

## DOAKTOWN.

DOAKTOWN, April 10.—Mr. Samuel Bates gave a small party for music and an oyster supper at the residence of Mr. and Mrs. John Ellis, Saturday evening.

After a few gramophone selections Miss Minnie Smith presided at the organ and a number of those present assisted nobly with their vocal ability. Supper was served about eleven o'clock, after which all expressed themselves as having spent a very pleasant evening.

Those present were Mr. and Mrs. Alex. Ames, Mr. and Mrs. Jas. Smith, Mr. and Mrs. C. B. Bates, the Misses M. M. Smith, D. E. Smith, Annie Wayne, Lena McLean, Gertrude Carroll, Millie Hendry and Mr. Fred Ogilvie.

## UPPER MAUGERVILLE.

UPPER MAUGERVILLE, April 10.—The concert and social held in the Temperance Hall last evening by the Maugerville Concert Company was a great success and was much enjoyed by all present. The proceeds amounted to \$27.50.

The following programme was well carried out:

Chorus—Time May Steal the Roses Darling.  
Reading—The Trembling Eyelid.  
Miss Mabel Brown.  
Dialogue—The Second Topsey.  
Tableaux—Home Sweet Home.  
Solo and chorus—Farewell Bluebell.  
Reading—Albert's Mistake, Miss Pearl Camp.  
Dialogue—The Interrupted Proposal.  
Solo—You are as Welcome as the Flowers in May, A. A. Treadwell.  
Reading—The Bell and the Deacon, Harry Smith.  
Dialogue—The Assessor.  
Tableau—Wake Up Dear.  
Solo and Chorus—Good Bye, Little Girl, Good Bye.  
Dialogue—Uncle Pete.  
Reading—The Last Farewell, Miss Josie Brown.  
Dialogue—Rumpus on Ginger Hill.  
Reading—Monologue Specialty, F. Brown.  
Chorus—Sweet Bunch of Daisies.

## FOSTERVILLE.

FOSTERVILLE, York Co., April 9.—Mrs. John L. Foster and Mrs. Ernest L. Russell of North Lake, were the guests of Mr. and Mrs. D. Cropley one day last week at Fosterville.

Mr. and Mrs. Geo. Foster of North Lake, were visiting there parents last week at Fosterville.

Mr. Otes Gilpatrick of Danforth, Maine, passed through here April 7, on business.

Mr. T. E. Tarbath, representing the McCormac Co., passed through this place one day last week in company with Herb Gibson.

Mr. Geo. E. Howe and Henry went to Canterbury Station last week on business.

The good hauling on the Lakes last week enabled Mr. Cropley and son to get their bark to market and others with bass wood.

Quite a number of the Orange delegates went from here to attend the Grand County Lodge at Woodstock, April 4th.

## DR. A. W. CHASE'S 25c CATARRH CURE

In sent direct to the diseased parts by the Improved Blower. Heals the ulcer, clears the eye, restores vision, stops drooping in the throat and permanently cures Catarrh of the Eye, Nose and Throat. All dealers or Dr. A. W. Chase Medicine Co., Toronto and Buffalo.

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We handle a superior line of caskets, robes, linings and general funeral supplies, and give our purchasers the benefit of a close margin. The best goods at the lowest prices make a combination hard to beat. That is one reason why we do a large business. Another is that we make a specialty of hurry orders, and have always filled them to the satisfaction of our customers. You simply telephone your wants; we do the rest, and do it right.

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Maker of low prices.

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I suppose you are going to paper. Well, we have the goods. Over three hundred thousand rolls at your own price. Bought direct from makers. The best line of papers that have ever been shown in the Maritime Provinces.

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## AN HOUR'S WALK.

You Would Hardly Think It Meant Traveling 85,253 Miles.

