 p. m., ar. Digby 1.40 a. m., Monday, Wednesday and Saturday, ar. Digby 8.40 a. m., 8.35 a. m., ar. Digby 5.30 p. m., Monday, Wednesday, Friday and Saturday, ar. Annapolis 4.40 p. m.

3. Prince Arthur.

YARMOUTH AND BOSTON SERVICE.

The finest and fastest steamer plying out of St. John. Leaves Yarmouth, N. S., Wednesday and Saturday immediately on arrival of press Trains from Halifax arriving in St. John next morning. Returning leaves St. John, Tuesday, and Friday at 10 a. m. Unequaled cuisine on Dominion Atlantic Railway Steamers and Palace Car Express.

Information can be obtained on application to the agent.

Connections with trains at Digby, on sale at City Office, 114 Prince William street, where office, a free from the Furser on whom time-tables and all information to be obtained.

F. GIFFKINS, superintendent, Kentville, N. S.

Imperial Railway

Starting Monday, January 14th, 1900, trains daily (Sundays excepted) as follows:—

Trains WILL LEAVE ST. JOHN

for Hampton	7.15
for Campbellton, Fugwash, Pictou and Digby	7.30
for Halifax, New Glasgow, and Sydney	7.45
for Sussex	10.40
for Quebec, Montreal, and Ottawa	11.40
for Moncton, Truro, and Halifax	12.10
for Sydney	12.10

Trains WILL ARRIVE AT ST. JOHN

from Hampton	7.15
from Sussex	8.30
from Quebec and Montreal	12.20
from Halifax	12.45
from Moncton	12.45

Trains are run by Eastern Standard time—four hours notation.

D. POTTINGER,
Gen. Manager
St. John, N. B., Jan. 9, 1900.
CITY TICKET OFFICE,
7 King Street St. John, N. B.

Armored Trains in War.

What Their Uses Will Be, as Indicated by Their History in South Africa

The most important lessons to be learned from the war in South Africa are those derived from a study of the new war material because that is all of the most modern type, and most of it has never before been tested in actual war. Among new material thus tested may be mentioned the balloon and the bicycle, which have had considerable application. The British, however, are making use of a material which is not only entirely new, but the extended use of which in war was hardly contemplated by the great military nations before this war, namely, armored trains.

In general an armored train consists of a locomotive and cars, covered each with armor plate sufficient to furnish protection against direct artillery fire. The armored sides of the cars have one or two rows of openings for small-arm fire from the interior as well as openings for rapid fire or machine guns. Each car can carry about twenty men, and in order to give the train the requisite mobility it is not intended to have more than from six to eight cars as a maximum; consequently such a train will take about a company (120 to 160 men).

The weak point about such a train is the locomotive, consequently for safety it is placed in the middle of the train. But this necessarily reduces its speed, for the engineer is dependent on the lookout in the forward car for his information regarding obstacles; moreover, he must be constantly prepared to come across breaks in the road. An armored train, therefore, may be regarded as a means of transporting a single company, protected against infantry fire, at a rate of not more than twenty five miles an hour.

The phrases of a campaign in chronological order are as follows:

- (1) Mobilization and strategic deployment.
- (2) Operations in the theatre of war.
- (3) Minor actions on the lines of communication.

We will briefly consider the possible uses of armored trains in these three stages of the campaign or sections of the theatre of war.

(1) During Mobilization and Strategic Deployment.—The great advantage of being prepared for field operations before the enemy is, induces all nations so to prepare for war in time of peace as to reduce the time required for mobilization and strategic deployment to a minimum, and of course, every means is taken to delay the mobilization and deployment of the enemy. Now, in the early stages of a war the border is guarded by isolated detachments only, and it may become possible, by means of an armored train, to force this outer line and take strategic points in the enemy's country before he can occupy them in force.

This outer line may be penetrated either by surprise or by force. For a former, a cavalry or cyclist detachment would have the advantage, since it could select its own point of attack, whereas an armored train is confined to the railroads. But in view of the great importance of railroads in war to day, it is hardly to be expected that any lines crossing the border will be left unguarded, so that surprise is ruled out any way; here, then, is the opportunity for an armored train, especially as the first troops of the enemy to arrive on the border will probably be mere detachments of border troops or infantry. After breaking through the line the armored train has great advantages over the cavalry or cyclist detachment. It has greater speed, and can carry a greater quantity of material for destruction, and when its work of destruction is done, it can hurry back before the enemy can interfere. Of course, the enemy may prepare to destroy it at some point nearer the border, but the destruction it has effected may warrant the loss of the entire train. An armored train, in such work, had the advantage over an unarmored one that it affords protection against the fire of the enemy's infantry and cavalry detachments and patrols that are sure to be met, and confers a considerable moral effect, besides conveying in safety the explosive needed for blowing up bridges, roads, &c.

(2) During the field Operations.—In the sphere of actual operations a varied picture presents itself: In the front of the armies are the covering and reconnoitering cavalry bodies, to a depth (at the outset) of two or three days march; then follows an area covered with the columns of the advancing troops, probably two days march in depth; and finally the country covered by the trains of supply, also about two or three days' march in depth. All the space in these sections is needed for the

troops, the material and the supplies, and there is no room or occasion for an armored train. But after the enemy is defeated and retires, while our own troops, after the first pursuit, are compelled for some reason (to restore order, to await supplies or reinforcements, &c.) to inaction, the enemy taking advantage of our condition to destroy railroads, &c., then is the time for an armored train again, and its work is much the same as in mobilization or deployment. Indeed, the uses made by the British in South Africa of armored trains have been mainly during these two stages.

On one occasion an armored train from Kimberley surprised a party of Boers destroying the railroad, but was compelled by artillery fire to return to that place; and on another, an armored train from that town was used in repairing the railroad. At Colenso an armored train did good service in bringing up a portion of the Dublin regiment in time to relieve a party of volunteers holding a fort. The train from Cape Town bringing guns for Mafeking before the siege was derailed by the Boers and destroyed by artillery fire.

In the vicinity of fortifications however, will probably be the greatest application of armored trains—in reconnaissance, in destruction of the enemy's works, in the rapid transport of troops or guns from one point to another to meet emergencies, &c.

(3) On the Lines of Communications.—In future wars the immense numbers involved in the armies of operation will necessitate supplies being constantly obtained from the home country, consequently long lines of communications will be required. These are particularly subject to raids by detachments of the enemy, since they cannot be protected at every point, since this would require too many troops, which would be taken from the front, where they are most needed. These lines are generally protected by detachments at the most important points, and when any point is threatened the nearest detachments moves out against the enemy. For rapidity cyclists or cavalry would be best, but the former cannot always be used, and the latter are pressing needed at the front. Consequently this again is the place for armored trains, which not only can move fast enough to surprise the enemy, but are also protected against his fire, and also can carry the material for immediately repairing any damage. The immense advantage of armored trains in this section of the field will probably determine their application on a very large scale. They will not only serve the purpose well, but will also economize troops, and thus leave a greater number for the front.

To sum up, then, armored trains will find some application during the mobilization and strategic deployment of the army, very little in the theatre of active field operations, except in the vicinity of fortifications, where they will find extended use; and most of all on the lines of communications where great numbers will probably be employed.

Turkish Time.

A recent visitor to Constantinople reports one custom of the Turks which causes a vast deal of trouble and confusion. This is the Turkish system of reckoning time. A Turk holds that the day begins exactly at sunset; at that time he sets his clocks and watches at the hour of twelve.

As the sun has the same habits in presiding over Turkey that he exercises with regard to other localities, it may easily be seen that this system of reckoning time necessitates setting the clocks every day. It appears that a watch which could run for weeks without gaining or losing a minute would be of no special value to a Turk.

The Mean Thing.

There were two typewriters in the room. One was in use and the other was not. The young man sat down near the one that was not in use and watched the young woman who was busy with the other.

Inadvertently the young man touched the bell of the machine near him, whereupon the young woman yanked the carriage of her machine back and started a new line.

The young man chuckled, and a minute later he touched the bell of the machine near him again. The young woman started another new line.

The young man laughed and tried it again with equal success.

'Willie,' called the young woman to the office boy when she had taken the sheet out of her machine, 'telephone to the typewriter people to send a man over here right away to fix this machine. It's all out

of order, and I can't for the life of me see what's the matter.'

The young man laughed some more and then made his escape. He has not returned. He is afraid to go back.

THE HOUSE OF AYER.

New Canadian Office of an Old Established Concern Which is Continually Expanding.

The well known proprietary medicine firm of the J. C. AYER CO., Lowell, Mass., has recently opened an office in the Bell Telephone Building, Montreal, in order to give closer attention to their Canadian business. It is not generally known that they already have a large laboratory in Montreal, having manufactured there for several years. The intention is to make the business thoroughly Canadian and to strengthen their facilities so as to keep pace with a constantly growing demand.

The J. C. AYER CO. are not only one of the largest manufacturing concerns of their kind in the world, but they are among the largest advertisers, spending a million dollars every year in Newspaper advertising.

For sixty years the leaders in regard to family medicines, they are more in evidence today than ever before. The home office has just completed improvements costing \$100,000, which represent new new ideas and new methods in the manufacture of Ayer preparations. They intend that every bottle of the Ayer remedies shall be prepared as carefully as a druggist compounds a medicine by prescriptions and in reorganizing their Canadian facilities they anticipate in advance a largely increased business.

CONFERRED BY A CINNIMON.

Experience of an Unarmed Man With a Huge Bear in a New Mexican Canyon.

'The truth is mighty and will prevail,' remarked Col. Lovett, the veteran Westerner, who tells a great many good stories and always accompanies them with affidavits, 'and it prevails in various ways. Let me tell you how on one occasion it prevailed upon two Englishmen to give up their comfortable places in the smoking compartment of a sleeper. It was down in New Mexico I came aboard at Albuquerque with a very agreeable companion in the guise of a Chicago man. I had only met him half an hour before train time and didn't know his name, but he was a good fellow all the same, and I was glad he was going through with me to his own town. It was a hot day, one of those New Mexican hot days that makes a cake of ice curl up like a feather in a flame, before it melts it, and when we fixed ourselves about our berths and got into the smoking room, we found the only two seats by the windows, where there was a breath of air, occupied by two Englishmen, who looked as if they had come to stay. They had been up the country on a hunting expedition, and the stories they were telling were tremendous. But they were not interesting enough to make it pleasant for us away from the window, and I made up my mind to get them out of their nice places if I could, and put two other people in there I knew of.'

'I knew that if I could ever get a story started, they would listen, for they do love to hear a Yankee tell stories, so I waited my chance because they had a lot of good ones themselves. After a while though, there was an opening and I broke for it.'

'Do you remember, Colonel,' I said in a loud voice to the Chicago man who might have been a Major-General for all I knew, 'that little experience I had with a bear some years ago?'

'He wasn't looking for a break like that and first he recoiled, but he sprang back in an instant and lit on his feet.'

'Well, no,' he said, trying to study out the time and circumstances, 'but go ahead with it and if I've heard it I'll stop you.'

'I nodded at him in recognition of his catching on, for I had mentioned to him that I thought we get them out, and started ahead with my story, which I had no idea of beyond something that would have a moving power to it, seeing that most of my hunting had been for mineral deposits.'

'You know—I went on trusting to Providence and talking at the Englishman rather than to my companion, though they were polite enough to stop their own talking and listen to me—I was one of the party that surveyed the last State line between New Mexico and Colorado and one day up in the Taos country I had my experience. I was riding along a mountain trail, and feeling the need of a smoke, I hung my gun to the saddle horn, and taking out a plug out I was slicing off the enough for a pipeful with my pen knife, when all at once my horse reared, almost falling back on me, and I slipped off as he whirled on his hind legs and made off down the trail. In a minute the singing of a rattler just before, coiled up in the road, explained the horse's strange and unex-

pected conduct, and I resolved to put the snake where he would not serve anybody else as he had served me. My gun and revolvers were fastened to my saddle, and my saddle was with my horse going down the trail, but rocks were plenty, and I knew the horse would not go far, so I set to with rocks and finally killed the snake.

'The Englishmen seemed to think there wasn't much in my adventure and showed signs of summing their own stories, but they recalled that there was a bear somewhere, so they held off and I proceeded. I saw my horse about half a mile away, and after cutting off the snake's rattle which had sixteen rings in it, showing that he was seventeen years old, I went after the horse and my armament.'

'The horse was over on another ridge, and in trying to reach him by a short cut, I got down into a steep ravine and there I scared up the biggest cinnamon bear that I ever saw in my life. Blamed if I don't believe he would weigh a ton, and I know he looked to me to be higher than an elephant as he came toward me, and I was totally unarmed. If I only had my gun I could have put up a fight all right, and got him, but it was only as a last resort that I dared to tackle him with a penknife for a weapon with all the chances against me. There was nothing left me but to run for it and I went off up the ravine like a scared wolf. You see if I had gone up the hill or down it, the bear would have nabbed me in no time, but going along the side of a steep place, the bear's legs are thrown out of gear, with one side so much higher than the other, and a man can outrun him if there is any sort of going. The ravine kept getting steeper on me as I went up it, and I had to keep slanting down all the time and the bear was gaining.'

At last it got to be a regular canon with walls 500 feet high and nearly straight up and down, and I had to take to the bed of the dried-up creek at its bottom, and keep going the best I could. There was a turn in it about a quarter of mile further up and I hoped when I got there that there might be an open for me to take to the side hill again. I looked over my shoulder and the bear wasn't a hundred miles behind me and coming over the rocks lumbering like a Conestoga wagon. I got to the turn all right with the bear about fifty miles behind, and by all the gods, the d—canon stopped short off, with perpendicular walls all around me that seemed to stop only at the sky. There wasn't a crack in them big enough for a goat to get through, and there I was, not a dozen yards from that old cinnamon, hot and mad after his long chase—Gun and revolvers a mile away on my horse, and me having nothing to defend myself with except a little penknife that you couldn't have killed a chicken with. I don't think I was ever so badly scared in my life, and I shook all over as I felt the bear's hot breath in my face.

'I stopped a minute to get breath. Both Englishmen were bent over eagerly listening and I could fancy I could hear them saying to themselves that the Yankee was going to tell how he tackled a cinnamon bear as big as an elephant and slew it with a penknife.'

'Well,' exclaimed my companion who had become very much interested himself, 'what did you do?'

'Nothing,' I said as calmly as I could, 'nothing: what could I do with only a penknife? The bear ate me up.'

'It took the Englishman about two minutes to get over the strain and catch on. Then they looked at each other, and with faces that did not clearly indicate whether they were more disgusted with me for being a coward or despised me for being a liar, they got up in silence and stalked out of the smoker. The next minute we had the seats by the windows, and I'm a goat if those Englishmen came back to disturb us all the way to Chicago. Which proves,' concluded the Colonel, 'that truth is mighty and will prevail.'

CHINESE NOTIONS OF GUNBEE.

Lord Charles Beresford's Amusing Account of What He Saw at Shanghai.

Lord Charles Beresford, discussing the opening in China for mechanical engineers, gives an amusing description of Chinese arsenals.

'I would like,' he says, 'to tell you one or two stories thoroughly characteristic of the Chinese. At Shanghai in the superb arsenal under the superintendence of Mr. Bunt and Mr. Cornish, both British mechanical engineers, I saw an Armstrong gun which had had the breech piece repaired in a most clever manner. As a matter of fact, it was really a Krupp gun, but with an Armstrong breech mechanism. On asking for explanations, I was told that the original breech piece had been blown out, and on visiting a fort later on I found out how and why. At this fort I congratulated the mandarin on having the guns (87 ton) mounted in proper positions, and I was afterwards shown the powder used. I then said: 'You surely do not use the

powder in those guns?' 'Oh yes,' replied the mandarin 'we do.' 'But it will blow the breech pieces out.' 'Yes it does,' was the reply. One gun on being fired blew the breech off and killed fourteen men, and then they tried the other gun and killed twenty four men.

Later on I visited another battery, where there were five six-ton guns. Observing the arrangement of these, I asked the mandarin where his front was. The mandarin pointed in one direction, but the guns pointed in another. I mentioned this, and the mandarin nodded, and said he thought there was some mistake. I then pointed out that only one gun could be fired safely in the desired direction. 'Oh, no,' replied the mandarin, 'we should fire them all. At my request the experiment was made, and on pointing the guns around as desired they became an echelon, so that the wave of concussion of one gun would have destroyed the detachment on duty at its neighbor. Knowing this, I placed soldier's hats and clothes about the guns, and on firing the latter in succession these garments were blown sky high. 'You see?' I observed to mandarin. 'Yes,' replied the latter, 'we should have had some men killed, but the shot would have reached the enemy, wouldn't it?'

'At another place there was a 60 ton muzzle loading gun, at which the arrangements were such that the gun was actually loaded in the magazine. Alas! sponged gun or burning was night, therefore, have blown the whole up. I pointed this out, remarking that I had never seen anything so dangerous. The mandarin smiled, clapped me on the back and said: 'You are the cleverest man I have ever met. That is just what happened last year. We did fire the gun and the magazine blew up. I will show you where.' About fifty men had been killed in this explosion, but no alteration had been made in reconstructing the battery. Later on I went to a powder mill and found there excellent machines of German make. I noticed, however, that there was too much power in the pan, and, further, that the windows were all open and protected by gratings. Hence it was possible for dust or grit to blow in, and getting into the pan, it would be liable, by the friction caused, to start an explosion. I pointed this out and the mandarin replied: 'Yes, it blew up like that last year; this is the new place we have built since.'

'The Chinese were also delighted with me at their arsenal having no European superintendent when I showed them to set their speed and feed gearing for the tools.'

'In one place I found a man boring a 6-pounder gun, and the tool protesting most vigorously the ill-treatment I showed the man how to adjust it, and got it going properly. The workmen gathered in a corner and talked excitedly. I asked what they were saying and was told: 'They are saying that England produces the most wonderful mandarin in the world. We have many, but not one of them knows anything about any of the machinery in the shop.'

Mixed Emotions.

London Chronicle: To illustrate the feeling of Ireland toward the predominant partner, an actor who has lately been touring tells the story of an old waiter in a Dublin hotel.

'When are you going to get home rule in Ireland, John?' was the question. 'See ye here, sorr,' said the old man, 'the only way we'll get home rule for old Ireland will be if France—an' Russia—an' Germany—an' Austria—an maybe Italy—if they would all join together to give these blayguards of English a rare good hosing. That's the only way to get home rule any way.' Then, as he looked cautiously round, a twinkle of cunning and a smile of courtesy were added to his expression. 'And the whole lot of 'em 'shoved together couldn't do it,' he said. 'Oh—it's the grand navy we've got.'

His Last Witticism.

Of the late Doctor Poor, a missionary in Ceylon, a man of pleasant humor, the New York Observer tells this anecdote:

During one of the periodical epidemics of cholera which swept Ceylon, Doctor Poor was violently attacked. A messenger was at once dispatched for Samuel F. Green, M. D., a medical missionary residing about five miles away. When Doctor Green came into the room, Doctor Poor exclaimed:

'Well, this is a bad prospect! Here is a Poor patient and a Green doctor.'

This was his last witticism.

Housekeeper—Oh, dear! I haven't a cent of change. But you can just leave a 25-cent piece, and I'll pay you tomorrow. Iceman—I don't know about that, lady. Suppose you ain't got the money then? Housekeeper (indignantly)—well, if I haven't I'll let you take your ice back.

Road Agent—Your money or your life! Goldstein (from interior of coach)—How much off for cash?

Music and The Drama

TOBES AND UDBETORRE.

The Strauss concert will begin in New York at the Waldorf Astoria on November 20.

Dvorak's symphony, 'From the New World' was played at the first symphony night of the Kattenbos orchestra in New York the other night with great success.

Edward Strauss, the imperial court musical director of Austria during his tour of America next fall will investigate the American with a view to the construction of one in Vienna.

Mme. Melba has been winning new laurels in London as Mimi 'La Boheme.' The character is said to be one that suits her especially as regards her vocal demands.

Henry Wollstone on the other day closed contracts for Mme Lillian Blauvelt and Schumann Herich for their appearance at the coming Worcester festival which will be held during the last week in September.

In speaking of the concert of Sir Charles Hall and those of Dr. Ritcher an English writer says: 'Sir Charles Hall, was always anxious to give every man in the orchestra a chance to use his individuality in as clearly marked a way as possible.'

Dr. Ritcher, on the other hand, seems to aim more at making his orchestra a perfectly co-ordinated instrument, leaving less individual liberty to the man, and retaining in his own grasp the whole machinery.

'A Young Wife' company closed its local engagement on Saturday evening. There were spots in the play which suggested possibilities if played by competent people, but as a rule it is weak and ridiculous.

The Richards Stock company opened a nine nights engagement at the opera house on Monday. Mr. Richards the star of the aggregation, has made rapid upward strides in his profession since he was here before, and throughout the week has done some excellent work, displaying a versatility that is really remarkable, and which is an agreeable surprise to his old friends in this city.

Olga Nethersole has gone to Europe. It is interesting to note in connection with her lawsuit with her former manager, Marcus Mayer, that Miss Nethersole brought suit against both her former managers at the expiration of both her contracts with them.

One thing troubles every one who sees 'An American Beauty' in London. They want to know where Miss Truly Shattuck got her 'Christian' name. Miss Shattuck was born in Southern California where romantic names are the rule rather than the exception.

'Back in Jersey' a new pastoral play by the author of 'The Gunners Mate' was given a successful initial production last week in Newark, Archie Boyd playing the lead. Mr Boyd is becoming famous as an exponent of rural plays.

Viola Allen who has said farewell to the Christian was leading lady for Tomaso Salvini, the great Italian tragedian during his last American tour playing in 'King Lear,' 'Othello,' the 'Gladiator' and 'Le Mont Cidre.'

Mrs. Langtry will return to America in the fall when she is likely to play in R. C. Carton's 'Lady Huntworth's Experiment,' a performance of which she wit-

popular. The Richards company repertoire include the following plays, Faust, Bur Oaks, Northern Lights, Three Musketeers, Marble Heart, Camille, French Spy, etc.

Anna Eva Fay will visit St. John again in a few weeks, and will give exhibitions in 'mind reading' etc. Miss Fay was here five years ago upon which occasion the Opera house was packed nightly.

Ellen Terry will play 'Fine Feathers' in London next season. The play deals with American life.

David Belasco has secured the American rights to Russell Vann's 'Nicandra,' a mystical farce which will be brought to America next season.

E. S. Willard will include 'All For Her' by Herman Merivale in his repertoire next season. The piece is founded on 'A Tale of Two Cities.'

Sol Smith Russell will open his season in November in Washington in a dramatization by Michael Morton of a popular novel the name of which is withheld. Russell's season will last twenty weeks.

J. E. Dodson sailed this week from Montreal for England. Whether he will finally make the vandeville plunge, as has been so long expected, depends upon the material he secures abroad.

Mr. and Mrs. John Drew will spend the summer at East Hampton L. I. Lillian Russell will be at Sea Beach, N. Y. Mr. and Mrs. E. H. Sothorn sailed for England on June 14 and Chauncey Olcott sails today, Saturday.

Mrs. Benton Leiter, a former Chicago devotee, who ventured with Vanderville last season, but not successfully, has re-entered the profession. She is playing small parts in Frederick Bond's Stock Company in Albany.

Engene Presbrey has read his new play for Blanch Walsh to her managers, Joseph Brooks and Ben Stern, and they are immensely pleased with it. Miss Walsh is now in Rome and during her stay there will seek an audience with the Pope.

Fred C. Berger who has been Sol Smith Russell's manager for twenty years will also next season manage two companies in 'A Poor Relation,' one headed by Frank Keenan who was very successful in the play last season, and the other by Alden Bass.

Eddie Foy will go on the road next season in the West with a piece from his own pen called 'A Night in Town.' It is adapted from the Italian by Mr. Foy, and his wife, who was formerly a dancer. Mrs. Foy is an Italian and collaborated with her husband in the adaptation. They evidently do not believe in giving money to the authors.

Helen Keating has been engaged to succeed Roselle Knott as Lygia in Quo Vadis and played the part for the first time on June 13. It is practically settled that a second Quo Vadis will be put on the road next season by Mr. Whitney, and even a third company is possible. Mr. Gillette will also have a second 'Sherlock Holmes' company on the road.

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

nished in London a few days ago. Mrs. Langtry is reported to have said that she liked the piece very much, and that failing to get it she would like another play by the same author.

E. J. M. Holland leading comedian and character actor in Charles Frohman's Comedians, but for the present loaned for the production of 'Hearts are Trumps' now in Chicago, is one of the most conscientious actors on the stage every night shortly before seven o'clock in his dressing room preparing for his work of the night.

Cassels magazine tells the following funny story of how escaped thunder rolled down stage and scared actors and audience 'It was at an Edinburgh theater and the piece was 'Lear.'

The mystery in which the doings of a doctor, scientist or inventor are clothed, to the ignorant mind, is the occasion of as many surprises as there are new things.

An elderly woman, in one of the simple homes in the Tennessee mountains, was the medicine that the doctor prescribed was in the modern convenient form of capsules.

The laundryman first spread a mat on the ground. Next the clothes to be 'ironed' were placed on it and smoothed out as well as possible. Then placing a towel or some large cloth over the garment, he rubbed his feet back and forth over it until he thought it was smooth enough.

A young man who had failed by only three points in an examination for admission to the Marine Corps, appealed to his representative in Congress for assistance, and together they went to see the Secretary of the Navy in the hope of securing what is known as a 'rerating' of his papers.

A well known Boston architect has a tender spot in his heart, and once spent several hours devising a way to rescue a kitten which had fallen into one of the ventilating flues in the walls of an apartment in the post office building.

35 Cts. vs. Doctor—Some people have spent fortunes seeking to repair the inroads of disease which have had origin in the simplest of beginnings—food fermentation and indigestion—a disordered stomach—the money's gone—the physician has failed to cure—but Dr. Von Star's Filippine Tablets have proved little 'specialists' in a thousand cases—and a box of 60 of them have made a cure—costs just 25 cents. Sold by E. C. Brown.

There, see how yellow they are pointing to the sides of the first and second fingers.

Before the young man found his tongue to offer an explanation, the Secretary asked him if he drank.

Only once in a while, was his, sheepish reply.

Secretary Long then invited the congressman into his private office, and while offering to do everything that he could consistently, added: 'I am sick of trying to make anything of these boys that are loaded with cigarette smoke, and drink 'once in a while.' They are about hopeless it seems to me.'

When they left the department building the young man, half-apologizing for his poor showing, remarked: 'Drinking, my father says, is the bane of the navy.'

'I guess it is,' replied the congressman, laconically. 'It is the bane everywhere else, and I should think quite likely it would be in the navy.'

The young man promised to turn over a leaf absolutely, in both particulars, and was allowed another chance.

MIND YOUR OWN BUSINESS A Westerner Tells of Some Sound Advice He Once Got After a Row.

