WHERE LONDON FOLK GO lasses? Chiefly in wallowing, and I use

HOLIDAY RESORTS OUTSIDE OF THE WORLD'S METROPOLIS.

Epping Forest a Favored Haunt of the People-The Ancient Royal Hunting Grounds. as They Once Were and Are Now-Some Historic Memories.

LONDON, Aug. 5 .- My first visit to Epresort in the world, was made in a costerinterest. I had been for some weeks plygood coster friends, Slumpsy Jem and his wife Becky, and, I am proud to say, with excellent financial success.

Epping, in ancient times was known as Waltham Forest, and in those days comprised 60,000 acres. It was exclusively used as the royal hunting-ground, with most cruel foresters in charge who usually settled the cases of poachers with their darts, scarcely troubling the hard justices in Eyre, who, until 1670, held their justice seat here in the Forest every three years. In later, though still olden times, the annual Epping hunt was one of the most famous stag-hunts of England. Even to-day this ancient custom is still observed by unloosing, every Easter Monday, a fat, beribboned stag, which ambles amiably about the Forest, followed by hundreds of London quasihuntsmen, a lot of happy, friendly curs and perhaps ten thousand East End ragamuffins who fall over each other merrily and madly in the general scramble through the shadowy forest glades.

to give the mayor and the citizens of London the privilege of sporting in the royal tory, are all the way from Wanstead to forest; and thus it gradually grew into a defined rights. By 1871 suburban encroachments and enclosures had extended so rapidly that less than 4,000 acres of Epping Forest remained. A great popular agitation against its diminution followed. This resulted in the corporation of London, under authority of an act of parliament, and at an expense to the present time of air speakers who, as at Hyde Park inveigh about three quarters of a million pounds, against the very liberty that gives them by purchase of manorial rights and other opportunity for denunciation; and. louder procedures, recovering several thousand acres which had been enclosed.

6,000 acres, which stretches away to the pence-pulling and repentance. border of Essex, from Wanstead to the town of Epping, a distance of about twelve miles, was publicly declared "forever free to the people" by the Queen, who appeared at the Forest in person, before a concourse of fully 2,000,000 Londoners, on May 6, 1882. Since that time portions of the tract have been measurably beautified and improved; but the chief glory of Epping Forest is in its actual primeval character. Scarcely an acre of its surface has ever been touched by spade or plow. Old Roman camps are within it shaded by the selfsame trees which clustered about them nearly 2,000 years ago; and the turf upon the earthwork where Boadicea, nearly 800 feet above London, where al-Queen of the Iceni, was defeated by Suetonius, with 80,000 Britons slain, since it received that mighty teast of blood, save for the prodding of antiquarians, has never

At Chingford, on the western slope of the Forest, we gave Boliver as famous stabling as could be found; left Sprat to bring on the hampers at a seasonable hour to the woods between Queen Elizabeth's lodge and Connaught lake and set out for genuine coster's enjoyment of the Forest. Back toward London for several miles we had only seen patches of woods and coppices. Here at Chingford the real Forest begins.

We were at once in the thickest of it, not of the Forest, but of the mighty throng. Avennes upon avenues of East Enders stretched in every direction. It was now afternoon, the Saturday half-holiday, a joyous, glorious day withal, and it seemed that from all ways leading from London and near outlying towns great tides of humanity came sweeping on, each one greater than the one before it, and all finally merging at the edge of the woods and over the open spaces in seething masses of motion and color. It was like the action of incoming sea-tides breaking upon a shallow, shingly beach. No one can understand the complexity, the irrepressibility, the vastness of the London holiday crowd until the greater portion of these 100,000 or 150,000 souls can be seen here at a glance moving upon and almost storming this ancient Epping Forest en masse. Far back as the eye can reach hundreds upon hundreds of outlandish Essex shandrydans, as many traps and gigs, Whitechapel omnibusses, millers' and butchers' carts, brewers' vans and costers' carts, are moving towards you, around and between which countless thousands of tolk afoot, concentering from highways, from lanes and from footpaths across the fields, are massed in seemingly inextricable confusion. For an instant there is something like terror in such a scene. I cannot tell why, but in it, and through it, I again saw what I looked upon, all but thirty years ago, when Sherman's cruel edict emptied Atlanta of all its people, and left their homes in flames.

