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GOOD-BYE TO THE MEDS.

The Great Convention Closed Yesterday, and To-Day the Visitors Are Dispersing.

THE meeting of the British Medical Association is at an end, and already many of the members are on their way home to the Mother Land.

It is impossible to over-rate the benefits which will accrue from this, the first meeting of the association held outside the United Kingdom in the sixty-five years since it was founded. Members of the profession from all parts of the Anglo-Saxon world, and especially representatives of every British colony, have met together in professional and social intercourse, with the result that they have acquired a greater esteem for each other.

British doctors from outside Canada have gained a knowledge of this country, of its people, its resources, and its possibilities, which only personal acquaintance could give. Those engaged in public medicine have gained valuable knowledge from the study of the different circumstances and different methods of work in vogue here in that branch of the profession.

Physicians from over the line have taken part freely in the business of the association, proving the unity of the race in spite of political divisions, and the determination of medical men to allow nothing to come between them and their noble work. The other great republics of France and Mexico have also been represented by distinguished physicians and investigators.

THE LAST MEETING.

Dr. Briggs Delivers an Address on "Preventive Medicine in New York."

The last business session of the British Medical Association was held yesterday afternoon in the Windsor Hotel, Dr. Roddick presiding. The address in public medicine was delivered by Dr. Herman M. Biggs, director of the Bacteriological Laboratory of the New York City Health Department. He took as his subject, "Preventive Medicine in New York." After some introductory remarks, he said:

"I feel a great diffidence in presenting an address dealing with these subjects before the British Medical Association, representing, as it does, the medical profession, and, to a great extent, the health officers of a country which has been so long and justly regarded as the birthplace and home of sanitary science. It has been the custom of sanitarians of all nations to look to England for guidance and direction in matters connected with the public health, and the low mortality statistics, especially from zymotic diseases, in England testify in no uncertain language to the value of English sanitary methods and the efficiency of their execution. When we remember that never before in the world's history have there been 30,000,000 people living within 50,600 square miles, as is the case in England, and that more than 20,000,000 of this population reside in towns, often crowded, we appreciate more fully the remarkable healthfulness of the England of to-day and the extraordinary success of English sanitation, as of English methods in all the practical affairs of life. The fact should be strongly emphasized that the advance in preventive medicine in Great Britain, as shown by the mortality tables for nearly half a century, have preceded those in every other country, and I doubt not that the influence of the British Medical Association has been no small factor in contributing to the high standard of the public health. In view of these considerations, it is natural that a foreigner should hesitate to address this association on questions connected with public medicine.

How Methods Differ.

It seems necessary, in order that you may have an intelligent conception of the conditions under which sanitary work in the United States is carried on, that I should first point out, in a general way, how they differ from those in Great Britain. It should be noted particularly that in the United States there is no national board of health, and there are no national regulations of general application. In each of the several States of the Union the sanitary administration is solely under the control of the State authorities. The State Boards of Health are energetic and progressive in many of the States, but in some there is no sanitary work of importance done. It necessarily follows that throughout the United States there is a great lack of uniformity in regulations and methods and in the efficiency of their execution. It is hardly possible to make any definite statement as to the condition of preventive medicine generally, for what is true of one State is not true of another. Speaking broadly, in the rural districts and in the towns and smaller cities, especially in the South and West, the sanitary methods are of the crudest type. On the other hand, in many of the large cities, there is found a broad, enlightened and progressive policy and an efficient administration, equal to that presented in any of the great cities of the world. Instead, therefore, of attempting the consideration of the broader subject of public medicine in the United States, I shall confine myself to a discussion of the conditions and methods of sanitary work in New York, as these serve as a type of the best of those found in the greater American cities.

New York's Methods.

The Health Department of New York City is organized under a special act of the Legislature of New York State, and is an entirely independent sanitary organization, not being subject to the jurisdiction of the State Board of Health. The Board of Health of the Health Department is composed of four members, viz.: the president, who is the chief executive officer; the Commissioner of Health, who must be a physician (these two being appointed by the Mayor of New York City), and two ex-officio members—the health officer of the port of New York (who is a State officer nominated by the Governor), and the president of the Board of Police Commissioners of New York City (the latter being added to bring the Police Department and the Health Department in closer relations to one another.) The Commissioner of Health of the Health Department of New York City is ex-officio a member of the State Board of Health, as is also the Health Officer of the port of New York; so that two of the members of the Municipal Board are also members of the State Board of Health, but the State Board has no jurisdiction in New York City, and the action of the Municipal Board is absolutely independent. The Board of Health of New York City has jurisdiction over the whole of New York City, as it now exists with its about 2,000,000 of population, and with the beginning of 1898, a similar board, increased to five members, will have complete jurisdiction over Greater New York, with a population of about 3,250,000. All of the administration and executive work of the department is concentrated at the main offices, and is carried on under the immediate direction of the chiefs of the various divisions into which the department is divided. The act of the Legislature of New York State creating the department gives to the board most ample powers—executive, judicial and legislative in character. The funds for the support of the department are supplied from the general funds of New York City. Before proceeding to a discussion of the management of infectious diseases in New York,

Board's Duties.

I desire to call especial attention to the fact, that all matters connected with the scientific investigation, diagnosis, care or sanitary supervision, in every way, of the infectious diseases are regarded by the Board of Health as properly coming within its province. In the development of the methods, now in use, the proposition expressed has furnished the governing principle. I need hardly point out the great difference between this conception of the functions of a sanitary board and that usually held. The first important departure in New York City from the older methods, was made in 1892 by the establishment of a bacteriological laboratory. This was, I believe, the first bacteriological laboratory ever established under municipal control. It was designed originally to afford facilities for the bacteriological diagnosis of the Asiatic cholera, and for the investigation of questions relating to disinfection and disinfectants. A few months after the opening of the laboratory, the scope of its work was broadened and facilities for the bacteriological diagnosis of diphtheria were offered to the physicians of New York City free of charge."

The New York Laboratory.

Dr. Briggs described the working of the laboratory over which he has control and the various ways in which it has been of service to physicians and the public health. He then presented in detail the methods of procedure in relation to diphtheria and tuberculosis in New York. Very elaborate precautions are taken in regard to diphtheria. Of tuberculosis Dr. Briggs said: "The attitude assumed by the Health Department of New York city towards pulmonary tuberculosis, and the measures adopted for its prevention, constitute, in my opinion, a most important feature of its work. No more striking example of the influence can be found than is afforded by the exhibition of hesitation and reluctance on the part of the proper authorities to assume the sanitary supervision of the tubercular diseases. It is now universally admitted that tuberculosis is infectious and communicable, and the most fatal disease to which the human race is subjected; yet as a rule no effective measures, or no measures at all, have been adopted by sanitary authorities with relation to it. Nevertheless, we believe it may be more easily controlled than any other of the principal infectious diseases with which we have to deal, and that it is of as great importance—judged by the deaths it causes—as all the others together. The full courage of scientific conviction seems to have been generally lacking among public officers in dealing with this disease. The Health Board of New York City first began

An Educational Campaign

in relation to the causation and prevention of pulmonary tuberculosis in 1889. In that year a communication on this subject, presented by the writer and the associated Consulting Pathologists of the Department, was widely published and leaflets, based on it, giving the essential facts as to the future of this disease, were freely distributed. No further action was taken at that time, as investigation showed that the medical profession and the public were not then prepared for more extended measures. In December, 1893, the attention of the Department was again called to the subject by the writer, and it was determined to at once institute more comprehensive measures for the prevention of this disease. The measures then adopted required the notification of all cases of pulmonary tuberculosis occurring in public institutions, arrangements for the bacteriological examination of sputum, the inspection of all reported cases in tenement houses, lodging houses, hotels and boarding houses, and the instruction of the patients and their families as to the nature of the disease and the means to be taken for its prevention; the inspection of the premises in all instances where deaths were reported as due to tuberculosis, and the issuing of orders, when it was deemed necessary, upon the owners of apartments which had been occupied by consumptives and vacated by death or removal requiring that such apartments be thoroughly renovated and finally by the education of the public, by wider and more comprehensive methods as to the nature of this disease. Under the resolutions by virtue of which these measures were enforced, 4,166 cases of tuberculosis were reported in 1894; 5,818 in 1895, and 8,334 in 1896.

An Idea of the Work.

So far as was possible all of these cases, except those in private houses(were visited or the premises occupied by persons dying from tuberculosis (numbering each year nearly 6,000) were inspected and such action taken as was considered possible and desirable. Altogether the premises and cases thus coming under observation during these three years numbered more than 35,000. These facts convey some idea of the enormous sanitary importance of the subject. It is conservatively estimated that there are at least 20,000 cases of well developed and recognized pulmonary tuberculosis now in New York City, and an additional large number of obscure and incipient forms of the disease. A very large proportion of the former cases constitute more or less dangerous centres of infection, the degree of danger depending in each instance upon the intelligence and care which is exercised in the destruction of the expectoration. All the suffering and death consequent upon the prevalence of this disease, in view of modern scientific knowledge, is largely preventible by the careful observation of simple, well understood and easily applied measures of cleanliness, disinfection and isolation."

Measures Against Tuberculosis.

The measures taken against tuberculosis include strict surveillance of the meat and milk supply of the city. Dr. Biggs stated that most beneficial effects have already resulted from the various measures instituted for the prevention of this terrible disease. Not only has there been a very material decline in the number of deaths occurring from it, but there has been a most gratifying increase of knowledge and intelligence as to its nature among the poorest class of the population. The inspectors detailed for this work report, that on their first inspection, in nearly one-half of the cases occurring in many parts of the tenement house districts of the city, it is found that more or less efficient precautions are being taken for its prevention. The measures taken to prevent the spread of contagious children's diseases through contact in schools were also described. Some interesting tables were given of the city's mortality, and in concluding Dr. Biggs said :—

"I believe it may be truly said that there is no great city in the world to-day which, in the broad sense, is cleaner and healthier than New York. By clean is meant the purity of the atmosphere, the cleanliness of the streets, the abundance and purity of the water supply, and the efficiency of the sewerage system. I wish that so much could be said as to the character of the habitations of the poor, the public baths and public convenience stations, the breadth of its parks and public commons and the type of its charitable and penal institutions. In many of these respects New York is deficient; but great and rapid advances have been made and are being made in these matters. When it is said that no city is healthier than New York, this statement is made with a consideration, all the sanitary factors in the situation, such as the size and density of the population, the varied nationality of the inhabitants, the character of climate etc. Nowhere can there be found a fuller recognition than in the United States of England's high standard of excellence in public medicine, or a more sincere appreciation of her vast contributions to the progress of sanitary science. But she must look well to her laurels, if her cities are to be kept cleaner than the great cities of the United States, and her urban population made healthier and happier than the same class on this side the Atlantic.

Open to Conviction.

In the United States we are prepared to adopt, without hesitation, the best that England produces, or that the world affords, in public medicine, as well as in science, art and commerce; and notwithstanding the persistent and determined efforts of our sensational press, the sentiments of the medical profession, and of the people at large, towards Great Britain are those of sincere respect for her institutions, profound admiration for her great achievements, and warm affection for her people. If I have appeared in this address to have dwelt too long upon and described too fully some of the sanitary methods followed in New York, I would urge in extenuation that it has been from a desire that you should know our institutions and methods, as well as we know yours, and that through the medium of this great medical association, the largest and most influential in the world, the two great English-speaking nations might, in this respect, be brought into somewhat closer and more intelligent relations with each other, and thus greater good redound to preventive medicine, so that the people of both nations may live healthier, and therefore, longer and happier lives."

Always Courteous.

Dr. Montizambert, in moving a vote of thanks to Dr. Biggs, referred warmly to the good work which is being done by the New York Board of Health, and to the unfailing courtesy shown by the United States health authorities to their Canadian confreres.

Dr. Harvey Littlejohn seconded the motion, which was carried unanimously.

Several items of business were disposed of, including votes of thanks. Lord Aberdeen and Lord Strathcona and Mount Royal were elected honorary members of the association.

Dr. Roddick moved, seconded by Dr. Henry Barnes, "That in the opinion of this meeting the organization of a system of district nursing throughout the various Provinces of the Dominion would afford invaluable help in the treatment of disease, and be a great benefit to the sick poor of this colony."

Dr. H. P. Wright, Ottawa, wanted to know how nurses were to be maintained in isolated positions in the West.

Dr. Roddick explained that small hospitals would be erected at certain points with three or four nurses, one of whom would always be on duty there, and the others available for sick calls from the surrounding districts. A doctor would reside in the vicinity. The resolution committed the association to no particular scheme. With this explanation the resolution was adopted.

A hearty vote of thanks was tendered to Dr. Roddick for the manner in which he had presided over the sessions of the association, and this brought the meeting to a close.

NOTES OF THE CONVENTION.

Among the passengers by the Labrador this morning were several members of the Association returning home, including Professor Ball, Dr. and Mrs. Hearn, Dublin; Dr. Alex. Johnson, Dr. Jane B. Henderson, Glasgow; Dr. and Mrs. J. R. Kaye, Wakefield; Dr. Harvey Littlejohn, Edinburgh; Professor Lloyd, Liverpool; Dr. and Mrs. McNicol, Glasgow; Dr. Noel D. Paton, Edinburgh.

About forty members of the psychological section of the Association paid a visit to the Protestant Hospital for the Insane, at Verdun, yesterday afternoon. They were met by Hon. J. K. Ward, president, and other members of the board of management, and Dr. T. J. W. Burgess, medical superintendent, conducted them through the buildings. The visitors agreed that the equipment of Verdun is equal to anything they have seen on this continent.

THE MUSEUM.

A feature in connection with the meeting in Montreal of the British Medical Association is the museum in Victoria Rink, where the latest appliances known to medical science are exhibited.

KERRY, WATSON AND CO.

To the left of the main door on entering the building are the exhibits of Messrs. Kerry, Watson & Company. Among them are medical elixirs, medical syrups, fluid extracts, powdered drugs and granulated effervescent preparations. The latter include soda salicyate, lithia citrate, lithia carbonate, effervescent potasse, bromide and caffeine and granular effervescent citrate of magnesia. Martin's Concentrated Cardinal Food, of which this firm are the sole manufacturers, is also given a prominent position, and samples of the preparation are handed to the public. It is specially recommended for infants and invalids. Upon the opposite side of the pyramid is displayed the goods of William R. Warner, of Philadelphia, and for whom Kerry, Watson and Company are the sole agents in Canada.

R. AND W. KERR.

Messrs. R. & W. Kerr are the only exhibitors of bicycles at the rink, and they claim that the bicycle is a more efficacious means of promoting health than many "medicines." Messrs. Kerr show the Cleveland, and among the different styles is the quad which paced McCarthy at Toronto last week.

The Messrs. Kerr have also on exhibition a display of stoves and ranges which embody some new features in their line. Of these the "Famous Active" range is, perhaps, the most striking.

THE LINDMAN TRUSS CO.

The Lindman Truss Company makes a comprehensive exhibit of its goods, goods which have become famous. The Truss is designed to effectually control all classes of reducible hernia, and at the same time, on account of its easy adjustment, be comfortable to wear.

Each truss can be adjusted to various forms of hernia, and is convertible from a right to a left, single to double, or vice versa; can be used for umbilical hernia or abdominal support. It can also be used in combination of any two or more hernias.

PABST MALT EXTRACT.

It would seem almost that Pabst Malt Extract needed no introduction, as it is already so well known to the Montreal public. The company have, however, arranged an exhibit which occupies a prominent position on the right of the main entrance to the building. Here is displayed row upon row of the extract, which, by the way, is sold in but one form, and that is pint bottles only, and never in bulk. Pabst Malt Extract is known the world over as a tonic of standard merit.

THE FOUNDATION OF HEALTH.

Nothing has been more interesting in the proceedings of the British Medical Association than the exhibits shown in their museum at the Victoria Rink. Here are seen the preparations usually prescribed by physicians. The public were especially interested in viewing these displays, and appeared to enjoy seeing the large number of really meritorious preparations shown. One booth especially attracted attention—that of the Abbey Effervescent Salt Company, who were displaying and dispensing their preparation, so that the public might appreciate its wonderful life-giving and life-sustaining powers as well as the medical profession. Abbey's Effervescent Salt, while established in England for many years past, is just being introduced into Canada. It is a preparation of such excellence that it is referred to as "The Foundation of Health," and is regularly prescribed by some of England's most eminent physicians.

CANADIAN CLERGYMAN DEAD.

New York, Sept. 3.—Rev. John Johnson, formerly one of the most prominent Methodist clergymen of Canada, died yesterday at Staten Island. He had been ill for two months with Bright's disease. Rev. Mr. Johnson was born at L'Orignal, Ont., December 31st, 1827. He graduated from Victoria College, Cobourg, Ont., and for a number of years before entering the ministry was principal of the High School at Brockville. After his ordination he was successively the pastor of the leading Methodist churches in Montreal, Quebec, Ottawa and Kingston. In 1873 he undertook the work of raising an endowment fund for Victoria College. He travelled extensively in this country and England, and was very successful. In 1885 he retired from active life, and since that time has made his home in Brooklyn. His wife and a married daughter survive him.

WERE TO GO TO-DAY.

This Afternoon.

Shamrock v. Montreal Lacrosse Match—Shamrock Grounds, 3 p.m.
Scranton v. Montreal Baseball Match—3.45 p.m.
McGill v. Montreal Cricket Match—M.A.A.A. Grounds, 2.30 p.m.
Cruising Yacht Race—Lake of Two Mountains.
Yacht Race—At Longueuil.
Regatta—At St. Lambert.
Football Matches—At Point St. Charles.
Montreal v. Cote St. Antoine—Montreal Grounds.

This Evening.

Queen's—Reproduction of Corbett Fitzsimmons Fight by Veriscope.
Theatre Royal—"Fabio Romani," melodrama.
Sohmer Park—Variety.
Palace Theatre—Lumiere's Cinematograph.

Au Revoir.

The visit of the members of the British Medical Association to Montreal and to Canada, now drawing to a close, will live long in the memories of the citizens of this city, and it is to be hoped will not speedily be forgotten by the members themselves. From a scientific view point, the meetings of the Association in Montreal were most valuable to those in attendance, and were fraught with importance to the profession as a whole. But to the citizen not peculiarly interested in medicine and cognate subjects, the significance of the gathering, and of the other great meeting in Toronto last week, lies in the evidence they give of the essential unity of the people of Great and Greater Britain, and in the fact that the visitors to Canada's shores must return home with enlarged ideas regarding the Dominion, its people, resources and possibilities.

Montreal has been delighted to throw open her doors to her kinsmen from across the sea. Their visit has been most enjoyable to their hostess. May their return to Canada be not long delayed.

WELCOME TO COLLEGE STUDENTS.

The representatives of the Intercollegiate Young Men's Christian Association movement in the various universities throughout the Dominion, are desirous of receiving and as far as possible, assisting all new students, and invite pastors, parents and friends of students, as well as students themselves, to communicate with them with this end in view. For the information of anyone who may not be familiar with the work of the movement, it may be said that associations are organized in all the larger colleges, with common headquarters and social and reading rooms, and college men themselves as officers and leaders. Hand-books of information os special value to new students are annually prepared and distributed free of charge. Reception committees stand ready to welcome the men upon their arrival, whose aim it is to introduce them to the best and most helpful circles of acquaintance, both in and out of the college. Thus, and in other ways, advantage is taken of the recognized fact that there is no time to reach and help a man comparable to the transition period of his entrance upon college life. The handbook referred to above will be promptly mailed upon request. All communications should be addressed to the general secretary at the Y.M.C.A. of the institution to which the student is going.

MAJOR M'KAY ILL.

He Was Taken Sick at Ottawa and was Removed to a Hospital.

Major McKay, of the 65th Battalion, of this city, who has been attending the Dominion Rifle Association meeting at Ottawa, took seriously ill at the Rideau Ranges Thursday night and was removed to the Protestant Hospital, in that city. He had been unwell for some time, and when being removed in the ambulance, suffered so much from the jolting of the wagon that friends were compelled to carry the stretcher on their shoulders.

GOOD SHIP DIANA AND HER PARTY.

A Letter From the Hudson's Bay Expedition.

THE WORK OF THE SUMMER

No Illness Has Been Experienced On Board.

The Question of the Navigability of the Straits Will Be Settled this Session.

(Special to The Herald.)

Ottawa, September 4.—The following letter has been received by the Department of Marine, from the Hudson Bay expedition: S. S. Diana, 7th August, 1897, Natchvak,:

Dear Sir,—Our coal ship arrived yesterday bringing us 298 tons of Sydney coal. We had arrived here on the 1st of August. The coal vessel got off here the next day but could not get in until yesterday on account of a calm and fog. As you know we only got away from Halifax on the 3rd of June. We were delayed by the late arrival of the Diana from Newfoundland. After her arrival not an hour was lost in getting away. We met our first ice in Belle Isle on the 6th of June, and had ice

Continued From Page 3.

THE LAST ENTERTAINMENTS

FOR THE MEMBERS OF THE BRITISH MEDICAL ASSOCIATION.

"Old McGill" has seen many notable functions since its foundation eighty-four years ago; but it is doubtful if any of them equalled in success, enjoyment, or excellence of arrangement, the conversazione which took place last evening in honor of the British Medical Association.

It was a fitting close to a notable week. Some 2,000 ladies and gentlemen availed themselves of the invitation to meet the distinguished visitors, and in the course of the evening paid thir respects to the Chancellor and Governors of the university. The arrangements for the reception of the guests were perfect. The basement of the Redpath Library was converted into suitable cloak-rooms. Having relieved themselves of their superfluous wraps, the guests proceeded upstairs and along a canvas-covered passage to the Redpath Museum. There they were presented to the Chancellor, Lord Strathcona and Mount Royal, the governors, and Dr. Craik, the dean of the Faculty of Medicine. The governors present were :—Mr. W. C. McDonald, Mr. Hugh McLennan, Mr. George Hague, Mr. E. B. Greenshields, B.A., Mr. S. Finley, Hon. J. S. Archibald, M.A., D.C.L., and Mr. C. J. Fleet, B.A., B.C.L.

The presentation over, the guests were given the freedom of the college and grounds. Those so inclined found the way to the William Molsom Hall, where terpischore held sway, and the ancient walls and well-worn floor were illumined with the sparkling glow of beauty clad in the daintiest creations of Dame Fashion. Others, more studiously inclined, or, it may be, past their dancing days, found comfortable seats in the large marquee which during the week contained the various bureaus of information for the visitors, but had been transformed by the addition of bunting and banners into a very handsome and cosy sitting-room. Then the McDonald Engineering Building, the McDonald Physics Building, and the Redpath Library, each had their quota of visitors who found occasion to admire much, and to learn not a little.

The old and the new were brought into very close contrast during the evening in the Physics Building. The mummy recently presented to the university by Dr. Roddick was unwound from its ancient coverings by Prof. Macallister, the celebrated Egyptologist of Cambridge, England, and the body—maybe that of the Pharaoh renowned in Biblical history—was again revealed to the light of day after no one knows how many thousands of years. When the remnants of this human body were exposed to view, the latest triumph of modern science was brought to bear upon it, and the bones of this one-time resident on the banks of the Nile were clearly visible to the eyes of dwellers on the banks of the St. Lawrence.

Subsequently, Professor Callendar, F.R.S., gave a most interesting demonstration of electrical marvels, winding up wtih a revelation of the Roentgen rays.

Music was provided in abundance, the Victoria Rifles Band discoursed a capital programme upon the campus, and in every building orchestras were stationed to enliven the evening with popular airs. The grounds looked charming; electric lamps and Chinese lanterns were everywhere, and furnished a spectacle of surpassing beauty. The arrangements for the refreshments of "the inner man" were as good as those for the refreshment of the senses; in fact, there was a profusion of good things.

The conversazione was a suitable climax to a week of brilliant festivities, and cannot fail to have favorably impressed our British visitors.

All the visiting members of the British Medical Association were invited, as well as a very large number of Montrealers among the later being:

Lady Abbott, the Misses Abbott, Mr. J. B. Abbott, Mr. H. Abbott, Q. C., D. C. L., and Mrs. Abbott, Dr. F. D. and Mrs. Adams, Mr. and Mrs. James Aird, Mr. and Mrs. Chas. Alexander, Mr. Andrew Allan, Mr. and Mrs. A. A. Allan, Mr. and Mrs. Hugh Allan, Mr. and Mrs. H. Montague Allan, Mr. J. B. Allan, Dr. and Mrs. T. J. Alloway, Mr. and Mrs. J. D. L. Ambrosse, Mr. and Mrs. Ames, Mr. and Mrs. D. Forbes Angus, Mrs. R. B. Angus, the Misses Angus, Mr. W. Forest Angus, Mr. and Mrs. H. Archibald, Mr. R. Archer, Hon. J. S. and Mrs. Archibald, Dr. George E. and Mrs. Armstrong, Prof. and Mrs. Armstrong, Mr. and Mrs. E. W. Arthy, Mr. and Mrs. J. Porteous Arnold, Mr. and Miss Austin, Mrs Bagg, Mr. and Mrs. R. S. Bagg, Rev. Dr. and Mrs. Barclay, Rev. W. S. and Mrs. Barnes, Mr. and Mrs. O'Hara Baynes, Mr. and Mrs. W. G. Beers, Dr. James and Mrs. Bell, Capt. and Mrs. Benyon, Dr. K. N. Berwick, Mr. and Mrs. Strachan Bethune, Miss Bethune, Mr. Meredith Bethune, Miss Binmore, Dr. and Mrs. Birkett, Miss Birkett, Mr. and Mrs. Henry Birks, Rev. Dr. Adams and Mrs. Adams, Dr. and Mrs. Alex. Blackader, His Lordship, Bishop Bond, Mr. and Mrs. Frank Bond, Miss Bond, Mr. and Mrs. E. H. Botterell, the Misses Botterell, Dean Bovey and Mrs. Bovey, J. W. Brakenridge, Dr. F. Buller, Dr. and Mrs. T. J. W. Burgess, Mr. and Mrs. G. B. Burland, Lt.-Col. J. H. Burland and Mrs. Burland, Prof. and Mrs. Callendar, Dr. J. Chalmers and Mrs. Cameron, Dr. J. D. Cameron, Mr. and Mrs. Colin Campbell, Dr. and Mrs. F. W. Campbell, Rev. Dr. John and Mrs. Campbell, Mr. and Mrs. J. A. Cantlie, Very Rev. Dean and Mrs. Carmichael, Mr. S. Carsley, Prof. and Mrs. Carus Wilson, Mrs. R. Cassils and Miss Cassils, Capt., Mrs. and the Misses Clay, Mr. and Mrs. E. S. Clouston, Prof. and Mrs. Colley, Dr. Robert Craik, Col. and Mrs. Crawford, Hon. J.J. and Mrs. Curran, Mr. Justice and Mrs. Davidson, Mr. and Mrs. Peers Davidson, Sir Wm and Lady Dawson, Mr. and Mrs. and the Misses S E. Dawson, Mr. and Mrs. H. Dobell, Mr. Justice and Mrs. Doherty, Hon. Marcus Doherty, Mr. J. R. Dougall, Miss Dougall, Mr. G. H. and Mrs. Duggan, the Misses Dow, Mr. and Mrs. Walter Drake, Hon. Geo. and Mrs. Drummond, Miss Drummond, Mr. and Mrs. G. C. Dunlop, Mr. and Mrs. G. W. Eadie, Rev. Canon Ellegood, Rev. Canon Empson, Ven. Archdeacon, Mrs. and Miss Evans, Mr. and Mrs. Alex. Ewan, Miss Ewan, Mr. James, Mrs. and Miss Gillespie, Hon. F. E. and Mrs. Gilman, Dr. and Mrs. Girdwood, Miss Girdwood, Mr. C. H. Gould, Miss Gould, Mr. and Mrs. Hugh Graham, Mr. and Mrs. and Miss E. B. Greenshields, Mr. and Mrs. J. N. Greenshilds, Mrs. S. Greenshields, Mr. and Mrs. Frederic Hague, Mr. and Mrs. George Hague, Mr. and Mrs. H. J. Hague, Hon. J. S. and Mrs. Hall, Mr. and Mrs. F. W. Henshaw, Lady and Miss Hickson, M. J. Gaude Hickson, Rev. J. Edgar and Mrs. Hill, Sir William and Lady Hingston, Mr. and Mrs. A. Holden, Mr. and Mrs. A. Holden, Mr. and Mrs. C. G. Hope, Mr. and Mrs. C. R. Hosmer, Mr. C. Howard, Miss Howard, Dr. and Mrs. H. Aspinwall Howe and Mrs. Howe, Rev. W. J., Mrs. and Miss Hunter, Rev. C. J. and Mrs. James, Mr. R. C., Mrs. and Miss Jamieson, Dr. Alex., Mrs. and the Misses Johnson, Dr. and Mrs. Wyatt G. Johnston, Mr. and Mrs. Theodore Labatt, Chief Justice Sir Alexander, Lady and Miss Lacoste, Mr. and Mrs. J. B. Learmont, Mr. and Mrs. Lansing Lewis, Mr. and Mrs. George Lighthall, Mr. and Mrs. Robert Lindsay, Dr. and Mrs. Lockhart, Mr. and Mrs. F. S. Lyman, Mr. and Mrs. A. C. Lyman, Mr. Justice and Mrs. Lynch, Dr. and Mrs. MacCallum, the Misses MacCallum, Mrs. John McDougall, Miss McDougall, Dr. and Mrs. Charles McEachran, Mr. and Mrs. John MacFarlane, Miss MacFarlane, Mr. and Mrs. R. D. McGibbon, Prof. and Mrs. Archibald McGoun, Rev. Dr. and Mrs. Mackay, Mr. and Mrs. Robert Mackay, Mr. and Mrs. Hector Mackenzie, Dr. R. Tait McKenzie, Prof. and Mrs. F. S. Maclennan, Prof. C. H. and Mrs. McLeod, Mr. and Mrs. Donald Macmaster, Dr. and Mrs. MacPhail, Mr. Alex., Mrs. and Miss Macpherson, Dr. McTaggart and Miss McTaggart, Rev. Principal MacVicar, Mrs. and the Misses MacVicar, Rev. T. S. and Mrs. McWilliams, Mr. and Mrs. P. Marling, Mr. and Mrs. J. A. Mathewson, Mayor Wilson-Smith and Mrs. Smith, Mr. and Mrs. Charles Meredith, Rev. Canon and Mrs. Mills, Mr. and Mrs. Alexander Mitchell, the Misses Mitchell, Miss Molson, Mr. and Mrs. John Molson, Mr. and Mrs. James Morgan, Mr. and Mrs. David Morirce, Hon. A. W. and Mrs. Morrice, Rev. A. J. and Mrs. Mowatt, Prof. C. E. and Mrs. Moyse, Rev. J. C., Mrs. and Miss Murray, Mrs. and Miss Murphy, Mr. and Mrs. R. C. Nelles,, Prof. J. T. and Mrs. Nicolson, Rev. Canon and Mrs. Norton, Miss Hunter, Mr. W. McF. and Mrs. Notman, Hon. A. W. and Mrs. Ogilvie, Mr. and Mrs. W. W. Ogilvie, Mr. and Mrs. G. F. O'Halloran, Lieut.-Col. and Mrs. Oswald, Mr. and Mrs. A. R. Oughtred, Mrs. and Miss Pangman, Mr. and Mrs. Louis J. Papineau, Mrs. Davidson Parker, Miss Parker, Mr. and Mrs. Arch. G. Parker, Mr. and Mrs. Hugh Paton, Mr. and Mrs. J. H. Peck, Prof. D. P. and Mrs. Penhallow, Mr. E. G. and Mrs. Penny, Mr. and Mrs. P. A. Peterson, Miss Plimsoll, Mr. and Mrs. C. Porteous, Dr. and Mrs. Porter, Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Ramsay, the Misses Ramsay, Dr. Reddy, Mrs. Redpath, Miss Watson, Mrs. Geo. Redpath, the Misses Redpath, Mr. and Mrs. Frank Redpath, Mrs. J. J. Redpath, Miss Redpath, Mr. and Mrs. Harold Redpath, Mr. and Mrs. Robert Reford, Miss Reford, Mrs. R. G. Reid, the Misses Reid, Mrs. Robt. Reid and the Misses Reid, Rev. E. I. and Mrs. Rexford, Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Rielle, Mr. and Mrs. Norman T. Rielle, Dr. W. F. Ritchie, Mrs. Andrew Robertson, Mr. Alex. Robertson, Mr. and Mrs. David Robertson, Mr. W. W. Robertson, Q.C., Hon. J. E. and Mrs. Robidoux, Dr. S. P. Robins, Mrs. and Miss Robins, Dr. T. G. Roddick, the Misses Roddick, Mr. and Mrs. James Robers, Rev. Prof. and Mrs. Ross, Dr. G. T. Ross and Mrs. Ross, Dr. J. J. and Mrs. Ross, Mr. Jack Ross, Dr. R. F. Ruttan, Prof. Percy C. and Mrs. Ryan, Mr. and Mrs. P. W. St. George, Mr. and Mrs. John Savage, Miss Savage, Dr. J. W. Scane, Mr. and Mrs. Frank Scott, Mrs. H. C. Scott, Miss Scott, Mr. J. P. Scott, the Misses Scott, Rev. Dr. and Mrs. Scrimger, Miss Gardner, Mr. and Mrs. C. F. Sise, Miss Sise, Mrs. and Miss Skelton, Mr. and Mrs. W. Sproule, Mr. and Mrs. T. G. Shaugnessy, Rev. Dr. and Mrs. Shaw, Mrs. and Miss Shepherd, Dr. Francis J. Shepherd, Mr. and Mrs. R. C. Smith, Dr. J. R. and Mrs. Spier, Mrs. Spragge, Mr. and Mrs. Fred. tSancliffe, Rev. F. J., Mrs., and Miss Steen, Lord and Lady Strathcona and Mount Royal, Mr. and Mrs. G. W. Stephens, Mr. and Mrs. Jas. Stephenson, Dr. and Mrs. F. A. Stevenson, Mrs. P. S. Stevenson, Mr. and Mrs. F. C. Stevenson, Dr. James Stewart, Dr. and Mrs. W. Grant Stewart, Mr. Harry Stikeman, Miss Stikeman, Mr. John Stirling, Dr. J. W. Stirling, Mr. and Mrs. A. W. Strong, Miss Symmers, Sir Melbourne and Lady Tait, Mr. and Mrs. Thos. Tait, Mr. and Mrs. A. D. Taylor, Mr. and Mrs. F. Wolferstan Thomas, Miss Wolferstan Thomas, Mr. and Mrs. John Torrance, Mr. and Mrs. W. F. Torrance, Mr. N. W., Mrs. and Miss Trenholme, Rev. G. O. and Mrs. Troop, Mr. and Mrs. J. W. Tucker, the Misses Urquhart, Sir William and Lady Van Horne, the Misses Van Horne, Mr. and Mrs. H. Vaughen, Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Wainwright, Miss Wainwright, Mr. and Mrs. W. McLea Walbank, Mr. and Mrs. Herbert Wallis, Mr. and Mrs. F. L. Wanklyn, Hon. J. K. Mrs. and Miss Ward, Rev. W. H. and Mrs. Warriner, Mr. ad Mrs. W. W. Watson, Mr. D. A. P. Watt, Miss Watt, Hon. E. W., Mrs. and the Misses Wand, Rev. J. C. and Mrs. Antliff, Rev. W. M. and Mrs. Patton, Mr. and Mrs. Richard White, the Misses White, Dr. George Wilkins, Mrs. and Misses Wilkins, Mrs. and Miss Williams, Rev. Canon Wood, Rev. William and Mrs. Wright, Mr. Justice and Mrs. Wurtele, Miss O'Brien, Dr. H. B. and Mrs. Yates, Mrs. Young, the Misses Young, Mr. and Mrs. Kenneth Young.

MAGOG.

Mr. John Kelly, of Montreal, is at the Fair View.

Mr. C. de W. Reid, of Montreal, is summering here.

Mr. C. F. Files, of Montreal, spent Friday here.

Mr. F. Hickey, of Montreal, is at the Park House.

Mr. N. F. Marcure is a guest at the Central House.

Mr. John Hill, of Boston, is at the Central House.

Mr. John F. Finn, is a guest of Mr. I. A. Brossette.

Mr. W. Wilkinson, of Montreal, arrived here on Tuesday.

Mr. A. Laberge, of Maisonneuve, spent Wednesday here.

Mr. M. House, of Stanstead, was in town on Friday.

Mr. A. H. Grey, of Montreal, arrived here on Monday.

Mr. W. Lefebvre, of Maisonneuve, spent Saturday here.

Mr. J. E. Walker, of Cookshire, is a guest at the Fairview.

Mr. W. H. Meayhaw, of Toronto, is spending his holidays here.

Mr. T. A. Cousins, of St. Johns, spent last Tuesday in Magog.

Mr. A. W. Fairbairn, of Montreal, is passing a week in Magog.

Mr. A. Galley, of Montreal, has been staying with Mr. O. Garceau.

Mr. I. McCullough, of Toronto, has been visiting Mr. Wm. Jamieson.

Messrs. F. O'Brien and J. Rainville are among the summer visitors.

Messrs. F. Belknap and Ed. Coutery are staying at the Park House.

Mr. and Mrs. Jos. Hindle spent a few days this week in Montreal.

Mr. D. Fraser, of Westmount, has been spending his holidays here.

Mr. A. H. Plimsoll, of Montreal, is the latest arrival at the Fair View.

Mr. and Mrs. N. Healy, of Montreal, are passing the summer in Magog.

Mr. E. J. Vernon, of Longueuil, is finishing his vacation in Magog.

Messrs. A. F. Maheux and G. A. Placy spent a few days here last week.

Mr. C. H. Canning, of Montreal, was here on Monday visiting friends.

Messrs. James Brayeeu and L. Laclere are guests at the Central House.

Mr. F. H. Brown, of Montreal, has been a guest at the Park House.

Messrs. W. W. Mack and W. O'Connor have put up at the Central House.

Mr. W. G. Walker, of London, England, is staying at the Fair View.

Mr. W. F. Hunt, of Lennoxville, has been spending a few days in Magog.

Mr. P. A. Bonny, of Montreal, registered at the Central House last Friday.

Mrs. J. O'Connor, of Montreal, is on a visit to her son, Mr. John O'Connor.

Mr. B. Tendel, of Montreal, is passing a few days with Mr. J. A. Bessette.

Messrs. W. Timming and C. H. Gordon are staying with Mr. O. Garceau.

Miss Monroe, of Montreal, is the guest of Rev. R. C. Tambs, at the Parsonage.

Mr. Cornelius Tambs has been on a visit to his brother, Rev. R. C. Tambs.

Mr. C. D. McColl, of Westmount, is enjoying a quiet week's holiday in Magog.

Mr. Wm. Jarvis, of Montreal, has been passing a few days with Rev. Mr. Corrigan.

Dr. Skife and Mr. I. C. A. Heriot, of Montreal, are expected in Georgeville this week.

Mr. Ivan Somerville, of Montreal, is on a visit to Mr. P. A. Somerville, Georgeville.

Messrs. B. A. York and Jos. Dufresne of Montreal, are staying with Mr. J .A Bissette.

Messrs. N. A. Mansfield and G. E. Sanborn have been staying at the Central House.

Messrs. C. Miller and J. T. Lepage, of Sherbrooke, are visiting Mr. J. A. Bessette.

Messrs. H. A. Gaylor and H. B. McQueen, of Newport, Vt., were in town on Tuesday.

Mr. J. C. Colby, accompanied by his sister, Miss Jessie Colby, spent Wednesday here.

Messrs. P. H. Locke and Arthur Brown, of Sherbrooke, have been spending a few days in Magog.

Messrs. E. Lamb and J. A. Dingman spent Wednesday in town. They put up at the Park House.

Messrs. J. C. Canning and J. Alex. McDonald, of Montreal, registered at the Fair View last Friday.

Drs. Chalmers and Bowen were in Montreal this week, attending the Medical Association's meetings.

Mr. L. C. Barr, of Lancashire, Eng., has been in town this week. He was a guest at the Battle's House.

Mr. Alfred L. Wright, of Castlebrooke Farm, visited the Eastern Exhibition at Sherbrooke on Thursday.

Messrs. John Kearnes and M. J. Frauley are among the latest arrivals from Montreal at the Fair View.

Mr. D. H. Dicks, accompanied by his daughter, Miss Dicks, arrived here from Brooklyn, N. Y., last Monday.

Messrs. A. L. Lockerby and H. M. Percy, of Montreal, have ordered rooms at the Lake View Hotel, Georgeville.

On Tuesday evening, Mr. James Hetherington arrived at the Park House, where he intends making a short stay.

Mr. John J. Smith, of Cork, Ireland, registred at the Park House on Wednesday evening. He is in town on business.

Mr. Tom Allan, accompanied by his friend, Mr. C. H. Green, of Montreal, has been passing a few days at the Fair View.

Miss Prudence Grace and Miss Pancy Crockford, of Montreal, who have been on a visit to Mrs. Foucher, returned home last Monday.

Messrs. F. M. Conway, H. J. Sullivan, Alfred Mahaux, and A. W. Cochran, of Point St. Charles, are spending a brief holiday in Magog.

Prof. F. W. Holland, of Montreal, who has been spending a few weeks at Edgewood Farm, Apple Grove, returned home on Tuesday.

Mr. Delmar Jameson, of Westover, Ont., and Mr. John G. Green, of Galt, Ont., have been spending the last few days at the Park House.

Mr. P. A. Bonner, of St. Lambert, arrived in town to-day. He was accompanied by Messrs. W. H. Beullac and E. T. Valiquet, of Montreal.

A party of Montreal pleasure-seekers arrived here on Wednesday. They consisted of Messre. P. Tuyan, C. Dupuis, W. Andrews and D. St. Mars.

Mr. John D. Sampson, the well known Magog instrumentalist spent Saturday and Sunday in Montreal. He was on a visit to friends in St. Dominique street.

Miss Niles, daughter of Bishop Niles, of New Hampshire, together with Mrs. Orrin Rexford, have been on a visit to Miss Tambs, at St. Luke's parsonage.

Messrs. J. H. Cunningham and C. H. Chinay, of Montreal, are spending a short holiday in Magog. They arrived on Wednesday morning, and are staying at the Fair View.

Mr. and Mrs. Geo. W. Kent, Miss Ruth I. Kent, Mr. and Mrs. E. Kent, and Messrs. L. H. and I. Kent, of Providence, R. I., have formed a small party of Americans staying at the Park House during the past week.

Mr. O. Garceau of Rock Island, became the new owner of Fair View House on Wednesday. The new proprietor is a very go ahead man and great improvements are already to be observed in the management of the hotel.

Mr. J. W. Pilcher, of the Canadian General Electric Co., Ltd., of Notre Dame street, Montreal, registered at the Park House on Wednesday. He is in town in connection with the installatino of the electric light in Magog.

Mrs. Wm. Forrest and the Misses Forrest, of Grange-over-Sands, England, left here last Monday for Los Angelos, Cal., where they intend wintering. They will be joined in the course of a few weeks by Mr. Martin Hertz, of Rusholme, Eng., who is at present staying at the Park House.

Miss F. Weston, of Nashua, N. H.; Miss Katie Weston, of Marbleton, and Miss Sadie Waterhouse, of Sanford, Me., together with Mr. H. E. Farwell, of Magog, inspected the alterations and improvements in the fire and police station on Thursday morning.

About four hundred Magogites attended the excursion to Newport, Vt., last Tuesday. They enjoyed glorious weather all the time. Excursions may be said to have ben the order of the week, for besides that to Montreal thtere have been daily "specials" to Sherbrooke to visit the Eastern Exhibition.

For some inexplicable reason, it appears to have become the fashion in Magog to visit a certain rock situated on the Sherbrooke road, and after kissing it, to chip off and carry away a small piece for luck. Nobody seems to know who originated the custom. Can this be a modern Blarney stone?

Among the American visitors this week are the following: Mr. A. J. Maddan, New York; Mr. and Mrs. W. L. Roberts, Manchester, N.H.; Mr. Damenico Tuici, Boston, Mass.; Mr. Edwin Schoolcraft, Manchester, N.H.; Mr. E. W. Ladue, Lawrence, Mass.; Mr. B. W. Lee, Newport, Vt.; Miss Maud W. Downs, Boston, Mass., and Miss Ada Pierce, Chicago, Ill.

Mr. Erasmus D. Smith, the popular Magog postmaster, will spend his next holidays out West, where he hopes to have some good hunting. Mr. Smith was born in Topsham, Vt., but came to Canada at a very early age. He has been living in Magog since 1878, and has tiwce held the office of Mayor. He was chief of the local fire brigade in the years 1893, '94, '95 and '96, and he has been a prominent Freemason for nearly twenty years. By his invariable kindness towards everybody he has won many friends, and he may now undoubtedly be described as the most popular man in the town.

KNOWLTON.

There is good reason to believe that the Brome county exhibition will be largely attended on the 7th and 8th of September.

Mr. Samuel Bowker is now in Montreal taking a course of studies preparatory for the civil service examinations, which will be held in October.

The Knowlton Brass Band went to Sherbrooke on Thursday to furnish the multitudes of people with music, and they spent a very enjoyable day.

The school will open for the coming year on Monday. It is to be hoped that the pupils will take an interest in their work, and keep up the record of the school, which for the last few years has been very good. The school will undoubtedly do well under the able management of Principal Moore, as it always has since he has been here.

ST. LAMBERT.

Mr. Lewis A. Hart is offering his beautiful residence, Villa Rosa, and grounds for sale.

Miss Morris' school and kindergarten for young children opened on Wednesday, 1st instant, with full classes.

The annual exhibition of the St. Lambert Horticultural Society was held on Thursday evening at the Boat Club House.

Mr. Robert Terroux continues to improve slowly, and has been able the past few days to sit up each afternoon for a short while.

The Longueuil Boating Club's yacht race, as well as the open sailing canoe race, postponed from the regatta a fortnight ago, owing to the roughness of the water, takes place this afternoon.

The numerous friends of Mrs. A. C. Heath will regret to learn that she has been confined to her bed for nearly a week through rheumatism.

Mr. Fred. A. Bourne has received a promotion in the G.T.R. service, having on the 1st instant been appointed a paymaster and assigned to the district from Portland to York.

Mr. and Mrs. George Junkin have the sympathy of a large circle of friends in their bereavement by the death of their little boy, which sad event occurred on Monday last.

The Longueuil and Montreal South Protestant School opened on Wednesday with a good attendance. The secretary of the board gives notice that all children in the parish between seven and fourteen years will have to pay the school fees of $4 whether they attend the school or not.

The St. Lambert Model School opened on Wednesday with pretty full classes and under the following teachers :—Mr. C. O. Jackson, principal; Mr. W. Larminie, and the Misses Maud and Isabel Macleod and Miss Tompkins.

On Thursday last a young man about eighteen years of age, named Samuel Duval, had the thumb of his right hand to the first joint cut off in a hay-cutting machine. The wound was dressed by a local doctor.

The attention of the "specials" is drawn to the practice some lads residing on Victoria avenue, opposite Mr. Finch's store, have of tying strings and ropes across the footpath from the trees to the fences, thereby catching people who pass that way in the face. This pernicious practice should be at once put down, as it is a very dangerous one. One lady had her face badly hurt through this work of the lads and in the same part of the avenue mentioned.

A man named Joseph Dudevoix, of the G.T.R. car department, who resides at Montreal South, met with a rather serious accident on Sunday afternoon last. While out trying some new cartridges, one of them exploded ,and the breech of his rifle flying open, the powder entered his right eye, cheek and nose, almost blinding him. He suffered considerable pain all night, and on Monday morning went into the General Hospital, where the grains of powder were extracted from his eye, etc. He is now fast recovering from the effects.

At the Grand Trunk regatta last Saturday the St. Lambert boys took one first and three second prizes. In the canoe, single paddle, one mile, J. Smith was second. In the four-in-a-canoe the St. Lambert men, composed of A. Locke, H. Horsfall, A. Brown and C. Christie, took second. In the tandem canoe, open, H. Locke and J. Smith were second. In the war canoe (15 paddles), open, one mile, the St. Lambert crew took first prize, beating the Grand Trunkers badly. This latter race was closely contested, and on coming in the winners were heartily cheered. The boys are enthusiastic over their treatment, and speak in the highest terms of the officials of the Grand Trunk Boating Club, more especially of the impartial conduct of the starter, Mr. Alex. Turnbull, who is himself a well-known oarsman, and the "right man i nthe righ tplace."

On Tuesday evening, 31st August, a very successful and enjoyable social was given in the lecture hall of the Methodist Church by the Christian Endeavor Society of the various churches to the congregation of the Methodist Church, who responded in large numbers to the invitation, the hall being well filled. Mr. F. Riddington, sr., filled the chair to the satisfaction of all present. A good musical and literary programme had been prepared, and among those taking part were Miss Riddington, who sang with great tact and finish; Mrs. Buchanan, whose song was received with the applause it richly deserved; and Mrs. (Rev.) W. H. Stevens, whose singing, both in a solo and in a duet with the pastor, Rev. W. H. Stevens, left nothing to be desired; while the trio by Messrs. Stevens, DeWolf and Heath created much laughter, and they were forced to respond to an encore. Mrs. W. H. Stevens acted as accompanist with great satisfaction. The readings by Messrs. J. H. Carson and P. Charlton were exceedingly good, and merited the applause which was so heartily accorded these gentlemen. At the conclusion of the entertainment refreshments were served and the company dispersed after singing the National Anthem, well pleased with the evening's proceedings. Too much praise cannot be given the C.E. Society in general and the committee in charge of the entertainment, Misses Riddington and Stevens and Mrs. A. C. Heath, for the admirable manner in which they arranged and carried into effect the whole affair. Much regret was felt at the enforced absence, through severe illness, of Mrs. Heath.

A fashionable wedding took place on Wednesday evening, 1st inst., at St. Barnabas Church (Episcopal), here, the rector, Rev. Mr. Dart, officiating. The contracting parties were two popular young people, Miss Alice Hooper, daughter of Mr. W. H. V. Hooper, of the C.P.R., and Mr. George F. C. Ancrum, of the G.T.R. By the hour fixed for the ceremony, 6.15 o'clock, the church, which was most beautifully decorated, was well filled by the invited guests and the friends of the young couple. The service was a full choral one, the organist, Mr. Fred. Bourne, presiding at the organ in his usual fine style. After the ceremony, the bridal party and guests adjourned to the residence of the bride's parents, on Victoria Avenue, where a most recherche dejeuner was serevd. After the toasting of the bride and groom, dancing was indulged in until 9.45, when the bride and groom departed upon thier honeymoon trip to New York, Boston, and other American cities. The bride, who was most becomingly dressed, wore cream figured poplin, made with brocaded cream satin bolero and epaulettes trimmed with pearl trimming and chiffon, with the orthodox wreath of orange blossoms and veil. The bridesmaids, of whom there were four, were Miss Ethel Hooper and Miss Ancrum, who wore white muslin over blue, and Miss Horsfall and Miss Mary McLeod, who wore white muslin over pink. All four ladies wore large white leghorn hats trimmed with cream tips and forget-me-nots, and carried beautiful bouquets of white and pink asters, the gift of the groom. The groom's gifts to the bridesmaids were opal rings. The bride's going-away dress was of grey, trimmed with shot silk and lace, her hat being trimmed to match—with shot silk and flowers. The groomsmen were Messrs. J. Yates and C. Hooper, brother of the bride. The bridal presents are very numerous and handsome, and go to show the great esteem in which the young lady is held. Among others may be mentioned: A dining-room suite from the bride's parents; a bedroom suite from the parents of the groom; silver teapot (an heirloom) Mrs. Ancrum, (mother of the groom); sofa cushion, Miss Ethel Hooper; dinner and tea set, Mr. C. Hooper; easel, Mr. Bruce Hooper; vase, Miss Mary Hooper; picture, Miss Maude Hooper; chair, Miss Ancrum; berry set. Mr. Charles Ancrum; brass and onyx lamp, Mr. and Mrs. Hugh Henry; set of d'Oyleys, Mr. and Mrs. L. Dugan; lounge, Mr. and Mrs. F. Riley; silver berry spoon, Mr. and Mrs. J. W. S. Dugan; silver five o'clock tea set, Mr. Thomas Riley; complete set of kitchen utensils, Mr. R. Chapple; dozen silver spoons, Miss Horsfall; berry set, the Misses MacLeod; biscuit jar, A. C. Bourne and H. Horsfall; oil painting, Mr. W. Turton; lamp, Dr. Mitchell; check, ——; silver biscuit jar, Mr. James Yates; one dozen knives and forks, Mr. J. Robinson; salt cellars, Miss Riddington; cream jug and sugar basin, Miss Locke; silver five o'clock tea set, Miss Mackay; tea cloth, Miss H. Wright; silver butter dish, Mr. and Mrs. Horsfall; Doulton biscuit jar, Mr. Whimby; Jardiniere, Mr. and Mrs. Goodchild; silver cake knfie, Mr. John Mattinson; silver berry spoon, Mr. and Miss Reid; set of jugs, Mr. and Mrs. Lightbound; tea cosy, Miss Briens; vase, Mr. and Mrs. Percy Webster; berry set, Mr. Finck; salad set, Mr. and Mrs. Urquhart; two fruit glass dishes, Miss Jessie Hutchinson; one dozen silver spoons, Mr. W. Smith; pin cushion, Miss Sudbury; delf and silver biscuit jar, Mr. Dougherty; set of d'Oyleys, Miss W. Christie; set of carvers, Mr. Robinson; pickle jar, Mr. and Mrs. Johnson; banner, Miss Brosseau; picture, Messrs. Reynolds, Irving, Beatty and Fernie; fruit dish, Mr. and Mrs. Riddington; cup and saucer, Mrs. Rose; vases, Mr. and Mrs. Orchard; cheese stand, Miss Finch; box of cigars, Godfrey Bird; two gold pieces, Bank of Toronto staff; marble clock, Major Victor E. Mitchell; vases, Mrs Cornwall; lamp, Mr. E. and Miss Smillie; hairpin box, Mrs. Lindsay; epergne, Miss Bell; jug, Mr. Wadsworth, and one dozen silver spoons, Mr. Hill. The following were the invited guests: Mr. and Mrs. Ancrum, Mr. and Mrs. Dugan, Mr. and Mrs. Henry, Mr. and Mrs. Riley, Mr. and Mrs. Fred. Lambert (England); Mr. and Mrs. Melville (England); Mr. and Mrs. Price, Mr. C. and Miss Ancrum, Mr. James Robinson, Mrs. Rose, Mr. James A. Yates, Mr. E. Smiley, Miss Smiley, Messrs. W. C. Turton, J. Mattinson and W. Reynolds, Mr. K. and Miss Reid, Mr., Mrs. and Miss Riddington, Mr. Robert Dougherty, Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Horsfall, Mr. Mrs. and Miss Hill, Rev. Mr. and Mrs. Dart, Mr. and Mrs. Whimbey, Mr. and Mrs. Lightbound, Mr. and Mrs. Wallace Orchard, Mr. and Mrs. C. W. Johnston, Mr. and Miss Finch, Miss MacNaughton, Mr. J. Beatty, Miss Galbraith, Miss Allison Galbraith, Miss Steel, Miss Foulis, Miss Mary McLeod, Miss Maude McLeod, Mr. and Mrs. W. Hooper (Ticonderoga, N.Y.), Miss Minnie Hooper, Mr. R. J. Chapple, Mr. and Mrs. G. H. Hooper (Grasshill, N.Y.), Mr. and Mrs. O'Connell, and Miss Jennie O'Connell (New York), Mr. W. Smith, Mr. and Mrs. Fred. A. Bonner, Mr. Charles Bourne, Major Victor E. Mitchell, Mr. W. F. Robinson, Mr. S. Fernie, Mr. and Mrs. Webster, Dr. Robert Mitchell, Mr. T. Riley, Miss Kathleen Sidbury, Mr. and Mrs. C. W. Tucker, Mr. and Mrs. W. P. Jenkins, Mr. and Miss A. Hunt (New York), Messrs. Robert and J. Hunt, B. Claire and A. Rushton, Miss Mackay, Mr. Andrew Irving, Mr. and Mrs. A. A. Urquhart, Miss Clara Ditchett (Bangor, Penn.), Miss W. Locke and Miss Minnie Briens. Upon their return home the bridal couple will reside here, their house, not far from the bride's parents', being presently completely furnished from top to bottom and ready for them to go into.

POINTE CLAIRE.

The village is still without a constable.

Mrs. Duchesneau is still confined to the house by nervous prostration caused by fright when burglars entered the house on June 30th.

On Wednesday evening, August 25th, a very pretty wedding was solemnized in the Parish Church, when Miss Evangeline, daughter of Mr. C. Brault, notary, was united to Dr. Lesage, also of this village. The bridesmaid was Miss Irene Duchesneau, and the groomsman Dr. Valois, of Valoisville. There was a large attendance of friends at the church. Breakfast was served at the residence of the bride's father, and afterwards Dr. Lesage and wife left for the Maritime Provinces.

LONGUEUIL,

Miss Sully is visiting at the house of Miss McColl.

Miss Mildred Robertson is the guest of Miss Maud Shaw.

Miss E. M. Patton is visiting her cousin, Mrs. W. A. Thompson, Quinn avenue.

Miss Gladys Gowan, of Quebec, and Miss Fulton, are staying for a time with Mrs. Dun Cameron.

Mr. A. J. Pell ha gone west for a trip.

Mr. W. R. Moffat was in Toronto this week, but has returned.

The semi-annual meeting of the boat club has been called for this day week, Saturday, Sept. 11.

Miss Gladys Cookson has returned from a long visit to her sister, Mrs. Edwin Elliot, of Minneapolis, Minn.

Mr. and Mrs. William Cooper, Mrs. Wm. J. Gear and the Misses Maye and Kathleen Gear have returned from the seaside.

Mrs. David Shaw, of Bord de l'Eau, and Miss Annie Shaw have returned from their visit to Rougemont. Miss Mable Shaw is still away.

The shooting season has again opened, and the local policemen will have to be specially vigilant to prevent firing on the beach within the limits of the town.

The public school, under the direction of the Protestant Board of School Commissioners, opened on Wednesday last. Miss Butler is again in charge with Miss Patterson as the new assistant teacher.

The young ladies of the Hazle Club are assisting the B.C.H. at the boat club bazaar, now in progress. They have sole charge of the candy table, and are likely to do a good business.

Under the auspices of the ladies of the Montreal South Methodist Church, a most enjoyable fruit social was held on Friday evneing, August 27th, in Unity Hall.

The young folks of the town to the number of twenty-five or so had a most enjoyable moonlight drive on Thursday evening last. They had a pleasant windup at the house of Mrs. R. A. Carmichael.

There was a good deal of activity at the clubhouse on Saturday afternoon, August 28th. Many took advantage of the fine day to be out for an airing. The tennis players enjoyed their play immensely, and, between club members, some excellent games were indulged in.

Pursuant of a circular issued by the Canadian Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, and signed by Mr. Charles Alexander, president; and Mr. G. Durnford, secretary, the rector of St. Mark's Church will (D.V.,) preach tomorrow evening on the subject of kindness to dumb creatures.

The Richelieu and Ontario navigation Company's steamer Hosanna, discontinued making an evening trip to Boucherville on August 27th. This action curtails the transportation facilities of the people down the river and makes Longueuilers more than ever satisfied with their own chosen resort.

Miss E. H. McClure will resume her kindergarten class this season, beginning on Sept. 15. It will be remembered that this was a most successful and valuable institution in the community last winter, and mothers and those in charge of little ones wil be glad to know that the work so well begun is to be continued here.

The yacht race, distance 9 miles, to be sailed at Longueuil this afternoon, for the beautiful Richelieu Cup, should be a most interesting event. The officers who will be in charge are Messrs. William Ryan, Charles P. O'Connor and A. J. Pell. The handicaps have been arranged between the yacht owners who are to sail, so that dissatisfaction is not likely to arise.

The ladies of the B.C.H. have for many months past been busily engaged in preparing for a bazaar in aid of the boat-club funds. Last evening the sale was opened in the clubhouse, with great eclat. The attendance was large, and the display of fancy and useful articles and edibles most enticing. The bazaar will be open this afternoon and evening. A dance will wind up the proceedings to-night. Mr. J. Thurston Smith is to preside at the piano.

The corporation of Longueuil is continuing the good work, of year by year, extending and improving the drainage system of the town. This season Labante Avenue and part of Longueil Street are under treatment. The greater portion of the town is now thoroughly drained and an abundant supply of water is constantly provided, so that the houses of Longueuilers can have every convenience enjoyed by city dwellings. In other words people here may revel in the delightful freedom of the country, with all the comforts of the city at their dsposal.

The Longueuil club was not represented at the Grand Trunk Boating Club's regatta on Saturday, August 28th. Until the time of their own regatta the boys undergo considerable restraint and self-denial in order to keep in form for the races, and when once the big local event is over they are glad enough to partake of a well-earned relaxation. The tortuous and peculiar course of the Pointe St. Charles Club is not a very inviting one to those who are unfamiliar with it and it is said that a pilot is almost a necessity to visitors who would navigate above the bridge. Of course such a personage is hardly a convenient adjunct to a racing boat or canoe. Sister clubs must, however, congratulate the Grand Trunk Boating club on the success of its regatta.

Great preparations are being made for the grand evening concert, in aid of the building fund of the Longueuil Boating Club, which is to be held in the club house on Wednesday evening, September 15th. Many well known entertainers will take part as the following list will show: Miss Marie Hollinshead, Mrs. Jean Harvey of St. Johns, N.F.; Mr. J. O. Rouleau, Dr. A. F. Ibbotson,, Mr. James Johnson, Mr. Cathcart Wallace the violinist; Miss Grace Breckan, Mlle. Thivierge, Mr. T. de Grey Stewart, Mr. William Archibald Anderson, Mr. J. Parker, banjoist and Prof. Liebich. There will be a late boat returning to the city after the performance, for the convenience of city visitors. A complimentary bonnet hop, with orchestra will follow the evening's entertainment.