'Mind your own business is a good rule to go by,' said a veteran Westerner with an ugly scar between his thumb and his index finger, 'and this mark you see on my hand keeps me in mind of it. I got it by not doing that. I happened in a faro room one night in a mining town. I was watching a friend playing, and just opposite was a little fellow neither of us knew. My friend had up a bet of \$20 which he won and just as he was about to take it, the little man reached out and got it.'

'That's mine,' said my friend. 'It's mine,' said the little man, and the trouble was rising when the look-out, with a gun across his lap, put into settle it. 'This is our business,' said my friend waving the look-out off. 'Now,' he went on, addressing the little man, 'we will just step outside and see whose it is.'

'I thought I had seen a 'guerrilla, one of those chaps around a game who is watching to catch a sleeper, slip the checks and knowing that somebody would be killed if the two men went outside. I put my hand on my friend's shoulder and announced that the guerrilla had pinched the bet. The guerrilla promptly struck me in the jaw and I went over, but was right up again, and he came for me with a big knife which ripped my hand up, but I held on until somebody hit the guerrilla with a stool and knocked him senseless. A dozen pistol shots were fired during the scrap, just to show the 't'ies out,' some joker said, but I was worse hurt than anybody else.

'You ought to have minded your own business,' said the old fellow who dressed my wounded hand. 'But I wasn't going to see my friend robbed and killed,' I protested. 'Mebbe,' was the sage reply, 'but you'll have all you can do to keep out of trouble mindin' your own business in this country, and let this be a warnin' to you.'

'As it turned out, I was right, and my friend and the little man shook hands. We got the \$20 from the guerrilla and that same night the boys wrecked his cabin and drove him out of the camp.'

Dangerous Medicine.

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The crisis of the kitten could be faintly heard, and the would be rescuer at first thought he would cut through the marble facing of the apartment in which the flue was located. Fortunately some one suggested that perhaps the prisoner would seize the end of a line if it were weighted with something bulky and readily laid hold upon.

The experiment was tried, and strange to say, the nearly starved creature almost instantly took fast hold with its claws. The rope was very carefully and slowly drawn down up, and the kitten with it. She was very weak, but warm milk, administered at intervals, soon restored her.

Poor Atr and Poor Living.

When 'Jim' Bridger, the famous scout of the plains, grew old, he thought he would like to retire from the somewhat arduous life of a plainsman and settle down to the ease of 'the East'—which to him meant Missouri. So he used his best endeavor to find a competent man to fill his place, and went back to Missouri.

A year or two passed, and one day Captain Russell, the commandant of the post which Bridger had left, was surprised to see the old scout leave in sight. When he came in, the Captain asked: 'Well, Bridger, what brings you back here?'

'Captain,' said Bridger, 'I want to go back to scouting again.'

'Indeed? Why I thought you had settled down in the east for the rest of your life!'

'Well, cap'n I'll tell you how it is. I went back to old Missouri, and if you'll believe it, they've got a railroad station! And what's more, they've got a ranch now in every four miles. I tell you what, cap'n the air ain't pure down there no more!'

'Is that possible? But I thought you'd like the good things they have to eat down there—you like good things to eat I remember.'

'Good things to eat? Why cap'n, I didn't have a briled beaver-tail the whole time I was there!'

Frightening a Burglar.

A man on the South Side, says the Philadelphia Times, was alone in the house one night, his family being away. Hearing a noise, and thinking he might have left the dog in the dining-room, he ventured downstairs, thinly clad and defenceless.

The disturbance was not made by a dog, but by a big, ugly-looking burglar, who resented the appearance of the white-robed visitor and started to choke him into submission. The astonished householder saw that a physical encounter would result badly for himself, and darted back into the hall for some weapon.

The only thing in sight was a basketful of incandescent bulb-lights, which he had brought home the night before. Instinctively he seized one of these and hurled it in the direction of the enemy. His aim was so bad that the bulb struck the door frame, and broke with a bang that in the stillness of the night sounded like the explosion of a young Lydite shell.

The result was surprising. The burglar, no doubt thinking the thing was a hand grenade and that more were coming, fled in all haste, followed by a volley of popping incandescents, which smashed against the walls or the furniture with a noise that sounded deadly.

Shirt-Waists in Africa.

Helen Caddick, one of the few white women who have ventured into the heart of Africa has recently written about her trip from Zambesi to the great lakes—a trip for pleasure.

The cotton blouses or waists which she wore were washed and 'ironed' by her native 'boy,' and the process was extraordinary.

The laundryman first spread a mat on the ground. Next the clothes to be 'ironed' were placed on it and smoothed out as well as possible. Then placing a towel or some large cloth over the garment, he rubbed his feet back and forth over it until he thought it was smooth enough.

A Temptation of Satan.

Rustus Pinkney—'Want ter buy a good coon-dawg, Mrs. Jackson?'

Mrs. Jackson—'Get out wit' yo'! Wot yo' mean by bringing round a coon-dawg w'en mah husband's jes' got a steady job for de fust time in foteen years?'

'Julius, we must begin to talk about our summer trip.'

'That's so, Julius; the sooner we begin talking about it the sooner I can get you convinced that we can't afford to go anywhere.'

Cuticura REMEDIES THE SET

Consisting of CUTICURA SOAP, to cleanse the skin, CUTICURA OINTMENT, to heal the skin, and CUTICURA RESOLVENT to cool the blood, is often sufficient to cure the most torturing, disfiguring skin, scalp, and blood humours, rashes, itchings, and irritations, with loss of hair, when the best physicians, and all other remedies fail.

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ondon Chronicle: To illustrate the ng of Ireland toward the predominant ner, an actor who has lately been tour- telling the story of an old waiter in a lin hotel.

When are you going to get home rule eland, John P' was the question.

See ye here, sorr,' said the old man, 'only way we'll get home rule for,ould and will be if France—an' Russia—an' many—an' Austria—an' maybe Italy—ny would all join together to give e playguards of English a rare good ng. That's the only way to get home n anyway.' Then, as he looked cautious- ound, a twinkle of cunning and a smile ountenance were added to his expression. d the whole lot of 'em 'shoved together 'ldn't do it,' he said. 'Oh—it's the nd navy we've got.'

His Last Witticism.

Of the late Doctor Poor, a missionary Ceylon, a man of pleasant humor, the w York Observer tells this anecdote: During one of the periodical epidemics cholera which swept Ceylon, Doctor or was violently attacked. A messenger s at once dispatched for Samuel F. reen, M. D. a medical missionary resid- about five miles away. When Doctor reen came into the room, Doctor Poor claimed:

'Well, this is a bad prospect! Here is a or patient and a Green doctor.'

This was his last witticism.

Housekeeper—'Oh, dear! I haven't a cent of change. But you can just leave a -cent piece, and I'll pay you tomorrow. I mean—I don't know about that lady, suppose you ain't got the money then?'

Housekeeper (indignantly)—'well, if I haven't I'll let you take your ice back.'

Road Agent—'Your money or your life! Goldstein (from interior of coach)—'low much for fer cash?'

PROGRESS.

PROGRESS PRINTING AND PUBLISHING COMPANY, LIMITED.

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SIXTEEN PAGES.

ST. JOHN, N. B., SATURDAY, JUNE 19

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

ENGLAND'S ASHANTEE WAR.

England's war in West Africa with the Ashantees is exciting considerable attention now that the Boers are retreating to their mountain passes. The cause of the difficulty with the Ashantees is incidental to the transition through which they are passing from a condition in which taxes were paid and trade was carried on in kind and with cowries to that of a money-using community. The taxes, since the British administration has taken over the country, have been rigorously exacted in money, especially the obnoxious hut-money, which has been the cause of nearly all the risings against British authority in Africa. The present Ashantee trouble has its origin in this cause, though the Golden Stool plays a part in the matter. The Ashantee contention appears to be that taxes are only leviable by an occupant of the Golden Stool, but this is only another way of saying that they refuse to recognize the authority of the British Governor to demand or receive taxes. The plea of the absence of the Golden Stool is simply a subterfuge. The real point is that besides being partly unable and partly unwilling to pay the taxes imposed by the British authorities, the Ashantees are still loyal to the old native dynasty, cruel though its exercise of power was; and they may have thought, after hearing of the British defeats in South Africa, that an opportunity presented itself for throwing off the British rule.

They have also not forgotten the causes that led to the great war of 1873-74 and its results. The trouble then arose out of the transfer by the Dutch of their rights to Elmina and the surrounding territory, which they held under a lease from the King of Ashantees, dating back to the last century, to the British in exchange for the settlement of Abochen in Sumatra, held by the British under similar conditions from the Sultan of that country. Under the treaty of lease the Dutch were pledged, if ever they gave up the Elmina settlement on the Gold Coast to hand it back to the king of Ashantees, but those who made the transfer to England in 1872 were either ignorant of the existence of this stipulation or disregarded it, and when the then King protested against the breach of the agreement he was referred to the British Government. Receiving no satisfaction from it he took the matter into his own hands, and with an army estimated at sixty thousand men marched into the disputed territory to maintain his right of access to the sea. But smallpox and the British Snider rifle, aided by the defection of some of the tributary and allied tribes, ended his power of resistance and a treaty of peace was signed in 1874 which brought the country virtually under British control. It was not, however, until 1896 that the British Government finally accomplished its purpose of abolishing the semi-independence of the country and turning it into a Crown colony. King Prempeh, the last of the Ashantee Kings, is now a British prisoner, but the emblem of sovereignty, the Golden Stool, has not passed to his British successor, which gives the asante leaders of the present revolt against British rule the justification for disputing the legality of its acts.

Some of the Ashantees are armed with modern rifles, and they are said to have several machine guns. Their want of training, however, renders these last a doubtful value in their hands, and the French Government, through whose territory arms and ammunition were being smuggled into Ashantees, has prohibited the trade in arms

on their coast during the continuance of the troubles. The relieving force, which has been sent up from the coast to raise the siege of Kumassi, has by last reports met with a check, which will encourage these tribes that have hitherto held aloof to join in against the British. It is however only a question of time how soon the rising will be put down, though the rainy season, when military operations will be exceedingly difficult, is at hand. A sufficient force of Anussas, the best material for soldiers in West Africa, with a stiffening of blue jackets and the West Indian troops will no doubt soon be on the ground and marching to the relief of the besieged governor and garrison. The great difficulty at present is the transport of supplies, but this is being overcome by the employment of women carriers. Meanwhile, orders have gone out from England to hurry on the prolongation of the railway that now runs from Sekondi on the coast to the gold mines at Tarkwa to Kumassi, a total distance of 141 miles, and the sum of \$25,000 per mile has been provided to cover the cost of its construction.

ADVICE TO POLICEMEN.

In some American cities the mayor has a good deal to do with the police force. Unlike St. John, mayors over the line have a good deal of power and they seem to use it with discretion. Mayor FARLEY of the big city of Cleveland did not think it beneath him to give some good advice to four new policemen. He was not too serious about it but there was an air of sincerity about him when he gave them his pointers that convinced them he meant what he said.

"Don't get a policeman's gait," said the Mayor, "Most policemen walk in such a manner as to be detected as far as they can be seen. Don't acquire this gait, but walk up briskly like any other person, and when you get to the next corner stop and take a rest if you are tired. Try and catch the fellow who is hiding behind the tree instead of giving him warning by walking with the old policeman's gait."

"Whiskey and quinine have cost many a good officer his job. Don't touch it. You might as well expect to get a dose of iron by putting a lot of nails in milk as to get good out of whiskey and quinine."

"Another thing; if you want peanuts to eat, buy them; don't go along the street and rob a poor vender. A policeman has no more right to take a man's wares than any other citizen. Your duty now lies with the city. If you have any connections that are going to hamper you in the performance of your duty you had better resign, for you can't serve two masters."

The exhibition authorities at St. John and Halifax find that they have a railway to deal with and that even "the peoples road" will not carry freight free one way to two big shows at the same time. The telegram sent the minister by the attorney general of Nova Scotia for the exhibition commission was quite independent and equivalent to the declaration that they did not give a rap for the railway and its rates. Perhaps they do not but all this seems to savor of obstinacy. The St. John management appears to be agreeable to almost anything consistent with the success of the show.

Baseball is a good game when it is well played but the young men who cater for the money of the people of St. John must be careful to give them a good article. They will not patronize anything that disgraces the game and such an exhibition as we had this week may be forgiven but it will not be forgotten.

Power From the Earth's Heat.

A distinguished scientist has seriously suggested the sinking of boilers deep enough to use the earth as fuel, said a prominent engineer of this city. "That sounds fantastic, in view of the fact that a depth of 12,000 feet would be necessary to boil water, but a scheme of the same sort was urged with great energy back in the 608 by a Washington inventor named Forain. If my memory is correct, Forain was a man of considerable means and a mathematician of ability. The internal heat of the earth is supposed to equal about one degree to the 100 feet of penetration, but he claimed to have discovered that the percentage was very much greater and increased in compound ratio after a certain depth was reached. He figured out an elaborate table and proposed to sink a huge shaft with accumulators at the bottom, from which unlimited steam would be supplied to the surface. All that was needed was a few million dollars capital to pay for the digging and the plant, and he immediately set to work to raise the amount. Forain succeeded in interesting a number of people of wealth and formed a joint stock company, but meanwhile his calculations were assailed by scientists and it was shown pretty clearly that the figures were

incorrect. He replied with great bitterness and the consequence was that the scheme went to pieces in the shock of controversy.

"What became of Forain I don't know. If the problem is actually solved, I suppose he will be fished out of the limbo of cranks and visionaries to take his proper place in history."

Dry Good Clerks are Quaking.

A dry goods man was heard to say a few days ago that before many months had passed, the dry goods stores about town would be open every evening, at least he thought things were trending that way just at present. A big King street concern has signified their intention of keeping their new gent's furnishing department open in the evenings. This, it is quite probable, will force another big firm to open their gent's furnishing department, or more likely the smaller stores nearer the top of the hill. Dry goods can be sold from the same stores when the smaller concerns open up, and then follows the whole trade. The dry goods man who thought these thoughts only offered them as a possibility, for a little stability of purpose on the part of the predominant firms would break the combination completely up.

JOYS AND PAINS OF OTHER PLACES.

Nattier Will St. John. (Campbellton Events.) When the soldier boys come home—we won't do a thing to them, Oh no!

Queens Toronto is a Good Girl. (Exchange.) Toronto has now a population of 200,000 and boasts of having more universities than distilleries more colleges than breweries, more churches than bar-rooms.

Wrestling Wrengling. (Bridgetown Mentor.) Mr. Minard Graves is turning out vinegar plant to its full capacity, and is running out eighty gallons of prime cider vinegar per day. He finds a ready sale for his manufacture, the bulk of it being handled by a St. John firm.

That New "Red Patch." (Sydney Record.) A street on Job Dobson's estate, west side, was named Freriors yesterday, commemorative of the occupation of the Transvaal capital by Lord Roberts.

In the Hard Cider Country. (Wolville Acadian.) The Eastville Chronicle's allusion to the need of more policemen in Wolville on the 24th is very timely. According to report it was found necessary to make 23 arrests in that town, while in Wolville there was no disorder of any kind.

Not Yellow Journalism This Time. (Gold Huster, N.S.) During the time of the eclipse, a woman at White, burn miles was ironing some white clothing belonging to a child. Why the goods became yellow she couldn't understand. Taking the articles to the door she became more perplexed. She finally concluded to give him another good washing.

Freriors not on Their Alarm List. (Campbellton Events.) The good news of the taking of Freriors was heralded by the vigorous blast of a mill whistle on Tuesday morning, and the fire brigade, mistaking the message, hustled into harness. Fortunately these latter were too loyal to be vexed at their unnecessary exertions.

Whew! (Cape Breton Advocate.) The man who steals or switches ballots is a public enemy and his life is dangerous to the state. If he cannot be tried by drum head court martial he should be condemned by bill of attainder and hanged to death.

New Way of "Whooping Her up." (Exchange.) The holiday business has been overdone of late, and we suggest that no more be taken for a few weeks. The temptation to whoop instead of work has been great, but this is a practical age, there is work to be done, and we shall honor the Queen and ourselves more by attending to business than by playing.

Custodian of a Mummy, Perhaps. (Events.) On returning to the army, Lieut.-Col. Westing, to the general regret, announced that he was succeeding in his resignation as commanding officer of the corps.

This Sobrem Wouldn't Work in St. John. (Exchange.) Rev. J. G. Bond, editor of the Wesleyan, the Methodist organ in the Maritime Provinces, and Rev. Mr. Courtois, editor of the Christian Guardian of Toronto, the Upper Canadian organ, will exchange positions for a couple of months this summer. Rev. Mr. Bond will go to Toronto about the end of June and Rev. Mr. Courtois will come to the Maritime Provinces about the same time.

Shortcomings Attributed For. (Restigouche Telephone.) Newcastle made up its undemonstrativeness by having a big celebration on Thursday, on the report of the capture of Freriors. There was a big procession, the Orange Band and the C. M. B. band united in playing God Save the Queen, and Paul Kruger was burned in effigy opposite the Waverley hotel.

Another Editorial Duel. (Restigouche Telephone.) To read the threat of the editor of Events to "wade in" once more, unless we cease discussing certain public questions not to his liking, one would think he had done some damage the last time he "waded in." He adds that he always thinks of a dog fight when an editorial progress is in question. Drop the dog fighting tactics that were so prominent that memorable day when you did "wade in" before, and discuss the questions on their merits and for public benefit brotcher.

"How time flies." "Well, it's fly time."

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

VERBS OF YESTERDAY AND TODAY.

Vocative. If I might choose my simple lot Far from town and quite forgot, The tale of a child's book and farm, 'Tis I would have a violet farm.

No daffodils should up entice, Nor hyacinths with their breath of spice, The tulip's hair should be hooded, For we should wither where the stood.

Instead of sheep upon the sward, The modest violet I should herd; Instead of golden heads a row, Should see my violet harvest blow.

Under an arch of wild, wild cloud, Below an opal mountain bowed, All in a humid world and cool, With winds and waters beautiful.

What airs across my farm should fare! The sweet where pink and roses are, But pink and roses hide the face Before a violet peopled place.

No shortest day of a year should fade without a violet's cheer, Lovable sweetness but withal, And folded up in swaths of green.

Though white and purple babes be born When Daffodil his flaming horn O'er quiet hills and vales shall sound, And stir the slumber underground:

What country hills can equal mine, With violets for my sock and line, With violets for my corn and store? What could a mortal wish for more?

Under a mountain penny dark, Loved of the eagle and the lark, And set too low for fear of harm, 'Tis I would have a violet farm. —Katherine Tynan.

In the Smoking Car. There's the big meerschaum, with the little man Half hidden behind its bowl, Who puffs away as hard as he can, As if were to save his soul.

As he smokes the thing and he strokes it brown As a bridegroom lovingly smoothes the brow, Soft strands on the brow of his bride.

Across the aisle is the rank, old clay In the mouth of a "man" who smokes away With a grim peevishness air, And he adds to the fish on the floor beneath Without removing the stem from his teeth— He hasn't the time to spare.

There's the red-faced man with the dark Key West Who reads as he goes to town, Letting the ashes fall on his vest, And dribbles from there on down.

He's forcing the gray smoke out of his nose To mingle with wreaths from pipes As the clouds he raises who puffs and blows O'er his resurrected snipes.

By the door is the man with the sickly cob; Ah, hear it gurgle and sigh and sob, And alas, how it iteats and chokes! It wheezes and spitters and gags for breath; Deep down in its throat is the rattle of death, But little he cares who smokes.

There's the "Henry Clay" and the "Chester A." And the "Bobby B." and the "Little Black"; There's the "Admiral D." and the "Queen of May" And the "Soldier boy" who never came back— The good cigar and the rank clear Under common conditions meet And from end to end of the reeking car Foul fumes of the cigarette.

With contentment pictured on every face They breathe the foul fumes in the filthy place, Bussily puffing away, And if they were forced to congregate there As pigs in a pen to breathe such air, The devil would be to pay! —S. E. Kiser.

Early Rising. Had I the time and strength to spare, I'd show how better far than wealth, I could outdo Nebraska, ah! For those in sickness or in health.

At evening when the cow called Speck Is milked—go in weather fine, And let the cool winds fan my neck, And whistle through these lungs of mine.

And at the early peep of dawn, Before the world would call it day, I start and with but little on, And 'ent the air as cows do hay.

Alas for him who lies in bed And wakes the echoes with his snores, Until the sun high over head, Drives him to rise and do the chores.

Great loss is his in many ways— He never sees the rising sun, He doesn't live out half his days, His health is never No. 1. —Nebraska State Journal.

Canadian Born. We first saw light in Canada, the land beloved of God, We are the pulse of Canada, its marrow and its blood, And 'tis the men of Canada, can face the world and brag That we were born in Canada beneath the British flag.

Few of us have the blood of kings, few are of courtly birth, But few are vagabonds or rogues of doubtful name, But all have one credential that entitles us to brag That we were born in Canada beneath the British flag.

We've yet to make our money, we've yet to make our fame, But we have gold and glory in our clean colonial name, And every man's a millionaire if only he can brag That he was born in Canada beneath the British flag.

No title and no coronet is half as proudly worn, As that which we inherited as men, Canadian born; We count no man so noble as the one who makes the brag That he was born in Canada beneath the British flag.

The Dutch may have his Holland, the Spaniard have his Spain, The Yankee to the South of us must South of us remain, For not a man dare lift a hand against the men who brag That they were born in Canada beneath the British flag.

—Pauline Johnson (Indian poetess.) I've allus notised, fellers, It's a risky thing to do, To talk about "second" To how thing looks to you.

The man 't talks the nice' Don't help you up hill; The one 't prays the loudest Don't allow pay his bill.

Sometimes the biggest fishes Bites the smallest kinds o' bats; An' mighty ugly wamin' Can make the best o' mates.

The smartest lookin' feller May be a reg'lar fool, You've allus kicked the highest By the speckest lookin' mule.

THE UNION CLUB MYSTERY.

The Person Who Broke the Window was a Woman, but That's all.

To a certain extent, the mystery overhanging the breaking of the Union Club window is cleared up, in fact sufficient evidence has been secured to cause the withdrawal of the "ad" which promised a \$20 reward to the person who furnished information as would lead to the identity of the glass smasher. There are yet a great many people who have not even heard of the incident. It was on the night of Pretoria's celebration the big plate of glass was broken, by whom nobody knew, for the instant the Club men and servants had reached the sidewalk after the crash there was nobody in sight, nor did a search reveal anybody.

The deliberate breaking of the window was more than the clubmen could stand and a reward of twenty dollars was offered for the apprehension of the culprit. It was several days before the officers of the Club received any inkling as to the person who threw the stone. Then they found out that it was a respectable lady well known to many of them, and the case dropped.

A young lady was going home from work when she saw the woman in question deliberately dash a large stone through the heavy plate glass, and make off quickly, but very coolly. The lady was identified later, and nothing of a prosecuting nature has transpired in the matter. It is understood the reward was paid, its payment being insisted upon by the clubmen, although the informing young lady was not anxious to take it. The solution of the mystery was very thankfully received by the members of the Club, who have since hushed the matter up entirely.

They Refuse to Pay Taxes.

The gentlemen, who have to do with the assessing of property and the collection of taxes in Rothesay are sorely puzzled at the action of one or two managing ship owners who refuse to pay taxes on the property of the vessels, the companies for which have their head office in the parish. Of late years it has been a favorite place of those who seek incorporation for companies of any size to name some outside place such as Fairville and Rothesay as the location of the head office. This means that their capital stock is only liable to a very small rate of taxation. They do not pretend to do any business there but carry out their books and hold an annual meeting in the place. The city of St. John loses the taxes on these joint stock companies and now PROGRESS understands that one managing owner who has always paid the taxes on his line of ships refuses to do so any longer because another managing owner does not pay. The authorities are at a loss what to do. They do not want any trouble and yet the question is a serious one for them because the assessment is made up and the parish cannot afford to lose the amount.

Bad News From the Front.

The sadness of war came home to St. John this week when the unexpected news of the death of Capt. Charles F. Harrison was cabled to his friends. He went to South Africa as transport officer and has been well to the front all the time. Entered fever attacked him but his friends at first were led to think that his illness was but slight and that he would be on duty again in a short time. This was not true, his condition grew worse and this week he passed away, another Soldier of the Queen who gave his life for his country.

Military life was congenial to Capt. Harrison. He was in the Northwest at the time of the North West rebellion and when the news that Canadians might go to South Africa went out he was one of the very first to volunteer.

With those who knew him—and who did not in St. John—he was a great favorite. His genial good fellowship made him welcome to any gathering whether large or small. Letters received from his friends in South Africa show that the same measure of popularity attended him there. His friends in St. John will miss him greatly and for this reason their sympathy for his family is all the greater.

Shirts, Collars and Cuffs.

Pliable, finest, cannot be excelled. One shirt and collar for a trial now. Ungars Laundry, Dyeing and Carpet Cleaning Works. Telephone 68.

BAKING POWDER
 Pure
 delicious and wholesome

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The Person Who Broke the Window was a Woman, but That's all.

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They Return to Fay Taxes.

The gentlemen who have to do with the assessing of property and the collection of taxes in Rothesay are sorely puzzled at the action of one or two managing ship owners who refuse to pay taxes on the property of the vessels, the companies for which have their head office in the parish. Of late years it has been a favorite place of those who seek incorporation for companies of any size to name some outside place such as Fairville and Rothesay as the location of the head office. This means that their capital stock is only liable to a very small rate of taxation. They do not pretend to do any business there but carry out their books and hold an annual meeting in the place. The city of St. John loses the taxes on these joint stock companies and now PROGRESS understands that one managing owner who has always paid the taxes on his line of ships refuses to do so any longer because another managing owner does not pay. The authorities are at a loss what to do. They do not want any trouble and yet the question is a serious one for them because the assessment is made up and the parish cannot afford to lose the amount.

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We are now in full swing of summer and have already had a foretaste of what his solar majesty has in store for us in the way of scorching days. The thermometer has been indulging in some pretty high jumps of late and so far our old friend the fog has been decidedly conspicuous by its absence. Flashes to Bay Shore have commenced and the park is also a popular place this year for little out-of-door parties, although the occurrence of last week, in which a local desperado figured, has been a severe rebuke to the popularity of Rockwood among women and children. But an example is to be made of the outrageous character captured by the police, and it is safe to state a repetition of his kind of actions will never happen. The Keanebocoms Chaise is fast becoming popular as a resort along the pleasant route of driving and wheeling roads, and this year it will undoubtedly receive continuous and liberal patronage. In fact now that the weather has settled down to its usual summer status a host of attractive spots have bobbed up in all the suburbs.

