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HAVELOUK.

Aug. 16 .- Miss Stella Wetmore of St. John is visiting her cousin Mrs. A. H. Robinson.

Miss Lawson of Ontario is the guest of her uncle R. T. McCready.

Last Thursday evening Miss Ina Keith gave a small party. Eighteen or twenty guests were present and played various games until a late hour, when ice-cream and cake were served.

Mr. Ira F. Keith of Boston is visiting his former home here. Mrs. Fownes and Miss Blanche ownes left

Saturday for Lynn, Mass., where they will probably spend the winter. Miss Lila Fowler of St. John is the guest of Miss

Miss Louise Price has returned from visiting her sister Mrs. (Rex) N. A. MacNeill at Hampton. Mr. Leon Keith of St. John spent Sunday in . ur

village. Reform Lodge I. O. G. T. intends holding a picnic at Fawcett Hill, Friday Aug. 18, if the weather proves favorable.

CAL SHEPPARD, WOODSMAN.

A Character of the Hemlock Belt who has Passed Away.

'I didn't hear that Cal Sheppard was dead,' said Archie Moyer et Harrisburg, 'until I was on my way to the West Branch country on a rading trip last month, and as I looked on Cal as being necessary to my comfort, convenience and success I returned sorrowfully home without having even reached my destination. I had great recollections of Cal Sheppara's genius, in and out of camp, and I couldn't see how I was going to enjoy myself without him, although he had passed the mark of

'Cal Sheppard lived in the mountains of Cameron county and was certainly one of the queerest and most original of back woods characters.

'The Sinnemshoning and West Branch country is full of reminiscences of him. One day he found one of his oxen dead by the side of the railroad. The ox had been killed by the cars, Cal sent a bill in to the railroad company for the value of his ox, and demanded a settlement. The company paid no attention to him. Then the glass insulators on the company's telegraph poles began to rattle to the ground one after another, ss fast as they could be replaced, along that part of the line. Their appearance left no room for doubt that they were being shattered by rifle balls. This continued disturbance of insulation interfered seri ously with the company's business, and the manof being the cause. The arrest was made, but the evidence was insufficient to warrant a conviction. and he was discharged. The insulators continued to fall as regularly as ripe nuts in autumn. Then it ed, and it was paid for. Somehow the insulators

'Cal Sheppard was a great practical joker. The failure of one scheme to reach the culmination he planned was one of the regrets of the old woodsman's life. Dan Barr lived along one of the main roads of that region. He had a tame bear which he kept chained in front of his house, close by the road. The bear was ugly and a continual nuisance. Laroy Lyman, the greatest bear hunter of all that country, had often complained about the bear. One night Dan Barr heard the report of a rifle so close to his house that he suspected that his bear was in some way mixed up with it. He sprang out of bed, ran out of doors and found that his sus. picions were correct. The bear lay dead, and examination showed that a rifle ball had gone through its kidneys. Cal Sheppard lived a couple of miles from Dan's. Dan threw the bridle on his horse mounted and put him on the dead run for Cal's. He said to himself on the way:

'If Calshot that bear, which of course he did. I'll either ketch up with him pikin' it for home or else he won't be to home.'

'Dan said he wasn't more than ten minutes getting into Cal's place. The house was darker than Egypt. Dan banged at the door, and by and by some one stuck his head out of a window and wanted to know what was up. The head belonged to Cal and Dan was knocked speechless for a moment. Then he said:

"Of course you know that my bear is shot, and now I want to know what you done it for, Cal.' "Me ?' exclaimed Cal. 'What in thunder do I

know about your darned old bear ?" 'Of course, Dan couldn't answer the question, and he had to acknowledge that outward evidence

was against his inward belief. "But who could a done it, Cal? he asked. Dan said that Cal thought it over awhile and

then said : 'Well, Dan, Laroy Lyman is in the woods. He is camped back in his shanty. I've heerd him say that; bear o' yourn was a nuisance many a time.