Much successful amateur gardening has been done here this summer, and there is a good deal of keen but friendly competition and healthy rivalry between the gardeners. Messrs. Cooper and Gear have, perhaps, the largest and best garden in this vicinity, and they have been particularly successful with sweet peas and pansies. Apples and plums are a failure here. Mr. John Tooke has had a fine lot of annuals. Mr. C. J. Harrod's garden is a mass of bloom, his petunias, asters and roses being specially worthy of mention. Mr. A. W. H. Jones' garden is remarkable for its tidy appearance, and the systematic arrangements of the flower beds. Mr. W. R. Moffat has had excellent results from his sowing. Amongst others of the English-speaking residents who have made a creditable showing may be mentioned Messrs. W. J. Carmichael, Baylis, R. O. Thicke, Hamilton, McClure, Baker, Hill, King and Wilson. Many French citizens have charming gardens. Plenty of vegetables and small fruits are grown to supply local requirements.

The usual fortnightly hop of the Longueuil Boating club took place on Saturday evening last, and though not so largely attended as usual, was perhaps on that account the more, enjoyable. The president of the club atttended to the reception of members and visitors at the gate and Messrs. Blaikie and McClure had charge of the floor. Among many others present, were: Mr. John Hamilton, the Misses Hamilton, Mr. and Mrs. Thos. Blaikie, Miss Lane, Mr. and Mrs. F. J. McClure Misses Stephen, Misses McClure, Miss Edie Tooke, Miss Mountain, Mr. and Mrs. A. H. Thompson, Mr. and Mrs. A. W.H. Jones, Mrs.W. F. M. Jones, Mrs. and Miss Thornton, Mr. R. M. Rodden, Miss Rodden, Miss Jodoin, Misses Cookson, Mr. A. E. Carmichael, Misses Cookson, Miss Maye Thomson, Miss Maud Logan, Miss Edith Glassford, Miss Ahern, Miss Maud Shaw, Miss Mildred Robertson, Mr. and Mrs. R. A. Elliott, the Misses Murray, Miss Minnie Saunderson, Misses Wurtele, Misses Kendall, Mrs. Lee and Miss Maudie Lee, Miss McColl and Miss Sully, Mr. and Mrs. Dun Cameron, Miss Gladys Gowan and Miss Fulton, Messrs. W. G. Marcou, W. Cameron, Noel Nivin, Arnold Saunderson, Don Russell, Charles Hurtubise, Edwin Hurtubise, Gregory Shaw, M. A. Anderson, Louis Richardson, A. Faureau, H. H. Connor, A. W. Hannigan.

Longueuil did wisely and well in seizing the occasion of the return of Sir Wilfrid Laurier to make a non-partisan display of patriotic enthusiasm. Party lines and party colors were discarded, and Liberals and Conservatives alike united to honor the famous Canadian who has done so much in the Mother Land and foreign parts to bring Canada to the fore. The procession of a dozen or more large steamboats brightly illuminated, gliding slowly up the river, with great bonfires and brilliant pyrotechnic displays on both shores, is a sight not soon to be forgotten by Longueuilers. Even the reception of H.R.R. the Prince of Wales in 1860 did not, from a spectacular point of view, equal Sir Wilfrid's arrival. Owing to a downpour of rain, the Prince arranged not to reach Montreal in the evening, as was interded, but delayed his landing till 9 a.m. on Saturday, August 25th, so that fireworks were out of the question. Dr. Pratt was deputed by the Town Council to manage the discharge of fireworks and colored lights from the end of the Government wharf. A row of large bonfires blazed brilliantly on the beach. Many of the river side residences were illuminated with Chinese lanterns and candle lamps. Among those who made a specialty noteworthy display may be mentioned Messrs. Perrault, Thivierge, Prefontaine, James McClure, Labelle, Masson, Hurtubise, Prendergast, and the Longueuil Boating Club.

The most prominent feature in the town of Longueuil when approached from the river is the magnificent Roman Catholic church, which attracts during the summer season, thousands of visitors. Not always has the place of worship of the humble habitants been so attractive to outsiders. Much interesting history, however, surrounds the growth of the parish, and the erection of the various churches which preceded the present one. In the early days, the old fort or Chateau of the Lemoynes—which was begun about 1685 and finished five years later—contained a fine chapel and this was used by the parishoners for many years. But this chapel proved insufficient to meet the growing requirements of the parish, so on December 8th, 1722, at a public meeting it was resolved to try and build a new church. Consequently on the 9th of June 1724, the then Intendant, Michel Began, issued a judgment compelling the inhabitants of the parish of Saint Antoine de Pate de Longueuil to contribute money and labor in proportion to their means to the erection of the proposed building. The site was fixed by a grant of land from the Baron of Longueuil, namely upon the north west side of St. Charles Street, between the Ruisseau, St. Antoine and the Chambly road. The building was of stone, eighty feet long and forty feet wide and was covered with a shingled roof. The contract for the stone work was accorded to one named Alexandre dit Jourdain and for the roof to Jacques Lefebvre. The contract for the the carpenter work, including the windows was obtained by Nicolas Colet dit Malouin. On August 26th, 1727, the church was so far finished and ready for use that an auction sale of pews, 44 in number, was proceeded with. Bertrand Viau made the first purchase, paying thirty-two livres. The burial ground was in rear of the church and the presbytery on the opposite corner of St. Charles St. The site for the latter was conceded by LeMoyne, by deed dated May 7th, 1736. The resident priest at the date of the building of the first church, (not counting the fort chapel and another small one erected about this period on Hurteau's farm,) was Joseph Isambar. An interesting marble memorial tablet is preserved in the present church in memory of this good old priest and his successor. It bears the following inscription:

Hic Jacent
Riliquiae Duorum
D.D. Joseph Ysambart
Obiit die, 14 Dec., A.D., 1763.
et
D.D. Jos. Steph. Demeuble
Obiit die, 10 Mart., A.D., 1789.
Horum ossa translata fuerunt
E. veteri Ecclesia
Die, 14 Julii, A.D., 1814.
Requiescat in pace.

This church, usually called the first one, continued to be used daily until the growth of the parish necessitated the erection of a larger building, and this event occurred in 1811. The present church was built in 1885.

PAPINEAUVILLE.

Ex-Mayor Theo. Bonhomme moved to his new house on Monday.

The family of Major F. S. Mackay will return to Montreal on Saturday.

Mrs. T. Amesse, of Montreal, arrived last week with her daughters to spend a month at Fortier's Hotel.

MM. H. Bourassa, M.P., and Aug. Mackay, advocate, have removed their offices to the post-office building.

Many of the youngest people of both sexes left on the 1st inst. for their respective convents, colleges and schools.

Miss Hudon and Miss Karie Morin, school teachers, who spent their vacation with their relatives at Trois-Pistoles, Que., returned on Tuesday and opened the village school on Wednesday.

Mr. L. G. Papineau, C.E., arrived here on Tuesday, and returned on Wednesday to Montreal with his family, who had spent last month with his mother-in-law, Mrs. John Mackay.

Mr. H. Bourassa, M.P., returned from the Laurier reception on Tuesday evening. He reports that he never saw such an ovation as that given to the Premier.

Mr. C. B. Major, M.P.P., De Varennes, N.P., and A. G. St. Julien, Esq., went to Ripon and Hartwell on Monday. It is said they enjoyed their trip very much.

Honorable T. B. de la Bruere, Superintendent of Public Instruction, Quebec, was here on Tuesday to hold an investigation into charges of drunkenness while on duty made against Mr. Thibault, school inspector for this county. C. B. Major, M.P., appeared on behalf of the complainants. Amongst the witnesses were Revs. Canon Michel, P.P., of Buckingham, and his vicar, Abbe Routhier, Revs. Lortie, of Notre Dame de la Salette, Guillaume, of Hartwell, and MM. H. Lefebvre, C.E., Jos. Olivier, J. B. St. Pierre, N.P., and others.

VALOIS.

Mr. and Miss Johnson are still located at Miss Joly's in Valois.

Miss M. Fabre, from St. Genevieve, was visiting Valois on Wednesday.

Dr. and Mrs. Lesage, from Pointe Claire, have returned from their wedding trip.

Mr. and Mrs. J. M. Wilson, have left the Mansion, and returned home with their family.

Mr. Arthur Gauthier and family have left the Merry del Val Cottage to return to the city.

Mr. and Mrs. Decary from Cote St. Antoine have been visiting their mother, Mrs. Valois.

Reverend Abbe Cochard, from Malone, has been spending a few days with Dr. Almeida, Valois.

Mr. and Mrs. Prowse are preparing to leave Valois to return to their residence on Mountain Street.

Mrs. Muir, who has passed the last two months at Miss Joly's has gone to Beauharnois to visit her mother, Mrs. Foley.

Mr. Henri Pilette has ben visiting his sister Mrs. Decary at the Mansion. They wil lreturn to Montreal at the beginning of September.

Mrs. Andrew Wilson and Mr. Cole, from Montreal, were visiting Miss Johnston at the Merry del Val cottage, on Wednesday.

SUMMERSTOWN.

For all of the above suitable prizes were given.

Sword dance, (girls).—1st, Miss Georgie McConnell.

Highland Fling, (girls).—1st, Miss Georgie McConnell.

Highland Fling, (men).—1st, McInnes; 2nd, Sutherland; 3rd McKenzie.

Bag-pipe competition.—1st, McKenzie; 2nd, McInnes; 3rd Sutherland.

Tossing the Caber, (Prof.)—1st, A. G. McDonald, 35 feet, 1 in; 2nd, Simon Fraser, 27 ft. 7in.

Throwing hammer (12 lbs.) 1st, A. J. McDonald, 110 feet; 2nd, Simon Fraser, 71 feet.

Tossing Caber (Ama).—1st, Alex McDonald, 32 ft. 7 in; 2nd, Dr. McLennan, 32 ft. 5 in.; 3rd, M. J. McLennan.

Wednesday was a red letter day in the history of the Sons of Scotland Association in the countries of Stormont and Glengarry when Camps Aberdeen, Glengarry and St. Mungo, from Cornwall, Williamstown and Martintown, respectively, held a grand gathering of the clans on Hamilton's Island. The weather was all that could be desired for an outing and about fifteen hundred people assembled to do honor to the sons of Auld Scotia. The steamer Rocket brought the members of Camp Aberdeen and their friends from Cornwall to the Island about 2.30 p.m., where the members of the other camps and a large number of their friends were already assembled. The officers in charge at once proceeded to carry out the programme for the day, while the skirl of the pipes could be heard on everyside. The most exciting event of the day was a tug-of-war for a handsome Scottish standard between teams from the different camps. The main struggle was between the teams from Martintown and Williamstown and after one of the most stubbornly contested pulls ever seen in Glengarry and amidst the widest excitement, the Martintown men succeeded in pullingt heir opponents over the line, thus winning the handsome banner. Another pleasing feature of the day was the presentation of an address in behalf of the three camps to the Grand Secretary of the Order, Mr. D. M. Robertson, of Toronto. Mr. D. Munroe, of Cornwall, acted as chairman and after a few opening remarks called upon Mr. John Connolly to read the address. Mr. Connolly complied, after which Mr. Robertson replied in a very eloquent and pleasing manner. Short and appropriate speeches were also delivered by Messrs. Lieut.-Col. R. R. McLennan, M.P., of Cornwall, and Wm. McPherson, of Williamstown. This brought the day's outing to a close. Fololwing is a list of the other events, with the successful competitors in each:

When a female gymnast leaps blindfold through the air, the women spectators usually think it is a terribly risky thing to do, and wonder how she ever has the hardihood; yet the leap is taken with perfect confidence because she knows that strong and dextrous hands are ready to receive her. She would never take such chances at the hands of any but a trained and skillful athlete. That is where she is really more prudent than many of her sex.

Women who would shudder at the risks of a gymnastic performance take vastly more dangerous chances by trusting their life and health to the advice of some incompetent, uneducated person, when they are suffering from weakness or disease.

Only a skilled, experienced physician is competent to prescribe remedies for the complicated ailments of the feminine organism. No mere nurse is fitted to deal with diseases which demand the utmost resources of medical science.

For nearly 30 years Dr. R. V. Pierce, chief consulting physician of the Invalids' Hotel and Surgical Institute, of Buffalo, N. Y. has given special, expert attention and study to the treatment of women's diseases. No physician in the United States has had more remarkable success in this particular field of practice.

His "Favorite Prescription" has cured more cases of obstinate female diseases than any other known remedy. No other medicine in the world so completely restores organic health and strength to suffering women.

Mrs. Jacob Schaffner, of Freemansburg, Northampton Co., Pa., writes: "It is with pleasure that I write to let you know the great good I have received from your medicines and the self-treatment at home. I was troubled with female weakness; had pains in my back all the time, sometimes so severe that I could not lie still in bed at night. I tried different doctors but they could not help me. Then my husband induced me to try Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription. After taking six bottles I feel like a new woman. Thanks for your advice."

CALEDONIA SPRINGS.

Following are the arrivals at the Grand Hotel for the week ending September 1st:—J. W. Sterling, J. C. Wilson, Miss Wilson, Miss Mabel Peters, A. T. Mongenais, S. Bourgeois, Fred Stroud, D. C. Dewar, Robert F. Jones, S. O. Shorey, Mrs. C. L. Shorey, Mr. and Mrs. C. H. Dobbin, J. W. Allan, R. M. Smith, Mr. and Mrs. E. W. Sweeney, M. E. Davis, Miss Marjorie Shorey, A. Paterson, Miss E. Paterson, Master Guy Dobbin, Miss Flora Miller, M. S. Lonergan, Montreal; Mrs. C. S. Mitchell, Mrs. Peter Smith, St. Armand, Que.; Mr. and Mrs. Geo. Furniss, Guy E. Robinson, New York city; Miss Laura Litle, L'Orignal; Mrs. W. J. Wright, Watrousville, Mich.; N. H. Fair, Geo. H. Babbitt, Bellowes Falls, Vt.; Geo. W. Northwood, Ottawa; D. Chisholm, Niagara Falls, N.Y.; Jno. Sherman, Miss R. Pattee, Miss Laura Beckham, Miss Dora Johnstone, Miss Edith Short, Hawkesbury, Ont.; Rev. D. C. Pattee, Schuyler, Nebraska; Dr. Wm. McDermid, Wm. McLeod, Vankleek Hill, Ont.; McNeil, Manson, Mansonville, Que.; J. M. Strange, Kingston, Ont.; Mrs. T. M. Deal, Mrs. J. W. Jenns, St. Albans, Vt.; Thos. Jordan, John Palmer, Montreal; Miss C. G. Wolcott, Longmeadow, Mass.; Mrs. J. M. Foss, Mrs. J. B. Fletcher, St. Albans, Vt.

See Also Page 3.

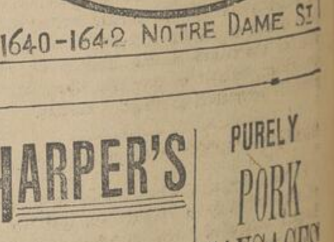
HUMPHREYS'

CURES

No. 1 Fever, Congestion.
No. 2 Worms.
No. 3 Infants' Diseases.
No. 4 Diarrhea.
No. 7 Coughs & Colds.
No. 9 Headache.
No. 10 Dyspepsia, Indigestion.
No. 11 Delayed Periods.
No. 12 Leuchorrea.
No. 13 Croup.
No. 14 Skin Diseases.
No. 15 Rheumatism.
No. 19 Catarrh.
No. 27 Kidney Diseases.
No. 34 Sore Throat.
No. 77 Grip & Hay Fever.

Dr. Humphreys' Homeopathic Manual of Diseases at your Druggists or Mailed Free. Sold by druggists, or sent on receipt of 25cts, 50cts or $1. Humphreys' Med. Co., Cor. William and John Sts., New York.

Gold, Silver and Steel Eye-glasses And Spectacles.



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HARPER'S

RETAIL:

Stalls 24 & 25, St. Lawrence Market.

WHOLESALE:

18 St. Phillip Street.

PURELY PORK SAUSAGES and Thistle Brand HAMS and BACONS

Are Standard of Excellence

GOLDEN GRAIN GATHERED IN,

Harvest Operations About Over in Manitoba.

SAMPLE CROP REPORTS.

Except in the North 95 Per Cent. of Wheat Cut.

The Yield in Many Districts Will Be Larger Than Was Expected.

Winnipeg, Sept. 4.—The railway companies crop reports issued to-day are possibly the most important of the year. They agree in stating that the wheat crop of Manitoba is now safely garnered, with no damage by frost, while the estimates of yield are higher than was expected in some districts.

Below are given a few sample crop bulletins, which cover every grain-growing district in the Province.

Mignedosa—(North-western District)—About three-quarters of the wheat is cut and half the oats. The weather has been perfect for harvesting, and as a consequence the grain is all in good condition. No damage has been done by frost. The yield will probably be, wheat 15 bushels, oats and barley 30, which is about 15 per cent. lower than last year in wheat, and 30 per cent. lower in oats.

Brandon—(Central District)—The wheat is all cut in this neighborhood without the slightest damage by frost. The bulk of the oat crop to cut yet. The weather is fine.

Rounthwaite—Wheat cutting is nearly finished, and about one-half of the stacking is done. Most of the oats cut, and all the barley. No damage is yet reported, although there was a slight frost on Sunday night. Threshing starts to-day, so nothing can be said as to yield as yet.

Morris—(Eastern District)—Wheat is practically all cut. What little is standing will be down by Saturday night. I have not heard of any reports regarding frost in the locality. Stacking is well under way, in fact they are near through in the Silver Plains district. The sample is a good one, and wheat is going to be rushed in. Very few will hold any over and above what they require for seed, etc., providing prices keep good.

Portage La Prairie—Generally speaking the weather has been good for harvesting since last report. Grain cutting is done, and some stacking is being done now. A few farmers have commenced threshing, and more machines are starting every day. The sample of grain threshed is very good, and the yield from seventeen bushels upward per acre.

Roland—(South-western District)—The weather continues favorable for harvesting. Cutting is practically completed in the locality, and stacking well advanced. Five or six threshing outfits are at work, and four more are expected to commence in a few days. Reports vary greatly as to the average yield of wheat, but reliable authorities figure it at 18 bushels per acre.

AN EX-M.P. DEAD.

I. E. Bowman of Waterloo, Ont., Passes Away After a Brief Illness.

Waterloo, Ont., September 4.—I. E. Bowman, ex-M.P., and president of the Ontario Mutual Life Assurance Company, passed away, after a brief illness of ten days, at 4 o'clock this morning, at the age of 65 years. Deceased was born in the township of Woolwick in 1832. At the age of twenty he commenced life as a public school teacher. In 1864, he was nominated and elected by the Reform party to represent North Waterloo in the Legislative Assembly of Canada, defeating the Hon. M. H. Foley. In 1867 he was re-elected by acclamation. He represented North Waterloo continuously in the House of Commons until 1873, when he was defeated by Mr. Hugo Kranz, of Berlin. In 1887 he was again elected and continued a member until 1896, when he declined to be nominated. He was a director of the Waterloo Mutual Fire Insurance Company from its establishment in 1863 up to the time of his death. He was president of the Mercantile Fire Insurance Company, established in 1875, until 1896, when that company was amalgamated with the London and Lancashire. He took a leadign part in the organization of the Ontario Mutual Life Assurance Company, being one of the provisional directors at the inception of the company, and holding the position of president continuously from its organization in 1869 until his death. A widow and two sons survive him.

BRAVE CAPTAIN CAESAR.

Ottawa, September 4.—On the 4th July last Captain Thomas Caesar rescued a child from drowning at Fenelon Falls, Ont., under circumstances of signal heroism. The matter was accordingly reported to the Department of Marine, by which it was brought in turn to the attention of the Royal Canadian Humane Association, whose headquarters are at Hamilton. Yesterday the department received a letter from President Adam Brown, stating that the investigating governors of the association had awarded the society's medal to Capt. Caesar for the conspicuous courage which he displayed in effecting the rescue of the child and also for other cases of life-saving brought to their attention in his behalf. The medal will be forwarded to the Mayor of Fenlon Falls with the request that it be publicly presented to Capt. Caesar.

BONDING PRIVILEGE UNTOUCHED.

Lewiston, Me., Sept. 4.—The originators of section 22 of the tariff law did not intend it to effect the bonding privileges under which foreign merchandise can be shipped and forwarded through Canada, according to the Lewiston Evening Journal, Nelson Dingley's paper. The Journal editorially says of the section: "The controversy which has arisen over section 22 has come entirely over two amendments, one having been made in the Senate and the other by the conference. The section, as framed by the Ways and Means Committee, and passed by the House, was the same as in all previous tariffs, and if it had not been amended after it left the House, no question could have arisen respecting it.

"The Senate amendment to section 22 amended the House section by striking out the words 'or any act of Congress' in the conditional clause, which is the modification of importance that is causing the most controversy.

"Many papers in commenting on the section assume that the conferees inserted this amendment and proceed to comment on what they call a 'trick in the dark', etc. The fact is, however, that this amendment was adopted in open Senate. The other amendment, it now seems, was adopted by the conferees simply to prevent an evasion of the section by the landing of foreign merchandise in Canada by vessels not entitled to equal privileges in our ports, then shipping it to the United States, and was not intended or understood to affect the bonding privilege under which foreign merchandise can be continuously shipped and forwarded through Canada. Undoubtedly, when finally settled, this amendment will be construed as the conferees intended, and therefore all the contention over it falls to the ground.

A PRIEST WILL FORSAKE HIS VOWS.

Cupid Proves Too Strong for Rev Mr. Richer.

He Will Leave the Church and Take Unto Himself a Charming Wife.

Ottawa, Sept. 4.—A great sensation has been caused in the County of Labelle by the retirement of Rev. Mr. Richer from his parish in the Township of Masson.

Rev. Mr. Richer owns considerable property at Notre Dame de la Salle, and has decided to give up the priesthood and settle on his estate there.

Such a step is not very uncommon, but what is uncommon is the cause of the priest's retirement.

A young girl named Cote was left an orphan at a tender age, and was brought up and educated by the young priest. The child as the years rolled on blossomed into a charming maiden. The priest and his ward became very attached to each other, in fact an ardent love sprung up in the hearts of both.

At the beginning of the summer Rev. Mr. Richer asked for a leave of absence, under the pretext of ill-health, and it was immediately granted. He then retired to his estate, and has just announced his firm intention to forsake his vows and to marry Miss Cote. There is now tremendous excitement in the County of Labelle, and everybody is talking of the Richer affair. It is stated on good authority that the couple were married recently by a Presbyterian minister in Montreal.

DAYS OF '49 RECALLED.

Vigilance Committee Organized by Miners at Skagway.

A Man Caught Perpetrating a Petty Theft and Shot in His Tracks.

(Special to The Herald.)

Victoria, Sept. 4.—The steamer Danube returned from Dyea yesterday and brought word of the wretched plight of the unfortunates at Skagway, and on the trail over the pass. Miners and Skagwayites have organized a vigilance committee on the lines of the Californians of '49. Already two cases have come before them—one, a robbery of $14,000 in gold from a miner, and if the thief is caught he will be strung up to the nearest tree. A man named Johnson was fined $150 by the committee for an attempt to draw a gun on another man in a dispute over a lumber purchase.

Previous to the organization of the committee, a hanger-on was detected in the act of committing a theft, and was instantly shot. T. R. T. McInnes, son of Senator McInnes, returned yesterday, having left the customs office in working order.

NEWS NOTES.

A warm discussion arose yesterday in the National Farmers' Congress, at St. Paul, Minn., over the silver question. A resolution favoring unlimited silver coinage was rejected.

Dr. Hamilton, the lord bishop of Ottawa, will arrive here in Quebec to-day and will preach the sermon at the ordination service in the Anglican Cathedral on Sunday morning.

Russell D. Ward, who created a sensation in Chicago a short time ago by eloping with the wife of Millionaire John Bradbury, of Los Angeles, California, committed suicide some time yesterday morning by throwing himself from a Chicago & Northwestern Railway train.

A special from Paris, says that the body of a woman, naked and frightfully mutilated, the nose and ears being missing and the skull smashed in, has been found in the River Seine. On the middle of deceased's back was tattooed the words: "Long Live Poland" and "Death to Traitors." The remains are supposed to be those of a Nihilist, who had incurred the suspicion of her fellow-Nihilists.

HUBBELL'S SINS.

They Are Visited Upon His Partner, Who Has Been Forced to Assign.

Ottawa, September 4.—On Thursday, Ald. S. Maynard Rogers assigned to the Ottawa Trust Co., for himself for the undertaking firm of Rogers and Son and for the firm of Rogers and Hubbell. The assignments are an outcome of Mr. Rogers' difficulties in connection with the latter firm. A meeting of creditors will shortly be held.

The news of Mr. S. Maynard Rogers' Assignment was learned with regret by all classes of citiezns, and mucy sympathy is expressed. Mr. Rogers stated that roughly speaking, his liabilities in connection with the Rogers & Hubbell firm would amount to $40,000, and assets, $5,000. He has turned over all the assets to the assignee and is not retaining any amount. In his undertaking business on Nicholas Street, the liabilities are placed at $35,000 and assets about $7,000.

THE GOOD SHIP DIANA AND HER PARTY.

Continued from Page 1.

all the way up the Labrador. We entered Hudson Bay on the 12th of July. We put about and reached the Atlantic again on the 21st of July, having landed the the two parties from the geological survey, one on the north side and the other on the south side of the Straits. On our way out we put about on the same day and returned direct to the Bay reaching it on the night of the 23rd of July, stayed there till the 25th when we returned east crossing the Straits several times, and got well out into the Atlantic. On the 28th of July, we ran into Cap Chudleigh, and anchored for a day, then came on here for the 1st of August.

THE DIANA A GOOD BOAT.

The Diana has been all that was expected. She can steam nine knots an hour and is remarkably handy at threading her way through the ice. We have, of course, not all the luxuries of a yacht, but on the whole are fairly comfortable. From here I shall go north to Cumberland Sound and Frobisher Bay, then back through the Straits and over to Churchill. I propose to spend some time trying for fish either on my way to Churchill or on my way back just as the weather suits. So far cod has not struck on this coast nor have I heard of any salmon. We are catching trout, but these fish only come out of the rivers in June and are now on their way back up the streams. Herring are not known here. On my way back from Churchill I propose to pick up Dr. Bell, and his party on the north side of the Straits and on the 16th of September, to pick up Mr. Lowe, and his men at the mouth of the Ungava River. This done, I wil return direct to St. John's Nfld., to land them and re-coal, returning to the western end of the Straits, during the 1st week of October. How long we shall remain there, I, of course, cannot say. We won't winter here if we can help it. We ought to be back in Halifax by the 1st of November—all has gone well with us.

THE PARTY ALL WELL.

We have had no sickness or accident, and there has been no delay save that naturally caused by the ice. We have had remarkably fine weather up to the present.

DID VON HAHNKE HIT THE KAISER?

Another Story About the Emperor William's Black Eye.

After Resenting an Insult, the Young Officer, to be Conventional, Committed Suicide.

London, Sept. 4.—According to private advices, received here, most persistent stories, already hinted at in a very guarded fashion in Mr. Labouchere's Truth, are now current in the court circles of Berlin, Vienna and likewise in London, to the effect that the black eye which the Kaiser received during his yachting trip along the coast of Norway was not due, as alleged, to the fall of a rope, but to a blow delivered in anger and passion by young Lieutenant von Hahnke, and that the latter's mysterious death twenty-four hours later was attributable not, as asserted, to a bicycle accident, but to suicide. If the Lieutenant, who was a most promising officer, really took his life, he merely acted in accordance with time-honored custom, this being the only course for an officer to adopt who has been unfortunate enough to become involved in any serious dispute with a member of the reigning family of his country. Emperor William had already to his credit at the time of his accession to the throne the death of a young officer whom he had insulted, and who, after responding with a blow to the indignity to which he had been subjected, blew out his brains.

ing on for the past two days, but what new facts have come to light, are not favorable to Allison, and tend to show that he must have been on the Orr farm at the time the murder was committed.

Certainly the Crown has made out a strong case for a committal, but it is very doubtful if it is strong enough to secure a conviction before a petty jury. As the case stands now the Crown has shown that Allison cannot have left the Orr farm till nearly 8.30 o'clock on the morning of the murder; that he was practically alone there with Mrs. Orr, the little girl Maggie being asleep in a bedroom upstairs, and that the shot was fired around eight o'clock in the morning. Then additional evidence against Allison is that the crime must have been committed by someone well acquainted with the farm buildings and surroundings, and someone also, who knew the out-of-the-way corner where the guns were kept.

Allison's contrary stories regarding showing the gun to Mrs. Orr, his statements that when he returned from George Barry's with the cows, the gun was leaning up against the wood pile, his story about finding the chips in the yard disturbed and discovering a club wet at one end, and his attempts to bring the man Stalker in the case by saying he met Stalker in the lane the day of the murder—all these are circumstances against him. When the case comes up for trial the defence will make the big fight around the point of the time the boy left the farm, and will try to prove an alibi. Failing this, it would not be surprising if the insanity plea was offered, as it is known there is epilepsy in the family. The Crown will be able to disprove any theory that the boy would be physically unable to commit such a crime. The case will be concluded early this afternoon.

THE MINERS' STRIKE.

Columbus, Ohio, September 4.—The miners and operators have agreed to submit to a miners' convention, early next week, two propositions; first, Pittsburg to pay 64 cents, pending arbitration, the result of which shall not exceed 69 cents, or be lower than 60 cents; second, to call the strike off and accept 65 cents. A delegate convention of all miners who have suspended work has been called to meet in Columbus, September 8, at 10 a. m., to act upon recommendations of President Ratchford, and the other members of the board say there is not the slightest doubt but that the miners will approve the recommendation. The proposition does not involve arbitration, and in effect provides for an immediate settlement of the strike.

THE MARINER'S CONCERT.

The sailors' concert last evening was, as usual, an enjoyable affair. The songs and quaint sayings of the sailors were highly amusing. An excellent programme was rendered by the following: Messrs. Ed. Logan, steamship Hazlemoor; Richard Hasley and Richard Gunderson, steamship Queensmore; Wm. Wallace, steamship Fremona; Bertram Gerard and Thos. Honeymon, steamship Carthaginian; George Price and George Allan, R.M.S. Labrador. Miss Langstaff sang splendidly, and was encored. Miss Lindsay sang and recited most pleasingly. Songs were also sung by Mr. William Grant and J. R. Bell. Among the large numbers from the ships were noticed Captain France, Captain Fraser and Captain Hislop.

Mr. David Powell, ex-governor in the Bank of England, is dead. He was born in 1840.

THE HABITANT'S JUBILEE ODE.

[So many requests have been received for copies of The Herald containing Dr. Drummond's "Habitants' Jubilee Ode," that we reproduce the poem.—Ed.]

I read on de paper mos' ev'ry day all about Jubilee
An' grande procession movin' along, an' passin' across de sea,
Dat's chil'ren of Queen Victoriaw com'in' from far away
For tole Maname w'at dey tink of her, an' wishin' her bonne sante.

An' if anywan want to know pourquoi les Canayens should be dere
Wit' res' of de worl' for shout "Hooraw" an' t'row hees cap on de air,
Purty quick I will tole heem de reason w'y we feel lak' de oder do,
For if I'm only poor habitant I'm not on de sapre fou.

Of course w'en we tink it de firse go off, I know very strange it seem
For tader of us dey was offen die for flag of L'Ancien Regime,
From day w'en de voyageurs come out all de way from ole St. Malo,
Flyin' dat flag from de mas' above, an' long after dat also.

De English fight wit' de Frenchman den over de whole contree,
Down by de reever, off on de wood, an' out on de beeg, beeg sea,
Killin', an' shootin', an' raisin' row, half tam' dey don't know w'at for,
W'en it's jus' as easy get settle down, not makin' de crazy war.

Sometam' dey be quiet for leetle w'ile, you t'ink dey don't fight no more,
An' den w'en dey're feelin' all right agen, Bang! jus' lak' she was before.
Very offen w'ere beatin' dem on de right, sometam' dey can beat us, too,
But no feller's scare on de 'noder man, an' bote got enough to do.

An' all de long year she be go lak' dat, we never was know de peace,
Not'ing out war from de wes contree down to de St. Maurice;
Till de las' fight's comin' on Canadaw, an' brave General Montcalm
Die lak' a sojer of France is die, on Battle of Abraham.

Dat's finish it all, an' de English King 's axin' us stayin' dere
W'ere we have sam' right as de noder peep comin' from Angleterre,
Long tam' for our moder so far away de poor Canayens is cry,
But de new step-moder she's good an' kin', an' it's all right by an' bye.

If de moder come dead w'en you're small garcon, leavin' you dere alone,
Wit' nobody watchin' for fear you fall, an' hurt youself on de stone,
An' noder good woman she's tak' your han' de sam' your own moder do,
Is it right you don't call her moder, is it right you don't love her too?

Ba non, an' dat was de way we feel, w'en de ole Regime's no more,
An' de new wan come, but don't change moche, w'y, it's jus' lak' it be before,
Spikin' Francais lak' we alway do, an' de English dey mak' no fuss,
An' our law de sam', wall, I don't know me, 'twas better mebbe for us.

So de sam' as two broder we settle down, leevin' dere han' in han',
Knowin' each oder, we lak' each oder, de French an' de Englishman,
For it's curi's t'ing on dis worl', I'm sure you see it agen an' agen,
Dat offen de mos' worse ennemi, he's comin' de bes', bes' frien'.

So w'e're kipin' so quiet long affer dat, w'en las' of de fightin's done,
Dat plaintee is say, de new Canayens forget how to shoot de gun;
But Yankee man's smart, all de worl' know dat, so he's firse fin' mistak' wan day
W'en he's try cross de line, fusil on hees han', near place dey call Chateaugay.

Of course it's bad t'ing for poor Yankee man, De Salaberry he dere
Wit' habitant farmer from down below, an' two honder Voltigeurs,
Dem feller come off de State, I s'pose, was fightin' so hard dey can,
But de blue coat sojer he don't get kill, is de locky Yankee man!

Since den w'en dey're comin' on Canadaw, we always be treat dem well,
For dey're spennin' de monee lak' gentilhommes, an' stay on de bes' hotel,
Den "Bienvenu" we will spik dem, an' "Come back again nex' week,"
So long you was kip on de quiet, an' don't talk de politique!"

Yass, dat is de way Victoriaw fin' us dis Jubilee,
Sometam' we mak' fuss about not'ing, but it's all on de familee,
An' w'enever dere's danger roun' her, no matter on sea or lan',
She'll find dat les Canayens can fight de sam' as bes' Englishman.

An' onder de flag of Angleterre, so long as dat flag was fly—
Wit' deir English broder, les Canayens is satisfy leev' an' die.
Dat's de message our fader geev' us w'en dey're fallin' on Chateaugay,
An' de flag was kipin' dem safe den, dat's de wan we will kip alway!

It has been blowing hard from the eastward for the last few days with fog and rain and a decided shortening of the days is appreciable—a month ago we never had to light a lamp, and could read on deck at midnight, as well as at mid-day—we have not seen many Esquimaux as we have not been harbored much. The Hudson Bay Company's steamer Ginx, called here for Churchill on the 24th July. She should have no difficulty in passing through the Straits."

(Signed), W. WAKEHAM.

APPOINTMENTS GAZETTED.

The following appointments are gazetted: Frederick C. Wade, Winnipeg, barrister at law; to be clerk of the Supreme Court of the Northwest Territories for Yukon judicial district in room and stead of Henry Aylmer, resigned.

Charles Constantine, inspector Northwest Mounted Police, to be sheriff of Yukon district in Northwest Territories.

Bernard Louis Doyle, junior Judge of the county court of Huron, Ontario; to be Surrogate Judge in Admiralty of Exchequer Court for Huron and Bruce.

James Morrow Walsh, commissioner of Yukon district in Northwest Territories; to be Superintendent of Northwest police.

DAMAGING EVIDENCE AGAINST ALLISON.

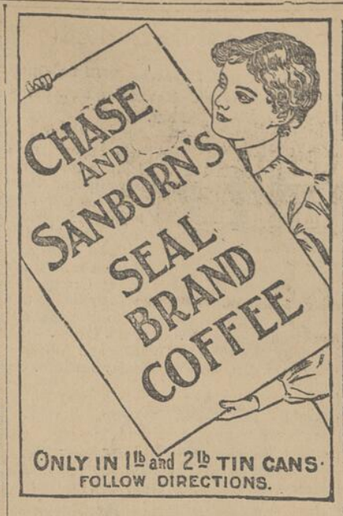
The Galt Murder Preliminary Inquiry Under Way.

The Young Man Suspected Is Almost Certain to Be Committed For Trial.

(Special to The Herald.)

Galt, Ont., Sept. 4.—The second stage in the Orr murder mystery will be concluded this afternoon, and James Allison, the farm hand, will undoubtedly be committed to stand his trial on the charge of having, on the morning of August 4, murdered Mrs. Emma Orr, wife of Anthony Orr.

The November sessions will open at Berlin, on November 22, before Chief Justice Meredith, and it is thought that Allison will have to fight for his life. So far the lawyers for the defence have not put in any evidence or attempted to prove any alibi, and they say that they are reserving their strength for the trial, which they consider inevitable. There was not a great deal of new evidence put forward at the preliminary investigation, which has been go-



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Breakfast and Supper a la Carte.
Open from 7 a.m. until 8 p.m.

PROVINCE OF QUEBEC, District of Montreal.
Circuit Court of the District of Montreal —No 10515.

Damase Cloutier, Merchant, of Ste. Therese de Blainville, District of Terrebonne, Plaintiff, versus Francois Xavier Trudel, of the City and District of Montreal, Defendant.

The Defendant is ordered to appear within one month.

P. A. ARCHAMBAULT,
Dep. C.C.C.
Montreal, September 3rd, 1897.

NOTICE.

The Eastern W.C.T.U. will meet Tuesday, at 3.30 o'clock, at the Lansdowne School. A full attendance is required.

Montreal's Silk Store.

On Monday next we will inaugurate a sale of high grade French Silks, purchased by our Paris agent. They consist of short ends from the famous makers, Bennet and Ponson, known as the foremost producers of highest class Silks.

AMONGST THEM ARE.

Black Satin Duchesse, Black Satin Marveilleux, Black Peau de Soie, Black Silk Bengalines, rich and beautiful Black Broches, etc., etc.

Securing these Silks at very much less than their regular value, we will offer them at from one-third to one-half their regular prices.

They are worth coming miles to see.

See our great window display.

Our New Fall Dress Goods

are here and, to our mind, are the choicest and handsomest assortment we have yet shown.

Handsome Brodhe Dress Goods that other stores are asking 75c for, here 50c per yard.

Beautiful New Cure Cloths in all the new fall colorings. You'll see them elsewhere marked 85c. On our counters at 60c yard.

Rich Silk and Wool French Mixtures, heavy fall weights, in all the new shades and weaves. Imported to sell at $1.00. Your choice of them next week at 79c yard.

New Fall Mantles

Purchased direct from the best Paris, London, and Berlin makers. Even if you are not ready to purchase now, come in and see our new styles. The low prices will surprise you.

Ladies' New Fall Jackets in black cfr viot, well tailored, regular $5.50 value, next week, $3.95.

Beautiful New Fall Jackets, in black and colored materials, a regular $10.00 garment for $7.50.

SPECIAL.

Ladies' Fawn Beaver Jackets, lined in silk, made with new collar, new sleeves and correct length, regular $12.50, for $8.75.

HAMILTON'S,

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MILLINERY OPENING

Tuesday, Wednesday and Thursday. Sept. 7th, 8th and 9th.

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THE TRADE ONLY.

CLIMBED MT. ST. ELIAS.

Prince Luigi the First Man to Set Foot on the Peak of the Mountain.

New York, Sept. 3.—When Prince Luigi of Savoy, who is Duke of Abruzzi and nephew of the King of Italy, arrived in this country on May 29 last and said he was bound to Alaska to try and climb to the peak of Mount St. Elias, a feat which such expert mountain climbers as Schwatka, Topman and Prof. Russell had strived in vain to accomplish, his friends winked knowingly at each other and remarked that when the venturesome young nobleman grew older he would know better. Some even tried to dissuade him from attempting the perilous feat by explaining the many dangers which he would be forced to encounter, but the plucky lad heeded none. He arrived here yesterday, having successfully accomplished the feat.

The young nobleman is very much tanned from his constant exposure in all sorts of weather.

"We owe our success principally," said he, "to our good fortune in having had favorable weather. We arrived at Yakitat on June 21, having taken the steamer City of Topeka to Sitka, where a steam launch was in waiting to take us up the coast. After cruising along the coast for several days we finally succeeded in making a landing at Point Manby on June 23. At Seattle we had hired eleven Americans to accompany us on the trip and lend assistance in carrying our provisions.

"We remained at Point Manby one day, which time was occupied in loading our four sleds with provisions preparatory to going inland. After landing at Point Manby our real hardship began. For fifty days we slept in the snow in sacks, and several times we were threatened with water famine, owing to the extreme cold.

"Ordinarily we would melt snow to get water, but at times the cold was so intense that as fast as we melted the snow it became solid ice.

"We established a chain of camps from Hitchcock Mountains to Russell Camp, and were thus enabled to receive mails from Seattle. The only mishap which occurred during our journey was when one of our guides cut his hand on a tin meat can, and on that account we named the place where the mishap occurred 'The Camp of Blood.'

"Altogether, we carried about 6,000 pounds of baggage, which was loaded on sleds. Owing to the softness of the snow in some places we experienced great difficulty in dragging them after us, four men being required to pull each sled, with one in the rear to push. On June 29th, after encountering all sorts of hardships, at times being almost up to our shoulders in the snow and having to cut steps into steep snow slopes, which made our progress slow and tiresome, we finished our march up the Agassiz Glacier and arrived at the divide between Mounts Newbon and St. Elias.

"We had previously abandoned most of our provisions, and at the time of our arrival at Agassiz Glacier had only two sleds with us. These we found impossible to take any further, and were compelled to leave them behind, each of us shouldering about fifty pounds of provisions. After undergoing thirty-eight days of hardships such as I never want to experience again we arrived at the base of St. Elias, and even then our task had really only begun.

"It took us about seven hours to climb up the ice cliff leading to the divide, and then the real ascent began. We rested at the divide all that day and suffered terribly from the cold. It was then too that we suffered from thirst.

"On one o'clock on the morning of June 30th we started on our ascent to the summit, and after eleven hours of slow progress, in which we were at times forced to stand on each other's shoulders and lift one another over the most dangerous and slippery localities, we at last finished the journey over the ice-plated slope of more than two miles of nearly vertical height and reached the peak.

"It is needless to say that I was extremely happy. Mine was the first human foot that had ever trod that peak, and in honor of that event I unfurled the Italian flag and said Italy had been the first country to show the way to St. Elias Peak.

"During our journey Lieut. Cagni took barometrical and thermometrical observations. He found the temperature of St. Elias to be 10 degrees Fahrenheit with the thermometer turned to the sun. The altitude was reckoned by Lieut. Cagni to be 18,100 feet."

The party remained one hour and a half on the peak. The descent occupied about six hours, and was made without mishap. The Prince's hands, as well as those of Lieut. Cagni, are still blistered and scarred from wounds received from contact with sharp ice.

117 BAPTIZED IN 15 MINUTES.

Cartersville, Ga., Sept. 4.—Rev. John F. Bright, the pastor of the Mount Zion Baptist Church, wears the belt as the champion baptizer, from the rapidity with which he immerses candidates for admission into his church.

Both banks of Pettis Creek, in the suburbs of the town, just below the Western & Atlantic depot, were lined, a dozen or so deep, with citizens of all shades of color, to witness the baptizing of Brother Bright's converts. The baptizing itself proved to be a record breaker. In fifteen minutes after the long procession of candidates, two abreast, filed into the stream, the rite had been administered to 117 souls The converts were the result of a protracted meeting, and the ceremony was preceded by a doctrinal sermon from Brother Bright, in which baptism by immersion was pointed out as the only way to salvation. The preacher's arm was considerably swollen from his exertion in dipping so many under the water.

PULLMAN'S SMALL ASSESSMENT

Chicago, Ill., Sept. 4.—President Z. S. Holbrook, of the Taxpayers' Defence Association, addressed an open letter tonight to Mr. George M. Pullman, vigorously attacking the Pullman Car Company's assessments. Mr. Holbrook pointed out that the assets of the company on July 1st, 1896, were $62,919.838, the profits $4,527,408, and the dividends paid $2,880,000, while the State Auditor reported the total amount assessed at $1,561,955 for 1896. Mr. Holbrook says:—

"Your assets of $63,000,000, then, are valued in this State for purposes of taxation at about 2½ per cent. of their real value, or about 4.3 per cent. of your capital stock. This is less than one-half of the percentage that other property is taxed on."

Mr. Holbrook says the method of assessing the Pullman Company's property will bear investigation, and asserts that the company paid in taxes last year $200,000 less than it should.

A NEW APPOINTMENT.

Rev. Dyson Hague, son of Mr. George Hague, of the Merchants Bank, passed through the city, yesterday, on his way to Toronto, having accepted the chair of pastoral theology in Wycliffe College. Mr. Hague has given up the pastorate of St. Paul's, Halifax, to take this appointment. He carries with him to his new sphere the best wishes of many Montrealers.

The Herald.

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TYPOGRAPHICAL UNION LABEL MONTREAL No 176

MONTREAL, SEPTEMBER 4, 1897.

PROSPERITY AT HAND.

Railroad earnings continue to indicate remarkable business activity throughout the whole country. The last weekly statement of the Canadian Pacific shows gross earnings of over half a million dollars, which, compared with the same period in 1896, is an increase of something over $100,000. In no other part of the continent are returns anywhere equal to these, and the natural inference is that Canada is more quickly responding to the hand of prosperity which is being stretched out. Animation is now noted in all branches of trade. The rush of grain to Montreal continues unabated, while the same remark practically applies to live stock. The immense movement of produce has been noted. Nearly a million and a quarter boxes of cheese have already gone forward, while butter shipments promise to exhibit further expansion as the shipping season draws to a close. There is a steady foreign enquiry for both Ontario and Manitoba flour, and, of course, there is no doubt but that Manitoba wheat will begin to feel the demand from the consuming markets just as soon as the crop is ready to go forward.

From the West the reports are most cheerful. The assured success of the crops stands as a distinct attraction to settlers, and they are rapidly going into the country to take up active work. The C. P. R. lands sales are an ample illustration of this. During the month of July these sales amounted to about $100,000, and, although the August figures have not been disclosed as yet, it would not be at all surprising to see them in the vicinity of $150,000. And still further west the work of improvement is likewise progressing. The leading mines are active, and there is every evidence at the moment that a vastly increased output will only be a matter of a very short time. Then there is still the boom in the Klondike, the possibilities of which are yet unkown. What is known, however, is that the country contains immense riches, and sooner or later the results of the work will be felt by the railroads, and indirectly by the country in general. One more point of prominence in the situation is the quantity of money in Canada which at some time or other must certainly go into active circulation. The latest statement of Canadian chartered banks tells us that public deposits are $205,000,000. Some of this is bearing interest and a large portion is not. With the rate of interest in banks now only 3 per cent, the chances are that even the paying money will be withdrawn on the appearance of safe and honest investments.

WHY REFORM IS DIFFICULT.

Those Liberals who believe that the Government should move faster in the direction of a reduced civil service, to the end that the administration of the country should be conducted at the minimum of cost consistent with efficiency and the fair treatment of public servants, should take into consideration the whole situation, and not jump to conclusions from insufficient evidence. Many features of that situation are too often lost sight of by both friend and foe. For example, the Minister who undertakes to relieve his department of one of the unnecessary men by whom it was overmanned under the regime of the late Government, very likely finds himself confronted with the humanitarian consideration. This man has a family dependent on him, he has no profession or calling, and will be in certain want if discharged. And this consideration, purely personal as it is, and one that the hard-headed man of the world will of course pay no heed to, is pressed on that Minister, not by the employee alone, but by a host of friends, clamorous for his retention. If these friends were all political opponents of the Minister their personal influence might not be so effective, but it is from supporters of the Government that the most potent protests come. These men forget, in their eagerness to help a friend, that the hands of the Government need strengthening, rather than weakening, in this important matter of civil service reform. As a consequence steady pressure is brought to bear on the Minister by the very men whose advice he values, and whose confidence and support he desires to retain. They urge, with all the weight of their personal influence, the claims of the man whose head is in danger. The sympathies of the Minister are invoked. His door is besieged by ladies, as well as by men, bent on persuading him to hold his hand,—and give Jones another chance. Is it any wonder if Jones stays longer than he should?

No doubt the retort will be made that honest administrators will do their duty even if the heavens fall. True, yet the real friends of the Government are not the men who make it as hard as possible for that Government to carry out a policy of economy and retrenchment. The Ottawa Government's experience in this respect is nothing new, for it is merely finding out how inconsistent human nature is when the theoretical is confronted by the practical, and the academical "thou" is supplanted by the existent "I."

BRITAIN'S TRADE.

The activity which has for several years characterized Great Britain's trade is still most gratifyingly in evidence. According to the report of the Commissioners for 1896-97 the produce of the Customs up to March 31 represents an increase of £503,718 on the total for 1895-96, and of £246,131 over the Budget estimate. Tea surpasses itself by £53,177, and tobacco shows a rise of £269,526.

A Chancellor of the Exchequer who can depend on Customs receipts exceeding his original estimate by over a million of dollars is in an exceptionally happy position. A body of manufacturers and traders that finds its business increasing by leaps and bounds is not likely to look with favor on hands that propose to meddle with the tariff. An artizan population that is contented because busy, is not going to bother its head over theories in favor of protection. And even an agricultural class that under ordinary conditions suffers by stress of foreign competition, does not furnish good ground for the sowing of "fair trade" doctrines when there is an active demand, even at lower prices, for all that it produces.

In view of all which it may be assumed that Great Britain, having abundant reason to be satisfied with the fruits of its free trade policy, will not concern itself for some time to come with propositions that imply a reversal of that policy, or any serious modification of it.

Sir L. H. Davies wrote a little note to Col. Domville, who is organizing a Klondike company in England, in which he said: "I have no hesitation in saying that the policy of the Government is, and will be, to assist in the opening up and development of this rich country, and I need not say to you that we shall be glad to look favorably upon every bona-fide company which has that for its object. Your personal connection with such a company would be an additional guarantee of its bona-fides, and I will be glad to hear that it has been successfully launched." There is not much in this on which to found very serious charges, yet the Mail and Empire manages to devote a column to an attempt to show that the Government is helping to boom a boomster's company. It will soon be unsafe for a Minister to ask after a friend's health—he may be accused of being a partner in a pill factory.

TWO ROUTES TO YUKON.

The Figures Given Below Show the Canadian Way to be the Shortest.

For those who have any intention of going to the Klondike gold fields, the following comparative table, showing the distances by water and land, will prove of interest, and possibly of value. It is supplied The Herald by Lewis Bros. & Co., of this city, dealers in miners' supplies:

OVERLAND ROUTE.

	Miles.
Edmonton to Peace River crossing	260
Crossing to Forks of Nelson.....	240
Forks to Junction of Nelson and Liard	120
Nelson to Dease, up Liard	190
Dease to Pelly	170
Pelly to Junction with Lewes	220
Junction to Klondike	200
	1,370

WATER ROUTE.

Edmonton to Athabasca Landing.....	96
Athabasca Landing to Grand Rapids..	165
Grand Rapids to Fort McMurray.....	87
Fort McMurray to Chipewyan	185
Chipewyan to Smith Portage	102
The Portage	16
Fort Smith to Fort Resolution.....	194
Fort Resolution to Providence	108
Providence to Simpson	161
Simpson to Wrigley	126
Wrigley to Norman	184
Norman to Good Hope	174
Good Hope to Peel River	252
Up Peel River	18
Peel River to Summit	30
Summit to La Pierre's House	30
La Pierre's House to Porcupine	90
Porcupine to Junction of Yukon	400
Junction to Klondike	300
	2,728

SIR CHARLES COMING HOME.

London, Sept. 3.—Sir Charles Tupper returned to London from Scotland to-day. He had intended proceeding to Italy, but an urgent business summons from Canada compels him to sail on the Parisian on Sept. 9. Sir Charles refrains from taking any part in public affairs and is occupied chiefly with gold mining companies.

DENIED BY THE GERMANS.

Berlin, Sept. 3.—An official contradiction was issued to-day of the report that Germany will demand an explanation from France of the despatch sent by the French Premier, M. Meline, in reply to the message of the Lorraine Society congratulating the Government upon the Franco-Russian alliance, in which M. Meline expressed the hope that Lorraine would be re-united to France.

TYPOS WILL MEET.

The regular meeting of Typographical Union, No. 176, will be held this evening at eight o'clock sharp, in the hall, 662½ Craig Street. It is urgently requested that all members attend, as business of importance will be considered.

Sir Wilfrid and Argentina.

The Argentina Times publishes the following from its London correspondent:—"Yesterday I had the honor and very great pleasure of meeting Sir Wilfrid Laurier, the Prime Minister of Canada, the remarkable man who has stepped, in a week or two, from comparative obscurity to a recognized place amongst the foremost statesmen of the Empire. His distinguished appearance and courtly bearing made him a popular favorite on Tuesday, and in the private of his sanctum he has not less charm of manner. But under the affability and polished politeness which distinguish him there is noticeable the character of a strong and skilful statesman, and I shall be surprised indeed if he be not heard of again in the councils of the Empire. He is not a man who can be a mere figurehead. It may interest the readers of the Times of Argentina to know that he expressed a lively interest both in Argentina and the other countries of South America, and that a commission has been appointed by his Government with the view of studying the best means of fostering trade between Canada and the southern portion of the American continent."

"SHOOT THE RAPIDS."

All cars on Notre Dame street route running west connect for Lachine. Last cars for boats leave Post-Office 7.30 a.m., 4.00 p.m., and on Sundays 3 p.m. only. Frequent car service to 11 p.m.

AT THE THEATRES.

All the Local Theatres Will be Open Next Week—Morrison's New Play.

Mr. Lewis Morrison will appear next week at the Academy of Music for an engagement of five nights, commencing Tuesday, September 7th. Since his last visit here he has enlarged his repertoire by the addition of several new plays. His principal offering will be "The Master of the Ceremonies," founded upon scenes and incidents during the reign of George IV. Mr. Morrison, as Stewart Denville, in this play is, it is said, seen to decided advantage. "The Master of the Ceremonies" will be the bill on Tuesday and Wednesday evenings, and Wednesday matinee. On

LEWIS MORRISON.

Thursday evening Mr. Morrison will appear as Richelieu, his masterpiece; on Friday evening in "Yorick's Love," and Saturday matinee and night, "Faust." All the plays in the repertoire are handsomely mounted, and costumed, each one being a distinct production in itself. Mr. Morrison's support will include Miss Florence Roberts and a big company of finished actors.

THEATRE FRANCAIS.

Great preparations are being made at the Theatre Francais for next Monday's opening. From the front of the theatre, through the corridor and top of the gallery, through the auditorium to the back wall of the stage, everything has been made thoroughly up-to-date. As to the programme, there is every reason to expect a first-class performance. "Almost a Life" is a romantic drama which had an exceedingly long and successful run in New York and London. The producing company is one of much excellence. All the members arrived early in the week, and at once went into active rehearsals. Mr. Phillips is quoted as saying that he believes he will have a company that will keep up the high standard of productions for which his theatre has been noted. He will also pay special attention this year to the vaudeville bill, and has engaged some of the most expensive and best acts that are now being booked by New York agents.

THE QUEEN'S.

"The Next Congressman," a new musical farce comedy by John J. McGinniss, opens a week's engagement at the Queen's on Monday. It has been making, according to all reports, the biggest kind of a hit. The comedy in it is said to be clean and clever, as was to be expected from the author of "The Bells of Shandon." Then, unlike the usual run of musical comedies, it tells a story, one that interests you. It will be appreciated by Canadians particularly, because it gives an insight into the methods by which small men creep into big offices in the United States, and yet the characters are so clearly and faithfully drawn, without a tinge of malice, that the people satired enjoy it as much as their Canadian cousins, who learn from "The Next Congressman" why it is that so many strange things happen in political life across the border. The company is said by the critics of other cities to be a highly competent one, and the entertainment as a whole one of unusual excellence. It will be seen here at the Queen's.

THE ROYAL.

"The Prodigal Father," which is booked for the Royal next week, has been seen here several times, and is a decided favorite. It is said that the company is fully up to the standard, and that the entertainment will be as good as ever. If it is, a treat in the way of farce comedy is in store.

IN THE REAR, OF COURSE.

Editor of The Herald:

Sir,—In answer to U.E.L., I for one saw the Yankee flag flying at stern of steamer Sorel when she passed here. I am not blind, and my name is

A. G. CAMPBELL.

St. Hilaire, September 3.

There Would Be a Kick.

Lumbermen are deeply interested in the discussion on the subject of export duties on lumber, and are ready to talk "shop" on the slightest provocation. Said one of the Ottawa Valley men yesterday: "The proposal that the Ontario Government should enact that all timber must be manufactured in the country, would result, if carried into effect, in rank injustice being done to men who have already leased limits. Some years ago the Ontario Government advertised a sale under such conditions. Only one limit was disposed of, and it at a ridiculously low rate, the other buyers present absolutely refusing to bid under such conditions. The Minister of Crown Lands at once ordered the obnoxious clause to be expunged, and the sale proceeded. Every buyer therefore bought the timber on the express understanding that he was not to be compelled to manufacture it in the country.

"Under such circumstances it would be a gross breach of faith to antedate any regulations bearing on this matter. It is, of course, quite within the rights of the Province to modify the conditions of any future sales of limits."

CHRISTIAN SOCIALISM.

League for Its Propagation Will be Formed in the City of San Francisco.

San Francisco, Sept. 3.—A movement is on foot in this city to organize a national league for the propogation of Christian Socialism. Rev. W. P. Bliss, the well-known Episcopal clergyman, formerly of the Church of the Carpenter, Boston, is the organizer, and with him is associated Rev. J. A. Scott, D.D., a Presbyterian clergyman, and prominently connected with socialism, and editor of the Social Economist. The new organization is to be known as the Union Reform League.

The Higher Education of Women.

A communication from Miss Frances E. Willard in the Critic tabulates the faults in women's colleges as follows: (1) Too great emphasis of literary and scientific life as the life really worthy of a woman (2) Imitation of man—i.e., of the aims and methods of men's colleges. (3) Women's education a fad—i.e., education for education's sake. (4) Lack of physical training. (5) Lack of social training in the broad sense. (6) Lack of refining influences and tendencies. (7) Failure to hold up the ideal of wifehood and motherhood. (8) Lack of preparation for continuity of intellectual life after leaving college.

The Hartford Courant attacks this list vigorously, saying: "We feel sure that some of the counts must be dismissed at once. Nos. 4, 5 and 6 will not stand a moment. If the 'college-bred newspaper man' thinks that No. 4 is well taken, let him challenge a Vassar or a Wesleyan tennis girl to a match. Most of the other strictures apply as well to mens' colleges as they do to women's. They inhere in the nature of human institutions, and 'lack of refining influences and tendencies' as something all educators deplore and try to remedy as best they can. It is not improbable that there is some truth in count No. 1. It was natural that the pioneers in advanced female education should follow the precedents of the established institutions for the other sex, and should copy some of the faults which experience had not yet eliminated. As to the serious charge in count No. 7—that college education 'does not hold up the ideal of wifehood and motherhood'—we have not noticed that college-bred girls do not make wives worthy in every regard of our college-bred men.

"One practical point in the education of women has hitherto been neglected even by parents whose care for their children is their dearest object, and that is a fundamental knowledge of business. Every girl ought to understand the difference between safe and unsafe investments, and be impressed with a profound distrust of speculation. Every one can recall instances where women have been victimized by wicked and careless agents who had control of their property. This may seem rather a mundane conception of education compared to 'art and music and soul-development,' but comfort and happiness are largely dependent on prudent investment; and girls are just as capable of learning the rudiments of political economy as men, and should be taught how to manage their own property. They should not be left dependent on the chance of falling into the hands of an honest manager, although the chance is a good one."

PROVINCIAL SHOWS

Next Week.

The following Fall Shows will be held at Provincial Points next week:

Brome County—At Brome Corners, on Tuesday and Wednesday, September 7 and 8.

Huntingdon, No. 1—At Huntingdon, on Thursday and Friday, September 9 and 10.

Shefford County Fruit Show—At Waterloo, on Thursday and Friday, September 9 and 10.

Chateauguay Fair—At St. Martine, Tuesday, September 7.

Three Rivers Exposition, which will be attended by Sir Wilfrid Laurier and Hon. Mr. Marchand, Premier of Quebec—All the week.

Chained Down a Train.

Necessity is the mother of invention, and necessity caused Sheriff Donahue of Brazil, Ind., to invent what is perhaps the most unique plan ever thought of to collect a bad debt. The Sheriff in question had a number of claims against the Chicago and Southeastern Railway Company, placed in his hhands for collection. Several attempts had been made previously to collect these bills, but without success, as the railroad absolutely refused to pay. So, when Sheriff Donahue was given instructions to collect these bills, no matter what means were employed in performing the act, he realized that he would be called upon to exercise his inventive powers in order to make the company disgorge.

Sherriff Donahue has the necessary nerve required for a man in his position, even if he may not look it, and when he undertakes anything, he will carry it through no matter how great the odds pitted against him. He has written the story of his somewhat unusual experience, and it is here given for the first time:

"Some people think that when I chained a passenger train to a track to collect several judgments that I did a very risky piece of business, but I do not look at the matter in this light. When E. W. Smith and T. W. Englehart of this city placed two judgments in my hands, amounting to $110 against the Chicago & Southeastern Railway Company, it was my duty as an officer of the law and sheriff of this county to use every means in my power to satisfy these claims And this is exactly what I did.

"So I decided on a regular course of action and prepared to carry out my plans. I repaired to the depot of the company in Brazil, armed with a heavy log-chain and several smaller chains. When the regular passenger train came through in the afternoon at 2.10 I was in readiness to do my part. No sooner had the train came to a full stop than I was up on the front part of the engine getting my log-chain over the boiler and locking it to the rails. Before any of the officials on the train knew what was up I had the engine locked fast to the track. The engineer and conductor came up and blustered around me and made all kinds of threats, but I showed my papers and authority for doing what I had, and they went off and held a consultation.