The river hotels are all about ready for the season's business and among most of them a number of improvements have been made. W. F. Ganong will open his popular "Cedars" in about a week, at least before the first of July, having already a list of engagements of rooms for St. John and Fredericton parties. Last year Mrs. Ganong ably superintended the workings of this pleasant resort, while Mr. Ganong was in St. Stephen, managing the Windsor hotel, but this season the genial "Billy" himself will also be on hand, as he is nearby now, in charge of the Barker house at Fredericton. Across the river from the "Cedars" is Belyea's new hotel, situated near Brown's Falls wharf. Mr. Belyea has one of the best houses on the river and last season it was full all the time. At Oak Point the travelling homestead is soon to have its usual quota of boarders, while further up and along the sweet-scented intervals John O. Vanwart's big hostelry "Evandale" is ready for city-worn revellers. Mr. Vanwart's is the finest hotel from the building standpoint, on the banks of the St. John, and the grounds, boating, fishing and fishing facilities are excellent. Fisher, Vanwart's hotel at Hamstead is the next public house in order, then follows the private boarding places at Wickham, Washademoak, Gagetown, Mangerville, Ormocote, all the way up to the capital. St. John and Fredericton people cannot say they have no home-like hotels to go to in the country, for its doubtful if any two cities enjoy such abundant privileges along this line. As soon as the public schools close family parties will rush toward these well known resorts and until the last of September almost, they will be delightful homes to weary urbanites.

So far this week has not been as productive of weddings as the second week in June generally is, a comparatively few having been solemnized within the city limits. Among them were the following:

Wednesday morning at the residence of Mr. Wm. Urquhart, Lancharter street, Carleton, his sister, Miss May Louise, and Mr. C. Fisher, of the Globe composing room, were married by Rev. G. O. Goss. Mr. and Mrs. Fisher left for Nova Scotia on their wedding tour. Both are well known and popular young people, having large circles of friends who wish them all that is happy and enjoyable in married life.

At 9 o'clock Wednesday evening at the home of the bride's father, Main street, a very pretty wedding took place when Miss Margaret St. Clair Shaw daughter of Mr. Arthur N. Shaw, was united in marriage to Mr. Rupert Olive, son of Mr. L. J. Olive government inspector of hulls. The couple were unattended and Rev. George Steel, of the Portland Methodist Church, performed the ceremony. The bride was charmingly attired in a white organdy muslin over blue silk and carried a large bouquet of white carnations and roses. The ceremony was performed in the presence of immed late friends and relatives and afterward the party sat down to a wedding supper. Mr. and Mrs. Olive are very popular young people and the bride was the recipient of many very beautiful and useful presents. From the steward's department of the D. A. R. steamer Prince Edward, of which steamer Mr. Olive is purser, was received a beautiful marble parlor clock and from the D. F. Brown Paper company, where the bride had for sometime been book-keeper, was received a handsome oak sideboard. The employees of the D. A. R. sent the bride a pretty oak hall rack. The groom's present to the bride was a pearl ring. Mr. and Mrs. Olive will spend their honeymoon in the States.

Mr. J. Herbert Barton and Miss Violet W. M. Lamb, daughter of Mr. Walter J. Lamb were married Tuesday morning by Rev. A. D. Dowd at St. James church. The choir of which the bride was a member sang at the service. Mr. and Mrs. Barton left on the steamer Prince Rupert for Nova Scotia. Mr. Barton, who is the son of the well

known steamboat engineer, also his bride, are among the best known young people in St. John and can number their friends by the hundreds. The church was crowded with these friends when the marriage ceremony was being performed and the pious remarks and other well-wishing tokens were showered upon the happy couple as they left the church and boarded the steamer. Mr. and Mrs. Barton will be about a fortnight on their honeymoon.

There was a quiet wedding solemnized Tuesday evening at the Methodist parsonage, Carleton, when Rev. William Penna united in marriage Mr. John A. Follock and Miss Ada H. Austin, daughter of Mr. Robert Austin, all residents of Carleton. The ceremony was at 8 o'clock. The bride was attended by Miss Jennie Long, and Mr. George Follock was groomsmen.

On Monday evening Mr. James A. Adams of St. John and Miss Jeanie Warren of St. Stephen were wedded by Rev. William Penna at the Carleton Methodist parsonage. It does not look very promising as yet for a big celebration over Proteus's fall on Dominion Day, or at least the 24th of July, for the first falls on Sunday. When the news came announcing the capture of the Boer capital, it was said by the authorities a formal demonstration would take place on Canada's national day, but so far nothing much has been done toward that end. In fact it has been stated His Worship Mayor Daniel is not very sanguine as to the chances for a popular outburst on that day. Several parties contemplating the holding of excursions on the holiday interviewed the Mayor relative to a demonstration with an eye to business, knowing that if attractions were offered in town that their ventures would naturally come out second best, and it is said Mayor Daniel told them in all probability there would be no popular demonstrations. These excursions of course are now booked and are being advertised. As regards the polymorphous are organizing agents and will be ready whenever the big day is set apart to put on a real good show. Nothing would please the working people better than to know that Dominion Day is not to be used in celebration of the capture of Pretoria, for that is looked upon, and really is, a calendar holiday and a fixture. What the people want is a separate holiday and not to be robbed of their regular breathing spells.

The Harrison home on Germaln St. is cast into darkest gloom by the news of the death of its paternal head in far-off South Africa. Capt. Harrison had been reported by cable as suffering from enteric fever, and as the messages were not very reassuring it was thought here that he would not overcome his illness. Nevertheless his death came as a great shock to the grief-stricken family and friends. As a citizen, socially and in many other ways the deceased was much thought of and will be greatly missed.

Capt. Charles F. Harrison, transport officer of the Mounted Rifles, second Canadian South African contingent, was a son of W. F. Harrison of St. John. Mrs. Harrison is a daughter of the late James I. Fellows. He joined "F" Company of the Queen's Own Rifles of Toronto under Major Magee, in 1884 and served through the Northwest rebellion in the Battleford column commanded by Col. Otter. He has the medal of that campaign which was presented to him in St. John, October 8, 1884, by Lt. Col. Mansuett. Capt. Harrison after serving in the Northwest campaign was appointed second lieutenant and provisionally in 2nd company, 3rd Regiment, C. A., on the 18th of July, 1896. He attended the Royal School of Artillery at Quebec, and received a first class certificate on 10 September, 1898, and on the 29th of that month was promoted to the lieutenantancy of the company.

On 22nd January, 1892, he became captain of No. 3 Company, from which he retired, with the rank, on 18th May, 1894. He joined the 8th Princess Louise Hussars as provisional second lieutenant and was appointed quartermaster in June, 1895. Shortly before leaving for South Africa, Capt. Harrison resigned his position as quartermaster of the 8 Hussars and became a combatant officer with the rank of second lieutenant, having taken the necessary course of instruction at the Royal School of Cavalry at Toronto.

He was beloved by all his brother officers for his kindness of heart and genial disposition making him a great favorite in the regiment, and his absence will be keenly felt when the Hussars meet this year at Camp Sussex.

The late Capt. Harrison was a prominent member of the masonic order. He was a past master of The Union Lodge of Portland, F. & A. M.; a member of Carleton Royal Arch Chapter; a member of St. John Council, Royal and Select Masters; member of the Encampment of St. John, Knights of the Order of the Eastern Star; member of the Red Cross of Rome and Constantine; and in the Ancient and Accepted Scottish Rite he had attained the thirty-second degree.

Capt. Harrison was also a member of Court Martello, Independent Order of Foresters.

The sad death of William Wheeler, Jr., son of Mr. William Wheeler of Brookville, in New York this week is deeply regretted by a large number of people in this city, who enjoyed the geniality and warm heartedness of the deceased during his stays in this city. When last here a few years ago "Billy" was quite prominent in musical circles and was the musical conductor of the last burnt-cork minstrel show the St. John Amateur Musical Club put on. He certainly was a very clever and original musician and it was ever his delight to preside over the piano for the amusement of his friends. Socially he was greatly liked and it pains those who knew him to hear of his untimely end.

Next Tuesday evening the Ladies Association of the Natural History Society will hold a high tea and sale in the rooms of the society, Market Building and ample preparations are already being made

to ensure its success. Several hundred menu cards have been beautifully hand-painted and adorned for presentation to each guest, and will be ready on the occasion. The subjects dealt with in the menu cards are varied, some grand, some amusing. Already a large number of tickets have been sold for the tea, and on the night of its being held, the museum and curio room of the Society will be thrown open for inspection, a splendid opportunity to view the valuable collection.

Miss Fannie Hensley of Gloucester, N. S., who is visiting her sister Mrs. Charles McMillan, Duke street, is quite ill.

Miss O. B. Golding, Union street, is visiting at Wickham, Queens county, and at Hampstead.

Miss Gertrude Hensley and Lillian Walsley of North End, are spending the week near the "Cedars" on the river.

The daughter of a South End Alderman is to be wedded to a Boston young man in a few days. The groom is prospectively an engineer on a steamer running out of that port.

Mrs. G. R. Pugsley and family have taken a cottage at Rothesay for the summer.

Miss McLeod of Sussex is the guest of Miss Gertrude McDonald.

Mr. R. B. Keith of San Francisco was in town for a few days this week. She was accompanied by her brother, Mr. Fowles of Havelock.

Mrs. Wetmore, Winter street, is visiting friends in Westfield this week.

Mr. N. W. Brennan and family are at Westfield where they have taken a cottage for the summer.

Mr. H. Booth of Boston spent a few days here this week.

Dr. F. L. Kenny of the west end, is being congratulated on the arrival of a young daughter.

Mr. James E. Warner returned to Montreal Wednesday, after a visit to his father, General Warner.

Dr. Edward Murphy, son of Mr. Geo. Murphy of this city, now house physician in the Royal Victoria hospital, Montreal, intends to enter practice of his profession at Roxbury, Mass.

Mr. Alex. Wilson has retired from the position of assistant manager of the Bank of Nova Scotia, to enter mercantile life.

Mr. W. G. McFarlane of this city, intends starting a publishing business in Toronto. "Billy" has a host of well-wishing friends in town here.

Miss Isabel Mowatt left Saturday for Montreal.

Mrs. A. Cooper received her friends Tuesday, Wednesday and Thursday afternoon, Duke street, west end.

F. O. Inspector Bennett of Ottawa and Colles of New Brunswick, and Postmaster Hamilton, were fishing at Shediac this week.

Friends of Mr. and Mrs. E. S. Surang, of Carleton, congratulated them on their 24th wedding anniversary, Monday, and presented them with an oak hat box and chair.

There was a delighted audience at the Mechanics Institute Tuesday evening when the 24th public recital of the St. John Conservatory of Music was given. The young ladies and gentlemen acquitted themselves admirably in their recitals, and the results of their studies. Those who took part were Marian Barnes, Lillian Sterling, Maggie Keefe, Elsie Hestabrooks, Eva Smith, Ruby Eiderkin, Bessie Duval, Ethel Reid, Arthur Hopkins, Charles Brown, Charles Reid, Pearl Smith, Hazel Smith, Martha Robertson, Lois Kennedy, Gertie Evans, Ida Fierro, Alice Mahoney, Mr. W. C. Boden, Jennie Belle, Josephine Gorman, Miss Alberta Fowler, Mr. George Price, Alice Morgan, Miss Annie Knott, Agnes Donovan, Jessie Wilson, Millie Isaac. During the evening graduation certificates were presented Misses Jennie Wilson and Agnes Donovan.

Latest styles of wedding invitations and announcements printed in any quantities and at moderate prices. Will be sent to any address.

Progress Job Print.

FREDERICTON.

[FRODOG is for sale in Fredericton by W. T. H. Fenby and J. H. Hawthorne.

June 15.—Christ church was yesterday the scene of one of the prettiest of June weddings when at 2:30 o'clock Miss Mary Hamlin Crookshank, youngest daughter of Mr. Otty Crookshank, and granddaughter of the late Hon. John Fenby was united in marriage to Mr. Walter Pleasant Fenby youngest son of the late Mr. Geo. E. Fenby. The choir sang "The Voice that breathed o'er Eden" as the bridal party entered the church. The bride on the arm of her father, who gave her in marriage, proceeded up the aisle followed by her bridesmaid, Miss May Clark of Woodstock. The bride looked lovely in an exquisite gown of white English satin with ruffles of tulle on the skirt, a bolero waist and heavily trimmed with Irish points. A bridal veil with wreath of orange blossoms. The well planned and star of pearls. The whole outfit of the girl her godmother; she carried a beautiful bouquet of white bridal roses. The bridesmaid, Miss May Clark of Woodstock, wore pink silk grenadine with hat to match and carried a bouquet of pink carnations. The groom had the support of Mr. Bruce Scovill of St. John.

The church was very prettily trimmed with white flowers, lilacs and greenery the work of the girls friends of the bride. The bride passing under two floral arches as she went down the aisle, the arches separating the guests from the spectators. Nearly half a hundred guests were present and the church was literally packed with spectators. The bride's mother wore a gown of black hennista cloth with steel passementerie trimmings, Mrs. C. Clifton Taber aunt of the bride wore a handsome gown of black satin and a pretty bonnet to match. All the costumes worn by the young girls were pretty light summer silks and white predominating. The ushers were Mr. Douglas Taber, Mr. R. H. Fowler of New York and Mr. Andrew Crookshank.

As the party left the church the wedding march was sounded from the organ and soon the chime of bells sent forth a merry peal announcing to the listening world that Mr. and Mrs. Walter Fenby were wedded. The party and guests drove to the home of the bride's father where a reception was held and luncheon served.

The dining room was beautifully decorated, festoons of pink carnations and smilax hung from over the centre of the table to the corners. The table decorations were all in white the bride's cake prominently trimmed with lilies of the valley.

The bride was the recipient of a large number of beautiful presents in cut glass silver and bric-a-brac. The groom's present was a fine high grade bicycle and to the bride maid he gave a ring of twin opals.

Mr. and Mrs. Fenby left in the 4:30 train for Boston and other American cities. The bride's going away gown was of blue laces cloth with blouse of blue silk trimmed with Valenciennes lace and hat of black sequins and plumes. When they return from their bridal journey they will reside in Fredericton.

A large party of interested friends arose with the lark this morning and hid them to the early train to wish her bon voyage to a very happy couple who

CONTRIVED ON PAGE EIGHT.

Chairs Re-upholstered, Upholster, Repaired, Dressed, 17 Waterloo.

Those Cameras.

We are putting out are giving great satisfaction. If you expect to have one this summer, you will have to send in your order quickly, quantity limited.

Very convenient for carrying, takes picture 3 1/4 x 3 1/2 inches. Three plate holders.

What do you think of the bargain?

25 WELCOME SOAP Wrappers, together with \$1.75 cash.

Buy the famous

WELCOME SOAP

AND SAVE THE WRAPPERS.

THE WELCOME SOAP CO., ST. JOHN, N. B.

White's Snowflake Chocolates

Have the Letter S on Top

Imitations are out. Look out for them.

Corticelli SKIRT PROTECTOR

There is no gum or rubber of anything in Corticelli Skirt Protector that will chafe your shoes. It is made of specially grown specially spun and specially woven wool.

It is better than any other skirt protector because it is made of different and better wool—it has an elastic porous weave that dries out quickly when wet and sheds dust easily.

Sewed on flat—not turned over—one or two rows of stitching—every dress goods shade.

Sold every where 4 cts. a yard. Labeled thus

When You Want

a Real Tonic 'ST. AGUSTINE'

ask for (Registered Brand) of Pelee Wine.

GAGETOWN, Sept. 21, 1899.

E. G. SCOVIL—

"Having used both we think the St. Agustine preferable to Vin Mariani as a tonic.

JOHN C. CLOWES

E. G. SCOVIL | Sole Importer | 62 Union Street.

THERE IS JUST ONE

Furniture Polish

OF National Importance.

The Sun

ALONE

CONTAINS BOTH:

Daily, by mail, \$6 a year

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

The Sunday Sun

is the greatest Sunday Newspaper in the world.

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

Address THE SUN, New York.

CHICKERING'S FURNITURE POLISH.

This polish is made from the receipt used by Chickering in polishing his celebrated pianos and is superior to all others. It is clean and easily used, does not require as much rubbing as ordinary polishes, and leaves the furniture perfectly free from tackiness, so common in other polishes.

Give this a trial and you will use no other.

PREPARED ONLY BY

W. C. RUDMAN ALLAN,

Druggist and Seedsman,

87 Charlotte Street. Phone 239.

Telephone 239 and have a bottle sent to the house.

Fry's Cocoa

has the true, rich, delicate cocoa flavor that only an absolutely pure cocoa can possibly yield.

It is easily soluble in hot water. It nourishes the system without weakening the digestive organs. It is concentrated and hence economical to use. Sold by best grocers everywhere.

6 For Additional Society News, See Fifth and Seventh Pages.



HALIFAX NOTES.

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

Monroe & Co. Barrington street... Progress is for sale in Halifax by the newboys and at the following news stands and centres.

June 14.—Miss Marion Washen of Harcourt, N. B., a graduate of the Dartmouth kindergarten, has been appointed director of Charlotetown, P. E. I., kindergarten. She will enter upon her new duties in September.

The following Halifax people registered their names at the High Commissioner's office, London, during the week ending May 28.

At the State ball at Rideau Hall, Ottawa last Tuesday evening, Miss Florence Fielding wore a smart gown of yellow brocade with touches of green satin, bordered with exquisite passementerie.

The death occurred Saturday of Norma G. Leigh the little three and a half year old daughter of Mr. Ernest E. Leigh, organist of St. Paul's.

Miss Minnie Smith left by the C. P. R. Tuesday morning for St. John, N. B.

Mr. Wm. McDonald, for many years with E. W. Wright and Thomas W. Hardy, in the Continental Hotel, Granville street, has taken over the Flawn business also on Granville street, and will doubtless conduct it successfully.

Rev. Principal G. M. Grant, Toronto, who was here in connection with St. Matthew's Church anniversary was a guest of Senator McKee, Maplewood, N. W. Arm.

General Lord Seymour, Lady and the Misses Seymour, Captain Blandford, R. A., of Halifax, were at the Niagara Falls, Canadian side, Saturday.

The Frederick Herald says: "Lieut. Giffin of the 66th, Halifax, was examined in equitation on Thursday by a board composed of Colonel Dunbar, of the R. C. L. R. and Adjutant Fisher, of the 1st Regiment."

Henry Jacobs, of Montreal, is at the Halifax. He has just returned from the Pacific coast.

Ald. MacBreth will not be home from Boston and New York until Wednesday.

Mrs. E. Young, H. C. Holmes, John McNeil, G. E. McKee, Chas. Henry, C. Connor, Mrs. Leblanc, L. Handing and A. A. Book left by the D. A. R. last Saturday morning for Boston.

Captain Warner of the Boston police force who is spending a vacation at Middleton, was in the city this week and called on Chief of Police O'Sullivan.

Mr. T. B. Filin, M. P. of Yarmouth, arrived in the city Saturday night from Ottawa to attend the annual communication of the Grand Lodge, A. F. & A. M., of Nova Scotia, of which he is grand master. The Grand Lodge met Wednesday.

Mr. Lauris Sanford formerly of this city but now of California is on a visit to his father Mr. I. S. Sanford. He is accompanied by his family.

Mr. W. T. Robertson of the bank of Nova Scotia will be transferred to St. John, where is his home. He will take the place of Mr. J. S. Lewis transferred to Halifax.

WINDSOB. June 12.—With the delightful leafy month of June come windings and rumors of happy events, when hearts unite and lovely nature smiles her approval in shedding the fairest sunshine around, casting her glow over the vast universe, and while we hear of many such important events in our cities and towns, Windsor is not out of the list.

Though the hour was early, 8:30 in the morning, yet a goodly number of friends and acquaintances were at Christ church on Tuesday morning to attend that ever attractive ceremony, a wedding. The groom was Mr. William Arthur Ernest E. H. New York, and the bride Miss Georgie Camilla Wilson. The wedding was a very quiet one, no guests. A few of the most intimate of the bride's friends occupied the front seats. Precisely at the hour appointed the bride entered the church leathorn appointed the bride's mother was (and took her place beside the groom. Mr. Vernon Eville played the bridal chorus from Lohengrin on the bride entering, and Mendelssohn's wedding march while the wedding party retired to the vestry. The choir members were present and assisted in the ceremony, so beautiful and solemn. Archdeacon Jones pronounced the words which united the happy couple in the holy bonds of matrimony. The bride wore a pretty dove colored cloth costume, heavily stitched, with Easton jacket and front of chiffon. Her hat was of the same shade, satin with trimmings of lace and a flower fastener of in-quois blue. The ceremony over, the bell pealed out, and the bridal party were driven to the station where a number of friends congregated to extend congratulations and best wishes. Mr. and Mrs. Eville will visit Wolfville and Kentville, and from Kingsport they will leave for Truro to visit Mr. Eville's brother, Mr. Claude Eville of the Halifax banking co. There was a fine array of

TO CURE A GOLD IN ONE DAY Take Laxative Bromo Quinine Tablets. All druggists refund the money if it fails to cure. See E. W. Grove's signature on each box

"The doctor said I must not ride. In fact I could not ride."

"This is to certify that Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery is the best blood-purifier that I ever used," writes Mrs. M. Hartrick, of Demeter, Oswego, Co., N. Y. "It is about three years since my health began to fail. Last September I gave out entirely with what the physicians pronounced enlargement of the liver. Could not do anything; my back pained me all the time; the doctor said I must not ride, in fact I could not ride nor walk, nor hardly sit still; could not lie on my right side. I commenced taking the 'Golden Medical Discovery' and took them for three months, and still continue the use of it. I will be glad if I can say anything to help those who are suffering. You can publish this letter if you think best."

Mrs. Hartrick had begun the use of Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery when her "health began to fail," she would have saved that three years of increasing misery, until she "gave out entirely." For diseases of the stomach and organs of digestion and nutrition there is no known remedy to compare with "Golden Medical Discovery." It reaches the heart, liver and lungs through the stomach and the blood and its cures are prompt and permanent. Nothing else will give such good results.

There is no alcohol or opium or other narcotic contained in "Golden Medical Discovery." There is nothing "just as good" as this remedy. Don't experiment on yourself with substitutes.

wedding gifts, testifying to their popularity. The groom's presents to the bride was a lovely pearl brooch, star shaped.

At the bride's home, Stannus street, on Tuesday afternoon, June 6th, Miss Mary McPhee, eldest daughter of Mr. Jas. McPhee, was united in marriage to Mr. Berton McPhee, Hal fax. There were a few friends and relatives present. Rev. Henry Dickie officiated. Mrs. McPhee, sister of the bride, was bridesmaid and wore a dress of mot tie blue cloth with hat of white and brown. The bride wore a mottled brown cloth costume with trim mings of satin ribbon, with brown hat. Mr. Geo. McPhee was groomsmen. There were some nice presents including a presentation from the Old fellows of Halifax. Mr. McPhee being one of them. Mrs. and Mr. McPhee took the afternoon train for Halifax and will be at home next week at 44 Kempt Road.

Mr. Percy Smith returned from Boston on Saturday evening. Miss Alice Lawson returned from Bermuda on Friday evening.

Miss E. H. Holden accompanied by Mr. and Mrs. F. I. Davidson to St. John last week. Mrs. G. K. McKee has returned from Wolfville, where she has been visiting friends.

Mrs. John Doran visited her daughter Miss Lena at Mt. St. Vincent, Rockingham, last week. Miss Cora Greenough left for Boston on the 26th inst., where she will remain for some time.

Mrs. Charles Wilson, Halifax, arrived in town on Saturday evening on a visit to Mrs. George Wilson. Miss H. Patrick, Everett, Mass., and Miss F. Bean, Maiden, are on a visit to Mrs. George Kirkpatrick.

Mrs. Robert Taylor who has been visiting Mrs. Clarence Beaudin, Martock, returned to Halifax on Tuesday of last week. Mrs. Talbot, Everett, Mass., and little son and daughter, are on a visit to Mrs. Talbot's sister Mrs. Donald, King street. They arrived here a fortnight ago and will remain until October.

Latest styles of Wedding invitations and announcements printed in any quantities and at moderate prices. Will be sent to any address. Progress Job Print.

TRURO. [Progress is for sale in Truro by D. H. Smith & Co., and at Crowe Bros.]

June 13.—Messrs W. B. Alley, Wm. Logan, I. W. Crowe and some members of the Masonic Fraternity, attended the meeting of the Grand Lodge, in Halifax, this week.

Mrs. Forgetti, from home from Halifax where she was making a short visit with her friend Mrs. M. Wallace. Messrs G. P. Nelson of the Customs' Department and C. M. Blanchard are enjoying a week's outing at "Farm Lake."

Mr. Percy Page is here from Rothesay, visiting Dr. and Mrs. Walker. The W. S. H. Boat Company gave two first class entertainments here last week, Friday and Saturday evening, "Blowing the Wind" and the "Magistrates" were both thoroughly enjoyed, as every thing put on here under Mr. Harkins' management always is.

Miss Mame Sarah is expected home from her long visit with friends in the West, on Friday next. Mr. Davis McCurdy of the Halifax Bank, Annapolis is spending his vacation in Truro and vicinity.

Mrs. Geo. Smith who has been visiting her relatives at Fernhill, returned today from a short visit with Mrs. McGregor, New Glasgow.

YARMOUTH. June 13.—Mrs. Dominic McDevitt is ill with appendicitis. Captain Benjamin Davis was a passenger for Boston on Wednesday.

Mrs. Miter Cann left for Boston on Wednesday. Mr. Justice Platt of the Yarmouth Duck mill was a passenger to Boston per steamer Yarmouth on Wednesday on his way to England where he will visit friends whom he has not seen since his arrival in Canada.

Hon. Senator MacKeen was a passenger to Boston on Wednesday. He returned Saturday. Lieutenant-governor Lord William Seymour, accompanied by Lady Seymour, their daughter, and private secretary, went to Boston, en route to England, Wednesday.

Mr. William Burrill has returned from Boston. Mrs. Abby C. Ryerson, widow of the late John K. Ryerson, passed away at her home on Parade street, Sunday morning at 6 o'clock. Heart failure

was the cause. She had not been seriously ill until the morning of which day she was able to rise from her bed, but became so shortly afterward. She was 77 years of age, having been born Oct. 13, 1823. She was formerly Miss Shaw, a daughter of the late Joseph Shaw, high sheriff of Yarmouth county.

Mrs. S. B. Robbins and daughter Minnie went to Halifax this morning, to meet Capt. Robbins, who will arrive from London on the S. & Demara.

ANNAPOLIS. June 13.—Miss McConnell of Yarmouth, is at present filling the position of operator in the W. U. telegraph office.

J. L. P. Robicheau, who has been acting ticket agent at the D. A. S. station here, has resigned his position, and leaves today for the land of the Unas. Mr. Robicheau has made himself very popular while here, and his courtesy shown to all he came in contact with has been duly appreciated. He has secured a position on the N. Y. N. H. and H. Ry.

Rev. Father Summers exchanged services with Rev. Father McKinnon of Bridgewater on Sunday last. Conductor Addy Nichols and wife after a pleasant visit in Berwick, left on Thursday for Lawrenceton to spend a few days with Mrs. Nichols' parents.

CAMPBELLTON. June 14.—Miss McConell has returned from New Wharfedale. W. A. Mott spend several days in St. John last week. Jas. E. Kelly is confined to the house with la-grippe.