Have you ever thought of the distance you travel when you are out on an hour's stroll? Possibly you walk three miles within the hour, but that does not by any means represent the distance you travel. The earth turns on its axis every twenty-four hours. For the sake of round figures, we will call the earth's circumference 24,000 miles, and so you must have traveled during the hour's stroll 1,000 miles in the axial turn of the earth.

But this is not all. The earth makes a journey around the sun every year, and a long but rapid trip it is. The distance of our planet from the sun we will put at 92,000,000 miles. This is the radius of the earth's orbit—half the diameter of the circle, as we call it. The whole diameter is therefore 184,000,000 miles, and the circumference, being the diameter multiplied by 3.1416, is about 578,000,000 miles.

This amazing distance the earth travels in its yearly journey, and dividing it by 365 we find the daily speed about 1,580,000. Then we get the distance you rode around the sun during your hour's walk, divide again by twenty-four, and the result is about 65,000 miles. But this is not the end of your hour's trip. The sun, with its entire brood of planets, is moving in space at the rate of 160,000,000 miles in a year. That is at the rate of a little more than 438,000 miles a day, or 18,250 miles an hour.

So, adding your three miles of leg travel to the hour's axial movement of the earth, this to the earth's orbit journey and that again to the earth's excursion with the sun, and you find you have traveled in the hour 85,253 miles.

## CRUDE HOUSEKEEPING.

Domestic Methods in England in the Fourteenth Century.

Carpets were unknown luxuries in England in the fourteenth century, but the fashion of strewing the apartments with rushes was being gradually abandoned. Rushes were still used in the retainers' hall, but for the better rooms sweet scented herbs and fragrant twigs were usually employed.

Windows were apertures filled with glass so as to admit light, but to exclude wind. The walls also were frequently hung with cloth or tapestry to protect the inmates of the room from the many currents of air that penetrated the strong but badly built walls. We learn from various ancient documents that it was the duty of the serving men and pages to sweep out the principal apartments, but as the use of water is rarely mentioned damp and fragrant leaves and twigs must have aided not only in collecting the dust, but also toward refreshing the atmosphere in such constantly closed rooms, fresh air being only admitted through the doors opening on to the battlements or balconies.

From old inventories at Thurlough and elsewhere we ascertain how scantily furnished were those ancient mansions, although they seem to have been abundantly supplied with daggers and drinking cups in gold, silver and finely engraved pewter. Besides an infinite number of black jacks or cups made of leather—London Standard.

## Gems and Disease.

Many curious stories of the healing of blindness and diseases by gems are to be found in ancient works, and it is said that the Emperor Theodosius was cured of blindness by a stone of great brilliancy which was laid on his eyes. What this stone was history unfortunately does not say. The diamond, ruby, emerald and opal were supposed to warn the owner of danger by changing color. Pliny says Mr. the diamond that it is not only an antidote to poison, but that it has the power to free the mind from vain fears and to give bravery. Worn in the ephod of the high priest it determined innocence or guilt and was used to detect accused persons. This gem is dedicated to April, and, worn by those born in that month, is lucky.

## There is Plenty of Coal.

Every now and then some statistician with too much liver utters figures showing that the world's coal supply will last only a few hundreds of years. Make it many, many thousands. China has coal to burn—400,000 square miles of coal fields, some say. Japan has plenty more. Roumania has enough for the Balkan states if ever they stop burning powder and one another's houses. America's bin will be full for centuries on centuries. Great Britain and Germany will not be coalless soon. Let us worry about something else.

## Tennyson's Prediction.

Tennyson predicted the day of his death. Just a year before his death friends of the poet were visiting Aldworth House. The late Lord Selborne turned to Tennyson and remarked, "You ought to be happy here." "Ah," sighed the poet, "I have only a year to live!" His hearers laughed at the remark, but it was a prophetic assertion that was verified to the minute.

## A Girl's Way.

Have you noticed that when a girl has short skirts she is always teasing to have them lower, and the very day she gets them lowered she starts to hold them up?