"In the meantime I sat down on the cowcatcher of the engine and, revolver in hand, stood guard over my temporary property. All the passengers on the train came forward as soon as they found out what was up and tried to induce me to let the train proceed, but I remained firm against all their entreaties. The train crew was in a dilemma, and did not know what to do, so the conductor telegraphed to the division superintendent.

"After telegraphing back and forth a number of times the head officials of the road finally decided it would be the better plan to pay me off and go on their way peaceably Accordingly, after I was paid $110 in good coin of the realm, I unlocked the chain from the engine, and after a four hours' wait it pulled out from the station amid the cheering of the crowd that had collected in anticipation of trouble."—Philadelphia Press.

Mrs. H. T. MacCarthy, Ottawa, who has been on a visit to her son, Dr. George S. McCarthy, has returned home.

Rev. J. Milloy, of West Lorne, Ont., accompanied by Mrs. Milloy, is in town visiting friends at 92 Fort Street.

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10 CENTS Admits you to the most enjoyable Entertainment ever seen in Canada.

THE SIX DAYS' JUBILEE FESTIVAL OF THE MONTREAL STREET RAILWAY EMPLOYEES,

On behalf of the Montreal General and Notre Dame Hospitals, The "Star" Fresh Air Fund, The "La Presse" Fund for "Les Etrennes des Enfants Pauvres."

Commencing Monday, Sept. 13th—Montreal Exposition Grounds. - Everything New, Neat and Nice. EDWARDS BROS., Performing Ourang-Owtangs.

THE JUBILEE PANORAMA. THE CASCADES. SEA ON LAND. THE ELECTRIC FOUNTAIN,
THE REVOLVING STAGE. THE CLASSIC GROUPS. DELEON, the wonder of the Live Trolley Wire.

20,000 ELECTRIC LIGHTS IN THE ILLUMINATIONS. Day and Night—9 a.m. to 11.30 p.m.

Remember Children will be Admitted all the time for 5 CENTS.

THEATRE FRANCAIS. W. E. PHILLIPS, Lessee and Manager.

Grand Opening 1897-98 Season. Monday Next, the Romantic Drama, ALMOST A LIFE, By the New Stock Company.

High Class Vaudeville Bill Headed by THE GARRISONS. Prices 10c, 20c, 25c. Telephone 6616. Box Office open This Week From 10 to 12 a.m. and 1.30 to 4 p.m.

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LADIES' KID GLOVES—For Fall wear, in all colors, at 75c, $1.00, $1.25, $1.40, $1.50, $1.65, $1.75, $1.85 and $2.00 per pair.
MEN'S KID GLOVES—At 75c, $1.00, $1.25, $1.50 to $2.25 per pair
BOYS' KID GLOVES—In all sizes.
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GLOVES REPAIRED FREE.
Mail Orders receive prompt and careful attention.

MEN'S FURNISHINGS.

NECKTIES OF EVERY DESCRIPTION—Prices 15c, 25c, 35c, 40c, 50c, 75c, $1.00 to $1.50.
BRACES—In all styles. Prices, 17c, 25c, 35c, 40c, 50c, 60c, 75c, $1.00 to $3.25 per pair.
CAPS—Tweed ones, nicely finished, at 20c, 25c, 35c, 40c and 50c each.
SWEATERS—For Men and Boys, at regular wholesale prices. Colors, White, Navy, Cardinal, Heather, Tan, Grey, etc. 25c, 69c, 80c, 90c, $1.00, $1.25, $1.35 to $3.25 each.
WHITE DRESSED SHIRTS—Perfect fit and finish. Prices, 75c, $1.00, $1.25 and $1.50 each.
NIGHT SHIRTS—In Flannel, Flannelette, Plain or Twilled Cotton, trimmed or plain, in all sizes, good Twilled Cotton Night Shirts for 50c each.
FALL OVERCOATS—In Greys and Drabs, extra trimmings and linings. Look like a custom made garment. Regular value, $9.00. For $5.95.

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239 ST. JAMES STREET, and 276 ST. LAWRENCE STREET.

We make our Candy fresh daily as usual SENT TO ANY ADDRESS.

The detectives arrested two men last night and locked them up at the Central Station on a charge of having stabbed a sailor of the SS. Carthaginian. Early Thursday morning several sailors were set upon by a crowd of toughs on Commissioners street, and when one of the former returned to his ship he complained of a knife wound. The ship's surgeon attended to him, and the affair was reported to the police. Two men named McNally and Williams were arrested last night on suspicion, and were recognized by the sailors as the men who assaulted them. The police found a hat near the scene of the row, and this McNally said was his. They were brought before the magistrate this morning and remanded for enquete.

"CHICKERING" PIANOS

One of the two Greatest and Most Famous Pianos of the world constructed to-day. More perfect than ever before in its long, honorable and artistic history, endowed with a noble and poetic quality of tone and a faultless touch. The new Chickering Pianos, both Grand and Upright, are really ideal. Choicest designs for '97 fall trade have just arrived at the warerooms of the wholesale and retail representatives,

The Lindsay Nordheimer Co.

2366 St. Catherine Street & 213 St. James Street.

GREAT Sale of Properties BY AUCTION,

Properties of La Banque du Peuple

We have received instructions to sell at our rooms, 69 St. James Street, on

Tuesday, 21st of September

at 10 a.m., the following properties at auction:

Factory, Nos. 80 to 94 Papineau Avenue, lots 412 to 419, making 327.6 feet on Papineau Avenue, 156.2 feet on St. Rose Street, 140.6 feet on Dorchester Street; area, 49,766 feet.

Two Stores, Nos. 327 and 329 St. James Street, 34.6 x 70 feet.

Two Stores, Nos. 321 and 325 St. James Street, 35.3 x 75.9.

Store No. 319 St. James Street, 23.8 and 26.4 x 75.9.

Factory, No. 323 St. James Street, 88 x 85 feet.

Store, No. 1 St. Antoine Street.

4 Stores, 766-768, 770-774 Craig Street, 92 x 75 feet.

Lots 101 and 103 Shannon Street, lots on William, College and Chabollez Streets.

Brick House, 178 and 180 Quesnel Street, St Cunegonde.

Clendinneng's Foundry, at St. Henri, area 162,045 feet, as per plan.

Land at Cote Visitation, area about 1,040,000 feet.

Land at Notre Dame de Grace, en bloc or in lots.

Lots 5 and 6, and from 663 to 715 Letourneux Street.

Lots 30 and 31, 880 to 884, 577 to 618 Lasalle Street.

Lots 471 to 477 Ernest Street.

Lots 628 to 634 Girard Street.

Lots 805 to 811 Boyce Street.

Cottage, No. 20 Lasalle Street.

All the above properties can be disposed of at private sale. No reasonable offer refused. All lots remaining unsold on the day of the sale will be offered at auction without any reserve.

MARCOTTE BROS., Auctioneers.

NOTICE.

In the matter of the late JOSEPH MOISE DUFRESNE, heretofore of the City of Montreal, Merchant.

Notice is hereby given that Ambrose Leonard Kent, Accountant, has been appointed Curator to the Vacant Estate of the said J. M. Dufresne.

All claims to be filed at the office of KENT & TURCOTTE, 97 St. James Street, Montreal.

AMUSEMENTS.

OUR THEATRES.

ACADEMY OF MUSIC. CLOSED THIS WEEK. September 7th—5 Nights Only. THE EMINENT ACTOR, MR. LEWIS MORRISON, Will present Tuesday, Wednesday and Wednesday Matinee, The Master of the Ceremonies; Thursday, Richelieu; Friday, Yorick's Love; Saturday Matinee and Saturday Night, Faust.

ACADEMY OF MUSIC. One Week and One Matinee. Commencing MONDAY, SEPT. 13th Return of Montreal's Favorites, DeWOLF HOPPER, AND HIS SPLENDID COMPANY. Again Presenting John Phillip Sousa's Brilliant Opera, EL - CAPITAN, Book by Charles Klein and assisted by the full membership of THE VICTORIA RIFLES MILITARY BAND. SAME Great Cast of Principals, Grand Chorus of 50 Voices, Superb Scenic Effects, Brilliant Costumes and Draperies, Sousa's Delicious Melodies. The sale of Reserved Seats begins at the Box Office on next Thursday morning.

QUEEN'S THEATRE. THIS WEEK—MATINEE DAILY at 2 and 8 p.m. THE VERISCOPE, Illustrating the Scientific Contest of CORBETT AND FITZSIMMONS. A Marvel of Art. Matinee Prices, 10, 20, 30c. NIGHT—15, 25, 35, 50c. Every afternoon and evening. Secure your seats. Phone 1255. Next week—The Next Congressman.

THEATRE ROYAL. EVERY AFTERNOON AND EVENING. PRICES—10, 20, and 30c. THE GREAT PLAY, FABIO = ROMANI! Next week—The Prodigal Father. All Box Offices open daily, 9 a.m. to 10 p.m. Sparrow & Jacobs, Lessees and Mgrs.

SOHMER PARK. TO-DAY—3 and 8 P.M. Great Attractions. Karlo, the clown-juggler; the Worth Sisters, miniature song and dance artists; Miss Adeline Narden, operatic soprano; the Valdis Sisters on the revolving trapeze. The beautiful trapeze balancer, Miss Mella Turnour. ADMISSION—As usual, 10 cents.

BE ON YOUR GUARD! and see "The ENRAGED LION" in its cage. A most thrilling, life-size animated view illustrated by the marvelous Lumiere's Cinematographe, of Lyons, France. FOR THIS WEEK ONLY, also with other most instructive and comical views. At the PALACE THEATRE corner St. Lawrence and Vitre streets. Every evening, Sunday included, from 8 to 10.30 Matinees—Saturday and Sunday. Admission, 10 cents. Children, half-price. First-class Orchestra Music at each Performance.

Art Association—PHILLIPS SQUARE. WATER COLOR CLASSES. The outdoor SKETCHING CLASSES under the direction of MR. CHARLES E. MOSS, A.R.C.A., will commence on MONDAY, SEPTEMBER 13th. For particulars apply at the gallery. Galleries open daily 9 a.m. to 6 p.m. Admission, 25c.

Canadian Royal Art Union. Free Classes in Art Open October 1. PUPILS MAY REGISTER at ONCE Daily Art Distributions, 4 o'clock each Afternoon. 12.30 on Saturday. 238 & 240 St. James St.

A. Frank Ibbotson, L.D.S. Surgeon Dentist. 176 Bleury St., corner St. Catherine. Office phone, 3889. Residence phone, 3491

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FEWER BUT BETTER SCHOOLS

Provincial Agricultural Farms May Be Amalgamated.

MINISTERS VISIT COMPTON.

Farm Does Good Work, but Has Not Enough Pupils.

It is Situated Near Two of the Best Farms in the Dominion.

(Special to The Herald.)

Quebec, Sept. 4.—After having visited the Sherbrooke Fair in company with the Prime Minister, the Hon. Messrs. Duffy and Dechene paid a visit to the model farm at Compton.

Owing to the considerable talk which arose under the last Provincial administration about the running of that school of agriculture, the public will be interested in knowing the exact state of affairs, as told to your correspondent by the Minister of Public Works.

They saw 150 acres of land in first-class condition, where grains and vegetables were plentiful. The farm is perhaps the most fertile locality in the Province. There are twenty-five cows of different breeds and an excellent creamery, which cost nearly $6,000. It is supplied with appliances of the most approved kind, and is under the direction of an expert. The farm has an advantage over the one at St. Hyacinthe so far as the dairy industry is concerned, because farmers have their butter made there for three cents per pound for the making. The dwelling house on the farm is large enough to contain twenty-five pupils. Everything is in good order except the barn, which needs to be renewed. It has the advantage of being in one of the best farming communities of Canada, for adjoining it are the farms of Messrs. Smith and Cochrane. The Ministers, on invitation, went to see those farmers. Mr. Smith, who has 900 acres of land, is a scientific and practical agriculturist. He has everything up-to-date—grinding and cutting machines, moved by steam force, and an electric plant, furnishing even in his stables. Mr. Smith is making a specialty of raising Hereford cattle, some splendid samples of which were shown the visitors.

Mr. J. Cochrane, Jr., son of Senator Cochrane, took the visitors over his father's property, which includes 1,000 acres. This farm is not surpassed by any in Canada. Senator Cochrane lately invested large sums of money in getting a good supply of hackney coach horses. He deserves much credit for having introduced into this country some of the most valuable kinds of cattle. In his opinion, the short-horned Durham are not inferior to any other breeds.

Both Messrs. Smith and Cochrane received the Ministers in the most courteous manner.

The scenery of the model farm of Compton is not surpassed. The pupils have an opportunity not only to learn the science and practice of agriculture, but also of observing the progressive work of the large neighboring farms.

Professor Ewing delivered a lecture to the pupils in the presence of the Ministers. He proved to be an enthusiastic lecturer, and a thoroughly competent master in matters of agriculture. Fifteen boys are at present attending this school.

The Minister of Agriculture is considering the advisability of amalgamating the schools now in the different sections of the Province. Two large schools provided with the advantages and inducements to promote the interest of farming amongst Canadian youths, he thinks, would cover the work better. In the past, the management of the school of Compton has not been all that should have been expected. The attendance was small and the expenditure very large. If this school is continued, it is proposed to take necessary steps to make the attendance as large as possible and reduce the expenditure.

CELESTIALS IN THE TOILS

Several Chinese Suspected of Trying to Defraud the Customs, Arrested in New York.

New York, Sept. 3.—Chinese inspectors who have been watching the movements of the eleven Chinamen who have been loafing about Malone, N.Y., for the past three weeks waiting, it was thought, for the Chinese company to provide "fathers" for them, came to this city to-day, on the train with the Chinamen, and upon their arrival placed them under arrest. The prisoners said that they had been waiting at Malone to hear from some lawyers in their cases. They will be taken before United States Commissioner Shields and charged with entering the country under the Chinese Exclusion Act.

WASHINGTON'S DEEP LAKE.

Portland, Ore., Sept. 3.—Lake Chelan, in the Cascade mountains in Washington, is the third deepest body of water in the world outside of the oceans. It may take second place, as the bottom has not yet been found. It is certainly the deepest body of water on the American continent. These facts have been established by W. G. Steel, now of the United States geological survey, and well known as a daring mountain climber and explorer and founder of the well-known Alpine club, the Mazimas. Mr. Steel writes as follows:

"You will remember that in 1886 I broke the record for deep water on the American continent by sounding Crater Lake, in southern Oregon, for the Government. I am now examining the Washington forest reserve, and in that capacity attempted to sound Lake Chelan. A steel line 2,560 feet long was sent me, all of which was let out in the middle of the lake without finding bottom. I have just ordered more wire and everything necessary to do the work thoroughly and shall find the bottom under any circumstances. This makes Lake Chelan the third deepest body of water in the world, outside of the oceans, the record standing: Lake Baikal, in Siberia, 4,000 feet; the Caspian Sea, 3,000 feet; Lake Chelan, 2,560 feet, plus, which means we are after second place, and have good hopes of beating the Caspian Sea. Before Saturday last Crater Lake held the third place.

"Lake Chelan is in Oganogan county. It ascends to within three miles of the Columbia river, and discharges its volume of mountain water through an outlet known as the Chelan river. The fall of the outlet is about 300 feet and creates a water power second only to the falls of the Spokane. The lake extends for eighty-six miles back into the very heart of the Cascade mountains, and its wild and precipitous shore, with cataracts leaping out of the dark forest and falling in foam and spray into the waters of the lake, presents a scenic panorama which the world can scarce surpass. The lake's surface is about 900 feet above the level of the sea."

Steel's soundings of 2,560 feet therefore prove that the bottom of the lake is at least 1,660 feet below the level of the ocean.

DR. GEORGE ARRIVES.

New Principal of The Congregational Theological College in Town—Preaches To-morrow.

The ministerial and educational ranks of this city have to-day received an important acquisition in the person of the Rev Dr. George, recently of St. Louis, Mo., who is now assuming the duties of principal of the Congregational Theological College, in succession to the Rev. Dr. Barbour.

It will be remembered that in June last The Herald announced the acceptance of the principalship by the doctor, who was then in attendance at the Congregational Union meetings at Kingston. One of the conditions under which this acceptance was based was that the endowment fund of the college should be raised to $100,000, and of this amount the bulk has already been raised, a large proportion being given by Mr. S. H. C. Miner, of Granby, in addition to an extra gift of $500 a year towards the principal's salary.

REV. DR. GEORGE,
New Principal of the Congregational College.

At the close of the Union meetings in Kingston, Dr. George returned to St. Louis, where he bade farewell to the congregation with which he has labored so successfully for five years, and has now arrived in this city to take up his residence and the duties of his new office.

Dr. George is an intimate friend of the Rev. Einion C. Evans, D.D., the popular pastor of Emmanuel Congregational Church, and his first appearance in public in Montreal since his acceptance of the principalship will be in the pulpit of Emmanuel Church to-morrow night, when he will preach. As he is an able and eloquent preacher, an intellectual treat is assured, and the church is certain to be well-filled. Under these circumstances a few particulars regarding the new principal's career will be found of interest.

Like many other preachers who have filled important pulpits in the United States, Dr. George is a Canadian born, and in this country he has successfully filled positions of trust in the Methodist, Presbyterian and Congregational churches. He was educated at Victoria College, Cobourg, and at Toronto University from each of which he graduated with honors. He afterwards entered the ministry of the Methodist Church, but subsequently assumed the pastorate of the John street Presbyterian Church, Belleville, Ont. About five years ago he removed to St. Louis, Mo., where he became pastor of one of the leading Congregational churches, and where he has labored until now.

Dr. George was married some years ago to a sister of Mr. W. B. Northrup, of Belleville, who was the representative for East Hastings in the late Parliament. Besides being an eloquent preacher, he is an excellent administrator, and possesses a genial personality. The doctor is now in the prime of life, being about forty-five years of age, and can hardly fail to make his presence felt and take a leading place among our local educationists.

BUILDING A VAST WATER SYSTEM.

San Diego, Cal., Sept. 4.—One of the greatest water distributing systems in the West is being established in San Diego County by the Southern California Mountain Water Company. The system when completed will comprise three reservoirs, the Otay, Morena and Barrett's, holding an aggregate of over 51,000,000,000 gallons of water, enough to irrigate 200,000 acres. The Otay dam is just completed. Its height is 130 feet above the foundation of thirty-eight feet above bed rock. It is 500 feet long at the top, 400 feet thick at the bottom and sixteen feet at the top. Its impounding capacity is over 13,000,700,000 gallons, and it floods over 1,000 acres. The Morena reservoir, now in course of construction, will have a capacity of over 15,200,000,000 gallons, and will cover over 1,300 acres. The reservoirs are located about fifteen miles back in the mountains from this city, in the centre of a large watershed, many miles in circumference. To retain the large volume of water that would naturally flow through the deep canyon to the sea, it has been necessary to construct a huge dam between two mountains. To construct the dam, which wil be 150 feet high, 446 feet long and 450 feet thick at its base, it has been necessary to go down 112 feet below the surface to reach bed rock, upon which the foundation of the great structure rests. Then the sides of the mountains were tunneled and many thousands of pounds of giant powder sent hundreds of thousands of tons of rock tumbling into the gorge below. This is now being systematically converted into the dam through the medium of heavy wire cables, reaching from mountain to mountain, operated by steam. Work has only just begun on the Barrett's dam. It took three years to construct the Otay works, but less time will be consumed on either of the other structures. The estimated cost of the system is about 3,500,000. The result is expected to be the rapid conversion of thousands of acres heretofore available for grazing only into valuable orchards and fertile fields.

BE NOT DECEIVED.

Complaints have been made that certain sewing machine agents are going around amongst our citizens asserting that the machines they represent took first prize at the late exhibition in this city. There is not a word of truth in any such statement. An examination of the official prize list of the Exposition Company shows that no medal, diploma or prize, indicating superiority of one machine over another, was awarded to any sewing machine Company at this exhibition. The New Williams, however, attracted the greatest attention and was undoubtedly the favorite with the visitors to the Fair—especially with those who are considered critics in such matters.

PERSONALS.

Miss Harper is on a visit to friends in Sherbrooke.

Mrs. B. Hal Brown has returned to town from Stanstead.

Dr. and Mrs. Wales, of Bury, have been in town this week.

Miss Susan Schoolcraft is visiting friends at Knowlton.

Miss Edith Williams has returned home after spending her vacation at Randboro, Compton county.

Mrs. Edward Amos has returned to town from Murray Bay.

Mrs. Mackey has returned to town from a trip to Cape Breton.

Mr. Dr. Turgeon has returned home from Rye Beach, Me.

Miss Levinson is on a visit to Mrs. H. Samuel, of Sherbrooke.

Mrs. J. Fleming Reddy and family are back in town from Tadousac.

Miss Connors was in Sherbrooke this week attending the exhibition.

Mr. and Mrs. Louis Sutherland have returned to town from the Maine coast.

Miss Baker, burser of the Dunnam Ladies' College, was in town this week.

Mrs. J. Reid Wilson and family have returned home from Dalhousie, N.B.

Mrs. Walter Stetham and family are home from St. Patrick's, River du Loup.

Mrs. T. J. Alloway returned early this week from her visit to Cushing's Island.

Mrs. and the Misses Forest have returned to town from a holiday spent at Magog.

Mr. and Mrs. George S. Canthe are back in town from a visit to Lake Saranac.

Mrs. P. A. Peterson and the Misses Peterson have returned from the seashore.

Mrs. Edward Desbarats is on a visit to her mother, Mrs. McCallum, at Odelltown.

Mr. Howard Lynch and Mr. Gordon Lynch have returned to town from Mansonville.

Mrs. and Miss Wheeler are back in town again from a two months' visit to Rockland, Me.

Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Allen returned from their visit to England on the Lake Ontario.

Mr. and Mrs. J. R. Boucher have been on a visit to Mrs. E. Boucher at East Sherbrooke.

Miss Mary Oliver, of Mansonville, who has been visiting friends in Montreal has returned home.

Miss Marie Downs has returned home from Sherbrooke, where she was the guest of Mrs. H. Speck.

Mr. and Mrs. C. W. Mott and family have returned to town from a vacation trip to St. Andrew's.

Mr. and Mrs. David Morrice, Jr., have returned to town from a visit to Lake George and Lake Champlain.

Rev. Manly Benson, Mrs. Benson and family have returned from Grimsby Park, where they spent their vacation.

Rev. Canon Wood, of S. John the Evangelist Church, has left for a trip to the Gulf for the benefit of his health.

Mrs. McEwen and Miss Celia McEwen were the guests of Mr. and Mrs. S. S. Armstrong at Ascot, Que., this week.

Mrs. George A. Drummond is not expected home until the end of October. Miss Drummond is still absent in Colorado.

Mrs. F. T. Mappin, of Richmond, has returned home after a visit to the city where she was the guest of Mr. and Mrs. T. A. Trenholme.

Mr. W. J. Graham has left for Cornwall, where he will superintend the plumbing and heating of the new General Hospital of that town.

Miss Bessie Veitch, of St. Urbain street, has returned home after spending a few weeks with relatives in Hamilton, Toronto and Port Stanley.

Dr. James Berwick, and Dr. George Berwick were out at Scotstown last week to attend the wedding of their brother, Mr. W. P. Berwick, to Miss Malvina Murray, of Lingwick.

PATENT REPORT.

Below will be found a complete report of patents granted this week by the United States Government to Canadian Inventors. This report is prepared specially for this paper by Messrs. Marion & Marion, Solicitors of Patents, Head Office, 185 St. James Street., Temple Building, Montreal..

No. 589,240, John F. Black, et al, Montreal, Canada Bicycle construction; 589387, Justin Gilvert, Victoria, Canada, typewriter; 589,360, William MacCallum, Magog, Canada, dinner kettle; 589,361, Theodore Martin Wallaceburg, Canada, sash holder; 589,016, Alexander F. McIntyre, Ottawa, ticket or label cabinet; 589,268, Peter Olson, Field, Canada, adjustable gauge bar for railways; 589,367, Charles A. Prescott, Victoria, Canada, tidal motor; 589,042, William J. Still, Toronto, Storage battery; 589,236, Milton F. Williams, crusher and pulverizator; 589,227, Louis E. Solignac, steam boiler; 589,101, William Scholes, pipe cutter; 589,092, Nicholas Mayers, wood turning machine.

A Lame Excuse.

The London Chronicle says: A curious statement was telegraphed on July 22 by the London correspondents of the Australian Press. At their final interview with Mr. Chamberlain the Australian Premiers invited him to visit Australia, and promised him a hearty welcome on behalf of the Australian people. The singular thing is Mr. Chamberlain's alleged reply—that such a voyage would be quite impossible unless he resigned his seat in the Cabinet, or unless some momentous issue arose in connection with which he might be of service to the colonies and England In that case he would be glad to undertake the duty." In consequence of "skeletonising, or making half a dozen words do duty for a hundred, press messages to Australia are sometimes unintelligible when they reach the Antipodes. And surely something must have gone wrong with this message. It is almost incredible that Mr. Chamberlain should have referred to such and ordinary and commonplace incident nowadays as a trip to Australia as involving his retirement from the Cabinet. If he did he must have been very hard up for an excuse. And it might not unreasonably or illogically be argued that a Secretary of State for the Colonies ought to have some little practical knowledge of, and acquaintance with, the colonies.

The Shyster Lawyer

The St. Thomas Journal says: "The question of the suppression of the shyster lawyer, the miserable mortal who induces people to go to law by agreeing to take a portion of any possible damages as a fee, is being considered by the Ontario law society. He is a disgrace to his profession and a pimple on the face of society.

BACK FROM THE FROZEN NORTH.

Jackson-Halmsworth Exploring Party Reach Civilization.

Franz-Josef Land Was Found To Be Different From What Was Expected.

London, Sept. 4.—The British steamer Windward, having on board the Jackson-Harmsworth expedition, which has spent three winters near Cap Flora, Franz Josef Land, arrived here yesterday from Franz Josef Land, with Mr. F. C. Jackson and his colleagues. All the members of the expedition are in good health. They report having explored Franz Josef Land thoroughly, with the exception of some odd corners. Before the Windward sailed the quarters of the expedition at Elmwood were fastened up, but Mr. Jackson left there a quantity of supplies in case the place is visited by Prof. Andree or other explorers. He has also established a depot at Bell Island.

Talking over his experiences with a representative of the Associated Press, he said that since the Windward left Franz Josef Land last year with Dr. Nansen, the winter had been less severe and less wintry than usual. Mr. Jackson and Mr. Albert Amitage, nautical astronomer of the expedition, started on March 16 with a pony and dog sledges to explore the western part of Franz Josef Land. They encountered boisterous weather, and at the end of the first month a majority of the dogs and the pony succumbed, and the explorers were compelled to abandon all but the most essential part of their equipment. The party followed the coast line, sometimes on a sea of ice and sometimes along glaciated land, 1,500 feet, bordering on Cambridge Bay. The constant mists which prevailed made the journey very harassing. They shot a bear, the only one seen, and having procured meat and blubber, they returned to Elmwood in the middle of May, after meeting a party sent out to look for them, anxiety having been felt for their safety, as they were a fortnight overdue.

A second expedition which went eastward during the beginning of June was less successful, as on the second day out the explorers lost a sledge through the thin sea ice and had a hazardous return journey.

The result of these explorations, it is claimed, completely revolutionizes the old ideas of Franz Josef Land. The whole continental mass of land is replaced by a vast number of small islands and the lofty mountains by long-ridged hummocks and ice packs, while north of these areas has been found an open sea, which is the most open north sea in the whole world. Most valuable magnetic, meteorological and geological observations were made, and very valuable botanical and zoological collections were brought to England.

The winter life of the explorers was uneventful. There were about two hours of twilight in the middle of the day from October to November and from thence on it was total darkness until the end of February. The members of the expedition killed 1,400 loon (a web-footed bird found in the northern regions), in the autumn, which provided ample fresh meat. During the winter they caught nineteen loon and twenty-two kittiwakes (a bird of the gull kind), to which they fastened labels initialled "J" and liberated them.

The cold sometimes reached 40 degrees below zero and jumped up to 90 below freezing point. The members of the Jackson-Harmsworth expedition failed to see King Oscar Land, and are convinced that there is no great land north-west of Franz Josef Land.

They add that the existence of Petermann Land is doubtful and that in any case it must be small.

These alterations in the map render the prospect of reaching the North Pole from Franz Josef Land more than doubtful, as the returned explorers are satisfied that there is no land north of 82 degrees. They did not see anything of Professor Andree, who started on July 11 from the Island of Tromsoe in an attempt to cross the North Pole by balloon.

Mr. Jackson announced his intention of heading another Arctic expedition, this time on his own account.

A PUNITIVE EXPEDITION.

General Lockhart Will Lead the British Forces Against the Afridis.

London, Sept. 4.—Confirmation has been given to the report that the Government has sanctioned the sending of a large expedition against the Afridis. It is reported that General Lockhart, commander-in-chief in the Punjaub, will be recalled from England, where he has been on furlough, to command the expedition. General Lockhart left Brindisi, Italy, yesterday on his way to India, where he will arrive in good time to command the expedition, which will be ready to move about a fortnight hence. General Lockhart's reputation, military ability and skill in border warfare, which is great, will tend to overawe the tribesmen which have taken part in the uprising.

Bombay, Sept. 4.—Little news has been received here regarding the situation on the frontier. The expedition to Tirah will invade the country of the Afridis by several different routes. The tribesmen in the vicinity of Jambrud are increasing in numbers and threatening an attack.

Railroads and Feuds.

(From the New York Sun).

"It is a common saying that only the Almighty can tell what a jury will do," said the third vice-president of a trunk line. "It should be amended by adding, 'or a railroad.'

'I read a despatch the other day," he went on "about a Kansas sheriff who fenced in a railroad of that state. The despatch reads that the road was abandoned for two months in the spring of 1892 while there was some trouble between the Santa Fe and Union Pacific systems as to which should operate it. Stone, who had owned the land at one time, brought suit and asserted that the land had reverted to him by the temporary abandonment of the road, and Judge Myers rendered a decision restoring the land to him.

"I do not call a parellel case, but it reminds me of some things I have seen in my railroad experience. Several years ago a road was built in a section of Iowa, There were the usual suits on assessed damages, and protests and all that sort of thing. The road was operated at a loss. That is nothing new. But the people along the line had such a strong prejudice against the road that they subjected themselves to all sorts of trouble rather than patronize it. This prejudice was transmitted. It is not often that a railroad company gives in, but this one did, in a measure. It found that it could have built a shorter line, where there would be more revenue. The company offered the unsuccessful road—I think it was a branch road about seventy-five miles long—for sale. It did not connect with any other corporation's lines, so no other company wanted it. The farmers in the country through which it passed did not want it, of course, and the line was simply abandoned, and several years ago when I was out there, I learned that the Iowa corn crops was growing over it, and right along the road-bed, for the rails were never taken up.

"The attorney of the company, an Iowa lawyer, was well paid for the clever settlements he made for the company, but after years, when he had forgotten about it and announced himself as a candidate for the Congressional nomination in his district, the grudge was dug up and he was defeated.

'One of the deadest towns in Missouri, and I don't know but anywhere, might easily have been the metropolis of the Platte valely if its people had not refused absolutely to confer with a committee which had authority to locate the western terminal of the line. The chief objection to the proposition was that the road would fill the country with Yankees, who were inimical to the pet institutions of that country, and the citizens informed the committee that they preferred to travel by waggon or steamboat. A blight fell upon the town from which it has never recovered. I do not mean that the blight was the result directly of the failure of the town to accept the offer. But if it had accepted it, the decay would have been less rapid. It might not have come at all.

"Do I know of any instances on the other side? Yes. I call to mind a town in Wisconsin. Some twenty years ago the Chicago and Northwestern built a line from Milwaukee to Madison. The road is not far from the village of Cambridge, which was a stage coach point in Wisconsin in the early days. I think the the town is within hearing of the noise of the trains. The people of Cambridge were indifferent, and the company concluded that its interests would be advanced if Cambridge was left out. The company located a town site, and, as if to overshadow and crush Cambridge, the new town was caller London. It was three miles from Cambridge. The company put up grain elevators and helped some newcomers build houses. But the Cambridge merchants did not move and the farmers drove into Cambridge as of old, and the town was called London. It was three the station with the pretentious name was left, and is to-day overgrown with weeds. I do not know of one hundred people in the place. The Cambridge people are building a road of their own now to a line which is the rival of the Chicago and Northwestern."

Latest cable reports from London state that Principal Peterson, of the McGill College, is still confined to his bed at Aberfeldy, but is improving rapidly.

In the Superior Court at Beauharnois, yesterday, the necessary deposit was made to contest the decision of Judge Loranger, in the case of the contested election of Mr. J. G. H. Bergeron in Beauharnois county. This means that the protest against the Conservative member for Beauharnois will be carried on.

ALMOST ANY DENTIST

May be believed to know enough to extract teeth. It belongs to the most skilful dentist to know enough NOT to extract teeth that his skill can save.

Teeth were not made to be extracted.

Whenever the operation is necessary—I extract teeth painlessly—but I would much rather save teeth that can be saved—painlessly also.

Painless dentistry. Moderate charges. Warranted work.

My three graces of good tooth care.

J. BARKER VOSBURGH,
Dentist,
St. Catherine Street, MONTREAL
Telephone 308 5.

MADAME IRELAND,
Canada's Hair Specialist,

Baldness Positively Cured. Herbal Toilet Soap, for the toilet, shaving, shampooing, etc. A delightful and soothing preparation for the scalp.
2432 ST. CATHERINE STREET,
Montreal.
Agencies in Toronto, Hamilton, Ottawa and London.

MISS SOPHIE MYERS

Has resumed her Tuition in Music. Pupils prepared for examinations. Advanced pupils preferred.
28 CRESCENT STREET.

LADIES. LADIES.

Why be talked into buying Teas, Coffees, Spice, etc., from agents whom you know nothing of, when you can procure the very finest of Teas, Coffees, Spices, etc., at reasonable prices, from
NORMAN A. MACDONALD,
Specialist in same, at
4105 St. Catherine Street,
Westmount.

FALL 1897.

Millinery Opening.

FRENCH PATTERN BONNETS

and Other Millinery Novelties.

TUESDAY, SEPT. 7th,

AND FOLLOWING DAYS.

Thomas May & Co.

Headquarters for Vaccine...

We are Sole Agents for the celebrated New England Vaccine Co.'s Virus. We sold, during the last epidemic. 90,000 in this city. Fresh daily.

W. H. CHAPMAN, 2637 St. Catherine Street.
TELEPHONE 4067.

For Purity, Cleanliness, Lubricity, USE ONLY

STRACHAN'S

GILT EDGE

SOAP.

THE S. CARSLEY CO. LIMITED:

Notre Dame St. Montreal's Greatest Store. Sept. 4th.

"The Store that is Increasing Faster than any Store in Montreal To-day."

NEW FALL GOODS

Here is such an array of rich and beautiful Dry Goods as has never been our good fortune to put before you. A royal showing of Dress Goods and Silks, Jackets and Capes, all the belongings of a Ladies' Dress. We could never convince you so thoroughly by a thousand words of worth and elegance and cheapness as five minutes' use of your hands and eyes at the counter. Variety counts for more than perhaps you think for. You don't want to meet your dress likeness on every street corner—not if you're anyways particular. There's little need of it with hundreds of rich styles to select from, many of them exclusive to our trade. We reach out to wherever the Best Dress Stuffs are made, get them direct, sell them direct, and save time and profit in so doing.

Latest Fall Dress Goods.

COLORED DRESS GOODS

New Gismonide Cloth, in a full range of all the latest colors, with neat raised shell patterns 30c
New Changeable Covert Cloth, a beautiful selection of all the latest combination colors, new and stylish....65c
New Mustapha Cloth, in bright colored grounds, with heavy boucle, raised patterns, in black and dark colors 96c
New Franconia Cloth, one of the latest Paris Novelties, in beautiful effect, with bright colored tinsel interwoven $1.65
THE S. CARSLEY CO., LIMITED.

NEW SILKS

New Fancy Silks, in a choice collection of all the latest shades and newest designs 39c
New Plain Colored Japanese Silk, just received, 36 inches wide, pure silk and all colors, special for drapery 60c
New Shot Taffeta Silks, in a large variety of all the latest changeable effects. Special, at 75c
New Moire Velour Silk, black and colored, newest designs and latest colorings .....$1.30 and $1.35
THE S. CARSLEY CO., LIMITED.

NEW BLACK DRESS GOODS

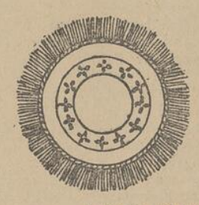
New Black Satin Soleil, in elegant bright finish, with small figures and scroll designs. Very extraordinary value 55c
New Gazelle Cloth, one of the latest fabrics, just received, exquisite designs, in raised Mohair. Grand value at $1.10. Special value 69c
New Zamora Cloth, in choice scroll patterns, at special purchase, made at our own price to clear the production. In the ordinary way would sell at $1.45. Our Special Price 99c
THE S. CARSLEY CO., LIMITED.

NEW LACES

This Department is crowded with Fall Novelties, in new Laces, Vellings, Chiffons, Crepes, etc. Also a beautiful assortment of made up Lace creations, in very dainty effects, and stylish neck-wear goods.

NEW RIBBONS

Our New Fall Ribbon embraces every known novelty in the European market. The colorings and styles in fancy ribbons are very unique, while the combinations of colors in checks, stripes, etc., are in perfect harmony.
THE S. CARSLEY CO., LIMITED.



A Shipload of Linens

Our Fall Importations of Linens would go far to fill a fair sized ship. This sounds "Big," but it's just a plain statement of a great fact; and then we do the Linen Trade of Montreal, and a large percentage of that of Canada. In support of our statement we quote the following:

LINEN DAMASK

52 inch Unbleached Linen Damask, new designs 24c
58 inch Unbleached Linen Damask, fine clear yarn 31c
60 inch Unbleached Linen Damask, special quality 31c
72 inch Unbleached Hand Loom Linen Damask, extra value 55c

BLEACHED LINEN DAMASK

62 inch Fine Quality Linen Damask, good clear yarn 38c
62 inch Splendid Quality Bleached Linen Damask 47c
72 inch Extra Quality Bleached Linen Damask, new designs 75c
THE S. CARSLEY CO., LIMITED.

SHEETINGS AT MILL PRICES

8 Cases Fine Quality Plain White Sheeting, 8-4. Regular value, 23c. Monday 16c
6 Cases Splendid 8-4 Twill Sheeting. The kind usually sold at 25c. Our Price Monday 18c

WHITE LANSDOWNE CAMBRIC

15,000 yards of Fine White Cambric, specially made for Ladies' Underwear, etc. Worth 12c yard. Monday 8c
5,500 yards White Pillow Cotton. Regularly sold at 12c yard. Monday...8½c
THE S. CARSLEY CO., LIMITED.

MAIL ORDERS CAREFULLY FILLED.

THE S. CARSLEY CO. LIMITED.

1765 to 1783 Notre Dame St., 192 to 194 St James St, MONTREAL

SHOOTING IS OVER,

Successful Meet at Rideau Range Closed.

SCORES IN EXTRA SERIES.

St. Regis Indians Defeated by the Montreal Team.

Trotting at Sherbrooke and St Phillippe d'Argenteuil— Football Notes.

Ottawa, Sept. 4.—The Dominion Rifle Association matches on Rideau range finished yesterday. The weather was most favorable throughout.

The Governor-General's match proved the most exciting competition of the meeting, as there were three ties for the three prizes, and eight had to shoot off for the last badge. The tie between Corp. Windatt, 10th Royal Grenadiers; Pte. W. D. Davidson, 48th Highlanders, and Pte. J. McVittie, 48th Highlanders, was shot off immediately after the close of the London Merchants' Cup, and attracted a large crowd of spectators. The first shot was fired by Pte. Davidson, who missed his sighting shot and made a magpie, 3, as first shot on score. Pte. McVittie came next with a magpie, 3, for sighting shot, and an outer, 2, as first on score. Corp. Windatt only made an outer, 2, as his sighting shot, but he followed that up with a score of 4, 3, 4, 5, 4—total, 20, taking first place easily. Davidson's score was 3, 3, 2, 3, 4—15; and McVeittie's 3, 2, 5, 2, 2—14. Windatt kept remarkably cool, and was the only one of the three to score a bullseye.

After the ties in the Governor-General's match were shot off and the extra series closed, the range was formally closed by Postmaster-General Mulock, who delivered a little speech.

LONDON MERCHANTS' CUP.

Challenge Cup, presented by the merchants of London, Eng., with $120 added by D.R.A. Open to teams of eight members of any affiliated provincial association. First prize, cup and $80; second prize, $40. Ranges, 200, 500 and 600 yards; rounds, 7 at each range—

	Points.
Cup and $80—Ontario	708
$40—Nova Scotia	706
Next in order—	
New Brunswick	694
British Columbia Rifle Association	685
Quebec	667
Manitoba	641
Prince Edward Island	626

EXTRA SERIES A.

Range, 500 yards; rounds, 5; 35 prizes—First, $20; second, $15; third, $12; fourth, $10; fifth, $8; two at $6, 11 at $5, 17 at $4. Total value, $200.

There were 18 absolute ties at the possible 25, and the value of the first eighteen prizes, $132, was divided, each of the following getting $7.33 each:—Q.M.S. Black, 78th; Lieut. Dover, 78th; Pte. Fairbairn, 12th; Lieut. J. W. Gilchrist, 1st B.F.A.; Capt. H. H. Gray, R.O.; Pte. Heller, R. G.; Capt. R. A. Helmer, 43rd; Pte. W. Hodgson, 45th; Lieut.-Col. J. Hood, P. of W.; Lieut. W. C. King, 46th; Pte. D. McMartin, 56th; Lieut. T. Mitchell, 12th; Pte. E. S. Sayles, 21st; Pte. C. S. Scott, 43rd; Pte. J. W. Smith, 21st; Corp. C. W. Spencer, 13th; Capt. S. D. Sutherland, 43rd; Lieut. J. A. Williamson, 45th.

The following thirteen are ties absolute at 24, the prize being $4 each: Sergt. P. Armstrong, R.G.; Pte. J. Y. Clark, P. of W.; Sergt. R. Corrigan, 59th; Capt. Crean, 90th F. B.; Lieut. A. D. Crooks, Q. O. R.; Pte. L. A. Langstroth, 74th; Pte E. Limpert, 29th; Staff-Sergt. D. McRae, 3rd Vics.; Sergt. Margetts, 25th; Sergt. D. Mitchell, 13th; Lieut. N. R. Moffatt, 79th; Pte J. H. Simpson, R. G.; Capt. S. W. Vermile, 15th.

For the remaining four prizes of $4 each there were ten ties at 24, and the money was divided amongst the following, each getting $1.60: Sergt. H. Blair, 78th; Sergt. F. D. Burpee, 43rd; Corp. S. Dawson, G.G.F.G.; Sergt. M. G. B. Henderson, 62nd; Pte. J Kamberry, 5th R.S.; Sergt. Loggie, 12th F.B.; Pte Lumley, 21st; Capt. C. N. Mitchell, 90th; Capt. Russel, 45th; Col.-Sergt. E. Skedden, 13th.

SERIES B—600 YARDS.

Range, 600 yards; rounds, 5; 35 prizes, same as in series A; total value, $200—$17.50, Sergt. P. Armstrong, R. G., 25; $17.50, Pte D. McMartin, 56th, 25; $12, Lieut. R. H. Arnold, 8th Hus., 24.

Next four ties at 24, with prizes $7.50 each—Pte. W. J. Annand, 43rd; Lieut. Desbarrats, R.L.; Pte. J. Kamberry, 5th R.S.; Lieut. D. J. C. Munro, 44th.

Next four ties absolute at 24; prizes $5 each—Pte. Burns, 63rd; Corp. T. Carroll, G.G.F.G.; Pte. E. Limpert, 29th; Capt. E. D. Sutherland, 43rd.

Next three ties absolute at 24, $5 each—Pte. Fairbairn, 12th; Lieut. King, 46th; Lieut. W. L. Ross, 13th.

Next two ties absolute at $24, prize $5 each—Capt. A. D. Cartwright, R.G.; Lieut. W. P. Milligan, 46th.

Next eight ties absolute at 23, with prizes $4.25 each—Capt. Crean, 9th F. B.; Lieut. J. Dover, 78th; Pte. W. Hilton, 14th; Staff Sergt. McCallum, 31st; Lieut. Mitchell, 12th; Lieut. A Roberson, 77th; Sergt. J. Whyte, 72nd; Gunner R. Wilson, 5th R.C.A.

The following scored 23 each, and won $4 prizes:—Sergt. Margetts, 25th; Pte. A. T. Pearson, 43rd; Sergt. Robson, 70th Fus.; Capt. J. E. Hutcheson, 43rd; Pte. R. Moodie, 43rd; Pte. J. W. Smith, 21st; Staff Sergt. Goodwin, 70th Fus.; Sergt W. Drysdale, P. of W.; Capt. F. B. Ross, 13th; Lieut. N. R. Moffatt, 79th.

The following tied at 23 for the last prize and received $2 each:—Pte. J. H. Simpson 10th R.G.; Sergt. A. D. Noble, 2nd R. C.A.

SERIES C.

Range, 800 yards; rounds, 5; 35 prizes; same as series A—

First three ties absolute at 25, with prizes of $15.66 each—Sgt. R. Corrigan, 59th; Staff Sgt. Paupet, 77th; Capt. Wynn, 9th; $10, Lieut. J. Ogg, 1st B.F.A., 24; $7, Capt. R. Rennie, Q.O.R., 24; $7, Capt. E. D. Sutherland, 43rd, 24; $5.50 Lieut. T. Mitchell, 12th, 24; $5.50, Pte. A. T. Pearson, 43rd, 24; $5, Pte. D. McMartin 56th, 23; $5 Capt. E. A. Smith, St. John Rifles, 23; $5, Pte. Fairbairn, 12th, 23; $5, Pte. S. Warnock, 21st, 23; $5 Lieut.-Col. W. P. Anderson, R.O., 23; $5, Capt. A. D. Cartwright, R.G., 23; $5, Corp. J. H. Ellis G.G.F.G., 23; $5, Sergt. Margetts, 25th, 23; $5, Sergt. D. Mitchell, 13th, 23; $4.50, Pte. J. H. Simpson, R.G. 23; $4.50 Sgt. M.G., B. Henderson, 62nd, 23.

The following won $4 each: Col.-Sergt. J. Drysdale 1st P. of W., 23; Lt. W. L. Ross, 13th; Lt. D. J. C. Munroe, 44th, 23; Pte. J. W. Smith, 21st, 23; Corp. T. P. Carroll, G.G.F.G., 23; Sergt. P. Armstrong, R.G., 22; Sergt. H. C. Blair, 78th, 22; Pte. R. Moodie, 43rd, 22; Lt. W. C. King, 46th, 22; Pte. W. Hilton, 14th, 22; Q.M.A.S. Black, 78th, 22; S.-Sergt. T. Hayhurst, 13th, 22; Pte. J. Watt, 6th, 22; Lieut. W. P. Milligan, 46th, 22; S.-Sergt. Pratt, 6th Fus., 22; Major Thompson 55th, 22.

SERIES D.

Range, 900 yards; rounds 5; prize same as series A—$20, Pte. Moodie, 43rd, 25; $15, Capt. Wilson, 33rd, 24; $12, Sgt.-M. S. J. Huggins, 13th, 23; $10, Lieut. Milligan, 46th, 23; $8, Lieut. T. Mitchell, 12th, 23; $6, Lieut.-Col. W. P. Anderson, R.O., 23; $6, Pte. Fitzgerald, 57th, 23.

The following won $5 each—Lieut. King, 46th, 23; Corp. Ellis, G.G.F.G., 22; Capt. McAdam, 3rd Vics., 22; Capt. E. D. Sutherland, 43rd, 22; Lieut. D. J. C. Munro, 22; Lieut. J. Ogg, 1st B.F.A., 22; Pte. J. Smith, 8th, 22; Q.-M.S. A. S. Black, 78th, 22; Pte. McMartin, 56th, 22; Pte. C S. Scott, 43rd, 22.

The following tied at 22 for last $5 and first $4 prize, and got $4.50 each—Staff-Sgt. Margetts, 25th; Lieut. W. L. Ross, 13th.

The following won $4 each—Pte. Fairbairn, 12th, 22; Sergt. D. Mitchell, 13th, 21; Pte. J. W. Smith, 21st, 21; Lieut. C. Pickert, 74th, 21; Capt. R. Rennie, Q.O.R., 21; Corp. T. P. Carroll, G.G.F.G., 21; Sergt. P. Armstrong, R.G., 21; Pte. Pearson, 43rd, 21; Sergt. H. C. Blair, 78th, 21; Lieut. Crooks, Q.O.R., 21; Capt. R. A. Helmer, 43rd, 20; Pte. Simpson, R.G., 20; Pte. S. S. Paupst, 77th, 20; Pte. Hilton, 14th, 20; Pte. E. S. Sayles, 21st, 20.

The following tied at 20 for last prize and got $2 each: Pte. Sullivan, St. John R.; Staff-Sergt. McRae, 3rd Vics.

EXTRA SERIES AGGREGATE.

$12—Lieut. T. Mitchell, 12th	95
$10—Capt. E. D. Sutherland, 43rd	95
$8—Pte. D. McMartin, 56th	95
$6—Pte. R. Moodie, 43rd	94
$5—Lieut. W. C. King, 46th	94
$5—Pte. J. K. Fairbairn, 12th	94
$5—Lieut. W. P. Milligan, 46th	93
$4—Lieut. W. L. Ross, 13th	93
$4—Lieut. D. J. C. Munro, 44th	93
$4—Staff-Sergt. G. Margetts, 25th	92

TO ATTRACT MARKSMEN.

A Good Shooting Programme Arranged at Bout de l'Isle for Next Wednesday.

Wednesday next has been set apart for a grand shooting tournament at animate and inanimate targets opposite the Hotel Bureau, Bout de l'Isle. Following is the programme :—

Special class, for a magnificent silver medal (artificial pigeons "Blue Rock"), presented by Messrs. John Millen & Son, agents for the smokeless powder, "S.S." Entrance, 25c.

Class No. 1—Ladies' sweep at 10 artificial pigeons, for a silver cup, valued at $40. Fifty cents a card.

Class No. 2—Sweep of $20, by 20 contestants, at live pigeons, for contestants who have never taken first or second prize in a sweep. Entrance, $1.

Class No. 3—Individual match; $50 in prizes, at live birds, by 20 contestants. Entrance, $2.50.

Also a match shoot, between two well-known sportsmen, for $100 a side, at 50 live birds each.

Moneys divided, 40, 30, 20, 15 and 5 per cent., which will be paid immediately after the matches. Particulars will be furnished by J. B. Bureau, Bout de l'Isle. The tournament begins at 10 a.m.

A full orchestra will furnish the music, afternoon and evening. On this occasion the Belt Line cars will run to and from Bout de l'Isle until 11.20 p.m.

YACHTING.

EVEN IN LIGHT WEATHER.

Harper's Thinks Glencairn II. With Her Greater Spread of Canvas, Would Have Won the '97 Series.

Harper's for September 4 has the following on the recent races between Glencairn II. and Momo on Lake St. Louis. It will be seen that this excellent authority is of opinion that, even had light weather prevailed, the Canadian boat would have won.

"The international small-boat trophy will remain in Canada, Mr. G. H. Duggan's Glencairn II. having successfully defended it against the Seawanhaka-Corinthian Club's challenger Momo. Last year Mr. Duggan, correctly judging the prevailing airs of Oyster Bay, designed and challenged with a light-weather boat, Glencairn I., and won the trophy so easily as to nearly rob the contest of interest. This year the Americans, in the fond belief that, light airs prevailing on Oyster Bay, they must also rule on Lake St. Louis, designed light-weather racers. The pick of these, the Momo, was sent to race for the cup on Lake St. Louis, near Montreal, against Mr. Duggan's Glencairn II., which had been chosen from a half-dozen Canadian prospective defenders. There was light weather the first day, and it was seen that Mr. C. H. Crane had accomplished his purpose of constructing a flier under such conditions, for Momo beat Glencairn II. on every point of sailing, and crossed the line first by 4 minutes 15 seconds. But that was the end of light weather on Lake St. Louis, and the last evidence of Momo's superiority.

"On the second day there were strong winds and roughish water, and so also were the conditions on the third and fourth days (a little lighter, perhaps, on the fourth, and Glencairn II., won on each occasion—three straight, out-sailing Momo at every point, and being the better handled by her owner, Mr. Duggan. Two and a half and over four minutes represented the Canadian boat's margin of victory in the second and third races. In the fourth, occasional lighter airs and Glencairn II.'s torn mainsail enabled Momo to keep closer to her rival, and on'y 2½ minutes separated them at the finish.

"The chief lesson of this year's match teaches that America profited not by the lesson of last year.

"Glencairn II. is an enlarged Glencairn I., and Momo an enlarged El Heirie. It is not at all unlikely that had lightish weather prevailed Glencairn II., with her greater amount of canvas, would have won the '97 series.

"Thus for the second time Canada, in the person of Mr. Duggan, has out-designed, out-sailed, and out-handled American small-boats designers and sailor-men.

"A well-established superiority surely, and one we must seek to overcome.

The McGill Team.

The following eleven will represent the McGill Cricket Club in their match with Montreal this afternoon :—A. H. Grace (captain), H. C. Hill, E. H. McLea, W. N. Philpotts, W. W. Walker, Geo. Lyman, A. B. Wood, F. Richardson, J. J. Blythe, A. R. Oughtred, G. A. Shaw; reserve, W. P. Hood. The match will be played on the M.A.A.A. grounds.

DOOLEY IS BACK,

Likewise the Whole Montreal Team.

TO PLAY THIS AFTERNOON

And Scranton is Booked to be the Victim.

Some New Faces Will be Seen on the Home Team—Syracuse Leads the League.

After a tedious period of rest and general inaction the bsaeball crank has at last an opportunity to assert himself. This afternoon on the Old Shamrock grounds Montreal is playing Scranton, and it promises to be a good warm game The Montreal team arrived here last night and will soon be in shape to make a nice little spurt on the home stretch. Our own Dooley has worked hard in the interests of the team and pretty well succeeded in getting together a good strong aggregation of players. What Montreal has needed for some past time has been a fast catcher. McNamara has of course done splendid work both at the bat and behind it, but he needs a rest some time or other. Butler, of the Louisvilles is going to be on hand to help him out. Second base will likewise be strengthened by Geier who has done good work for Philadelphia.

McFarlane who has a record of four straight games won will put the wiggles on the ball in the game this afternoon, and intends to make it five straight.

The game begins at 3.45.

Eastern League Games.

Providence, R. I., September 3.—Providence won both games from Toronto today, making it three straights, and knocking the Canadians out of the lead. Egan pitched the first game, and won out by a single run. Gaston pitched eight innings for Toronto and dropped out to allow Snyder to bat for him, when a strong batsman might have put Toronto in the lead. The second game resulted in a shutout for the Toronto team. Hodson had the strongest batsmen at his mercy. Snyder could not hold Norton's delivery successfully, and Casey had to take his place in the second inning. The second game was called at the end of the eight innings to make train connections. Scores:

First game—

		R.	H.	E.
Providence	101030000—5	10	4	
Toronto	110000020—4	11	1	

Batteries—Egan and Dixon; Norton and Casey.

Second game—

Providence	13000110—6	8	1	
Toronto	00000000—0	5	4	

Batteries—Hodson and Dixon; Norton and Casey.

Springfield, Mass., September 3.—Springfield beat Buffalo to-day in a short, snappy game, closing the present series here. The home team bunched all but three of their hits in two innings and earned all five of their runs, while Buffalo could get but four singles off Woods and would have been shut out but for a muff by Rogers of an easy pop fly. Score:

		R.	H.	E.
Springfield	0030000x—5	11	3	
Buffalo	000000010—1	4	2	

Batteries—Woods and Nichols; Gray and Zahner.

Wilkesbarre, Pa., September 3.—Syracuse had everything their own way today. The home team fielded miserably. Keenan retired at the end of the sixth inning. Wellner, who took his place, was batted all over the lot. The three games scheduled with Buffalo in this city have been transferred to Buffalo, so with today's game the season in Wilkesbarre came to a close. Score:

		R.	H.	E.
Wilkesbarre	001000000—1	8	8	
Syracuse	03101460x—15	16	4	

Batteries—Keenan, Wellner and Gonding; Lampe and Ryan.

Standing of the Clubs.

	Won.	Lost.	Per Cent.
Syracuse	71	45	.612
Toronto	63	43	.594
Buffalo	67	49	.578
Springfield	61	47	.564
Providence	59	52	.531
Scranton	47	53	.470
Montreal	38	71	.348
Wilkesbarre	28	74	.274

National League.

At Boston—First game—

		R.	H.	E.
Boston	10230000x—6	12	0	
Chicago	020000001—3	7	1	

Batteries — Klobedanz and Bergen; Thornton and Kittridge.

Second game—

		R.	H.	E.
Boston	04011012x—9	12	3	
Chicago	000000001—1	7	4	

Batteries—Nichols and Ganzel; Griffith and Kittridge.

At Baltimore—

		R.	H.	E.
Baltimore	36421015x—22	28	1	
St. Louis	000000010—1	7	2	

Batteries—Corbett and Robinson; Donohue, Coleman and Douglass.

At New York—First game—

		R.	H.	E.
New York	001000000—1	6	4	
Cincinnati	000070202—11	11	2	

Batteries—Sullivan and Warner; Breitenstein and Peitz.

Second game—

		R.	H.	E.
New York	0150403—13	15	4	
Cincinnati	0000003—3	1	4	

Batteries—Rusie, Wilson and Warner; Rhines and Schriver.

Game called on account of darkness.

Standing of the Clubs.

	Won.	Lost.	Per Cent.
Boston	77	34	.694
Baltimore	74	33	.691
New York	68	39	.635
Cincinnati	63	44	.588
Cleveland	54	52	.509
Chicago	50	61	.450
Philadelphia	49	62	.441
Louisville	49	62	.441
Brooklyn	48	61	.440
Pittsburg	47	60	.439
Washington	46	61	.430
St. Louis	27	83	.245

A Toronto-Washington Exhibit.

President Powers, of the Eastern League, has issued a notice, the most interesting part of which is the demonstration that three membzers of the Toronto team, while under contract with Toronto, were also under contract with Washington. Mr. Powers' notice is as follows:

Eastern League contracts, 1897—With Toronto, R. E. McHale, W. M. Williams, John Freeman, D. J. McGann, Harry Staley, W. B. Dineen, Frank A. Snyder, H. F. Smith, W. L. Lush, and E. A. Norton; by Buffalo, H. A. Souders; by Montreal, John Shearon, Frank Shannon, McFarlan, J. M. Richter, Robert Becker; by Syracuse, Howard J. Earl, Frank Scheibeck, W. F. Kissenger; by Scranton, Thomas G. Johnson, O. P. Beard, F. J. Bonner, J. B. Gunson, P. J. Meaney, John Fallon; by Wilkesbarre, John M. Keenan, T. B. Oakley, R. C. Roach, E. L. Sheehan; by Springfield, Alex. Whitehill, James Rogers.

Terms accepted—By Springfield, J. Toft; by Wilkesbarre, C. Atherton, C. Patton, C. Prowse.

Released—By Toronto, D. H. Donnehower, J. Devine, Orvin Williams, Peter Hutchinson, Charles E. Ahearn, J. E. Wiseman, Harry Staley; by Syracuse, to Montreal, John Sheareu; by Scranton, O. P. Beard, E. C. Lloyd, E. M. Tierney, George N. Weeks, E. J. O'Brien, Welner; by Wilkesbarre, Howard J. Earle, E. B. Lytle, Robert Hamilton, W. A. Vaught, Sam Mills, Pitcher Roach, Pitcher Smith; by Springfield, Hy. Killeen, David Pickett, James McDougall, George Moore, C. W. Kelley, William Coughlin, "Bert" Inks, Thomas Henley, Robert Moore.

Suspended—By Wilkesbarre, George C. Meakin, Howard W. Luckey, Thomas Colcolough; by Montreal, Joseph Mulvey.

Note—Chairman Young's bulletin of July 9 promulgated the release of H. Smith, William Lush and E. S. Norton from the Washington Club. The dates of the above named players' contracts with Toronto are as follows: Harvey F. Smith, June 1; W. L. Lush, May 2, and E. S. Norton, June 14.

TURF AND TRACK.

TROTTING EVENTS.

The Races at the Sherbrooke Fair—Big Card at St. Phillippe D'Argenteuil.

Sherbrooke, Que., September 3.—To-day's racing on the Exhibition Grounds track resulted as following:—

2.29 class, eight started; the first four finishing as follows.—

Kitty Carver, N. Switzer	1	8	3	3	1	1
R. H. Pope	4	5	4	1	2	2
Mildred M., Mt. Washing Stock Farm	2	2	2	2	3	
Eddie Dubreuil, Langevin	7	3	5	5	4	

Time—2.26¼, 2.26¼, 2.25½, 2.27, 2.28¾, 2.31½.

In this race Kitty Carver fell in the second heat, coming in last. She afterwards won the race in good shape. Pausett, entered by A. Tetreault, came in first in the second and third heats, but broke badly in the fourth and was adjudged distanced.

The free-for-all followed and was a fine rase resulting as follows:—

Jimmie Mac, R. Arbour	1	1	1
Almead, H. Stewart	2	3	2
Little Pitt, W. S. Browne	3	2	3

Time—2.20½, 2.20½, 2.17¾.

The time of the last heat, 2.17¼, beats the race record of the exhibition grounds track.

Trotting at St. Phillipe.