'Cal was pretty sure that Laroy hadn't killed the bear, but he saw a chance for a big joke on Dan Barr. Lyman's shanty was six miles back in the woods, and the old hunter's son Milo was with him, as Cal knew. Laroy Lyman was a strictly pious man and a man of peace. His son Milo was a man of peace, too, but was apt to make a fellow remember that he was around if that fellow gave oftence. This Cal Sheppard also knew.

"I knowed," Cal used to say, with his queer gin, that if Dan Barr got it in his head that Laroy Lyman had killed his bear he was jest stnbborn and ugly enough to tramp right out to the shanty without waitin' a minute, and maybe make trouble. only jest show him quick enough that he didn't shoot the bear, but I knowed that Milo wouldn't take it very peaceful like, havin' his father woke up in the middle o' the night and charged with killin's durn worthless old tame bear, and more than likely would pitch in and give Dan Barr the completest dressin' out that mortal man ever got among them Sinnemahone head-waters and I'd jest lay back an' enjoy the fun. I seen a big joke on Dan in this idee, and so mebbe

I put suspicion a leetle strong on Laroy' 'The result of Cal's insinuations was that Dan made up his mind firmly that Laroy Lyman shot the bear, and he declared that he would go that very night to the old hunter's shanty and get satisfaction. Cal told Dan told that he would go along and show him the way to the shanty, and they went back to Dan's put the horse up, and started through the woods for Laroy Lyman's shanty .

'The woods was darker than the inside of a bear den,' Cal used to say, 'and it made Dan puff and blow somethin' sorrowful to tramp them six miles, and I was enjoyin' the joke tremendous. It was nigh mornin' when we got to the shanty, and Dan banged the hunters up. Laroy opened the door and we went in. Dan was kind o' surprised to see Milo, 'cause I hadn't said nothin' about Milo bein' there, but his dander was up, and he pitched in to Laroy hot foot, and told him he had come to get some satisfaction for Laroy's sneakin' killin' of his bear. It didn't take more'n than three minutes for Laroy to satisfy Dan that he didn't know nothin' about the killin' of the bear. and Dan cooled down. But I see that Milo had been gettin' het up the pootiest kind, and I was jest huggin' myself over the way my joke was comin' to a head. Milo had most got his clutches on Dan. and I could see Dan turning yaller, when L aroy squelched Milo and spiled the fun. He wouldn't let Milo tan Dan's jacket for him, and all my plans was knocked in the head. I never forgive Laroy for interferin' and spilin' that joke o' mine. Me and Dan tramped back through the woods, and I tell you I was mad. Dan never said a word more'n to snort out wunst in a while: 'It's pooty darn hard to have to s'pect a neighbor !' He might abeen thinkin' o' Laroy Lyman, but my idee has always been that Dan suspicioned me with killin that bear.

'Cal Sheppard had hunted and trapped in the woods of that region more than sixty years. It It was his invariable habit when he visited town ager at last had Cal Sheppard arrested on a charge | to ride in on an ox. He went barefoot winter and summer. One of his heels was missing. His story of how he came to lose it was that he was on the trail of a deer one day, when he trod close to a rattlesnake and the snake nipped him on the heel. occurred to the company that perhaps Cal Shep- | Cal was in a great hurry, so he whipped out his pard ought to be paid for that ox the cars had kill- knife, sliced off the heel and went on after the

deer. After he had killed the deer he dressed his heel and it got well.

'It don't look quite as pooty as t'other un.' Cal used to say, 'but it kin cover jest as much ground. 'Cal Sheppard never waisted any time by getting his meals at a hotel when he was in town. He had a table made to fit on his ox's shoulders, and, whenever he was hungry he would take from his

on the table in front of him and eat as he rode. 'Sheppard had a nagging and shrewish wifewhich was not to be wondered at, as Cal's disposition was not such as to cultivate a gentle temper in wife. One day they were returning