J. H. Gillis, of Metopelid, returned from his vacation. Mrs. Rogerson has accepted a position in A. G. Adams' store.

Lyon McKee returned home today from the N. B. University. Herbert Alexander who spent the winter in Winnipeg has returned. St. Laughlin and bride have occupied a house on St. Alexis Street.

James McKeezie who has been attending the Montreal Business College, is home for a vacation. We are pleased to learn that George Montgomery of Dalhousie, who has been seriously ill is improving.

Jas. McKeezie has returned for his summer vacation, having passed his first year examinations successfully. John A. Currie, who has been railroading on the Maine Central for a number of years, is home on a vacation.

L. T. Jondry has returned from Moncton, being accompanied by Miss Jondry who will now reside in Campbellton. Jasper Davidson's little daughter who fractured a collar bone recently is recovering rapidly.

Rev. Geo. Fisher occupied the pulpit of St. Andrew's on Sunday last. Rev. A. F. Carr holding services in connection with the Century Fund, in Dalhousie. Mr. Creedy of Bangor, Me., who is working at Richards' mill, is one of Uncle Sam's volunteers and went through both Cuban and Porto Rican campaigns.

Mr. Warren Christie attended the closing exercises of Acadia university in Wolfville.

Drink Only Good Tea. There's a reason for it! Cheap teas are not only flavorless, and require more tea to the cup to produce any satisfactory flavor, they are often artificially colored and flavored, and are sometimes most dangerous. A branded tea like Lyle's' Elephant Brand is safest, as its packer's business reputation is staked on its purity.

BRIDGETOWN. June 13.—Miss Churchill, of Lockport, is visiting Mrs. Hugh Fowler. Dr. Burgess and wife of Choverly, Hants County, are visiting the Rev. E. B. Moore.

Mr. John R. Kinney is gaining strength slowly, and is able to take short drives. Mrs. G. A. Knoll of St. John, has been visiting friends in town during the week.

Mrs. Ernest C. Bankman, of Roxbury, Mass., is a guest at the home of Mr. and Mrs. John L. Marshall. Rev. A. E. C. Morse leaves today to resume his duties as pastor of the First Baptist Church in Cornwall, N. Y.

Mrs. and Mrs. C. F. DeWitt and family, of Brooklyn, N. Y., arrived last Saturday on their annual summer visit to Bridgetown. Mrs. W. D. Lockett, with her little daughter, went to Charlottetown last Thursday to spend a few weeks with her parents.

Mr. and Mrs. Bert Hestitis, of St. John, spent a few days of their honeymoon in Bridgetown last week. Mrs. Hestitis, who was Miss Kate Worden of St. John, is an accomplished vocalist, and assisted the choir in the Methodist Church on Sunday evening last.

DIGBY. June 13.—Mr. S. B. Townsend left Wednesday for Montreal. Mrs. John Sprout and family have left for Canada. Mr. A. D. Bonnell was a passenger to New York on Saturday.

Premier Emerson of New Brunswick was in town Thursday. Rev. and Mrs. A. T. Dykeman were in town on Monday en route to Acadia. Mrs. D. H. Fairweather of Sussex, is visiting her aunt, Mrs. W. Fairweather.

Mr. Harry Sprout was a passenger to St. John on Wednesday. He is studying short hand at the St. John Business college. Mr. W. G. Townsend of Montreal, was in town this week, the guest of his brother, Mr. S. B. Townsend at Green Point.

Mrs. E. W. McBride, wife of the editor of the Annapolis Spectator, accompanied by her son, is visiting relatives in town. Mr. Chas. H. Dorr of the New York Herald, made us a friendly call yesterday. Mr. Dorr is writing up this province and has obtained many pretty views of Digby and vicinity.

The following guests of Mr. and Mrs. H. W. Bowles have returned home: Mrs. J. E. Crowe

No Yankee Humbug but good honest value in Maypole Soap the great English Home Dye DYES ANY MATERIAL ANY COLOUR FREE book on Home Dyeing by applying to A. P. TIPPET & CO., Montreal.

and Mrs. J. A. Langille of Annapolis; and Mrs. R. A. Crowe of Bridgetown. Miss Fannie Smith, who has been spending several weeks at Truro, has returned home. Miss Smith was the guest of Miss Angie James at Bridge town.

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James McKeezie who has been attending the Montreal Business College, is home for a vacation. We are pleased to learn that George Montgomery of Dalhousie, who has been seriously ill is improving.

Jas. McKeezie has returned for his summer vacation, having passed his first year examinations successfully. John A. Currie, who has been railroading on the Maine Central for a number of years, is home on a vacation.

L. T. Jondry has returned from Moncton, being accompanied by Miss Jondry who will now reside in Campbellton. Jasper Davidson's little daughter who fractured a collar bone recently is recovering rapidly.

Rev. Geo. Fisher occupied the pulpit of St. Andrew's on Sunday last. Rev. A. F. Carr holding services in connection with the Century Fund, in Dalhousie. Mr. Creedy of Bangor, Me., who is working at Richards' mill, is one of Uncle Sam's volunteers and went through both Cuban and Porto Rican campaigns.

Mr. Warren Christie attended the closing exercises of Acadia university in Wolfville.

Drink Only Good Tea. There's a reason for it! Cheap teas are not only flavorless, and require more tea to the cup to produce any satisfactory flavor, they are often artificially colored and flavored, and are sometimes most dangerous. A branded tea like Lyle's' Elephant Brand is safest, as its packer's business reputation is staked on its purity.

BRIDGETOWN. June 13.—Miss Churchill, of Lockport, is visiting Mrs. Hugh Fowler. Dr. Burgess and wife of Choverly, Hants County, are visiting the Rev. E. B. Moore.

Mr. John R. Kinney is gaining strength slowly, and is able to take short drives. Mrs. G. A. Knoll of St. John, has been visiting friends in town during the week.

Mrs. Ernest C. Bankman, of Roxbury, Mass., is a guest at the home of Mr. and Mrs. John L. Marshall. Rev. A. E. C. Morse leaves today to resume his duties as pastor of the First Baptist Church in Cornwall, N. Y.

Mrs. and Mrs. C. F. DeWitt and family, of Brooklyn, N. Y., arrived last Saturday on their annual summer visit to Bridgetown. Mrs. W. D. Lockett, with her little daughter, went to Charlottetown last Thursday to spend a few weeks with her parents.

Mr. and Mrs. Bert Hestitis, of St. John, spent a few days of their honeymoon in Bridgetown last week. Mrs. Hestitis, who was Miss Kate Worden of St. John, is an accomplished vocalist, and assisted the choir in the Methodist Church on Sunday evening last.

DIGBY. June 13.—Mr. S. B. Townsend left Wednesday for Montreal. Mrs. John Sprout and family have left for Canada. Mr. A. D. Bonnell was a passenger to New York on Saturday.

Premier Emerson of New Brunswick was in town Thursday. Rev. and Mrs. A. T. Dykeman were in town on Monday en route to Acadia. Mrs. D. H. Fairweather of Sussex, is visiting her aunt, Mrs. W. Fairweather.

Mr. Harry Sprout was a passenger to St. John on Wednesday. He is studying short hand at the St. John Business college. Mr. W. G. Townsend of Montreal, was in town this week, the guest of his brother, Mr. S. B. Townsend at Green Point.

Mrs. E. W. McBride, wife of the editor of the Annapolis Spectator, accompanied by her son, is visiting relatives in town. Mr. Chas. H. Dorr of the New York Herald, made us a friendly call yesterday. Mr. Dorr is writing up this province and has obtained many pretty views of Digby and vicinity.

The following guests of Mr. and Mrs. H. W. Bowles have returned home: Mrs. J. E. Crowe

Baby's Own Soap. He ran a mile, and so would many a young lady, rather than take a bath without the "Albert". Baby's Own Soap. It leaves the skin wonderfully soft and fresh, and its faint fragrance is extremely pleasing. Beware of imitations. ALBERT TOILET SOAP CO., MONTREAL.

Free Cure For Men. A new remedy which quickly cures sexual weakness, varicocele, night emissions, premature discharge, etc., and restores the organs to strength and vigor. Dr. L. W. Knapp, 200 Hill Building, Detroit, Mich., gladly sends free the receipt of this wonderful remedy in order that every weak man may cure himself at home. BOUTOUCHE BAR OYSTERS. Received this day, 10 Barrels No. 1 Boutouche Bar Oysters, the first of the Spring catch. At 19 and 23 King Square. J. D. TURNER.

Scribner's SPECIALTIES FOR 1900. Ladies' and Gentleman. J. M. BARRIE'S "Tommy and Grizel" (serial). THEODORE ROOSEVELT'S "Oliver Cromwell" (serial). RICHARD HARDING DAVIS'S fiction and special articles. HENRY NORMAN'S The Russia of To-day. Articles by WALTER A. WYKOFF, author of "The Workers".

EVERY WEAK MAN SHOULD read a Descriptive Treatise on the Modern Treatment of Nervous Diseases and Physical Weakness in Men, including Premature Exhaustion and Loss of Vital Energy, with other allied affections by local absorption (i.e., without stomach medicines). Revised and in progress with the most advanced researches in the subject, together with numerous recent testimonials showing successful cures. Write at once and grasp this opportunity of being quickly restored to perfect health. Sent in a plain seal envelope, free of charge. E. NORRIS, 29 & 31, CHANCERY LANE, LONDON, ENGL. Established over 30 years.

CALVERT'S CARBOLIC OINTMENT. Is unequalled as a remedy for Chafed Skin, Piles, Scalds, Cuts, Sore eyes, Chapped Hands, Chills, Burns, Scarcas, Neuralgic and Rheumatic Pains, Throat Colds, Ringworm, and Skin Affections generally. Large Pots, 1s. 1/6d. each, at Chemists, etc., with Instructions. Illustrated Pamphlet of Calvert's Carbolic Preparations sent post free on application. F. C. CALVERT & CO. Manchester

FOR ARTISTS. WINSOR & NEWTON'S OIL COLORS, WATER COLORS, CANVAS, etc., etc., etc. Manufacturing Artists, Colormen to Her Majesty the Queen and Royal Family. FOR SALE AT ALL ART STORES. A. RAMSAY & SON, - MONTREAL. Wholesale Agents for Canada.

Use Perfection Tooth Powder. Special illustrative schemes (in color and in black and white) by WALTER APPLETON CLARK, R. C. PEIXOTTO, HENRY MOCARTER, DWIGHT L. ELMENDORF and others. Illustrated Prospectus sent free to any address. CHARLES SCRIBNER'S SONS, Publishers, New York.

ST. JOHN, N. B., SATURDAY, JUNE 16, 1900.

TOWN TALES.

Wednesday's city mail brought the following verses to this office from some young man or young men, who are evidently members of that 'last car crowd'.

These are the verses: 'There's only a few of us left.' This June leaves our party bereft of half its members, we're down to small numbers.

'There's only a few of us left.' It's cupid we charge with this theft. The shy little elf has come down from the shelf.

'There's only a few of us left.' The last car is shy half its best. Yellow tickets of yore are not now so galore.

'There's only a few of us left.' 'The stayers', 'the jokers', 'the flirts'. Not anyway soon, but some sunny June we'll join the procession of skirts.

'There's only a few of us left.' We've recruits from near and afar. So it may not be long before chatter and song will fill again our 'love special' car.

'There's only a few of us left.' So Dan Cupid go 'way, take a trip. And leave us alone, at least till next June, or we'll certainly give you the slip.

We're not in the graduating class. There's a term or two yet to be 'mashed'. Let us still plod along, we're right and you're wrong.

'There's only a few of us left.' You've robbed us already enough. And 'held up' the last car too soon. You deprive highwayman, unfeeling your Pagan.

Go hence and reflect on your deeds. How you've left us a sorrowing crowd. With half the gang married, by you younger married!

And the 'last car boys' under a cloud! The young women and girls of today need not run away with the idea that they alone belong to the athletic age of womankind.

Grey haired and young of today but Athletic. need not run away with the idea that they alone belong to the athletic age of womankind.

For even as far back as their grandparents unusual feats in gymnastics are being established, commencing with Dantzig, Stettin, Konigsberg, London and St. Petersburg.

It remains to be seen whether any very large steamship line will make its German headquarters at this new port. Such a development as this would hardly be expected if it had not been announced that the government intended to provide facilities adapting the town for the largest participation in international trade.

The Shan Tung Railroad Company, which is building a railroad in China to extend from Kia Chou Bay, 800 miles inland through the Shan Tung peninsula, has been buying its steel and iron material from the Krupp and other large German works and shipping them to China via Hamburg and Bremen.

The company has now agreed to transfer all its business to the new port of Emden.

A Novel Idea. (Montreal Witness, May 30, 1900) Mrs. Egerton, an English lady, who did nursing work in Dawson City, carried out an original idea in London, which greatly gratified the C. P. R. people.

Egerton has been much struck by the scenery along the line of the C. P. R. as well as with the service which the company rendered across the Continent, and she determined to let the folk in England know something about both.

For the purpose she availed herself of a fancy ball at Covent Garden, to appear in a costume which took the first prize for originality, and which illustrated Canadian scenery and the C. P. R. in a highly striking manner.

The lady's hat was trimmed in a manner to show C. P. R. trains in motion; her cape set forth Lake Ontario, Lake Superior and the Rocky Mountains, while the front of her dress showed a train rushing at full speed through the wonderful ravines in the far Northwest.

In the lady's hand was a banner which contained the coat of arms of the several Provinces constituting the Dominion. The tout ensemble, as the London press remarked at the time, was wonderfully striking and impressive and gave at a glance an idea of a country of which Londoners, previous to the jubilee, knew very little.

Mrs. Egerton, as Mr. Baker, the C. P. R. agent in London, pointed out, did all this 'off her own bat,' and solely with the patriotic view of making Canada known. The lady is coming out again, probably this summer, when she will make an extended tour of the country. Photographs of Mrs. Egerton in her unique costume are at the general offices of the C. P. R.

Squirrels at Harvard. Randall Hall, the Harvard students' new dining place, had a strange visitor Thursday which aroused the risibilities of the students at their dinner. It was not a group of young ladies this time which so aroused the curiosity of the student body, but a tame squirrel which one of the diners, E. B. Blakeley, brought into the hall in his pocket.

If the squirrel had remained in its place of retirement nothing unusual would have occurred, but no sooner had Blakeley seated himself at the table than they frisky gray squirrel proceeded to explore its novel surroundings, jumping out of Blakeley's pocket upon his shoulders. There it stood chattering wildly, while Blakeley continued his dinner in oblivion of the excitement around.

The chattering of the squirrel brought every boarder right about face, the waiters stood at attention and for a moment silence held reign, only to disappear in a storm of chirps, calls and coaxing sounds, intended to waylay the squirrel. After viewing the scene for a minute, however, the squirrel crept back into Blakeley's pocket and remained hid.

Blakeley is the captain of Harvard's gymnastic team and a well-known figure about college. The squirrel was captured by him near Wellesley several weeks ago when it was young. It is kept in his room in which Blakeley has established his training headquarters. A second squirrel comports the tame animal exhibit, but the custom is contagious, for two other students at least have taken squirrels unto themselves and others have sworn to adopt the custom. The gray squirrels in the Harvard yard are on the lookout.

When the Elephant Sneezed. Superstitious showmen say that when an elephant sneezes it is a sign of luck. It is an interesting spectacle, anyhow. The Baltimore News records that the other morning when Jolly the Zoo elephant, sneezed, all the Zoo attendants took a vacation to laugh.

Everything was quiet in the Zoo, when somebody shouted to the lecturer: 'Look out! The elephant's going to sneeze!' All the attendants deserted their posts, and ran to look. Jolly had drawn up his sides until his back was humped. His tail was stiffly horizontal. His mouth was open and his eyes were shut, while tears as large as peanuts rolled down his leathery face.

There was a great drawing up of the sides, a long-continued convulsion, a trembling of the floor, and then an explosion like the report of the Boer cannon 'Long Tom' at Ladysmith. Half a bucket of water shot out in a stream toward the monkey's cage, while the elephant's legs trembled as he prepared for a second sneeze. There was a rumbling like that of an earthquake and a volcanic crack. All the animals set up a roar. Dewey's cat jumped down on the back of the goat, and every monkey screamed. The quagga brayed and the kangaroo barked. The

leopards snarled, and Prince Tiny Mite nearly tumbled off his platform. Jolly had been known to sneeze only twice before since the Zoo management had owned him.

'Sooner or later,' said a jurist now prominent in national affairs, 'the sad knowledge comes to a boy that he cannot believe everything he sees in a newspaper.'

'I remember once reading in our village paper, when I was a boy; that a tallow candle, if shot from gun, would make a clean hole through an inch board. I had one of those old-fashioned single-barreled shotguns that loaded at the muzzle and had a stock running the whole length of the barrel.

'One day I put a good charge of powder into that gun, carefully pushed one of mother's best tallow candles 'home' on top of it, slipped the regulation percussion cap on the tube, and summoned the boys of the neighborhood to witness what I told them was an interesting experiment.

'I stationed them to the right and left of the barn door, took my position about fifteen feet away, and fired at it point-blank.'

'What was the result?' asked one of the listeners. 'It made no perceptible impression on the door,' the jurist answered, 'but it spattered tallow over a dozen boys, and I had to throw down the gun and run for my life. I was never the same trustful, confident boy after that,' added the judge, reflectively.

St. John may well feel proud of her citizenship generally for her never-failing crop of loyalty, as has been demonstrated these months back, and which will continue to be shown as long as Canada and the Empire hang together as one, which is a pretty safe thing to gamble on. Among the townspeople the Jewish residents have demonstrated a lot of true love for our Queen of late, not being one whit behind the native born in their demonstrativeness. As an evidence of this were the excellent displays at B. Myer's and A. Poyas' stores on Main street, N. E. Mr. Poyas' jewelry store was especially attractive, in fact the best decoration of a transparency nature in town. Large colored portraits of Her Majesty and Lord Roberts with electric lights to the back of them were the central attractions in the window, with numerous appropriate emblems and mottoes arranged about, set off in a particularly fetching way with the silver and gold of the jewelry about, also the precious stones. Mr. Poyas is one of St. John's most enterprising young citizens and although his home is in Poland, he loves our dear old Queen with all the love of a Britisher. Mayor Daniel in passing Mr. Poyas' window on Pretoria day drew up his horse and loyally saluted Her Majesty and Bobs.

There's an old hotel A Staunch keeper named Cullen. Old Britisher, living away up in the All Alose. Quebec, who has had his own heart and brain troubles this year over the South African war. Although one would take Mr. Cullen to be a full-blooded Frenchman, as he speaks the jargon of the province in which he lives, yet he is quite of another nationality and as true to the Queen and her country as any man under the flag. He lives in a colony of French Boer sympathizers, who have been assailing the faithful old innkeeper all winter long with their tongues. Every British reverse in the early part of

the campaign was a signal for a tirade upon Mr. Cullen, but as 'Bobs' started in settling up with Kruger, Cronje, Botha & Co., the old Britisher administered the mellow-looking laugh to his 'jumping,' French friends. Just now he is in high glee over the Pretoria incident and his hotel is never without the old flag on top, while his Boer sympathizing neighbors are keeping out of sight.

St. John enjoys the distinction of having some of the finest studios in the whole of Canada, equal to any and superior to the great majority, and the work turned out in these studios is of the highest order, up to date at all times and in touch with the leaders on the newest in portraiture. Of late Messrs. Erb & Son, the Charlotte street photographers have added greatly to their facilities by having the upper part of the building in which they are situated so altered, as to give them a brand new operating room fully 30 feet square, the greater of which is of course walled and ceiled in glass. The light facilities afforded by this change are superior to any in town, making it possible to attain

all kinds of effects in photos and allowing the taking of pictures at a later hour in the day. This new room with modern accessories, better 'dark rooms,' more commodious dressing apartments, and a palatial reception room on the floor below, place Messrs. Erb & Son in the front rank. The new 'finishing' room is all an up-to-date photographer's heart could wish for ensuring promptness and satisfaction in the work done. The pretty and cleverly designed staircase leading from the reception parlor to the operating room is a triumph of the stairbuilder's craft, and the work of Contractor Matthews. Photos made since the new order of things show marked improvement over those made under the old conditions.

That Long Hit of Cunningham's gushed himself on Monday last by banging the ball away over centrefield fence, a feat never before accomplished before a crowd on the Shamrock grounds. It is quite true that a smart southerly breeze helped the hit to stretch out so long but it was a real genuine clean-cut fly, soaring like a bird beyond the bounds of the field and into the hay on the other side of the enclosure. 'Lanky Bob' romped round the pin cushions like a child after receiving a new toy, so elated was he over his achievement, and indeed well he might be, for in the days of professionalism in St. John the king pin batters tried in vain to pilot the sphere outside the limit. In fact the Shamrock Club offered a prize of \$10 to the first man who did the trick but whether that offer still hangs good is doubtful, for baseball and the Shamrock Club has had many vicissitudes since those palmy days. At anyrate Cunningham has presented himself with a very enviable bouquet on his long hit and pitchers will look askance at him when he looks their way after this. On Monday the 'blow near killed father' as far as Howe, the twirler was concerned.

Among the many songs heard about the streets on Pretoria day last week was a ditty a crowd of street urchins were yelling to the good old tune of 'Dare to be a Daniel.' It ran: 'Dare to be a Daniel' Dare to stand alone, Give us half a holiday, Or don't you give us none!

It was very evident the lines were inspired.

There's no holding the Baptists about town since one of their pastors, Rev. H. F. Waring, said 'Bobs' was a Baptist. They seem to think they have a particular mortgage on all the glories the little British commander has won, and when the war is being discussed they talk 'Bobs,' 'Bobs,' 'Bobs,' until your ear aches. If its really so that Lord Roberts is a Baptist why that particular sect has good reason to 'holler,' but for that matter let us all 'holler' for 'Bobs' is a British subject and so are we, burrah!

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St. John may well feel proud of her citizenship generally for her never-failing crop of loyalty, as has been demonstrated these months back, and which will continue to be shown as long as Canada and the Empire hang together as one, which is a pretty safe thing to gamble on. Among the townspeople the Jewish residents have demonstrated a lot of true love for our Queen of late, not being one whit behind the native born in their demonstrativeness. As an evidence of this were the excellent displays at B. Myer's and A. Poyas' stores on Main street, N. E. Mr. Poyas' jewelry store was especially attractive, in fact the best decoration of a transparency nature in town. Large colored portraits of Her Majesty and Lord Roberts with electric lights to the back of them were the central attractions in the window, with numerous appropriate emblems and mottoes arranged about, set off in a particularly fetching way with the silver and gold of the jewelry about, also the precious stones. Mr. Poyas is one of St. John's most enterprising young citizens and although his home is in Poland, he loves our dear old Queen with all the love of a Britisher. Mayor Daniel in passing Mr. Poyas' window on Pretoria day drew up his horse and loyally saluted Her Majesty and Bobs.

There's an old hotel A Staunch keeper named Cullen. Old Britisher, living away up in the All Alose. Quebec, who has had his own heart and brain troubles this year over the South African war. Although one would take Mr. Cullen to be a full-blooded Frenchman, as he speaks the jargon of the province in which he lives, yet he is quite of another nationality and as true to the Queen and her country as any man under the flag. He lives in a colony of French Boer sympathizers, who have been assailing the faithful old innkeeper all winter long with their tongues. Every British reverse in the early part of

the campaign was a signal for a tirade upon Mr. Cullen, but as 'Bobs' started in settling up with Kruger, Cronje, Botha & Co., the old Britisher administered the mellow-looking laugh to his 'jumping,' French friends. Just now he is in high glee over the Pretoria incident and his hotel is never without the old flag on top, while his Boer sympathizing neighbors are keeping out of sight.

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The Gentleman Ranker.

IN TWO INSTALMENTS.

CHAPTER I.

"Do you think she really means to have him?" said Miss Grey to her companion, a tall, military-looking man, of fine appearance, whose eyes followed the two figures, "she" and "him," as they disappeared round the bend of a path leading to the shrubbery.

"Doubtful," he said. "You see the difference."

"Well, he's a doctor's son!"

"And she the daughter of Lord Ray. She will have no fortune. He has nothing, but what his brain or his hands can make."

"Yet she encourages him," said Miss Grey.

"He evidently thinks that his attentions are not unavailing."

"It doesn't follow that she'll have him, though, when the crucial question comes to be put," replied the Colonel dryly. "If he's wise, he'll take it that she likes him from such a handsome young fellow as himself perhaps might do more than like him if he had ten thousand pounds a year; but as it is—"

"But, uncle," here put in a soft young voice, at sound of which Colonel Chevenix turned immediately, with a relaxing of the somewhat stern lines of his face, to the very pretty, slender, rather unformed girl, of perhaps sixteen, who hitherto had stood a silent listener beside him. "Miss Ray is well off, isn't she? She could marry a poor man, surely, if she liked?"

The Colonel laughed.

"A very Arcadian way of looking at things," said he. "She won't have much, you know, and must marry money, my child. Great people like to make great matches for their daughters, too. Lord Ray would be dead against young Delmar, of course, and not without reason, because he's not made his way yet, and people can't live on love nowadays."

"I don't think they ever could, Colonel," observed Miss Grey, smiling.

"But then," said Beryl Chevenix decidedly, "if Miss Ray isn't going to marry him, she oughtn't to let him think she is."

The Colonel laughed.

"It's a way some girls have, my dear," said he, patting her shoulder; "you won't when you grow up."

"Oh, no, indeed!" said the girl, earnestly; "it seems so cruel!"

Whereat the Colonel's eyes grew soft.

"Miss Grey, perhaps to draw her out, said, half smiling—

"Very pretty girls have great temptations that way, Beryl—their vanity is flattered, the love of power, which every woman likes in one way or the other, is appealed to."

"But I am safe from the first temptation, anyway," said Beryl ingenuously, and laughing.

The Colonel laughed, too, and curled his grey moustache, while Miss Grey also laughed.

"Silly little girl!" said she, shaking her head. "Wait awhile, we shall see about that."

"Pretty or plain, my Beryl will never make a plaything of a man's heart," said the Colonel stoutly.

"Perhaps we are wrong," suggested gentle Beryl, with a graceful glance at her uncle.

Was Lilith Ray only amusing herself with the devotion that was laid at her feet. She was a beauty—an acknowledged beauty—and was said to have turned more heads in town than any other girl of the season.

She was but nineteen, and Max Delmar was twenty two.

They had met only in the country, where Max was treading his heart out in the vain attempt to study for a doctor.

His father held all the practice around in the country, and was a clever man much looked up to, and had made up his mind that his son should follow in his footsteps, and take over the practice when the elder man retired.

He was not a rich man, not even well off, though he kept up a good establishment and mixed a good deal in society.

He had not a penny saved, nor could he send his son to London to study when the latter was through Oxford.

He was supposed to study with his father, but he detested everything connected with surgery, and spent half his time at Temple R. Y., and getting fathoms deep in love with Lilith.

His passion was for the Army, but Mr. Delmar would not hear of it.

He was not rich enough to give his son the necessary education, he said; and after all, was it an idle, do-nothing life unless you happen to be on active service, and you couldn't live in a good regiment without an allowance besides your pay.