St. Phillipe d'Argenteuil, September 2.—Following are the results of the races held here:—

Named horse—

Bessie B., J. A. Bedard, Lachute	1	1	1
St. Jerome Girl, P. St. Vincent, St. Jerome	2	2	2
Nellie, S. Desjardins, St. Phillipe	3	5	3
L'Hirondelle, G. Desjardins, Carillon	4	3	4
Bridgite, J. N. A. Carriere, St. Phillippe	5	6	6
Prince, H. Blais, St. Phillippe	6	4	5

Time—2.59¼, 2.59¼, 3.00.

2.40 class—

St. Rose Girl, A. Major, Montreal	1	1	1
General, Ferdinand St. Vincent, St. Jerome	2	2	3
Anata, J. Proulx, Prescott	3	2	2
Road Horse, J.St. Vincent, Montreal	4	5	4
Hackman, Charles Henny, Montreal	5	4	5

Time—2.48, 2.49, 2.49½.

2.24 class—

Daisy S. M., Chainest, Montreal	2	1	2	1	1
Harry B., W. H. Craig, Cornwall	1	2	1	2	2
Little Jacker, T. Simpson, St. Andre	3	3	4	4	3
Recluse, S. Laviolette, St. Jerome	4	4	3	3	4

Time—2.33, 2.35, 2.38, 2.39, 2.39¾.

2.50 class—

Hackman, C. Henry Montreal	2	3	1	1	1
Recluse, S. Laviolette, St. Jerome	1	1	2	2	2
Anata, J. Proulx, Montreal	3	2	3	3	3
Mary, P. Panger, St. Eugene	4	4	4	4	x

Time—2.45, 2.45, 2.45½, 2.45¾, 2.46.

2.19 class—

Amelia, Dorion & Cie., de St. Philippe	1	2	1	2	1
Le Lion Mosco, A Major, Montreal	4	1	2	1	3
Harry B., W. H. Craig, Cornwall	3	3	4	4	2
St. Michel Boy, Dr. Prive, Montreal	2	4	3	3	4

Time—2.28, 2.30, 2.29, 2.26½, 2.25.

The judges were Messrs. P. Filion, Carillon, M. Laframboise, St. Scholastique, and T. Kelly, Carillon.

Gananoque Horse Show.

(Special to The Herald.)

Gananoque, Sept. 3.—On the second day of the Eastern Ontario Horse Fair now in full swing at the Horticultural Grounds here, there was a big crowd. Fine weather prevailed. The attendance, however, was not all that could be desired. The judging of carriage horses and draught horses was completed, and the prizes awarded during the afternoon. A lacrosse match, which furnished much cause for enthusiasm, was played between the Hogan's Alley Athletic Club and the C.O.F. team. The boys from Hogan's Alley were the victros by a score of 4 games to 2. There were three events in trials of speed, namely :—

3 minute class—

Viscount	1	1	1
George G	2	2	2
Puzzler	4	3	3
Jim V	3	4	4

Time—2.35, 2.34½, 2.34½.

Named race, half mile heats—

Sir Fatton, jr	2	2	3
Ben F	1	1	1
Nellie M	3	3	2

Time—1.20, 1.17¾, 1.19.

Farmers' running race, half mile—

Potash	1	1	1
Douchver	3	4	2
Waldies	2	3	3

Best time—1.20.

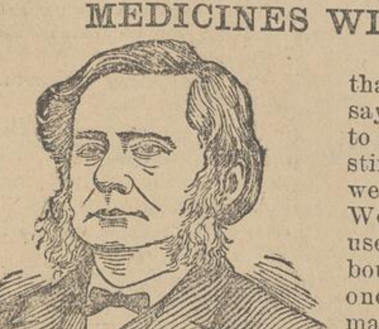
To-day was the last day. In point of entries and the class of stock the fair may be considered a success. But financially and otherwise it is not what was hoped by its promoters, although it is hoped that to-day may see a large crowd on the grounds.

Alex. McMillan, druggist, Phillip's Square, has a handsome window display of Abbey's Effervescent Salts, the new preparation which is being so well advertised.

FREE BOOK FOR WEAK MEN

"THREE CLASSES OF MEN" is the title of a little pocket volume I have just issued, showing the effects of early abuse, or later excesses. Every weak man, single, married, young or old, should read it and get the benefit of my thirty years experience, as a specialist in the scientific treatment of Drains, Losses, Impotency, Lame Back, Varicocele and Undevelopment.

MEDICINES WILL NOT CURE.



I know the action of every drug that was ever prescribed, but let me say as physician to patient, as man to man, medicines at best will but stimulate. They do not tone. What we must employ is nature's own gift. We need go no further. Why not use that potent force which she so bountifully bestows upon us? The one element most important to life in man or beast—ELECTRICITY—With my latest improved Galvanic Body Battery and Supporting Suspensory I combine a self-treatment which is positive and lasting.

On my professional word I make this statement: To weak men, young, middle aged or old, who may have the least foundation left to build upon, I promise a positive and permanent cure by the judicious use of my Electric Belt. More than 5,000 attested to this last year.

IT STOPS THE DRAIN IN THIRTY DAYS

and causing a free circulation of blood to and through the parts gives development and speedily cures

VARICOCELE.

I publish in my "Health World," (sent free, sealed with book) more than four hundred sworn voluntary testimonials new every month.

I forfeit $5,000 if the currents from my Belt are not felt immediately upon applying to the body. You wear it at night.

IT CURES YOU WHILE YOU SLEEP.

If possible, call and consult me free of charge, or probably you have a friend near by who would examine the belt for you.

Write to-day for pamphlet and particulars.

DR. SANDEN, - 156 St. James St., MONTREAL, QUEBEC.

WARWICK LIVERY

ALL NEW BICYCLES WARWICK

Racers, Tandems, Ladies and Gents. Also Pneumatic Cushion Frames. Several Second Hand Wheels Cheap.

TELEPHONE, 3875.

Warwick Cycle Mf'g. Co.,

54 Beaver Hall Hill, MONTREAL

LACROSSE.

INDIANS DEFEATED.

Montreal Beat the St. Regis Team by Ten Straight Goals Yesterday.

About a thousand people attended the lacrosse match between the Montrealers and St. Regis Indians yesterday afternoon. A large number of the visiting doctors were present and seemed greatly interested in the game. The Indians put up a good defence game, but their home was lamentably weak. As for the Montrealers, they were nearly all out of condition, and though at times they showed up well, at others they went to pieces, Matt Murphy, the old Cornwall man, made his first appearance in a Montreal uniform and played a rattling good game. Brown also played well. It was agreed to play one hour and a half, and it took nearly all that time for the white men to score two games. Dr. Shanks, the old Montreal goal keeper, and now of Brandon, Man., acted as umpire at one end, and received quite an ovation. The game was very clean, and almost devoid of accidents. The following were the teams:

St. Regis.		Montreal.
Enteri	Goal	Pierce
Jehonwartati	Point	Murphy
Akwerente	Cover point	Haynes
Stauven-Sere	Defence	Taylor
Sakaronistane	"	Hamilton
Otsiakenrha	"	Robertson
Kor	Centre	McCallum
Shakatria	Home	Field
Watsiatani	"	G. Hamilton
Sahon	"	Strachan
Jekatonwake	Outside	Brown
Swentor	Inside	Pettigrew
P. Delorimier	Captain	D. Paterson
Dr. Beers	Umpire	Dr. Shanks
E. Shepard	Timekeepers	J. L. Gardner

Referee—Dr. Elder.

Summary.

Game.	Club.	Scorer.	Time.
1	Montreal	Fields	14.00
2	Montreal	Hamilton	38.00

The McKenna Presentation.

During the past few days a number of the members of the S.A.A.A. have been making arrangements to present a testimonial to Mr. W. J. McKenna, one of their past presidents, and one of the staunchest friends of the organization. Mr. McKenna is to join the Benedicts on Tuesday next. A great many members have not been seen in consequence of the short notice, and as the presentation will take place this evening at the office of the secretary-treasurer, at 9 o'clock, any member desiring to join in the undertaking may do so, by communicating with the secretary-treasurer before that hour.

Standard vs. Athletics.

The Standard Lacrosse Club will play the Athletics on the plateau of Fletcher's field to-day. All players of the Standards are requested to be on the grounds at 3 o'clock.

BOWLING.

Quebec City Bowlers.

(Special to The Herald.)

Quebec, Sept. 4.—The season for bowling will be very lively at the Quebec Bowling and Billiard Club this year. Every afternoon and evening a great many amateurs of this fine exercise are hard at practice for the next tournament. The city league championship was won by the Quebec team No. 1. This team had only a few points more than team No. 2.

Mr. J. N. Miller is the winner of the medal, being first in the city league.

Captain Talbot's score of 676 in three strings in the match played on the St. Roch's alleys, is the best score made in Canada for three consecutive strings in a championship match.

The Garnets have the honor to be champions of the intermediate city league. The club is composed of first-class bowlers.

A fine billiard tournament will be played shortly between the champion of the Quebec Club, Mr. A. Marcotte, and Mr. Richard, amateur champion of Montreal. One thousand points will be played.

The members of the Quebec Club have formed a whist club, composed of the best whist players of this city. They have fine rooms at their disposal and every evening well-contested games are played.

A great many prizes will be given during this season for bowling and billiards, and no doubt the Quebec bowlers will make a big effort to win the championship trophy won last year by the M.A.A.A.

Mr. Roger LaRue has been elected a director of the Quebec Club, in place of Mr. P. J. McCloskey, deceased.

THE WHEEL.

M. B. Club Notes.

Following are the M.B.C. fixtures for next week :—

Saturday, September 4th, 3 p.m.—Beaconsfield.

Tuesday, September 7th, 8 p.m.—Two Mountains and Blue Bonnets.

Thursday, September 9th, 8 p.m.—Lachine locks.

H. A. Coussirat left for Charlottetown, P.E.I., last evening. He will represent the M.B.C. at the Maritime Province championships, Monday, September 6th, and will ride in the one, two and five-mile championships and three-mile lap race. The medals for the championships are costly, and it is to be hoped he will bring back some of them. The twenty-mile race will not be held this afternoon, but later on in the season.

FOOTBALL.

Notes About the Teams.

The team to represent the Mets in their match with the Points this afternoon, on the latters' grounds at 2.30, will be as follows :—Butler, Brown, Harwood, Coull, Burnett, Gillard, Neilson, Lidgate, Hughes, Burton and Therrien.

The team which will represent the West End Albions in their league match with Fourth Mets to-day will be chosen from the following players :—McBurney, Dawson, McCowan, Boon, Legg, Tompkins, H. Watson, W. Watson, Gardner, Hancock, Hollinsworth, Perry, Atchison, Murray, Trudeau.

The McGill Football Club will start preliminary practice on Monday afternoon next on the campus. Every man is urged to turn up, as there is no time to lose before the matches begin.

LAWN TENNIS.

A Match This Afternoon.

An interesting match takes place to-day between Cote St. Antoine and Montreal Tennis Clubs. The game will take place on the Montreal Grounds at 3 p.m. The teams will be :—

Singles.

Cote St. Antoine.	Montreal.
A. D. Severs	F. Rolland
C. Yarker	J. Norris
A. McDonald	A. Ross

Doubles.

A. D. Severs	J. Norris
C. Yarker	Howell
P. McKenzie	Moberly
Skelton	H. Molson

Tea will be served on the grounds, and all members of the Montreal team are particularly requested to be present, as their services will be required as umpires, scorers, etc.

ATHLETICS

Y. M. C. A. Field Day.

The Y.M.C.A. field day, to be held on the M.A.A.A. grounds on September 23rd will, from all appearances, be a huge success. There will be a large entry list, and all events will be keenly contested. Below is given a list of events :—

1 mile bicycle, unpaced, each contestant riding separately.
1-3 mile bicycle.
1 mile bicycle, handicap.
2 mile bicycle, tandem.
½ mile bicycle, handicap, boys 16 and under.
100 yards dash.
440 yards run, handicap.
1 mile run, handicap.
100 yards dash, boys 16 and under.
Running broad jump, handicap.
Running high jump, handicap.
Putting shot, handicap.
Pole vault, handicap.
Running hop, step and jump.
Obstacle foot race.

There is also a one mile bicycle event open to members of the association that have been competing under other colors.

Suitable prizes will be awarded in each event. No one contestant is allowed more than two first and two second prizes. Entry fee, 25c each event.

30,000 MEN WANTED

FOR THE SEASON.

Single men, emigrants, dockers, sailors, laborers, clerks, checkers, carters, and others, wanted to avail themselves of the accommodation at the Salvation Lighthouse (Joe Beef's Canteen), 13 Common St., Montreal, (opposite the Allan Line wharf). Beds from 5 cents up. Single rooms, 15 cents; two in a room, 25 cents. Meals from 5 cents to 15 cents. Weekly board and lodging from $1.65 to $3.00. Check room for baggage. Free baths with soap and towel. For other particulars apply to the superintendent.

FOR SALE.

FOR SALE—Wanted for the Klondyke weather coming, orders for hard wood blocks. Only $1.50 for large box load. Bell Telephone 1927. The Wilson Co., 188 William Street.

FOR SALE—A few Jubilee Stamps, principally 8c and 5c. Address A.T.S., Herald Office.

FOR SALE—At a bargain, good cooking stove, $2.50 cash. 47 St. Mon... Street.

Advertisements under this head half a cent a word per insertion. Six insertions for the price of four.

COPPERS for sale. Apply at Herald Office.

FOR SALE—Famous bed-bug and roach killer, in tins, 25c, 50c and $1.00. Money returned if it does not clean your house. 71 Main Street, Montreal. Tobacconist. No agents sell this.

FOR SALE—Why pay $50.00 for a sewing machine. We have them at $19.75 and $22.50. None better made. The Bailey Donaldson Co., 1 St. Peter Street.

FOR SALE—For the million, kindling $2.00; cut maple, $2.50; Mill Blocks, $1.50; tamarac blocks, $1.75; cut any length, delivered. J. C. McDiarmid, Richmond Square. Tel. 8353.

DENTISTS.

PERSONAL—Boston Dental Parlors, 1... Notre Dame Street. Beautiful sets of teeth for ten dollars. Fit and quality guaranteed. Painless extracting a specialty; all charges moderate.

SITUATIONS WANTED—FEMALE.

WANTED—By a respectable woman, situation as cook. Best of city references furnished. Apply to 174½ Aun Street.

WANTED—Situation as general servant. 36 Bernard Street.

WANTED—By respectable woman, work of any kind by the day. Apply at No. ... Dowd Street.

WANTED—Situation as general servant in small family. Apply 703 St. Louis Street, Mile End.

WANTED—By a respectable woman, work by the day, washing, ironing or cleaning. 86 Plymouth Grove, head of Cunning Street.

WANTED—By respectable woman, work of any kind by the day. Best of references. Address in rear of 241 Martin Street.

WANTED—General servant wants place in small family. References. Apply ... Hermine Street.

WANTED—By respectable woman, work by the day of any kind. References if required. Apply 1941 St. Catherine Street, city.

WANTED—By a first-class laundress, work by the day, or washing at her own home. 55 Lusignan Street.

WANTED—Work by the day, of any kind —office or house-cleaning, or warehouse, by a respectable woman. 9 St. Philip Street.

WANTED—Situation wanted in a family of two, or as help in a business house, by a respectable woman. Good references. 54 Jurors. Street.

SITUATIONS WANTED—MALE.

WANTED—At once, first-class cook. Apply at once. Queen's Hotel Office.

WANTED—Compositor (news hand), experienced, seeks situation in Eastern Townships or country town. Address Comp., Herald Office.

WANTED—By a boy of sixteen years of age, place in office or warehouse. References 491 St. Andre. 217

WANTED—By a pensioner, staff-sergeant from the British army, with good references (city and others), any light employment, as office hand, collector, messenger, time-keeper, or caretaker. Wages not so much an object as constant employment: married; strictly temperate. Address J.A., Herald Office. 215

WANTED — Situation in some business. Young man. Speaks French. Salary no object, as a start is wanted. References. Address "Active," Herald Office. 215

SITUATIONS VACANT.

$5 REWARD—For good live agent, lady or gentleman, to sell the "Aerator Treatment for Catarrh. Call on Clement Perrault, People's Bank, Room 71, Montreal, P.Q.

WANTED—Immediately, competent general servant. Call this evening between 7 and 8.30 o'clock, 921 Dorchester St.

INSOLVENT NOTICE.

In the matter of

ALPHONSE LALONDE,

Hotel-Keeper, Cascades Point, Insolvent.

The undersigned will sell by public auction, at No. 69 St. James Street, Montreal,

FRIDAY, the 10th September, 1897,

At 11 o'clock a.m.,

The moveable assets of said Insolvent consisting of :

Liquors, Bar Fixtures, and Bedroom Furniture, Hotel and Farm Rolling Stocks, and half this year's crop on a farm at St. Dominique	$519.4...
Book Debts, as per list	389.3...
Hotel Keeper's License for current year.	

Terms cash.

A. LAMARCHE, Trustee.

Office of LAMARCHE & BENOIT, 1709 Notre Dame Street, Montreal.

MARCOTTE BROS., Auctioneers.

CALLING IN CREDITORS

In the Superior Court of the Province of Quebec.

PROVINCE OF QUEBEC, District of Montreal.

No. 87.—In the matter of Jean Baptiste L. Precourt, of the City and District of Montreal, Contractor and Joiner, Insolvent.

The creditors of said Insolvent are hereby ordered to appear before one of the Judges of this Court, in the Court House for Insolvency matters, in the Court House at Montreal, on the eleventh day of September next, at ten of the clock in the forenoon, in order to give their advice touching the appointment of a curator to the property of the said Insolvent, in the place and stead of Charles Desmarteau, deceased.

H. COLLARD, Deputy Prothonotary, C.S.

Montreal, 31st August, 1897.

PROVINCE OF QUEBEC, DISTRICT of Montreal. Circuit Court, No. 8462. N. Braun, Plaintiff, versus Joseph Vaillancourt, Defendant. On the thirteenth day of September, 1897, at two of the clock in the afternoon, at the domicile of L. Braun, No. 289 Plessis Street, in the City of Montreal, will be sold by authority of justice, all the goods and chattels of the said Defendant, seized in this cause, consisting of household furniture. Conditions cash. E. Aumais, B.S.C., Montreal, 4th September, 1897.

INVESTMENT SECURITIES.. Government Municipal and Other First-Class Bonds.

Suitable for Trust Estates, Banks, Insurance Companies and Permanent Investment, bought and sold by.

R. WILSON SMITH, Investment Broker
British Empire Building.
1724 Notre Dame Street, Montreal.
First-class Investments always on hand.

THE PAST WEEK IN BUSINESS.

Prices Have Been a Little Lower.

NEW WHEAT COMING IN.

The Arrival of Millinery Buyers Will Help.

Stocks Have Gone Higher—A Satisfactory Failure Record—Improvement Up West.

THE markets that were rushing upwards a couple of weeks ago got somewhat of a set-back this week, and quite a lull has set in. It is true that wheat is still on springs and fluctuating rather violently, but the steady tendency towards appreciation has disappeared. December wheat in Chicago ran up as high as 96c, and afterwards reacted. The Canadian markets have not been much affected; in fact, the interest now centres more largely on the new crop. The reports on this are all that could be desired. Late telegrams to local millers say that farmers are sending their wheat to market, and that so far the quality has turned out very well. The best part has graded No. 1 hard, and for this millers have been paying 80c on the basis of an 18c freight rate to Fort William. This is an advance of 35c a bushel over last year.

To some extent the cheese markets have participated in the reactionary tendency, and even butter is now falling into line It has been rightly contended that these products have been selling a little too high, and the feeling now is that they are only seeking their proper level. In the country the cheese markets have exhibited a good deal of tameness. The demand has fallen away a good deal, while the same can practically be said of butter. Shipments of both, however, are still going along at a good clip, and there is little doubt but that they will still keep well in excess of 1896.

General business this week has not shown any important change, and things go along in pretty much the same groove One important factor for the immediate future is the arrival of a large crowd of buyers to attend the millinery openings. While in the city most of the buyers start out to fill their wants in a great many other lines, and the result is that their presence is quite generally felt.

The Failure Record.

The failure record of Canada is still quite encouraging. The number of embarrassments throughout the Dominion for the past week was only 25, as against 31 for the corresponding period last year. The failures, too, were also comparatively unimportant.

Stocks Looking Up.

The bulls have been getting their hand in on the stock market this week, with the result that the majority of the leaders are now on a higher level. There has been some pretty good buying, both in a speculative and investment way, and it looks now as if the abundant supply of money is working its effect. One of the features of the week was the rapid rise in Dominion Coal stock and the sudden check later on. It seems to be the Montreal custom to grasp any new security and send it up, and this is what has been done to Coal, although the stock, by the way, is not new by any means in Boston, where the common within a very short period advanced from 10 to 21. The preferred stock in this market has sold freely all the way from par to 111. The leaders of the strictly local securities have been Gas and Street Railway.

Cattle Losing Money.

The cattle markets are in rather unprofitable shape just at present and shippers say they are losing money. The markets on the other side have worked down to a pretty low level, while the decline here has not been so great. In fact a shipper on the other side said he knew of losses ranging all the way from $3 to $5 a head. Shippers in Ontario are paying anywhere from 4 to 4½c a pound for best, and a good deal of it is being shipped via Boston, as they say freight rates that way are cheaper. The Manitoba ranch cattle are now moving in pretty good style and a good many have already gone forward.

Petroleum Up.

During the past week a stronger feeling has developed in the market for Canadian refined oil, owing largely to material expansion in the demand. American oil has so far failed to show any change, but altogether the market is a good deal more active than it was some time ago. The following prices now rule in the market: Canadian in car lots, 13½c; smaller quantities, 14½c; American prime white, car lots, 16½c; smaller, 17½c; water white, car lots, 18c; smaller, 19c; Pratt's astral, car lots, 20½c; and smaller, 21½c.

Montreal Clearings.

The Montreal Clearing House statement for the past week was as follows:

	Clearings.	Balances.
Total for week ending 2nd September, 1897	$11,645,323	$1,265,646
Corresponding week, 1896	10,316,899	1,842,668
Corresponding week, 1895	9,476,662	1,581,918
Corresponding week, 1894	8,459,284	1,138,241

Trade on the Coast.

A late British Columbia report says: "The farmers are very busy harvesting oats, which are quite plentiful, and in consequence hay is coming in very slowly and the holders are getting just about what they like for it. In a short time hay too will take a tumble. Abundance of grass has caused the price of fresh meat to decline. Australian mutton is quoted nominally. There is little demand for it. Butchers say that there is much waste in frozen meat and present prices do not more than make up for the waste. The salmon pack is estimated at about 700,000 cases all told. This is considerably were than last year. It is quite possible that twenty shillings will be reached in England for salmon, so that for canners it will be a successful year. The fishermen, however, grumble at the fact that the season was too short. The run was enormous, but millions of fish had to be thrown away, owing to the immense quantity taken to the canneries and the catches could not be handled in so short a time."

Coleman's CELEBRATED DAIRY, HOUSEHOLD AND FARM **SALT**
PROMPT SHIPMENT GUARANTEED
CANADA SALT ASSOCIATION
CLINTON, ONT.

Confident at Winnipeg.

The Winnipeg Commercial says: "The outlook continues very hopeful. In fact the feeling has changed from one of hopefulness to one of great confidence. This is owing to the fact that the great bulk of the wheat crop is now in shock, without suffering damage of any kind, and is practically past danger of damage from frost. The feeling has not been so hopeful for many years. Travellers returning from the country report that merchants are in good spirits. One traveller, who has been on the road ten years says he never saw the merchants in better spirits. Of course, the basis of this feeling is the favorable outlook for good prices for Manitoba's great staple product—wheat but in addition to this the development of mining in the west has been of much benefit to the trade of the city. It is being recognized that the vast regions surrounding the prairie belt, which were regarded by many as valueless territories, have great sources of wealth peculiar to each district, the development of which will add greatly to the population and wealth of Western Canada, and provide a home market for the products of the food-producing prairie region. A feature of the jobbing trade of the city has been the filling of orders for the Yukon trade, in provisions, clothing, etc. These orders come mostly from British Columbia coast merchants, who have been obliged to draw upon Winnipeg for supplies."

Dun's Review.

Toronto, September 3.—The trade situation in Toronto for the past week has been quiet with the exception of the wholesale millinery houses. The exhibitions were duly opened on Tuesday, and promises to be one of the finest ever held here, the various exhibits being good, and the number of visitors to the city at this early stage is very large, including many buyers from all parts of the Dominion, who are buying liberally. The recent great advance in the price of wheat has had a beneficial effect, and will, undoubtedly, prove a great stimulant to trade, which has not been so promising for years. The money market is steady and the prices of stocks have still an upward tendency, while railway receipts have gone up with bounds more surprising. The wheat harvest has been well gathered in and, with a few weeks of fair weather to enable farmers to get in the balance of their crops, Ontario will experience one of the most prosperous years it has ever had.

WILL EDUCATE AND COLONIZE,

Two Things the Marchand Government Will Do.

The Gist of a Speech Made by Hon Mr. Duffy at Sherbrooke.

(Special to The Herald.)

Sherbrooke, Sept. 3.—At the banquet tendered Premier Marchand and members of the Provincial Cabinet here in connection with the exhibition, on Wednesday evening, a speech bearing on public affairs was made by Hon. Mr. Duffy, the representative of Brome County. Mr. Duffy was greeted with prolonged applause when he rose to respond to the toast proposed by the Premier. He expressed pleasure at being present at the reception tendered the party by the citizens and officials of the exhibition. He had visited many exhibitions, and if he were to judge between the different shows, he had no hesitation in saying that Sherbrooke's fair ranked amongst the best in the Province, Montreal not excepted. This might hurt the feelings of his Montreal friends, but it was nevertheless true. He was proud to be an Eastern Townships' boy, the garden of the Province, that has rendered such a creditable showing as he had witnessed that day. In an enthusiastic manner, the hon. gentleman referred to the resources, and pointed out the destiny of the Townships, the Province, and the Dominion. To-day, Canada had only between four and five millions of population. Nature had given to her half the American continent and blessed her with inexhaustible fertility and boundless resources, and the time was coming when those four or five millions would be increased to forty millions. It has been said that the racial division of the Canadan people, French and English, and other races, would prevent the growth and prosperity of the country, for one million of her sons had already become citizens of another country. But racial division was not the cause of this misfortune to Canada. The racial problem had been solved years ago. The future of Canada was bright. Her people dwelt together in harmony, and this would in time be one of the most glorious and prosperous countries upon which the sun ever shone. He recalled those pages of English history which tell of the Anglo-Saxon and Norman races. After the Norman conquest, the two races lived and worked together in harmony for centuries, and from them sprung the mightiest and grandest nation the world has seen. We in Canada were sons of those Normans, and would carve out a future equally as great and prosperous for Canada. (Applause.) In speaking of the policy of the Government, the Hon. Minister said there were three things to which they would give special attention—education, agriculture and colonization. In an able and eloquent manner he dealt with each branch separately, demonstrating the condition which the developed intellect, the cultivated fields, and the increased population would bring to the country.

WITH THE TOILERS.

The members of the local lodges of the Coopers' Protective Union are requested to meet at the K. of L. Hall, Craig street, on Labor Day to take part in the parade. Badges will be presented to all members at the hall before the parade begins.

The Federated Trades and Labor Council of Montreal, recently organized in affiliation with the American Federation of Labor, have decided not to march in the procession on Labor Day. They will, instead, attend a picnic to be given by the various organizations of Carpenters and Joiners at Bout de l'Isle.

THE CHURCHES.

CHURCH OF ENGLAND.

Christ Church Cathedral—8 a.m., Holy Communion; 11 a.m., Cathedral service and Holy Cummunion 7 p.m., Cathedral service. All seats free. Rev. Canon Norton, D.D, rector of Montreal

Church of S. John the Evangelist, corner St. Urbain and Ontario streets—Rev. Canon Edmund Wood, M.A., rector; Rev. W.Wright, M.D., and Rev. Lenox I. Smith, curates. Holy Communion at 8 and 11 a.m. Choral (with sermon) Matins, and Litany, 10.15. Even song at 7. Daily services—Holy Communion, Monday, Wednesday and Friday, at 6.15 p.m. Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday 7 a.m. Even-song daily at 5 p.m. Wednesday 8 p.m. with sermon.

Church of St. James the Apostle—Rev. Canon Ellegood, rector. Morning prayer at 11 o'clock. Evening service at 7 o clock.

Trinity Church—Rev. Fred H. Graham, rector, 11 a.m. Morning prayer and Holy Communion. 3 p.m., Sunday-school and Bible class. Evening prayer, 7 p.m. Preacher, the rector. All are cordially invited. Strangers welcomed and shown to seats.

St. Simon's Church, St. Henri, corner of Notre Dame and St. Elizabeth avenue—Services at 11 a.m. and at 7 p.m. Rector's Bible Class and Sunday-school at 3 p.m. Services every Wednesday evening at 8. Rev. Frank Charters, rector.

St. Martin's—Rev. G. Osborne Troop, M.A., rector; Rev. W. W. Craig, B.A., assistant. Holy Communion first Sunday in each month at 11 am.; on all other Sundays at 8 a.m. Usual services at 11 a.m. and 7 p.m. Strangers welcomed

St. Stephen's Church, corner St. Paul and Inspector streets—Ven. Archdeacon Evans, D.C.L., rector. Morning service 11 a.m. Sunday-school and rector's Bible class for men and women at 3 p.m. Evening service at 7 o'clock. Preacher at both services, the Rector.

Church of the Advent, corner of Wood and Western Avenue—Rev. Henry Kitson, rector. Services at 11 a.m and 7 p.m. All seats free.

St. Jude's Church, cor. Coursol and Vinet streets.—Usual services at 11 a.m. and 7 p.m. Bible classes at 10 a.m., and 3 p.m. Sunday school at 3 p.m. Preacher, Rev. Canon Dixon.

St. Thomas Church, Notre Dame street east. Morning service, 11 a.m. Sunday school, 3 p.m. Evening service, 8 p.m. J. Frederick Renaud, rector.

All Saints' Church, corner of St. Denis and Marie Anne streets.—Seats free. Divine service at 11 a.m. and 7 p.m. Sunday school at 3 p.m. Holy communion on first Sunday in month after morning service and at 9 a.m. on third Sunday. Baptism on third Sunday at 10.15 a.m. Montreal Annex, 309 Park avenue. Sunday school at 10 a.m. Divine service at 11 a.m. Amherst Park—Sunday school at 3 p.m. Divine service at 7 p.m. Rector, Rev. Canon Evans, M.A. Assistants, Messrs. T. J. Wilson and J. B. Meyer, Dio. Tho. Coll.; also lay helpers.

PRESBYTERIAN.

Stanley Street Church, near the Windsor hall.—Services at 11 a.m. and 7 p.m. Sunday school, pastor's class and Chinese school at 3 p.m. The C. E. S. meets on Monday at 8 p.m. Weekly meeting for prayer on Wednesday at 8 p.m. Strangers cordially invited. Rev. F. M. Dewey, M.A., pastor.

St. Paul's Church, Dorchester street.—Rev. James Barclay, D.D., pastor. Services at 11 a.m. and 7 p.m. The pastor will officiate at both services. Seats free at Sunday evening services. St. Paul's Mission, St. Charles Street, Point St. Charles. Sunday school, 3 p.m.; evening service, 6.30.

St. Gabriel Church.—Rev. Robert Campbell, D.D., pastor. Rev. M. S. Oxley in exchange at 11 a.m. Rev. Robert Campbell D.D., at 7 p.m. Subject, "Have Just Seen Jesus?" 1 Cor. 9. 1. Stragers welcome. Sunday school at 3 p.m. C.E. meeting at 8.15 p.m.

Crescent Street Presbyterian Church.—Rev. A. B. Mackay, D.D., pastor. Services will commence at 11 a.m. and 7 p.m. Rev. A. B. Mackay, D.D., the pastor, will preach at both services Sabbath school and Bible class at 3 p.m.

Erskine Church, Sherbrooke street, head of Crescent street.—Rev. A. J. Mowatt, pastor. The pastor will preach at 11 a.m. and 7 p. m. Sabbath School at 3 p.m. C. E. Society Monday at 8 p.m. Prayer meeting Wednesday at 8 o'clock. Strangers and friends cordially welcomed.

Calvin Presbyterian Church, corner Notre Dame and Seigneurs Streets.—Service at 11 a.m. and 7 p.m. Sabbath school and Bible class, 3 p.m. Chinese Sabbath school, 10 a.m. Monday, Y.P.S.C.E., 8 p.m. Wednesday prayer-meeting, 8 p.m. Strangers heartily welcome. Rev. J. Lyall George, M.A., pastor.

Westmount Presbyterian Church.—Atwater Avenue.—Rev. M. Stewart Oxley, B.A., pastor. Services at 11 a.m. and 7 p.m. Sunday school at 3 p.m.

St. Giles Presbyterian Church, corner of St. Denis and Carriere Streets.—Sunday services at 11 a.m. and at 7 p.m. Prayer meeting on Wednesday evening at 8 o'clock. Christian Endeavor Society on Monday at 8 p.m. Rev. J. R. Dobson, B.A., B.D., pastor.

American Presbyterian, corner Dorchester and Drummond streets.—Rev. T. S. McWilliams, pastor. 11 a.m., "The Good Shepherd. 7 p.m., "Abide with us, for it is toward evening." The handsome windows erected in memory of the late Dr. Wells and the late Benjamin Lyman will be dedicated in connection with the morning and evening services respectively.

Knox Church, corner Dorchester and Mansfield streets.—Rev. James Fleck, B. A., pastor. Hours of service, 11 a.m. and 7 p.m. The pastor will conduct both services to-morrow. Sabbath school as usual at 3 p.m., and Chinese school at 8.15 p.m. Y.P.S. of C.E. on Monday evening at 8 o'clock, and prayer meeting on Wednesday evening at 8 o'clock.

Maisonneuve Presbyterian Church.—Rev. W. M. MacKeracher, B.A., minister. Morning service at 11 o'clock. Evening service at 7 o'clock. Sunday school and Bible class at 3 o'clock.

Taylor Church.—Services at 11 a.m. and 7 p.m. Sunday school and Bible class at 3 p.m. Prayer meeting on Wednesday at 8 p.m. Y.P.S.C.E. on Friday at 8 p.m. Seats free A cordial welcome to strangers. —Rev. Thomas Bennett, pastor.

ADVENT CHRISTIAN.

The Advent Christian Congregation, Conservatory Hall, 2269 St. Catherine Street—Services discontinued till first Sunday in September.

BAPTIST.

Grace Church, corner Oliver and Western Avenues—The pastor will preach at both services. 11 a.m., "The Coming of the Kingdom;" 7 p.m., "Lot and the Angels." 3 p.m., Sunday school and Bible class. B.Y.P.U., Monday, 8 p.m. Regular prayer meeting Wednesday at 8 p.m. Rev. W. H. Graham, pastor.

First Baptist Church.—The pastor will preach at both services. Morning, "A Great Salvation." Evening, "Joy in Heaven." At the close of the morning service, the ordinance of the Lord's Supper will be observed. Sunday school and Bible classes every Sunday afternoon at 3 o'clock. Regular church prayer meeting every Wednesday at 8 p.m. A cordial welcome is extended to all. Donald Grant, B.A., pastor.

East End Baptist Tabernacle, 1006 and 1008 St. Catherine street.—Sunday services —Prayer service, 9.30 a.m. Sunday school at 3 p.m. Preaching service, 7 p.m. Thursday evening, prayer service at 8 p.m. and 7 p.m. Sabbath school at 3 o'clock. A cordial welcome awaits you at all these services.

METHODIST.

St. James Methodist Church, corner St. Catherine and City Councillors Streets.—Rev. S. P. Rose, D.D., pastor. Divine worship at 11 a.m. and 7 p.m. Preaching by the pastor. Sacrament of the Lord's Supper in connection with the morning service. Public service in the lecture room on Wednesday evening at 8 p.m. Sunday school at 9.45 a.m. and 3 p.m. A welcome to strangers.

Mountain Street Methodist Church, corner of Torrance Street—Rev Manly Benson, D.D., pastor. Services at 11 a.m. and 7 p.m. The pastor will preach at both services. Sacrament at evening service. Sunday school and Bible classes 3 p.m. Wednesday evening service at 8 o'clock.

Dominion Square Methodist Church—Rev. T. Mansell, pastor. Service at 11 a.m. and 7 p.m. Sabbath school and Bible classes, 3 p.m. Prayer services on Wednesday evening at 8 o'clock. E. L. of C. E., Saturday evening at 8 o'clock. Strangers welcome to all services.

Centenary Methodist Church—Rev. M. Taylor, pastor. Morning service 11 a.m. Evening service, 7 p.m.

Fairmount Avenue and Outremont Methodist Churches—The Rev. D. A. Lough, S.T.L., pastor. Services at Fairmount Avenue Church at 11 a.m. and 7 p.m. Mr. Charles R. Westgate will preach in the morning and the pastor in the evening. Sunday school and Bible class at 3 p.m. Y.P.S.C.E. meeting on Monday at 8 p.m. Prayer meeting on Wednesday evening from 8.15 to 9 o'clock. Service to-morrow at Outremont at 11 a.m. The pastor will preach. Strangers welcomed at all the services.

Douglas Church—The Rev. W. H. Emsley, pastor. Services at 11 a.m. and 7 p.m. The pastor will preach at both services tomorrow. Sunday-school and Bible classes at 3 p.m., J. W. Knox, Superintendent. Epworth League of Christian Endeavor on Monday at 8 p.m. Prayer-meeting on Wednesday at 8 p.m. Young Men's Club on Thursday at 8 p.m.

Dorchester street Methodist Church, corner Dorchester and St. Urbain streets.—Services at 11 a.m. and 7 p.m. Sunday school at 3 p.m. E. L. of C. E. on Sunday evening after church service. Prayer meeting on Wednesday at 8 p.m. Rev. W. S. Lennon, B.A., pastor.

East End Methodist Church, cor. Lagauchetiere and Plessis streets.—Rev. G. G. Huxtable, pastor. Services will be held at 10.30 o'clock a.m. and at 7 o'clock p.m. All are cordially invited to the services. 2.30 p.m., Sabbath school. Epworth League of Christian Endeavor on Monday at 8 p.m., Prayer meeting on Wednesday at 8 p.m., all are invited.

Montreal South Methodist Church.—The Rev. D. Mick, pastor. Sunday services at 11 a.m. and at 7 p.m. Sunday school and Bible class at 3 p.m. Young People's Society of Christian Endeavor meets at 8.15 p.m. on Monday. Prayer and praise meeting on Wednesday evening from 8.15 to 9 o'clock. All are cordially invited.

Hochelaga Methodist Church, 17 Marlborough street.—Sabbath services at 11 a. m. and 7 p.m. Sunday school at 3 p.m. Prayer meeting on Wednesday at 8 p.m. Strangers cordially welcomed to all these services.—Rev. A. J. Belton, S.T.L., pastor, 389a Notre Dame street.

CONGREGATIONAL.

Point St. Charles, 185 Congregation Street—Rev. D. S. Hamilton, B.A., pastor. Services at 11 a.m. and 7 p.m. All welcome. Sabbath school and Bible class at 3 p.m.

Calvary Church, 302 Guy Street,—Services at 11 a.m. and 7 p.m. Morning preacher, the pastor, Rev. E. M. Hill; evening preacher, Rev. J. Lawson Forster, D.D., of Queen's Park Congregational Church, London, Eng., a former pastor of this church.

Emmanuel Congregational Church,—Cor. Stanley and St. Catherine streets.—Pastor, Rev. E. C. Evans, D.D. Morning service, 11 o'clock; preacher, the pastor. Subject, "Laborers together with God." Communion service at 12.30 p.m. Sunday school and Bible classes at 3 p.m. Evening service at 7 o'clock; preacher, Rev. Principal George, D.D., of the Canada Congregational College. Seats free at all services.

Zion Church—Rev. W. H. Warriner, pastor. Morning, "Saving men." Evening, "Forgetting God." The Holy Communion will be celebrated at the close of the morning service. Preacher at both services, the pastor.

Bethlehem Church, corner Clarke and Western Avenues—Rev. R. Hopkin, pastor. 11 a.m., "Obstructions, how to overthrow them." 7 p.m., "Hagar and God." Sunday school, 3 p.m. Everybody made welcome.

CHURCH OF SCOTLAND.

St. Andrew's Church—Morning service, 11 o'clock. Evening service at 7 o'clock resumed. The pastor, Rev. J. Edgar Hill, M.A., B.D., will officiate.

REFORMED EPISCOPAL.

St. Bartholomew, corner Beaver Hall hill and Lagauchetiere street.—The Rev. Chas. R. Cook will preach at 11 a.m. and at 7 p.m. Sunday school and Bible classes at 3 p.m. Mid-week service on Wednesday evening at 8 o'clock, in the lecture-room.

HOUSE OF INDUSTRY.

Protestant House of Industry and Homes, Longue Pointe.—At 2.30 o'clock p.m. divine service will be conducted by the Rev. L. M. England, B.A.

UNITARIAN.

Church of the Messiah—Service at 11 a.m., Rev. W. S. Barnes, pastor, preaching. No evening service.

GERMAN LUTHERAN.

The German Lutheran Church, 129 St. Dominique Street—Sunday school at 10 a.m. Service at 11 o'clock. Rev. Fr. Riedel, pastor.

The Misses Smith, St. Catherine Street west, have returned from a very pleasant trip to Newfoundland.

Mr. J. A. Mackie, Berlin, Ont., is the guest of Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Sclater, 4620 St. Catherine Street, west.

The Constant Use of **Abbey's Effervescent Salt** will keep you in good health.
60 cts. a bottle. All Druggists.

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The neat box makes it easy and safe to carry them—the non-sulphurous composition makes it a pleasure to use them.

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The only and proper accommodation for VISITING YACHTSMEN will be found at
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NOW ON HAND
NEW CROP.
RICE,
MILLED BY
Mount Royal Milling & Mfg. Co., Ltd.
D. W. ROSS COY.,
Agents, MONTREAL.

PROVINCE OF QUEBEC, District of Montreal.
IN THE SUPERIOR COURT.
Alexandre Eudore Poirier, advocate, of the City and District of Montreal, Plaintiff, versus Francois Xavier Gervais, merchant tailor, formerly of the City and District of Montreal, now of place unknown, Defendant.
The Defendant is ordered to appear within one month.
L. D. GAREAU,
Prothonotary.
Montreal, 3rd September, 1897.

SOULANGES CANAL

NOTICE TO CONTRACTORS.

SEALED TENDERS, addressed to the undersigned, and endorsed: "Tender for Guard Lock," will be received at this office until sixteen o'clock on the 20th day of September, 1897, for the construction of a Guard Lock at the upper entrance.

Plans and specifications of the work can be seen on and after the 6th day of September, 1897, at the office of the Chief Engineer of the Department of Railways and Canals, Ottawa. Printed forms of tender can also be obtained at the place named.

In the case of firms there must be attached to the tender the actual signatures of the full name, the nature of the occupation and residence of each member of the same, and further, an accepted bank cheque for the sum of $3,500 must accompany the tender. This accepted bank cheque must be endorsed over to the Minister of Railways and Canals, and will be forfeited if the party tendering declines entering into contract for the work at the rates and on the terms stated in the offer submitted.

The accepted cheque thus sent in will be returned to the respective parties whose tenders are not accepted.

The Department does not bind itself to accept the lowest or any tender.

By order,
L. K. JONES,
Secretary.
Department of Railways and Canals, Ottawa, 2nd September, 1897.

Newspapers inserting this advertisement without authority from the Department will not be paid for it.

PROVINCE OF QUEBEC.

Department of Lands, Forests and Fisheries,

Sales Branch, Eastern Section.

Quebec, 19th August, 1897.

Notice is hereby given that the rights of the Government in and to the water power formed by the Shawenegan Falls, in the River Saint Maurice, as well as the islands lying in the River Saint Maurice, designated on the official plan and book of reference for the Parish of Mount Carmel, under the numbers 1050, 1051 and 1052 and lot 926 of the same cadastre and the island designated on the plan of the cadastre of the Parish of Sainte Flore under the No. 637 will be offered for sale at public auction in the salesroom of the Department of Lands, Forests and Fisheries, in this city, on THURSDAY, the 9th SEPTEMBER next, at HALF-PAST TEN o'clock in the forenoon, subject to the following conditions:

1.—The upset price of the water-power is fifty thousand dollars, payable within twenty days of the sale, but every bid must be accompanied by the deposit, in the hands of the officer presiding at the sale, of an accepted cheque of one thousand dollars, to the satisfaction of the Commissioner of Lands, Forests and Fisheries, of the person appointed by him or the said officer.

2.—Within the first eighteen months following the sale, the sum of two million dollars must be expended for developing the said water power and for erection of the factories and the installation of the machinery required for its working.

3.—Within the thirty months following the said sale, an additional sum of two million dollars must be expended for the same object;

4.—The Commissioner of Lands, Forests and Fisheries may, whenever he deems expedient, have an examination or inspection made by a person appointed by him, of the said improvements, factories and machinery, in order to ascertain whether the above conditions have been fulfilled. And in such case, the owners of such improvements, factories and machinery shall exhibit to the person making the inspection such of their books and documents as he may call on them to produce;

5.—The working of the said factories and the improvements to the said water power shall be commenced within twenty months following the said sale, unless the Commissioner of Lands, Forests and Fisheries grants a longer delay.

6.—The default to expend the amounts mentioned in paragraphs 2 and 3 for the aforesaid purposes within the presented delays, shall render the sale de plano jure null and void and the water power and islands aforesaid shall revert to the possession of the Govenment without the latter being obliged to pay any compensation for the improvements made thereto; nevertheless, as regards the factories and machinery, the Government may, at its option, compel the owners thereof for the time being to remove them, and in such case, it shall pay no compensation, or have them removed itself in order to dispose of the same for the benefit of the owners; the whole within a delay of one year.

7.—Nothing in the deed of sale shall be deemed:

(a) To confer any rights contrary to the public use of the River Saint Maurice for purposes of trade and navigation;

(b) To affect the improvements made by the Federal Government on the islands above mentioned.

S. N. PARENT,
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PATENT RIGHTS FOR SALE.

The undersigned is ready to dispose, on advantageous terms, of the Canadian Patent Rights in his Electrical Call Clock "Bell." It is the most perfect invention of its kind in existence, and is comparatively inexpensive. The bells are attached to wires running into a clock, and all that is required to secure a call at any time is to set the hand at the proper minute. It is indispensible in hotels, hospitals, private houses, etc. Write L. S. Paulet, Levis, Que.

FOOD FOR THE SICK
The Diet Dispensary carefully prepares food for the sick at reasonable prices, thus facilitating and relieving the work of the household in the care of the sick. The poor are supplied gratis upon presentation of order from physician, clergyman or visiting nurse.
175a ST. ANOTINE STREET

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ST. LAWRENCE HALL
135 to 139 St. James Street,
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HENRY HOGAN, Proprietor.
The best known Hotel in the Dominion

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The Best 25c Dinner in the city.
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ST. JAMES HOTEL,
Opposite Bonaventure Station.
This well-known hotel, so conveniently situated for travellers, is re-opened, under the management of Mr. Gedeon Forest. The table is first-class, and the cuisine under the charge of an experienced chef. Moderate charges and careful attention guaranteed. The dining room will remain open after the usual dinner hour every night from 8 to 12, on the European plan.
GEDEON FOREST,
Proprietor.

MINARD'S "KING OF PAIN." LINIMENT

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Dear Sirs,—For some years I have had only partial use of my arm, caused by a sudden strain. I have used every remedy without effect, until I got a sample bottle of MINARD'S LINIMENT. The benefit I received from it caused me to continue its use, and now I am happy to say my arm is completely restored.
R. W. HARRISON,
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Fresh Milk, Cream, Buttermilk, Fresh Print Butter, New Laid Eggs, and One Cow's Milk for Delicate Children a Specialty. Delivery free of charge. Orders by mail or telephone promptly attended to.
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Telephone 6668.

INSOLVENT NOTICE

Important Sale of Valuable Real Estate.

In re

MICHEL LEFEBVRE & CO.,
—AND—
M. THEODULE LEFEBVRE,
of Montreal, Insolvents.

The undersigned will sell by Public Auction, at rooms, No. 69 ST. JAMES STREET, on

WEDNESDAY, THE 15th DAY OF SEPTEMBER, 1897,

At Eleven O'Clock,

the following immoveables:

PARK AVENUE.

A large brick and stone villa residence, with outbuildings, fronting on Park Avenue, and forming part of Lot 12, on the official plan and book of reference of the Incorporated Village of Cote St. Louis.

DUFRESNE STREET.

A first-class row of tenement houses, known as sub-division Nos. 60 and 61, of official Lot No. 1359, St. Mary's Ward, City of Montreal; area about 73.6 by 80 feet. Street Nos. 230 to 240 Dufresne Street.

ST. DENIS STREET.

The splendid residence occupied by Insolvent, known as sub-division Nos. 2, 3, 4, 5, 6 and 7, of official Lot No. 160, Cote St. Louis, now St. Denis Ward, City of Montreal. Area about 135 x 103 feet. Street No.: 1202 St. Denis Street.

UPPER HUTCHISON STREET.

Two vacant lots, St. Louis de Mile End, known as Nos. 45 and 46, of sub-division 1 of official Lot 12, Village of Cote St. Louis. Area about 100 x 101 feet in all.

BERTHIER.

A large solid built stone factory, with brick extension and other dependencies, used as a beet root sugar factory, and known as official Lot No. 154, Town of Berthier, 90,212 feet, more or less. Official Lot No. 104, Parish of Berthier, 1 arp. x 12 arp. 5 per., more or less. Subject to existing leases.

NELSON, B.C.

Lot 2, in block 11, in Government Town Site of Nelson, W. Kootenay, British Columbia, with buildings thereon.

TOWNSHIP OF WENTWORTH, P.Q.

Official Lot No. 15, in 7th Range, Township of Wentworth. Official Lot No. 16, in 8th Range, Township of Wentworth. About 200 acres each.

All particulars as regards the terms of sale and the inspection of properties, etc., can be had at office of Curator.

Purchasers will be required to deposit $250 on adjudication of each property.

A. W. STEVENSON,
Curator,
MARCOTTE BROS,
Auctioneers.

Bank of Toronto Chambers,
Montreal, 30th August, 1897.

INSOLVENT NOTICE.

In the matter of
DENIS WHELAN,
Montreal, Insolvent.

The undersigned will sell by Public Auction, at No. 69 ST. JAMES STREET, Montreal,

TUESDAY, the 14th September, 1897,

At Eleven O'Clock A.M.,

the rights of the Insolvent or the Curator es-qualite may have on the following immoveable properties:

1st.—A lot of land, containing about ninety-six acres (96) in superficies, known as lot number five (5), on the 6th Range of the Township of Wolfe, with buildings thereon erected.

2nd.—Five lots of land, known as numbers four (4), five (5), six (6), seven (7), eight (8), of the third Range of the said Township of Wolfe.

3rd.—Two lots of land, situated near "Lac Cornu," and known as lots numbers fifteen and sixteen (15 and 16), of the third Range of said Township of Wolfe.

4th.—Three lots, containing about two hundred and sixty-nine acres (269) of land, in superficies, designated as lot number five (5), six (6), seven (7), of the seventh Range of the same Township.

5th.—Two lots of land, containing about one hundred acres (100) each, being lots numbers eighteen and nineteen (18 and 19) of the seventh Range of the same Township.

6th.—One lot of land, containing about one hundred acres (100) in superfices, known as lot number twenty-three (23), of the seventh Range of the same Township.

7th.—Two lots of land, containing about one hundred and eighty-one (181) acres in superficies, known as lots numbers three and four (3 and 4), of the seventh Range of the same said Township.

8th.—One lot of land, containing about sixty-three acres (63) in superficies, known as lot number nine, of the seventh Range of said Township.

9th.—Four lots of land, containing about three hundred and nine acres (309) in superficies, known as lots numbers one (1), two (2), three (3), four (4), of the eighth Range of the said same Township.

For other particulars, apply to

A. LAMARCHE,
Curator,
Office of LAMARCHE & BENOIT,
1709 Notre Dame Street, Montreal.
MARCOTTE BROS.,
Auctioneers.

SATURDAY'S CABLE.

Scotland Has Experienced An Early Snow Storm.

PRICE OF BREAD RISING.

The Prospects Not Bright For London's Poor.

Failure of Certain Crops Will Tend To Aggravate the Quotations—Notes About Royalty.

London, September 4.—The bad weather and the cyclonic disturbances show no signs of abating. The rainfall of the month of August was largely in excess of the average, and in some places the excess was greater than in the case of any August of the past twenty-eight years.

The Duke and Duchess of York continue their visit to Ireland. They have spent the last two days at Baron's Court, the Duke of Abercorn's place. Their spontaneous popularity among the Irish is remarkable. The Irish peasantry have shown themselves especially anxious to see the Duke and Duchess. The correspondent of the Daily Graphic, who, his paper says, is a prominent Parnellite, who has suffered for the nationalist cause, sent the following private telegram to the editor: "The tour has become a triumphal procession. At Castletown and Dunraven I was simply astonished. You cannot magnify its significance."

A certain clique in the Castle at Dublin is so determined to make political capital out of the visit of Duke and Duchess that the Lord Lieutenant, Earl Cadogan, has been obliged to set his foot down firmly in order to prevent it from being turned into a Protestant Ascendancy demonstration, and he has ordered expunged several sentences in this sense, from addresses sent to their Royal Highnesses by Orange Societies.

A special despatch from Canea, Island of Crete, says that an American named Cyrus Thorpe, had been killed by Turks near Hierapetra.

FAILURE OF CROPS.

The failure of the potato, hay and corn crops in most of the districts in Ireland has resulted in the gloomiest outlook for the winter. The chairman of the Michaelstown Board of Guardians, at a meeting held by that body on Thursday last, declared Ireland is on the verge of a great agricultural crisis, and that numbers of rate-payers will be compelled to go to the workhouse.

PRICE OF BREAD RISING.

The price of bread is rising slowly in London, and here also the outlook for the winter is gloomy. This city requires 70,000 quarters of foreign wheat weekly, independent of flour, and during August less than 65,000 quarters arrived per week. Not one-tenth of London's bread is made from English flour, and the bakers assert that with flour at the present figure the loaf of bread at 5½d (11 cents) will send them into bankruptcy.

The hop crop is below the average. The picking, which is in full swing, has produced the usual pauper invasion of Kent, and has been marked by greater distress than usual. The workhouses and police stations of that county are filled with them, and there have been several deaths from exposure in the fields and hedges during the recent storms.

A ROYAL AUTHOR.

Court circles are enjoying a sixteen-page booklet, written entirely in cypher by a minor royal personage, in which amusing stories and facts connected with the inner life of members of the royal circle are set out in the most unvarnished manner. Most of the matter in this publication concerns Emperor William of Germany, and the writer asserts that 6,600 people are languishing in the German State prisons on charges of lese majeste.

LEO XIII. IN GOOD HEALTH.

The Pope's attending physician declares that Leo XIII. will see the twentieth century. The announcement has been decidedly unpleasant to the Papal initiators of changes in Rome, who are in a complete see of stagnation. One cardinal is reported as having said this week: "If you want to be correct in statements about the Vatican, you must say and impress upon the people that the present complete stagnation in everything initiative does not project any changes. No one, high or low, wishes to undertake anything new, for if Dr. Lappjoni is wrong in his predictions a real, great and radical change may arrive at any moment, and all fear to find themselves the mainsprings of some enterprise which might be displeasing to the new Pope."

THE ENGINEERS' STRIKE.

The strike in the engineering trades has grown more serious during the past week. It has now extended to the various trades connected with engineering. Over 6,000 moulders, boilermakers, finishers, etc., at Newcastle, Sheffield, and other centres, have received notices that their services will not be required after this week. Many of the firms affected declare that they are preparing to move their establishments to the continent, and they add that the question of eight hours work per day is by no means the most important thing involved in the dispute. The strikers are opposed to the introduction of new machinery, and are trying, artificially, to check production.

In connection with the engineering strike, the Employers Federation has issued a statement regarding the hours of work in the case of engineers in America, based on the official statistics of the United States Government labor bureau, showing that wages are not higher in America, relatively to the work done at much higher pressure and with fewer holidays.

U. S. NAVY CRITICIZED.

Naval circles continue to make much of the docking of the United States battleship Indiana at Halifax, and it is remarked that the predicament of the United States must be taken into account in estimating her fighting power. The Morning Post adds: "After all of America's talk, she has not yet built a navy of any serious sea-going strength, and it will be long before she builds docks. Our guests at Halifax are heartily welcome to all the assistance we can give them; but it does not need asking assistance to reduce the process of twisting the lion's tail."

SNOWSTORM IN SCOTLAND.

A snowstorm has swept over Scotland. The Grampion hills are completely covered with snow.

FROM THE CITY HALL.

How the Streets are Being Repaired—The Outbreak is Considered at an End.

Considerable progress is being made in the repairs to asphalt pavements which were so badly needed. City Surveyor St. George reports that Messrs. Bastien & Valiquette have finished work on the upper portion of St. Denis Street, and the Sicilian Asphaltum Company have done what was necessary on their contracts on Bleury, Ontario, and St. Catherine west. They are now at work on Chaboillez Square. The two streets on which the repairs are most urgently needed are Notre Dame and St. James Streets, where the guarantees have long ago expired. This throws the responsibility on the city, but there is no money for the work and Mr. St. George has done the best he could in the way of filling the holes with broken stone. None of the contractors have touched the holes along the street railway tracks, claiming that this must be done by the Street Railway Company. The offer of the Montreal Gas Company to repair damages made by them if they were allowed to do so themselves, instead of having the work done by the contractors, is still in obeyance. It is expected that the city attorney will have an opinion as to the legality of this course ready for the next meeting of the Road Committee, which takes place on Tuesday.

There have been no new cases of smallpox reported this week, and Dr. Laberge is confident that the outbreak is now at an end. The patients at present in the Civic Hospital are getting on nicely.

Monday, being Labor Day will be a holiday at the City Hall.

SHERBROOKE FAIR.

Yesterday Was the Last Day of the Most Successful Show yet Held.

Sherbrooke, Sept. 4.—The best and most successful show of the Eastern Townships Agricultural Association concluded yesterday. The attendance was less than on Wednesday and Thursday, but still the grand stand was well filled, and it is estimated that 12,000 passed through the gates. During the entire week not a drop of rain fell. The races were again very interesting, each heat being well contested. Jimmie Mac, 6.9, owned by R. Arbour, Montreal, made the best time yet made on this track in a race. It was the "free for all," time 2.17¼. The races generally are highly spoken of, being the best ever held in Sherbrooke.

In the second heat of the 2.29 class Kitty Carver, owned by H. Switzer, Kingston, when opposite the grand stand, broke, stumbled and fell, turning a complete somersault, and the driver was pitched headlong. Kitty was second. Eleven horses were following when she fell. Fortunately none were close behind, so no damage was done. It was thought that she had received severe injuries, and would be laid up, but when she appeared on the track ready for the next heat, the grand stand trembled with applause. In the remaining three heats she kept her position winning second money.

THE MAYOR'S LUNCHEON

An Erroneous Impression Prevailed as to Who Was the Host.

A very erroneous impression has gone abroad among the citizens to the effect that the cost of the banquet given to the members of the British Medical Association on the top of Mount Royal was defrayed by the city. The mistake was, unfortunately, caused by the reports in some of the local newspapers. The facts are that the members, on that occasion, were the guests of the Mayor, and every cent of the expense was of course defrayed by him.

QUEBEC CITY NEWS NOTES.

(Special to The Herald.)

Quebec, Sept. 4.—Several of the Quebec District Railway laborers employed in excavating on the St. Louis road have found some very pretty stones, which bear a striking resemblance to diamonds.

A few cases of typhoid fever are reported as prevalent here, and word comes from the vicinity of Charlesbourg that scarlet fever is rife there. From one house a ten-year-old boy was buried on Tuesday, and the rest of the family, consisting of father, mother and three children, are all down with the disease.

The failure in the boot and shoe business exclusively reported in yesterday's Herald, gave room for the currency of all kinds of rumors as to the name of the firm in trouble. The house in question is that of Messrs. J. V. Plamondon & Co. They have been in business about three years. The liabilities are about $16,000, with assets of about $8,000. The principal creditors are Messrs. Farley & Tourigny, of Victoriaville.

FOUR PAIRS OF TWINS.

St. Louis, Sept. 4.—Not yet eighteen years old and the mother of four pairs of twins. This is the record made by Pearly Bradford, a colored woman of East St. Louis. The remarkable young mother asked Dr. Woods, supervisor of the poor, for food to keep herself and children from starving. She has been a resident of East St. Louis five years, she says, having come there from New Orleans, where her husband is now trying to get employment. All but three of her children are dead. The live ones are healthful and strong, though quite young.

GRIP IN NEW YORK.

New York, Sept. 4.—Commissioner Fowler, of the Board of Health, is authority for the statement that many New Yorkers are suffering with the grip, which caused many deaths two years ago. The disease, the commissioner declared yesterday, is not nearly as severe on this occasion as was the case in 1895, when hundreds of persons died, policemen expiring on their beats and hackmen driving themselves to the hospitals and dying there. During one week in January, 1895, seventy-nine persons died from its effects.

THE MINERS' TROUBLES.

Clarksburg, W. Va., September 4.—The striking miners having prevented the men from going to work at the Pinnickinnick mines; 14 were arrested, but were afterwards released on bail. A large number of the strikers congregated at the Adamson mines waiting for the men to come out. The superintendent locked the men in the mine and went for the sheriff, who dispersed the strikers. More trouble is feared.

SIR CHARLES PLEASED WITH THE ROAD,

And Thinks the Country's Prospects Are Good,

That Is, if the Politicians Only Keep Quiet—Sails From New York on Sept. 11.