pockets food he had brought along, set out a meal

from town in a cart to which one of Cal's oxen was harnessed. Cal had tarried a little two long at the applejack, and the journey homeward was enlivened by very tart and peppery opinions of her spouse, delivered with but little, cessation by Mrs. Cal. Sheppard was never verbally impatient of rebuke, and received in silence such estimates of his character as his wife could find it in the working of her mind and tongue to give him. On this occasion Cal had sat silent, as usual, under her scoring, more or less deserved. On their way it was necessary to ford a stream, and the stream had been swollen much beyond its normal depth and width by rains. It was ferdable, however, and Cal drove the ox in. They were half way across the creek, where the water was up to the hubs of the cart. Cal stopped the ox to let it drink, and climbed out upon it as if to arrange the harness or something. Mrs. Cal still relieving her mind of sundry snappy opinions of her lord. Instead of arranging the harness, though, he disarranged it, and rode the ox on, free of the cart, leaving Mrs. Cal sitting in the cart in the middle of the stream. She shouted after him to come babk and rescue her, but he never once looked round. He rode the ox on home, and put it out as if nothing had happened. Mrs. Cal sat in the cart yelling for help for an hour, when a man happened to come along with a team and bark wagon and took her off and home. She evidently had no language equal to the occasion. for she never uttered a word, much to Cal's relief. As soon as she got home Cal took the ox, went back af er the cart and brought it home. Sheppard used to relate the incident with much glee.

"It cooled her b'ilers down so, he said, 'that it took the old woman more'n a week to git up steam

BLI POST VACATION PESSIMISM.

Thoughts Suggested by an Kncounter With a Trampa the Country.

He had returned to his work in the city after two weeks' holiday in the country, and he returned good health but bad spirits

'lt's wrong,' he said, over his pipe, 'to let a ma n out of jail like that for two weeks, and put him back on the treadmill. Anyway, you can't expect him to be satisfied when you do it.

'I wish I was a tramp. I met one out there. I was out for a walk, and struck down into a ravine off the road, until I came to a little recess, all co ol and green looking and shady, you know, and sat down there under a tree. There was some sort of bush beside me, so that I couldn't see down the ravine any further, and the creek just there runs ov er some stones so I couldn't hear much else, and be sides the wind in the trees was making a good bit of noise. But when I looked up-well, sir, when I looked up, there was the most villainous looking tough you ever saw, with his head over those bushes aiming a whopping big musket at me. I thought it was a musket, but afterward, when I got talking to him, I saw it was only a wooden leg, and he'd un strapped it and was squinting down it like a mu s-

When I saw him scowling at me over the bush that way, I said: 'What's the matter with you? Of course I was frightened, but I didn't let on I was. 'Throw up your hands,' he said. I said

'I guess he thought that was a pretty good joke. Anyway, he laugaed. 'You're pretty cool,' he said. Weil, I thought I could jolly him, so I sa id: Oh, yes, pretty cool for this time of year. Got a match?' 'No,' he said, 'have you get som e tobacco ?

'I knew he'd bite on that. 'Why,' I said, 'of course I have. Come round here, and fill up.' He came round too, and he was ugly looking. He had on an old dicer faded green, with the rim all off, and an awful shock of hair. You could scarcely see his eyes for eyebrows. The rest of his face was just whiskers and when he grined he'd only one

'Well, he sat down on a stone, and pulled a clay daub out of his coat pocket. The coat was a rold Prince Albert, with the tails torn off, and it but toned up on him like the hide on a starved mule His trousers looked kind of new, but he just had some straw and brown wrapping paper tied round his foot for a boot. 'Anything fer a quiet life,' he said, when I looked at it. 'Can't afford to get boots made to order, an' that foot, bein' a spinster, so to speak, is finicky. She won't stand no new fangled tooth-pick toes.' Taen he grinned out that one tooth of his, and blew into the pipe.