"No, he'd have none of it; and Max had perforce, to yield.

He was an immense favorite with everybody, and Lord Ray a pospous noodle who saw no further his nose, was very pleased to have the young man come in to help him with the catalogue of his library, and so on.

His sister, who chaperoned Lilith and kept the house, never dreamed that Max Delmar would lift his eyes to the daughter of Lord Ray, and had quite other views for her niece, and so the two young people went on serenely love making without interference from anyone.

Max was undeterred by the fear of being called a fortune hunter, since the young

lady would have next to nothing; and 'his Lilith' would never dream of marrying just for wealth, nor would she obey anyone who told her she must do this thing.

Max Delmar was of the ardent, romantic and enthusiastic disposition which exalts all its worshippers; and with him love was all worship.

He had at this time but little knowledge of the world, and to a great extent endowed those he loved with all his own high aims and exalted views.

In point of fact he was still half a boy, and Lilith Ray was very much a woman, and had her eyes pretty wide open to the main chance.

She took Max's worship as a tribute to her beauty and her goodness, and had been free to do so, would have preferred taking him to any other man she knew.

In fact she was really very fond of her handsome lover, for lover he was, though not declared.

But she loved fine houses, and horses and carriages, and diamonds and furs, position, ease, adulation—much more than a heart of gold, allied with brains and beauty.

She was happy in Delmar's devotion, very happy; but—

Perhaps some such thoughts as these were passing through her mind as she strolled on under the green trees, by mossy green paths, to the river, her delicate muslins and silks trailing softly behind her, her bright lined sunshade, with its ripples of foamy chiffon, making a spot of colour, delicious amid all the greenery around.

She was lovely—a "dream"—graceful, slender of figure, purest pink and white her skin—owing nothing to art—threads of gold her hair, all Nature's weaving, eyes of "Heaven's own blue," eyes that surveyed a well of truth, and passion, and poetry.

When Max looked into their depths, that was what he saw, and that perhaps he mirrored in his own soul in them.

And the tall, erect form that moved easily beside her, seemed to companion so aptly her lithe grace.

The strength in his clear-cut outlines of cheek and chin, the resolute set of his finely moulded mouth, the fire and flash that lay under the softness of his dark eyes, seemed all the complement of the girl's feminine beauty.

Alas! Lilith could have cried the blue out of her lovely eyes sometimes, that he had not ten thousand a year, or even five!

She could have managed with that even, for his sake.

But she didn't cry her eyes out; she was very happy just now.

"Come on the river," Max was saying in that soft tone which is a homage of itself. "It looks so lovely; see the gold and green on the water; the skiff lies there, as if she wanted to bear us away. Do come!"

"Oh, but we mustn't be away so long," answered Lilith. "What will everybody say?"

"What does it matter? At a garden party people scatter about as they like. Young Finch and Max Trent went off to the ruins for an hour."

"Ah, but—with an arch glance—they're engaged! However, such old friends as you and I may disregard Mrs. Grundy's ear," said Lilith rather quickly, as Delmar opened his lips to speak. "Come, then!"

She had no idea of letting things come to a crisis.

They were very pleasant as they were, and a declaration would put an end to everything.

Delmar was too passionate and hot-blooded to take things quietly, and she didn't want to loose her devoted cavalier—at any rate, not till someone came who was eligible to supply his place.

But there was a look in his eyes which told Lilith that he would not be put off for very much longer.

However, she might be able to keep him on her own terms—put him off, give him hope, so that he wouldn't rush off in a hurry and do something rash.

Though it wouldn't be had, thought Lilith, with her hand trailing in the water, to have a man do something desperate for your sake—not suicide, of course, or anything like that, but to go off to South Africa, or to shoot in the Rockies, or to travel in Tibet, or to volunteer for plague work—there was always plague in Hong Kong, or Bombay, or somewhere.

Still, it was much nicer to have this handsome lover at her feet, so long as he did not want anything more than she could give.

Marry a doctor's son, without any position or money!

The idea was really preposterous!

Two days later Max Delmar stood, pale, with congested lips, and eyes, in which burnt the fire of passion and despair, before Lilith R. Y.

She was picking a flower to pieces; her eyes—innocent blue—half reproachful, were turned for a moment on his face, which frightened her somewhat, and she glanced up and down the wood path in which they two were alone.

"And this," she said low and hoarsely, "this is your only answer?"

"What else can it be?" she returned.

"You are unreasonable, and—"

"Unreasonable?" he broke in almost roughly. "Is it 'unreasonable' to think that a woman means more than to amuse herself when she lets a man do as I have done? Is it 'unreasonable' to suppose that a girl can have some truth and honor in her? You led me on to think that I might win your love, and when I ask it of you, you tell me calmly, 'Oh! I meant nothing; I thought you meant nothing.' If you did not care for me, why did you let me come about you day after day, look, speak, and love the lover to you? Why, you have let me kiss your hand, you have seen me kiss the flowers you gave me, and still you 'thought I meant nothing.' Do you usually let men treat you with such lovers' homage? A woman has a hundred ways of showing a man she does not care for him as a lover."

"I do care for you Max, in a way," said the girl plaintively, as he broke off in the passionate rush of words. "Indeed, I like you awfully, and—perhaps—"

But there is no use in thinking of such nonsense," Lilith added, in her most sensible manner. "My dear boy, how can two people marry on nothing?"

"If you loved me, you would be willing to wait a few years. Are we not both young enough to wait? For you I would wait and wait—"

"Till we both got tired of a long engagement," interrupted Lilith somewhat flippantly, "I've no taste for that sort of thing. And my people look for me to make a good marriage. You know very well I shall have nothing, and what prospects have you? Or position or—family?"

"My blood is as good as yours—my lineage as ancient as honorable," Delmar said with a flash. "But all this you know! Why play with me as you have done?"

"Oh, well, of course—you see," said Lilith, smiling. "I couldn't suppose that you ever dream of anything serious! Of course I never thought you would take it in this way. Naturally, I like homage and admiration, and all that a young and well, not unattractive girl in her first season likes. I do think you are very hard on me, Max, and—very cruel!" putting her handkerchief to her eyes. Can't you still be friends? I—I—wouldn't remember the—horrid things you've said, and—"

"You would forgive me?" he said. "It would like everything to go on just as it is or was; you would let a man to be at your feet, to fetch and carry, and be supremely delighted with the reward of a power, a kind word, a hand given to kiss. And this man, so honored, could retire gracefully whenever the rich suitor came and stepped into his place. By Heaven!" he cried, through his teeth, "you think I am a bound? I am the south in my veins I must be the lover and husband, or—nothing but even friend! If you send me from you I go—at once and forever."

Lilith was crying in earnest now, for she saw that, in truth, her fiery lover was not to be satisfied with the position she was minded to assign him.

And he looked so handsome, and so stern. Oh! if he had only been rich!

"I can't go against my people," she murmured weakly, "and it's no good, Max; you're not made for a poor man's wife. You'd find it out. And surely a girl has a free choice?"

"She has a free choice to marry whom she likes," answered Delmar sternly. "She has no right to lead a man on to think she loves him enough to give up the stupid baubles that can never satisfy a soul, and then break his heart. But you have no soul! Your tears don't move me; they are not for me, but for yourself. I am going. You need no escort in this wood. Good-bye."

He waited for no more, but strode away through the vista of trees, leaving Lilith weeping; but not too much, and she very soon dried her eyes and turned to go back towards Temple Ray.

"So that is ended," she thought, with a little sigh. "Poor Lily! How hardly he takes things! And how unreasonable and selfish he really is! What will he do, and if he had money, I certainly should have thought about him. But he is very unkind and imperious! Oh, dear! what is a girl to do who has no money and must marry well? Fancy me in a poky house or flat, with no maid, and nothing but cats to drive in! Poor dear Max! Men are so selfish!"

Lilith was rather depressed that evening, and missed Max dreadfully, though she was not going to show this to anyone.

Lord Ray asked what had become of young Delmar, and Lilith answered that she did not know.

But everyone in and around Temple Ray knew the next day, that Max Delmar had left his father's house, and taking train for Bayminster.

One of the servants at Dr. Delmar's said there had been a "row" between father and son, and that the doctor had been heard to say "if you commit any such folly you leave my house for ever."

And the son had made no answer but quitted the room, and had gone over to pack a few things, and had gone over the information that young Mr. Delmar had taken a ticket for the town named, twenty miles distant.

He's gone to see Colonel Chevenix," said Lord Ray. "I don't fancy he's there though. Wasn't his troop moved to York

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But everyone in and around Temple Ray knew the next day, that Max Delmar had left his father's house, and taking train for Bayminster.

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And the son had made no answer but quitted the room, and had gone over to pack a few things, and had gone over the information that young Mr. Delmar had taken a ticket for the town named, twenty miles distant.

He's gone to see Colonel Chevenix," said Lord Ray. "I don't fancy he's there though. Wasn't his troop moved to York

or somewhere?"

Lilith thought that was so, but was not sure.

In a week or two it became known for certain that Max Delmar and his father had quarrelled and that the young man had gone to return.

But as to where he went or what he was going to do, Dr. Delmar could not, or at any rate did not, vouchsafe any information.

CHAPTER III.

Colonel Chevenix, having returned from a somewhat protracted sick leave, was one day inspecting his men, among whom lately had been drafted several newcomers from other troops.

As his eye ran along the line of stalwart well set up fellows, his face changed for a brief moment; his eyes, under their shaggy eyebrows, widened.

But he made no other sign of recognition, finished the inspection, and went off the ground.

A little later he sent for the captain of troop which he had been inspecting.

"We've some new faces, Captain Helstone," he said.

"Yes, sir, the captain smiled; 'a gentleman ranker, one of them?'"

"Oh, ah! Yes, I noticed him. Private Delmar, I think. What's the report of him?"

"A better man never was, sir. He enlisted at Bayminster over a year ago, and has never been in trouble once. Never infringes the slightest rule—hard worker, steady, and sober. Whatever brought him into the ranks, it wasn't drink."

"That sounds good. How does he get on with the men and his superiors?"

"Very well, sir. Strangely enough, he's a great favorite with the men. Sergeant-major Floyd tells me he's very reserved, doesn't know something about doctoring. All his spare time, he studies. I think he wants to work up for a commission, sir."

"Poor lad! That's very difficult to get when one is out of active service," said the Colonel, with a half-sigh. "Send him to me please, Captain Helstone. I know something of him."

The captain retired, wondering within himself what Private Delmar's story was.

Private Delmar flushed to his forehead when told to go to the Colonel, and bit his lip; but as he took his way to the officer's presence, he lifted his head and squared his shoulders.

Was he not the Queen's soldier, even if he was a ranker?

There was a certain grim sense of humor in the situation, which, somehow, tided him over the thorns of pride in appearing before Colonel Chevenix as a private.

How often had he dined at the same table with his chief, shaking hands with him, with Beryl, and with Miss Grey, who kept his house!

And here he was now, saluting respectfully, and standing like a statue, waiting to be spoken to.

For just a second, the Colonel found it difficult to speak.

He knew pretty well what had driven young Delmar to this step, and it seemed to him so infinitely sad.

"Well, Delmar," he said, after that fleeting second, getting up, and turning a little aside, "I'm sorry to see you in this position."

Delmar smiled, though his eyes drooped.

"It's an honorable profession, sir," he said; "I can serve my country in it."

Colonel Chevenix looked pleased.

"Why, that's the right way to look at it," he said more cheerfully. "Still, for a gentleman to enter through the ranks is hard lines. How came it about? I don't want to pry into your affairs, Delmar, but I always took an interest in you, and thought you were making a great mistake. I mean—forgive me—you were taking brass for gold."

"You are very good sir. I suppose I was a fool. But I had always wanted to go into the army; my father insisted that I should follow his profession, which I detested. I can climb up, I hope—I mean to."

"Captain Helstone gives me the best accounts of you. By the way, you haven't changed your name," said the Colonel, smiling, "like most gentleman-rankers."

Delmar imperceptibly drew himself a little straighter; his dark eyes were lifted, clear and with a certain flash of pride in them.

Points to Remember.

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"I have done nothing to disgrace my name, sir," he said. "As long as I bear myself as a gentleman in the ranks, I don't see anything to be ashamed of. I can do no more as an officer."

The Colonel's eyes beamed.

He would like to have shaken hands with private Delmar.

"You'll do," he said, with a nod; "you're the stuff to be a credit to the service, whether as private or officer. I'll do all I can for you, but, as you know, that isn't much. I couldn't show favoritism, and I know—you're not the man to like it."

Delmar smiled in return and saluted, taking this as dismissal.

At the door he halted, hesitated, and then said—

"I hope, sir, Miss Grey and Miss Chevenix are well?"

"Thanks, Delmar; I'm glad to say, very well indeed," answered the Colonel, and Delmar saluted again and retired.

Colonel Chevenix sighed when he was alone, and looked thoughtful.

"It won't hurt him, however," he said to himself. "By Jove! I'm not sure that that girl hasn't done him a service in throwing him over the way she did."

He told Beryl that Max Delmar was in the ranks, and how well he was spoken of, and Beryl's beautiful eyes grew softer with the mist of tears, and her cheek flushed.

"We shall hear of him yet, uncle," she said.

"I think we shall have a chance, my dear," returned the Colonel significantly, "rather fancy we shall go to India soon, and there's more field there for a man to get on better than here."

And the Colonel was right.

Shortly after this, Delmar's regiment was ordered to India, whither Beryl and Miss Grey accompanied Colonel Chevenix.

CHAPTER IV.

A liveried servant stood by a dainty victoria awaiting the advent of his mistress, who was just coming out of a house where she had been calling.

She was beautiful, young, exquisitely dressed, but looked somewhat weary and dissatisfied; yet surely Lilith, Lady Harwood, should have no cloud on her face—surely life had gone well with her?

Had she not married wealth and position and obtained all those things for which she had sold herself?

Was she not happily released, too, from such bondage as had to some extent discontented the value of her houses, and her carriage, and all her paraphernalia?

As she stepped out of the victoria, she was met by her maid, who had had other things to think of, but now, since her husband's death, somehow she found herself dwelling on the remembrance of his devotion, wondering whether he had remembered her? If so, why—there was no impediment now!

Perhaps he was dead.

Lady Harwood was not interested in the newspapers generally, and had not read about the troubles on the North-west Frontier, nor of the later campaign in Egypt, else she might have seen the name of her once lover mentioned.

As she came easily down the steps, some of their shrill voices—

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Sunday Reading.

Magnificence and Sweet Alysium.

When I fix my yard in spring, 'Fore the leaves has started yet, I begin to plan, first thing For my beds of magnificence.

You, an' sweet alysium, too; Most folks has their preference. Some likes holly hawks, a few Growls' steady by the fence.

Some folks says there's flowers above; Scriptur's silent there, I know. But I think the God of love Surely must her first place so.

Jasper's Thanksgiving Lunch. Jasper is not one of those little boys who is allowed to eat a cookie whenever he feels hungry, or who is seen playing in the front yard with a mouth smeared with ginger-snap. Not he!

No; if Jasper has anything to eat between breakfast and mid-day dinner, it is called an eleven o'clock lunch, and a bib is tied under Jasper's chin, and he sits in a chair, and eats buttered bread spread with sugar, or a quartered apple, all nicely prepared and put on his alphabet plate.

One morning when the hands of the clock were nearing eleven, Mrs. Trebor who lived across the street, came to borrow a little French mustard from Jasper's mother. Jasper was watching the clock, and soon he said:

"Mother, it's most time for my 'leven o'clock lunch,—isn't it?"

"You will have to wait, Jasper," said his mother, "until Schneider's wagon brings the Graham crackers."

"But I'm very hungry said Jasper. Why should the groceryman be late?"

"Jasper," said Mrs. Trebor, smiling kindly, "if your mother will let you, you shall eat your eleven o'clock lunch with me to-day."

"Oh! I could not let you take the trouble," said Jasper's mother.

But when Mrs. Trebor explained that it would be no trouble, Jasper was allowed to go.

Mrs. Trebor had a pretty house and a canary bird. There was a broad cushioned seat in her bay window, where Jasper sat and waited, with some pictures to amuse him, while Mrs. Trebor fixed the lunch.

She brought it on a small red tray. There was an orange, and there were little brown crackers, not like any that Jasper's mother bought. There was a slender glass of water too. Not a very large lunch, but the little boy enjoyed it and the new dishes, and the stories Mrs. Trebor told him while he ate.

When the lunch was finished, Jasper's face told what a good time he had had. He ran home very happy.

Mrs. Trebor must have enjoyed the lunch party too, for just two days later a little note came to Jasper through the mail.

It read: Mrs. Trebor would be pleased to have Master Jasper Warner take eleven o'clock lunch with her every day in November.

R. S. V. P. Jasper gasped with delight and "May I?" he pleaded.

You must write Mrs. Trebor an answer. She is very kind," said Jasper's mother. Jasper printed his answer.

I will come. JASPER WARNER. Then his mother wrote a little note too, and sent it, with Jasper's, to Mrs. Trebor.

Every morning in November, Jasper, with clean hands and face and freshly brushed hair, pulled Mrs. Trebor's doorbell, and Pattie the maid laughingly let him in, and invited him to walk upstairs.

Sometimes Mrs. Trebor was out shopping or calling, but the lunch was always there in the same place by the window-seat on the little red tray, and covered with a napkin. It was never just the same twice.

When Mrs. Trebor was out, Pattie stayed with Jasper while he ate his lunch, and was almost as kind as Mrs. Trebor would have been.

The day before Thanksgiving, Mrs. Trebor had hot chocolate in a dear little cup, and animal crackers. While Jasper sipped the chocolate, she said:

"I shall be away to-morrow, Jasper, all day. I am going to spend Thanksgiving with my brother and his boys and girls, and I have told Pattie that she may take dinner with her aunt. What do you suppose I am going to do about your eleven

CHILDREN

Are they troubled with headaches? Are the lessons hard for them to learn? Are they pale, listless and indifferent? Do they get thin and all run down toward spring? If so,

Scott's Emulsion will do grand things for them. It keeps up the vitality, enriches the blood, strengthens mind and body. The buoyancy and activity of youth return.

See and get on all druggists. SCOTT & BOWNE, Chemists, Toronto.

o'clock lunch?"

"I don't know," said Jasper, and he looked very solemn as he thought of going hungry on Thanksgiving Day, of all days in the year. Then he said, very meekly, "P'p'ers mother could find me a lunch to-morrow."

"But I have invited you to be my guest all of November," said Mrs. Trebor. "I will send your lunch to you in a basket."

The next morning was chilly, and there were stray snowflakes in the air. Jasper's mother and father were going to church, and uncle George and aunt Caroline were coming home with them to dinner.

Jasper had seen the big turkey, with his knees drawn up, slipped into the oven to roast, but he was much more interested in the door bell.

Pretty soon the bell rang. Jasper followed Kate to the door, but afar off on the far of drafts. Yes, it was a basket, on the card it said:

"To be opened by Jasper himself when the clock strikes eleven."

Mother and father went to church. Kate and Nora were busy in the kitchen. Jasper, his basket in his knees, sat well in view of the library clock. Would it never say eleven?

Of course it did at last, and Jasper's eager little fingers untied the string and lifted the cover of the little red-and-white basket.

Three red carnations! And on a slip of paper, printed plainly, so that Jasper could read it: "Because it is Thanksgiving Day."

Three cookies with currants! One in the shape of a heart, one a man with currants for eyes and nose and mouth, and one a turkey. Jasper was sure it was a turkey, even if his legs were so strange.

Two turtles came next,—the raisin kind, with cloves for head, feet and tail. Then a small decorated box full of little chocolate drops, and, around them all, a gay Japanese paper napkin.

Jasper was still munching a turtle when mother and father, Uncle George and Aunt Caroline, came home.

The man and the turkey had been much too pretty to eat. "Where are you, Jasper, dear?" mother called. "What are you doing?"

Jasper wriggled down from his chair with the cookie man in one hand, and the cookie turkey in the other. If Mrs. Trebor could have seen his face, she would have been sure her lunch was appreciated as he called: "I'm being thankful!"

Poor Old Margaret. Old Margaret was a poor Scotch charwoman, as rugged in disposition as she was in person. She was not altogether ignorant, but her observation of places and people was apt to be cynical and short sighted.

In the well-to-do families where she worked she was often remonstrated with for her neglect of the church, but she gave no more than sullen head. "It's a' very weel," she would mutter alone, "for the fine leddies and gentlefolk to be gangin' to kirk in their guid cloes! They've naught else to do. But they'll nag me there wi' their sonnie talk. I'll bide by myself!"

Old Margaret was not a happy woman—as any one could easily guess. She had nothing in her, either by nature or grace, to make her so. One day she was cleaning the dining closet in a house where the minister happened to be a guest at table, and she overheard some of his conversation.

Words came to her that stilled her vexed spirit and forced her to listen. That night she went home thinking. She would like to know more, she told herself, 'about a Gospel that gives rest to a soul when it bides in a body.'

The next Sunday she went very early to the church, and made her way unnoticed into one of the alcoves behind the organ. The following week, and the week after that, she was in the same place. On the third Sabbath, the preacher's sermon

seemed to search her out. She heard him say: "I bring this message of God, in its fullness, to the richest and to the poorest. There is enough for every sinner in the city—would they might all come in and listen! If half of them were here, they would fill 'every nook and corner of this church, even the alcoves behind the organ."

At this point there was a strange interruption. Old Margaret walked out of her concealment, and stood with tears rolling down her cheeks. "Wad ye mind prayin' for a pair body?" she sobbed. "I'm aye o' the sinners ye say God means to pity."

The effect was electrical. A rush of sympathy succeeded the consternation that had hushed the audience. None felt it more than the minister. He looked at his stylish people, and thought of the Pharisee and the publican in the temple.

But there was no Pharisee in the congregation now. The proudest had quivering lips and moistened eyes, and the young and giddy turned pale. To them, as they testified later, when the poor scrub-woman suddenly appeared, standing in her brown serge gown, it seemed as if one of the oaken caryatids had actually stepped down from its cornice and spoken!

There was no more preaching needed that day. The meeting ended with prayer and song, and every worshipper went home with a thrill of soul that was like the fire of Pentecost.

The duration of the feeling could best be told by the narrator of this incident, a lady from Scotland, who attended the great International Convention in Boston. Enough to say that the humble working woman was but one of many fresh recruits to the ranks of Christian faith and service.

Forty young men and women, volunteers from the Sunday school, formed themselves into a missionary band. The hearts of a lukewarm people were kindled to consecrated zeal. The new life surprised into activity by poor old Margaret's unexpected appeal was not a paroxysm.

Help of Hindrances. Hindrances are helps in God's plan. We have reason to be grateful for the obstacles which we encounter, rather than for the favoring conditions which surround us in our daily path.

A man is likely to be stronger in proportion to the conflicts which he must engage in. No man can slip or fall up hill; it takes climbing for that. Nor will a man's muscles grow or strengthen except by hard use or opposition.

If a young man has everything to contend with in his life course, he ought to feel that God is giving him the best opportunity imaginable. If he starts out with riches and friends and health, and such helps to success, he can feel that God can help him to make progress in spite of all these, not on account of them. He is not, however, so well off as the boy who has a hard time. This is the way in which God works in this world.

Dr. Bushnell says: "God understands his own plans, and he knows what he wants a great deal better than you do. The very things that you most deprecate as fatal limitations or obstructions, are probably what you most want. What you call hindrances, obstacles, discouragements, are probably God's opportunities." What ought to encourage us most in God's service are our discouragements.

Why Nurse Mary Was Glad. No one knows the full value of familiarity with the Bible till he meets the appeal of a dying soul.

"You may say something," said a dying soldier to nurse Mary. "What shall I say?" "You may say the Lord is—"

His breath was almost gone. Nurse Mary bent over the dying boy, and repeated in reverent tone: "Though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will—"

"Yes," he whispered, "the valley of the shadow." And in the shadow he fell asleep, tearing no evil, for nurse Mary knew how the "Shepherd Psalm" begins!

Full of Sound and Fury. For three hundred and sixty-four days in every year civilized persons residing in cities devote much time and thought to the abolition of needless noises. They approve asphalt pavements, patronize rubber-tired vehicles, denounce superfluous engine bells and steam whistles, and in sundry other ways consider the health and comfort of persons who have sensitive nerves.

On the three hundred and sixty-fifth day, the Fourth of July, the small boy and his big brother make as much noise as might have been made by all the adult citizens during the rest of the year.

Of course the boys must 'celebrate' Grown folks admit that, and try to be patient. But if the boys observed the signs of the times, they would—metaphorically

speaking—contrive to put rubber tires on their celebration, and move it on the asphalt instead of jolting it over cobblestones.

The commissioners of the District of Columbia have this year forbidden the sale of giant crackers, and at the time of writing, the Massachusetts Legislature seems likely to take similar action; not in order to diminish noise, but in the interest of public safety. But soon the principal may be established that noise itself as well as the noise producing contrivance, is dangerous. If the boys wish to preserve any of their Fourth of July privileges, they should begin to practise methods of having a good time that do not need the firmament.

YEARS OF AGONY. RESULTING FROM SCIATICA IN AN AGGRAVATED FORM.

Many Nights the Sufferer Could Not Lie in Bed, and His Leg Was Frequently Swollen to Twice Its Natural Size.

From the Journal, St. Catharines. Mr. John T. Benson, stationary engineer at the Ridley College, St. Catharines, is known by most of the residents of the city. For years Mr. Benson suffered acute agony from sciatica, and notwithstanding numerous forms of treatment, found little or no relief, until he began the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. These pills speedily restored his health, as they have done that of thousands of others who have given them a fair trial.

To the reporter who interviewed him, Mr. Benson said:—"I certainly owe a debt of gratitude to Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, for they have released me from a form of torture that has afflicted me almost continuously for twenty years. The pain began first in my back, then shifted to my hip, and thence down my leg. It became so severe that it seemed as though the very marrow in my bones was being scalded, and at times I could scarcely repress crying aloud from the agony I endured. I tried all sorts of liniments and lotions, but got no relief. I doctored with several physicians, even going to Buffalo for treatment by a specialist there, but in no case did I ever receive more than temporary relief. It may be easily imagined that the pain I endured told upon me in other ways and I became almost a physical wreck. At times my right leg would swell to nearly twice its normal size. Then the pain and swelling would pass to my left leg, and the agony was something awful. I suppose that during the period I was afflicted I have hundreds of times laid on my back on the floor with my foot and leg elevated on a chair in order to obtain slight ease from the pain I endured. The muscles and sinews in my legs looked as though they had twisted and tied in knots. The trouble went on in this way until finally nothing but opiates would deaden the pain. A few years ago I read of a cure in a similar case through the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills and decided to try them. For some time after I began their use, I could not see that they were helping me, but I decided that I would give them a fair trial. By the time I had used a half dozen boxes, there was a decided improvement in my case, and I continued the use of the pills until I had taken twelve boxes, when I felt my cure was complete. Several years have since passed, and I have had no return of the trouble, so that I feel safe in saying that the cure has been permanent."