The present visit of Sir Charles Rivers-Wilson, president of the Grand Trunk Railway, to Canada, is nearly at an end. He sails for England from New York on the 11th of this month. Accompanied by Lady Rivers-Wilson, he returned to the city this morning, from the West. Speaking to a Herald reporter, Sir Charles stated that on the present tour he has paid particular attention to the branch lines of the system. He was pleased with the efficient manner in which everything was conducted. "Bright" and "smart" were the words he used in that connection. As to the country generally, he thought the outlook was very favorable. "If the politicians only keep quiet," he said, "and let the people do their work, there would be no trouble. We are always under the possibility of a political thunderclap, but I don't anticipate anything of that kind just now." The ten per cent. discriminating clause of the Dingley bill would not affect the Grand Trunk very much, even if it was interpreted to give it full scope. Sir Charles expects the Jubilee Victoria Bridge will be ready for opening next August, and he hopes to be in Canada for the opening then.

HELD UP A TRAIN.

Several Masked Men Get a Big Haul Near Denver, Col.

Blow Up the Safe and Made Away With Several Thousand Dollars.

Denver, Colo., Sept. 4.—News has reached here that the Gulf passenger train No. 1 was held up and robbed at Twin Mountain last night at 11.30 by two masked men. The two men got on the blind baggage at Folsom, and when nearing Twin Mountain, they climbed over the tender of the engine and, covering the engineer and fireman with revolvers, ordered them to stop when they reached the road crossing.

At Twin Mountain two men were stationed at the road crossing with four horses, and as soon as the train stopped they began to shoot their revolvers and to intimidate the passengers. Two men entered the express car and blew open the safe. It is not known how much was secured, but it is estimated at from $5,000 to $15,000. The railroad company has offered a reward of $500 for the capture of the robbers.

MR. M'DONALD MAY GO

To Toronto in the Near Future to Take Charge of the Street Railway System.

The departure of Mr. Cunningham for England and the coming from Toronto of Mr. Wanklyn to fill his place leaves a gap in the Queen City Street Ry. that has not yet been filled.

It is, however, stated this morning that Mr. Duncan McDonald, the present efficient superintendent of the Montreal line will be appointed to the Toronto position at an early date. He has just arrived back from the West but could not be found this morning.

Mr. John Taylor, late of the Montreal Street Railway has been made superintendent of the Cornwall line in place of Mr. W. R. Hitchcock, resigned.

A LUXURIOUS PRISONER.

Vienna, September 4.—Private reports received here from Sofia state that Captain Boitcheff, formerly A.D.C., to Prince Ferdinand, and who was convicted of the murder of his mistress, Anna Szimon, is living luxuriously in the house of the Governor of the prison. According to these reports Boitcheff is allowed to receive an unlimited number of visitors and is only kept in seclusion during the day time, being allowed to go out at night and spend his time as he pleases. His name, the report says, has not been erased from the army list.

EAST YORK LIBERAL CANDIDATE

(Special to The Herald.)

Toronto, Ont., Sept. 4.—At the Liberal convention in East York, held at the Markham Town Hall yesterday afternoon, Mr. John Richardson, M.L.A., was chosen to again carry the Reform standard in the pending provincial elections. Additional interest was lent to the gathering by the presence of Premier Hardy, and Hon. E. J. Davis, who spoke vigorously and at some length.

BLOWN TO DEATH.

Glenwood Springs, Colo., September 4.—Twelve bodies have been recovered so far from the old Sunshine Mine, where an explosion took place last night. The excitement is so great that it cannot be learned whether there are any more in the mine or not. The explosion was caused by ignition of coal dust. Rescuing parties are still exploring the mine and great crowds surround the entrance.

AN ONTARIO SCHOOL QUESTION.

(Special to The Herald.)

Toronto, September 4.—The request of the Anglican Ministers to be allowed the privilege of giving religious instruction at special hours in the public schools is likely to bring trouble. The Jews have submitted a similar petition to the public school board, and other denominations will follow their example.

OORE A PROFESSIONAL.

(Special to The Herald.)

Toronto, Sept 4.—At the meeting of the Dominion Racing Board of the C.W.A. yesterday the case of Frank Moore was up for consideration. Moore was not present, and the evidence put in was not considered sufficient to justify any change in the finding, and he remains in the professional class.

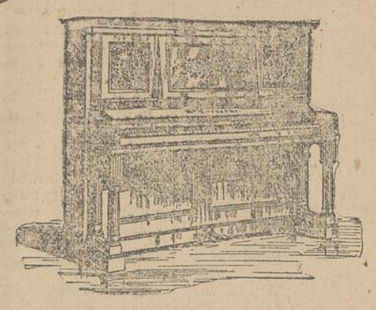
WORLD'S WHEAT DEFICIT.

London, Sept. 4.—The Daily Graphic this morning publishes a table comparing the available and prospective English wheat supply at the present time with that of September, 1896, showing a deficiency of nearly 2,000,000 quarters. It is inevitable, the Graphic says, that the rise in the price of wheat will be maintained.

MANITOTA WHEAT 80 CENTS.

Winnipeg, Sept. 4.—Several cars of new wheat have been purchased at provincial points at 80 cents, Brandon freight. The general price offered is between 75 and 80 cents. The farmers are not selling their wheat freely, the majority storing in elevators. The purchase of 3,200 bushels of No. 1 hard wheat at Gretna at 81 cents was announced on 'Change to-day.

The Leading Pianos of the Continent.



In the course of a few days, we shall exhibit at our Warerooms, 1824 NOTRE DAME STREET, the most costly and artistic display of Pianos and Organs ever presented to the notice of the Canadian public and connoisseurs.

This stock has been specially selected for the Fall trade, and will be composed of the products of the leading American and Canadian factories, viz:

WM. KNABE & Co., New York and Baltimore.
The BELL ORGAN & PIANO Co., Guelph, Ont.
The R. S. WILLIAMS & SONS Co., Toronto, Ont.

The whole of the Pianos shown will be of original and striking designs, and will include the new scale instruments, which have been so commended in the great musical centres.

Sole agents, wholesale and retail, for Quebec, Eastern Ontario and the Maritime Provinces.

WILLIS & CO.,

1824 Notre Dame Street, (near McGill Street), Montreal.

Our Neckwear is noted for its nobbiness and neatness. You can't do better than call in and look at our present assortment. We are selling out some lines very cheap.

NECKWEAR

Silk Bow Ties in the latest patterns and colorings, well worth 50c, to be cleared out at 25c each. Another line Silk Derbys, in handsome colorings, for 15c and 25c each.

MUNROE BROS.,

2246 St. Catherine Street.

ALEX. NELSON & CO.

1864 NOTRE DAME ST.

Where to Buy **Reliable Furs** or have them Remodelled to the Present Fashions.

1864 Notre Dame Street.

$507 STOLEN.

A Sherbrooke Shoe Dealer Robbed on Thursday Night—No Trace of the Thief.

(Special to The Herald.)

Sherbrooke, Sept. 4.—J. F. Martin, shoe dealer, Commercial street, was robbed on Thursday night of $507 in bills. After business was over, he counted his money carefully, and, putting it into a wallet, placed it in the till. He intended to put it back into his pocket before going home. This was about 11 o'clock. Then he started for home. He had been away just ten minutes when he remembered he had not taken his wallet, so immediately returned to the store. When he got back his money had been stolen.

He hailed a policeman, and both together viewed the scene—but not the thief. It is evident that the thief must have watched Mr. Martin put the wallet in the till, and known that he would not take it out again, for only ten minutes intervened between his leaving and his return to the store.

BROUGHT IN ITALIANS.

Toronto, September 4.—Among the passengers brought over from St. Catharines by the Empress of India were 56 Italians laborers who had been hired in Buffalo to work on the railway near Cornwall. The whole party went east from Toronto on the mail boat for Montreal. The matter was talked of among the boatmen on the waterfront, and complaints are loud that foreigners should be brought into Canada in that way in view of the recent action on the part of the U. S. authorities and especially as there should be no difficulty in securing all the men in Canada who may be needed for such work.

A LUXURIOUS PRISONER.

Vienna, September 4.—Private reports received here from Sofia state that Captain Boitcheff, formerly A.D.C., to Prince Ferdinand, and who was convicted of the murder of his mistress, Anna Szimon, is living luxuriously in the house of the Governor of the prison. According to these reports Boitcheff is allowed to receive an unlimited number of visitors and is only kept in seclusion during the day time, being allowed to go out at night and spend his time as he pleases. His name, the report says, has not been erased from the army list.

A HANDSOME WINDOW.

Quebec, September 4.—A very handsome stained-glass window has just been placed in the Anglican Cathedral to the memory of the late Mr. William Rae, erected by his wife and daughter. It is on the east side of the church, and is the second window from the Garden street entrance. The glass bears suitable inscriptions and the verse:—"Thy prayers and thine alms are come up for a memorial before God."

MONTREAL EXPRESS KILLED TWO.

Sandy Hill, N. Y., September 4.—Montreal express No. 101, due at Dunham's Basin at 3.20 p. m. yesterday, struck a horse and buggy in which were Joseph Guilder, his wife and two children, six and four years old. The man and woman were killed. The girl was seriously, but not fatally, injured. Guilder lived in the town of Grangeville, Washington county. He was a basket maker.

THE BAR'S PLANS.

The council of the Bar of Montreal have resolved to present an address to Sir Melbourne Tait, acting Chief Justice, at the formal opening of the Superior Court on Sept. 10. It was decided also that Montreal gentlemen admitted to the Bar at the July examinations should be formally presented to the court. It was also proposed to have a dinner of the members of the Bench and Bar at the Windsor, some time during the present month.

NO BASEBALL TO-MORROW.

There will be no game to-morrow (Sunday) between the Montreal and Scranton Clubs, but on Monday, September 6th (Labor Day) these teams will play two games on the Montreal baseball grounds, corner St. Catherine street and Atwater avenue. The first game will be played in the forenoon at 10.30, and the second game at 2.30 in the afternoon.

ON LABOR DAY.

The Carpenters and Joiners' Union will hold their annual picnic at Bout de l'Ile on Labor Day. A quoiting competition has been arranged for, the first prize being $6; second, a piano stool, valued at $5; third, a silk umbrella. Cars leave Lasalle Avenue from 8.30 a.m. to 11 p.m. A good time may be expected.

CONSENTED TO ASSIGN.

Gohier & Cousineau, real estate agents, have consented to assign on demand of Gaspard Deserres. Owing to illness, Mr. Cousineau, one of the partners, was unable to attend to business. Mr. Gohier expects to continue business alone.

NO TRUTH IN IT.

There is no truth in the rumor that there is a case of smallpox at the Ladies' Benevolent Society's Home.

NOTICE OF REMOVAL.

B. Lindman, 13 McGill College Avenue, truss manufacturer, has removed his office to 2418 St. Catherine Street, where he can be consulted in reference to all cases of rupture. Tel. 4651.

ALL UNION MEN OF MONTREAL AND VICINITY

will celebrate together with the Brotherhood of Carpenters and Joiners of America

LABOR DAY, MONDAY, SEPTEMBER 6, 1897,

AT THE MOST BEAUTIFUL AND DELIGHTFUL RESORT,

CUSHING'S GROVE, BOUT DE L'ILE.

Let all Trade Unionists invite their friends. There is a great time for all who come. Endorsed and supported by the Federated Trades Council. There will be a fine programme of games, for which numerous and valuable prizes will be given. Dancing, merry-go-rounds and swings. Music by first-class musicians, and everything elaborately decorated to

CELEBRATE LABOR'S NATAL DAY.

Yourself and friends are cordially invited to help to make this occasion the greatest event of the season.
ADULT TICKETS—Return Fare, 30c. Children, 15c.
See that your tickets read "Carpenters' and Joiners' Picnic."

GOD SAVE THE PEOPLE.

AMONG THE SHIPS.

The Canada Breaks the Boston Record for Passengers—List of Arrivals.

Boston, September 4.—Boston's growing importance in the tranatlantic tourist traffic was demonstrated yesterday when the steamer Canada arrived at her dock in Charlestown with the largest regular list of passengers ever brought to this port.

Only on one occasion has a larger number of cabin passengers come into Boston, and that was last year, when the Servia came home with the ancient and Honorable Artillery Company. Even then the total number of persons on the ship was not as great as the number that came into port on the Canada yesterday. She carried the grand total of 1010 persons, divided in the following way: First cabin 236, second cabin 237, steerage 356, crew 181.

More significence attaches to the arrival of the Canada, which really marks an epoch in the history of Boston as a port, from the fact that many persons came on here who are veteran European travellers, and who heretofore have always thought they could not depart or arrive at any other port than New York.

The Beaver Line S.S. Lake Winnipeg, from Montreal on August 25th, passed Malin Head this morning, all well.

IN AND OUT OF MONTREAL.

Arrived—Sept. 3 and 4.

Steamship Bonavista, 837, Fraser, Sydney, Kingman, Brown & Co., Montreal.
Steamship Ormidale, 2305, Wilson, London, H. & A. Allan, general.
Steamship Turret Court, 1197, Irvine, Sydney, Kingman, Brown & Co., coal.

Sailed—Sept. 4.

Steamship Carthaginian, 2700, France, Liverpool, H. & A. Allan, general.
Steamship Labrador, 2008, Erskine, Liverpool, D. W. Torrance & Co., general.
Steamship Memnon, 2046, Bales, Bristol, Elder, Dempster & Co., general.
Steamship Tiber, 1134, Dellisle, St. John and Halifax, H. Dobell & Co., general.
Steamship Queensmore, 2514, Cross, London, Elder, Dempster & Co., general.
Steamship Greta Holme, 1671, Ritchie, Hull, McLean, Kennedy & Co., general.

MOORED IN MONTREAL.

Steamships.

Madura, 1776, Fair, Petersen, Tate & Co.
Lake Ontario, 2741, Campbell, D. W. Campbell.
Cervona, 2371, Stooke, R. Reford & Co.
Fremona, 1876, Murray, R. Reford & Co.
Hazelmoor, 1979, Moffett, McLean, Kennedy.
Amarynthia, 2617, McNeil, R. Reford.
Sarmatian, 2430, Johnston, H. & A. Allan.
Carlisle City, 1894, Aitken, D. Torrance & Co.
Barnesmore, 2055, Richardson, Wm. Johnston & Co.
Bonavista, 837, Fraser, Kingman Brown.
Ormidale, 2305, Wilson, H. & A. Allan.
Turret Court, 1197, Irvine, Kingman, Brown.
The Hankow and Baltimore are due to-day.

Brigantine.

R.L.T., 445, Hazel, Anderson, McKenzie.

Schooners.

Scylla, 95, Tripp, C. Egan & Co.
W.J.B., 66, Mabe, J. G. Brock.

OCEAN SAILINGS AND ARRIVALS.

Arrived from Montreal.

Bellona, Leith .. ..Sept. 3

Sailed for Montreal.

Laurentian, Liverpool .. ..Sept. 3
Mistor, Penarth .. ..Sept. 3
Montcalm, Avonmouth .. ..Sept. 2

THE QULF REPORT.

Quebec, Sept. 4, 10.30 a.m.:
L'Islet—Cloudy, west wind. Inward, 8 a.m., two steamers and Ottoman.
River du Loup—Cloudy, north-west wind. Inward, 7 a.m., two steamers.
Father Point—Cloudy; west wind. Outward, 7 a.m., Savoy.
Matane—Clear; south-west wind. Inward, yesterday, 3.30 p.m., Cape Breton; 5 p.m., Glenlivet.
Martin River—Clear, west wind. Inward, yesterday; 4 p.m., Eastlands.
Cape Magdalen—Clear; north-west wind. Aberdeen anchored.
Fame Point—Clear; calm.
North Shore—Clear; variable wind.
Trinity Bay—Brigantine inward.
Anticosti—Clear; north wind.
Heath Point—Inward, 7.30 a.m., State of California.
Meat Cove—Clear; north wind.
Low Point—Clear; strong gale; north-east wind. Inward, to-day, Acadian. Outward, last night, Truma.

NO MORE DREAD OF THE DENTAL CHAIR.

Teeth extracted by our late scientific method. No pain or bad results. Applied to the gums. Absolutely painless. No sleep producing agent or cocaine. We are not competing with cheap dental establishments, but with first-class dentists at prices less than half charged by them.—Dr. A. Brosseau, 7 St Lawrence.

PAINLESS DENTISTRY.

Why be afraid of the dentist when you can get your teeth extracted and replaced without the least pain at Dr. J. G. A. Gendreau, Surgeon-Dentist, 20 St. Lawrence Street., Montreal. False teeth without plate, Gold Crown, Vulcanise, Aluminum Plates etc.

BIRTHS.

ASSELIN—At Verdun, on August 29th, a son, to Mr. and Mrs. Jos. Asselin.
LAIRD—On the 2nd September, the wife of John Laird, jr., Quebec, of a son.
BOISSEVAIN—On August 29, at No. 434 Metcalfe Avenue, Westmount, Mrs. Karel Boissevain, of a son.
TURNER—At Outremont, on September 1, the wife of William Turner, jr., of a daughter.

MARRIAGES.

McDONALD-KENNEY—On 2nd inst., at St. James' Cathedral, John Phalen McDonald, to Beatrice Gertrude Kenney.

DEATHS.

DUNSMORE—At Huntingdon, Que., on the 31st August, Jane Cowan, widow of the late John C. Dunsmore, in her 89th year.
MITCHELL—At 476 Mount Pleasant Avenue, Westmount, on September 1st, Robert Mitchell, aged 76, a native of Preston Pans, Scotland. Funeral from his late residence to-day, the 4th inst., at 2.30 p.m., to Mount Royal Cemetery.
MOREY—At Sherbrooke, P.Q., on August 29th, Lily Louise Dyer, wife of Samuel F. Morey.
ROBERTS—At Havelock, August 30, Mary Jane Roberts, aged 41 years, 10 months and 27 days.
FOSBREE—At New York, on August 30, F. L. W. Fosbree, M.D., aged 52 years, youngest son of L. Fosbre, notary, and son-in-law of Mrs. E. Monaghan, 352 St. Denis Street, Montreal.
WEIR—Accidentally killed, at South Chicago, Ill., on August 29th, George C. Weir, husband of Catherine Cross, and eldest son of James G. Weir, of Thetford Mines, P.Q., formerly of Levis, P.Q.
CHAMPAGNE—On 3rd inst., at Cote Visitation, Longue Pointe Parish, Regis Champagne, aged 68 years. Funeral on Monday, the 6th inst., at 7.30 a.m., from his late residence, to Longue Pointe Church.
ENNIS—On August 30th, at 319 Dorchester Street (John) Henry Ennis, aged 80 years. Funeral private.
LEGIS—On September 3rd, at Lachine, Mr. Michel Leger, hotel keeper. Funeral at Lachine, Monday, 6th inst. at 9 a.m.
MURRAY—In this city, Thursday, September 2nd, Mary Ellen, aged 17 months, daughter of William and Ellen Murray. Funeral from 74 Forfar Street, to-day, at 2.30 p.m.
MULDOON—In this city, on September 2nd Rose A. Muldoon, only daughter of John and Kate Muldoon, aged 17 months. Funeral from 123 Colborne Street at 8.30 a.m. to-day.
LE MESSURIER—On 1st September, at his residence, Montreal, William Warner Le Messurier, a native of St. John's, Nfld., aged 78 years and 7 months. Funeral to-day, at 2.30 p.m., from Trinity Church, St. Denis Street, to Mount Royal Cemetery.
MAILLOUX—In this city, on the 2nd inst., Alex. Mailloux, aged 67 years.
SMALLMAN—On September 3rd, 1897, Margaret Elizabeth, eldest daughter of B. M. Smallman, No. 3 Wrexham Avenue. Funeral to-day, at 2.30 p.m., to Mount Royal Cemetery.

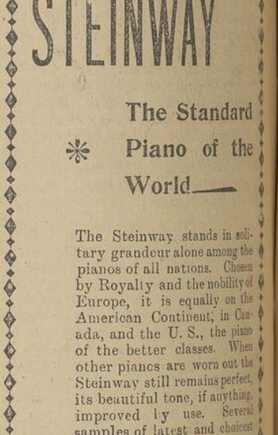
ILLICIT DISTILLERIES

No doubt have placed on the market many brands of inferior liquor. But I make a point to keep none but the very best. For instance, I have just received my order from this year's importation of RICHARD'S CELEBRATED COGNAC, which I will sell for the next 30 days at the following prices:

V.S.O.P. Gold Label $1 50
V.S.O. Silver Label.....$1 25
V O. White Label.... $1 10
Contourierier Blue Label..$1 00
Marion White Label. ..80 75

They are exceptionally good value, and highly recommended for medicinal purposes.

GIVE IT A TRIAL.

A. D. GILLIES, Family Grocer,
430 St. James Street.

SCHOOL BOOTS

for school, and ours are the best. Why? For two reasons. The boys like them better than any others and their superior wear and value make them the cheapest school shoes made. Boys are tough on Boots, and poor Boots are tough on Boys. Our Boots are adapted to hard usage, and those who wear them couldn't be better shod. Ask the boys what they think about it, and you'll find that they're with us on the Boot question.

RONAYNE BROS., Chaboillez Sq.

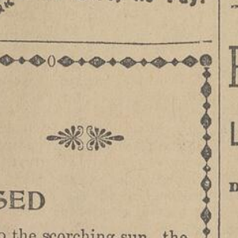
STEINWAY

The Standard Piano of the World

The Steinway stands in solitary grandeur alone among the pianos of all nations. Chosen by Royalty and the nobility of Europe, it is equally on the American Continent, in Canada, and the U. S., the piano of the better classes. When other pianos are worn out the Steinway still remains perfect, its beautiful tone, if anything, improved by use. Several samples of latest and choicest Steinways just received by the Montreal wholesale and retail representatives.

The Lindsay Nordheimer Co.

2366 St. Catherine Street & 213 St. James Street.



Agreable to Taste.
Quick to Act.
Sure to Cure.
No Cure, No Pay.

YOU ARE NOT EXPOSED

—To the scorching sun, the chilly winds and dangerous currents while bathing at the Laurentian. Water just the right temperature, and it's the purest of running water, too.

LAURENTIAN BATHS

Cor. Craig and Beaudry Sts.

LADIES' DAYS—Monday Morning and Wednesday Afternoon.

Plate Glass Insurance

Lloyd's Insurance Co.

Of New York.

Deposit with Canadian Government
Policies Covering Glass Against Breakage Issued for One or Three Years LOWEST RATES

MARINE INSURANCE

BRITISH AND FOREIGN ..of Liverpool
RELIANCE .. .. of Liverpool
BOSTON MARINE .. .. of Boston

Importers granted open policies. Exporters of hay, grain and provisions granting cover to any part of the world.

EDWARD L. BOND
Gen. Agent.
80 St. Francois Xavier Street.

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20 Pages.

The Herald.

Pages 9 to 12.

90TH YEAR. No. 216. MONTREAL, SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 4, 1897 PRICE ONE CENT.

MAJOR WALSH AND SITTING BULL.

Experience of the New Yukon Administrator with the Famous Old Indian Chief.

SUCCESS OF THE MAJOR'S DEALINGS WITH INDIANS.

He Thinks that the Chief of the Sioux Was the Greatest Indian that Ever Lived.

The recent wonderful discoveries of gold in the Yukon district in the far Canadian North-West have attracted the attention of the whole civilized world, and adventurous seekers after the precious metal are flocking in thousands to the new Eldorado.

The establishment of law and order in the peculiar community composed of men of all classes and from all climes—from the desperado to the college-bred gentleman of culture—is a serious problem with which the Government of the Dominion has been brought face to face, and that at very short notice. The Government has, however, shown itself equal to the occasion, and has acted with a promptitude and energy which has met with the approval and commendation of everyone.

An Administrator Chosen.

To administer the affairs of such a people as will find their way to that country requires a man of peculiar ability—one who has the genius to command and energy to see that his commands are carried out. On looking around for such a man, the choice of the Minister of the Interior has fallen upon Major Walsh, of Brockville. It is safe to say that a better choice could not have been made. The Major possesses in an eminent degree all the requisites of character and experience necessary in such an administration as is required among the rough population of the Yukon. His long experience in the Canadian North-West as head of the Mounted Police, and his remarkably successful career in connection with that force, all mark him as the right man for the place.

Major Walsh a Canadian.

Major Walsh is a Canadian by birth, having first seen the light of day at the town of Prescott fifty-five years ago. He was naturally of a very active temperament and fond of adventure. His first connection with military affairs was with the volunteer company in his native town. He never believed in doing anything by halves, and so, to perfect himself in military tactics, took a course at the Kingston Military School and afterwards at the Cavalry School. At these institutions his pluck and aptitude for drill were recognized by his superior officers. He organized the Prescott cavalry, and brought it to such a high degree of perfection that when the organization of the Mounted Police was decided on by the Government of that day the Major was selected as one of the first officers of the corps. This was in 1873, at which time the force consisted of only 164 troopers.

A Hard Journey.

During the fall of the following year Major Walsh arrived at Fort McLeod and was detailed to take all the horses and cattle belonging to the Mounted Police to the Missouri River to winter. This was necessary owing to the fact that the animals were all new to the country, and did not understand scraping a living for themselves among the snow, and there had been no time to prepare a supply of fodder. This trip to the Missouri was one of the hardest ever experienced by the Major while on the force, and some fifteen horses were lost owing to the cold, hard weather. It was on this march that the Major had his first experience with the Western Indians, having to pass through the reservation of the Piegans of Montana. He at once set about to study the character and customs of the people, and formed the acquaintance of several chiefs, two of whom—Little Plume and White Calf—became fast friends, and were afterwards of great service to him. He remained on the Missouri all winter.

Among the Indians.

In the spring of 1875, after returning to Fort McLeod, Major Walsh assumed the command in the Cypress Mountain district, to establish law and order and drive wolfers and whiskey traders from the country. It was also part of his duty to put a stop, if possible, to the hostilities that had been going on between the Indian tribes of that district for years.

On arrival in the Cypress Hills the intrepid young officer at once set to work to establish what was afterwards known as Fort Walsh. The location was in the very heart of the camps of the most powerful Indian tribes, among them the Crees, Assiniboines, Saltaux, Piegans, Bloods, Sioux, Blackfeet and Prus Ventres. There were in all some 9,000 savages in the immediate vicinity. Right into the midst of these went Major Walsh with a force of only fifty men. While the fort was in course of erection several efforts were made by the Indians to drive them out. So great was the danger that the men worked with their horses at their sides and with their guns across their saddles, ready to mount at a moment's warning. On two occasions so dangerous did the Indians become that the Police had to saddle and drive them back. The firmness and daring of the Major and the handful of men had its effect upon the tribes, and in June of that year (1875) he received the surrender of the Assiniboine warrior, Little Mountain, and also of the celebrated chief, Pie-a-Pot.

Successful Diplomacy.

Wood Mountain was the central point in the district claimed by all the Indian tribes, on account of its richness in game and the plentiful supply of lodge polis it afforded. The Canadian Blackfeet were located on the north-west, and the South Piegans on the south-west. These two tribes were friendly, and had a common right. South of the mountain were the South Assiniboines, Crows and Prus Ventres; to the east were the Sioux, and to the north the Crees and Sotos. These tribes met every year and fought until the strongest drove the weaker out and took possession of the mountain. The greatest danger to the Police Force lay in a threatened alliance of the tribes against them. And it was here that the friendship Major Walsh had formed with the Piegan chiefs in 1874 proved of great advantage. Col. McLeod had at the same time formed a fast friendship with the Blackfeet chiefs. By making the chiefs of each tribe believe they could not trust the other a feeling of distrust was created among the tribes themselves that nipped all danger of an alliance in the bud. Thus it was more due to clever stratagem and diplomacy on the part of Major Walsh and Col. McLeod that the threatened danger was averted.

A meeting of the chiefs of the various tribes was called, at which Major Walsh explained to them that the Police had come not to be their masters but friends. Their object was to protect everybody, and all they had to do was to obey the law. Communication was then opened from Fort Walsh with Fort McLeod, 200 miles west, and with Fort Benton, 180 miles south.

Preparing for Sitting Bull.

In 1876, after an absence of two years in the West, Major Walsh made a visit to his family in Brockville. At this time the United States military forces and the Sioux Indians, under the famous chief, Sitting Bull, were in active conflict. Custer's command and the Sioux engaged in battle at the Little Big Horn, with the result that Custer was drawn into an ambush and cut down, with his entire command, after a bloody struggle. On the receipt of the news of what is generally known as the Custer massacre Major Walsh was ordered to return at once to his command, it being feared that Sitting Bull and his followers would at once make for Canada, in order to escape the vengeance of the American soldiery. The Police force at Fort Walsh was strengthened by a second division and a four-gun battery, so as to be thoroughly prepared for any emergency that might arise. There were also taken into the service a number of half-breeds and Indian scouts.

Sitting Bull Advances.

Early in September reports reached Fort Walsh that Sitting Bull and the Teton Sioux were moving northward from the Black Hills country. Later in the season scouts reported that the Sioux had crossed the Missouri, and were moving up Milk River. Major Walsh at once despatched scouts to notify the trading posts and settlers along the Missouri River for 250 miles east and west of the advance of the Indians. The American Indian agents of the territory were also notified. In November a large body of Sioux, under Chiefs Black Moon, Little Knife and Long Dog, assembled just south of the international boundary, a few miles from the western end of Wood Mountain. A month later scouts reported that the Indians had crossed into the mountain. It might be stated here that previous to this the Major had made a treaty with the North Assiniboine Indians for the territory fronting on the international line from the Cypress to the eastern limit of Wood Mountain, which treaty was entirely satisfactory to the Canadian Government. In January, 1877, Major Walsh visited Wood Mountain, accompanied by an escort of police. He found there the camps of Black Moon, Little Knife and Long Dog, consisting of 280 lodges. This was a winter march of 200 miles. The weather was terribly severe, and the police lost five horses during the journey.

Bearding the Lion.

And now comes the most interesting part of Major Walsh's experience in the North-West, and which brought into play all his wonderful daring and tact. In March, 1877, Sitting Bull and his followers moved to the north side of the Missouri River, and in May they crossed the international line into Canada. Sitting Bull had with him about 1,000 warriors, and they pitched their camp about thirty miles from the fort. The Major on hearing the news at once started for the Indian camp with an escort of four men, and reached there ten days after they had crossed the line. He rode fearlessly into the camp, and demanded of Sitting Bull the surrender of himself and followers. He explained to Bull on what conditions he might remain in Canadian territory, the laws he would have to obey, etc. He remained in the camp two days, and during that time had several meetings with Bull and the council, which consisted of twenty-three chiefs.

Greatest Indian that Ever Lived.

Sitting Bull was very reticent. He said that he had buried the hatchet, attributed his success against the United States soldiery to the influence of the Great Spirit, and promised to submit to the laws and regulations of Canada.

Major Walsh formed a very high estimate of Sitting Bull's ability. He considers him the greatest Indian that ever lived, and only lacked education to have made a wonderful man. He was a thorough diplomat. That he was possessed of great intelligence is evidenced by the fact that he brought himself to the position of leader of his tribe by his own efforts, for he was not a hereditary chief. Some have accused him of cowardice. This was not right. He was a brave Indian, brave enough to stand at Milk River Ford, with only fifty followers, and hold in check Gen. Miles with two hundred Indian scouts, supported by four squadrons of cavalry.

Arrival of the Nez Perce Tribe.

The next important movement among the Indians was the arrival in Canadian territory of Chief Whitebird, with one hundred men, fifty women, about as many children, and three hundred horses. These belonged to the Nez Perce tribe, and the story of their march from the Lapaway country in Oregon to British territory is one of the most thrilling in the war annals of any country. They were pursued by American troops with terrible persistence, and only reached Canadian soil by breaking through Gen. Miles' lines. As soon as they crossed the line they surrendered to Major Walsh.

General Miles feared that the Sioux Indians under Sitting Bull would come to the assistance of Whitebird, and Bull would have gone with his tribe to the rescue had he not been restrained by the influence of Major Walsh.

General Miles sent a scout to Major Walsh with a request to hold Bull back, but what he desired had already been done. What success Gen. Miles achieved in this matter was entirely due to Major Walsh, but the Major was never even thanked for the important part he had played in bringing into subjection these two warlike tribes which had baffled the best efforts of the United States army, and cost many lives, besides millions of money.

When Whitebird and his followers crossed the line, Sitting Bull took them into his camp, presented them with lodges, and they remained there for several years.

A Conference.

In 1878 Generals Terry, Miles and Lawrence, the United States commissioners, with an escort of two companies of United States infantry, arrived at Fort Walsh. They camped right at the fort, and then was presented the somewhat extraordinary spectacle of the redcoats and the bluecoats all camping together, the former inside the walls and the latter outside.

Sitting Bull was invited to the fort to meet the United States commissioners, and after considerable hesitation consented. A vigorous effort was made to induce him to surrender to the American authorities.

In reply to General Terry, Sitting Bull said: "You ask me to surrender. What do you want me for? You say you will take care of my people. Why did you drive Whitebird out of your country? He was a peaceful man, living quietly on his reservation."

To this General Terry made no reply.

Sitting Bull absolutely refused to go back, and no doubt the principal reason for his action was the treatment that had been accorded Whitebird and his followers.

First Experience With Riel.

In the same year (1878) Major Walsh had another interesting experience, this time with Louis Riel, of North-West rebellion fame. Riel was an exile at the time. He was working a scheme to confederate the Indian tribes, including the Sioux, under Sitting Bull and other chiefs, and made his appearance about forty miles south of the boundary with a large camp of half-breeds. He was soon discovered, and the Major, with the assistance of friendly Indians, made it so uncomfortable for him that he was not long in leaving that part of the country.

Major Walsh's many deeds of daring and his honest dealing so impressed Sitting Bull and the Indians generally that he acquired a great influence over them, such as no man before or since had ever exercised. By the spring of 1879 he had succeeded in educating them to the belief that it was in their interest to return to the United States and become wards of the country.

Indians Move South.

In the months of March and April 200 lodges left Wood Mountain, carrying letters from Major Walsh to the Indian agents and army officers of the United States. These were followed before the middle of summer by 200 or 300 more lodges. Had it not been for General Miles' campaign against the Sioux that summer there is no doubt but the whole Sioux population north of the international boundary would have returned and surrendered. General Miles followed the Indians close up to the frontier, and it is given on good authority that he intended to pursue them across the line. He, however, stopped short of the boundary, and did not venture across. If he had, there is little doubt as to what the result would have been, for Major Walsh and his little band of redcoats were determined that no one should cross that line with impunity.

Sitting Bull Departs.

In 1880 Sitting Bull consented to return to the United States, but demanded that the American authorities pledge themselves to extend to him the conditions granted to other Indians—a free pardon for all transgressions. This demand the great Indian chief made on the advice of Major Walsh. One of the charges against Sitting Bull was the killing of two United States courriers on the Yellowstone, when he was a young man. Major Walsh informed General Miles that if he could prove the charge to his satisfaction he would have Sitting Bull arrested and extradited within forty-eight hours. The evidence asked for was never forthcoming. Sitting Bull remained in British territory until 1882, when the United States authorities agreed to pardon him if he returned. This was done on the strength of representations made by Major Walsh. On leaving British territory he requested to be allowed the privilege of crossing the boundary line, so that he might visit the Major when he wished. Before parting, he presented the Major with his famous war bonnet, saying, as he did so: "Take it, my friend, and keep it. I hope never to have use for it again. Not a feather there but marks some deed done in war while yet the Sioux were strong."

Another Pathetic Parting.

Equally pathetic was the Major's parting with Chief Whitebird before the former left the country. The aged chief was then but a wreck of his former self, living in a state of wretched misery. His last words to the Major were: "I am waiting here to die. I am praying every day that some one would put a bullet through my head. I am broken down in health. I have no people. I have no country, I have no home, and what is there for me to live for? No, no, I wish the Great Spirit would take me away."

When Whitebird left the Lapaway country he was estimated to be worth between $150,000 and $200,000. All this had been taken from him, and he lay in a tent on the prairie penniless, waiting for the Great Spirit to call him hence.

Sitting Bull's Government.

As has been already stated, Sitting Bull was a great Indian. The form of government he had established in his tribe was very complete. His camp consisted of 1,000 lodges, with about 3,500 warriors. The representation was practically by population. Each band had a representative, who had a seat in the grand council, which met in the forenoon of every day. There all the affairs of the camp were discussed, offences against the person or property investigated, and punishment meted out. So strict were the rules and regulations of the camp that an Indian, even of their own tribe, could not depart from his lodge and family without the consent of the council, and on his return could not enter the camp until permission was granted by the war chief. Both foreign and domestic affairs were administered in the council. The sanitary condition of the camp was as perfect as could be under the circumstances. The camp was always kept strongly guarded. Sitting Bull sat as president of the council, while the carrying out of details was assigned to the war chief.

Such is a brief but very imperfect sketch of some of the principal events in connection with Major Walsh's dealings with the Indians, and particularly with the famous

MAJOR WALSH.

chief, Sitting Bull. Had it not been for his firmness and shrewdness in dealing with the warring tribes the bloody deeds committed across the line would probably have been repeated in the North-West.

An Instance of the Major's Daring.

Many instances beyond those already given might be related of the Mayor's daring. For instance, on one occasion, White Dog, an Assiniboine chief, and a notorious villain at that, appeared with three horses which Mayor Walsh recognized as having been stolen just as the party was leaving Sitting Bull's camp.

The Major ordered White Dog and his men to dismount, which they did very reluctantly. The horses were taken from them and turned over to one of the policemen, with orders to see that they were restored to their owners. Sitting Bull and his people witnessed the whole proceedings, and were, no doubt, much impressed. White Dog's face betrayed the emotion he felt, and as he was moving off muttered something about meeting again. Although White Dog was a hard case and a dangerous man the Major called him back and made him apologize and told him that if he did not behave he would handcuff him and take him to the fort.

Mr. Stillson, a correspondent of the New York Herald, in a despatch to his paper in 1877, said: "Nobody would think of doubting Major Walsh's control over his savage wards after being one night at his fort, (Fort Walsh). From what I have seen and heard, I must characterize him

MAJOR WALSH

as one of the bravest and most remarkable diplomats of the day. He unites with a tact absolutely essential to diplomacy the ourage and prudence of mind required in all intercourse with a savage and superstitious people."

DEATH WAS SUDDEN.

Ottawa, Ont., September 3.—Victor Dejardins, a 13 year old lad was running past a building which was being repaired on Water Street, when one of the laborers J. B. St. Jules threw a plane out of a window and struck Desjardins on the head. Death was instantaneous.

NEGROES IN THE NAVY

Will Uncle Sam Admit Them in Future?

TEST CASES AT ANNAPOLIS.

The Secretary of the Navy Favors Their Admission.

The White People Thoroughly Opposed to Their Admission on Equal Terms.

(Special Correspondence of The Herald.)

Washington, Sept. 3.—Much interest is felt here in the result of the examination of the two colored boys who applied for admission to the naval academy at Annapolis, and were put through their mental and physical ordeals yesterday. It was reported that three negroes had been designated for examination, but better informed persons say that the third on the list, a lad from North Carolina, is a Caucasian.

Although the military academy at West Point has graduated one or more negroes, the naval academy has thus far kept its list wholly white. There is a difference in the two branches of the service which in this connection can hardly be overlooked. In the army are several negro regiments, to which officers of the same color can be assigned without creating a great social disturbance. In the navy, however, there are no ships wholly manned by negroes, and the far has been widespread that many white sailors of an ignorant class, brought up to the notion of keeping the negro always in subjection and contempt, would either refuse to take orders from an officer of the despised race, or would adopt a sullen and irresponsive demeanor which would be almost equivalent to mutinous conduct without giving their superiors full ground for disciplining them; and this, it is believed, would tend to demoralization.

WILL FIX THE CANDIDATES.

In a good many quarters it is freely charged that the instructors at Annapolis, brought face to face once more with the race problem, will take pains to see that the negro candidates fail either on the mental or on the physical test. This would be a pretty serious offence if actual discrimination were exercised, and it seems doubtful whether any officer of standing would risk his commission and his good name by resorting to such methods. At the same time it is obvious that the feeling among the faculty at the academy is strongly against the admission of colored cadets, at least for the present. They are not all prejudiced against negroes as a race, but they realize that the admission of colored candidates means another period of extra-severe discipline, with probably outbreaks, suspensions and expulsions, many columns of newspaper scandal, and bad odor for the whole naval establishment among the people at large, who attribute all such demonstrations to the snobbishness of an artificial aristocracy in the public service. The last time a negro was admitted to the naval academy he was so unmercifully hazed that he was glad to get out midway of his course. Several of his persecutors were dismissed, but that did not help the victim or the cause he represented. If the secret history of that episode were written, many worse things would appear than have yet found their way into print. It is stated by cadets who were in the academy at the time that one night a rope was put around the lad's neck and he was lowered from a second-storey window, where he was permitted to hang till he consented to resign. He saved himself from falling and breaking his neck only by clutching at a window-sill near at hand, and clinging to it as long as his strength held out.

ROOSEVELT THE NEGROES' FRIEND.

The white cadets now in the academy know that if they try any such cruel pranks as this they will have to account to a resolute superior in Assistant Secretary Roosevelt, who while civil service commissioner, fought the battles of the negro in the civil service till equal recognition of black and white rights was fully assured. Secretary Long's record on the race question goes further back, and may have been forgotten by many persons. But those who were in Washington with him as a member of Congress from Massachusetts will recall the fact that he resigned from the local association of Harvard University graduates because the association turned a cold shoulder toward a prominent colored graduate of Harvard, Professor Greener. With both the Secretary and the Assistant Secretary of the Navy committed to the equal rights theory, it is scarcely wonderful that the prophets agree in assuming that the white cadets will keep their hands off of any negroes who may get into the Annapolis academy now, and will content themselves with a mere course of social ostracism.

ACROSS THE ATLANTIC.

Many Passengers Leave Montreal For Liverpool and Liverpool For Montreal.

The following is a list of the saloon passengers per Dominion Line R.M.S. Labrador, Capt. T. Erskine, from Montreal, September 4th, for Liverpool:—Mr. W. Agnew, Mrs. Agnew, Miss Kathleen Agnew, Mrs. Adami, Mr. T. Linnington Ash, Prof. C. B. Baull, Mr. Biggar, Mrs. Biggar, Miss Biggar, Mr. N. Bellerby, Dr. J. G. Blandford, Mr. J. D. Bird, Miss Jessie E. Baker, Dr. Brookhouse, Mr. H. J. Campbell, Miss E. M. Clay, Dr. John A. Campbell, Miss Campbell, Mr. A. H. H. Crawford, Dr. S. M. Copeman, Mr. R. R. Creelman, Mr. John M. M. Duff, Mr. Dalton, Mr. J. Redpath Dougall, Rev. F. A. Eichbaum, Capt. John Fraser, Miss Fraser, Miss A. M. Fraser, Dr. E. B. Fennell, Mr. E. Fauteux, Mrs. Fauteux, Sister Germain, Mr. Hilton-Green, Mrs. Hilton-Green, Miss Kathleen Hilton-Green, Master Chetwood Hilton-Green and maid, Dr. J. L. Howard, Mrs. Howard, Mrs. Edwin Hanson, Miss Laura Hanson, Miss Gertrude Hanson, Miss Leila Hanson, Mr. O. M. Harris, Dr. R. T. Hearn, Mrs. Hearn, Mrs. Henderson, Dr. Jane B. Henderson, Miss Janetta Henderson, Dr. Alex. Johnston, Mrs. W. Kirkland and infant, Miss Kirkland, Master John Kirkland, Mr. Jas. Kyle, Dr. Kaye, Mrs. Kaye, Rev. Father Kiervan, Dr. Harvey Littlejohn, Prof. C. Lloyd, Mr. B. R. Longbottom, Mr. J. D. Morgan, Master F. C. Morgan, Master H. M. Morgan, Dr. John A. Malcolmson, Miss Margaret McMahon, Mr. A. McGarvey, Mrs. McGarvey, Miss McIntyre, Dr. McNicol, Mrs. McNicol, Dr. G. A. Norman, Mrs. Norman, Rev. Father O'Rourke, Dr. Noel D. Paton, Mr. D. R. W. Porritt, Mrs. Porritt, Mr. George Perrault, Mr. E. V. Pratt, Capt. Roberts, R.A., Dr. C. A. Rayne Mr. Lenoard K. Shaw Mrs. Shaw, Mr. W. D. Spanton, Miss Spanton, Mr. H. C. Stewardson, Mr. S. Skrine, Miss F. Stephen, Mr. F. St. G. Smith, Miss H. E. Smith, Miss F. A. Smith, Mr. W. Smith, Mrs. Smith, Mr. A. N. Sheridan, Mr. A. J. Turcotte, Miss Mable Talbot, Mrs. M. A. Searle Tyler, Mrs. Townsend, Dr. Alexis Thomson, Major Gen. J. Twigge, Mr. J. N. Varty, Mr. J. K. Whinerey, Mr. H. L. Willis, Rev. W. H. Wood, Mrs. Wood, Miss Grace Wood, Dr. Warden.

A RISKY EXPEDITION.

Antwerp Thinks That the Belgium Antarctic Ship Will Never Return.

The Antwerp correspondent of the Liverpool Journal of Commerce writes as follows regarding the Belgian Antarctic expedition on the Belgica:—

The general opinion prevails at Antwerp that the expedition will never reach its destination, firstly, because some say the Belgica is not seaworthy, and secondly, because those who form the party have no experience whatever. Some old sea captains who have carefully examined the Belgica say she will never stand a storm at sea, and that the party will never get farther than Monte Video; others say she may get as far as Cape Horn, but that there she will certainly be doomed. Many blame de Gerlache for not waiting until he could obtain more money and purchase a larger vessel. Others, who understand navigation, affirm that the attempt on the part of these inexperienced men is almost as suicidal as Andre's attempt in his balloon. However, there be ever prophets of evil, and one must hope that Nansen, whose reputation as an explorer in Polar regions is so great, would not encourage de Gerlache and his crew to take such a risk unless he felt very sure of the suitability of the craft. And who can know more about it than Nansen?

The Belgica is a Norwegian whaler, whose hull is protected by a formidable armour of the hardest possible "bois de fer," as a protection against the pressure of Antarctic ice. The internal arrangements are, however, painfully cramped. There is hardly room to move on deck or in the cabins and engine-room. Her little engine of 150-horse power is said to drive her seven knots an hour, though with sails set she can make nine. From Antwerp the Belgica first stopped at Flushing, where there was another dinner in honor of the staff, and another farewell ceremony. After leaving Flushing and getting out to sea, her engine broke down, and she had to go into Ostend for repairs. While at Ostend King Leopold took advantage of the accident to visit the vessel in detail and interview de Gerlache. The Belgica is now off for Monte Video, her first stopping place, and from the last letter of de Gerlache, dated from Ostend, all on board are highly enthusiastic and sure of success.

The day before leaving Antwerp de Gerlache said to me:—

Don't think for a moment that had the Government not at the last minute subscribed the 70,000 francs I should have given up. I have been determined to reach the South Pole, and I should have gone at all hazards. My word was given to my country. Now, however, we are, for the present at least, easy in our minds. Everything is very expensive, but our crew only costs us 35,000 francs for the two years, and there are 22 of them. Out of the entire party eight of us receive no remuneration whatever, and the only recompense we ask is success in our undertaking. To my question as to the degree of cold he expected to encounter, he said he only knew that in summer the cold did not exceed four or five degrees below zero centigrade, but that, as to the winter, there were no data. No one ever wintered at the South Pole; we shall be the first, he said. On the coast it is not certain that the cold will be very intense; but inland, if there is, as I expect, a vast antarctic continent, temperature may be extremely low. No, we have no doctor on board. Several have offered their services, but at the last minute we have had no news from them. Our comrade, Racovitza, the zoologist, will be able to set all the broken limbs, and as for scurvy, that is a thing of the past, for which we need have no fear. De Gerlache is in the best of spirits, and morally certain of success.

Who is de Gerlache? Many ask themselves this question, and the answer is not one to inspire the unprejudiced listener with confidence. De Gerlache is a lieutenant in the Belgian marine, and the Belgian marine consists of the Ostend-Dover fleet of mail steamers. De Gerlache has been out to San Francisco as second mate on an English sailing vessel; has studied navigation and has read up the South Pole as much as possible. He has never had the command of a vessel, and this is why so many lack confidence in the expedition. De Gerlache has not had experience with ice floes nor with icebound regions, and yet he undertakes with the consent of his country the command of so hazardous an enterprise in a little whaling vessel of only 250 tons. I do not wish to disparage or say anything discouraging, but it does seem as if the Belgians were in the habit of rushing at things like mad bulls at a gate. No man in authority on board the Belgica has had experience with polar navigation. The popular opinion at Antwerp is that either the Belgica will never attempt to get to the South Pole, or that if she does neither she nor her party will ever be heard of again. Qui vivra verra.

Napoleon on English.

Yesterday's Nouvelle Revue contains sixty hitherto unpublished letters of Napoleon. The last of these, the original of which is preserved at the National Library, is addressed to Las Cases. It is dated Longwood, March 7, 1816, and relates to Napoleon's unsuccessful attempt to learn English. He writes: "For six weeks I have been learning English, and I make no progress. Six weeks are forty-two days. If I could have learnt fifty words a day, I should know 2,200 words. There are in the dictionary more than 40,000 words. Let us say only 20,000. This takes 120 weeks to earn. Now 120 weeks are two years. By this you will perceive that the study of a language is a great task, which should be undertaken in youth." The Emperor's arithmetic seems rather faulty.—London Times' Paris, Correspondence, August 17.

CANADIAN WHEELS WILL GO IN FREE

Detroit Collector of Customs Called Down.

COMPLAINT FROM WINDSOR

The Order Will Apply to All Customs Houses.

The Bicycle Will be Put on the Same Footing as All Other Vehicles.

(Special to The Herald.)

Washington, Sept. 4.—A telegram is in course of preparation at the Treasury Department addressed to the collector of customs at Detroit, but applicable to all custom houses, directing how to admit free till further notice bicycles ridden over from Canada.

Complaint is made that he has been assessing duties on these articles, regardless whether the ostensible purpose of the rider was to bring them in and keep them there, or merely to take a ride in the Detroit streets and parks.

He will be told to admit bicycles free on the same footing as other wagons, carriages and other vehicles, only making a memorandum of the name of each wheel and its factory number, so that it can be identified later if it shall be necessary to levy a tax on any of them.

HOME, SWEET HOME.

Sir Wilfrid and Lady Laurier at Arthabaskaville.

Were Given a Rousing Reception by the Citizens and Presented With an Address.

(Special to The Herald.)

Arthabaskaville, Sept. 4.—When Sir Wilfrid Laurier and Lady Laurier reached home yesterday after their absence of several months, they were greeted with a demonstration the like of which was never seen before in this quiet town. Fully 2,000 people turned out to welcome the first citizen of the Dominion and his wife, who is naturally a great favorite here.

An address was read by G. Gendreau, the Mayor of Arthabaskaville, and Sir Wilfrid replied at some length.

He expressed satisfaction at having at last reached home, after doing all in his power to accomplish successfully the important mission which had taken him across the Atlantic. The citizens were warmly thanked for the kind words conveyed in the address.

The houses of the town were all decorated with flags, and three triumphal arches erected across the street bore the following inscriptions:

"Vous etes l'honneur de notre race."
"Hommage a notre grand citoyen."
"Bienvenu au grand Canadien."
"Vive Laurier."
"Home, Sweet Home."

DECLARED A DIVIDEND.

The Dominion Mining and Development Company Seem to be Doing Well.

(Special to The Herald.)

Vancouver, Sept. 4.—The Dominion Development and Mining Company, Vancouver, stock of which is largely held in Eastern Canada, yesterday declared a dividend of $1.75 per share from the proceeds of the sale of 100,000 shares of Golden Cache stock held by them. This is the biggest dividend ever paid in British Columbia.

Three different syndicates have laid claim to some twelve gold mining locations near Pine Bay, Lake of the Woods. The total area in dispute is between 700 and 800 acres. The matter is now before the Commissioner of Crown Lands.

The most prominent of the rival sets of claimants appears to be the Canada Mines Development Syndicate, which includes Messrs. F. Wyld, John Flett, James Carruthers, A. A. Allen, and John T. Moore, of this city. Mr. James Conmee, M.P.P., is the agent of the syndicate. The second group of applicants comprises T. H. Gilmour, Q.C., of Winnipeg, and Henry Bulmer, Jr., of Montreal. Residents of Montreal and Ottawa form the third syndicate.

The Canada Mines Development Company assert that they are the original applicants. They say they have made the payments which the law requires, and have also made individual surveys and filed plans. The property in question has not been developed at all, but surface indications point to the existence of gold in paying quantities. There is likely to be considerable argument over the case, however, before a decision is rendered.

HEBREW BENEFIT ASSOCIATION.

The Hebrew Sick Benefit Association of Montreal, held their five year jubilee on Wednesday, September 1st. The good work of this institution is well known by the public. It has at present over 140 members in good standing. It has paid out nearly $1,000 in sick benefits in the last five years. Although Wednesday night's assembly lacked in attendance, everything to make the evening enjoyable was there. A few speeches were made which were well received. The secretary's report was most satisfactory. After a very enjoyable evening, amid singing of the National Anthem the assembly dispersed.

THE QUESTION OF AN EXPORT DUTY

Discussed for The Herald by John Charlton, M.P.

WE SHOULD BE PATIENT.

Americans Will Probably Remove the $2 Duty Themselves.

Was Adopted Because the Dingley Bill Advocates Wanted the Measure as a Whole.

Editor of The Herald:

Sir:—The action of the American Congress in fixing the lumber duty at $2, has naturally created much excitement in Canada, and although the duty is one that was levied upon Canadian lumber entering the United States for many years prior to 1890, and is, when computed upon an ad-valorem basis on an average less than twenty per cent., yet its exaction will be a burdensome impost, and the desire to escape it is a most natural one. With the revival of business, we may reasonably anticipate that the consequence of this reimposition of the $2 duty will not be as serious as is now anticipated.

EXPORT DUTY OR PROHIBITION.

The proposal to retaliate for the lumber duty by imposing an export duty upon logs, would, if carried into effect, involve the consequence of an addition to the lumber duty of an amount equal to the export duty, and for the reason the proposal is not one calculated to commend itself to the cool, calculating man of business who has a practical interest in the question. The proposal to prohibit the exportation of sawlogs by departmental regulation in the Crown Lands Department of Ontario, is one which threatens grave danger to the lumber trade, as such action would, in all probability, be met by counter action upon the part of Congress, and the uncertainty as to what that counter action would be, renders the imposition of this condition a more undesirable expedient than a direct resort to export duties. Without argument as to the propriety of either of the courses indicated, the prudent line of conduct at the present stage of matters is to counsel delay in action, for at least a period of sufficient length to allow efforts to be made at the next session of Congress in the direction of a compromise upon this vexed lumber question.

THE COMPROMISE OF 1890.

In 1890 when the Republican party were in power, and when a protectionist tariff was being framed, a compromise was effected upon the lumber question, by which it was practically provided, that if Canada would abstain from imposing export duties, the United States Government would place the duty upon lumber at $1 per thousand. This provision remained in force until the Wilson bill was enacted in 1894, when lumber was placed upon the free list, the provision with regard to export duties being still retained.

CONGRESS AND THE $1 RATE.

During the entire progress of the consideration of the Dingley tariff bill by the Ways and Means committee of the House of Representatives, and the Finance Committee of the Senate, it is well to bear in mind that no direct or authoritative proposition was made by the Canadian Government, offering free logs in consideration of a lumber duty of $1 per thousand. Whether such a proposition would have been accepted is, of course problematical, but we have the fact to guide us in arriving at a conclusion that the Ways and Means Committee of the House of Representatives, actually voted for $1 lumber, the vote having stood eight in favor of $1, to three in favor of $2; and this action was reversed, it is believed, upon the personal solicitation of the chairman of the committee, and under the impression at that moment on the part of its members, that $1 would be the rate decided upon by the Senate Finance Committee. In the Senate a motion in favor of $1 duty was carried by a vote of 31 to 30. These facts warrant the conclusion that if the proper efforts had been put forth for securing a $1 rate, that the prospects for success were excellent. The fight was put up for free lumber and as we all know without success. With a strongly protectionist House of Representatives it was evident from the commencement to those conversant with the condition of affairs at Washington, that this attempt was a hopeless one. As it has failed, the question now confronting the Canadian lumbermen is the practical one; shall retaliation be resorted to, or shall conciliatory and pacific means be exhausted first of all in seeking for a modification of the American Tariff Bill as it relates to lumber?

NOT CONSIDERED UPON ITS MERITS.

The fact should not be lost sight of when considering this question that the Dingley bill is, as almost all tariff bills are, a measure in which various conflicting interests were consulted, and various concessions were made, each of which were distasteful to a minority of the members supporting the bill as a whole. The question with the promoters of the bill was not what it ought to be, not what they would like that its provisions should be, but what provisions it was necessary to incorporate in the bill in order to secure its passage. It was found in the Senate and in the House when the final stage was reached that the influence and votes of the friends of $2 lumber was necessary to the passage of the bill, and so the lumber duty question was necessarily considered by the majority, not upon its merits, but in its practical bearing upon the Dingley Bill as an entirety. Friends of the bill in the committees declared that the line could not be broken which had established, in the most unimportant particular even, without endangering the entire bill, and that it must go through as it stood. The bill is now law. The various elements whose diverse interests were combined to secure its passage could not be combined for the support of any single feature of the measure, and there are good reasons for the belief that at the next session of congress, if the proposal is properly made, and the faith of our Government is pledged to carry the proposal into effect, that the McKinley compromise of 1890 can again be secured. The Senate has already voted for $1 duty; the majority of the Ways and Means Committee of the House have already indicated their belief in that provision when not combined with other interests in a log-rolling compact, and it certainly seems that a due regard for the interests of the lumber trade dictate that an attempt in this direction shall be made as the next move. If it is successful, the matter will be placed upon a basis less satisfactory of course than free lumber, but more satisfactory than the continuance of the present condition of matters.

SELF RESTRAINT DESIRABLE.

In order to approach negotiations for the solution of the difficulty, and the adoption of the compromise referred to with a prospect of success it is highly desirable that action calculated to inflame public feeling and create bitterness and hostility should be carefully avoided, and for this reason the friend of an amicable arrangement must naturally deprecate the denunciations that are indulged in; also the demand for instant resort either to export duty, or to the prohibition of the exportation of logs. Let the matter rest until the spirit of fair play, which it is believed will assert itself at the next session of Congress, is tested. The chances for favorable action will certainly be much better then than would have been the case when the entire bill was under consideration, and at all events let us exercise forbearance and self restraint until we can learn whether this solution of the difficulty, which under the circumstances must be considered a desirable one, can be secured.

JOHN CHARLTON.

Lynedoch, August 31st, 1897.

Are You Nervous? Horsford's Acid Phosphate

Quiets the nerves and induces sleep.

BITTER DISAPPOINTMENTS

And Family Grief That Can Be Avoided.

Paine's Celery Compound Brings Health, Joy and Happiness.

You are willing to confess, poor sufferer, that you have been bitterly disappointed with past efforts, and that in your estimation your future seems dark and gloomy.

You and your friends alone are to blame if disease is tightening its chain around you, making you a sure captive for the dark and dreaded grave.

Why keep a wife or husband in feverish anxiety, daily bending over you with tearful eyes and almost broken heart? Why cause your children's voices to be hushed, and their childish sports and games to be disregarded and cast aside? They certainly cannot enjoy life when they see a father or mother in the agonies of suffering and deep in mental despair.

You can change the scene by changing and bettering your physical condition. In other words, you can be cured and made well again by the use of Paine's Celery Compound.

Your efforts, up to the present, to throw off the encircling and deadly bonds of disease have been vain and futile. Your doctor's well meaning work has not been productive of cheering results, and you are wasting money on medicines that can never meet your case.

Being assured of new health and life by the use of Paine's Celery Compound, you are sinning against heaven and false to your family and friends if you refuse to make trial of the great agency that has saved thousands in the past.

Paine's Celery Compound is the grandest disease banisher that medical science ever devised, and has the indorsation of our best doctors, lawyers, public men, merchants and others. Its curing powers are wonderful, prompt and sure, and it keeps every man and woman permanently cured.

THE SOO GOLD FIELDS.

Their Discoveries Are Causing a Great Deal of Excitement in That Region.

Sault Ste. Marie, Mich., Sept. 3.—The excitement here concerning Michipicoten, Ontario, gold fields, continues unabated. Another large party will leave on the north shore steamer on Monday for the new Eldorado. A number expect to charter a yacht, and will depart at the earliest possible moment. Something like two hundred people are now on the grounds.

Prof. Alex. MacKenzie arrived down from the goldfields last evening, but immediately left for Montreal. Mr. MacKenzie is the Canadian geological expert who investigated the MacKey-Dickinson property for the Montreal capitalists who are interested. He says that the find is an extremely valuable one, and that during his many years' experience in mining throughout the Dominion, he never encountered better gold prospects. He professes to believe that the largest mining district in Canada will be developed there. Prof. MacKenzie asserts positively that the deposit is not an isolated one, and is convinced that a vast body of auriferous ore extends over a large territory there. He says in character the gold is known as coarse and easily extracted from the quartz. While the first find is a valuable one, Mr. MacKenzie is of the opinion that the richest discoveries are yet to be made. Going over between four and five hundred acres of the MacKey location, paying quartz was found in at least forty different places.

WONDERFUL.

Piles Cured in 3 to 6 Nights—Itching, Burning Skin Diseases Relieved in One Day.

Dr. Agnew's Ointment will cure all cases of itching piles in from three to six nights. One application brings comfort. For blind and bleeding piles it is peerless. Also cures tetter, salt rheum, eczema, barber's itch and all eruptions of the skin. Relieves in a day. 35 cents.

Sold by B E. McGale, 2123 Notre Dame Street ,and J. Lewis & Co., 2208 St. Catherine Street.

ACCIDENT AT MURRAY BAY.

(Special to The Herald.)

Quebec, September 4.—A painful shooting accident is reported from Murray Bay, where a young man named Perron had gone with a lad, 12 years of age, to shoot snipe. They were in a birch bark canoe, and the former paddled at the bow with the latter at the stern. The latter took up his gun to fire at a bird, when the weapon was prematurely discharged, owing to his companion turning and grasping it, and several grains of shot lodged in his body. The wounded boy had enough strength to reach a house, assisted by the unwilling author of the accident, and a doctor was sent for, but it was found to be impossible to extract all the lead, though 30 or 40 grains were taken out.