"Been smokin' leaves,' he said, 'an' leaves er' what you'd call deteratin' on the on the palate.' I handed him over a pouch of fine cut, and he stuffed his knobby nose into it. And he just looked like a Skye terrier, all whiskers, sniffing at it and winking out over the pouch. 'P'raps,' he said, 'you mightn't have somethin' to eat with this smoke, eh !' I went through my pockets while he lit up. 'Cause,' he said, I ain't had anythin much but green apples, walaut size, sence last week. Green than green apples 'cept it's them little cucumber s | delphia Post. I hooked last night.'

'Of course, I had nothing to give him. So he untied the trousers leg, that wasn't filled with a leg you know, and took out a handful of little apple s. 'Join me,' he said. 'No? Well, I don't blame you. Your t ste ain't been elevated to tramp lunches.' 'You should have seen that hobo trying to bite those little apples with his one tooth. I got laugh ing and he laughed too. It was like stabbing peas with a pitch fork.

'Then we got talking about things. I asked him why he didn't settle down som where and get work an' foolish. The trouble about work is there's too much work about it, an, not much more to eat than I can pick up round the green. Youse people only work for your grub. Well, I get mine without workin,' see? What's the use?'

·I said a man worked for a home, and a wife and all that. 'Gee,' he said, 'that's it, eh? Work to pay some one your rent so's he can live without workin'. Work to keep a woman that's allus scrappin' with you. Work to feed some squallin ' kids that'll let you go to poorhouse when you'r e worked out. That's a giddy game, ain't it ? ' 'Now, what could I say to that?'

'Then he strapped on his leg again. 'Got to keep movin' in our business he said. 'I sucked a doz en eggs I found in a barn up on the hill. 'It's about supper time. They'll be missin' them.' I said

'Good bye, and he said 'Troolylooral.' 'He was about right in some ways wasa't he? Why should a fellow have to slave all year round excepting two weeks and then get married and

have to die in harness, working the way the old man did for us youngsters? What's the use? It's enough to make any man wish he was a t-amp.'

THINGS OF VALUE.

Bertha, I don't like to see you waste your time on that young man. He doesn't do anything.'
'Doesn't do anything? Why, he plays golf or tennis from morning till night.'

There never was, and never will be, a universal panacea, in one remedy, for the ills to which fiesh is heir—the very nature of mans curatives being such that were the germs of other and differently sested diseases rooted in the system of the patient—what would relieve one ill in turn would aggravate the other. We have, however, in Quinine Wine, when obtainable in a sound unadulterated state, a remedy for many and grievous ills. By its gradual and judicious use, the frailest systems are led into convalescence and strength, by the influence which Quinine exerts on Nature's own restoratives. It relieves the drooping spirits of those with whom a chronic state of morbid despondency and lack of interest in life is a disease, and, by tranquilizing the nerves, disposes to sound and refreshing sleep—imparts vigor to the action of the blood, which, being stimulated, courses throughout the veins, strengthening the animal function of the system, thereby making activity a necessary result strengthening the frame, and giving life to the digestive organs, which naturally demand increased substance—result. improved appetite. Northrop & Lyman of Toronto, have given to the public their superior Quinine Wine at the usual rate, and, gauged by the opinion of scientists, this wine approaches nearest perfection of any in the market. All druggists sell it. All druggists sell it.

Miss Spinster—Willie, you ought to be ashamed. You've been fighting again. Little Willie—On, no, you're mistaken. The other boy knocked me down an sat on me before I

Very many persons die annually from cholera and a kindred summer complaint, who might have been saved if proper remedies had been used. If attacked do not delay in getting a bottle of Dr. J. D. Kellog's Dysentery Cordial, the medicine that never fails to effect a cure. Those who have used it say it acts promptls and thoroughly, subdues the pain and disease.

Dolly-My cheeks are all on fire. Her Best Friend-I thought I smelled burning

For Nine Years—Mr. Samuel Bryan, Thedford, writes: 'For nine years I suffered with ulcerated sores on my leg; 1 expended over \$100 to physicians, and tried every preparation I heard of or saw recommended for such disease, but could get no relief. I at last was recommended to give Dr. Thomas' Eclectric Oil a trial, which has resulted, after using eight bottles (using it internally and externally), in a complete cure. I believe it is the best medicine in the world, and I write this to let others know what it has done for me."