I may also add that my wife has used the pills for indigestion, headaches and dizziness, and has found great benefit from them. Words cannot express the great benefit Dr. Williams' Pink Pills have been to me, and I hope similar sufferers will profit by my experience."

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills cure by going to the root of the disease. They renew and build up the blood, and strengthen the nerves, thus driving disease from the system. If your dealer does not keep them, they will be sent postpaid at 50 cents a box, or six boxes for \$2.50, by addressing the Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

Graduation Gifts. The adornment of the interior of school-houses is no less important than the improvement of the grounds, in favor of which a sentiment so vigorous and so widespread happily exists. Less general, but steadily growing, is the demand for beautiful school-rooms.

Much is already accomplished. Local associations, town improvement societies, patriotic orders, historical societies have willingly cooperated with private benevolence. There have been bequests and memorial presentations; and a few schools have funds sufficient to render every classroom, hall, corridor, stairway, even cloak room, delightful to the eye and instructive to the mind.

Few schools can hope for such equipment—at least, all at once. There must be small beginnings and gradual growth. In many schools a suitable and charming custom has arisen of late years, by which each departing class as it graduates leaves behind it a memorial cast or picture. This may fittingly possess illustrative connection with some course of study or it may be one among the masterpieces which represent the highest reach of art in pure beauty, educative only, although powerfully, though innate grandeur or loveliness. The essential is that it should be truly

fine—the work, not necessarily of an old master, but of a master.

Fortunately, boys and girls are as quick to learn how to give as to give, and the mistakes of class committees are few. So promising indeed is the progress of this movement among our generous young students that there is a good prospect that a few years hence the month of graduations will bring as great embellishment to schoolrooms as Arbor day will bring to the surroundings of the buildings.

LINCOLN HELPED HER. How Nancy Scott's Runaway Slave, Found Her Husband Again.

The death at the Rhode Island State Institution for the Insane of Nancy Scott, aged 70 years which occurred during the last week of May, brings to memory a story of Abraham Lincoln which has never been published.

Way back in slavery days Nancy Scott and her husband were slaves on a Virginia plantation owned by one of the prominent and wealthy F. F. V.'s of the commonwealth. Nancy was the trusted housekeeper of the family. While young she was married to a young slave on the same plantation. Her marriage occurred about the beginning of the Civil War, and after the first few months of fighting her husband disclosed to her his intention of running away and working his way North, seeking a means of livelihood; he bade her remain where she was until he could communicate with her and said that when he became established here he was sure of supporting her he would send for her to go with him.

Months went on until one day a dusky little one came to Nancy's arms. When the baby was a year old Nancy decided to try and escape and travel North, hoping to hear some news of her baby's father. She left her cabin one night at nearly dawn, carrying her little one in her arms, and passed slowly across the country which was the fighting arena of more battles than any other territory in the South. She was trying to make her way to the Potomac River, and there, at some obscure landing, take a boat for Washington. Such a place she reached one hot day. When the boat arrived she went aboard, keeping as much out of the way of the passengers as she could. There was a group of men seated on the quarterdeck. Among them one whose lean, gaunt figure and dark, seamy, face somewhat attracted her notice.

When the boat neared Washington she left her place below among the freight and timidly went up to the gangway. The steamer had arrived at her dock and the passengers were leaving, but the group in which the dark, rugged man was seated had not yet dispersed.

Nancy Scott went forward toward the gangplank, but before she had reached it the purser stepped forward, and said harshly:

"Here, you woman, where are you going? Where's your ticket?"

Paralyzed with fear she hesitated.

"You're a runaway nigger, and you can't go ashore; you go below and we'll see about you later."

But the dark, seamy-faced man, with the tired eyes, came up then and said quietly:

"What is the matter?"

The tears streamed down Nancy Scott's face as she said she only wanted to go ashore; that she was searching for her husband, her little one's father.

"Tell me your story," said the dark man. In simple words she told him of her separation from her husband, the birth of her child, her weeks of weary waiting, and the eyes of the dark man grew soft with pity.

Turning to the purser he said: "Let this woman go ashore." Then talking her by the arm he walked by her side until the street was reached. Giving her some money he told her to find some decent colored family and make inquiries for her missing husband.

"Tell me your name, sir," begged Nancy Scott. "My name, my good woman, is plain Abraham Lincoln," said the man and turning away he lifted his hat, "just like I was a grand lady," and left her.

Nancy Scott, with the help of a pastor of a church for colored people found her husband; he had vainly tried to communicate with her many times; he had not dared to go in search of her. He was employed in a hotel and able to care for his little family comfortably.

Later he died and Nancy found employment with the family of a Treasury clerk, with whose family she came North.

Seven Years. Of suffering relieved in as many days. Corns cause in the aggregate as much suffering as any single disease. It is the magic solvent power of Putnam's Corn Extractor that makes it speedily successful in removing corns. Take no substitute, however highly recommended. Putnam's Painless Corn Extractor is the best. Sure, safe, and painless.

CANCER And Tumors cured at home, no knife, no pain. For Canadian testimonials & 150-page book—free, write Dept. 11, Mason Medicines Co., 377 Shearwater Street, Toronto, Ontario.

Boarding in the Country.

The woes of the average American tourist who seeks a summer in the country are well described by a writer in the New York Sun who has evidently been securing some evidence on the subject. He claims that there are at least 25,000 places between Manhattan and the Canada line, where one can have all the joys of Paradise for from \$5 to \$12 a week. The average summer hotel is bad enough, but there are hotels where you can obtain positive comfort; and by consulting a trustworthy information bureau or experienced friends, one may find a host of hotels where the discomfort has adequate compensations but when it comes to boarding houses, and "life in a comfortable farmhouse," let him that standeth take heed lest he fall.

When one finds the right thing in that line, the farmhouse of the summer novel, the experience is ideal. An honest, bluff, genuine farmer, a bustling capable motherly housewife, fine scenery, splendid trees, hammocks, verandas, fresh vegetables, country butter, eggs, milk and poultry, brook trout, white sheets, smelling of lavender; beautiful drives, excellent wheeling cool weather—there's the ideal summer on a farm. It sounds well. There are mortals who assert that they have known the Arcady. Then there are others.

The comic papers have exaggerated the summer-boarding house joke, unduly perhaps, but in the last month the demand for canned goods, from the country trade, has been enormous. Carload after carload of canned vegetables has been shipped to the country towns where summer boarders most to congregate. The wholesale men say that the same thing is true each year, and that the country boarding houses and hotels buy more canned vegetables during the summer than are sold in the cities. The city markets are full of fresh vegetables of every kind from early spring until late fall—and all through the winter. If one cares to pay the price; but the best of the country produce comes to town. The ordinary farmer doesn't take boarders unless he is a thrifty soul with a hunger for shekels; and that sort of a man knows better than to waste his fresh vegetables on his boarders, when he can sell them at a remarkably good price. Hence the carloads of tinned things, and the woe of the urbanite who dreamed dreams of rural joys.

The same thing is true in regard to butter, eggs and cream. Naturally, there are exceptions to the rule, but in the average country household those articles of diet are used more sparingly than by the average city family. If the farmer's wife doesn't make butter for town trade, there's a chance that the boarders may revel in rich milk and cream, but ordinarily, butter making monopolizes the cream, and even the milk is not as good in quality as that sold by the city milkmen. In a Berkshire Hills farmhouse, last summer, the boarders, including a number of little children, had milk so thin that in tipping a glassful of it, the ebbing milk left not the slightest mark upon the glass. Such a case is not by any means rare, and even sadder tales are told. It is a positive fact that a New York family spent last August on a farm in Vermont, and that poultry appeared on the table only once during that time, the unusual celebration being due to the fact that the small boy of the boarding family accidentally killed a hen with his rifle. Yet, every week, young chickens were taken from the farm to the nearest village and shipped to town or the nearest swell summer resorts.

If fishing is good in the neighborhood, one does have fresh fish, but if not, beef and mutton, pork and veal are the diet, and all of a quality that would raise a riot in a city household and send the head of the family to the butcher shop with murder in his eye. The country meat problem isn't as bad as it was years ago, when the farmers depended altogether on local "killing" but even now farm or neighborhood slaughter isn't an obsolete custom. It is no unusual thing for mutton or beef to appear upon the farmhouse table the day after the killing of the sheep or beef, and the condition of the meat may be left to the imagination. Even when the packed and shipped meat is used by the farmer it is poor and tough. The city butcher buys his meat in large quantities and hangs it in his big refrigerators until it is fit to be eaten. The farmer buys his meat directly from the village butcher or from the packer, and as he has little or no refrigerator room the meat is never properly hung and is tough.

Fruit is another thing that is rare upon

the farmhouse menu. The city markets draw from all parts of the country and fruit is cheap in the city long before it is in season in, for example, New England. The city man who has been eating delicious berries and fruit of all kinds goes to the country and waits for his fresh fruit until the special variety of fruit peculiar to the locality is in full season. Salads one might expect to have, and usually there is plenty of lettuce, though not the delicious, bleached head lettuce of the city market. But vinegar and sugar or milk and sugar are the rural ideas of lettuce salad dressing and if the cocooning of oil is made to the boarder's depraved tastes, the oil is usually of a quality that runs its utility save for machine and harness use. As for a mayonnaise, it's not to be considered for an instant. Then there's the bread. Surely, breadmaking is the stronghold and bulwark of the farmer's wife. Often she does make good hot bread, but in fully five cases out of ten her "raised bread" is calculated to ruin the digestion of an ostrich and make the city wanderer think sadly of the bakery on his block.

The farmhouse breakfast is bad enough, and the midday dinner is depressing, but the supper is the abomination of desolation: Coal meat, potatoes, preserves and cake. There you have it. Sometimes there are three kinds of cake, all equally heavy, and three kinds of preserves, all equally sticky, but not a relish in sight, and there are times when the boarder would barter his soul for a grilled sardine, or a scratch woodcock or a croquette, or even a scrambled egg. Anyone who has lived through a season of farmhouse suppers and came out with disposition and digestion intact is proof against all culinary assault and battery.

The poor coffee and tea, the ubiquitous pie and the unfailing beans are a part of the home comfort so recklessly advertised. So are the cotton top mattresses. There was a time when the farm house mattress was a husk one, into which the chambermaid or young lady who helped the housewife, disappeared each morning, through a slit in the cover. The making of a husk bed had its its exciting and picturesque features, but there's nothing to be said for the cotton top mattress whose cotton wads into iron like hardness, where it doesn't collect in cobblestone balls. If the climate is cool enough, one may pull out the feather bed and put it on top of the mattress, but in ordinary warm weather the choice between hardness and suffocation is a trying one and perplexes the boarder mightily. Of course there are no bath-rooms and, if one has provided one's rubber or tin tub, getting warm water for it is

an affair of magnitude. On cold, raw days the kitchen stove and the sitting room base burner or grate are the only place of refuge. The house is probably poorly screened and the flies and mosquitoes make life a burden. The barn is too near the house and its orders interfere with the new mown hay and sweet clover fragrance of pastoral poetry. The parlor smells like a tomb and looks like a natural history museum limited; and a stormy day that drives one in from woods and fields is a visitation that calls for christian fortitude and resignation. The air may be as salubrious as the circulars represent, but salubrity comes high at boarding rates, and life among the brown holland and the asphalt and the cable cars takes on a hue of rose.

Everyone tries the country boarding house at least once in his life. If he is wise he will trust no heresy or wily advertisement made for the beguiling of the city folk. He will go to a trustworthy bureau and get ironclad credentials for the farmhouse of his choice, or, if he trusts the advice of a friend who has already tried the place, he will insist upon a written and solemn guarantee, signed and sealed by that friend and witnessed before a notary public. Then he may find the rural haven, the aylvan retreat of his dreams; but other wise, the chances are the astute and thrifty hayseed will do him to a finish.

LAST STRONGHOLD OF THE BOERS

Description of the Final Battleground of the South African War.

Reference has been frequently made to the Zoutpansberg district in the northeast corner of the Transvaal as the last stronghold of the Boers when compelled to abandon Pretoria after defeat in the field; but hitherto hardly has been known about the country and its capabilities for defence.

Officially the district is known as the Zoutpansberg, but it is more commonly called Magatoland, after the chief of the Makatese tribe, which inhabited it up to 1899, until when it was almost unknown to the Boers themselves. A South African correspondent, describing the country, says it is likely to receive attention in the near future, for it is in its fastnesses that the Boers will make their last stand. Swaziland and Lydenburg have been spoken of as the scene of their final resistance, but among the burghers themselves Magatoland is considered an ideal retreat. It has two back doors, so to say, one across the Limpopo in Mashonaland and the other through the Portuguese territory on the east.

The whole country is one great series of natural fortresses, standing amid dense vegetation, in which a commando could remain concealed for a week if necessary without fear of discovery. It is about 280 miles north of Pretoria, of which some 210 miles can be traversed by rail to Pietersburg. From there to Louis Trichardt, founded a year ago as the capital of Magatoland, is eighty miles, the road after the first twenty running through dense bush and offering many difficulties to an invading force.

Magatoland was practically unknown to the Boers until the beginning of last year when they assumed occupation after the defeat of M'Peta by Gen. Joubert. It was the experience then gained of the country by the burghers of the commandos composing the Boer army that first gave them the idea of making it their last resort in the event of invasion by the British. No regular survey of the district has ever been made, but, roughly speaking, the towering krantzies that crown the Zoutpans range and overlook Louis Trichardt and the Klein Spelsenka Kaffirs on the south, viewed from Fort Schutte, for many years the Boer advanced post.

The Magato range, elevated high above the clouds, has a most imposing appearance. Rising from the plain in terraces for about three miles the summit of the range is formed of a mighty overhanging range of volcanic rock descending sheer 500 feet. This extends with a few breaks the whole length of the range, and is absolutely unscalable. Only one road enters the country at Magato's Hooftstad, a distance of four miles from the plain in a direct line. This road is covered by a recently erected fort, and so winding and steep is the track that it could be held by a single commando against an overwhelming force. The mountain slope is covered with forest, many of the trees growing to seventy feet in height. There are two other passes into the interior of the country, one fourteen miles northeast of Louis Trichardt, and Fiangkhon twenty miles southwest.

On the mountains there is an abundant supply of water, and, unless they have been recently removed, enormous supplies of food. The climate is healthy and comparatively cool, but in the valleys during the fever season it is little short of pestilential. No doubt the burghers count on this in the event of the British following them and encamping in the Dwaars valley for any length of time before trying to scale the Magato heights. Their ranks would be decimated by a deadlier enemy than the Mauser bullet. The malarial fog rolls up from the river in the evenings and spreads over the plain to a depth of eight or ten feet, it does not however, kill off right if proper precautions are taken.

Whether the Boers will be allowed to avail themselves of this alpine retreat undisturbed remains to be seen. If they have already occupied it as there is reason to believe they have, they can carry on a guerrilla warfare indefinitely or until the exhaustion of the ammunition. Aided by the impassable bush, the uneven formation of the country, and the eyes with which the range is honeycombed they could stave off defeat for months. It is probable, however, that the British have anticipated the retreat of the Boers to these fastnesses, and that the corps of so-called Bushmen from Australia that were sent into Rhodesia through Beira on the Portuguese East African coast were really directed to the Zoutpansberg and not to Salisbury in the north as reported.

One of the Mac's.

The London Outlook revives a true story of the provost of Kirkcaldy, who is

evidently not a purist in the use of language. He has been laughed at for pronouncing "antipodes" as if it rhymed with "modes", and resolved in future to be on his guard.

Sir William Harcourt, accompanied by Mr. L. V. Harcourt, was honoring the burgh with his presence, and the provost had to discuss with his guests the lamentably unsanitary state of the place.

"And you know, sir," said he, "you know how much people nowadays think of mac-ro-bee?"

Again and again did he dwell on the mystic name, until Mr. Harcourt was moved to ask:

"About these mac-ro-bee, Mr. Provost. Are they a local clan?"

His Own Fall.

Col. C. J. Jones, who had a stirring life in the West, tells, in 'Forty Years of Adventure,' some of his most picturesque experiences. One of them, at least, has the comic element sprinkled all about it. Colonel Jones was greatly interested in the question of preserving our native buffalo, and caught a number of calves, in order to bring them up, with the domestic cow as stepmother. He says:

Some of the calves gave trouble. They did not take kindly to their stepmother. One of them preferred a bottle covered with a rag, and a certain big calf would drink from nothing but a bucket, although he made a very good supper in that way. And strange as it may seem, he would never afterward drink out of any but that particular pail, which happened to be painted white, outside and in.

If any other was offered him, he would butt it over at once, and prance round, pawing at the dirt, until some one would call out:

"Give him the white pail!"

Then when the white pail was brought, he would fall to and make a hearty meal.

Growing Earthworms.

At a recent meeting of the Springfield Massachusetts, Zoological Club a paper was read, giving an interesting bit of experience in growing earthworms.

The lady whose experience was given had read in a work on natural history that if an earthworm were divided, the anterior part would grow a tail and the posterior part would grow a head. She said:

"I took twelve worms and divided them, placing the divided parts of each worm in a separate glass. In less than a month I had twenty two worms, losing only two tail parts. The head parts had grown tails and the tail parts had grown heads.

"A second experiment was made later. I divided two worms into halves and put the four parts into a glass, into which I placed earth but no food, and the head parts ate the tail parts.

Mamma—E'bel, dear, this is Mrs. Lake-wind, from Chicago.

Little E'bel (who has heard things)—How do you do ma'am? How are all your husbands?"



Macar bul

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If any other was offered him, he would spit it over at once, and prance round, waving at the dirt, until some one would let him out.

"Give him the white pail!" Then when the white pail was brought, he would fall to and make a hearty meal.

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A second experiment was made later. I divided two worms into halves and put four parts into a glass, into which I poured earth but no food, and the head parts ate the tail parts.

Mamma—E'bel, dear, this is Mrs. Lakeland, from Chicago.

Little E'bel (who has heard things)—How do you do ma'am? How are all your s'bands?"

Chat of the Boudoir.

Still another feature of fashion brought back from the past is the gathered skirt. American women are slow to accept it, but it has the reputation of being the most up-to-date of all the skirts even though it is not the most becoming. It is varied according to the figure the material being gored partially to avoid unnecessary fullness around the hips, or tucked in vertical lines and gathered just enough to make it fit. Other skirts have a gored front breadth quite plain, and the shirring begins at either side of this, extending several inches below the waist line.

Shirred skirts and tucked skirts opening over a front panel of lace or embroidery are a distinctive feature of the new thin gowns, and the skirts with yokes to which the main portion, tucked or plaited, is attached are extremely good style. Linen gowns and thin sheer muslins display the gathered skirt to the best advantage and some of the most fashionably dressed women are wearing them. Women in general have not accepted them yet as they need time to become accustomed to the idea of bulky effects around the hips. It must be remembered, however, as a redeeming point in their favor, that the added material tends to make the waist appear smaller especially so with the wide girde belt.

These are another point in fashion conspicuously in evidence on the latest gowns. Wide belts of satin, taffeta silk and panne velvet, either in black or in color, are a stylish feature of many of the new thin gowns, some of which have an added decoration of sash ends. In fact sashes are rapidly coming into favor especially those which are bunched up in the back, Japanese style. Black and white gauze are both used very effectively for girde belts and sash ends, while flowered and plain soft ribbons add to the possibilities for variety. Paquin has revived the sash with the very charming additions of embroidery, motifs of applique lace, or fringe on the ends which are either straight or rounded.

One example of the new sash is on a pale blue linen gown, made with a blouse waist of lace and embroidered insertion partially covered with a short bolero of the linen. The wide belt of soft black satin is made by draping the sash high and wide across the back, crossing it in front and tying it in a knot at the waist line in the back where the ends fall to the hem of the skirt. These are rounded and decorated with motifs of cream lace. Wide girdelets of heavy lace are very pretty. Another fancy in a pale tan batiste is a wide belt of white satin striped around rather closely with narrow black velvet ribbon. A wide white taffeta silk belt is very effective on one of the new peppy red gowns which are one of fashion's latest fancies. Poppy colored muslins and crepes de chine are the latest things in color, with black velvet used as a contrast for trimming. Poppy red foulards patterned with white make stunning gowns for the fashionable watering place. With black or red velvet baby ribbon, and coru lace for trimming, and a wide belt of white taffeta silk this sort of gown is a stylish addition to a young woman's summer outfit.

Sewing velvet baby ribbon in different designs on ruffles of lace is rather painting the lily, but it illustrates one of the season's tendencies toward extravagant methods of decoration. The special points in the bodice of the moment are most decidedly the belt and the turndown collar, which is one of the 1860 modes revived. Even the little bolero, cut out in a sort of half low neck, is finished with this quaint collar of embroidered batiste, handsome lace or linen lace, if the gown is linen, and fastened in front over the blouse with some sort of scarf tied in a bow. Black or white taffeta with rounded ends inset with lace motifs is pretty for this purpose.

Scarf effects of all sorts and kinds are in order for any kind of summer gown, and especially the thin varieties where gauze can be so effectively used. Still another point in the new thin gown is the blouse effect in the bodice, which blouses a little both back and front over the wide belt. Some of the simplest costumes are the



Rouse the torpid liver, and cure biliousness, sick headache, jaundice, nausea, indigestion, etc. They are invaluable to prevent a cold or break up a fever. Mild, gentle, certain, they are worthy your confidence. Purely vegetable, they can be taken by children or delicate women. Price, 25c. at all medicine dealers or by mail of C. I. Hood & Co., Lowell, Mass.

most striking perhaps if well chosen, and nothing can be much more so than a white batiste, made simply with a plaited skirt and soft full blouse, worn with a black cloth e-ton, made with pointed, long revers and a large black picture hat, trimmed with black tulle and white flowers.

The gowns show some of the many ways of using lace, the first of which is a cloth with printed panne vest, stitched silk revers and a generous proportion of guipure lace, embroidered at intervals with fine wool. A model for veiling or mousseline, prettily tucked, has a finish of velvet ribbon straps and gold buckles. Black and white foulard forms another gown with lace insertion set around the hem in deep scallops. Ecu Crany is the kind of lace used, and turquoise blue panne forms the belt, tabs with buckles of brilliants down the front and bands around the [white] chiton collar. A tucked bodice of canvas veiling shows a belt of gold galloon and black velvet with two short ends, one of each material, falling at the back and finished at the tip with a gold ornament.

Lousine silk in a pale pink heliotrope color is another stylish gown with a lace yoke, a chemisette finish of gathered chiffon and an English embroidered muslin fichu, caught with a handsome buckle. A charming gown of Luxeuil lace and fine cream muslin, embroidered with silk dots, is the next cut and is in a striking contrast with a white foulard, patterned with black. This is trimmed with long lines of black velvet ribbon and waved insertions of black lace and draped around the shoulders with a fichu caught with a rosette of turquoise blue velvet. Black and white with blue for the touch of contrast is an extremely fashionable combination. A lace bolero, edged with a band of soft black satin and one of embroidered white silk, is the feature of a simple flowered muslin. Lace and black velvet ribbon, decorated at intervals with small gold buttons is the trimming on a canvas veiling in pale gray, and the velvet ends at either side of the bodice are tipped with a gold ornament.

Another use of lace is in the half-lace coat on a white chiffon gown, belted in with black velvet at the waist line. Ecu Crany point de Venise forms a pretty bodice, trimmed with narrow insertion, threaded with black baby ribbon. Pale blue silk in a tucked bolero forms another blouse over a lace foundation, and the edge is finished with a hem of embroidered white satin, set on with a cross stitch.

FRILLS OF FASHION. Embroideries of gold on tulle are a feature of the new evening gowns, with silver and mother-of-pearl often used in combination. Gold sequins, very small and massed together to form a scalloped edge, are very pretty, while for day gowns gold galloon and gold cloth are both in use and are for belts and collar bands and various other purposes extremely becoming. Pretty dancing gowns for young girls are made of a soft white silk net with a very open mesh. The skirts are plaited and finished around the hem with three tucks, sewn in with flosselle silk. A sash of soft, white satin ribbon, drawn wide around the waist, and a narrow berth of tiny white roses and pink buds complete this simple costume, made over satin or white taffeta silk.

Foreign fashion budgets tell us that the severely simple tailor-made gown is not the fashionable costume worn at the Paris Exposition. It may be tailor-made, but it must be elegant with some lace for trimming or it is not up to the required standard. Mohair is one of the most popular materials, since it repels the dust, and ecru lace is an equally good purchase for this purpose.

One of the new modes of trimming foul and gowns consists of bands of white silk, machine-stitched in straight rows or in a pattern which makes them very effective as a finish for the bodice and the flounces in the skirt.

Three bands of narrow black velvet ribbon with small gold slides threaded on to them at intervals are a pretty finish for a collar band, and sometimes they are arranged with crossed ends finished with a little tassel of gold.

Silk, satin and even velvet stocks are worn with the cotton shirt waists, being vastly more becoming than the stiff linen collars.

Flat-crowned hats are in vogue in Paris, made of most beautiful lace straw, combined with gold or silver threads, and trimmed simply with a scarf of mousseline gauze and a bunch of flowers. One of the secrets of chic millinery this season is the use of fine wires to form the shape. Delicate Tuscan and crinoline straws are made up in various shapes, concealing a network of wire underneath. The shape which bends down over the hair at the back and again over the face is very much worn.

Alternate rows of white gauze ribbon and black velvet baby ribbon gathered on trim the skirt of a gray crepe de chine gown.

High corselet girdelets are worn with shirt waists, and dimity gowns as well. Formed of rows of lace, and embroidered insertion running around, they are especially pretty for the flowered muslins.

That fashionable color called khaki has improved since it was first produced, and the ugly tint of yellow brown has emerged into the soft fawn and beige tints.

A straight full Spanish donnoe tucked down in vertical lines a few inches from the top is a pretty variation in skirts for thin gowns. It is not always of equal width all around, however, being graduated from ten inches in front to a half yard at the back.

White mohair gowns trimmed with silver lace braid and made with a tucked skirt stitched with blue or pink silk are one of the vagaries of summer dress. Mouseline taffeta in the color of the stitching forms the bodice, with a narrow finish of silver lace on the plait, and the irrepressible bolero is made of the bands of mohair two inches wide joined by straps of the colored taffeta decorated with silver braid.

For mourning pretty blouse waists are made of black net run through with black chenille and worn with a long net sash finished with chenille fringe.

The new collar band is quite straight around, having no rounded form at the sides, but it is trimmed as elaborately as you like.

Hand stitching is indeed one of the new features of finish on our gowns and in the expert labor it requires will outdo all others in the way of extravagance. While it cannot be so accurate as machine stitching, it has an air which stamps your gown as chic. Bands of cloth and silk are covered with hand stitching.

Pink is one of the most popular colors of the season, and the varying tints in the different materials are more beautifully soft than ever before.

A DAUGHTER'S RIGHTS.

A Contract to Recognize Them is Upheld by the Supreme Court of New York State. Justice Dwight of Rochester, N. Y., has handed down a decision which is of interest as establishing a precedent regarding the rights of persons who have been adopted by agreement with a parent, but not adopted in the full legal sense.