## It's Finish.

The Governor—What happened when the man killed the goose that laid the golden egg, Margie? Little Margie—Why, I guess his goose was cooked.

A man of integrity will never listen to any plea against conscience.—Tome.

## Love's Sacrifice.

(Continued.)

She took it up and held it toward the light. It was Guildford Berton's, and on it was written in pencil, "Will you see me for a few minutes."

Norah held the card in her fingers, her brows drawn together in silence for fully a minute; then she inclined her head to the footman, who stood like a statue beside her, and he opened the door and announced Guildford Berton.

He came in with his noiseless tread, and Norah, who had taken up a book and held it in her right hand, rose and bowed to him without offering to shake hands.

"I must ask your pardon for intruding on you, Lady Norah," he said, slowly and in the manner of one who was repeating words which he had learned by heart, "but I am leaving England for some time, and I could not go without wishing you farewell."

His tone was so subdued, so humble, and indeed, reverential, that Norah's frigidly melted somehow. After all, she thought his greatest crime had been his daring to love her, and it is a crime which most women find easy to forgive.

"You are leaving England?" she said. "Will you not sit down for a moment?"

He took a chair, and she sank into hers. "Yes," he said, sadly, "I am going away for a change of air and scene. I may be away for some time—for years."

"Where are you going?" she asked, not because she cared, but with the desire to be at least polite to the man who had been her father's closest friend, and who had only sinned in loving her.

"To Australia, I think," he said. "They tell me that a man can find work there, and it is time I made the quest. I have been idle too long—for a poor man."

Norah's heart smote her—it had grown very tender during these weeks of solitary musing. Sorrow teaches us sympathy even with those we dislike, and she was conscious of a feeling of pity for this man who had wasted his life dancing attendance on one who had rewarded the sacrifice by a gold watch and chain.

"I hope you will succeed," she said. He glanced up at her gratefully, but with the same air of playing a part he had carefully rehearsed.

"It is very good of you to express so kind a wish," he murmured, "especially as I know am conscious—that I have lost your friendship."

Norah's brow darkened and her lips came together tightly.

"Is there any need to speak of—of what is past, Mr. Berton?" she asked.

"Forgive me," he pleaded. "It is hard not to speak of what is in one's thoughts day and night, continually. You will understand me, I am sure, in this place unendurable. It is a source of torture to me. To feel that I am near you and that I dare not approach you, before I go will give me one step nearer to me."

Norah's brow darkened and her lips came together tightly.

"No, I cannot permit you to say a word of that kind," she said, coldly, "because you are going, if, as you say, you cannot forget."

"Forget that I am only Guildford Berton, the son of your father's steward, and that you are an orphan's daughter, and the owner of half a million of money," he said, slowly, raising his eyes to her face with a curious expression, half respect, half defiance. "Is that what you would say, Lady Norah?"

"No," he said, and her words cut sharply and clearly to the heart of what I would say, Mr. Berton. It would make no difference to me if you were a prince and I a beggar at your gates."

"Because you hate me so intensely—is that it?" he said, gnawing his lip, but still with the half-defiant look in his eyes.

"Hate?" she said, her bosom heaving. "It is you and not I who use the word."

"You mean it," he said, breathing quickly. "If you were a prince and I the beggar, you could not speak with greater hauteur."

"No," he said, sharply, "I have come to remove the barrier your pride has erected between us. You speak like a princess; indeed, you would like a princess from your presence like a dog, Lady Norah."

A spot of red burned in his pale cheeks, "Lady Norah!" He laughed. "The title sounds sweet and pleasant in your ears, does it not?"

## Does Your FOOD Digest Well?

When the food is imperfectly digested the full benefit is not derived from it by the body and the purpose of eating is defeated; no matter how good the food or how carefully adapted to the wants of the body it may be. Thus the digestive organs become thin, weak and debilitated, energy is lacking, brightness, snap and vim are lost, and in their place come dullness, listlessness, depression and languor. It takes no great knowledge to know when one has indigestion, some of the following symptoms generally exist, viz.: constipation, sour stomach, variable appetite, headache, heartburn, gas in the stomach, etc.