Nodd-We've been without a cook now for a

week.
Todd—How do you stand it?
Nodd—First rate, but I imagine my wife must be having a hard time.—Brooklyn Life.

THE DEMON DYSPEPSIA .- In olden time it was a popular belief that demons moved invisibly the ambient air, seeking to enter into men trouble them. At the present day the demon, dyspepsia, is at large in the same way, seeking habitation in those who by careless or unwise living invite him. And once he enters a man it is difficult to dis'odge him. He that finds himself so possessed should know that a valiant friend to do battle for him with the unseen foe is Parmelee's Vegetable Pills, which are ever ready for the trial.

Dimleigh-I understand that there is a skeleton in the closet at your boardinghouse. Slimleigh—I don't know about that, but there'll oon be one in a hall bedroom.

A Magic Pill.—Dyspepsia is a fee with which men are constantly grappling but cannot exterminate. Subdued, and to all appearances vanquished in one, it makes its appearance in another direction. In many the digestive apparatus is as delicate as the mechanism of a watch, or scientific instrument in which even a breath of air will make a variation. With such persons disorders of the stomach ensue from the most trivial causes and cause much suffering. To these Parmelee's Vegetable Pills are recommended as mild and sure.

THE PROFESSOR'S MISTAKE. Because It Was One Merely Due to Envi-

Professor D. G. Brinton, the famous authority upon archaeolgy and linguistics. has given his valuable library upon these subjects to the University of Pennsylavania, together with many writings embodying his personal researches. It is doubtful. however, whether his papers include the following incident, the truth of which is

While in Mexico on one occasion the professor was the guest of the National Historical society of that republic. One day, while discussing with a member on the street the blends of Aztec and Maya blood which enter into the average peon. the professor called attention to cranial peculiarities transmitted from these ancient

'There,' he said, pointing to a laborer who was working on the street, 'is a type in which apparently the maternal influences were Toltec and the paternal Maya or Car-

'I see,' said the member.

vouched for:

'Notice the man's forehead,' continued the professor. 'It has all the character-

'Phat's that?' interrupted the supposed peon, dropping his pick. 'Phat's that ye'r saying, ye long legged pervarikatur? I'll have ye know me fayther was a O'Shannesapples! Gosh! There ain't anythin' painfuller | sey and me mayther a Finnegan .- Phila-

A Bad Case.

'There's the most absentminded man in Michigan,' said one guest at a party to arother recently.

'I noticed that he seemed oblivious of his surroundings at the table.'

'Yes, and look at him over there. I just introduced him to his own wife, and he doesn't know her now.'-Datroit Free

'It is given out in some quarters that Ada Rehan is likely to make matters interesting when she reaches this country, says the Dramatic News. I have it on pretty reliable authority that Miss Rehan holds some important documents handed to her by the late Augustin Daly which will in some measure put a new construction upon several bequests made in the will, and may possibly affect the furniture, paintings and scenery in Daly's theatre. Miss Rehan is waiting for all the excitement to blow over. Then she will start a contest which most likely will keep gossipers busy for some time to come.'

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Or as Doctors Say "Anæmia" is Cured By

Dr. Chase's Nerve Food.

An aræmic person is usually weak, listless and pale. He gets out of breath on

Since the cause of anaemia is lack of a sufficient quantity of red blood corpuscles in

slight exertion, the pulse is rapid and weak and the sleep frequently disturbed. The

feet and hands are cold, ankles swollen at night and there is puffness under the eyes in

the blood, a cure can only be effected by a treatment which will increase the number

of red corpuscles and so improve the quality of the blood.

Contains the very elements which are found lacking in the blood of an anæmic person. It creates new red corpuscles and on this account has proved wonderfully successful as a positive cure for pale, weak, men and women suffering the ills of poor blood and exhausted nerves, 50 cents a box, at all dealers, or EDMANSON, BATES & CO., Toronto.