The action is that of Neva C. Healy against Dorus Healy as administrator of Joshua Healy and others. The case was tried at the Steuben county equity term. The plaintiff in the action resides in Rochester on Plymouth avenue with her aunt, Mrs. Solomon Hess. Raines & Miller appeared for Miss Healy and Peck & Plumb for the defendants. Justice Dwight's decision was in favor of the plaintiff. His opinion is as follows:

The issues in this action having been tried before me without a jury, at the above term, and subsequently submitted, I do make and file the following decision with a concise statement of the grounds thereof: The action is to obtain specific performance of an oral agreement on the part of the deceased, Joshua Healy, to give to the plaintiff the share of a child of his own in his estate.

The making of the agreement is established beyond question. The deceased was an intelligent farmer of Steuben county, possessed at the time of the agreement of a considerable estate. He was childless,

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about the age of 45 years, when the father of the plaintiff a brother-in-law of his own, died in an adjoining county, leaving his widow destitute, and the plaintiff, then an infant of two years, depended upon her. Mr. Healy attended the funeral and at the time proposed to the widow to give her child to him, which she declined to do. Six months later, finding her unaided efforts insufficient to provide support for herself and her child, she was willing to reconsider Mr. Healy's proposition and wrote him to that effect. He answered renewing his proposition, but insisting that if he took the child the mother must give her up entirely and finally that he would take her only as his own in all prospects. The mother soon afterwards took the child to Mr. Healy's house and there, as the undisputed and altogether credible evidence shows, the contract was made definite, unequivocal, inexorable, of sacrifice and self-renunciation on the part of the mother and of obligation on the part of Mr. Healy. On her part to surrender the child absolutely to his custody and control; to visit her only infrequently and then to refrain from words or acts of endearment; never to disclose to her the relationship existing between them; but to be known to her only as a distant and an indifferent relative. On his part to care for her and maintain the child as his own to give her his name; to teach her to know him and his wife as her parents; to call them father and mother and to know no others; to do by her in all respects as his own child, and finally, to provide for her future by giving to her the share of an own child in his estate.

Such was the contract; it was definite and certain in the respect to which this action relates; it was on abundant consideration; it rested wholly in parole, but it was taken out of the statute of frauds by full performance, by both parties, down to the time of Mr. Healy's death. During the period of more than twenty years the mother acquiesced in the surrender of the child with all the hard conditions which the contract imposed, and Mr. Healy was equally true to the obligations which were laid upon him. He and his wife, till the latter died, were father and mother to the plaintiff and she was to them a dutiful child. After the death of his first wife, Mr. Healy married again, the defendant, Julia C. Healy, who survives him, and the same amicable relations were maintained between the new mother and the daughter as existed between the daughter and the former wife, until the death of the father, and indeed so far as appears, until this day, except for the issues raised by this action.

A daughter was born of the second marriage, who is now about 5 years old, and appears in this action as the defendant, Anna C. Healy. Joshua Healy died in July, 1897, intestate, leaving his widow and the child Anna, his only next kin and heirs at law and hav-

ing made no disposition in any manner of any portion of his estate for the benefit of the plaintiff.

He died seized of the real property described in the complaint and possessed of personal property at least sufficient to pay all his debts and the expenses of administration. The defendant Dorus Healy has been appointed and is acting as administrator of his estate.

I know of no reason why the plaintiff should not have the relief demanded in her complaint. The birth of the child of the second marriage can have no effect upon the rights of the plaintiff except to divide the share of the estate which the latter would otherwise have received. The promise to give to the plaintiff the share of a child in the estate which the promisor should leave was, of course, to be interpreted in view of the situation which would exist at the time of his death. If he should leave a widow such share would be subject to the right of the dower; should he leave another child or children the estate must be shared equally with them. The provision of the contract in this respect was entirely definite though the relative value of the share which the plaintiff should take could be determined only at the death of the promisor. No inequity is done to the after born child by enforcing the promise made for the benefit of the plaintiff any more than if her rights had been those of an own sister.

I believe that all the questions raised by the defendant in this case are to be answered in the favor of the plaintiff upon long established principles of equity which are recognized in the late adjudications of Gall vs. Gall (64 Hun. 601; affirmed 138 N. Y. 675), and Gates vs. Gates (84 App. Div. 608).

Upon the grounds above briefly stated I find and decide that the plaintiff is entitled to judgment for the specific performance of the agreement set forth in the complaint; adjudging that she is the owner of an equal undivided one half of the real estate of which Joshua Healy died seized, subject to the dower right of the defendant, Julia C. Healy; and that she is entitled to one third part of the personal property of Joshua Healy which shall remain after payments of the debts and expenses of administration of his estate, and that the defendant, Dorus Healy, as administrator, account for and pay over to her such share of said personal property if any shall so remain.

And I direct that judgment be entered accordingly, without cost of this action to either party as against another.

When we sit down at set of sun to count the things which have been done, we're lucky if the overplus is not of folks who have done us.

TO THE DEAF.—A rich lady, cured of her Deafness and Noise in the Head by Dr. Nicholson's Artificial Ear Drums, has sent \$1,000 in his honor, so that deaf people unable to procure the Ear Drums may have them free. Apply to The Institute, 178 Eight Avenue, New York.

India's Great Famine.

Multitudes Perishing in the Present Appalling Calamity—Its Death Roll Unknown.

If it were not for the war in South Africa all the world would be watching another tragedy, less dramatic, less picturesque, but the most terrible of modern times—the famine in India. Its death roll is unknown. I have not seen even an estimate of the numbers who have perished—and one reads only an occasional official paragraph stating that another half million or so have been added to those who depend for subsistence upon the handful of rice which the Government supplies daily to people who are actually starving. England is too much absorbed in watching the extension of her dominion in South Africa to pay much attention to the perishing multitudes in the most populous part of her Empire. It happens, therefore, that India's appalling calamity is watched with keener interest by America than by the country which rules this far-off dependency. And so it will be, probably, as long as India consents to suffer in silence.

I do not mean to accuse the British authorities of neglect of duty in the terrible emergency. On the contrary, all information tends to confirm the belief that no great public disaster was ever before coped with so energetically and so efficiently by the official resources at command. Lord Curzon has borne the test of an enormous responsibility with credit and honor. Not alone with the famine has he had to deal during this trying year. The plague maintains its grip on the afflicted land and cholera has recently been added to its miseries. Political dangers have further complicated the situation. The country has been almost stripped of white troops, which, in the early months of the war the danger of a Russian invasion seriously alarmed the British Government. Through all this crisis the Viceroy has succeeded in maintaining absolute tranquility, an accomplishment creditable alike to him and to the suffering millions over whom he presides.

No civilized people, it is safe to say, would suffer and perish thus unresistingly, even uncomplainingly. Never before has the philosophy of the East, the fatalism, which the wisdom of the West condemns, furnished so amazing an object lesson. A great nation which submits to suffering and death by hunger without a struggle, however impotent struggling might be, is a spectacle which the Western mind cannot understand. The silence of India is the marvel of the world to-day. Not a cry has been heard, not even a protest. The world's assistance has been received with a thankfulness none the less deep because it also is silent.

And day by day the situation grows worse. Six millions is now the number of human beings who perform the allotted task of stone breaking or reservoir building in order to receive from the Government the means to keep body and soul together. Thousands perish because they are unable to work and their Eastern pride prevents their accepting a tiny dose of food as pure charity. I refrain from reproducing any of the famine stories from the English press and they are too painful. Most of the papers neglect, almost ignore, the subject, but the Standard this week gives an interesting summary of the situation as it existed in the early part of the present month. The following extracts give a fair idea of it:

"In Madras, which has hitherto been regarded as outside the afflicted area, things are rapidly becoming worse. The number of people on relief works has more than doubled in the space of a fortnight. There has been a little rain, but this came too late materially to benefit the crops on unirrigated lands, which are now in many places given up for lost. Irrigation supplies are generally scanty, and the wells very low in parts. The standing crops are now practically confined to irrigated lands. Potatoes are almost everywhere dried up, and the general aspect of the country especially the Deccan districts, is dreary in the extreme."

"Going from Madras to Bombay, the traveller does not see one single patch of green, so even so much as a blade of grass for hundreds of miles on end. The whole of the Madras and Bombay Deccan is simply an vast expanse of scorched up, waterless upland. In many places hamlets have been completely deserted for months past, simply because there is no water within many miles of them. Springs and rivers, which have never been known to fail before, are now absolutely dry. The Nizam's dominions largely lie in the Deccan country, and it is, consequently, not

surprising to learn that the intensity of the famine in his territory is rapidly increasing.

"Passing to the Bombay Presidency we come to the part of India which, in the opinion of the Central authorities, is the most severely afflicted of all. In other parts, notable in the native States of Rajputana, the mortality from starvation may be greater, mainly because the system of famine relief and the organizer generally in such States is not so good as in British territory; but it is now generally admitted that certain parts of Bombay present the worst famine features in all India at the present time. The latest official reports show that there has been no change in the conditions, except for the worse. There is no abatement of the famine; things are merely getting slowly and surely more disastrous than before.

"One of the most remarkable features of the present famine is that certain districts in the Bombay Presidency, hitherto reputed to be the most fertile, perhaps, in all India, are now the most afflicted. In ordinary times the country around Baroda and Ahmedabad presents an aspect of extraordinary fertility. At the present moment it is in this very tract that the worst features of the present famine are to be found. The people are literally dying of starvation. The greater portion of the cattle, the celebrated breed of Gujarat, are already dead. Everything that human agency can do is being done to keep the people alive, but they have been for so many months past in a low and unenriched state that the mortality in many parts has more than quadrupled. As for the cattle, the government is trying to keep the remnants alive in cattle camps, but the mortality has been terrible, more than 1,000,000 having died in the district of Gujarat alone.

"To add to the embarrassment of the local officials, a severe epidemic of cholera has now broken out at some of the relief works in the Godhra district; and the people, weakened by many weeks and months of low diet, are succumbing to this terrible scourge at a startling rate. In the Bombay Presidency as a whole there are no fewer than two millions of people on famine relief, and the population affected is more than twenty millions.

"To the north and northeast of Gujarat we come to another portion of India almost equally afflicted. The greater portion of the land in Rajputana is of extremely light character and in many parts is hard to distinguish from desert. In States such as Jodhpur and Bikanir much of it is actual desert. Railways are few and far between and vast tracts are almost completely out of the reach of relief operations. These semi-desert tracts are so sparsely populated and the country itself is utterly hopeless that it is impossible to establish relief works. The inhabitants eke out a mere existence on quarter rations as long as they can and then when physically quite unwell equal to the strain of a long journey over the sun baked waterless wastes of sand, they try to make their way to the relief works or the big towns, perhaps a hundred miles or more away.

"There is every reason to believe that a very large proportion of these people never reach their destination, but die in the desert, where their emaciated corpses are soon picked clean by the jackals and vultures which hang on their track. Numbers reach their journey's end only to die. In some parts of Rajputana, it is said, scarce a day passes without a number of people of all ages and both sexes being found dead by the roadside. Their bodies are mere skeletons, with skin stretched tightly over them, and for months past they must have suffered the acutest pangs of hunger. Yet nothing can well be done for them. Those who thus die almost invariably prove to be residents of the remotest portions of the western desert who have delayed too long their attempt to reach the famine relief works.

"It would almost seem that in many instances the people have no wish to live, no desire to continue the apparently hopeless struggle for existence. With that fatalistic tendency which is so marked a characteristic of all Orientals, they argue among themselves that it is their kismet, their destiny and that, an inscrutable Providence having willed them to die of famine, it would be idle to struggle against the inexorable decree.

"The next most afflicted portion of India is the central provinces, which had hardly got over the scarcity of a few years ago before this new and terrible disaster came

upon them. There has been no change for the better in this region. There are now about one and three quarter million of people on famine relief, and the population directly affected by the famine is some twelve millions. Fodder is scarce, and water exceptionally so. The rivers, indeed, are now at a lower level than has ever been known, as are also the various tanks and reservoirs which form the water supply of large cities.

Watch the Skin and Eyes!

They Are Unfailing Thermometers of Health.

The skin and eyes are two unfailing thermometers of health. If the skin has spots, eruptions, an unhealthy pallor or a yellow appearance, and the eyes a glazed look, with yellowish whites, it is high time to purify and cleanse the blood, and regulate the liver and kidneys. Paine's Celery Compound makes pure, bright red blood and relieves the liver and kidneys of the strain that is brought upon them, whenever impure blood is pouring through their substance.

It has been fully proved by eminent medical men that Paine's Celery Compound supplies that needed and appropriate food that overworked nerves are too feeble to extract from ordinary food taken into the stomach. Paine's Celery Compound increases the appetite and puts the digestive organs into shape to pass the food over to the blood in such a perfectly prepared condition that the change into nerve, brain and tissue substance is easily and fully brought about without waste of nervous energy or wear upon the liver, kidneys or stomach.

In a word, Paine's Celery Compound builds up the weak, wasting and diseased body; it gives all the conditions of health that guarantee a long and happy life. No other remedy in the world has ever done such a true and noble work for suffering humanity.

Make trial of one bottle, dear reader; it will convince you that you have found what you most need to make you well and strong.

Canada's First Boy Baby.

How many people know the name of the first white baby born within the limits of what now comprises the Dominion of Canada, or can give the date of his birth? According to the chief Statistician of Canada, Mr. George Johnson of Ottawa, the first white baby born in the territory that now composes the Dominion was neither French nor English. He was born of Icelandic parents who had settled at the base of Greenland's icy mountains and had sailed to the shores of what is now Nova Scotia, to form a settlement in what they called Vinland. The baby, who was named Snorro, was born about the year 1,007, and became the progenitor of a long line of eminent men. Mr. Johnson, to whom we are indebted for our facts, says of Snorro, in the course of an admirable article in the initial number of North American Notes and Queries, just issued at Quebec: "Any Canadian, who visits Lucerne in Switzerland will be all the more enthusiastic over the colossal lion carved out of the living rock there to be seen, if he recalls the fact that Thorwaldson, the great sculptor whose work it is, was a descendant of Snorro, the first boy baby born of European parents in what is now Canada.—North American Notes and Queries.

Kerens Was Plucky.

In connection with the marriage last Saturday of Miss Jane Henry of New York to Vincent Kerens of St. Louis a Washington special says:—

Mr. Kerens is the second son of R. C. Kerens, one of the multi-millionaires of the west, and from infancy has been accustomed to a liberal allowance. When he announced to his father last fall that he intended to marry Miss Henry he was astounded by the words:—

"All right, but what are you going to marry on?"

Young Kerens paced the floor in silence for several moments, and then facing his father, said:—

"I'll go to work."

Again the older Kerens said "All right," and the young man, without the influence of his father, secured a position in St. Louis at a salary of \$125 a month. Out of this he was laying up more than he had ever saved out of his large allowance. Promptly at 9 a. m. he was at his desk where he worked faithfully all day.

When Mr. Kerens returned to St. Louis he found his son working, and was so pleased with his pluck that he bought out the whole corporation and made Vincent a present of it. Besides this he decided to

him the Kerens mansion in Vandeventer pl., in St. Louis, one of the handsomest homes in that city.

Kerens senior says with great pride:— "Vincent does not go to work at 9 a. m. He is in his office at 8. It is the same spirit which helped me to make my fortune."

MARY O'GRADY AND THE CENSUS MAN.

Divvil a Wan Did She Ever Hear Ask Rich Questions but the Doctor.

One of the census enumerators appointed to count the people of East Orange, N. J., is above all things an amiable man. He strives to please and is pained when others suffer. He felt that a heavy trial was about to be laid upon him yesterday afternoon when he confronted a robust mature person who had kindly consented to act temporarily as maid of all work for a family in Mulford street.

"Mary," said the mistress of the house, who was sitting on the front porch, "this is the census man. He wants to ask you a few questions."

Mary placed her hands firmly on her hips, gave her fiery tresses a menacing toss and fixed the census man with a look of defiance. She responded with reasonable promptness to the questions as to her name and birthplace and the names and birthplaces of her parents. Then the census man knew it was time to brace himself. He grasped the piazza rail firmly as he asked:—

"How old are you?"

All the wrath that lay so close to the surface blazed forth instantly.

"Sure 'n I'd like to know what business that is o' yours. How old am I? Th' impudence! Fer two pins I'd—"

"Mary! Mary!" interposed the woman of the house. "You don't understand. This man is taking the census. You must answer him or you may be sent to jail. Now tell him how old you are."

"Oh, well, it ye must know ye kin put down fer 23."

The census man who is a good Methodist, breathed a prayer for the ungodly and set down the lie that was to endure as long as the census should stand.

"Married or single?"

There were further signs of agitation among the unruly auburn locks, but the goaded spinster managed to restrain her inclination to do personal violence as she snapped out:—

"Single of course. I'd like to see the man who could make me anything else."

"So should I," responded the census man, eager to fall in with her views. "Are you a maiden or—"

"Am I maiden?" she screamed. "Am I a maiden? Look here, young man, I'll stand no more of this."

She was advancing upon him with full intent to avenge her heaped-up wrongs, but he eluded her and pleaded for an opportunity to explain.

"Don't mistake my meaning. Don't think I intended anything wrong," he gasped, imploringly. "I wouldn't insult a lady, indeed I wouldn't. I was just going to ask were you a maiden or a widow."

"Well, why didn't ye say so, then?" said the woman, now somewhat appeased. "I sh'd think ye could judge fer yerself. Of course, I'm not a widow."

"Now, as to your employment; are you generally busy?"

"Busy? Well, I guess if ye'll come in 'most any time o' day ye'll find me so."

The census man, deeming it best not to elucidate his meaning shut up his book and made his escape. Mary O'Grady gazed at him intently till he disappeared in the next house. Then turning with a snort, she started for her pots and pans.

"Th' nerve of th' divvil!" she exclaimed. "I never heard any one but a doctor ask such questions. It's a wonder he didn't want to take my pulse and temperature."

A Veteran Senator.

The speaker, his subject and what he said conspired to make highly impressive the address of Mr. Vest, of Missouri, when the Senate recently accepted the statues of Thomas H. Benton and Francis P. Blair. The House of Representatives held similar exercises earlier in the session.

Senator Vest, who is almost seventy years old, has for many months been in failing health. His step is faltering, his face deathly pale, and his form shrunken to a mere shadow. He has read in the newspapers at times speculations as to the effect of his death in closely contested legislative battles; for it had fallen to his lot, since his health has been so frail, to hold almost the decisive vote at such important junctures as the ratification of the treaty of peace with Spain, and the dispute over Mr. Quay's right to a seat in the Senate.

In spite of his feebleness Mr. Vest spoke for nearly an hour, standing at his desk, leaning slightly upon it by his finger-tips, but otherwise unsupported. He spoke from memory, and in a surprisingly strong strong voice. What he said of these two Unionists is noteworthy, for he was him-

self a member of both House and Senate of the Confederate Congress.

"No state in the Union suffered more from internecine strife and neighborhood war," declared Mr. Vest, "than Missouri. The wounds inflicted were deep and cruel, but today Missouri sends to Statuary Hall the marble images of two men whose public lives were given to the cause of free soil and against the further extension of African slavery."

After a graphic recital of the stirring events in the lives of Benton and Blair, he closed with these words: "Mr. President, these men sleep together in Missouri soil almost side by side; and so long as this Capitol shall stand or this nation exist, their statues will be eloquent though silent pledges of Missouri's eternal allegiance to an eternal Union."

MISSIONARIES IN NORTH CHINA.

Constant Cause of Trouble With Natives—Swedes Obnoxious to Russia as Well.

It is a remarkable coincidence that the part of China in which the 'Boxer' organization has its rise is that in which foreign missions and railway construction are most active. The American missions in northern China where the Boxer agitation is strongest have many stations with a numerous personnel which is composed of Americans. There is another society, however, whose stations are scattered all over the country north of the Sikiang or river of Canton, a large proportion of whose missionaries are of Swedish nationality and from Finland. It is called the China Inland Mission and has its headquarters in London in England. Its stations are most numerous in the provinces of Kiang-Si and Che-Kiang south of the Yang-tee-Kiang, and in the provinces of Shanai and Shensi, west of Chih-li in which Peking is situated, and there are stations in the far western province of Kansuh, bordering on the frontier of Tibet and along the great wall toward the Mongolian Desert.

For many reasons, mostly of a political nature, missionary work in China is regarded unfavorably by the population in general, but especially so by the official classes who are intensely conservative of old institutions, more particularly the religious. Now that they seem to have much to fear on the score of the number of converts made by the missionaries, for the average number of converts admitted in the reports of the China Inland Mission is few in relation to the number of missionaries employed and the cost of maintaining the numerous stations. As examples: In the reports for 1890, Kansuh has forty nine missionaries and native helpers and reckons only sixty communicants. Shensi has 107 missionaries and native helpers, with 324 communicants. Shanai returns 210 missionaries and native helpers to 1,218 communicants, and so on in proportions, varying from one and two to five and six converts per missionary and native helper throughout the length and breadth of China. The total number of stations established by the China Inland Mission in January, 1899, was 318, with 713 missionaries and 605 native helpers with 7,147 communicants. As will be seen, these figures do not appear calculated to alarm the Administration; but it is privileged status enjoyed by the missionaries who openly work for the overthrow of the national religion that causes most of the difficulties with which the Chinese authorities have to contend in their relations with foreign powers. But perhaps being obnoxious to the Chinese people and Government on general principles, the Swedish and Finnish element in the China Inland Mission so widely scattered over the north of China, which Russia regards as more particularly within her sphere of influence, is offensive to the Government of the Czar. There is no reason to suppose that the Boxers are acting under foreign instigation of any kind, but if their action tended to the withdrawal of the missionaries and their prop-ganda from northern China it is not probable there would be any regret at the closing of their establishments.

From the nature of their work their acquaintance with the language of the country and their native assistants, they are in a position to become intimately acquainted with the condition of the country and public sentiment, and so indirectly to render very valuable service to the Government of the country whose missionary societies employ them. In the present state of affairs in northern China this would be preeminently the case and for this reason it can be understood that the closing of the English missions in particular in northern China would be agreeable to both the Chinese and Russian governments, whether brought about by the Boxers or other agencies.

PAIN KILLER is the best, safest and surest remedy for cramps, colic and diarrhoea. As a liniment for wounds and sprains it is unequalled. Avoid substitutes, there's but one Pain-Killer, Perry Davis', 25c. and 50c.

...er of both House and Senate
...ederate Congress.
...in the Union suffered more
...ecine strife and neighborhood
...red Mr. Vest, than Missouri.
...inflicted were deep and cruel,
...Missouri sends to Statuary Hall
...images of two men whose pub-
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CONTINUED FROM THIRD PAGE.

'What's that?' she said quickly, pausing with her hand on the carriage side. The footman had turned his head involuntarily at the cry, and answered rather breathlessly—
'They're crying 'Fall of Khartoum,' my lady. Shall I—'
He paused.
Lilith glanced at him and smiled.
'You seem very interested, Hayden,' said she, getting into the carriage coolly, though her heart was throbbing so.
'My brother is out there, my lady,' replied the man. 'He's one of Captain Delmar's men.'
Lilith's hand closed with a grip on her sunshade, but she said in the same cool way—
'Oh, is he? Naturally you are anxious! Stop one of those boys; bring me a paper.'
She scarcely drew her breath while Hayden darted across the street with most ungainly alacrity, and presently returned with a paper.
He had put one in his pocket for himself. With a certain eagerness Lilith took the paper and opened it.
'Hush!' she said curly; and Hayden needed no second bidding to spring on the box, and the coachman drove off.
But there was only a brief announcement, which gave no more information than the cry of the newspapers.
No details, nothing but the bare telegram.
She let the paper sink on her knee.
'Captain Delmar!' she said to herself. 'So, he's got his commission. I wonder when I will know if he is there. Is he in the Boxer? How crooked things are! Perhaps Colonel Chevenix knew something. Let me see, somebody said he was General Chevenix now. And what has become of Beryl?—married, I suppose.'
Arrived at her house on Carlton House Terrace, Lilith inquired kindly of her footman—
'So you have a brother in the Army, Hayden?'
'Yes, my lady,' returned the man; 'one of Captain Delmar's troopers, my lady.'
'Captain Delmar?—I seem to remember the name,' she said musingly. 'Is he well known?'
'Well, my lady, I don't know about over here,' answered the man, with a respectful smile. 'Over in India my brother says his name's in everyone's mouth. He earned his commission, you see, my lady.'
'How do you mean?'
'They call him the gentleman-ranker, my lady. My brother Joe, when he was a comrade of the captain when he first joined, only he was a gentleman—a real gentleman born and bred, and very good to my brother, who wasn't just so steady as he might be then.'
'But how did he get his commission?' asked Lilith.
'He got it for all sorts of bravery, my lady. He got to be a non-commissioned officer pretty soon. Then he saved Colonel Chevenix's life when they were surprised somewhere, and he got medals and a lieutenant. He got to be captain, my lady, in the Dongola Expedition.'
'Dear me!' said Lilith, with a half-laugh; 'you seem to know his whole history.'
'My brother's letters are full of him, my lady,' said Hayden. 'He says all his men 'ud give their lives for Captain Delmar.'
'Very nice of them,' answered Lilith, moving away. 'Thank you, Hayden, it's very interesting. Let me have the later papers as soon as they come in.'
Hayden said—
'Yes, my lady, and looked after his young mistress.'
'Now what,' thought that shrewd domestic, 'makes her take this sudden interest in my brother? It's the captain she wants to know about—not Private Tommy Atkins.'
It was not long before there came a full account of the glorious doings of that day, and a list of the killed and wounded.
With breathless eagerness Lilith scanned the list, and went white when she saw again the name of Captain Max Delmar among the wounded.
Breathlessly she read of the desperate charge of the 21st Lancers through the derwish hordes, with heaving breast she saw again the name of Max Delmar, doing splendid deeds in that charge.
'Oh!' she cried, and threw herself back in her chair, and covered her face with her hands, 'if I could have known it—I if I could have known it!'
'Other eyes than Lilith's had scanned, before Lilith even knew there had been a battle, the telegram that came down to Cairo.
Other lips grew white when it was announced, later—
Capt. Delmar wounded—not dangerous—coming down by boat to hospital.'
'Beryl Chevenix was with her old friend and companion, Miss Grey, in Cairo, in order to be near the seat of the war.
The beauty her quite early girlhood promised had ripened into a most perfect loveliness, and she had retained the girlishness, while adding to it the charm of womanhood.
Max Delmar had been her hero for eleven years.
When he was still the 'gentleman-ranker' at York, and had always saluted her so respectfully, and she had felt inclined to shake hands with him, but had known she ought not; when he had risen to be a non-com in India; when he had been wounded in saving her uncle's life, and she had gone to see him and his comrades in hospital; when he came before her once more on equal terms—Lieutenant Delmar—with whom she might always now shake hands; and now this last act of his, when he had cut his way back through the fierce hordes to succor one of his men who was in sore straits—Beryl clasped her hands, and her heart swelled with pride.
'Oh, isn't it glorious!' she said under her breath, and Miss Grey, though ex-pressing herself with less enthusiasm, felt entirely in sympathy with the girl.
A letter from General Chevenix inform-

ABSOLUTE SECURITY.
Genuine
Carter's Little Liver Pills.
Must Bear Signature of
Dr. Wood
See Fac-Simile Wrapper Below.
Very small and as easy to take as sugar.
CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS.
FOR HEADACHE.
FOR DIZZINESS.
FOR BILIOUSNESS.
FOR TORPID LIVER.
FOR CONSTIPATION.
FOR SALLOW SKIN.
FOR THE COMPLEXION.
CURE SICK HEADACHE.

ed his niece that Delmar's wounds were more serious than had been thought at first.
He had gone with the rest on to Khartoum, had been present at the ever memorable service at Gordon's grave, and after this he had been laid by, and probably would be sent on to England.
He was to be nursed at the general's own home in Cairo, in charge of a hospital nurse.
'Nothing I can do for Delmar,' wrote the general, 'will be too much. And I know my Beryl will think this charge no burden, either for my sake or his.'
Beryl drew in her breath when she read these words, and the color rose in her soft cheeks.
'Think it a burden! Would it not be a joy unspeakable to know that Max Delmar was under the same roof with her—a joy to do him the slightest service.'
In a way Beryl knew this, though she did not exactly fathom the source of her happiness—or, perhaps, would not.
She had not seen much of Max after his rise from the ranks, and sometimes wondered why this was.
He was tenacious, and had not forgotten yet his early love for beautiful Lilith Kay, and did not care for anything but his profession; and yet, at times, when he did meet Beryl, the girl was conscious of a certain something in his tone and look that was not for other women, though it was not always so; at other times he was almost cold.
Beryl knew that Captain Delmar had nothing but his profession, that her uncle was a general, and that she was that uncle's heiress; Max, too, was always on active service at different stations; what had he to offer any woman?
But she would not let herself think long over these things; perhaps after all, he could never forget Lilith.
Max Delmar was seriously, though not dangerously, wounded; and must be kept very quiet; not even Beryl must see him at first.
The hospitals were all pretty full, the services of the nurses in great demand, and Sister Agnes was obliged, when Delmar was better, but still to be kept very quiet, to divide her attentions between the Chevenix house and the hospital.
'Could you just take charge of my patient for an hour or two, Miss Chevenix?' the sister said one afternoon to Beryl. 'There is not the slightest fear, and you are so capable, and such a good nurse. It's only really to watch while he sleeps, and, when he wakes, give him certain things of which I will tell you. Don't let him get excited or talk much.'
'I'm not afraid,' answered Beryl, smiling. 'I've done a lot of nursing up at the stations in India—ordinary cases; surgical cases are beyond me.'
'Oh! you'll do,' said the nurse; 'we're out of the surgical stage now. The wound healed beautifully. All we want is strength now.'
Beryl smiled, and only said she was very glad to hear it, and listened attentively to the nurse's instructions.
It was about five o'clock when she entered the large, cool room in which the wounded lancer had been placed.
The light came softly shaded through the curtains which were drawn around the verandah without, and the girl stepped gently over the cool matting towards the couch where Delmar lay asleep.
He could be removed now to pass some hours here.
Beryl sat down at a little distance, and somewhat withdrawn towards the back of the couch.
She had brought a book with her, but she did not read, only leaned her head on her hand and kept watch.
No distinct thoughts passed through her mind; she was conscious of the sleeping man—that as me man who, a few weeks before, had been able to prodigies of valour, and who lay there now almost as helpless as a child.
How strange it was! She had been sitting there nearly two hours when she fancied he stirred.
It was but the movement of one hand, but she rose softly, and came round where she could see better.