But those were faces set and white; these, bright and rubicund and broad with endless smiles. And in this respect your "outer" differs from all other tolk on earth. No matter whether he be great or humble, the moment his face is turned towards the fields or the sea he is a bundle of quivering sympathies, responsive in kind clings by its long beak, giving it the apto every form of mirth, to the most vagarous incident or accident of situation or condition, and gives back an hundred fold every kindly look that nature can bestow. He may be rough and uncouth in what he says and does, but he has left all care behind, and makes in every moment of his holidays hours, even in untoward exigency and defeat, a place for unctious mirth and

the expression literally, in the sun and shade of Epping Forest. Thousands upon thousands have brought their hampers or baskets as we have done. Then, in great splatches of color, they group and heap themselves in wriggling bunches onjoyment over field, upon brae, in cool recess, in shady avenue, upon grassy meadow, in deep wood gale, and actually wallow in the ancient Forest turf and soil. They ping Forest, probably the greatest holiday | wander and stroll and leap and race, and shout and sing and dance, and turn handmonger's cart in which I held proprietary springs and somersaults, and cavort and pirouette and act like half mad folk, just as they do at Hampstead Heath, while the ing the subtle arts of the coster with my bands roar and the crowds halloa, and the mounted police and Forest verderers look on with benign smiles at the unrestrained and unrestrainable enjoyment. Turn where you may, from Chingford six miles north to Epping, or from Beak Hill three miles east to Loughton, the same case of Miss Clements, a premature grave wild scenes of physical and mental abandon and elation are repeated. Ten thousand children are chasing butterflies like exultant | the nineteen year old daughter of Mrs. naturalists. More than ten thousands lads | Cora V. Clements, one of the most promare swinging from hawthorn limbs, shout-ing from the clumped tops of pollard oaks, or routing the birds from loftiest hornbeam branches; while the surface of every lake and pond is shut from sight by thousands more wading among lillies and reeds, or floating in boats upon their surface. In great open spaces every manner of

game and diversion known to English fields or streets, or holidays resorts, is proceeding in a perfect bedlam of roaring from the touters and managers of a vast collection of Vanity Fairs. You will see skittles, tootball, cricket, wrestling and putting the stone. Ever glorious Punch and Judy are omnipresent and screaming witty and hilarious. Donkeys by the thousands and screws by the hundreds, are here for uproarious riding and racing. The three-card monte game is everywhere. Knock-'em-Henry the Third was the first sovereign downs by the hundreds, with their crashing and bawling and shouts of defeat and vic-Epping. American shooting-saloons are quite as frequent and well patronized. The vast common. But there were no legally artificial pigeon whirls and flies from scores of booths and the detonations of the shooting are incessant. There are more than a thousand of my old Gipsy friends, in all manner of picturesque apparal, plying their "dukkering" among the good-natured 'Arrys and 'Arriets. Mingled with all this and these are the shouts and cries of every manner of fakir from every land beneath the sun; the braying of hundreds of openand more discordant than all else, the wailings and exhortations of the Salvationists; the barbaric clamor of their tambourines, The entire area, amounting to about fifes and drums, a persistent reminder of

myself to assert that we participated fully | my daughter. I purchased some of the in the exhilarating diversions of Epping | pills, and commenced giving my daughter Forest. Then, the envied of many eyes, we partook of our glorious repast beneath the very shade of Queen Elizabeth's hunt-Color in her face was noticed, and her ing lodge, a quaint, old and lofty half-timbered structure, which has been beautifully restored, where faithful Sprat landed our breathe more freely. When the fourth hampers victoriously after many a bravely box had been taken she was entirely well, hampers victoriously after many a bravely resisted seige; and then, the envied of thousands still, as the sole occupants of a Whitechapel 'bus, we were driven in noble style about the Forest, away to Epping. once famous for its sausage, pork and cheese, to Monk's Wood, and the great pollard oaks; to the old British Camp at Amesbury Banks; to Hawk Wood Hill and its famous obelisk; and to High Beach, most the entire fringe of Epping Forest with its wondrous historic interest lies clear and fair below.