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It constantly effecting cures of dyspepsia because it acts in a natural yet effective way upon all the organs involved in the process of digestion, removing all clogging apparatus and making easy the work of digestion and assimilation.

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Do not accept a substitute for B.B.B. There is nothing "just as good."

It warrants all your pride and hauteur. What would you say if I told you that it rests with me whether you ever hear it again?

Norah looked at him as if she thought—as indeed she did think—he had gone mad, and then her eyes wandered toward the bell.

"Wait," he said, evidently struggling for his usual self-possession. "There will be plenty of time to ring the bell when you have decided whether you will still be an earl's daughter and my wife—or a beggar like myself."

## CHAPTER XXXIV.

If Guildford Berton had expected his ominous words to produce any effect upon Norah, he was mistaken.

She looked at him with the same calm surprise and displeasure. To her the question sounded like an outburst from a frenzied man, nothing more, and she tried to remain patient and restrain her anger.

"I don't understand you," she said, quietly enough. "Perhaps you do not understand yourself."

"You will soon understand," he said, with a sinister smile; then he seemed to make an effort to control his temper and said, more softly: "Will you sit down, Lady Norah? I—I spoke more warmly, precipitately, than I intended, but—"

Norah declined the chair with a gesture, and stood, schooling herself into patience. She would listen to what he had to say; she was, if the truth must be told, just a little curious. She glanced at the bell again; it was within her reach, and she could dismiss him in a moment if she chose. But she intended to listen to all he had to say.

Guildford Berton laid his hand upon the mantelpiece, and looked down thoughtfully for a moment; then he commenced:

"I fear I shall cause you some pain, Lady Norah. Heaven knows I would have avoided this revelation, but you have forced it upon me. If you had listened to me, if you had consented to be my wife, the story I am going to tell you would have been locked within my bosom, and I should have remained silent till death."

Norah did not speak, and he went on, slowly and impressively.

"You remember your mother, Lady Norah?"

Norah inclined her head slightly.

(To be continued.)

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No man is ever better than his best thoughts.

## A Test for the Kidneys

ANYONE who is at all troubled with backache, urinary disorders or any of the symptoms of kidney disease, should make the following test to find out if the kidneys are diseased.—Put some urine in a bottle or tumbler and let it stand for twenty-four hours; if there is sediment like brick dust, or if the urine is discolored, milky, cloudy or stringy, your kidneys are out of order.

These are certain indications that you need just such help as is best supplied by Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills, the most reliable and most thoroughly tested kidney medicine extant.

Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills, one pill a dose, 25 cents a box, at all dealers, or Edmondson, Bates & Co., Toronto. Portrait and signature of Dr. A. W. Chase, the famous receipt book author, on every box.

## EDGECOMBES FOR NEW THINGS TO WEAR EASTER



Because the weather is wintry today is no reason why it wouldn't be bright and warm Sunday. It will be EASTER anyway, so you'll need a new Coat or Suit, Waist or Skirt, a pair of Gloves or a new Neck Piece. These can be bought best at

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## A KID GLOVE SPECIAL

Special values of this character upon the threshold of Easter possesses particular interest. Suitable Gloves for gifts or personal use.

"Dent's" and "Perrin's" Dressed and Suede Kid Gloves in good shades of tans, modes and greys, also black, sizes 5½ to 7, worth up to \$1.35—choice Saturday 69c.

## KID GLOVES AT \$1.00 PAIR

that we can and do guarantee. "Perrin's" "Adonis", without doubt the best \$1.00 Glove procurable. The range of choice, of course, extends to scores of other good lines—Kidds and Sueds, both cheaper and more costly and the best prominent manufacturers can provide to sell for the respective prices. All the newest tones of color and fancy embroidered backs in every sanctioned variation.

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