CONGRESS LIBRARY ON THE MOVE.

An Immense Task Under Way at Washington.

800,000 VOLUMES HANDLED.

How the Big Work Is Being Accomplished.

Necessary to Mark and Label Every Volume to Get It in the Proper Place.

(Special to The Herald.)

Washington, Sept. 3.—This week is devoted at the Library of Congress to moving the books from the old quarters to the new. As the volumes number between 700,000 and 800,000, the task is no mean one. At the old library Mr. Spofford presides over the starting of the books on their journey, and at the other end Mr. Young is in general charge, with assistants to attend to the details; while between the old and the new homes of the collection Mr. Alvord runs back and forth. The undertaking was considerably relieved by the earlier transfer of all the maps, charts, pictures and other art works, besides many of the most precious manicripts, leaving the books and records for the final stage.

Over the entire proceeding Bernard Green, the engineer who had charge of the erection of the new library building, and whom the President appointed its permanent custodian, sits in the seat of judgment It was he who after professional librarians and other advisers had recommended every device under the sun for getting the books across from the Capital to the Library building, cut the Gordian knot with the simple proposition: "Here is so much freight to be carried sush a distance and delivered and disposed of in such a way. With these factors given, the whole proposition resolves itself into an ordinary mathematical calculation." So he contracted with a firm which runs a parcel and baggage express, to have so many wagons, each of a given capacity, put at his disposal for the longer or shorter time it might take to get the whole library properly moved. Then he went and built several simple plank chutes, like long troughs. These he put wherever needed to span the distance between the high galleries of the old library and its floor, and between the top and bottom of the main outside staircase on the east front of the Capitol, facing the new Library building. To fit in these chutes, he had made about sixty or seventy boxes, each of sufficient length, breadth and thickness to permit one shelf-ful of books to be laid in, neatly and without disturbing their exact order. The next step was to have cut a few thousand pasteboard cards, about seven by nine inches in size.

MARKING THE BOOKS.

The process then became simplicity itself barring the dirt and the hot weather. A force of assistants in a gallery place the books in a certain shelf in one of the boxes, and inscribe on the pasteboard card which was put in with them at one end of the box a series of numbers like this: "7-12-4-2.". To Mr. Green and his assistants at the other end of the line this means: "seventh deck (or gallery), twelfth alley, fourth bay, second shelf." In other words, before the box leaves the hands that packed it, the very position which this particular shelf-ful of books is to occupy in the new building is indicated to an inch, and there can be no possible excuse for their going astray. The box is then placed in the shute, slid over the well soaped plank surface to the floor, there seized by stalwart porters and carried to the east portico, placed in the shute running down the staircase, caught at the lower end by other muscular hands and loaded upon an express wagon. As each wagon can carry from eight een to twenty-seven boxes, the work goes on merrily.

At the new Library building, the boxful of books is first subjected to cleansing by means of a mechanical blower with a mouth like a large hose-nozzle. This sends a hard blast of air against all the exposed surfaces of the books, making the dust fly, even from those which were supposed to have been carefully wiped off. Then the books go into their exact place in their new quarters, so that no confusion can possibly occur, and they can be found to-morrow from the librarian's catalogue as easily as three months hence. The whole arrangement is a model of simplicity and effectiveness combined, and persons who have libraries to move in the future may well take a lesson from Mr. Green's method.

A LABEL ON EVERY VOLUMN.

But Mr. Spofford has taken precautions, meanwhile, to see that, if by any chance a book should be misplaced, it shall find its way back to the proper department at least. His plan is also to expedite the handling of books after the machinery of the library gets once more into smooth working order. He has had a special force of assistants engaged in writing and pasting labels on the backs of the books. For example, Scott's "Ivanhoe" bears the label: "16-35-E." This means that it belongs on deck 16; the number 35 indicates the department of fiction, and E shows that it is in the English language. The female assistants have had the writing of the labels, and the male assistants the pasting. The women have beaten the men in rapidity of work. Four of them have written, in twenty-five days, 200,000 labels, while five men, in the same time have stuck only 185,000. This whole body will be through with their work inside of two weeks, according to present calculations.

Most visitors ask the question: What is going to become of the space in the Capitol hitherto occupied by the library?

AN AWFUL OUTLOOK.

Mr. F. R. Panzera, a missionary formerly of Startford, writing from Lang's Nek, Natal, South Africa, on July 15, says: "The outlook here is awful—ruination or starvation is staring every farmer in the face. Scores up country have died. House after house up north of father (Mr. Panzera's father is also in South Africa) contain nothing but the bones of the former white occupants. Their horses had died of sickness and then the rinderpest took their cattle, so that after their powder had run out there was nothing for it but to sit down and die if the relief parties did not happen to bear in sight; unfortunately war has been going on throughout Baralonge and that stopped all the reliefs from getting north. We are close to the railway and so there is no chance of our dying in such a manner; but our difficulty, and in fact the difficulty of the bulk of the whites through here will be money. The rich brutes enjoy seeing one starve and will not bring down their prices. The last two weeks or so there has been a regular panic sale amongst farmers. One man below us sold seven thumping fat oxen for £1 4s, or about 70 cents a piece. Last week at Ermelo 750 head of cattle died, and on the Orange Free State border 1,600 head, and such numbers cannot be buried fast enough, so the stench is awful, and fever is hard behind rinderpest. Many whites in outlying districts have eaten the dead meant in desperation and those who are still alive wish themselves dead. The germ grows at a fearful speed in the human body, and seems to feed just under the skin—so that the beasts (a long, thin maggot) are plainly visible and can be seen coursing about, not to say anything of the feeling; but they are in millions, and to attempt to cut them out, as some have done, is only death. In those I have seen the skin of the hands and arms was just a heaving mass. It is awful, beyond description; and yet there are men with sufficient of the devil in them who are spreading the pest. Only this week a farmer below here heard a noise in his cattle kraal at night, and on getting up saw a man amongst the cattle, and lifting down the bars, and of course took him for a jumper. He shot him at once, but in the morning when searching the body he found every pocket full of putrid flesh. All that man's cattle were dead by last night, £7,000 worth of fine cattle, and he is not worth a cent now. That man has been all through the neighborhood visiting 'friends,' and on every farm that he has been all cattle have died. Can you imagine anything so diabolical? Shooting was far too good for such a being. To-morrow I am going below to try and secure a couple of horses, as we must work the land or follow our neighbors to the workhouse. I intend trying to get the money from a Christian in Durban and paying it back in monthly instalments, then ride the horses back here, 305 miles."

MR. FORTIER OBJECTS.

He Thinks the Present Tobacco Manufacturing Regulations Are Ridiculous.

"The regulations recently issued by the Government for controlling the manufacture of tobacco are simply ridiculous," said Mr. J. M. Fortier, the well-known tobacco manufacturer, to The Herald this morning. "The Government wants to encourage the cultivation of Canadian tobacco, but, if I know anything, these new regulations will stop it altogether. The regulations require that the manufacturer of different brands of cigars, cigarettes, etc., be carried on in separate compartments. Here I have a plant worth $100,000, and, forsooth, I must close it up, and establish another, because—well, because the Government wants to encourage the cultivation of Canadian tobacco."

Mr. Fortier laughed heartily at the idea, and then continued:—"If the Government will allow me to bring Canadian tobacco into my establishment as it is now, I am perfectly willing to manufacture the Canadian leaf, but when they want me to start a new plant for that especial purpose, they are just a little too exacting. Just think of it. A manufacturer must start a new plant in order to manufacture a tobacco that nobody cares about.

"The regulations also dictate how much foreign and how much domestic leaf shall be used in the manufacture of cigars and cigarettes. This, I think, is a pretty piece of impudence. When a wool manufacturer imports foreign wool he is at liberty to mix it with domestic wool in any proportion he pleases, and to manufacture it into any kind of cloth. Now, I don't see why we should not be able to do the same with the tobacco leaf. Surely, after we pay the high duty on foreign tobacco, we should be at liberty to manufacture it in any form we choose. The regulations also put a different duty on the different kinds of leaf, and every duty is ten times higher than it has any business to be.

"These duties are, in fact, so complicated that a man cannot understand them. It would be impossible for me or any manufacturer to comply with them. The Government is certainly not going to encourage the cultivation of Canadian tobacco by such regulations. If they were enforced they would drive all manufacturers out of the country, and without the manufacturer the tobacco farmer would be in a poor way. There should be a uniform tax on all foreign leaf tobaccos, and after we pay the excise duty we should be at liberty to take the leaf to our factories and manufacture it in any way we see fit."

PRECEPTS AND WARNINGS FOR THOSE WHO WOULD DYE WELL.

Let thy faith be fixed in the wonderful transforming powers of Diamond Dyes; the results they give will cheer thine heart.

Never allo wany interested or wily dealer to recommend for thy use some inferior or imitation make of dye. If thou wilt hearken to his words, he will rejoice at thy simplicity of character and will delight himself over thy wrath and bitter disappointment.

If thou wouldst avoid handling poisonous ingredients, use only the Diamond Dyes for thy home dyeing work; they are the only harmless and pure dyes.

When times are hard and money scarce, thine heart often craves for new and stylish colors and garments. By the use of the magic Diamond Dyes thy wishes can be fully realized, because Diamond Dyes recreate old dresses and make them to look like new.

If thou wouldst have a similing face, a happy heart and an easy mind, do thy coloring at all seasons of the year with the Diamond Dyes; they never cause worry or grief to those who make use of them.

A BOWMANVILLE CRITIC.

Mr. M. A. James, editor and proprietor of the Canadian Statesman, of Bowmanville, contributes to his paper an article on a visit to this Province, in the course of which he says:

"Having seen and described the City of Montreal in these columns on the occasion of previous visits, we shall not say much now. We must say, however, that we never saw the principal streets more dirty or containing more litter, nor do we remember smelling so many bad odors. Whether it was that our olfactory and optical organs were more keen than formerly, or that our companions were more observing than the writer, he will not say, but there is certainly an important lesson to be learned from Toronto in this particular."

September is the finest month in the year to visit Lake St. John. Protected by the mountain ranges from the cold winds of the St. Lawrence, the climate of the Lake St. John Valley in the autumn is very delightful. The Lake and Mountain scenery of the Canadian Adirondack through which the railway passes is beautiful. Unsurpassed hotel accommodation at Roberval.

AN ATTEMPT TO SOLVE THE LABOR PROBLEM.

Denver Man Comes Forward With a Scheme.

He Will Form a Company and Work on the Co-operativ Principle.

Denver, Colo., September 3.—Charles W. Caryl, of this city, will attend the meeting of labor leaders in Chicago September 24, and place before it a gigantic scheme which he believes will solve the labor question quickly and easily. He submitted his plans to a meeting of representatives of labor unions here, and they received general approval. Mr. Caryl, who is a prominent mining man, proposes to incorporate a company with a capital of $1000.000,000, which is to engage in all kinds of productive industry. Stock is to be sold at par, and money is also to be raised by the sales of bonds due in twenty-five years, bearing six per cent. interest and payable in gold. Dividends or stock are to be limited to three per cent. per annum. All net income beyond this and the interest on the bonds is to be given to the employees of the company. The transactions between members are to be largely carried on with checks issued by the company. Mr. Caryl has so much faith in the scheme that he proposes to incorporate the company, which he will call the New Era Union, and trust to its merits to enlist supporters.

MALTING TRUST FORMED.

The last man who is to be taken into the American Malting Company signified his intention last night of accepting the terms offered to him by the promoters of this new enterprise for squeezing the public. Within a short time the stocks of this organization will be listed on the Stock Exchange and the public will be treated to the sight of further stock manipulations similiar to those in the sugar and glucose "securities."

The amount of money involved in the new trust is enormous. Not less than $15,000,000 of preferred stock is to be issued at once. The amount of common stock that will be used as "water" has not yet been determined on. It will probably amount to many millions more.

In forming the American Malting Company the promoters of the enterprise decided to take in only those who were already financially strong. This limited the number of companies that were invited to the preliminary meeting to about twenty-five of the principal maltsters of New York, Chicago, Buffalo, Syracuse, Detroit, Milwaukee and other cities.

Among those who are interested in the trust and who have agreed to the terms are: Charles Stadler, of New York; the New York and Brooklyn Malting Company, C. M. Warner, of Syracuse; the Curtis Malting Company, of Buffalo; the Sohngen Malting Company, of Hamilton, O; Jacob Weschier, of Erie, Pa.; J. Weyl & Company, of Pittsburg; Albert Schwill, Rice & Bullen, Hales & Curtis, the John Camden, Jr., Malting Company, L. J. Aaron & Company, W. H. Purcell & Company, the Weyl Malting Company, Brand, Bullen & Gund Company, al of Chicago; the Hansel Hop and Malt Company, the Krauss-Merkel Malting Company, the Milwaukee Malt and Grain Company, and William Gerlach & Company, all of Milwaukee; W. H. Pettit Malt Company, of Wisconsin: William Muchheit Malting Company, of Watertown, Wis.; and William Rahr Sons' Company, of Wisconsin. The output of these malting companies amounts to 25,000,000 bushels of barley yearly, which is about 75 per cent. of the entire output of the 200 maltsters of the country.

EASY VICTIMS.

A Large Percentage of Members in the Commons Suffer from Catarrh—The Hope of Fifty Found in Dr. Agnew's Catarrhal Powder—They Tell Their Own Story of Successful Recovery Through this Remedy.

Mr. W. H. Bennett, member for East Simcoe, and forty-nine others of the House of Commons, have, over their own signatures, told of the good effects of Dr. Agnew's Catarrhal Powder. What the remedy has done for these Parliamentarians it is doing for thousands of others in public and private life the Dominion over. With cold in the head it gives immediate relief inside of half an hour, and a little perseverance quickly rids the head of all trouble. It is an easy and pleasant to use and produces no hurtful after effects.

Sold by B. E. McGale, 2123 Notre Dame Street, and J. Lewis & Co., 2208 St. Catherine Street.

Anthouses in Australia.

One mould in particular, a groined columnar structure, was eighteen feet high. This was not far from Port Darwin. The discoverer believes that originally the mound was conical in shape. The sides were smooth. It has evidently been in use for many years, and the columnar effect noticeable, he believes, s due to the fact that the ants, incessantly travelling the pathways up and down the mound, produced the grooves that are seen and resulted in giving the effect of a columnar formation. The entrance to the mound examination showed, had varied in location, for there was distinct evidence that apertures of this sort had been walled up in several instances.

The interior of the mound referred to showed as much as anything the remarkable instinct of the ants. It was divided up very much after the fashion of the tall buildings which are now becoming so common, with an immense court wthin the structure itself—that is, there were hundreds of tiny cells built in from galleries which were terraced one above another. The galleries were connected by paths of stairways, each of these being constructed with architectural exactness. The cells reminded one,the explorer said, of the cell of a monk. The earth in each instance was as hard and smooth as marble, and bore evidence of long continued usage. A portion of the ground floor, or basement, of the mound had been divided into store-rooms, and here it was evident the ants had carefully packed away the provender which they had secured from various points about.

While naturalists and students of the intelligence of insects and animal have long been inclined to believe that the ant exceeded in at least keenness of instinct all other creatures of its kind, it has never been conclusively shown until demonstrated by the just made announcement of Mr. Saville-Kent.—Westminster Budget.

The lighter your beverage is pure, the more suitable to this climate—Try Labatt's London Ale and Stout

BOVRIL

Is the Vital principle of Prime Ox Beef guaranteed to contain all the stimulative and nutritious properties of beef itself, and to furnish substantial nourishment to the system. It strengthens and invigorates the healthy, and is relished and retained by invalids when ordinary foods are rejected.

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SCHOOL! SCHOOL! SCHOOL!

This is the topic at this season in every home where there are children. When the question arises, Where will we get the best BOOTS for the least money? Well, you need not wait long for an answer to that question, as everyone in Westmount will say at once, at T. Fessenden's, of course. So come one and all, as we have made a specialty of Boys' and Girls' Boots this season. All made to wear well.

T. FESSENDEN, 4109 St. Catherine Street, Near Wood Ave.

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The Cooked Meat Store,

579 Wellington Street, Pt. St. Charles. (Right at the Subway.)

is re-opened for the Sale of Choice Cooked Meats, Confectionery, Home-made Bread, Pastry, Pies, etc. Pic-nic Baskets will be one of our specialties. A Lunch Room in connection. Please favor us with a call.

SHREWSBURY

By Stanley J. Weyman.

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CHAPTER XXXIV.

The state in which I crawled back to the house after this encounter may be conceived, but not described. From an exaltation of mind to which the epithet delirious might be applied with propriety, I fell in an instant to a depth of abjectness as monstrous as my late felicity, but more real and reasonable. All the things on my escape from which I had been congratulating myself now lay before me, and formed a vista as gloomy as the point to which it tended was dreadful. To be a slave to the woman who had ruined my youth, to live outwardly at ease while inwardly devoured by daily and hourly terror; to hang between the choice of danger or baseness, comfort or treachery; to discern in my own destruction or my patron's the inevitable ending; beyond all, to foresee that I should choose the evil and eschew the good, and to wish it otherwise and be powerless to change it—these things, and particularly the last, filled me with anticipations of misery so great that I rolled on my bed and cursed Providence and my fate; and next day went down so pale and ill and woebegone that the servants took note of it.

"Pheugh, Mr. Price," said Martin, "you might be Charnock himself, or Keyes, poor devil! You could not look more like hanging! What is it?"

I muttered that I was not well.

"It is Keyes I am sorry for!" continued the steward, who was taking his morning draught, "if so be the end with him. I have heard of a master given up by his servant, but never before of a servant hung on his master's evidence, and his master the one that drew him into it! Hang Capt. Porter, say I! A fine captain!"

"O, they will let the poor devil live," said another.

"Keyes?"

"Ay."

"Not they!" said Mr. Martin, with a great appearance of wisdom. "He was in the Blues, do you see, my man, and if it spread there? No, he will swing. He will swing for the example. Don't you think so, Mr. Price. You are in there with my lord, and should know."

But I muttered something and escaped, finding solitude and my own reflections as tolerable as their gossip. A little later my lord sending for me, kept me close at work until evening, which was so far fortunate, as the employment by diverting my thoughts, helped to lift me out of the panic into which I had fallen. True, the news that the three conspirators were found guilty and were to die the following Monday, exactly as Smith had foretold, threw me again into the cold fit, and heralded another night of misery. But as it was not possible for mortals to lie long under the same peril without the sense of danger losing it's edge, in three days I began to find life bearable. The stateliness of the household, the silence and books that surrounded me, the regular hours and steady employment soothed my nerves, and Smith, making no sign, and nothing occurring to indicate that he meant to keep his word or summon me to fulfil mine, I lulled myself in o the belief that all was a dream.

Yet I was very far from being happy; to be that, with such apprehensions as never quite left me, was beyond my philosophy. And I had rude awakenings. One day it was the execution of Charnock, King and Keyes at Tyburn, followed by the hawking of their last dying speeches and confessions in the streets, that jogged me out of my fancied security and sent me sick and white-faced from the windows. Another, it was the sentence on Sir John Friend and Sir William Perkins, the two elderly citizens whom I had twice seen among the plotters, and never without wondering how they came to be of the gang. A little later three more suffered, and again the square rang with the shrill cries of the chapmen who peddled their last speeches from door to door. Against all these Capt. Porter and a man commonly called "Scum Goodman," both particeps criminis and persons of the most infamous characeer, bore witness, their evidence being corroborated by that of a man of higher seanding, Mr. Prendergast. Whether they could not prove against Cassels and Ferguson, or reasons of state intervened, these, with several of their fellows, lay in prison untried, a course which in other circumstances might have involved the government in obloquy. But so keen at this time was the general feeling against the plotters, and so high the king's popularity, that he might have shed more blood had he chosen. Here, however, the executions stopped, and his majesty showing mercy if not indulgence, the hue and cry, despite the popular indignation, gradually slackened until it was restricted to Sir John Fenwick, who was believed to be still in hiding in the country, and on whose punishment the king was reported to be firmly set.

How deeply these events and rumors, which formed the staple of conversation during the summer of '96, troubled my existence, I leave to the imagination, premising only that in proportion to the outward quiet of my life was the power to agitate which they exerted.

Moreover, there were times when a terror more substantial trespassed on my peace. One day going hastily into the hall I found the servants all peeping. Mr. Martin holding open the door, a dozen faces staring curiously in from the sunshine of the square, and my lord standing, very stiff, on the threshold of his room, where, in the middle of the floor stood a scowling man, flashily dressed.

The duke was speaking when I appeared. "At the office, sir," I heard him say. "You misunderstood me. I can see you there only."

"Your grace is hard on me," the man muttered with a glance that would be rebellious and was hang-dog. "I have done the king good service and this is the way I am requited. It is enough—"

"It is more than enough, Capt. Porter," my lord said, quietly taking him up. "At the office if you please. This house is for my friends."

"And the king's friends? They may shift for themselves?" the wretch—who even then wore finery bought with blood—cried bitterly.

"The king is served in many ways," my lord answered, with a fine air of contempt. "Martin, the door! And remember, another time I am not within to Capt. Porter. At 3 at the office, sir, if you please."

The man slunk away at that, but as he passed through the doorway I heard him mutter that when Sir John Fenwick was taken he would see, and that, proud as some people were now, they might be glad to save their necks when the time came. He passed out of sight then, and hearing my lord speak, I turned and saw Matthew Smith, whom I had not before noticed, waiting on him woth a letter. The duke, pausing on the threshold of the library broke the seal and ran his eye over the paper.

"I will send him an answer," he said, "later in the day. Or—" and he looked up quickly "Are| you returning, sir?"

"If your grace pleases."

"It shall be ready then by 2 o'clock." my lord answered stiffly. "Good morning."

"Good morning, your grace."

And my lord went in. The colloquy had been of the slightest, but I had noted that my patron's tone, when he spoke to Smith, was guarded and civil, if distant, and that through the few formal words they had exchanged peered a sort of understanding. This shook me, and when Smith turned to me, a faint sneer on his lips, and told me that I was a bold man, my heart was water. He was at home here as everywhere; what could I do against him?

"Do you understand, Mr. Price?" he repeated. "Or are you a bigger fool than I take you for?"

"Why?" I stammered.

"Why? Why, to push in on Porter after that fashion," he muttered under his breath—for Martin was making towards us. "Lucky he did not recognize you and denounce you! For a groat he would do it—or to spite the duke. Take care man," he continued seriously, "if you do not want to join Charnock, whose head is in airy quarters to-night."

This left me to the prey of a new terror; for remembering that I had once seen Porter at Ferguson's lodging, I could not shut my eyes to reasonableness of the warning, I saw myself beset by dangers on that side also, went for a time on eggs, and trembled at every sound; indeed for a full fortnight I never passed the threshold—excusing myself on the ground of vertigo, if ordered to go on errands. In the course of that fortnight I had a thousand opportuities of contrasting the quiet in which I lived, behind the dull windows of the great house, with the dangers into which I might at any moment be flung; and if any man ever repented anything, I repented of my lack of candor respecting Smith, From time to time, I saw him pass, grim, reserved, a walking menace. When he looked up at the windows, I read mystery and a secret knowledge in his eye; while the way in which he went and came, free and unquestioned, was itself a monition; was it to be wondered that I feared this man who, while Charnock's head moldered on a spike on Temple Bar, and Friend and Perkyns passed to the gallows, walked the strand, and lounged in the mall, as safe in appearance as my lord himself.

I knew that at any moment he might call upon me to fulfil my word. Whether in that case, the demand being such as to allow me leisure to forecast the consequences, I should have complied, or taking my courage in my hands have thrown myself on my lord's indulgence, I cannot now say; for in the issue a sudden and unforseen shifting of scene prevented my calculations and hurried me onwards whether I would or no.

It happened, I have said, suddenly. One afternoon there came a great bustle in the square; and who should it be but the countess, my lord's mother, come to visit him in her coach and six, with such a paraphernalia of gentlewomen and negro pages, outriders and running footmen as drew together all the ragamuffins from the mews, and fairly brought back King Charles's days. As the great coach, which held six inside, swung and lumbered to a stand at the door, I saw a painted face with bold black eyes stare from the window, cheek by jowl with a parrot and three of four spaniels; and I waited to see little more, a single glance sufficing to certify me that this was the same lady to whose house Smith had taken me. Smith was in attendance on her, and a gentleman in a plain black suit and wig, who was a papist priest if I ever saw one, and Montercy, and two or three other gentlewomen, and as I had no mind to be recognized by these, or for that matter by their mistress, I made haste to retire behind the flock of servants whom Martin had marshalled in the hall to do the honors.

My Lord went out to the coach and brought the Countess in, with a great show of reverence; and for three-quarters of an hour they were closeted together in his room. I took advantage of this to retire upstairs, and had been wiser had I stayed there, or better still, slipped out at the back. But a craving came on me to see Monterey again, and with the knowledge I now had, ascertain if she really was my old mistress. This drew me to the hall again; where the crowd being great, and the servants taken up with teasing the Countess' parrot and blackamoors, I managed to avoid observation, and at the same time see what I wanted. The woman who had once been all the world to me—and of whom I could not now think without a tender regret, directed, not to her, but to the state of blissful dawning passion, of which she had been the cause, and whereof no man is twice capable—was still handsome in a coarse fashion, and when seen at a distance. I could not deny that. But if I desired revenge I had it; for not only was her complexion gone, so that her good looks vanished when the viewer approached, but her lips had grown thin and her face hard with the indescribable hardness which speaks of past sin long grown bitter—and an hourly, daily recogniton that the wage of sin is death.

Presently, while Mr. Martin was pressing his civilities on her, and I from a corner, near the door through which I had led Mary escape, was curiously reading her countenance, the door of my Lord's room opened, and the Countess came out, supported on the one side by the Duke's arm, on the other by her great ebony cane. The servants hurried to from two lines, and I suppose curiosity led me to press nearer than was prudent, or her eyes were of peculiar sharpness, or perhaps she looked for me, and had I not been there would have called for me. At any rate, she had not moved three steps toward her coach before her gaze, roving along the line of servants, alighted on me, and she stood.

"I'll have that rascal" she cried, in her high, shrill voice, and she pointed at me with her cane and stood. "He looks as if butter would not melt in his mouth, but if he is not a lad of wax call me a street slut! Hark you, my man, you come with me. Bid him, Shrewsbury!"

(To be continued.)

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A NEW WORLD'S WONDER.

The Illumination of Niagara Falls and Whirlpool.

Grand Trunk Preparing for the Formal Opening of the New Steel Arch Bridge.

At the present time the eyes of the whole world are directed towards Canada. The remarkable successes which have attended the visit to England of Sir Wilfrid Laurier, the Premier of the Dominion, and the denunciation by Great Britain of important commercial treaties with such powerful neighbors as Germany and Belgium in order to meet the overtures of the colony, have caused the politicians of the Old World to regard with a novel interest that portion of the new which Voltaire once sneeringly gibed at as "a few acres of snow and ice." Nor has the interest been confined to the countries of the Old World, the people of the republic to the south having been startled by the announcement of the discovery of large quantities of gold within the confines of the Dominion.

Scientists and members of the learned professions have flocked to the country to hold their annual conventions, and examine for themselves its resources.

Among the many corporations which have done much to retain the interest thus aroused, the Grand Trunk Railway System, under its new and energetic management, takes a foremost place. The work undertaken in connection with the substitution of a modern structure for the old Victoria tubular bridge over the St. Lawrence has excited the utmost interest among civil engineers the world over, while the completion of the Grand Trunk new single arch steel bridge over the Niagara River, which replaces the historic Suspension Bridge, is the talk of railway officials from one end of the continent to the other. That the latter structure, which, at the time of its erection in 1855 was considered—and justly—a marvel of engineering skill, should have been entirely replaced upon exactly the same spot without an interruption of even five minutes to the constant stream of traffic which passes over it, is without doubt a remarkable tribute to the advances which have been made by the engineering profession within the last quarter of a century The new bridge is a single steel arch of 550 feet in length, supplemented by a trussed span at either end, of 115 feet in length, so that with the approaches, its total length is a little more than 1100 feet, while the railway tracks are 252 feet above the water, It has two decks or floors, the upper being used for railway purposes exclusively, while the lower contains a wide central carriage way, double electric car tracks, and passage way for pedestrians.

Beautiful as it is in appearance, the bridge is of enormous strength, it having been designed to carry on each railway track a load of two locomotives with four pairs of drivers each and 40,000 pounds on each pair, followed by a train of 3,500 pounds per running foot, while on the lower deck is designed to carry a live load of 3,000 pounds per running foot. In a word, it will sustain a weight of over six times the sustaining capacity of the old bridge.

The opening celebrations in connection with this great engineering feat will take place on Thursday, Friday and Saturday, September 23rd, 24th and 25th, and the management of the Grand Trunk Railway system has determined to give a carnival at the Falls which will long be talked of by those who take advantage of the remarkably low rates which are being put in force for this occasion.

This carnival, which will be held for the whole three days, September 23rd, 24th and 25th, will consist of open air variety entertainments from two large elevated platforms, one of which will be on the American, and the other on the Canadian side of the river, open air dancing to the strains of the best bands obtainable in the country, old English sports, climbing the greasy pole, sack and egg races, etc., for which cash prizes will be offered; and on Thursday evening a magnificent illumination of the Falls and Whirlpool Rapids will take place, being the first time this gigantic enterprise has been undertaken. On Friday and Saturday evenings an elaborate display of fireworks from the new bridge will be given, and will be without doubt the grandest display ever witnessed with possibly the exception of that given at the World's Fair at Chicago. The illuminations and fireworks are under the personal direction of Mr. Henry J. Pain, the leading pyrotechnic contractor of the world.

The artistes who have been engaged for the variety entertainment are all well known, and four of the most famous military bands in America have been engaged to give concerts in the afternoon and evening of each day. During the three days' carnival the bridge will be open for the free passage of the public to and fro as they please.

To those who have never visited that greatest of nature's many marvels—Niagara—the extremely low rates which are being made from every point on their lines by the Grand Trunk system, should prove a temptation too strong to be resisted, while to those who have visited the great falls by day, the prospect of seeing them one blaze of electricity and colored light will appeal, without doubt, successfully.

MEDICAL EXAMINATIONS.

The preliminary examination for admission to the study of medicine in the College of Physicians and Surgeons will be held on the 23rd of September in the rooms of the Arts Faculty of Laval University, Quebec.

The meeting of the board will be held on the 29th, the Credential Committee meets on the 27th, and the Examination Committee on the 28th in Quebec.

STATIONARY ENGINEERS.

At the regular meeting of the association of stationary engineers, held last evening a resolution of condolence and sympathy was passed upon the death of the late Robert Mitchell, and it was resolved that the sincere sympathies of the association be tendered to the widow and family in the great affliction that has visited them.

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RAILWAYS.

CANADIAN PACIFIC RY.

SUNDAY SUBURBAN SERVICE

Special train leaves **Windsor Station** at 10.00 a.m. on Sundays for Pointe Fortune, Vaudreuil, Hudson and intermediate stations. Returning arrives Windsor Station at 9.25 p.m.

Special train leaves **Dalhousie Square** on Sundays at 9.15 a.m, for

St. Jerome, St. Rose and Intermediate Stations.

Returning arrives Dalhousie Square at 9.45 p.m.

TORONTO EXHIBITION.

Going September 4th and 6th ....$ 7 00
Going September 5th, 7th, 8th, 9th and 10th 10 40
All tickets good to return not later than September 13th, 1897.

LABOR DAY EXCURSIONS.

First-Class Single Fare for the Round Trip between all stations in Canada. Tickets good going September 4th, 5th and 6th, and good to return not later than September 7th.

New Route to Caledonia Springs.

DIRECT TO THE HOTEL.

Trains leave Montreal (Windsor St. Station) week days, **8.50 a.m. and 6.15 p.m.**

Arriving Caledonia Springs at 12.35 p.m. and 8.50 p.m.

CITY TICKET AND TELEGRAPH OFFICE, **129 St. James St., next to Post Office.**

Intercolonial Railway.

UNTIL further notice the trains of this Railway will run daily (Sunday excepted) as follows:

Leave Montreal by Grand Trunk Railway from Bonaventure Street Depot......	7.50	23.15
Leave Montreal by Can. Pacific Railway from Windsor Street Depot		19.40
Leave Levis	13.40	8.30
Arrive at Riviere du Loup....	16.45	12.55
do Trois Pistoles	17.40	14.15
do Rimouski	19.00	15.43
do Ste. Flavie	19.30	16.25
do Little Metis	19.52	16.50
do Campbellton	22.35	
do Dalhousie	23.25	
do Bathurst	24.20	
do Newcastle	1.25	
do Moncton	3.40	15.10
do St. John	7.15	12.10
do Halifax	10.20	21.25

The English mail train leaves Montreal at 7.50 o'clock on Sunday mornings, and arrives at Rimouski the same evening. This train stops at St. Charles Junction, Montmagny, L'Islet, Ste. Anne, St. Paschal, Riviere du Loup, Cacouna, Trois Pistoles and Bic.

A passenger train leaves Cacouna on Monday mornings at 8 o'clock, and arrives at Levis at 12.30 o'clock.

The trains to Halifax and St. John run through to their destination on Sunday.

The buffet, sleeping car and other cars of express train leaving Montreal at 7.50 o'clock run through to Halifax without change.

The trains of the Intercolonial Railway are heated by steam from the locomotive, and those between Montreal and Halifax via Levis are lighted by electricity.

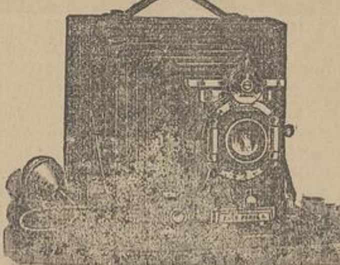
Through tickets may be obtained via rail and steamer to all points on the Lower St. Lawrence and in the Maritime Provinces.

For tickets and all information in regard to passenger fares, rates of freight, train arrangements, etc., apply to

W. H. OLIVE,
Eastern Freight and Passenger Agent,
138 St. James Street, Montreal.

D. POTTINGER,
General Manager.

Railway Office,
Moncton, N.B., 12th July, 1897.



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College of Physicians & Surgeons

OF THE

Province of Quebec.

PROVINCIAL MEDICAL BOARD

Preliminary Examination.

The examination for admission to the study of medicine will be held on Thursday, the 23rd September next, at Nine o'clock a.m., in the City of Quebec, at the rooms of the Arts Faculty of Laval University.

Certificates of moral character and admission fee ($20) must be remitted at least ten days previously to one of the undersigned secretaries.

A. G. BELLEAU, M.D., Quebec,
A. T. BROSSEAU, M.D., Montreal,
Secretaries.

August 23rd, 1897.

College of Physicians & Surgeons

OF THE

Province of Quebec.

PROVINCIAL MEDICAL BOARD

The meeting of the Board will be held on Wednesday, the 29th September next, at 10 o'clock a.m., at Quebec, in the rooms of the Medical Faculty of Laval University.

Candidates for Examination or License must send their papers (including certificate of admission to study medicine) also the fee for the license ($40) at least ten day prevous to the meeting, to either of the undersigned secretaries.

The Credentials Committee will meet at Quebec, Monday, the 27th September next, at 9 o'clock a.m., when candidates for the License must be present with diplomas and certificates of admission to the study of medicine. After that date, no candidate will be admitted.

The Examination Committee for the license will sit Tuesday, the 28th September next, at 9 o'clock a.m. at Quebec.

Bachelors of Arts, Sciences and Letters intending to study Medicine, can be admitted on presenting their diplomas duly sworn to, on application to either Secretary, at Quebec or Montreal at least eight days before the meeting of the Board.

A. G. BELLEAU, M.D., Quebec,
A. T. BROSSEAU, M.D., Montreal,
Secretaries.

August 29th, 1897.

RAILWAYS.

GRAND TRUNK RAILWAY SYSTEM

LABOR DAY EXCURSIONS.

First Class Single Fare for the Round Trip between all stations in Canada Tickets good going September 4th, 5th and 6th, and valid for return not later than September 7th.

TORONTO EXHIBITION.

Going September 4th and 6th ......$ 7.00
Going September, 5th, 7th, 8th, 9th and 10th $10.40
All tickets valid for return not later than September 13th, 1897.

CENTRAL CANADA FAIR.

Ottawa and Return.

Going September 18, 19, 20, 22, 24..........$3.50
Going September 21, 23 .... 2.55

Weekly St. Lawrence Rapids Excursions

Leaving Montreal every Sunday at 9 a.m. arrive Cornwall 10.45 a.m. Leave Cornwall 1.00 p.m. via R. & O. Nav. Co. steamers running through Lakes St. Francis and Lt. Louis, and over the Coteau, Cedar, Split Rock, Cascade and Lachine Rapids, reaching Montreal at 6.30 same evening.

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City Ticket Office, 137 St. James Street, or Bonaventure Station.

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Lucania..............	Sat., Sept.	4,	11.00 a.m.
Etruria	Sat., Sept.	11,	3.00 p.m.
Campania............	Sat., Sept.	18,	10.00 a.m.
Umbria..............	Sat., Sept.	25,	2.00 p.m.
Lucania..............	Sat., Oct.	2,	10.00 a.m.
Etruria	Sat., Oct.	9,	2.00 p.m.
Campania............	Sat., Oct.	16,	8.30 a.m.
Umbria..............	Sat., Oct.	23,	2.00 p.m.

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Sat. Sept. 18.	Lake Huron ...	Wed., Oct. 6
Sat. Sept. 25.	Lake Ontario ..	Wed., Oct. 13
Sat. Oct. 2.	Lake Superior ..	Wed., Oct. 20
Sat. Oct. 16.	Lake Winnipeg.	Wed., Nov. 3
Sat. Oct. 23.	Lake Huron ...	Wed., Nov. 10
Sat. Oct. 30.	Lake Ontario ..	Wed., Nov. 17
Fri. Nov. 5.	Lake Superior ...	Sat., Nov. 20

Steamers sail from Montreal at daybreak on the advertised date, passengers embarking the evening previous, after 8 o'clock.

The above arrangement is subject to change, notice of which will be promptly given to agents, and passengers who may have been booked accordingly.

RATES OF PASSAGE.

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SECOND CABIN—To Liverpool or London, $34.00. Return, $66.75.

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A Steamer .. ..End of Sept.

Hansa-St. Lawrence Line

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S.S. Carlisle City .. ..Sailing Sept. 8
S.S. Boston City .. ..Sailing Oct. 3

For rates of freight and all other information, apply to Earle && Massey, 6 Sherman Street, Chicago; J. H. Duthie, corner Yonge and King Streets, Toronto, or to

DAVID TORRANCE & CO.,
17 St. Sacrament Street, Montreal.

Notice to Consignees

The Allans' S.S. Sarmatian, Johnston, master, from Glasgow, is entered at Customs. Consignees will please pass their entries without delay.

H. & A. ALLAN,
Agents.

Notice to Consignees.

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S.S. PARKMORE .. ..Sept. 18
S.S. MARINO .. ..Sept. 25

And Weekly Thereafter.

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ELDER, DEMPSTER & CO.,

219 Commissioners St., Montreal.

Toronto Agency:—
R. DAWSON HARLING, 23 Scott St.

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SUMMER SERVICE.

Steamer.	From Hamburg.	From Antwerp.	From Montreal.
Arabia	Aug. 28....	Sept. 1.....	Sept. 20
Armenia	Sept. 25	Sept. 29.....	Oct. 22

Steerage tickets are issued for passage to and from Germany, Austria, Belgium, Holland, Switerland, Italy and France, via Hamburg and Antwerp, at lowest rates of passage.

Importers of German and Belgium goods will find it to their advantage by having their goods come by Hansa-St. Lawrence Line, via Hamburg or Antwerp. Through Bills of Lading issued in connection with the Canadian and American railways to principal points in Canada.

For further particulars apply to

JAMES THOM, Manager,
13 St. John Street, Montreal.

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Montreal and Quebec to Belfast and Dublin.

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S.S. Torr Head .. ..5,911 tons
S.S. Ramore Head .. ..4,444 tons
S.S. Glenarm Head .. ..3,959 tons
S.S. Malin Head .. ..3,467 tons
S.S. Inishowen Head .. ..3,056 tons
S.S. Bengore Head .. ..2,458 tons
S.S. Dunmore Head .. ..2,229 tons
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PROPOSED SAILINGS.

	For	On or about
S.S. Malin Head	Belfast....	Aug. 26
S.S. Glen Head	Dublin....	Sept. 20
S.S. Glenarm Head	Belfast....	Sept. 24
S.S. Dunmore Head	Belfast....	Sept. 26
S.S. Inishowen Head	Dublin....	Sept. 27
S.S. Teelin Head	Belfast....	Sept. 28

To be followed by other steamers fortnightly Through bills of lading granted from all points in Canada. For freight and other particulars, apply to G. HEYN & SONS, Belfast, Managers Ulster Steamship Co., Ltd.; PALGRAVE, MURPHY & CO., Dublin: HAROLD KENNEDY, Quebec; WM. THOMSON & CO., St. John, N.B., or

McLEAN, KENNEDY & CO.,
Board of Trade Building, Montreal.

Toronto Agency:
R. DAWSON HARLING, 23 Scott St.

Aberdeen Atlantic Shipping Co.

LIMITED.

REGULAR SAILINGS:

MONTREAL, ABERDEEN AND NEWCASTLE,

(Tyne Dock.)

From Montreal.
S.S. HANKOW..............................Aug. 28
S.S. LORD GOUGH......................Sept. 15

First-class accommodation for live stock, flour, butter, cheese, grain and all kinds of merchandise.

For rates of freight to and from above ports and other particulars, apply to

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61 St. Sulpice st., MONTREAL

JOHNSTON LINE.

Regular Sailings.

MONTREAL TO LIVERPOOL.

S.S. Barnesmore .. ..about Sept. 5
S.S. Baltimore .. ..about Sept. 8
S.S. Rossmore .. ..about Sept. 18
S.S. Br. Trader .. ..about Sept. 22
S.S. Oakmore .. ..about Sept. 30
S.S. Baltimore .. ..about Oct. 8

For rates of freight, through bills of lading, and full information, apply to all railway agents; Wm. Johnston & Co., Ltd., Chamber of Commerce Bldg., Boston; 218 La Salle Street, Chicago; 208 Railway Exchange Building, St. Louis, or to

WM. JOHNSTON & CO., Ltd.,
Board of Trade Building, Montreal.

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Shortest and most convenient route to London No transfer by tender. No tidal delays.

Close connection at Southampton for Havre and Paris by special fast twin screw Channel steamers.

I. cabin, $100 and upwards; II cabin, $42.50 to $60.

Paris... Sept. 8,10 a.m | St. Louis, Sept 22,10 a.m
St. Paul, Sept. 15,10 a.m | Paris.. Sept. 29, 10 a.m

RED STAR LINE FOR ANTWERP.

I. cabin, $75 and upwards. II. cabin, $38 and upwards.

Friesland..........Wednesday, Sept. 8, noon.
Kensington.........Wednesday, Sept. 15, noon

INTERNATIONAL NAVIGATION COMPANY,
6 Bowling Green, New York.

W. H. Henry, 116 St. Peter Street, Mechanics' Institute Bldg.
W. F. Egg, 129 St. James Street
Benjamin & Weston, 10 Place d'Armes Square
D. Battersby, 178 St. James Street, opposite Temple Building
W. D. O'Brien, 143 St. James St.
} Montreal

SHIPPING.

ALLAN LINE.

Royal Mail Steamships.

Liverpool, Quebec and Montreal Royal Mail Service—Calling at Londonderry

From Liverpool.	Steamships.	From Montreal.	From Quebec.
26 Aug..	*California	11 Sept.	12 Sept.
2 Sept..	Laurentian	18 Sept.	18 Sept.
9 Sept..	*Parisian	25 Sept.	26 Sept.
16 Sept..	Numidian...........	2 Oct.	2 Oct.
23 Sept..	Carthaginan.........	9 Oct.	9 Oct.

*Steamers marked thus are Mail Steamers, carrying all classes of passengers.

Winter rates are now in effect.

The Saloons and Staterooms are in the central part, where least motion is felt. Electricity is used for lighting the ships throughout, the lights being at the command of the passengers at any hour of the night. Music Rooms and Smoking Rooms on the promenade deck. The Saloons and Staterooms are heated by steam.

RATES—Cabin: $52.50 and upwards, according to steamer, location of, and number of persons in room. A reduction is made on Round Trip Tickets except on the lowest rate.

Second Cabin—To Liverpool, London, or Londonderry, $34.00 and $36.25 Single $66.75 and $69.00 Return.

Steerage—To Liverpool, London, Glasgow, Belfast or Londonderry, including a plentiful supply of provisions, cooked and served, and every requisite for the voyage.................. $22.50 and $23.50

Cape Town, South Africa........ $68.35

Glasgow, Londonderry and New York Service (from New Pier, foot of W. 21st Street, New York.)

From Glasgow.	Steamships.	From New York.
3 Sept..	Mongolian	17 Sept., 8 a.m.
8 Sept..	Livonian	25 Sept.
17 Sept..	State of Nebraska.....	1 Oct., 8 a.m.

Rates—1st Cabin, $45 to $60; return tickets, $90 to $110. Second Cabin, to Glasgow or Londonderry, $35; return tickets, $64.13.

The Steamships Mongolian and State of Nebraska are not surpassed for excellent accommodation for all classes of passengers.

The Saloons are forward, Staterooms near the centre of the ship's promenade deck, the entire width of the vessel, and two-thirds of the length. Electric lights throughout, and electric bells in every stateroom.

London and Montreal Service.

From London.	Steamships.	From Montreal on or about
21 Aug...	Ormidale	8 Sept.
28 Aug..	*Brazilian	15 Sept.
4 Sept...	Grecian	22 Sept.

And Weekly Thereafter.

*These steamers are fitted with cold storage accommodation.

Glasgow and Montreal Service.

From Glasgow.	Steamships.	From Montreal on or about
20 Aug...	Sarmatian	7 Sept.
28 Aug..	*Sardinian	14 Sept.
4 Sept...	Pomeranian	21 Sept.
11 Sept..	Peruvian	28 Sept.

And Weekly Thereafter.

*This steamer is fitted with cold storage accommodation.

Liverpool, Halifax, Philadelphia and St. John's Service.

From Liverpool to St. John's and Halifax.	Steamships.	From Phila. on or about	From St. John's to Glasgow.
25 Aug..	28 Aug.. Corean.......	17 Sept..	22 Sept.
8 Sept..	11 Sept.. Siberian......	1 Oct..	6 Oct.

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25 Common Street, Montreal.

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S.S. CAPE BRETON ...2500 tons capacity
S.S. LOUISBURG .. ...2450 tons capacity
S.S. CACOUNA .. .. ..2000 tons capacity
S.S. COBAN .. ..1350 tons capacity

The above A 1 Iron Steamships will run regularly throughout the season from

MONTREAL TO

Charlottetown, P.E.I., North Sydney, C.B., St. John's, Nfld

NEXT SAILINGS.

S.S. COBAN...............Monday.....Aug. 30
S.S. BONAVISTA.........Monday......Sept. 6
S.S. COBAN...............Thursday....Sept. 16
S.S. BONAVISTA.........Thursday....Sept. 23
S.S. COBAN...............Monday.....Oct. 4

To be followed by other sailings at regular intervals of about every nine days.

These vessels have comfortable cabin accommodation. For freight or passage apply to

Peake Bros. & Co., Charlottetown, P.E.I.,
Vooght Bros., North Sydney, C.B.,
Harvey & Co., St. John's, Nfld., or to

KINGMAN, BROWN & CO.,
14 Place Royale, Montreal.

R&O Richelieu Ontario Nav. Co.

Labor Day EXCURSION

To Quebec and Return, $3.00

Going Sept. 4th, 5th and 6th, returning not later than the 7th.

Steamers leave for Quebec, week days at p.m., Sundays at 3 p.m.

For further information and tickets apply to

H. FOSTER CHAFFEE,
City Passenger Agent,
128 St. James Street, opposite P.O.

Ottawa River Navigation Co.

LABOR DAY.

EXCURSION to OTTAWA, $2.

Tickets Good to go 3rd and 4th September and return 8th September.

To CARILLON and Back, $1.00

Palace Steamer Sovereign. Leave by G.T.R. train for Lachine at 8 a.m.

AFTERNOON TRIPS.

Steamer Duchess of York, up Lake and Down Rapids, leaves Canal Basin, foot Prince Street, at 2 p.m., and St. Gabriel's Lock, foot of Seigneurs Street, at 2.15 p.m. Home by the Rapids at 6.30.

FARE FOR ROUND TRIP—40c.

For Rapids, take 5 p.m. train for Lachine. Boats leave Lachine Wharf at 5.20 p.m.

Tickets 137, 138 and 178 St. James Street, Windsor and Balmoral Hotels, and Grand Trunk Station.

DOMINION LINE.

ROYAL MAIL STEAMSHIPS,

LIVERPOOL SERVICE.

VIA LONDONDERRY.

Steamer.	From Montreal.	From Quebec.
Scotsman ...	Aug.28, daylight	Aug.28, 2 p.m
Labrador ...	Sept. 4, daylight	Sept. 5, 9 a.m
Ottoman	Sept.11, daylight	Sept.11, 2 p.m
Vancouver ..	Sept.18, daylight	Sept.19, 9 a.m
Scotsman ...	Oct. 2, daylight	Oct. 3, 9 a.m

S.S. CANADA will sail from Boston September 11th, October 14th, and November 11th.

Rates of passage, to Londonderry or to Liverpool:

First Cabin—$52.50 to $90.00 single; $105 to $180 return.

Second Cabin—$34.00 to $36.25 single; $66.75 to $69.00 return.

Steerage to Liverpool, Londonderry, London, Glasgow, Queenstown, Belfast, $22.50 to $23.50.

Midship saloons, electric lights, spacious promenade decks.

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General Agents, Montreal.

17 St. Sacrament Street.

THE THEATRES

BY PAUL PRY.

NINTH YEAR.

The curtains of our local theatres have, with one exception, been rung up, and there is every reason to expect a season of success.

Somehow or other people love to help along a popular idea, and so when everybody says, "Oh, this is going to be a great season in Montreal," everybody coincides, and helps to fulfil the prophecy by helping to fill the theatres.

It has become absolutely painful to hear one's friends say, "Why don't they get good attractions?" I admit that the managers are deserving of criticism in this regard, but at the same time it must also be admitted that the present condition of things has been brought about in a great measure by the apathy shown by the public for theatrical entertainment. Hard times may be urged as an excuse, and with justification, but that is not sufficient. No matter if the purse is all but empty, people will find a few cents for the theatre—I speak in general terms, of course—and so another explanation must be found if we would bring about a better understanding between public and manager.

But, after all, this understanding is not necessary. Why not forget the shortcomings of either side? The news and advertising columns of the daily papers have been full of stories of the splendid list of attractions which have been booked; of the stars that are coming; of the ability of the new dramatic stock company, and of the all-round excellence of the bookings.

Why not turn out and fill the theatres? Why not give the managers some encouragement? It will pay. If they give us poor performances it is the duty of the critic to point out the shortcomings, and insist upon something better.

Coming events in this case cast their sunshine, rather than the proverbial shadow before; the trend of public taste and aim of theatrical effort is toward the lighter form of amusement—bright comedies, laughable farces, merry operettas—and the season of 1897-98 promises to be one of laughter rather than tears, of comedy rather than tragedy.

In looking over the bookings of the theatres I find a fair amount of that variety which is the spice of dramatic as well as real life, but there is no distinct novelty in view, nothing that opens up a real new form of amusement for the season. The old order remains, but let us hope that if radically different from that of last season, it may prove as excellent of its kind as the managers believe it to be.

There will be a distinct absence on this side of the water of English attractions. Irving will stay at his own theatre this season, which, though he may work hard, really means a rest. Travelling through America and giving performances in every city of note, is very hard work, and Sir Henry is not by any means anxious to hurry the day when he shall again commence the trip. He says, however, that he is coming again some day, and Miss Terry has given an interview telling of her love for America and Americans, which is surely the forerunner of the announcement of a farewell tour. Willard and his excellent company are to play in America this season, but I have it from his own lips that he will not come to Montreal again. Montrealers do not seem to like him to the extent of filling the theatre, and there are so many cities on this continent which will give him crowded houses that it will not pay him to come back to us. Then there is Olga Nethersole. She would have paid us a visit this last spring but that—but I forgot. I suggested forgetting the shortcomings of public and manager. Not, however, if things do not change for the better.

The event of the week is the taking off of Mrs. John Drew, whose death took place at Larchmont, N.Y., on Tuesday afternoon, after a lingering illness.

Mrs. Drew's last appearance in Montreal was about four years ago, when she appeared in a revival of "The Rivals." As Mrs. Malaprop she made a fame, and not a little fortune, for herself. It is a mistake, however, to believe, as many people do, that Mrs. Drew was successful only in this character. There was absolutely nothing which she attempted in which she did not succeed.

Though nearly her whole life was spent in the United States, she was born in England, and dearly she loved the land of her father and mother. In the course of an extremely interesting talk which I had with her behind the Academy scenes, she said:

"I like British soil, and I like British people. But really I think there should be no dividing line. We of the United States owe our origin to the old land; we all speak the one language, and God grant nothing will ever happen to bring about an interruption of the harmony which exists between the two greatest nations."

In connection with Mrs. Drew's death, the following interesting despatch comes from Buzzard's Bay:

Buzzard's Bay, Mass., August 31, 1897.—Mrs. John Drew had no more intimate friend among professional people than Mr Joseph Jefferson, with whom she had played many engagements all through her long career.

"I have known Mrs. Drew," said Mr. Jefferson to-night, when he was informed of her death, "from my boyhood. Only two years ago she told me that my first appearance as a child but three years of age was a vivid picture in her memory. During my whole professional career we have been from time to time dramatically associated, and in my sorrow at the news of her death, it is a consolation for me to know we have, during our lifetong acquaintance, ever been the best of friends. She was a great actress, a dutiful wife, a kind and thoughtful daughter and a loving mother."

So DeWolf Hopper and his pretty little wife, Edna Wallace Hopper, are going to part. The wise bodies of the theatrical profession are saying, "I told you so," "It couldn't last long," etc. For my part I confess to having looked upon the marriage as a very happy one, and calculated to assist in removing the general impression that there is a big difference between the marriages of theatrical people and the ordinary citizen. There is no difference; it is simply a matter of publicity. The actor or actress sues for divorce, and the newspapers are full of it; the dry goods clerk or the butcher's sausage chopper parts company with his wife and no one hears of it. But people do love to read gossip of the professionals, and so the home as well as the dramatic life is presented in print for the delectation of the public in general.

It is a pity that the Hoopers have quarrelled—I presume they have when they ask for a divorce. It is possible that the little lady will remain in "El Capitan," and it is to be hoped so, for she was a cute foil for her big husband's clever work. Della Fox used to play into his hands pretty well, but she wanted the centre of the stage, and that didn't suit the star. Come to think of it, perhaps Edna also wants the centre. But that should not interfere with their domestic life. Hopper is coming soon, and we shall probably hear more of the matter.

Yvette Violette has written from London a letter to a friend in which she says she will remain abroad for some time, as she believes that if she gains a reputation in Europe she can return to America with flying colors. Miss Violette states that the reception accorded to American performers in London and Paris has been very cordial, and that her own experience has been thoroughly delightful. Her return to America will be awaited with interest, and a visit to Montreal will mean very large audiences.

While in Chicago a few weeks ago, I had a long and interesting chat with Col. John Hopkins, who is one of the best known managers of the continuous performance in the Western States. He said in reply to a question that there is no sign of any abatement in the interest people are showing in the amalgamated performances—drama and vaudeville. "It was claimed," said the colonel, "that the continuous performance was merely a fad which would soon die out. It has now been running for several seasons, and I have had to enlarge my theatres in order to accommodate the crowds."

I did not like to tell the Colonel that if he was a Montreal manager he would have to improve his stock company, but it is a fact, nevertheless. They were playing "Trilby," and though it ran for three weeks, it was simply awful. The Queen's stock company which played "Trilby" here was a hundred per cent. better, and goodness knows that was bad enough. Next week we shall have a chance to criticize the new Francais Company.

The last London cablegram speaks as follows of the condition of affairs in the big metropolis: "The theatrical year of London has reached the lowest level of its ebb tide, and the coming fortnight will usher in the advance guards of a new season. There are but half a dozen theatres of the first-class whose doors are open this week, but already there is great gossip among the actors who congregate in the cafes of the Strand concerning coming productions, and much wire-pulling to secure desirable assignments. Under the system which prevails in London, the manager or the actor enrolls a fresh company for each play, casting about for people who seem most capable of meeting the demands of the various roles. But few of the managers maintain permanent stock companies, and the system, although it may involve a more satisfactory peopling of plays, is an undesirable one from the standpoint of the actors, who are condemned to fill the minor parts."

NOTES.

Elsie DeWolfe is to return from Paris, and will play in John Drew's production of "A Marriage of Convenience."

Paul Arthur is home from London, where he has been playing for two years.

Jack Gilmour, of this city, is now the leading man at the Schiller Theatre, Chicago.

Emmett C. King, late leading man at the Theatre Francais, has been engaged to play Oliver in "As You Like It" with Marie Wainwright, at Suburban Park, St. Louis, and later for the Imperial Theatre Stock Company, at the same city.

H. R. Jacobs is to manage the new opera house at Ottawa.

The Theatre Royal orchestra has been discharged, and new musicians will be secured.

Frank Williams, well-known to many readers of this column, has been appointed assistant manager of the Broadway New York.

Julia Arthur's tour does not yet include Montreal. An effort will be made to bring her here.

Elaine Gryce, who sang at Sohmer Park for fourteen weeks, has, according to The Mirror, made a failure of the part of Psyche in "Nature."

W. E. Phillips will personally manage the Theatre Francais this season.

E. H. Sothern will produce his new play "Exchange Alley" at the New York Lyceum on Monday night.

J. K. Emmet is to present a little one act play called "Artie and Gertie," in the vaudeville houses.

William Young for many years stage director for Augustin Daly, has signed contracts as stage director for the forthcoming tour of Miss Corona Riccardo.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Answers to correspondents have been given in this column for the past nine years. I shall be pleased to receive letters as usual, and will endeavor to reply with an unbiased mind to the various questions put, always providing that they are not of a too personal nature. Letters for reply during the current week must reach The Herald office not later than Thursday.

PAUL PRY.

LATEST FASHION NOTES.

This is the real season for travelling and, just now, extremely novel and pretty toilettes abound at the seaside and inland watering places. Smart elaborate toilettes have long been the order of the day at foreign resorts where Parisian taste holds sway, yet English women could not accustom themselves at first to the fashion of dressing elegantly even for a walk by the seaside. This year, however, they seem awake to the fact that costly toilettes are also in perfect good taste for such occasions, and indeed for every occasion at these places.

The lovely blouse dresses to be observed at Eastbourne, the Isle of Wight and Scarborough, may vie with those worn at any of the fashionable foreign bathing places. They are worn in the morning only by those who do not bathe or swim, and have a delightfully cool, fresh appearance, being made principally of flowered and figured Organdy, colored muslin, barege and canvas; trimmed with silk, lace, ribbon and embroidery.

The table d'hote dinner gown is made up in a much richer style, and here silk and satin are the most appropriate materials, many combined most effectively in color and arrangement with soft tinted guipure embroidered with gold and jewels, or lace threaded with gold and silver, which lends a charming scintillating gloss to light colored silk, while on other toilettes the silk is used as a foundation for over-robes of piece lace, net, chiffon muslin, transparent barege, batiste, grass linen, floral grenadine, silk crape and lisse.

Several colors are fashionable this season and among them may be mentioned yellowish-grey. Dresses made in this hue are ornamented with white embroidery and black ribbon, silver grey with blue, mauve and dead-green are also liked, and sea-gull grey is most distingue. White dresses, still much worn, are trimmed with black and yellow lace shapes appliqued on the stuff, which is the characteristic finish of many other light-colored toilettes.

The skirt has undergone considerable alteration of late. One style is to make the upper part like a fitted basque and mount a long flounce on the lower edge of this. Double skirts cut out in points below, and finished off with a plissed stripe, may be frequently seen, and triple skirts are imitated by mounting three scant scalloped flounces on the separate lining. Five or six rows of stuff frills coming alternately with lace flounces are also employed to cover underskints, and a fashionable effect is given by arranging plissed gauze or tulle skirts over check and figured silk.

The dust cloak is a necessary article of dress in going to a fashionable bathing place. The newest cloaks are made of fine coating, alpaca in soft shades, and mixed silk and cotton materials; they are either unlined or lined very lightly.

LITERARY NOTES.

The September number of the Hypnotic Magazine has for its opening article "The Power of suggestion in Obstetrical Practice," by Robert Rasmusson Rome, M. D., Professor of Operative Obstetrics, University in Minnesota. The writer cites two or three cases in which he has made successful use of hypnotic suggestion to alleviate and even prevent the pains of parturition. In the Enquiry Department of this number, which is an important feature of the magazine, Dr. S. Herbert Britton, Adelaide, O., endorses the strange theory put forward several months ago by the editor as to the value of education given during normal sleep. That theory is briefly that the mind of the sleeper never sleeps, and Dr. Britton quotes a cure of a bad habit in his little daughter, aged three and a half years, and which had defied both punishment and medicines. The cure was effected by speaking to the child during her slumber.