The old-world valley of the river Lee, scene of Walton's earliest angling days and of the incidents of the "Angler" is beneath you to the west. Miles to the north and south are its snug villages, its ivied churches, its half-hid stately halls. Just here beside you is Beech Hill House, where Tennyson wrote the "Talking Oak" and "Locksley | the greatest savant of the present age. Hall." Far to the west are the uplands of the Cambridgeshire hills. Between, a slumbrous valley with an ideal English landscape. In its centre stands ancient Waltham Abbey, mournful and pathetic the good work has been accomplished after reminder of a departed day and time, of eminent physicians had failed, and pro-Harold and his lavished treasures, and of his march to Hastings to meet fierce William of Normandy. Nearer still lies Copped Hall, where in the early reign of Edward VI, Princess Mary was held prisoner; and at Fair Mead House beyond, the gentle poet Clair was brought a mental

behind the Hampstead Hills, all the converging ways to London seemed dense with grippe, palpitation of the heart, pale a routed army in its flight. Bolivar was and sallow complexions, nervous prostraimpatient to overtake the disappearing host. Right merrily we had come to Epping, but merrier still we returned to grimy London, racing and singing in humble coster fashion, all the too short way.

EDGAR L. WAKEMAN.

Queer Uses of Oil.

The National Museum's collection of oils is very remarkable. There is oil from the nose of the pilot whale, which will not freeze at zero Farenheit, and oil from the forelegs of the alligator which will freeze where ice melts. The latter is a particularly fine leather dressing.

Oil from the fat that lies beneath the turtle's upper shell is recommended for rheumatism, while the oil tried out from the entrails of the eel is said to be good tor deafness.

The natives of Equador take an oil from the fat of a bird called the "guachero," which they consider equal to oil for table use. In Central America the people obtain a golden oil that is unequaled for water-proofing purposes, from an insect that is about the size of a rose-bug, which yields about two-thirds of its own weight in this peculiar grease. The insect feeds on the sap of a resinous plant, to which it looking tacks. When the bugs are thickest they are scraped off and boiled.

When Tired Out.

USE HORTFORD'S ACID PHOSPHATE.

Dr. M. H. Henry, New York, says: The lind, and makes in every moment of his holdays hours, even in untoward exigency and defeat, a place for unctious mirth and learny cheer. When completely tired out by prolonged wakefulness and overwork, it is of the greatest value to me. As a beverage it possesses charms beyond anything I know of men and lads and of in the form of medicine."

Dr. M. H. Henry, New York, says:

"When completely tired out by prolonged wakefulness and overwork, it is of the greatest value to me. As a beverage it possesses charms beyond anything I know overjoyed; then he became apprehensive.

The cork learny found none, and would certainly have been drowned had it not been for his wakefulness, to take place on the 29th day of August next, the right of the form of medicine."

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AN ARKANSAS MIRACLE.

A REMARKABLE STORY OF INTEREST TO EVERY WOMAN.

A Young Woman Who Was Literally Fading Away-Physicians Pronounced Her Case Hopeless-How She Was Saved. (From the Arkansas Democrat.)

The story of renewed health told in the ollowing article has been carefully investigated by the Democrat, and it is of the deepest interest to all parents. The condition of Miss Clements is that of thousands of girls in our land, whose health and vitality is slowly but surely being sapped away. Pale, listless and sallow case of Miss Clements, a premature grave is the inevitable result. Lulu Clements inent residents of Lonoke, Ark, was attacked with a mysterious, wasting disease over a year ago, and despite the strenuous efforts of the local physicians she continued to grow worse. Her blood had turned to water, she suffered intense agony and was almost ready to give up life when relief came. Her story is best told as related by her mother to a Democrat

"In the fall of 1892 my daughter began to show signs that some disease was wrecking her system. Despite the constant attention of local physicians she grew worse. Her complexion was pale, and she became almost as white as marble. She complained of heart palpitation. Her feet and hands were cold, and she was almost driven into hysterics by racking headaches and backaches and shortness of breath and other distressing symptoms. All these conditions betoken anæmia, or in other words watery and impoverished condition of the blood, which could not perform the functions of nature. She had no appetite; for many days she did not eat enough for a child to subsist on.