He had moved slightly, and even as she paused, he opened his eyes, and saw her. The light that leapt into those dark eyes a second before so languid, half-startled Beryl; the hands outstretched, the low-browed 'Beryl—Beryl!' for a moment held her breathless.
He was not master of himself then, else he had never let himself go like that. Now he had her hand in his, and weak as was his grasp, it held her a faster prisoner than the iron grasp of a giant could have done.
She sank to her knees beside him.
'You!' he said in that low tone of rapture, 'you! At last!—at last!' With a sharp effort, Beryl mastered herself.
In all the rush of emotion, the sweet bewilderment of that moment, she remembered she was nurse first, woman afterwards.
Besides, he was yet ill, weak; glad, of course, to see someone who was a friend—that was all.
'You must not hold me,' she said gently, and smiling a little tremulously. 'I am so glad you are better. I have something to give you, else I shall get into Sister Agnes's bad books.'
'Never mind that now; the something will wait,' he said, half-pleading.
But Beryl shook her head.
'What! you a soldier of the Sirdar, and beguile me from duty?' she said half archly 'Nay; and you must not talk either.'
She drew away her hand and went to the table to pour out the drink he was to have then returned to the couch.
He drank it obediently and half smiled.
'Talk about marionets?' he said.
'No—only a strict officer,' she returned lightly; 'just what you are to your men.'
He smiled a little again and turned his face aside.
He had managed to get himself together somewhat, realizing then that he had let himself go too much.
If he had been silent so long, his punctilious honor shrank from gaining an avowal of the girl's love while he lay, a wounded guest in that house, from which Beryl's uncle was absent.
It was as hard a battle the soldier fought in those few minutes, as perhaps any in which he had been under fire, but he conquered, and told himself he hoped Beryl would only think that he was very grateful, and that emotion was liable to get the better of a man who was weak still.
He didn't hope it all the same though he tried to persuade himself he did.
It was an exquisite happiness to him to have Beryl moving so gently, ministering to him, answering gently the few questions he was equal to asking.
But it was good merely to lie there and see her.
Sister Agnes was very sweet and gentle but Beryl—well she was Beryl.
When Sister Agnes returned to resume her duties, Max said softly to Beryl, 'You will come again, won't you? Just a little while, if you have time.'
'I will come, if you like,' Beryl answered, 'when you are stronger. You will tell me about that—' she faltered—she could scarcely speak of it without tears in her voice—'that charge, and when you got wounded? Do you know they are saying you will have the Victoria Cross?'
He flushed a little and turned aside.
'Oh! he said quite simply, 'that was nothing. Any of our fellows would have done the same; it was my luck to get the opportunity. Is Joe Hayden going on well?'
'Getting round,' Sister Agnes interposed cheerfully. 'The doctor told me he was to be invalided to Netley as soon as he could be moved. The poor fellow is very anxious to see his brother.'
'Who is his brother?' asked Beryl.
'Footman to a great lady in London—Lady Harwood—I should say Lilith, Lady Harwood, as the present Lord is married, and she is too young to be a dowager.'
'She is a widow, then?' Beryl asked, moving away.
Something seemed to straiten her heart, some mist had come over its sunshine. Involuntarily she glanced at Delmar. Had he known that Lilith was free? His face was turned away.
She could not see how he was affected by the information.
'Her husband died over a year ago,' answered Sister Agnes; she laughed, and added—'You see, I have been getting all the gossip from Joe; his brother seems to keep him well supplied. Hayden says Lady Harwood appears to enjoy her freedom; but I mustn't stand gossiping. Miss Chev-

Seal Brand Coffee
(1 lb. and 2 lb. cans.)
IS PICKED PURITY
Strong in Purity. Fragrant in Strength.
IMITATORS ARE MANIFOLD.
CHASE & SANBORN,
MONTREAL AND BOSTON.

enix it's time for you to dress for dinner.'
And Beryl went, with a heavier heart than that she had brought with her two hours ago.
CONCLUSION NEXT WEEK.
A FIGHT WITH A WOLF.
The Animal Proves a Vicious Fighter When Wounded.
A 'hand-to-hand fight' with a ferocious gray wolf only thirty miles from the city of St. Louis, and fifteen miles from the Mississippi River, in the state of Illinois, seems an unlikely occurrence; but it is seriously reported in the St. Louis Globe Democrat and other journals of the region.
It appears that in February and March last four or five full-grown mountain wolves had been ranging in the woods and swamps in the neighborhood of Waterloo and Red Bud, Illinois, and their depredations became so great that the authorities of Monroe county offered a reward of ten dollars for every wolfskin brought in.
One afternoon in early March Jacob Eckert of Red Bud was hunting in the woods near Saxton, when he saw an animal some distance away in the underbrush which looked like a dog. He had heard of the presence of wolves in the neighborhood, however, and crept around the side of a hill, keeping the creature in view until he was certain that it was not a dog, whatever else it might be. He had never seen a wolf.
When he had approached within about fifty yards of the animal, he took aim and fired. The wolf leaped into the air and howled, but when Eckert rushed out into the open, supposing he had killed the animal, he was astonished to see it rushing directly at him. It came with such swiftness and unexpectedness that Eckert did not manage to reload his rifle before the wolf was upon him, with distended jaws and glaring eyes.
Eckert clutched his rifle, and as the wolf came within reach, struck at it. The wolf dodged back, evaded the blow, and before the man could swing the weapon a second time, leaped straight at his throat. But Eckert was fortunate enough to get the barrel of the gun held in both hands, in such a position across his breast and beneath his chin that the wolf's jaws could not get a grip on his throat.
The animal now bit savagely at the man's body wherever it could find a chance for its teeth. Eckert wore heavy clothing, and for the most part the wolf's bites did not penetrate to the skin. His hands and face were lacerated by the animal's claws, but escaped the teeth. He finally succeeded in throwing the animal from him, and before it could spring on him again he struck it a heavy blow on the head with the butt of his gun, which stunned it.
This gave Eckert an opportunity to slip a cartridge into his gun. Then he quickly shot the wolf through the head, thus ending the fight. Eckert took the skin to Waterloo, where it was identified as undoubtedly that of a wolf, and the price of ten dollars was paid him.

too early use of the eyes, as in the case of students, engravers, women who do fine sewing, and so forth. Thus we may say that putting children to work at some of the kindergarten exercises, such as perforating and drawing, is in a double sense a short-sighted procedure.
Many near-sighted people refuse to wear glasses, preferring to deprive themselves of sight for everything beyond the nose rather than to injure their personal appearance, as they think. This is another short sighted policy, for besides losing much of the joy of existence, which comes from seeing the beautiful things about and above us, such persons are very liable to suffer from inflammation of the eyes, produced by constant strain.
A less common defect is long or far-sightedness, or hypermetropia. This is the opposite of myopia, the eyeball being flattened or shortened, and the rays of light consequently not coming to a focus by the time they reach the retina.
In this case, the eye often corrects the defect more or less successfully by making the crystalline lens more convex; but it does this at the expense of the sufferer's nervous force, and so we often find tired and congested eyes, headaches, indigestion and even serious nervous affections. The effort to correct the vision is entirely involuntary, and can be overcome only by the fitting of suitable convex glasses.
The third and most common defect is astigmatism. In this condition there is some irregularity of the surface of the eye or of the lens, by means of which the image as it reaches the retina is distorted. Untreated astigmatism is a frequent cause of headache and other nervous disturbances. The only relief is the wearing of glasses, at least reading, writing, or whenever near objects are looked at.

Another One.
First Business Man—"Who is that fellow who has been buttonholing you for the last half hour?"
Second Business Man (wearily)—"He is an agent of the 'Society to Insure Against Being Hit by a Meteorite.'"

A CARD.
We, the undersigned, do hereby agree to refund the money on a twenty-five cent bottle of Dr. Willis' English Pills, if, after using three-fourths of contents of bottle, they do not relieve Constipations and Headaches. We also warrant that four bottles will permanently cure the most obstinate case of Constipation. Satisfaction or no pay when Willis' English Pills are used.
A. Chipman Smith & Co., Druggist, Charlotte St., St. John, N. B.
W. Hawker & Son, Druggist, 104 Prince William St., St. John, N. B.
Chas. McGregor, Druggist, 137 Charlotte St., St. John, N. B.
W. C. B. Allan, Druggist, Charlotte St., St. John, N. B.
E. J. Mahony, Druggist, Main St., St. John, N. B.
G. W. Hoben, Chemist, 357 Main St., St. John, N. B.
R. B. Travis, Chemist, St. John, N. B.
S. Watters, Druggist, St. John, West, N. B.
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C. P. Clarke, Druggist, 100 King St., St. John, N. B.
S. H. Hawker, Druggist, 111 St. John, N. B.
N. B. Smith, Druggist, 24 Dock St., St. John, N. B.
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C. Fairweather, Druggist, 109 Union St., St. John, N. B.
Hastings & Pines, Druggists, 63 Charlotte St., St. John, N. B.

'Why is it,' said the visitor, 'that some of the men who really have the least influence in public affairs to get up now and then and make the longest speeches?'
'That's easily explained,' answered Senator Sorghum. 'Such a man can afford to talk. He doesn't know anything that he is afraid of giving away.'
Ide—Dear, do you think that girl is musical because she wears organdie silk?
May—No, but the girl in the accordion-plaited skirt may be.

YOUR MOVE
Should be in the right direction, otherwise you lose.
YOU CAN'T LOSE IF YOU USE
Packard's Shoe Dressings.
You win renewed life to your shoes, and a glossy shine.
15c. & 25c. Sizes. AT ALL SHOE STORES.
L.H. PACKARD & CO. MONTREAL.

Outlawed.

The day after the funeral of Jared Coombs his five orphaned children were sitting around the kitchen stove, trying to make a meal, the eldest, said, to 'look the situation in the face.'

Martha was sixteen years old; Ann, the next oldest, was fourteen; then there were three little boys, Jerry, Leander and Morose.

Their mother had been dead three years, and their father had been an invalid for two years. He had at one time been a fairly prosperous man, but not within the memory of his children, and he had never said much about his 'better days.'

The people in the town where the Coombs lived wondered vaguely 'what in the world those children would do now,' and Martha had lain awake nights trying to solve the same problem. Her mind was made up to one thing—they would all stick together.

The house of four rooms in which they lived was their own, and Martha had exactly twenty-five dollars in the world. The day after Mr. Coombs' funeral was raw and dull. One of the neighbors had made Martha promise to come to her house for dinner, and bring all of the other children with her.

'Everybody has been so kind,' Martha was saying to her sister and brothers. She had in her lap some papers that she had taken from the tin box in which her father had kept them for years. Most of them were yellow with age, and some of them fell apart at the creases when they were unfolded. Some had seals, and were clearly legal papers; others seemed to be old notes and bills, and there were a good many business letters.

As Mr. Coombs had told Martha that none of the papers were of any value, and she had advised her to burn them, she now regretted the lid of the kitchen stove and began to drop them, one by one, on the coals. She had burned most of them, when she picked up a folded paper, on the back of which was written, in her father's hand:

'This man I trusted above all others, and my loss of confidence in him grieves me more than the loss of the money he should have paid me. But on what I know to be my death-bed, I forgive Justin Gye all the loss and sorrow he has caused me.'

'Father could never hold a grudge against any one,' said Martha to herself, as she unfolded the paper. She spread the document out on her knee. It was a promissory note for five thousand dollars, signed by Justin D. Gye. It had no indorsement, and Mr. Coombs had written in red ink across the face of it this single word: 'Outlawed.'

and stay nights with you?' 'I'd rather have her than any one else, but where are you going, Martha?' 'I'm going to a place called Louisborough, on a matter of business,' said Martha, with a sense of importance.

She would have liked to keep her going a secret, but this was impossible in a little town like Osborn. By the time she was ready to start, the entire village knew where she was going and with what purpose. The general opinion was that it was 'a fool's errand,' but Martha was not to be moved.

It took her a day and a night to go to Louisborough. She had never been in such a large city, and the hurry and bustle confused her. Some one in Osborn had told her to ask a policeman how to find Mr. Gye's house, and when she saw a blue-coated officer at one end of the station platform, she went up to him and said:

'Can you tell me where Mr. Justin D. Gye lives?' 'He lives three or four miles from here, miss, but his place of business isn't more than five minutes' walk.'

'I don't think that I want to go to his house. I want to see him on—on—on business.'

'Then you'd better go to his office. Go right up this street until you come to K Street. Half a block down that you'll come to a big marble front building. You'll find Mr. Gye's office in that building. Take the elevator, and the elevator boy will show you just where it is.'

Martha's timid, forlorn appearance appealed to this big guardian of the law, and moved him to be thus explicit. It was well for Martha that she did not hear him say, as she moved away:

'What can she want with old Gye? If she's on a begging errand, she'd better save her breath.'

Martha easily found the marble building and her heart began to flutter a little when she saw a shining brass plate at the side of the door, with the name 'Justin D. Gye' on it in black letters. Below the plate she read, Rooms 24 and 26.

She did not take the elevator, but climbed the marble stairway, and at the head of the first flight she found a room twenty-four and twenty-six, with Mr. Gye's name on both doors.

An almost irresistible impulse to flee from the place and take the first train for Osborn seized Martha. The very atmosphere of the place chilled and depressed her. Its marble splendour made her realize her shabby appearance. Her dusty, worn old shoes looked out of place on the marble floor. The chattering of her black hat, her worn jacket and faded straw hat impressed itself upon her. Her unglad hand trembled as she laid it on the shining brass door-knob.

'They told me in Osborn,' she said in conclusion, 'that it would be useless for me to come here with an outlawed note, but I did not think so.'

'You were wiser than they,' he said, gravely, but with a smile, 'for I shall pay every dollar of the note with interest in full, and even this will not atone for my lack of duty in not finding your father and his children long ago. I shall see to it that his children lack nothing that they need hereafter.'

These were great excitement in Osborn when Martha returned with the news that she and her brothers and sister were to go to Louisborough to live in a home of their own.

'There are splendid schools there, and Mr. Gye will be a friend to us. I can't tell you how kind he was and I can never be thankful enough that I went to him with that outlawed note.'

A Long Time to Kill, but not Long Dead. It takes about a year for a Texas Legislature to kill an insurance company or an oil octopus, and it takes the killed company about an hour to reorganize under another name and keep right on doing business.

'dome Devil' is inside of me, tickling my throat with a feather,' said a good deacon with a sad cough. 'Well, this is the holy water that will cast the devil out,' said his wife, as she produced a bottle of Adamson's Botanic Cough Balsam. 25c. all Druggists.

BORN. Yarmouth, May 22, to the wife of R. Duke, a son. Parrboro, May 22, to the wife of Robert Kelly, a son.

MARRIED. Woodstock, June 6, by Rev. Thos. Todd, Clayton Adams to Eva Ritchie.

DIED. Granville, Archibald Burns, 68. Halifax, May 31, Mrs. Lucy Baine.

Burrumb, together with the deltaic districts at the head of the Bay (of Bengal), the rest of the peninsula is liable to drought and consequent famine; with 40,000,000 people at all times on the verge of starvation.

In spite of the vast sums expended upon irrigation works, and the general development of the country under British auspices, the hopelessness of the situation was expressed by an eminent Anglo Indian authority, who said that no compensating influences can prevent these recurring periods of continuous drought with which large provinces of India are afflicted.

Waterworks on a scale adequate to guarantee the whole of India from drought not only exceed the possibilities of finance, but are beyond the reach of engineering skill.

For a time thousands subsisted upon leaves of trees and grass until even that source of nourishment failing, the living actually fed upon the bodies of the dead. As if that were determined to reveal in irony, it recorded that while the rainy season of 1870 brought an abundant harvest, in the meantime millions of starving wretches crawled despairingly from one deserted village to another in a vain search for food, dying in multitudes through inability to live through the few weeks that separated them from their harvest.

The effects of this famine were felt for two generations. The children and young people having almost all succumbed, there was no rising generation to till the fields. So jungles grew up where there had once been flourishing farms and villages, and tigers and elephants multiplied to such an extent that the population lay at the mercy of beasts.

In 1877 the Northwest Provinces were ravaged by a famine of which it is recorded that in two cities the inhabitants died at the rate of 1,200 a day, and in the rural districts human beings perished by villages.

By the three great famines of 1860, 1866 and 1869 in the Northwest Provinces Orissa and Raptana, three millions of people are said to have been swept away; in that of 1866 the famished wretches again resorted to cannibalism.

Bengal was again visited by a famine in 1873, when 3,900,000 people received daily relief at a cost to the Government of \$3,500,000, and to private charity of \$1,140,000. On this occasion the previous opening up of the country by roads and railways, as well as the relief efforts, were successful in holding the grim scourge at bay, so that few actually perished.

From 1876 to 1878 the provinces of Bombay, Madras and Mysore were swept by famine and pestilence that almost equalled the disaster of a century before. At a cost to the Government of \$85,000,000, 1,500,000 people were temporarily relieved; but that this sufficed little is demonstrated by the fact that in one district of 2,129,000 people, 670,000 are supposed to have perished.

From the subsequent epidemic of cholera the deaths were returned at 857,000 for Madras, 58,000 for Mysore and 57,000 for Bombay. In all, during this period, the Famine Commissioners reported that in the provinces under British administration, out of a population of 190,000,000, 5,250,000 deaths took place in excess of what might have been looked for during the same period in ordinary seasons.

In the year 1897 famine once more raised its head in the northwest provinces, threatening a population of 80,000,000. By October 1897, the total cost of relief had reached \$60,000,000; but yet many hundreds of thousands perished. The disaster was quickly followed by the plague, which had a death roll in the province of Bombay of 100,000; to be in turn succeeded by the present famine.

Western, May 22, Mrs. Alfred Reed, 82. Amber, June 6, Rev. A. B. Black, 77. Windsor, May 23, Minnie Canavan, 61. Sydney, May 23, Mrs. Robert Martin, 72. Westville, May 23, James Henderson, 58. Yarmouth, May 23, Richard Davis, 23. Fubalco Head, May 23, John Goodwin, 86. Salsford, May 27, Mrs. Geo. Beveridge, 66. Gasperen May 28, Nathan Benjamin, 81. Kempf Shore, May 28, James Lyman, 60. Yarmouth, May 28, Mrs. Joseph Purdy, 67. St. John, June 1, Mrs. Abraham Hector, 78. Barrington, May 18, Mrs. Mary A. Smith, 78. Barney's River, May 28, William Bannerman. First, Mich., May 24, Nelson Vashankit, 101. Hillsboro, C. B., May 17, Edmund Meagher, 67. Middle Simons, May 31, Walter Raymond, 14. Grand Pra, N. S., May 21, Mrs. Robt. Stewart, 74. Nictaux West, May 29, Mrs. Jackson Barstow, 39. Miller's Creek, Hants, May 23, Martha Miller, 66. Charlestown, Mass, June 1, Mrs. Jas. Welch, 69. Nine Mile River, May 17, Thomas McKay Jr., 85. Sulphur Springs, Mo., May 24, Jeannette Glendensling, 14. Springhill, June 4, infant of Mr. and Mrs. Chas. McLean. Manistique, North Mich., May 23, Mrs. J. H. Chase, 61. Briley Brook, Josephine, infant of Mr. and Mrs. E. Bennett, 2 mos. Springhill, June 4, Harold infant of Mr. and Mrs. E. Gilroy, 6 wks. Windsor, May 28, John Partis infant of Mr. and Mrs. E. A. Dill, 1. Westworth, May 28, Pearl infant of Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Hunter, 2 wks. St. John, June 10, Mary Grace only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. M. F. Heaney, 12. Beach Meadows, Queens, May 27, Lenella infant of Mr. and Mrs. Parker Pease, 7 mos.

CANADIAN PACIFIC CHEAP EXCURSIONS TO Canadian Northwest. From Canadian Pacific Stations in New Brunswick. Round trip Colonist class tickets. \$25.00. Winnipeg, Moosemin, 30.00. Regina, 30.00. Yorkton, 30.00. Prince Albert, 35.00. Calgary, 35.00. Red Deer, 40.00. Edmonton, 40.00. Tickets good only June 18th, July 1st, and 15th, good to return until August 30th, Sept. 15th and 16th, 1900, respectively. Tickets good to stop over at Dryden, Ont., Winnipeg and west thereof. For further particulars write to A. J. HEATH, D. F. A., St. John, N. B.

Dominion Atlantic R'y. On and after Monday, Feb. 6th, 1900, the Steamship and Train service of this railway will be as follows: Royal Mail S. S. Prince Rupert. ST. JOHN AND DIGBY. Lve. St. John at 7.00 a.m., Monday, Wednesday, Thursday and Saturday; arr. Digby 10.00 p.m. Returning leaves Digby same days at 12.00 p.m., arr. at St. John, 3.35 p.m. EXPRESS TRAINS. Daily (Sunday excepted). Lve. Halifax 6.30 a.m., arr. in Digby 12.30 p.m. Lve. Digby 12.45 p.m., arr. Yarmouth 2.30 p.m. Lve. Yarmouth 9.00 a.m., arr. Digby 11.45 a.m. Lve. Digby 11.55 a.m., arr. Halifax 5.50 p.m. Lve. Annapolis 7.20 a.m., Monday, Wednesday, Thursday and Saturday, arr. Digby 9.50 a.m. Lve. Digby 3.30 p.m., Monday, Wednesday, Thursday and Saturday, arr. Annapolis 6.40 p.m.

S. S. Prince Arthur. YARMOUTH AND BOSTON SERVICE. By far the finest and fastest steamer plying out of Boston. Leaves Yarmouth, N. S., Wednesday, and Saturday immediately on arrival of the Express Trains from Halifax arriving in Boston early next morning. Returning leaves Long Wharf, Boston, Tuesday, and Friday at 4.00 p.m. Unseasonal cruise on Dominion Atlantic Railway Steamers and Palace Car Express Trains. Staterooms can be obtained on application to City Agent. Special connections with trains at Digby. Tickets on sale at City Office, 114 Prince William Street, at the wharf office, 1 from the Purser on steamer, from whom time-tables and all information can be obtained. P. GIFFKINS, superintendent, Kentville, N. S.

Intercolonial Railway. On and after SUNDAY, January 14th, 1900, trains will run daily (Sundays excepted) as follows: TRAINS WILL LEAVE ST. JOHN. Suburban for Hampton.....5.30 Express for Campbellton, Fugwash, Pictou and Halifax.....7.30 Express for Halifax, New Glasgow and Pictou.....12.05 Express for Sussex.....13.40 Express for Quebec, Montreal.....17.30 Accommodation for Moncton, Truro, Halifax and Sydney.....22.10 A sleeping car will be attached to the train leaving St. John at 17.30 o'clock for Quebec and Montreal. Passengers transfer at Moncton. A sleeping car will be attached to the train leaving St. John at 22.10 o'clock for Truro and Halifax. Vestibule, Dining and Sleeping cars on the Quebec and Montreal Express. TRAINS WILL ARRIVE AT ST. JOHN. Suburban from Hampton.....7.15 Express from Sussex.....8.30 Express from Quebec and Montreal.....12.20 Express from Halifax.....15.00 Express from Pictou.....19.15 Accommodation from Moncton.....24.45 All trains are run by Eastern Standard time. Twenty-four hours notation. D. FOTTINGER, Gen. Manager. Moncton, N. B., Jan. 6, 1900. CITY TICKET OFFICE, 1 King Street St. John, N. B.