The September number of Ee'ry Month is a beautifully illustrated book of prose and song. The musical department is made up of "A message From the Old Folks," song and chorus by W. C. Carleton, "Such is my Love for Thee," an exquisite song and refrain by Raymond A. Browne; "Under the Palms," Gavotte, by Jacob Henry Ellis, and the "Premier March and Two-Step," by Wm. Frederick Peters. Of the many literary feature, a notable one is an excellently illustrated article on Newport, and there is another gue to "Antonio's Revenge,' the blank verse of which is as majestic and as strong as anything which even that age produced. Marston faced the detractors of painful verse, and hurled at them with scorn the accusation that they dared not look at human life as a whole, that they feared to see things as they are, and that they wished to pretend that the world was something different from what it really is. He warns his audience that if they are unable to endure the truth, and to come face to face with the realities of life they must avoid his play:

"If any spirit breathes within this round,
Incapable of weighty passion
(As from his birth being hugged in the arms
And nuzzled 'twixt the breasts of happiness),
Who winks and shuts his apprehension up,
From common sense of what men were, and are,
Who would not know what men must be, let such
Hurry amain from our black-visaged shows:
We shall affright his eyes. But if a breast
Nailed to the earth with grief, if any heart
Pierced through with anguish pant within this ring,
If there be any blood whose heat is choked
And stifled with true sense of misery,
If aught of these strains fill this consort up—
They arrive most welcome.

Marston's is, in truth, the modern apology for realism, for painful, brutal, soul-stabbing realism, but not with the clamminess and heartlessness of the modern defenders of realism, but with that passion and inspiration which mark the age which produced the beginnings of the Puritan spirit. He asks the world to look on human misery, not because morbid anatomy belongs as much to science as the anatomy of the healthy body, or because it is essentially curious and interesting and part of a whole, but because it touches the mass of mankind, because it is the destiny of most men, and so speaks to them heart to heart.

TAILOR-MADE DRESS.

Gray cloth tailor-made coat and skirt; the latter is tight fitting and untrimmed. Gold braid edges the revers and collar of the coat, and is sewn diagonally across the narrow white silk vest. Cuffs of full-plaited white silk.

SOCIETY IN LONDON.

Among the many written comments made of late in regard to the degeneracy of London society none is more amusing than that of L. T. Austin in the Sketch. He says:

"The uninvited guest is quite a common phenomenon of our unwieldy London society. A lonely man in evening dress takes a walk through Mayfair late on a summer night. He sees an awning; he says to himself, after the manner of Mr. Wemmick, 'Hullo! here's a party;' he turns in at the unfamiliar door; an obsequious minion takes his hat; he lounges through the rooms, which are crammed to suffocation; he listens to the Maroon Hungarian Band, admires the women, spends a pleasant quarter of an hour in the supper-room and goes away. This has been done by reputable young men about town for wagers. You might visit half a dozen houses in a single evening without any recommendation except polite impudence, and without exciting the smallest suspicion. Society now is a jam on a staircase, an undistinguishable mass of persons who may never get near the hostess, and who, if recent gosip is to be credited, might not unreaonably inspire the host sometimes with regret that he had not engaged a 'chucker-out.' Free fights in the halls of aristocratic mansions, hysterical tears of dismayed hostesses, nay, the hustlings of royalty itself—are not these things written in the modern chronicles of Piccadilly? How simple, then, for the well-bred stranger to take his ease in a house where he has no invitation, moralize on the deportment of the legitimate guests, criticise the champagne and go home after this predatory raid with a restful conscience and a gratified sense of honor."

Special Notice.

The Montreal representative for the Morris Pianos, Mr. W. H. Leach, 49 Metcalfe Street, wil lbe visiting the Toronto Exhibition next week, and while there would be pleased to select Morirs pianos for Montrealers from the firm's large exhibit.

concerning the great musical collection of Frederick W. Stearns, of Detroit. The author of "On Many Seas," Wm. Hamblen, contributes a humorous short story entitled "Cosgrove's Revenge," and the department concerning "The World in General," "Plays and Players" and "Women in Particular," are filled with clever matter and rare pictures of notabilities in their respective fields. The other features of the magazine are quite up to the high standard maintained by this bright periodical. New York, Howley, Haviland & Co. 10 cents.

The September issue of "Table Talk" contains among the many interesting subjects treated within its pages, "Some Unique Luncheons," by Mrs. Burton Kingsland; "Civilized Man Cannot Live Without Cooks," by Katherine Read Lockwood; "Some Spanish American Cookery," by Sharpe M. Hall; "Women of Colonial and Revolutionary Times," by Mary Lloyd; receipts for the most seasonable canning and preserving, and also for the promiscuous dishes requested by housekeepers from all over the country. Its menus are freshly prepared each and every month by Miss Cornelia C. Bedford, one of the leading authorities in the country, and "The New Bill of Fare," by Mrs. M. C. Myer is, as usual, one of the chief features of this issue. Any of our readers wishing to see a sample copy of "Table Talk" can secure it free of charge, by sending name and address to Table Talk Publishing Company, Philadelphia, Pa.

REALISM IN POETRY.

A writer in the Spectator discusses the question of realism in poetry, arguing against the "skylark" theory of the poet's function. He says that—

A poem cannot rightly be condemned merely because it is painful and deals with anguish and distress—because it "bites into the live man's flesh for parchment," and shows us life in its most sorow-compelling moods. The apology for painful poetry was never better put than by Marston, that gloomy, tragic, and satiric genius of the Elizabethan stage, who delighted to turn his eyes upon the dark places of human existence. In the magnificent prolo-

But this pessimistic view is, the Spectator continues, as one-sided, by itself, as the joyous view:

Though joy-giving is one, perhaps the most essential, part of the poet's function, we do not contend for a moment that the poet can be limited to the joyous side of life. The notion is manifestly false, for it would at once rule out all the great tragic poets of the world. Painful poetry always has had, and, of course, always will have, a great place in literature. But though this must be admitted by all, we hold that "painful poetry"—the phrase is barbarous, but it is difficult to find another that will fit so well—should be limited by two conditions. We believe that the poet's main function is to harmonize life for us, to give us the solution of the discords. But this does not preclude him from dealing with life, does not invite him to "wink and shut his apprehension up," or to refrain from learning what men were and are and what they must be. Rather it compels him to turn his eyes to those who are "nailed to the earth with grief," and whose blood is choked and stifled with misery, and to try to find some hope, some solution for their sorrows. The poet evokes the emotions of pity and terfor in us, but when he does so it is not that those emotions should rend us and leave us hopeless and wretched. He raises those emotions, but only to allay and to satisfy them. He purges the passions by showing us the true results, the inner meanings, of human action.

A Domestic Incident.

"John, dear, I wish you'd lend me your knife."

"Yes, love."

"And just ask Sarah to bring down my big apron out of the bedroom, and a duster, and some paraffin, and the wash-leather."

"And the wash-leather. Anything else?"

"Yes; Thomas must clear out the yard and sweep it up a bit. And I shall want some copper-wire and the screw-hammer and that bottle of stuff for renovating leather, and an old brush."

"Is that all? Are you going to repair all the furniture?"

"Don't be silly. I must have some sticking plaster and a few bits of rag and a pail of water."

"Nothing else? It sounds like a surgical operation or a second edition of house-cleaning."

"I wish you wouldn't interrupt when I'm trying to think of things. Let me see; there's nothing else—oh, yes, I must have a pair of scissors and my garden gloves and some scouring paper."

"Good heavens! What has happened? I hope it's nothing serious."

"Bless the man, no! I'm only going to overhaul my bike."—Pick-Me-Up.

Miss VICTORIA LÉGARÉ

Tells of Her Wonderful Recovery After Years of Constant Suffering.

Suffering is not a pleasant thing to contemplate at any period of human existence. More especially is this true when seen in the life of one who is young and to whom future happiness is denied on account of physical suffering. The feebleness incidental to old age is expected, we make the closing years of such an one's life as comfortable as possible, well knowing that nature has spent her force, and naught remains on which to build. We expect the occurrence of dissolution, and are prepared for it. Not only *we* expect this, but the tired and worn out fragment of humanity, who is the subject of our care, expects it as well, and even *longs for it*. This is but natural.

MISS VICTORIA LÉGARÉ.

When however, the victim is one, who though young in years, sees a long life of usefulness and happiness cut short by the inroad of some insiduous disease, it excites our pity, and we eagerly adopt remedial agents, with the hope at least of lessening the burden thrust upon one so young.

Miss Victoria Légaré, a young lady of 19, residing at Victory Mills, Saratoga Co., N. Y., in her letter following, illustrates this far better than words of ours.

Franco-American Chemical Co.,

Gentlemen,—For two years I was a great sufferer from female weakness. I had a constant backache, headache, and bearing down pain stomach and sidesche, while my body was bloated to such an extent as to seriously interfere with my breathing. There were times when I felt as if I had a weight in my stomach, and as if my heart was in water.

Sometimes I could not eat nor swallow my food, and was obliged to leave the table on that account. My limbs ached terribly, and the top of my head seemed as if it were boiling, and was so sore I could not at times comb my hair. All this came on gradually, and was the result I believe of overwork. After trying in vain to obtain relief, I at last write to you and acted upon your advice by taking Dr. Coderre's Red Pills. I took them for four weeks before experiencing relief, but at the end of two months I can truthfully say I was *completely cured*.

Two boxes I had on hand were given to my mother, who was greatly benefitted by their use. I have also recommended Dr. Coderre's Red Pills to several young lady friends. The trouble is they wait too long before taking them, I am positive from what they have done for me that these pills will cure female weakness in every form, but one should not wait too long in order to get the best results.

Respectfully yours, VICTORIA LÉGARÉ.

Victoria Mills, Saratoga Co., N. Y. Witness Jos. BOIVIN.

Further information relative to the diseases of women will be cheerfully furnished by our French Specialist, who will at the same time give you all the necessary advice for home treatment absolutely free. Dr. Coderre's Red Pills are for sale everywhere. 50c. per box, 6 boxes for $2.50, mailed on receipt of price. Address: FRANCO-AMERICAN CHEMICAL CO., Medical Department P. O. Box 2305, Montreal, Canada.

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The Herald.

Pages 13 to 20.

SUMMER FICTION SATURDAY SUPPLEMENT.

MONTREAL, SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 4, 1897.

A SUICIDE AT SEA.

THE steamer had already started when I first saw her. It was a lovely June day, and we were slipping along through silky blue water, below a sky frescoed here and there with little fantastic pearly clouds, like flocks of vagrant swans. There were not many passengers, and none of them I knew. But all seemed as gay as the weather—all save her. She sat on deck, having chosen one of its rear wooden benches. Her dress was very simple; something white gleamed at her throat, and browns and blacks vested her slender frame. She might have been five-and-twenty, but you had to scan well the wan delicacy of her face before you quite decided that suffering alone must have made her seem older. Both dark-gloved hands rested in her lap. She appeared perfectly heedless of everything about her. She had the most beautiful eyes I have ever seen—large and gray and fathomless; they glorified her face, and they were infinitely pensive. It shot through my mind "How many tears they must have wept!" They looked straight ahead, too plainly seeing nothing of the jocund and scintillant sea that fronted them. I wondered it other people would notice their hopeless and helpless gaze. Unconsciously and with a simplicity that pierced my soul, she appealed to me in terms of absolute despair. Every line of her figure, too, accorded, by some mysterious sympathy, with this rapid impression of her wretchedness.

Till nightfall she sat there, immovable. The faultless weather continued. There was no moon, but the starlight shone almost vivid enough to mimic one, and I kept getting glimpses of her fixed, colorless face, which now haunted me more and more. Often since that night I have been at sea, but never do I hear the peculiar harmonious hissing and rushing sound which a vessel gives when it sails through placid stretches of ocean, without memories of those desolated features, that plaintless yet wobegone air.

Meanwhile I had got to know a certain table-companion, and had told him of how this lady's evident misery had touched me. He was a Frenchman, who gave me his name as Guijean, a dapper little person, with florid cheeks, big curvilinear moustaches and teeth sparklingly white. He spoke English with great fluency, and I could readily believe him when he informed me that he had mastered several other tongues. "She is evidently a most unhappy woman," he had told me, after having glanced, during the afternoon, at this forlorn object of my sudden and acute sympathy.

Something in his tone made me start and clasp his arm. I felt certain, just from those few words, that she was now the object of his sympathy, no less than mine. In a rich, intuitive flash, I felt more—that he, whoever he was, had a nature amply receptive to compassion.

"I have crossed before on this line," he said, after the tragic stranger, who now equally concerned us both, had departed from her shadowy lodge below the huge smokestacks and their concomitant masses of iron equipment, and while the bland, marine June stars seemed to drop lower, like mellowing fruit from invisible boughs. "Frankly, I have grown to dislike our captain very much; he is a man of hard, harsh disposition; he is capable of cruel acts. I know that on this same ship he has committed several which have made him unpopular both among his fellow-officials and the common sailors besides. But the second officer, Mr. Gladwyn, is of a widely different type. Of him I will make certain inquiries, and join you later."

And later, that same evening, Monsieur Guijean did join me, in the smoking-room. "Gladwyn tells me," he said, "that she has registered simply as a Mrs. Verschoyle. She has a cabin all to herself, and neither he nor any one else knows the faintest item concerning her. As we have observed, she has not yet appeared in the dining-room, and since her retirement into lower quarters she has given no order whatever to any of the servants."

This information reached me at about nine o'clock. Before ten, while I sat with a novel in one of the upper saloons, Guijean appeared at my side. All the ruby had slipped from his cheeks; all his galiard jauntiness had gone; he still looked like the Frenchman he was; and yet like that most mournful of things, a Frenchman who has lost his gayety.

"It is terrible," he stammered, leaning down and brushing my cheek with one stiff curve of his moustache. "Do you—can you—dream what that poor woman has done to herself?"

I rose. I can hear now the soft, rattling thud of my novel as it fell upon the floor.

"Not—suicide?"

"Yes. Cyanide of potassium. She must have rung for the stewardess just before she drank it. They found her dead, and the bottle—a dose to kill an ox—was clutched in one hand."

I felt my blood freeze. "It was in her face," I faltered. "That is what I saw there. She was not alone on that wooden bench. Death, all the while, crouched beside her, tempting her!"

"The captain," my new acquaintance went on, "is furious. Our voyage to Glasgow will not be a brief one, and he has determined to bury her at once—to-night—before the passengers get wind of her death."

"Bury her!" I gasped.

"Don't you understand? Throw her into the sea, cased in a pine box, with stone or leaden weights that will instantly sink it."

"But her friends in Glasgow?" I hurried. "Might not such an act prove to them the severest of trials?"

"No evidence has been found that she possesses any friends either in Glasgow or elsewhere. She came on board with only two small portmanteaus and a steamer trunk. In these not a trace of her identity has been gained."

"But still—" I began.

Monsieur Guijean cut me short. "I know what you would say. To fling her into the sea, like this, is a horror. My friend, the second officer, is grinding his teeth. But he can do nothing. The captain—You've seen him, with his red whiskers, and his burly frame, and his arrogant Scotch scowl—is imperious and also impervious. The funeral (if one may dignify it by such a name) will take place at midnight. I am sworn to secrecy by the second officer, though I told him I might break my word to you, because of the interest that poor creature has roused in you."

"Interest!" I groaned. "Say, rather, immeasurable pity. Think," I went on, "what anguish this brutal burial may cause to parents, sisters, brothers—possibly to some one of nearer and dearer relation—who may now be awaiting her arrival in Scotland!"

Monsieur Guijean nodded. "The second officer has pleaded with the captain in just thise terms. But he is not only a boor of vulgarity. He is also a bigot of grossest superstition."

"Superstition?"

"Yes; in this way: He believes that to carry a corpse on the ship will bring it ill luck."

"And he cannot be reasoned out of this folly?"

"Can the despotism of a cyclone be reasoned out of its savagery? He will have it so; that is all. If you are on the lower deck by midnight yiu will see the burial. I shall be there. The captain may not like it, but he will not presume to oppose your presence otherwise than by one of his grim scowls."

Within a few minutes of twelve the preparations had begun. My heart thumped against my side as I stole, in the company of Monsieur Guijean, to a certain dim-lighted portion of the lower deck. Six or seven sailors were standing about a long pine box. A few passengers, all men, had already gathered here, having learned the grisly news, heaven knew how. The second officer stood near the captain, his head bowed, his lips drawn into a tense line of pain. The captain with suppressed wrath and disgust, was murmuring to him certain gruff words which I wholly failed to catch. In another instant he gave the sailors a commanding gesture. Three of them went nimbly forward and loosed a broad segment of the taffrail. Soon between ourselves and the vast starlit ocean there spread an open space across which the least chance stumble might have tossed you into eternity.

Then came silence. All was ready. "Horrible!" I heard Guijean whisper in my ear. The swash and rustle of the tranquil water, plowed by our speeding ship, gave to the stillness an accent of awe.

The captain raised his hand. A man near me turned away with an audible sob. Four sailors lifted the box. As they did so a long, soft, voluminous groan issued from it. The men, about to tumble it into the sea, dropped it with a sudden crash.

"I will not be cast overboard like this. Carry me to the friends who wait for me! I implore it—I command it!"

These words, clear and infinitely plaintive, came from the box on which all our eyes were fixed. From two or three of those assembled broke a horrified cry. For myself, I clutched the arm of Guijean in an agony of affright. But he almost shook my grasp away and hurried to the captain.

I staggered backward. Through the bewilderment of my horror I next recall seeing the captain's white face glistening with sweat, while some one (a sailor, doubtless) rained axe-strokes upon the wooden box. . . . Presently I reeled forward again. Everybody was peering into the shattered coffer, and I peered likewise. Some one had brought a lantern, and its rays fell full upon the woman within. The doctor of the ship had either been swiftly called, or else he had stood among us all the time. He raised in his arms the prone shape. Its eyes were closed; its limbs were stiff. The face, if marble sculpture, could not have been deathlier.

And yet . . . she had spoken! It must have been she, for we had all heard her. The doctor parted from her breast the garments which clothed it, and rested his ear against her heart. "Dead—absolutely dead," he muttered. "Not a sign of life—not the faintest sign."

The captain now seemed terribly agitated. I saw him wave his hands to the sailors in a certain feeble yet ordering way. Soon the aperture in the taffrail was closed again. "There will be no burial—they will take her to Glasgow," I heard somebody say.

Giddy and faint, I passed upstairs and gained the higher deck. There I sank, as it happened, upon the very seat which she had occupied for so many hours.

"How unutterably strange!" I said to myself. "And we poor mortals dare to scoff at the life beyond death! Shall I ever doubt it again? Shall I ever dare to believe that only here and now lie the limits of spiritual existence?" . . . For a long time, perhaps, I sat there, meditative, appalled.

"Ah," said a voice in the dimness, "I've found you at last." And Monsieur Guijean seated himself beside me.

"The doctor still persists that she is dead?" I questioned.

"Oh, he long ago gave that up. Preparations for embalment are being made."

"For several minutes I did not answer. Then: "What a frightful thing!" I exclaimed.

In the starlight I saw his genial smile. "Why so frightful?"

"Its mystery—its ghastly mystery!"

"But an inhuman act was averted by it."

"Yes," I said, with a shiver, "the poor lady saved herself, as it were, in the nick of time."

He drew a little near to me. "Did she save herself?"

I turned, and sweepingly glimpsed his profile, in the vagueness.

"Do you mean—?" There I stopped short.

He wheeled full upon me, with a mellow laugh. "Can you keep a secret?"

"I . . can; yes."

"Will you?"

I hesitated. Like a light seen at the end of a long, straight passageway, crept into my spirit some glimmering premonition of the truth. "Who are you?" I broke out.

"Not Guijean," he said. "There were reasons for my booking to Glasgow en cachette—reasons trivial enough to others, but to me momentous." Then he named another name—his actual own.

I sprang to my feet. That chill fog of the Supernatural, which had suffocatingly enwrapped me, vanished in a trice.

He had declared himself a ventriloquist famed in two continents. Everything was explained.

One Item of Economy.

The Regina Leader says: "Months ago when Lieut.-Governor's office at Regina was manned by a force of six men, including His Honor, The Leader said that one of the Bank of Montreal clerks would do all the work done by the whole deputy regal staff.

For the past few weeks one man has been doing the work of the Lieut. Governor's office. His honor is in England; Mr. Gordon, the official secretary, has been in British Columbia, and Mr. Jos. McArs being the only clerk whose services have not been dispensed with, the whole duties of the office have devolved upon him. So far as is learned he is keeping the work up to date.

This is one item of economy which the new government at Ottawa are indirectly responsible for.

It Was a Case of Must.

A man stepped into one of the cobbler shops where they mend your shoes while you wait. At least they advertise to, although only a few of their patrons take advantage of the offer. This particular patron sat down in a chair near the door. He had come in so quietly that the cobbler didn't notice him. When the man of waxed ends finally looked around the stranger was holding a pair of shoes toward him.

"Couple o' patches," he said.

"Will you wait?" said the cobbler.

"Eh?"

"Will you wait for 'em?"

"Guess I'll have to."

He looked down at his feet. The cobbler's eyes followed the glance.

The stranger didn't even have stockings on.—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Served a Double Purpose.

A certain young widow of Indianapolis, who has just changed her weeds for brighter hues, gave a dinner party not long ago. The rooms were decorated with a great profusion of flowers. Roses in masses were on the mantels, and the dinner table fairly blossomed—in fact, the abundance of flowers was unusual. One of the guests could restrain her curiosity no longer, and when the dessert was brought in said:

"Well, Mrs. Blank, you're rather spreading on the flowers to-night."

"Yes," replied the fair widow, brightly, "but to-morrow I am going to take them out to Crown Hill and put them on poor Tom's grave."

A regular "13" shiver went round the table.—Indianapolis Sentinel.

Peace After Sorrow.

"There is a peace that cometh after sorrow,"
Of hope surrendered, not of hope fulfilled;
A peace that looketh not upon to-morrow,
But calmly on a tempest that is stilled.

A peace which lives not now in joy's excesses,
Nor in the happy life of love secure;
But in the unerring strength the heart possesses
Of conflicts won while learning to endure

A peace there is, in sacrifice secluded;
A life subdued, from will and passion free;
'Tis not the peace which over Eden brooded,
But that which triumphed in Gethsemane.

—Jessie Rose Gates.

A Blasted Career.

Judge Packingham—"I used to look upon young Simmons as a fellow who had a brilliant future before him."

"Squire Plimpton—"What has caused you to change your opinion of him?"

Judge Packingham—"Why, the darned fool made a speech in our state convention the other day that knocked me out of the nomination for lieutenant governor."—Cleveland Leader.

A Sure Sign.

"Well, doctor, what do you think of all this talk about a return of prosperity?"

"It's true. Prosperity is returning."

"What reason have you for believing that it is?"

"My gout and appendicitis cases are increasing very rapidly."—Cleveland Leader.

Relief for the Bigamist.

"Poor man, do you have to go around chained to that other man all the time?"

"Don't waste any sympathy on me now; before I got in here I was chained to seven women."

Published by Special Arrangement.

A CLERICAL ERROR.

How "Father Penburton" Assisted in a Race for a Wife.

BY FRANCIS LYNDE.

BY way of prologue, let me say that I have never been quite able to understand why my colleagues in this far western diocese call me "the padre," coupling the innuendo with an intimation that I should have been a priest of the older faith rather than a poor clergyman of our own. In my own looking-glass—and which of us is ever vouch-safed a peep into that of another?—I find nothing to justify the inference. The quicksilver images the figure of a middle-aged person, whose sedentary habit has sicklied a face never ruddy; whose vigils with the student's lamp have begun to accentuate the stoop in a rather ungainly pair of shoulders; whose attire is not, and has never been, I trust, more than decently ecclesiastical in cut and ensemble.

None the less, sincerity compels the admission that in travelling I am not infrequently taken for a Romish priest, and that even here in my own little parish of Carbonoro the coal miners call me Fr. Penburton. It was this absurd misconception, hightened, possibly, by the fact that I was reading a small black-bound book, which may have been mistaken for a breviary, that led to my entanglement in a romantic affair on the railway—an entanglement which has since cost me many disquieting moments. Not that I hold myself in any way accountable or blameworthy, be it understood; but merely because it has given my clerical associates a fresh occasion for other of their ill-chosen and meaningless gibes.

The beginning of it was in this wise. I had been on a visit to the bishop, and had boarded the train to return to my parish. Having taken a seat in the pullman, I was reading the small, black-bound book—which, I beg to protest, was not a breviary—when two young persons entered the car and established themselves in the section next to my own. At their incoming I fancied they were the inevitable newly married couple whose presence seems nowadays to be a necessary complement to the passenger list of any public conveyance. The young man was a clerk of some sort, one would say; and his face was vaguely familiar. It was clean-cut, smooth-shaven and of the alert type which marks the younger men of business in this progress-ridden region. The young woman was petite and distinctively handsome. Her face was a most agreeable study in youthful beauty, and her flashing brown eyes, alight with repressed excitement, had a look in them which carried me swiftly back to my—but pardon me; this is not the story of my own youthful follies.

I perceived at once that the two were laboring under some stress of emotion which I took to be very natural embarrassment; and as they sat facing me I thought to relieve them in some measure by taking the opposite seat with my back toward them. I desire to emphasize this point because one of my colleagues is uncharitable enough to insinuate that the change was made in order that their conversation might be the beter overheard, a charge which I wish to repel with proper scorn. That their talk was overheard is a matter of no moment. Every right-minded person will agree with me that motives and not incidents are the mosmic principles underlying any code of ethics.

"Great Jehoash! You say he did come home to dinner, after all?"

The speaker was the young man, and there was a very emphatic note of uneasiness in his voice.

"Yes, he did," answered the young woman. "And that isn't all; I'm almost sure he suspected something."

"You are? Why? What makes you think so?"

"The way he acted. He was as short as piecrust all through dinner, and when I left the table he asked if you had called; said he had seen you in the carriage driving down Alameda Street."

The young man groaned quite audibly. "Of course he did! That idiotic driver turned out for a furniture van just as we were meeting him and drove up to the very curb. I made myself as small as I could, but he couldn't help seeing me. What did you tell him?"

"I said. 'Why poppa—Mr. Roderick!' After you've forbidden him the house?"

The young man chuckled as if the sinful equivocation were applausive rather than a thing to be sorrowfully deprecated.

"Good! What did he say to that?"

"He was angry—as he always is when your name is mentioned; he said you were unscrupulous enough to do anything. Then he asked me if I could be ready to start for Aunt Josephine's to-morrow."

"And you told him you could?"

"I did, just that; but I didn't tell him I would. O, why doesn't the train start?"

I heard the click of the young man's watch case.

"Chiefly because it isn't time. We have five minutes yet."

"O!"—the exclamation was almost a sob. "If he catches the one o'clock car down town he can overtake us here, can't he?"

The watch case clicked again.

"He might, but it's unlikely. The car is due at the corner just at our leaving time, and he would have a block to walk—or run. But I was thinking of something else. If he has his wits about him we shan't be safe till we pass the yard limits."

"The yard limits? I don't understand."

"We have to stop to register at the limits. If he just misses us here he can take a carriage, run the legs off the horses and intercept us at the yard station. It can be done. I've done it myself more than once with a belated passenger."

"O, horrors! Alan, if you let me be taken back now I'll never speak to you again as long as I live."

"You needn't threaten me. It won't be my fault if we're captured. I'm not any more anxious to meet your father just now than you are," asserted the young man, earnestly.

Then silence supervened, and I had leisure to construct the accusation. It was a wedding party, indeed, but a priori—an elopement, in short. This sweet-faced young woman with the remindful eyes was taking her future in her hand to give it over into the keeping of a young man whose consent to such a proceeding was a sufficient condemnation. I pictured to myself the distress of the father, whose wishes had been so unfilially disregarded. He was doubtless a kind and indulgent parent—are not all modern parents culpably so?—and his objections to the alert young man were probably well rooted in good judgment and common sense.

The name, Roderick, and the word about belated passengers, bridged the gap in my memory, and I was able to place the intending bridegroom. He was a young man employed by the railway company in some capacity—I know not what—in the booking office; he it was who had procured for me my clergyman's permit at half rates. At that time I had thought him a very pleasant young fellow; but it must be admitted that circumstances alter cases, and in the light of the present episode my point of view coincided immediately with that of the aggrieved father. It was not my affair, to be sure, but my sympathies were so strongly enlisted on the side of parental authority that I could with difficulty hold my peace. Indeed, it was borne in upon me so forcibly that I ought to expostulate with the young rashlings that I was about to do so when the train moved out and carried them, so to speak, suddenly across their Rubicon.

Having thus lost the opportunity for hopeful interference, I may confess that I awaited the turn of events with no inconsiderable degree of curiosity. Would the injured father have his "wits with him," as the young man so irreverently phrased it, and drive post haste to intercept the train at the registering station?

The day was warm and the car windows were open. When the shriek of the air-brakes was uplifted and the speed began to slacken, I looked out and up the road leading down from the city. Far away among the last scattering houses of the suburb a carriage drawn by fast galloping horses came in sight. At the same moment I heard the young man say:

"The sun is fearfully hot, don't you think so, Eleanor? Let me close your window."

The bang of the sash and the whirr of the shade followed quickly, and I divined his intention. He, too, had seen the carriage.

Presently the train came to a stand with the forward end of the platform immediately opposite the platform of the small registering station. From my window I saw the conductor come out and raise his hand to give the signal for departure. In the very act he espied the carriage with the galloping horses, and desisted. He was evidently going to wait for the vehicle to come up.

For the next few minutes the suspense was well nigh electrical. The crucial anxiety of the two young people seemed to communicate itself in some mysterious manner to the other occupants of the car, and we all sat breathless under the weight of a silence which was surcharged with suppressed excitement. When the drumming of the horses' hoofs became faintly audible the young man could endure it no longer. With a hasty "Excuse me a moment," to his companion, he left his seat; and I craned my neck from the window in time to see him join the conductor on the platform.

"What are you waiting for, Graffo?" he demanded, with the air of one who is made bold by the occasion.

The conductor jerked his thumb over his shoulder in the direction of the chase.

"Some drummer got left at the Union Depot, I guess. Serve him right if we didn't wait on him."

"Don't you fool yourself!"—the young man's manner of speech was distressingly idiomatic, not to say vague, at times—"That's Mr. John Bostwick. If you don't pull out before he gets here I'm a dead man. Do you savez?"

The conductor laughed, and rejoined with what appeared to be intended for rough pleasantry. "O, come off! What are you giving me?"

I had not noticed that the young man had offered to give him anything, but he ignored the inquiry and burst out: "Facts, by Jove! Cold facts! I tell you wait till that carriage gets here!"

"Pshaw! d'ye mean it, honest? What you been doing to the master mechanic? 'Nother one of your fool pranks, I bet you."

The chase was in plain view by this time, and it represented the unusual spectacle of a square-shouldered gentleman with a fierce military mustache and a very red face, leaning far out of the carriage window and gesticulating violently. The young man saw, winced, and made answer of mingled plea and protest.

"Pranks nothing! It's business this time, I tell you. Give Ike the signal, quick, before it's too late. Miss Bostwick's mixed up in it, and——"

The conductor's hand shot above his head and hung there fluttering like a misshapen flag. There was an answering clangor from the bell and ah issing of steam, and the wheels began to revolve. The young scapegrace and his new-made confederate sprang aboard, and I gave my attention to the oncoming carriage.

The cabman was certainly a most reckless driver. He lashed his horses down the steep slope, and for a palpitant second a collision with the moving train seemed inevitable. It was happily averted at the critical instant by the madcap son of Nimshi, who stood up in his place and dragged the plunging animals back upon their haunches by main strength. But the sudden cramping of the vehicle jammed it between a coal car and the iron lever which operates the switching mechanism, blocking the doors as effectually as if the obstruction had been placed with malice aforethought. I had a brief glimpse of the square-shouldered gentleman raging back and forth between the doors, thrusting first at one end and then at the other, and then the moving train swept around a curve, and I could see no more.

When I sank back into my seat with a sigh of mingled regret and relief the young man had rejoined his companion, who, thanks to the drawn shade and closed window, had apparently neither seen nor heard aught of the exciting episode.

"Are we safe, Alan?" she queried, her voice a-tremble with trepidation.

"Safe as a church. Didn't you see him?"

"I saw nothing, but I thought I heard some one shouting," Then, with a gasp of sudden and dismayful realization—"O, it's my father, and he's hurt—I know he is! Stop the train, Alan; stop it I say; I'm going back!"

"O, sit down; for pity's sake sit down, Eleanor; don't you see everybody's catching on!"—this in an agonized whisper. "He isn't hurt, I tell you; not at all. That was the driver you heard, yelling at his horses."

"Are you sure you're telling me the truth?"

"Of course I am; din't I see it? The fellow drove down between the switch stand and a coal car, and your father couldn't get either door open. He wasn't hurt an atom, but he acted as if he was a good deal disappointed."

"Disappointed! You may depend upon it, he is simply furious. I'm awfully afraid he'll do something desperate yet."

"I don't see but what he will have to if he stops us now. He can't get to Lavarock ahead of us; and fifteen minutes after we arrive you'll be Mrs. Roderick."

She went silent at that, as what modest young woman would not; but after a little she plucked up courage to ask about details. Her companion explained.

"After I left you at the house I went down town and wired Hardwicke, the agent at Lavarock, telling him there would be a couple on this train to be married in the hotel parlor on arrival. He is to arrange with the county clerk to keep his office open so that I can get the license, and to have the minister ready. I can drive to the court house and back in ten minutes, and we can have it all over while the passengers are at supper and be ready to go west on Number Five."

"It's very dreadful, Alan," she murmured. "So pitifully different from one's ideal wedding!"

"That's so"—cheerfully—"there isn't any ideality to spare for a fact. But we can't help that. If we hadn't made the dash your father would have packed you off to Ohio between two days, wouldn't he?"

"He said he would; and I'm afraid he meant it. And yet he has always been very good to me, Alan, before—before this, you know."

"I know; but he meant business this time. And that isn't all. After I had my little scarce with him this morning—when I asked him outright if we mightn't be married like other people—he abused me like a sheep thief; said he'd write to the general manager and have me discharged, though he didn't mention upon what grounds he would demand it."

"But how could he do that?"

"I give it up. There is nothing on record against me, I believe, except that I've had the audacity to fall in love with you after he had quarrelled with my father. But I couldn't help either the one or the other."

"No, indeed! But I hope you didn't quarrel with him."

"Didn't I? I told him to go ahead and write his letter, if he wanted to; that I guess I could stand the publicity if he could."

"Alan! You didn't tell me that."

"No; it didn't seem judicious."

"Perhaps I mightn't have consented if you had."

"O, yes, you would."

"Why would I?"

"Because you—love me."

In good truth I could not obtain my own consent to listen any longer. Moreover, the notes of the wood dove, feathered or human, are not particularly edifying in the ears of one who has long eschewed all thoughts of domestic joys, and I betook myself with my book to the deserted smoking compartment.

Here I was left in peace until after the train had passed the first telegraph station; but it was no sooner under way again than the conductor entered, followed closely by my young scapegrace. They sat down in the opposite seat, ignoring my presence as if I had been something more or less than a human being.

"What is it, Tom?" demanded the young man, anxiously.

"O, you're in for it up to your necks, you two. I have orders to dishonor your passes and put you both off at the next station," said the conductor, with what I understood to be mock solemnity.

Roderick nodded appreciatively. "I thought that would be the first thing he would do; that's why I bought regular tickets. We're patrons of the company, just like other people, and I dare you to put us off!"

The big conductor's laugh shok the windows.

"That's what I wired 'em," he said. "But that ain't the worst of it. Your don't-want-to-be father-in-law's out with a wild engine chasing us; and he's got special orders giving him right of way over everything north and south."

I could not deny myself a glance at the young man's face over the top of my book. It was a striking and instructive study in dismay.

"By jove, Tom, that's a horse of another color! He'll overhaul us as sure as fate. What am I going to do?"

The big man shrugged. "Can't you drop off at Alcantro or Syracuse and have it done before Bosty catches up?"

"No; that's the dickens of it—that's what we're running away for. We've got to get out of the tSate. Miss Bostwick lacks just three months of being legally of age."

"Oh, ho! I see. That makes it bad. What's the old man got against you, anyway, Rod?"

"Nothing against me; it's my father. Three or four years ago, when father was running the 291 they had a pretty spiteful tiff and father quit and went over to the East & West. Since that time the master mechanic has had no use for any of us."

"Who was to blame?"

"I never knew. They're both rather peppery, and I guess it was six of one and a half-dozen of the other But that doesn't help me out of my bucket of hot water. What am I going to do?—that's what I'd like to know."

The conductor opened his watch, and appeared to be making a reflective computation.

"I've got a scheme, but I don't know as it's worth much. He registered at forty-five minutes behind us. If he doubles our schedule—which he'll hardly dare to do on this light iron—he can't catch us before we make Brownsville, can he?"

"I should say not; but what of that?"

"Just go a little mite easy; I'm coming to the scheme pretty quick now. At Brownsville we meet the way freight, and Jack Benson's running it. Happen to know Jack?"

"I ought to; he was father's fireman."

"Just so. Now, if I was you which it's mighty lucky for me I ain't, and a good friend of mine was running that way freight, I bet you big money something would happen down at this end of the Brownsville yard that'd hold that there wild engine another forty-five minutes or so. What!"

"Tom, you're a trump! Jack will do it, if it costs him his job. You'll give me time at Brownsville to get a word with him?"

Sure thing, but you don't want anybody to see you talking to him—it's got to be a straight-out accident, you know, with nobody to blame."

"I know," replied the young rascal, with a nod of intelligence; "trust me for that. Hello! this is La Vaca. Let's go see what the wires have to say."

They went out together, leaving me with a new responsibility. Here was a bold conspiracy to obstruct the railway company's business; possibly to involve an innocent person, or perhaps more than one, in trouble. Was it not my duty to interfere at all hazards? I confess I have little regard for intermedlers in any sort, and this was certainly no affair of mine. Nevertheless, I compromised on a resolve to expostulate with the young man himself before we should reach Brownsville, and in the eddy of that determination resumed my book and the interrupted train of thought.

Now, it is a student's weakness to be unconscious of the lapse of time, and, after what seemed to me a very short interval, indeed, my young Romeo entered the smoking-room alone. Here, thought I, is my chance to reprehend the young knave, and I was about to do so when he forestalled me.

"This is Fr. Penburton, I believe," he began affably, producing a cigar case. "Will you join me?"

"Thank you, I do not smoke," I replied, as severely as might be.

"No? But you won't mind my smoking, will you?"

"Certainly not; I wish I might as readily absolve you of your weightier offences."

"Meaning?"—his eyebrows went up in well-affected surprise.

"Meaning your reckless defiance of the proprieties in eloping with that sweet young girl in yonder—that and your plot to delay her anixous parent," said I sternly.

His smile was more than half a grimace. "You don't know the circumstances, father: if you did, you wouldn't blame us much. And as to the plot—well, that was rather a shabby trick to play on the old gentlemen, but it's too late to repent of that now."

"Too late? How? What do you mean?"

"Why, it's a matter of history, so to speak. We managed among us to delay him nearly a hour at Brownsville, but he is after us again now, at the rate of a mile a minute."

"Do you mean to tell me that we have already passed Brownsville?" I demanded, unable to believe that my abstraction had been so profound.

"Rather better than an hour ago. This is Jornado"—with a wave of his hand toward the station at which the train was then pausing.

The minor transgression being unpreventable, I was about to attack the major, when a brakeman came in and handed the young man a telegram, upon which the ink was not very dry. The lighted cigar fell from his fingers as he read, and would assuredly have burned a hole in the carpet had I not promptly set my foot upon it.

"Great murder! but that does settle it!" he groaned.

"The way of the transgressor—" I began, but he broke it as one who hears not.

"Say, Fr. Penburton, can a priest of the Catholic church marry a pair of heretics at a pinch?"

The question seemed singularly irrelevant, but I answered it to the best of my knowledge and belief.

"I know of no rule forbidding it. Why do you ask?"

"Read that," he said, tragically, thrusting the message into my hand. "If you can't help us out we're done for, worl without end!"

I read:—

"To Alan Roderick, on Train No. 7:

"Everything O. K. as ordered, except the minister. He is out at Reservation. Have sent cow puncher after him on best broncho in town, but am afraid he can't reach before 7 o'clock. Shall I get justice peace? Answer."

It was signed "Hardwicke," and there was a footnote in brackets—evidently a bit of extraneous information added by the receiving operator at Jornada; "Bosty is overhauling you right. He passed Ormsbee five minutes ago, running like the Wild Irishman. He'd beat you 15 minutes into Lavarock if he could get by you."

"What have I to do with this?" said I, indicating the message.

"Why, I thought—that is, I didn't know but you'd—well you see, Fr. Penburton, we've got to have a minister of some sort, some way. It's no use talking about a justice of the peace to Eleanor—she won't listen a minute to that; but she might consent to be married by a Catholic priest. She is what we call pretty high church, you know."

"Still I do not understand. I am not a justice of the peace nor yet a priest of the Romish confession."

"You're not? Why, Graffo said you were; and your—er—" he broke down and finished rather tamely—"I thought you looked like one."

"Which one?" I asked, trying to be as severe as the occasion demanded, "the magistrate or the priest?"

"Don't hit me when I'm down," he pleaded. "I meant the priest, of course."

"Ah. I suppose I should be flattered, but I am not."

He sat twiddling his watch chain nervously while he tried to frame the crucial question.

"Then may I ask—would you mind telling me what kind of a—a minister you are?" he stammered finally.

"I am a clergyman of the church of which Miss Bostwick seems, by your admission, to be a communicant," said I.

"O, thank goodness!" he exclaimed jumping up to grasp my hand effusively. "Two young fools for luck every time! You'll help us out, won't you?"

It was my opportunity and I used it unsparingly.

"Not by any manner of means; quite the contrary, I shall do everything in my power to prevent the consummation of this unhappy affair." (My colleague before referred to insists that my indignation was merely an outburst of pique at being again mistaken for a Romanist, but the charge is too trivial to refute.) "I shall go at once to the young lady to try if I may dissuade her while it is yet time to withdraw."

He dropped my hand and sat down again. It was a coup de gras, but he was manly enough to hide the wound.

"Do it," he said, hardily. "Go and try it, if you like, and I'll give you a clear field. But you are the most mistaken person on this train, Mr. Penburton, if you'll allow me to say it; you are going on general principles in an exceptional case. I do hope you may have the pleasure of meeting Miss Bostwick's father some time when he isn't feeling well. You'll forgive us then."

I went at once to the young woman, introduced myself, and labored with her as her own paster might, but to all no purpose. She would say no word against her father; but she was quite unapproachable on the question at issue.

"Please don't say any more, Mr. Penburton," she said, finally. "We are not school children, and we know quite well what we are about. I am sorry it had to be, but there was no other way."

"But don't you see, Miss Bostwick, your plans have failed already? The clergyman who was to have met you at Lavarock is out of reach."

"How do you know that?" she queried, with rising emotion.

"Your—a—your companion has just received a telegram to that effect," said I.

Merciful heaven! What shall we do! But you help us, will you not, dear Mr. Penburton?" she replied, laying her hand on my arm. "You can't refuse now, I am sure."

I confess frankly that the necessity was most trying, but I could no otherwise, and be blameless.

"You are very hard; I hope you won't be sorry for it some day," she murmured; and at the sight of the uprising tears I was fain to beat a somewhat hasty retreat to the smoking department.

My young scapegrace was still awaiting me, puffing tranquilly at a fresh cigar.

"No go?" he said, nonchalantly.

"I regret to say that my counsels were rejected," I replied, with more severity in my manner than was in my heart.

"I thought they would be. And now I hope you will remember your—ah, excuse me—"

The train was slowing into a desolute little prairie station, and he dashed out unceremoniously, I followed presently to get a breath of fresh air and to stretch my legs on the wind-swept platform. I saw young Roderick in excited converse with the conductor and the station agent, and was directed by their gestures to look back over the long straight reach of track to the southward. Far away on the horizon I made out a small black cloud, which I took to be the smoke from the pursuing engine. In a moment of abstraction I walked to the end of the platform to get a better view. It was a most foolish thing to do, and I had speedy cause to regret it. When I turned again what was my horror to behold the train once more in motion!

I presume I should have known better than to make a most undignified attempt to overtake it, but I did not; and when I returned from the breathless and altogether unhopeful chase the station agent was smiling broadly. Then he took a second look at me and doffed his cap.

"I beg your reverence's pardon," h said, with the unmistakable Milesian accent, "but wan man always does be laughin' like a fool whin another's chasin' a train."

"Never mind that," I said, shortly. "How am I going to get to Lavarock? I must get there in time for the westbound train."

"That's easier said than done, your reverence; there'll be no train till to-morrow."

"Nevertheless, I must go," I repeated, unreasonably enough, I confess; but I was think only of getting back to my parish.

My man looked up at the plume of smoke blackening the southern horizon. "I have it," he said, suddenly, slapping his thigh. "If your reverence'll not mind being shook up a trifle on an engine."

He darted into the station, and presently the red arm of the semaphore swung out over the track with a faint clatter as from subterranean machinery. Five minutes later the pursuing locomotive thundering up with a shriek and a roar and stopped palpitant under the outstretched signal. A short, thick-set man, coatless, hatless and begrimed with coal dust and oil until he was scarcely recognizable, sprang to the platform and rushed violently at my friend the station agent.

"What in —— are you stopping me for, you ——?" I omit here and elsewhere the shocking expletives with which his every sentence was garnished.

My man stood his ground bravely. "General orders. Mr. Bostwick, d' ye see. The time-card says tin minutes between trains, and you're less than that behind No. 7 this blessed second."

The man of wrath consigned the time-card and all things appertaining thereto to the nether depths of an undescribable perdition, with a horrible accompaniment of profanity. But my good friend, the young Irishman, was still undaunted.

"Beg pardon, sorr, but now you're stopped, there's his reverence the holy father goin' to Lavarock and was wan minute too late for Number Seven. If you wouldn't mind—it's purgatory that'll be yawnin' for the best of us, and some day maybe ye'll be wantin' him to—"

The angry man turned upon me with an oath between his teeth, but he swallowed it in what I took to be some small measure of deference for the cloth—the Roman Catholic cloth.

"O, you're one of the Paulist fathers, I suppose. Well, climb aboard, and I'll get you to Lavarock; a priest more or less won't make any difference."

It was ungracious enough, and most humiliating to be obliged to sail under false colors. But there was no alternative. I obeyed, not without trepidation, since the adventure promised to be most temerarious, and took my seat on the side where there seemed to be the least amount of machinery. The fireman was shovelling coal into the boiler in frenzied haste, but he desisted at a shout from his superior.

"Johnnie, hand me down that oil can, lively, now!"

The article in demand was quickly forthcoming, and I leaned out of the window to see what was to be done. There was no one on my side of the huge machine, but even as I looked the station agent ran around from the rear, lifted the lid of an iron box projecting beyond one of the wheels, poured a handful of sand into the receptacle, and disappeared as quickly as he had come. It struck me at the time as being a singular proceeding, but while I was still speculating upon its probable utility the great locomotive lunged forward, and the chase recommenced.

For the first mile the onrush of the huge iron monster was pleasantly exhilarating, but before many minutes had passed I began to wish myself, first in my cozy study, and a little later anywhere in the universe so that I might be safely out of the mass of shrieking machinery hurled onward faster and faster and ever faster by the scot-begrimed maniac, who seemed bent on accomplishing not only his own destruction, but that of the unfortunate fireman and myself as well. It was a hideous experience, and I think back upon it without being devoutly thankful that the lines of my calling have fallen in less strenous encompassments.

When the uproar was most deafening and the promise of speedy deliverence by death seemed each instant about to be fulfilled, I chanced to look outward and backward and my horror was increased, tenfold by the appaling sight of flames bursting apparently from one of the fast-flying wheels. At the imminent risk of my life I got upon my feet and crept across to the side of the madman.

"Sir," said I, shouting at the top of my voice, "we are about to be consumed. This locomotive is afire!"

Thrusting me aside he craned his neck out of the window, which had lately been mine, sprang back with an oath, which resounded above the din of the machinery, and brought the shuddering monster to a stand. Then he leaped to the ground, yelling frantic orders to the fireman.

"Bucket o' water! Quick, you imp of Hades! That's it; more—more yet. Now get your tools and pack this box. Lively! Get a move! Here, give me that hook! Now, then, more waste; more oil—more yet!"

The conflagration was stayed at length, and once more the terrible race was resumed. Five miles further on the flaming wheel stopped us again, and when this had occurred a third and fourth times I began to suspect that the handful of sand was in some manner accountable for it. Yet I dared not for my life so much as suggest this to the infuriated blackamoor, whose wrath mounted higher and grew more ungovernable with each fresh hindrance. More than once we came in sight of the train ahead; but as often as we did so the smoking machinery brought us to a stand, evoking new and more dreadful maledictions from the madman, cursings measured only by the comparative meagreness of his vocabulary.

Fortunately for my sanity, which was fast lapsing in the struggle for outward calm, the end came at length, and I stepped down from the hissing monster at the Lavercok platform, thankful to my finger tips that I was yet in the land of the living. We arrived but a few moments behind the train, and I caught a glimpse of my young scapegrace in earnest consultation with the agent, Hardwicke, as I passed the cab stand.

I walked into the hotel waiting room, meaning to go to supper with the other passengers, but I was not to escape so easily. I seemed that Hardwicke, whether from malice or misunderstanding I have never been able to learn, made haste to tell the angry father that I was the clergyman who was to marry the runaways. If I had known this at the time I might have been more charitable. Truly, it must have been little less than maddening to reflect that he had unwittingly furthered the plans of the young fugitives by bringing me to Laverock. But of this I knew nothing at the time, and when he shouldered through the throng in the waiting room and grasped my arm roughly I was pardonably annoyed.

"So you're the helper on this job, are you?" he shouted, and all and sundry gaped to look and listen. "Nice business for a man of your age and a minister of the gospel—marrying runaway children! Worked me by setting up for a Catholic priest, too, didn't you? By Gad, sir, if I'd known it I'd have pitched you out of the cab window neck and heels, minister or no minister!"

"You are the most unreasonable person I have ever had the misfortune to meet, sir," said I, looking him fairly in the eyes. "I had no intention of deceiving you—"

"Intentions be hanged!" he blustered. "What the devil do you suppose I care about your intentions! I say they shan't be married without my consent, and by gad, sir, I'd like to see 'em do it!"

It was more than was meet, and I gave him his answer hotly and in kind.

"One moment, sir, if you please"—he was turning away—"I was on the train with these young people, and I not only refused to aid them, but said what I might to turn them from their purpose. But since I have had the very questionable pleasure of meeting you, I will say frankly, sir, that I shall be glad to assist them if they still desire it."

For an instant I thought he was going to strike me, but if he had any such intention he abandoned it when the crowd parted to admit the two young rebels to the little circle in which we were standing. They were in the last ditch, and knowing this had the courage of despair; but of the twain I fancied the young woman was the more self-possessed.

"I'll take you at your word, Mr. Penburton," said the young man, promptly, handing me a folded paper and ignoring the angry blackamoor as best he might.

"You wish me to marry you and this young woman'?" said I, glancing at the license.

"Yes."

"Here and now?"

He looked over his shoulder at the throng of curious onlookers as one who would have purchased privacy at a price, but he did not hesitate.

"Yes, here and now, if you please; we shan't lack witnesses, anyway."

"It shall be as you desire." I said, gravely; and when I had found my book I began:

"Dearly beloved."

The men in the crowd uncovered rev-

erently, and even the man of wrath stepped back and bowed his head. As the exhortation proceeded, however, he looked up with a malicious twinkling of his eyes.

" 'Into this holy estate these two persons come now to be joined. If any man can show just cause why they may not lawfully be joined together, let him now speak, or else hereafter forever hold his peace.' "

"My daughter is not of age; I forbid it," said the father, with unnecessary vehemence.

A murmur of protest ran through the crowd, and I rebuked him promptly.

"Your objection, sir, is as ill-timed as it is ineffectual. You know the law of this particular commonwealth, and you will oblige me by not again interrupting this ceremony."

Then came a diversion wholly unexpected and most embarrassing. The young woman bit her lip, burst into tears, and flung herself suddenly into her father's arms.

"O, poppa—I c-can't do it!" she sobbed, hiding her face on his shoulder. "I—I thought I could, but I can't. Please take me away—quick!"

It was most embarrassing, as I have said; and my young Romeo blushed like a girl and made a hollow pretense of trying to look as if it was a part of the programme. The father grinned triumphantly and addressed himself to me.

"You see it wasn't so blessed ineffectual after all. I said this young jackanapes here shouldn't marry my daughter without my consent, and I say it yet—I've come 120 miles on a wild engine to be in time to say it. Now then, if you're entirely satisfied in your own mind that I am master in my household, you may go ahead with your job and finish it—and I'll give the bride away."

If the cacophonous blast from one of the locomotives outside which punctuated the sentence had been an explosion of dynamite the effect of this declaration could scarcely have been more startling. Two or three cowboys on the outskirts of the throng were moved to cheer lustily; but of those most nearly concerned the young man was the first to recover his presence of mind. Taking Miss Bostwick's hand he looked up at me and said, very modestly:

"I think maybe we're safe to go on now—that is, if you can make out to find the place again."

I take no shame in saying that I had to fight a sharp battle for equanimity; but, having won it, I went on with the ceremony with what shards and fragments of dignity I could collect upon the spur of the moment. At the proper question the bride's father played his part, apparently without a single thought of his superficial unfitness; though those who were nearest smiled in spite of themselves, and I could see that my young scapegrace was grinding his teeth to keep down the unseemly desire to laugh outright at his father-in-law's personal appearance.

When the ceremony was concluded the man of machinery took matters in hand with hearty brusquerie.

"Now, Hardwicke, you tell Tony to get up a nice little hot supper for four—no, make it six ,and go get your wife and join us. You two"—to the young rebels—"can take Dr. Penburton upstairs with you while I wash up. Between you you've managed to give me a (qualified) hard afternoon of it, but you didn't get much the best of the old man after all. Now then clear out, and I'll go rinse a little of this gudgeon grease off!"

The waiting room was clearing for the departure of the westbound train, and I began to make my excuses.

"No, you don't," said the blackamoor, good-naturedly. "If you're obliged to get to Carbonoro to-night I'll send you over on a special engine; but you've got to stay and grace this marriage feast, whether or no. You owe me that much for getting you here alive."

I yielded, not altogether reluctantly, it must be confessed; but I declined the special engine. I had had quite enough of that species of journeying to last me a lifetime.

On the stairs I overtook the runaways, and Roderick was saying:—

"Well, all's well that ends that way. I suppose; but I'll have to admit I feel a bit aged, don't you, Ellie? When you threw up your hands and went over to the enemy I wanted to drop through the floor. What ever made you go back on me at the last moment that way?"

She smiled archly and slipped her arm two inches farther in his. "You're not particularly acute this evening, are you Alan, dear?" she said, lightly. "You mustn't forget that I know your father-in-law a great deal better than you do."

Roderick stopped short and put his hands on her shoulders. "Look me in the eye and say that again," he commanded. "Do you mean to tell me—but I don't believe it. If I did, I'd go into politics to-morrow and make you a Mrs. Ambassador—that's what I'd do!"

But to this day I believe he is not sure.

Montes, the Matador.

From the Fortnightly Review.

(Continued from Last Week.)

" 'She's proud, you know; proud as the devil, and she won't come to see you or send to you, but she loves you. There's no doubt of that; she loves you. I know them, and I never saw a girl so gone on a man. Besides, they're poor now, she and her mother; they've eaten up nearly all they had, and you're rich and could help them.'

"That made me think. I felt sure she didn't love me. That was plain enough. She hadn't even a good heart, or she would have come and cheered me up when I lay wounded—because of her obstinate folly. No! It wasn't worth while suffering any more on her account. That was clear. But if she needed me, if she were really poor! Oh, that I couldn't stand. I'd go to her. 'Are you sure?' I asked Juan, and when he said he was, I said:

" 'Then I'll visit them to-morrow!'

"And on the next day I went. Clemencia received me as usual; she was too proud to notice my long absence, but the mother wanted to know why I had kept away from them so long. From that time on the mother rather seemed to like me. I said to her I was still sore—which was the truth—and I had had much to do.

" 'Some lady fallen in love with you, I suppose,' said Clemencia half scoffingly—so that I could scarcely believe she had wanted to see me.

" 'No,' I answered, looking at her, 'one doesn't get love without seeking for it, sometimes not even then—when one's small and lame as I am."

"Gradually the old relations established themselves again. But I had grown wiser, and watched her now with keen eyes as I never done formerly. I found she had changed—in some subtle way had become indifferent. She seemed kinder to me, but at the same time her character appeared to be even stronger than it had been. I remembered noticing one peculiarity in her I had not remarked before. Her admiration of the merely bodily qualities of men was now outspoken. When we went to the theatre—as we often did—I saw that the better-looking and more finely formed actors had an attraction for her.

"One day in October, when I called with Juan, we found them packing their things. 'They had to leave,' they said, 'and take cheaper lodgings.' Juan looked at me, and some way or another I got him to take Clemencia into another room. Then I spoke to the mother. Clemencia, I hoped, would soon be my wife. In any case I wouldn't allow her to want for anything. I would bring a thousand duros the next day, and they must not think of leaving their comfortable apartments. The mother cried and said, 'I was good. God made few such men,' and so forth. The next day I gave her the money, and it was arranged between us without saying anything to Clemencia. I remember about this time, in the early winter of that year, I began to see her faults more clearly, and I noticed, too, that she had altered in many ways. Her temper had changed. It used to be equable though passionate It had become uncertain and irritable. She had changed greatly. For now, she would let me kiss her without remonstrance, and sometimes almost as if she didn't notice the kiss, whereas before it used always to be a matter of importance. And when I asked her when she would marry me she would answer carelessly, 'Sometime, I suppose,' as she used to do, but her manner was quite different.

"Early in May the games began—my golden time. I had grown quite strong again, and was surer of myself than ever. Besides, I wanted to do something to deserve my great happiness. Therefore, on one of the first days when the queen and the duke and Clemencia were looking on, I killed the bull with the sword immediately after he had entered the ring, and before he had tired at all. From that day on the people made an idol of me. I couldn't walk in the streets without being cheered, and a crowd followed wherever I went, and their ladies made much of me. But I didn't care, for all the time Clemencia was kind, and so I was happy.

"One day suddenly she asks me why I didn't make Juan an espada. And I told her I had offered him the first place in my cuadrilla, but he wouldn't accept it. And she said, no; that was natural when I had passed him, but why didn't I go to the duke and get him made an espada? I replied laughingly that the duke didn't make men espadas, but God or their parents. Then her brows drew down, and she said she hadn't thought to find such mean jealousy in me. So I answered her seriously that I didn't think Juan would succeed as an espada, or else I should do what I could to get him made one. And then she came and put her arms on my shoulders, and said 'twas like me, and she would tell Juan; and after that I could do nothing, save kiss her. Afterwards I asked Juan about it, and he told me he thought he could do the work at least as well as Girvalda, and if I got him the place he would never forget my kindness. So I went to the director and told him what I wished. At first he refused, saying Juan had no talent, he would only get killed. When I pressed him he said all the espadas were engaged, and made other such excuses. So at last I said I'd play no more useless she gave Juan a chance. Then he yielded after grumbling a great deal.

"Two Sundays later Juan entered the ring for the first time as an espada. He looked the part to perfection. Never was there a more splendid figure of a man, and he was radiant in silver and blue. His mother was in the box that day with Clemencia and her mother. Just before we all parted as the sports were about to begin, Clemencia drew me on one side, and said, 'You'll see that he succeeds, won't you?' And I said,, 'Yes, of course I will. Trust me; it'll be all right.' And it was, though I don't think it would have been, hadn't she spoken. I remembered my promise to her, and when I saw that the bull which Juan ought to kill was vicious, I told another espada to kill him, and so got Juan an easy bull, which I took good care to get tired out before I told him the moment had come. Juan wasn't a coward—no; but he hadn't the peculiar nerve needed for the business. The matador's spirit should rise to the danger, and Juan's didn't rise. He was white, but determined to do his best. 'Go on, man! Don't lose time, or he'll get his wind again. You're all right; I shall be near you as one of your cuadrilla.' And so I was, and if I hadn't been Juan would have come to grief. Yes, he'd have come to grief that very first day.

"Naturally enough we spent the evening together. It was a real tertulia, Senora Alvareda said; but Clemencia sat silent with the great, dark eyes turned in upon her thoughts, and the Senorita Libarata and myself were nearly as quiet, while Juan talked for every one, not forgetting himself. As he had been depressed before the trial so now he was unduly exultant, forgetting altogether, as it seemed to me, not only his nervousness, but also that it had taken him two strokes to kill the bull. His first attempt was a failure, and the second one, though it brought the bull to his knees, never reached his heart. But Juan was delighted and seemed never to weary of describing the bull and how he had struck him, his mother listening to him the while adoringly.

"Next morning I awoke late and had so much to do that I resolved to put off my visit to Clemencia till the afternoon, but in the meantime the director spoke to me of Juan as rather a bungler, and when I defended him, agreed at last to engage him for the next four Sundays. This was a better result than I had expected, so as soon as I was free I made off to tell Juan the good news. I met his mother at the street door where she was talking with some women; she followed me into the patio to tell me Juan was not at home.

" 'Never mind,' I said, carelessly, 'I have god news for him so I'll go up-stairs to his room and wait.'

" 'Oh she said, 'you can't do that; you mustn't; Juan wouldn't like it.'

"Then I laughed outright. Juan wouldn't like it—oh no! It was amusing to say that when we had lived together like brothers for years, and had had no secrets from one another. But she persisted and grew strangely hot and excited. Then I thought to myself—there you are again; these women understand nothing. So I left, telling her to send Juan to me as soon as he came in. At this she seemed hugely relieved and became voluble in excuses. In fact her manner altered so entirely that when I'd got fifty yards down the street I couldn't help wondering at it. Suddenly my wonder changed into suspicion. Juan wasn't out. Who was with him I mustn't see?

"As I stopped involuntarily, I saw a man on the other side of the street who bowed to me. I went across and said:—

" 'Friend, I am Montes, the matador. Do you know this house?'

"He answered that he did, and that every one in Madrid knew me.

"So I said, 'Lend me a room on your first floor for an hour or so; it is con de mujer; (a lady's in the case). You understand.'