"Her condition grew from bad to worse, and becoming alarmed, I sent her to prominent physicians in Virginia, Tennessee and Little Rock. All efforts of this nature to regain her health proved fruitless. Patent medicine of many kinds were tried and given thorough tests, but without any apparent effect towards improving the patient. " Myself and daughter had almost given

up in despair, having almost concluded that a restoration of her health was an impossibility. In the Arkansas Democrat I espied an advertisement of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People, which claimed that they would give ready relief to persons suffering from a disease the symptoms It is saying little for Jem and Becky and of which were the same as in the case of three pills a day. Before the first box had appetite returned. The terrible headaches and backaches ceased, and she could and since then has enjoyed excellent health. She is now robust and full of life, making our family happy once more. Quite a contrast to the situation six months ago, when

everybody thought she would die.
"I think 'Pink Pills' the best medicine in the world for the blood, and have recommended them to several citizens of this place, who have been restored to health by its use. Mrs. Henry Brown was in a very bad condition. She tried the Pink Pills, when she improved rapidly and is now a very healthy woman."

The discoverer of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People certainly deserves the highest tribute that pen can frame. His medicine has done more to alleviate the suffering of humanity than any other medicine known to science, and his name should be handed down to future generations as

Druggists say that Dr. Williams' Pink Pills have an enormous sale, and from all quarters come glowing reports of results following their use. In very many cases nounced the patient beyond the hope of human aid. An analysis shows that Dr. Williams' Pink Pills contain in a condensed torm all the elements necessary to give new life and richness to the blood, and restore shattered nerves. They are an unfailing specific for such diseases as locomotor ataxia, partial paralysis, St. Vitus' dance, Back at Chingford, as the sun was setting sciatica, neuralgia, rheumatism, nervehind the Hampstead Hills, all the contion; all diseases depending upon vitiated humors in the blood, such as scrofula, chronic erysipelas, etc. They are also a specific for troubles peculiar to females. such as suppressions, irregularities, and all forms of weakness. They build up the blood, and restore the glow of health to pale and sallow cheeks. In men they effect a radical cure in all cases arising from mental worry, overwork, or excesses of whatever nature.

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills are manufactured by the Dr. Williams' Medicine Company, Brockville, Ont., and Schenectady, N. Y., and are sold in boxes (never in loose form by the dozen or hundred, and the public are cautioned against numerous imitations sold in this shape) at 50 cents a box or six boxes for \$2.50, and may be had of all druggists or direct by mail from Dr. Williams' Medicine Company from either address.

His Useful Leg.

A one-legged duck hunter had a curious dventure while on the water in a skiff. He had lost his leg in a railway accident, and wore a cork substitute, useful for ordinary purposes, but which prevented him from following game except in a boat. On this occasion, as he was an expert

marksman, he had almost loaded the skiff with ducks, when, on reaching after a fine bird, he over-reached and upset the boat. Down went the birds, the gun, and the hunter, and as there was a swift current at that point, the boat drifted away before he came to the surface. Being unable to swim, the hunter clutched wildly for support, but found none, and would certainly

The cork leg had a tendency to invert him

in the water, but after struggling against this for some time, he managed to unstrap the limb and use it as a float. It was very easy thus to paddle ashore, and the hunter was saved.

THINGS OF VALUE.

What a fool a woman does make of a man! So long as she lies to him and says she loves him he is blissfully happy. He only gets mad when she tells the truth and declares that she never cared anything

I was cured of a severe cold by MINARD'S LINIMENT. Oxford, N. S. R. F. HEWSON.

I was cured of a terrible spain by MINARD'S LINIMENT.

FRED COULSON, Yarmouth N. S. Y. A. A. C. I was cured of Black erysipelas by MINARD'S LINIMENT.

Inglesville. J. W. RUGGLES. Among the bye-laws of the London 'Pioneer Club" for ladies, is one that sounds extremely severe. It runs as follows: "Children, servants, and gentlemen can only be admitted to the waiting-room, and can on no account be allowed to enter the club rooms." One almost suspects a touch of satiric humor in placing "gentlemen" after children and servants.