"At once he led me up-stairs and showed me a room from the windows of which I could see the entrance to Juan's lodging. I thanked him, and when he left me I stood near the window and smoked and thought. What could it all mean? Had Clemencia anything to do with Juan? She made me get him his trial as espada—charged me to take care of him. He was from the south, too, and she had grown to like southern men! 'They were passionate and gentle with women!' Curses on her! Then her paleness, her fits of abstraction! So I thought, and every memory fitted into its place, and what had been mysterious grew plain to me; but I wouldn't accept the evidence of reason. No; I'd wait and see. Then—and at once I grew quiet. But again the thoughts came—like the flies that plague the cattle in summer time—and again I brushed them aside—and again they came.

"Suddenly I saw Juan's mother come into the street wearing altogether too careless an expression. She looked up and down the street with indifference as if seeking a gossip. After a little time she slipped back into the patio with mystery in her sudden decision and haste. Then out came a form I knew well, and, with stately, even step, looking neither to the right nor the left, walked down the street. It was Clemencia, as my heart had told me it would be. I should have known her anywhere even had she not—just below the window where I was watching—put back her manilla with a certain proud grace of movement which I had admired a hundred times. As she moved her head to feel that the mantilla draped her properly I saw her face, and noticed it was drawn and set like one fighting against pain. That made me laugh with gladness. She disappeared.

"Five minutes later Juan swung out of the doorway in the full costume of an espada—he seemed to sleep in it now—with a cigarette between his teeth. Then I grew sad and pitiful. We had been such friends. I had meant only good to him always. And he was such a fool. I understood it all now; knew, as if I'd been told, that the intimacy between them dated from the time when I lay suffering in bed. Thinking me useless and never having had any real affection for me, Clemencia had then followed her inclination and tried to win Juan. She had succeeded easily enough, no doubt, but not in getting him to marry her. Later, she got me to make Juan an espada, hoping against hope that he'd marry her when his new position had made him rich. The reason why he had set himself to cheat me was, first of all, the money I gave her mother, which relieved him from the necessity of helping them, and secondly ,because it was only through my influence that he could hope to become an espada. Ignoble beasts. And then jealousy seized me as I thought of her admiration of handsome men, and at once I saw her in his arms. Forthwith pity, and sadness, and anger, left me, and, as I thought of him as he swaggered past my window, I laughed aloud. Poor weak fools. I, too, could cheat.

"He had passed out of the street. I went downstairs, and thanked the landlord for his kindness to me. 'For your good nature,' I said, 'you must come and see me work from a palco next Sunday Ask for me, I won't forget.' And he thanked me with many words and said he had never missed a Sunday since he had first seen me play with the capa three years before. I laughed and nodded to him and went my way homewards, whither I knew Juan had gone before me.

"As I entered my room, he rose to meet me with a shadow as of doubt or fear upon him. But I laughed cheerfully, gaily enough to deceive even so finished an actor as he was, and told him the good news. 'Engaged,' I cried, slapping him on the shoulder. 'The director engages you for four Sundays certain.' And that word 'certain' made me laugh louder still—jubilantly. Then, afraid of overdoing my part, I sat quietly for some time and listened to his expressions of fatuous self-satisfaction. As he left me to go and trumpet the news from cafe to cafe, I had to choke down my contempt for him by recalling that picture, by forcing myself to see them in each other's arms. Then I grew quiet again and went to call upon my betrothed.

"She was at home and received me as usual, but with more kindness than was her wont. 'She feels a little remorse at deceiving me,' I said to myself, reading her as if her soul were an open book. I told her of Juan's engagement, and she let slip 'I wish I had known that sooner.' But I did not appear to notice anything. It amused me now, to see how shallow she was and how blind I had been. And then I played with her as she had often aforetime played with me. 'He will go

far, will Juan,' I said, 'now that he has begun—very far, in a short time.' And within me I laughed at the double meaning as she turned startled eye supon me. And then, 'His old loves will mourn for the distance which must soon separate him from them. Oh, yes, Juan will go far and leave them behind.' I saw a shade come upon her face, and, therefore, added, 'But no one will grudge him his success. He's so good-looking and good-tempered, and kind and true.' And then she burst into tears, and I went to her and asked as if suspiciously, 'Why, what's the matter, Clemencia?' Amid her sobs, she told me she didn't know, but she felt upset, out of sorts, nervous; she had a headache. 'Heartache,' I laughed to myself, and bade her go and lie down; rest would do her good. I'd call again on the morrow. As I turned to leave the room she called me back and put her arms round my neck and asked me to be patient with her; she was foolish, but she'd make it up to me yet. And I comforted her, the poor, shallow fool, and went away.

"In some such fashion as this the days passed. Each day—now my eyes were opened—bringing me some new amusement; for, in spite of their acting, I saw none of them were happy. I knew everything. I guessed that Juan, loving his liberty, was advising her to make up to me, and I saw how badly she played her part. And all this had escaped me once upon a time. At myself I laughed more heartily than at them. Then it amused me, too, to see that Liberata had grown suspicious. She no longer trusted Juan's protestations implicitly. Every now and then, with feminine bitterness, she thrust the knife of her own doubt and fear into Clemencia's wound. 'Don't you think, Montes, Clemencia is getting pale and thin?' she'd ask; 'it is for love of you, you know. She should marry soon.' And all the while she cursed me in her heart for a fool, while I laughed to myself. The comedy was infinitely amusing to me, for now I held the cords in my hand, and knew I could drop the curtain and cut short the acting just when I liked. Clemencia's mother, too, would sometimes set to work to amuse me as she went about with eyes troubled, as if anxious for the future, and yet stomach-satisfied with the comforts of the present. She, too, thought it worth while, now and then, to befool me, when fear came upon her—between meals. That did not amuse me. When she tried to play with me, the inconceivable stupidity of my former blind trust became a torture to me. Juan's mother I saw but little of—yet I liked her. She was honest at least, and deceit was difficult to her. Juan was her idol; all he did was right in her eyes, and it wasn't her fault she couldn't see he was like a poisoned well. All these days Juan was friendly to me as usual, with scarcely a shade of the old condescension in his manner. He no longer showed envy by remarking upon my luck. Since he himself had been tested, he seemed to give me as much respect as his self-love could spare. Nor did he now boast, as aforetime, of his height and strength. Once, however, on the Friday evening, I think it was, he congratulated Clemencia on my love for her, and joked about our marriage. Then I felt the time had come to drop the curtain and make an end.

"On the Saturday I went to the ring and ordered my palco to be filled with flowers. From there I went to the Duke of Medina Celi. He received me as always, with kindness, thought I looked ill, and asked me whether I felt the old wound still. 'No,' I replied, 'No, Senor Duque, and if I come to you now it is only to thank you once more for all your goodness to me.'

"And he said, after a pause; I remember each word,—

"'Montes, there's something very wrong.' And then, 'Look you! One should never adore a woman; the best of 'em don't like it—I suppose they feel they don't deserve it—and as they decline towards the common, they seek for a master. My hairs have grown grey in learning that. Montes, a woman may look well and yet be cold-hearted and—not good. But a man would be a fool to refuse nuts because one that looked well was hollow.'

"'You are wise,' I said, 'Senor Duque, and I have been foolish. I hope it may be well with you always, but wisdom and folly come to the same end at last.'

"After I left him I went to Antonio and thanked him, and gave him a letter to be opened in a week. There were three enclosures in it—one for himself, one for the mother of Juan, and one for the mother of Clemencia, and each held three thousand duros. As they had cheated me for money, money they should have—with my contempt. Then I went back to the ring, and as I looked up to my palco and saw that the front of it was one bedot white and scarlet blossoms, I smiled. 'White for purity,' I said, 'and scarlet for blood, a fit show.' And I went home and slept like a child.

"Next day in the ring I killed the two first bulls, one on his first rush, and the other after the usual play. Then another espada worked, and then came the turn of Juan. As the bull stood panting I looked up at the palco. There they all were, Clemencia with hands clasped on the flowers, and fixed, dilated eyes, her mother half asleep behind her. Next to Clemencia the Senorita Liberata with flushed cheeks, and leaning on her shoulder his mother. Juan was more nervous that time than he had been on the previous Sunday. As his bull came into the ring he asked me hurriedly: 'Do you think it's an easy one?' And as I told him carelessly all bulls were easy he seemed to grow more and more nervous. When the bull was ready for him he turned to me, passing his tongue feverishly over his dry lips.

"'You'll stand by me, won't you, Montes?'

"And I asked with a smile,—

"'Shall I stand by you as you've stood by me?'

"'Yes, of course, we've always been friends.'

"'I shall be as true to you as you have been to me!' I said. And I moved to his right hand and looked at the bull. It was a good one; I couldn't have picked a better. In his eyes I saw steady courage and cold rage that would never yield, and I exulted and held his eyes with mine, and promised him revenge. While he bowed his horns to the muleta, he still looked at me and I at him; and as I felt that Juan had levelled his sword, and was on the point of striking, I raised my head with a sweep to the side, as if I had been the bull; and as I moved, so the brave bull moved too. And then—then all the ring swam round with me, and yet I had heard the shout and seen the crowds rise.

"A little later I went to the Alvaredas. The mother met me at the door; she was crying and the tears were running down over her fat, greasy cheeks. She told me Clemencia had fainted and had been carried home, and Juan was dead—ripped open — and his mother distracted, and 'twas a pity, for he was so handsome and kind and good-natured, and los toros shouldn't be allowed, and—as I brushed past her in disgust—that Clemencia was in her room crying.

"I went upstairs and entered the room. There she sat with her elbows on the table, and her hair all round her face and down her back, and her fixed eyes stared at me. As I closed the door and folded my arms and looked at her, she rose and went back slowly to the wall, and her stare grew wild with surprise and horror, and then, without moving her lips,—

"'You did it! I see it in your face!'

"And my heart jumped against my arms for joy, and I said in the same whisper, imitating her,—

"'Yes, I did it!'

"As I spoke she sprang forward with rage and hate in her face, and poured out a stream of loathing and contempt on me. She vomited abuse as from her very soul; 'I was low and base and cowardly; I was a beast fed on dirt; I was — God knows what all; and he was a man handsome and strong and kind, with a face like a god, and the most beautiful neck in the world. And I had thought she could love me, me, the ugly, little, lame cur, while he was there. And she laughed. She'd never have let my lips touch her if it hadn't been that her mother liked me and to please him. And now I had killed him the best friend I had! Oh! 'twas horrible! Then she struck her head with her fists and asked how God, God, God, could allow me to kill a man whose finger was worth a thousand lives such as mine!

"Then I laughed and said—

"'You mistake. You killed him and not I. You made him an espada—you!'

"As I spoke her eyes grew fixed and her mouth opened, and she seemed to struggle to speak, but she only groaned, and fell face forwards on the floor.

"I turned and left the room as her mother entered it." As Montes said this he stopped speaking; then, after a pause, he went on:

"I heard afterwards that she died next morning in premature child-birth. I left Madrid that night and came here, where I have lived ever since, if this can be called living. Yet at times now fairly content, save for one thing. Remorse? Yes!" —and the old man rose to his feet, while his great eyes gleaming with passion held me—"Remorse! That I let the bull kill him.

"I should have torn his throat out with my own hands."

FRANK HARRIS.

Grief in Prospect.

'Tis the last rose of summer,
Ah, signal of woe;
For the florists' dear blossoms
Much cash we must blow.

BALMORAL HOTEL, MONTREAL.
Now under new management. Leading down-town hotel. First-class accommodation and bill of fare. Terms moderate.

The Man Who Worked for Collister.

BY MARY TRACY EARL.

PERHAPS the loneliest spot in all the pine-woods was the big Collister farm. Its buildings were not huddled in the centre of it, where they could keep one another in countenance, but each stood by itself, facing the desolate stretches of gray sand and pine stumps in its own way. Near each a few uncut pine-trees kept guard, presumably for shade, but really sending their straggling shadows far beyond the mark. Many a Northern heart and ached from watching them, they were so tall and isolate; for, having been forest-bred, they had a sad and detached expression when they stood alone or in groups, just like the look on Northern faces when they met the still distances of the South.

In Collister's day he and the man who worked for him were the only strangers who had need to watch the pines. A land-improvement company had opened up the farm, but after sinking all its money in the insatiable depths of sandy soil where the Lord, who knew best, had planted pine-trees, the great bustling company made an assignment of its stumpy fields, and somewhat later the farm passed into the hands of Collister. Who Collister was, and where he came from, were variously related far and wide through the pine-woods; for he was of those people whose lives are an odd blending of reclusion and notoriety. He kept up the little store on the farm; and though it was usually his man who came up from the fields when any one stood at the closed store and shouted, its trade was largely augmented by the hope of seeing Collister.

The sunken money of the land company must have enriched the soil, for the farm prospered as well as the store, yielding unprecedently in such patches as the two men chose to cultivate. In midsummer the schooner-captains, in their loose red shirts, came panting up two sunburned miles from the bayou to chaffer with Collister or his man over the price of watermelons; and when their schooners were loaded, the land breeze which carried the cool green freight through bayou and bay out to the long reaches of the sound, where the sea wind took the burden on, sent abroad not only schooner and cargo and men, but countless strange reports of the ways and doings of Collister. At least one of these bulletins never changed. Year after year, when fall came, and he had added the season's proceeds to his accumulating wealth—when even the peanuts had been dug, and the scent of their roasting spread through the piny woods on the fresh air of the winter evenings, making an appetizing advertisement for the store—it was whispered through the country, and far out on the gulf, that Collister said he would marry any girl who could make good bread—light bread. That settled at least one question; Collister came from the north. The man who worked for him was thought to have come from the same place; but though he did the cooking, his skill must have left something to be desired and after current gossip had risked all its surmises on the likelihood of Collister's finding a wife under the condition imposed, it usually added that, if Collister married, the man who worked for him would take it as a slight, and leave.

An old country road led through the big farm, and along it the country people passed in surprising numbers and frequency for so sparsely settled a region. They took their way leisurely, and if they could not afford a five cent purchase at the store gave plenty of time to staring right and left behind the stumps in a cheerful determination to see something worth remembrance. One day, when the store chanced to be standing open, one of these passers walked up to the threshold and stood for a long while looking in. The room was small and dingy, lighted only by the opening of the door, and crammed with boxes, leaky barrels, farm produce, and side-meat. One corner had been arranged with calicoes and ribbons and threads; but though the inspector was a young and pretty girl in the most dingy of cotton gowns, she had scarcely a thought for that corner; she was staring at a man who was so hard at work rearranging the boxes and barrels that he did not notice her shadow at his elbow. Finally he glanced up of his own accord.

"Hello," he said, coming forward; "do you want to buy something? Why didn't you sing out?"

For a little while longer the girl stared at him as steadily as if he had not moved. Most of the people who live in the pine-woods come to have a ragged look, but this was the raggedest person she had ever seen. He was as ragged as a bunch of pine-needles; yet he had the same clean and wholesome look, and his face was pleasant.

"Are you the man that works for Collister?" she asked.

"Yes," he said.

The girl looked him up and down again with innocent curiosity. "How much does he give you?" she asked.

"Nothing but my board and clothes," the man answered, and smiled. He did not seem to find it hard work to stand still and watch her while her black eyes swiftly catalogued each rag. When they reached his bare brown feet she laughed.

"Then I think he had ought to dress you better, an' give you some shoes," she said.

"He does—winters," the man answered, calmly.

She gave an impatient shake of her sunbonnet. "That isn't the thing—just to keep you all warm," she explained. "A man like Mr. Collister had ought to keep you looking 'ristocratic."

The man who worked for Collister grinned. "Not very much in Collister's line," he said. "We might get mixed up if I was too dressy." He pulled a cracker-box forward, and dusted it. "If you ain't in a hurry, you'd better come inside and take a seat," he added.

The girl sank to the door-step instead, taking off her bonnet. Its slats folded together as she dropped it into her lap, and she gave a sigh of relief, loosening some crushed tresses of hair from her forehead. She seemed to be settling down for a comfortable inquisition. "What kind of clothes does Mr. Collister wear?" she began.

The man drew the cracker-box up near the doorway, and sat down. "Dressy," he said; "'bout like mine."

The girl gave him a look which dared to say, "I don't believe it."

"Honest truth," the man nodded. "Would you like to have me call him up from the field, and show him to you?"

Not to assent would have seemed as if she were daunted, and yet the girl had many more questions to ask about Collister. "Pretty soon," she said. "I suppose if you don't call him, he'll be coming for you. They say he works you mighty hard."

It is never pleasant to be spoken of as something entirely subject to another person's will. A slow flush spread over the man's face, but he answered loyally, "Collister may be mean to some folks, but he's always been mighty good to me." He smiled as he looked off from stump to stump across the clearing to the far rim of the forest. The stumps seemed to be running after one another, and gathering in groups to whisper secrets. "You've got to remember that this is a God-forsaken hole for anybody to be stuck in," he said; "'t ain't in humanity for him to keep his soul as white as natural, more 'n his skin; but there's this to be said for Collister: he 's always good to me."

"I'm right glad of that," the girl said; She too was looking out at the loneliness, and a little of it was reflected on her face. 'You-all must think a heap of him," she added wistfully.

"You can just bet on that," he declared. "I've done him a heap of mean turns, too; but they was always done 'cause I didn't know any better, so he don't hold me any grudge."

"Wouldn't he mind if he knew you were a-losing time by sitting here talking to me?" she asked.

The man shook his head. "No," he answered cheerfully; "he wouldn't care—not for me. There isn't anybody else he would favor like that, but he makes it a point to accommodate me."

The girl gave her head a little turn. "Do you think he would accommodate me?" she asked.

He looked her over as critically as she had first looked at him. "I cain't noways see what there is betwixt you. Why, they say that whilst you're working he comes out in the field, an' bosses you under a' umbrelly; an'—" a laugh carried her words along like leaves on dancing water—"an' that he keeps a stool stropped to his back, ready to set down on whenever he pleases. Is it true—'hones' truth'?"

A great mirth shook Collister's man from head to foot. "Such a figure—such a figure as the old boy cuts!" he gasped. "Sometimes I ask him if he'll keep his stool strapped on when he goes a-courting; and he says maybe so— it 'll be so handy to hitch along closer to the young lady." Without thinking, he illustrated with the cracker-box as he spoke. "And as for the

umbrella, I certainly ain't the one to object to that; for, you see, when the sun 's right hot he holds it over men."

He leaned half forward as he spoke, smiling at her. It is hard to tell exactly when a new acquaintance ceases to be a stranger; but as the girl on the door-step smiled in answer, she was unexpectedly aware that the shrewd, kindly, furrowed face of this young man who worked for Collister was something which she had known for a long, long time. It seemed as familiar as the scent of pine-needles and myrtle, or as the shafts of blue, smoke-stained sunlight between the brown trunks of the pine-trees in the fall, or as the feathery outline of green pine-tops against the dreamy intensity of a Southern sky; and when all this has been said of a girl who lives in the "pineys," there is no necessity for saying more. She gave a little nervous laugh.

The man began talking again. "It ain't such foolery as you would think, his wearing the stool and carrying the umbrella," he said. "This is the way he reasons it out, he says. In the first place, there's the sun; that's a pretty good reason. But what started it was a blazing day up North, when he was hustling four deals at once; a man would need a head the size of a barrel to keep that sort of thing going for long, and Collister has just an ordinary head no bigger than mine. Well, the upshot of it was that he had a sunstroke, and was laid up a month; and then he reckoned up the day's business, and what he 'd gained on one deal he'd lost on another, so that he came out even to a cent—queer, wasn't it?—with just the experience of a sunstroke to add to his stock-in-trade. Then he bought himself an umbrella and a stool, and began to take life fair and easy. Easy going is my way too; that's why we get along together."

There was a jar of candy on a shelf behind him and above his head, and, turning, he reached up a long arm and took it down. It was translucent stick candy with red stripes round it—just such candy as every fortunate child knew twenty years ago, and some know still. In the piney woods it has not been superseded as a standard of delight, and the children expect to receive it gratuitously after any extensive purchase. Near the coast, where creole words have spread, it is asked for by a queer, sweet name—lagniappe (something thrown in for good measure). The man who worked for Collister handed the jar. "You know, they say that when he it with a gesture.

"Do you reckon Mr. Collister would want me to take some?" she asked, poising her slender brown hand on the edge of the jar. "Yiu know, they say that when he first come hyar, an' the children asked him for lagnappe he pretended not to onderstan' 'em, and said he was sorry, but he hadn't got it yet in stock. Is that true?"

"Yes," the man answered; "that is true."

"Well, did he onderstan'?" she asked.

He lifted his shoulders in a way he had learned in the south. "To be sure," he said. "I told him at the time that it was a mean thing to do, but he said he simply couldn't help himself; young ones kept running there from miles around to get five cents' worth of baking-sody and ask for a stick of candy. But take some; he won't mind, for he's always good to me."

She drew back her hand. "No," she said, pouting; "I'm goin' to come in some time when he's hyar, an' see if he'll give some lagnappe to me."

"I'll tell him to," the man said.

"Well, you are bigoty!" the girl repeated.

"If I was to tell him to," the man persisted, "who should I say would ask for it?"

She looked at him defiantly. "I'll do the telling," she said; "but while we're talking about names, what's yours?"

"Well," he answered, "if you're not naming any names, I don't believe I am. You know considerably more about me already than I do about you."

"Oh, just as you please," she said. To be brought blankly against the fact that neither knew the other's name caused a sense of constraint between them. She picked up her bonnet, and put it on as if she might be about to go; and though she did not rise, she turned her face out of doors so that the bonnet hid it from him—and it was such a pretty face!

"Say, now," he began, after one of those pauses in which lives sometimes sway restlessly to and fro in the balances of fate, "I didn't mean to make you mad. I'll tell you my name if you want to know."

"I'm not so anxious," she said. One of her brown hands went up officiously and pulled the bonnet still farther forward. "Is it true," she asked, "that Mr. Collister says he will marry any girl that can make good light bread?"

The man formed his lips as if to whistle, and then stopped. "Yes," he said, eyeing the sunbonnet; "it's true."

She turned round and surprised him. "I can make good light bread," she announced.

"You" he said.

"Yes," she answered sharply; "why not? It ain't so great a trick."

"But——" he paused, meeting the challenge of her face uneasily—"but did you come here to say that?"

"You've heard me say it," she retorted.

He rose, and stood beside her, looking neither at her, nor at the fields, nor at the encircling forest, but far over and beyond them all, at the first touches of rose-color on the soft clouds in the west. He seemed very tall as she looked up to him, and his face was very grave. She had forgotten long ago to notice his bare feet and tattered clothing. "So that means," he said, slowly, "that you came here to offer to marry a man that you never saw."

She did not answer for a moment, and when she did her voice was stubborn. "No," she said; "I came hyar to say that I know how to make light bread. You needn't be faultin' me for his saying that he would marry any girl that could."

"But you would marry him?"

"I allow if he was to ask me I would."

The man looked down squarely to meet her eyes, but he found only the sunbonnet. "What would you do it for," he asked—"a lark?"

"A lark!" she echoed; "oh, yes: a lark."

He stooped toward her and put his hand on her shoulder. "Look up here," he said; "I want to see if it's a lark or not."

"I jus' said it was," she answered, so low that he had to bend a little closer to be certain that he heard.

"That won't do," he said, firmly; "you must look up into my face."

"I—won't!" she declared.

He stood gazing at her downcast head. There was something that shone in his eyes, and his tongue was ready to say, "You must." He closed his lips and straightened himself again. The girl sat perfectly still, except that once in a while there was a catch in her breath. He kept looking off into the empty, sighing reaches of pine-country, which could make people do strange things. "We haven't known each other very long," he said at last; "but a few minutes ago I thought we knew each other pretty well, and perhaps you don't have any better friend than I am in this desolate hole. Won't you tell me why it is that you want to marry Collister?"

"For his money," the girl answered shortly.

His face darkened as if he were cursing Collister's money under his breath; but she did not look up, and he said nothing until he could speak quietly. "Is that quite fair to Collister?" he asked. "He did talk about marrying any girl that could make good light bread; but I don't suppose he wanted to do it unless she liked him a little too."

"I—allowed—maybe I'd like him a little," the girl explained; "an' I was right sure that he 'd like me,"

"That 's the mischief of it," the man muttered; "I 'll warrant he 'll like you!"

After hiding her face so long the girl looked up, and was surprised to see him so troubled. "You 've been right good to me," she said gently, "an' I reckon I don't mind—perhaps I had ought to tell you jus' why I come. I—I don't want to be mean to Mr. Collister, an' if you don't think it 's fair I won't tell him I can make good bread; only—" she met his eyes appealingly—"if I don't, I don't see what I 'm goin' to do."

"What's the matter?" he asked. "Don't you have any home?"

She smiled bravely, so that it was sorrowful to see her face. "Not any more," she said. "I 've always had a right good home, but my paw died—only las' week. You an' Mr. Collister used to know him, an' he has often spoke' of both of you. He was Noel Seymour from up at Castauplay."

"Noel Seymour—dead?" said the man. All her light words pleaded with him for tenderness now that he knew she had said them with an aching heart. "But Seymour was a creole," he added, "and you are not."

"My own mother was an American," the girl answered, "an' I learned my talk from her before she died; an' then my stepmother is American, too." She stopped just long enough to try to smile again. "What do you think?" she asked. "My stepmother don't like me. She isn't going to let me stay at home any more. Could you be as mean as that?"

He put his hand on her shoulder. "You poor child!" he said; for gossip came in sometimes in return for all that radiated from the farm, and he could recall a cruel story he had once heard of Noel Seymour's wife. It made him believe all and more than the girl had told him. "Poor child!" he said again; "you haven't told me yet what's your first name."

"Ginevra," she answered. "My own mother liked it; my stepmother says it 's the name of a fool. She thinks she's young an' han'some; but I allow she's sending me off because I 'm a right smart the best-favored of the two. She wants to get married again, an' thar ain't but one bacheldor up our way, so she's skeered he 'd take first pick of me."

"My kingdom!" said the man who worked for Collister. "If there 's somebody up your way that you know, and that likes you, why didn't you go and take your chances with him?"

A hot flush rushed over the girl's face. "Does you-all think I 'd be talkin' like this to a man I knowed?" she demanded. She stared angrily until her lips began to quiver. "An' besides, I hate him!" she cried. "He's not a fittin' man for such as me."

"You poor child!" he said again.

She caught the compassion of his eyes. "What had I ought to have done?" she asked. "What had any girl ought to do out hyar in the pineys if she was lef' like me? I 've hearn o' places whar girls could find work, an' my stepmother she allowed I could go to the oyster-factories in Potosi; but whar would I stay? An' then I went to the factories onct with my paw, an' the air round 'em made me sick. You see, I was raised in the pineys, an' they has a different smell."

He shook his head, though kindly, at so slight a reason, and the sharp pain of his disapproval crossed her face. "Oh, you don't know anything about it," she cried desperately; "thar ain't no man that can tell how it feels for a girl that 's had a father that 's made of her like mine did to be turned right out to face a whole townful that she never saw. Can't you see how, if you was skeered, it would be a heap easier jus' to face one man? An' then I 'd hearn no end about Mr. Collister, an' some of it was funny, an' thar wa'n't none of it very bad; so I jus' made up my mind to come round hyar an' see for myse'f what like he was. You see," she went one, with a lift of the head, "it was for the money, but it was for the honorableness, too; an' I 'd cross my heart an' swear to you on the Bible that when I come hyar I hadn't no thought that anybody could think it was onder-reachin' Mr. Collister. I thought he 'd be right proud, an' before we got to talking I never sensed that it would be a hard thing to name him; but now—" her voice trembled and broke. "Oh," she cried, "I wished I'd never come!"

The man looked away from her. "Don't wish it," he said huskily. "Collister ought to be proud if he can have you for his wife; and he would give you a good home and everything your heart could ask for."

Tears sprang into her eyes, and she droped her head upon her knees to hide them. "Oh, I know, I know," she sobbed; "but I'd rather marry you!"

"My kingdom!" said the man who worked for Collister. "If there's somebody up your way that you know, and that likes you, why didn't you go and take your chances with him?"

"O-oh!" breathed the man who worked for Collister; "I'd so much rather that you did." And with a laugh of pure delight he caught her up into his arms.

When they left the store a red blaze of sunset shone between the trunks of the pine-trees. The man fastened the padlock behind them, and they started in a lovers' silence along the road. The big farm was as empty and lifeless as ever, except for the lonesome neighing of a horse in the barn-yard and for a single straight blue thread of smoke which rose from one of the little houses. The girl pointed at it, and smiled.

"He's having to get his own supper to-night," she said; "but I'll make it up to him; I'll make his light bread jus' the same."

"Yes," he said, "you'd better; for, whatever he's been to other folks, he's always been mighty good to me; an', please God, he's going to be mighty good to you."

A breath of land breeze had started in the pine-woods, and was going out bearing a tribute of sweet odors to the sea. The disk of the sun sank below the black line of the earth, but the trees were still etched against against a crimson sky. Softly and faintly in the far distance some passing creole hailed another with a long, sweet call. They reached the edge of the clearing, and went on through, the deepening twilight of the pines. There were no words in all the world quite true enough to speak in that great murmurous stillness that was in the woods and in their hearts. At last they came to a path beyond which she would not let him go, thinking it better for this last time to go on alone.

"Good night," she said, lingeringly; and he held her close and kissed her, whispering good night. Then he stood and watched her slender swaying figure as it grew indistinct between the trees; and just before it vanished he called out guardedly.

"Say," he summoned, "come here!"

She went laughing back to him. "You all are bigoty," she said, "beginning to order me about!"

He took her hands, and held her from him so that he could see her face. "You mustn't be mad at me," he said; "but there's something I forgot to tell you—I'm Collister."

AWFUL HEART DISEASE.

Death Charmed Away Under the Spell of Dr. Agnew's Cure for the Heart—More Wonderful Than a Fairy Tale is the Story of Mrs. Roadhouse, of Willscroft, Ont.

Where disease has affected the heart the remedy to be applied must be speedy in its effects, or all may be lost. Mrs. Roadhouse, of Willscroft, Ont., says: "Cold sweat would stand out in great beads upon my face, because of the intense suffering from heart disease. I often felt that the death struggle was at hand. No medicine gave me help until I used Dr. Agnew's Cure for the Heart. In thirty minutes the severe pain was removed, and after taking little more than one bottle the trouble had vanished. I know nothing of it to-day."

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SALE BY AUTHORITY OF JUSTICE

Will be sold by Auction, on Monday, the thirteenth day of September next, at ten o'clock in the forenoon, on the premises bearing numbers 33 and 35, on Labelle Street, in the City of Montreal, the immoveable property hereinafter described, belonging to Francois Xavier Lavigueur, of the City of Montreal, et al, and undivided, viz.: A lot of land, in the City of Montreal, known and designated, on the official plan and in the book of reference of St. James Ward, of the said city, as being the number four hundred and seventy-eight (478), containing forty feet in front, by seventy-four feet in length, more or less, without any warranty of precise measure, bounded in front by Labelle Street, with two wooden houses and other buildings thereon erected.

The conditions of the sale will be known on the day of sale, or before, on applying to the said Francois Xavier Lavigueur, No. 7 Rousseau Street, at Montreal, or to the undersigned notary, at L'Assomption.

J. S. RIVEST, N.P.

Montreal, August 25th, 1897.

THE MONTREAL PARK and ISLAND RAILWAY CO.

The Annual General Meeting, and a Special Meeting of the Shareholders of the Montreal Park and Island Railway Company, will be held at the Company's Office, No. 1a Place d'Armes Hill, Montreal, on Thursday, the 16th day of September (1897) next, at the hour of twelve o'clock noon, for the election of directors for the ensuing year, and the transaction of such business as may appertain to said meetings, and especially the adjustment of the contract and accounts with the Montreal Construction Company, the issuing of Bonds and Preference Stock in payment of said contract price, or otherwise, and the ratification of the proceedings and minutes of the Special Meeting of Shareholders held on the 9th August instant, authorizing the division of the undertaking of the Company into sections and the issuing of bonds.

By order of the Board,

HENRY HOLGATE,
Manager and Secretary.

Montreal, 10th August. 1897.

Dr. J. Collis Browne's CHLORODYNE.

Vice-Chancellor Sir W. Page Wood stated publicly in Court that Dr. J. Collis Browne was undoubtedly the inventor of Chlorodyne, and the whole story of the defendant, Freeman, was literally untrue, and he regretted to say that it had been sworn to.—Times, July 10.

DR. J. COLLIS BROWNE'S Chlorodyne is the best and most certain remedy in Coughs, Colds, Asthma, Consumption, Neuralgia, Rheumatism, etc.

DR. J. COLLIS BROWNE'S Chlorodyne—The Right Hon. Earl Russell communicated to the College of Physicians and J. T. Davenport that he had received information to the effect that the only remedy of any service in Cholera was Chlorodyne.—See Lancet, December 31, 1864.

DR. J. COLLIS BROWNE'S Chlorodyne is a certain cure for Cholera, Dysentery, Diarrhoea, Colic, etc.

☞ Caution—None genuine without the words "Dr. J. Collis Browne's Chlorodyne" in the stamp. Overwhelming medical testimony accompanies each bottle. Sole manufacturer, J. T. DAVENPORT, 33 Great Russell St., London, Eng. Sold at 1s 1½d; 2s 9d.

The Man at the Semaphore...

By Bret Harte.

IN the early days of the Californian immigration, on the extremest point of the sandy peninsula, where the bay of San Francisco debouches into the Pacific, there stood a semaphore telegraph. Tossing its black arms against the sky—with its back to the Golden Gate and that vast expanse of sea whose nearest shore was Japan—it signified to another semaphore further inland the "rigs" of incoming vessels, by certain uncouth signs, which were again passed on to Telegraph hill, San Francisco, where they re-appeared on a third semaphore, and read to the initiated "schooner," "brig," "ship," or "steamer." But all homesick San Francisco had learned the last sign, and on certain days of the month every eye was turned to welcome those gaunt arms widely extended at right angles, which meant "side-wheel steamer" (the only steamer which carried the mails) and "letters from home." In the joyful reception accorded to that herald of glad tidings, very few thought of the lonely watcher on the sand dunes who dispatched them, or even knew of that desolate station.

For desolate it was beyond description. The Presidio, with its voiceless, dismounted cannon and empty embrasures hidden in a hollow, and the mission Dolores, with its crumbling walls and belfry tower lost in another, made the ultima thule of all San Francisco wandering. The Cliff house and Fort point did not then exist; from Black point the curving line of shore of Yerba Buena—or San Francisco—showed only a stretch of glittering wind-swept sand dunes, interspersed with straggling gullies of half-buried black "scrub oak." The long six months' summer sun fiercely beat upon it from the cloudless sky above; the long six months' trade winds fiercely beat upon it from the sea. Almost impossible to face by day through sliding sands and buffeting winds, at night it was impracticable through the dense sea fog that stole softly through the Golden Gate at sunset. Thence, until morning, sea and shore were a trackless waste, bounded only by the warning thunders of the unseen sea. The station itself, a rudely built cabin, with two windows—one furnished with a telescope—looked like a heap of driftwood, or a stranded wreck left by the retiring sea; the semaphore—the only object for leagues—lifted above the undulating dunes, took upon itself various shapes more or less gloomy, according to the hour or weather—a blasted tree, the masts and clinging spars of a beached ship, a dismantled gallows; or, with the background of a golden sunset across the gate, and its arms were extended at right angles, to a more hopeful fancy it might have seemed the missionary cross, which the enthusiast Portala lifted on that heathen shore a hundred years before.

Not that Dick Jarman, the solitary station keeper, ever indulged this fancy. An escaped convict from one of her Britannic majesty's penal colonials, a "stowaway" in the hold of an Australian ship, he had landed penniless in San Francisco, fearful of contact with his more honest countrymen already there, and liable to detection at any moment. Luckily for him, the English immigration consisted mainly of gold seekers en route to Sacramento and the southern mines. He was prudent enough to resist the temptation to follow them, and accepted the post of semaphore keeper, the first work offered him, which the meanest immigrant, filled with dreams of gold, would have scorned. His employers asked him no questions, and demanded no references; his post could be scarcely deemed one of trust—there was no property for him to abscond with but the telescope; he was removed from temptation and evil company in his lonely waste. His duties were as mechanical as the instrument he worked, and interruption of them would be instantly known at San Francisco. For this he would receive his board and lodging and $75 a month—a sum to be ridiculed in those "flush days," but which seemed to the broken-spirited and half-famished stowaway a princely independence.

And then there was rest and security! He was free from that torturing anxiety and fear of detection which had haunted him night and day for three months. The ceaseless vigilance and watchful dread he had known since his escape, he could lay aside now. The rude cabin on the sand dune was to him as the long sought cave to some hunted animal. It seemed impossible that any one would seek him there. He was spared alike the contact of his enemies or the shame of recognizing even a friendly face—until by each he would be forgotten. From his coign of vantage on that desolate waste, and with the aid of his telescope, no stranger could approach within two or three miles of his cabin without undergoing his scrutiny. And at the worst, if he was pursued here before him was the trackless shore and the boundless sea.

And at times there was a certain satisfaction in watching, unseen and in perfect security, the decks of passing ships. With the aid of his glass he could mingle again with the world from which he was debarred, and gloomily wonder who among those passengers knew their solitary watcher, or had heard of his deeds, it might have made him gloomier had he known that in those eager faces turned towards the golden haven, there was little thought of anything but themselves. He tried to read in faces on board the few out-going ships the record of their success with a strange envy. They were returning home! Home! For, sometimes—but seldom—he thought of his own home and his past. It was a miserable past of forgery and embezzlement that had culminated a career of youthful dissipation and self-indulgence, and shut him out, for ever, from the staid old English cathedral town where he was born. He knew that his relations believed and wished him dead. He thought of this past with little pleasure, but with little remorse. Like most of his stamp he believed it was ill-luck, chance, somebody else's fault—but never his own responsible action. He would not repent; he would be wiser, only. And he would not be retaken—alive!

Two or three months passed in this monotonous duty, in which he partly recovered his strength and his nerves. He lost his furtive, restless, watchful look; the bracing sea air and the burning sun put into his face the healthy tan and the uplifted frankness of a sailor. His eyes grew keener from long scanning of the horizon; he knew where to look for sails, from the creeping coastwise schooner to the far-rounding merchantman from Cape Horn. He knew the faint line of haze that indicated the steamer long before her masts and funnels became visible. He saw no soul except the solitary boatman of the little "plunger" who landed his weekly provisions at a small cove hard by. The boatman thought his secretiveness and reticence only the surliness of his nation, and cared little for a man who never asked for the news and to whom he brought no letters. The long nights which wrapped the cabin in sea fog, and at first seemed to heighten the exile's sense of security, by degrees, however, became monotonous and incited an odd restlessness, which he was wont to oppose by whiskey (allowed as a part of his stores), which, while it dulled his sensibilities, he, however, never permitted to interfere with his mechanical duties.

He had been there five months, and the hills on the opposite shore between Tamalpaie were already beginning to show their russet yellow sides. One bright morning he was watching the little fleet of Italian fishing boats hovering in the bay. This was always a picturesque spectacle, perhaps the only one that relieved the general monotony of his outlook. The quaint lateen sails of dull red, or yellow, showing against the sparkling waters, and the red caps or handkerchiefs of the fishermen might have attracted even a more abstracted man. Suddenly one of the larger boats tacked, and made directly for the little cove where his weekly plunger used to land. In an instant he was alert and suspicious. But a close examination of the boat through his glass satisfied him that it contained, in addition to the crew, only two or three women, apparently the family of the fishermen. As it ran up on the beach, and the entire party disembarked, he could see it was merely a careless, peaceable invasion, and he thought no more about it. The strangers wandered about the sands, gesticulating and laughing; they brought a pot ashore, built a fire, and cooked a homely meal. He could see that from time to time the semaphore—evidently a novelty to them—had attracted their attention, and having occasion to signal the arrival of a bark, the working of the uncouth arms of the instrument drew the children in half frightened curiosity toward it, although the others held aloof, as if fearful of trespassing upon some work of the Government, no doubt secretly guarded by the police. A few mornings later he was surprised to see upon the beach, near the same locality, a small heap of lumber which had evidently been landed in the early morning fog. The next day an old tent appeared on the spot, and the men—evidently fishermen—began the erection of a rude cabin beside it. Jarman had been long enough there to know that it was Government land, and that these manifestly humble "squatters" upon it would not be interfered with for some time to come. He began to be uneasy again; it was true they were fully half a mile from him, and they were foreigners; but might not their reckless invasion of the law attract others, in this lawless country, to do the same? It ought to be stopped. For once, Richard Jarman sided with legal authority.

But when the cabin was completed it was evident from what he saw of its rude structure that it was only a temporary shelter for the fisherman's family and the stores, and refitting of the fishing boat, more convenient to them than the San Francisco wharves. The beach was utilized for the mending of nets and sails, and thus became half picturesque. In spite of the keen northwestern trades, the cloudless sunshiny mornings tempted these Southerners back to their native al fresco existence; they not only basked in the sun, but many of their household duties and even the mysteries of their toilet were performed in the open air. They did not seem to care to penetrate into the desolate region behind them; their half-amphibious habit kept them near the waters' edge, and Richard Jarman, after taking his limited walks for the first few mornings in another direction, found it no longer necessary to avoid the locality, and even forgot their propinquity.

But one morning, as the fog was clearing away and the sparkle of the distant sea was beginning to show from his window, he arose from his belated breakfast to fetch water from the "breaker" outside, which had to be replenished weekly from Sancelito, as there was no spring in his vicinity. As he opened the door he was inexpressibly startled by the figure of a young woman standing in front of it—who, however, half fearfully, half laughingly, withdrew before him. But his own manifest disturbance apparently gave her courage.

"I jess was looking at that thing," she said bashfully, pointing to the semaphore.

He was still more astonished—for, looking at her dark eyes and olive complexion, he had expected her to speak Italian or broken English. And, possibly because for a long time he had seen and known little of women, he was quite struck with her good looks. He hesitated, stammered, and then said:

"Won't you come in?"

She drew back still further, and made a rapid gesture of negation with her head, her hand, and even her whole lithe figure. Then she said with a decided American intonation:

"No, sir."

"Why not?" said Jarman mechanically.

The girl sidled up against the cabin, keeping her eyes fixed on Jarman with a certain youthful shrewdness.

"O, you know," she said.

"I really do not. Tell me why."

She drew herself up against the wall a little proudly, though still youthfully with her hands behind her.

"I ain't that kind of girl," she said simply.

The blood rushed to Jarman's cheeks. Dissipated and abandoned as his life had been—small respector of women as he was—he was shocked and shamed. Knowing, too, as he did, how absorbed he was in other things, he was indignant, because not guilty.

"Do as you please, then," he said shortly, and re-entered the cabin. But the next moment he saw his error in betraying an irritation that was open to misconstruction. He came out again, scarcely looking at the girl, who was lounging away.

"Do you want me to explain to you how the thing works?" he said indifferently. "I can't show you unless a ship comes in."

The girl's eyes brightened softly as she turned to him.

"Do tell me," she said, with an anticipatory smile and flash of white teeth. "Won't you?"

She certainly was very pretty and simple, in spite of her late speech. Jarman briefly explained to her the movements of the semaphore arms and their different significance. She listened with her capped head a little on side like an attentive bird, and her arms unconsciously imitating the signs. Certainly, for all that she spoke like an American, her gesticulation was Italian!

"And then," she said triumphantly when he paused, "when the sailors see that sign up, they know they are coming in the harbor."

Jarman smiled—as he had not smiled since he had been there. He corrected this mistake of her eager haste to show her intelligence, and, taking the telescope, pointed out the other semaphore—a thin, black outline on a distant inland hill. He then explained how his signs were repeated by that instrument to San Francisco.

"My! Why, I always allowed that was only the cross stuck up in Lone mountain cemetery," she said.

"You are a Catholic?"

"I reckon."

"And you are an Italian?"

"Father is, but mother was a 'Merikan—same as me. Mother's dead."

"And your father is the fisherman yonder?"

"Yes—but," with a look of pride, "he's got the biggest boat of any."

"And only you and your family are ashore here?"

"Yes, and sometimes Mark;" she laughed an odd little laugh.

"Mark? Who's he?" he asked quickly.

He had not noticed the sudden coquettish pose and half-affected bashfulness of the girl; he was thinking only of the possibility of detection by strangers.

"O, he is Marco Franti—butI call him 'Mark'; it's the same name, you know, and it makes him mad," said the girl, with the same suggestion of archness and coquetry.

But all this was lost on Jarman.

"O, another Italian," he said, relieved. She turned away a little awkwardly when he added, "But you haven't told me your name, you know."

"Cara."

"Cara—that's 'dear' in Italian, isn't it?" he said, with a reminiscence of the opera and a half smile.

"Yes," she said a little scornfully, "but it means Carlotta—Charlotte, you know. Some girls call me Charley," she added hurriedly.

"I see—Cara—or Carlotta Franti."

"To his surprise she burst into a peal of laughter.

"I reckon not yet. Franti is Mark's name. Mine is Murano—Carlotta Murano. Good-bye." She moved away, then stopped suddenly and said. "I'm comin' again—some time when the thing is working," and, with a nod of her head, ran away. He looked after her; could see the outlines of her youthful figure in her slim cotton gown—limp and clinging in the damp sea air, and the sudden revelation of her bare ankles thrust stockingless into canvas shoes.

He went back into his cabin, when presently his attention was engrossed by an incoming vessel. He made the signals, half expecting, almost hoping, that the girl would return to watch him. But her figure was already lost in the sand dunes. Yet he fancied he still heard the echoes which had so long been dumb and voiceless, and he now started at every sound. For the first time he became aware of the dreadful disorder and untidiness of its invaded privacy. He could scarcely believe he had been living with his stove, his bed and cooking utensils all in one corner of the barn-like room, and he began to put them "to rights" in a rough, hard formality—strongly suggestive of his convict experience. He rolled up his blankets into a hard cylinder at the head of his cot. He scraped out his kettles and saucepans, and even "washed down" the floor—afterward sprinkling on it clean, dry sand, hot with the noonday sunshine, on its half-dried boards. In arranging these domestic details he had to change the position of a little mirror, and, glancing at it for the first time in many days, he was dissatisfied with his straggling beard—grown during his voyage from Australia—and, although he had retained it as a disguise, he at once shaved it off, leaving only a mustache and revealing a face from which a healthier life and out-of-door existence had removed the last traces of vice and dissipation. But he did not know it.

All the next day he thought of his fair visitor, and found himself often repeating her odd remark thtat she was "not that kind of girl"—with a smile thtat was alternately significant or vacant. Evidently she could take care of herself, he thought, although her very good looks no doubt had exposed her to the rude attentions of fishermen or the common drift of San Francisco wharves. Perhaps this was why her parents brought her here. When the day passed and she came not, he began to vaguely wonder if he had been rude to her. Perhaps he had taken her simple remark too seriously; perhaps she had expected he would only laugh, and had found him dull and stupid. Perhaps he had thrown away an opportunity. An opportunity for what? To renew his old life and habits? No, no! The horrors of his recent imprisonment and escape were too fresh in his memory; he was not safe yet. Then he wondered if he had not grown spiritless and pigeon-livered in his solitude and loneliness. The next day he searched for her with his glass, and saw her playing with one of the children on the beach—a very picture of child or nymphlike innocence. Perhaps it was because she was not "that kind of girl" that she had attracted him. He laughed bitterly. Yes; that was very funny; he, an escaped convict, drawn toward honest, simple innocence! Yet he knew—he was positive—he had not thought of any ill when he spoke to her. He took a singular, a ridiculous

pride in and credit to himself for that. He repeated it incessantly to himself. Then what made her angry? Himself? The devil! Did he carry, then, the record of his past life forever in his face—in his speech—in his manners? The thought made him sullen. The next day he would not look toward the shore; it was wonderful what excitement and satisfaction he got out of that strange act of self-denial; it made the day seem full that had been so vacant before, yet he could not tell why or wherefore. He felt injured, but he rather liked it. Yet in the night he was struck with the idea that she might have gone back to San Francisco, and he lay awake longing for the morning light to satisfy him. Yet when the fog cleared, and from a nearer point, behind a sand dune, he discovered, by the aid of his glass, that she was seated on the sun-warmed sands combing out her long hair like a mermaid, he immediately returned to his cabin, and that morning looked no more that way. In the afternoon, there being no sails in sight, he turned aside from the bay and walked westwards toward the ocean, halting only at the league-long line of foam which marked the breaking Pacific surges. Here he was surprised to see a little child, half naked, following barefooted the creeping lime of spume or running after the detached and quivering scraps of foam that chased each other over the wet sand, and —only a little further on—to come upon Cara herself, sitting with her elbows on her knees and her round chin in her hands, apparently gazing over the waste of waters before her. A sudden and inexplicable shyness overtook him. He hesitated and stepped half-hidden in a gully between the sand dunes.

As yet he had not been observed; the young girl called the child, and, suddenly rising, threw off her red cap and shawl and quietly began to disrobe herself. A couple of coarse towels were at her feet. Jarman instantly comprehended that she was going to bathe with the child. She undoubtedly knew as well as he did that she was safe in that solitude—that no one could intrude upon her privacy from the bay shore nor from the disolate inland trail to the sea without her knowledge. Of his own contiguity she had evidently taken no thought, believing him safely housed in his cabin beside the semaphore. She lifted her hands, and with a sudden movement shook out her long hair and let it fall down her back at the same moment that her unloosened blouse slipped from her bare shoulders. Richard Jarman turned quickly and walked noiselessly and rapidly away, until the little hillock had shut out the beach.

His retreat was sudden, unreasoning, and unpremediated as his intrusion. It was not like himself, he knew, and yet it was as perfectly instinctive and natural as if he had intruded upon a sister. In the South Seas he had seen native girls diving beside the vessels for coins, but they had provoked no such instinct as that which possessed him now. More than that, he swept a quick, wrathful glance along the horizon on either side, and then, mounting a remote hillock which still hid him from the beach, he sat there and kept watch and ward. From time to time the strong sea breezes brought him the sounds of infantine screams and shouts of girlish laughter from the unseen shore; he only looked the more keenly and suspiciously for any wandering trespasser, and did not turn his head. He lay there nearly half an hour, and when the sounds had ceased, rose and made his way slowly back to the cabin. He had not gone may yards before he heard the twitter of voices and smothered laughter. He turned; it was Cara and the child—a girl of 6 or 7. Cara's face was rosy—possibly from her bath and possibly from some shamefaced consciousness. He slackened his pace, and as they ranged beside him said. "Good morning."

"Lord!" said Cara, stifling another laugh, "we didn't know you were around; we thought you were always 'tending your telegraph—didn't we, Lucy?" (to the child, who was convulsed with mirth and sheepishness.) "Why, we've been taking a wash in the sea." She tried to gather up her long hair which had been left to stray over her shoulders and dry in the sunlight, and even made a slight pretence of trying to conceal the wet towels they were carrying.

Jarman did not laugh. "If you had told me," he said gravely, "I could have kept watch for you with my glass while you were there. I could see further than you."

"Could you see us?" asked the little girl with hopeful vivacity.

"No! said Jarman with masterly evasion. "There are little sandhills between this and the beach."

"Then how could other people see us?" persisted the child.

Jarman could see that the older girl was evidently embarrassed, and changed the subject. "I sometimes go out," he said, "when I can see there are no vessels in sight, and I take my glass with me. I can always get back in time to make signals. I thought in fact," he said, glancing at Cara's brightening face, "that I might get as far as your house on the shore some day." To his surprise, her embarrassment suddenly seemed to increase, although she had looked relieved before, and she did not reply. After a moment she said abruptly—

"Did you ever see the sea lions?"

"No," said Jarman.

"Not the big ones on Seal rock, beyond the cliffs?" continued the girl in real astonishment.

"No," repeated Jarman. "I never walked in that direction." He vaguely remembered that they were a curiosity which sometimes attracted parties thither, and for that reason he had avoided the spot.

"Why, I have sailed all around the rock in father's boat," continued Cara with importance. "That's the best way to see 'em, and folks from 'Frisco sometimes take a sail out there just on purpose—it's too sandy to walk or drive there. But it's only a step from here. Look here!" she said suddenly, and frankly opening her fine eyes upon him. "I'm going to take Lucy there to-morrow, and I'll show you." Jarman felt his cheeks flush quickly with a pleasure that embarrassed him. "It won't take long," said Cara, mistaking his momentary hesitation, and you can leave your telegraph alone. Nobody will be there, so no one will see you, and nobody know it." He would have gone then, anyway, he knew, yet in his absurd self-consciousness he was glad that her last suggestion had relieved him of a sense of reckless compliance. He assented eagerly, when with a wave of her hand, a flash of her white teeth and the same abruptness that she had shown at their last parting, she caught Lucy by the arm and darted away in a romping race to her dwelling. Jarman started after her. He had not wanted to go to her father's house particularly, but why was she evidently as averse to it? With the subtle pleasure that this admission gave him there was a faint stirring of suspicion.

It was gone when he found her and Lucy the net morning, radiant with the sunshine, before his door. The restraint of their previous meetings had been removed in some mysterious way, and they chatted gayly as they walked toward the cliffs. She asked him frankly many questions about himself—why he had come there and if he "wasn't lonely;" she answered frankly, I fear much more frankly than he answered her, the many questions he asked her about herself and her friends. When they reached the cliff they descended to the beach, which they found deserted. Before them, it seemed scarce a pistol shot from the shore, arose a high, broad rock, beaten at its base by the long Pacific surf, on which a number of shapeless animals were uncouthly disporting. This was Seal rock, the goal of their journey.

Yet, after a few moments, they no longer looked at it, but, seated on the sand, with Lucy gathering shells at the water's edge, they continued their talk. Presently the talk became eager confidences, and then—there was long and dangerous lapses of silence—when both were fain to make perfunctory talk with Lucy on the beach. After one of these silences Jarman said:

"Do you know I rather thought yesterday you didn't want me to come to your father's house. Why was that?"

"Because Marco was there," said the girl frankly.

"What had he to do with it?" said Jarman abruptly.

"He wants to marry me."

"And do you want to marry him?" said Jarman quickly.

"No," said the girl passionately.

"Why don't you get rid of him, then?"

"I can't—he's hiding here—he's father's friend."

"Hiding? What's he been doing?"

"Stealing. Stealing gold-dust from miners. I never cared for him anyway. And I hate a thief!"

She looked up quickly. Jarman had risen to his feet—his face turned to sea.

"What are you looking at?" she said wonderingly.

"A ship," said Jarman in a strange, hoarse voice. "I must hurry back and signal. I'm afraid I haven't even time to walk with you—I must run for it. Goodby!"

He turned without offering his hand and ran hurridly in the direction of the semaphore.

Cara, discomfited, turned her black eyes to the sea. But it seemed empty as before, no sail, no ship on the horizon line—only a little schooner slowly beating out of the Gate—Ah, well! It no doubt was there—that sail—though she could not see it; how keen and far-seeing his handsome, honest eyes were! She heaved a little sigh, and calling Lucy to her side, began to make her way homeward. But she kept her eyes on the semaphore; it seemed to her the next thing to seeing him—this man she was beginning to love. She waited for the gaunt arms to move with the signal of the vessel he had seen. But, strange to say, it was motionless. He must have been mistaken.

All this, however, was driven from her mind in the excitement that she found on her return thrilling her own family. They had been warned that a police boat with detectives on board had been dispatched from San Francisco to the cove. Luckily they had managed to convey the fugitive Franti on board a coastwise schooner—Cara started as she remembered the one she had seen beating out of the gate—and he was now safe from pursuit. Cara felt relieved—at the same time she felt a strange joy at her heart, which sent the conscious blood to her cheek. She was not thinking of the escaped Marco, but of Jarman. Later, when the police boat arrived—whether the detectives had been forewarned of Marco's escape or not—they contented themselves with a formal search of the little fishing hut and departed. But their boat remained lying off the shore.

That night Cara tossed sleeplessly on her bed; she was sorry she had ever spoken of Marco to Jarman. It was unnecessary now; perhaps he disbelieved her and thought she loved Marco; perhaps that was the reason of his strange and abrupt leave-taking that afternoon. She longed for the next day—she could tell him everything now.

Towards morning she slept fitfully, but was awakened by the sound of voices on the sands outside the hut. Its flimsy structure, already warped by the fierce daylong sun, allowed her through chinks and crevices not only to recognize the voices of the detectives, but to hear distinctly what they said. Suddenly the name of Jarman struck upon her ear. She sat upright in bed, breathless.

"Are you sure it's the same man?" asked the second voice.

"Perfectly," answered the first. "He was tracked to 'Frisco, but disappeared the day he landed. We knew from our agents that he never left the bay. And when we found that somebody answering his description got the post of telegraph operator out here we knew that we had spotted our man and the £250 offered for his capture."

"But that was five months ago. Why didn't you take him then?"

"Couldn't! For we couldn't hold him without the extradition papers from Australia. We sent for 'em—they're due to-day or to-morrow on the mail steamer."

"But he might have got away at any time?"

"He couldn't without our knowing it. Don't you see? Every time the signals went up, we, in San Francisco, knew he was at his post. We had him safe—out-here on these sand hills—as if he'd been under lock and key in 'Frisco. He was his own keeper and reported to us."

"But since you're here and expect the papers to-morrow, why don't you 'cop' him now?"

"Because there isn't a judge in San Francisco that would hold him a moment unless he had those extradition papers before him. He'd be discharged—and escape."

"Then what are you going to do?"

"As soon as the steamer is signalled in Frisco, we'll board her in the bay, get the papers, and drop down upon him."

"I see—and as he he's the signal man—the d—d fool—"

"Will give the signal himself."

The laugh that followed was so cruel that the young girl shuddered. But the next moment she slipped from the bed, erect, pale and determined.

The voices seemed to gradually retreat. She dressed herself hurriedly and passed noiselessly through the room of her still sleeping parents, and passed out. A gray fog was lifting slowly over the sands and sea, and the police boat was gone. She no longer hesitated, but ran quickly in the direction of Jarman's cabin. As she ran, her mind seemed to be swept clear of all illusion and fancy; she saw plainly everything that had happened; she knew the mystery of Jarman's presence here—the secret of his life—the dreadful cruelty of her remark to him—the man that she knew now she loved. The sun was painting the black arms of the semaphore as she toiled over the last stretch of sand and knocked loudly at the door. There was no reply. She knocked again; the cabin was silent. Had he already fled?—and without seeing her and knowing all! She tried the handle of the door; it yielded; she stepped boldly into the room, with his name upon her lips. He was lying fully dressed upon his couch. She ran eagerly to his side and stopped. It needed only a single glance at his congested face, his lips parted with his heavy breath, to see that the man was hopelessly, helplessly drunk!

Yet even then—without knowing that it was her thoughtless speech which had driven him to seek his foolish oblivion of remorse and sorrow—she saw only his helplessness. She tried in vain to rouse him; he only muttered a few incoherent words and sank back again. She looked despairingly around. Something must be done; the steamer might be visible at any moment. Ah, yes—the telescope! She seized it and swept the horizon. There was a faint streak of haze against the line of sea and sky, abreast the Golden Gate. He had once told her what it meant. It was the steamer! A sudden thought leaped into her clear and active brain. If the police boat should chance to see that haze too, and saw no warning signal from the semaphore, they would suspect something. That signal must be made—but not the right one! She remembered quickly how he had explained to her the difference between the signals for a coasting steamer and the one the brought the mails. At that distance the police boat could not detect whether the semaphore's arms were extended to perfect right angles for the mail steamer, or if the left arm slightly deflected for a coasting steamer. She ran out to the windlass and seized the crank. For a moment it defied her strength; she redoubled her efforts: it began to creak and groan, the great arms were slowely uplifted, and the signal made.

But the familiar sounds of the moving machinery had pierced through Jarman's sluggish consciousness as no other sound in heaven or earth could have done, and awakened him to the one dominant sense he had left—the habit of duty. She heard him roll from the bed with an oath, stumble to the door, and saw him dash forward with an affrighted face and plunge his head into a bucket of water. He emerged from it pale and dripping, but with the full light of reason and consciousness in his eyes. He started when he saw her—even then she would have fled, but he caught her firmly by the wrist.

Then, with a hurried, trembling voice, she told him all and everything. He listened in silence, and only at the end raised her hand gravely to his lips.

"And now," she added, tremulously, "you must fly—quick—at once! Or it will be too late!"

But Richard Jarman walked slowly to the door of his cabin, still holding her hand, and said quietly, pointing to his only chair:

"Sit down; we must talk first."

What they said was never known, but a few moments later they left the cabin, Jarman carrying in a small bag all his possessions, and Cara leaning on his arm. An hour later the priest of the mission Dolores was called upon to unite in matrimony a frank, honest looking sailor and an Italian gipsy-looking girl. There were many hasty unions in those days, and the holy church was only too glad to be able to give them its legal endorsement. But the good padre was a little sorry for the honest sailor, and gave the girl some serious advice.

The San Francisco papers the next morning threw some dubious light upon the matter in a paragraph headed, "Another Police Fiasco."

"We understand that the indefatigable police of San Francisco, after ascertaining that Marco Franti, the noted gold-dust thief was hiding on the shore near the Presidio, proceeded there with great solemnity, and arrived, as usual, a few hours after their man had escaped. But the climax of incapacity was reached when, as it is alleged, the sweetheart of the absconding Franti, and daughter of a brother fisherman, eloped still later, and joined her lover under the very noses of the police. The attempt of the detectives to excuse themselves at headquarters by reporting that they were also on the track of an alleged escaped Sydney Duck, was received with the derision and skepticism it deserved, as it seemed that these worthies mistook the mail steamer, which they should have boarded to get certain extradition papers, for a coasting steamer."

* * * * * * * *

It was not until four years later that Murano was delighted to recognize in the husband of his long lost daughter a very rich cattle owner in southern California called Jarman—but he never knew that he had been an escaped convict from Sydney, who had lately received a full pardon through the instrumentality of divers distinguished people in Australia.

Awful.

"I am sorry, indeed, to hear of old Mr. Bullion's illness. I hope he'll recover. It would be terrible if he should die."

"I don't understand why you should take it so hard. He has always been one of the most grasping and hard-hearted men in the community. In fact, his death ought to be a cause of public rejoicing. His money might then be put to uses that would be of some benefit to mankind."

"Yes, but, being a millionaire, as he is, think of the army of poor widows that would be left."—Cleveland Leader.