And what shall I say more? for the time would fail me to tell of all the virtues of Puttner's Emulsion.

"I like you very much, Charlie, but I couldn't marry you. I don't think we could live happily together." "But, my dear Maud, reflect. After we were married I wouldn't be home very much.



--- IS A CERTAIN CURE FOR-

Piles, Fever Sores, Sores of any kind, Ringworms, Chapped Hands, Chilblains Scalds and Burns, Frost Bites, Warts, Corns, etc.

For sale at Drug Stores, or will be sent upon receipt of price (50 cts. per Pot), by addressing

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CERTIFICATES.

The following have been been selected from the vast number of persons who have been cured by the use of SEGEE'S OINT-

MESSRS. I. DAY, Surveyor; JAS. WOOD, Shoe Maker; Mrs. S. STORMS, J. GILLIS, WILLIAM

PETERS, Tanner; CAPT. D. JOR-DAN, WM. ALLINGHAM, P. THOMPSON, G. A. HARTLEY, F. C. Baptist Minister, Carleton, St. (John; JABOB GUNTER, F. C. Baptist Minister, Fredericton, N. B.

ROBERT McCUEN, St. John, N. B.,

This will certify that for two years and four months I was afflicted with Fever Sores. Had seven holes in my leg, running sores in my breast, back, shoulder and under my arm. I tried several physicians but got no relief. After being seventeen months in the hospital, I returned home and heard of Segee's Ointment. I immediately procured a pot. After using it a short time I began to get better; and in a few weeks was completely cured. I can highly recommend it to all persons who may be suffering as I was.

SALE.

Province of New Brunswick.

TIMBER LICENSES,

Covering a large portion of the Crown Lands o the Provinces.

The right of License to cut and carry away all classes of Timber or Lumber, from the principal Timber Lands of New Branswick will be offered for sale at the CROWN LAND OFFICE, FREDER-ICTON, N. B., on TUESDAY, the 29th day of August, 1893, and following days.

The Timber Licenses to be sold will cover an area of about 4,400 Square miles (or 2,800,000 acres) of

These licenses will be for one year, with the right of renewal for a term of 25 years from the 1st day of August, 1893, on fulfilment of all conditions of

Licenses will be offered at an upset price of \$8.00 per Square Mile, and conditions being complied with, may be renewed from year to year during the term on payment of \$4 per Square Mile; this mileage being in addition to Stumpage dues.

The stumpage payable on lumber to be cut has been fixed for the present at the following rates:

Copies of the regulations to govern this sale, and further information required may be had on applica-L. J. TWEEDIE, or W. P. FLEWELLING, Surveyor General, Lumber Agent. CROWN LAND OFFICE, Fredericton, 14th June 1893.

Notice to Lumbermen.

CROWN LAND OFFICE, 28th June, 1893. L. J. TWEEDIE, Sur. Gen Have you used

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Best for Wash day.

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Beauty is # Skin-Deep.

The best way to realize this is to take a suit. old. shabby and faded, and let Ungar dye it. Your old suit will get a new skin, and one which cannot fail to meet with your approval. UNGAR MAKES THE OLD NEW. Feathers, Gloves, Dresses, Suits and Curtains when cleansed and dyed by Ungar are bound to give satisfaction.

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BE SURE and send your Parcels to UNGAR'S Steam Laundry and Dye Works, St. John, (Waterloo street); Telephone 58. Or Halifax: 60 to 70 Barrington street. They will be done right, if done at

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is not only the one, who, when she sees the benefical effects of such a pure soap as Baby's Own on her own or baby's skin, exclusively adopts it I for all toilet purposes, but observes also that she is not imposed upon thy any of the worthless imitations which grocers will tell her are "just as good."

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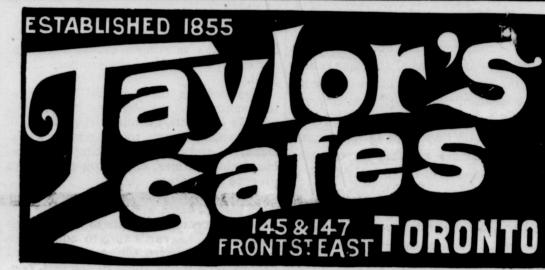
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