********************************* NATURE PRAISES.

Rev. Dr. Talmage Says There Is Infinite Music in the Name of Jesus.

discourse Dr. Talmage shows how Christ brings harmony and melody into every life that he enters; Psalm exviii., 14, "The Lord

strength and song." The most fascinating theme for a heart properly attuned is the Saviour. There is something in the morning light to suggest him and something in the evening shadow to speak his praise. The flower breathes him, all the voices of nature chant him. Whatever is grand, bright and beautiful if you only listen to it will speak his praise. So when in the summer time I pluck a flower I think of him who "the Rose of Sharon and the Lily of the Valley." When I see in the fields a lamb, I say, "Behold the Lamb of God that taketh away the sin of the world." When in very hot weather I come under a projecting cliff, I say;

> Rock of ages, cleft for me, Let me hide myself in thee!

Over the old fashioned pulpits there was a sounding board. The voice of the minister rose to the sounding board and then was struck back again upon the ears of the people. And so the 10,000 voices of earth rising up find the heavens a sounding board which strikes back to the ear of all nations the praises of Christ. The heavens tell his glory, and the earth shows his handiwork. The Bible thrills with one great story of the redemption. Upon a blasted and faded paradise it poured a light of glorious restoration. It looked upon Abraham from the ram caught in the thicket. It spoke in the bleating of the herds driven down to Jerusalem for sacrifice. It put infinife pathos into the speech of uncouth fishermen. It lifted Paul into the third heaven, and it broke upon the ear of St. John with the brazen trumpets and the doxology of the elders and the rushing wings of the scraphim.

Instead of waiting until you get sick and worn out before you sing the praise of Christ, while your heart is happiest and your fortunes smile and your pathway blossoms and the overreaching heavens drop upon you their benediction, speak the praises of

The old Greek orators, when saw their audiences inattentive and slumbering, had one word with which they would rouse them up to the greatest enthusiasm. In the midst of their orations they would stop and cry out "Marathou!" and the people's enthusiasm would be unbounded. My hearers, though you may have been borne down with sin, and though trouble, and trials and temptations may come upon you and you feel today hardly like looking up, methinks there is one grand, royal, imperial word that ought to rouse your soul to infinite re-

POWER OF THE HYMN. Taking the suggestion of the text, I shall speak to you of Christ our Song. I remark, in the first place, that Christ ought to be the cradle song. What our mothers sang to us when they put us to sleep is singing yet. We may have forgotten the words; but they went into the fibre of our soul and will forever be a part of it. It is not so much what you formally teach your children as what you sing to them. A hymn has wings and can fly everywhither. One hundred and fifty years after you are dead and "Old Mortality" has worn out his chisel recutting your name on the tombstone your greatgrandchildren will be singing the song which last night you sang to your little ones gathered about your knee. There is a place in Switzerland where, if you distinctly utter your voice there come back 10 or 15 distinct echoes, and every Christian song sung by a mother in the ear of her child shall have 10,000 echoes coming back from all the gates of heaven. Oh, if mothers only knew the power of this sacred spell, how much oftener the little ones would be gathered, and all cur homes would chime with the songs of Jesus! We want some counteracting influ-

cake upon our children. The very mo-

ment your child steps into the street he steps into the path of temptation. There are foul mouthed children who would like to bespoil your little ones. It will not do to keep your boys and girls in the house and make house plants. They must have fresh air and recreation. God save your children from the scathing, blasting, damning influence of the street! I know of no counteracting influence but the power of Christian culture and example. Hold before your little ones. the pure life of Jesus. Let that name be the word that shall exorcise evil from their hearts. Give to your instruction all the fascination of music morning, noon and night. Let it be Jesus, the cradle song. This is important if your children grow up, but perhaps they may not. Their pathway may be short. Jesus may be wanting that child. Then there will be a sounding step in the dwelling, and the youthful pulse will begin to flutter, and little hands will be lifted for help. You cannot help. And a great agony will pinch at your heart, and the cradle will be empty, and the nursery will be empty, and the world will be empty, and your soul will be empty. No little feet standing on the stairs. No toys scattered on the carpet. No quick following from room to room. No strange and wondering questions. No upturned face with laughing blue eyes come for a kiss, but only a grave a wreath of white blossoms on the top of it and bitter desolation and a sighing at nightfall with no one to The heavenly Shepherd put to bed. will take that lamb safely anyhow, whether you have been faithful or unfaithful, but would it not have been pleasanter if you could have heard from those lips the praises of Christ? I never read anything more beautiful than this about a child's departure. The account said, "She folded her hands, kissed her mother goodby, sang her hymn, turned her face to the wall, said her little prayer and then died." Oh, if I could gather up in one para-

****************************** WASHINGTON, April 1.-In this the calm looks and the folded hands and sweet departure, methinks it would be grand and beautiful as one of heaven's great doxologies! In my parish in Philadelphia a little child as departing. She had been sick all her days and a cripple. It was noonday when she went, and, as the shadow of death gathered on her eyelid the thought it was evening and time to go to bed, and so she said, "Good night, papa! Good night, mamma! And then she was gone! It was "good night" to earth, but it was to Jesus-it was "good morning' morning" to heaven. I can think of no cradle song more beautiful than Jesus,

SONGS FOR THE OLD.

I next speak of Christ as the old man's song. Quick music loses its charm for the aged ear. The schoolgirl asks for a schottish (r a glee, bu: her grandmother asks for "Balerma" or the "Portuguese Hymn." Fifty years of trouble have tamed the spirit, nd the keys of the music board mus have a solemn tread. Though voice may be tremulous, so that grandfather will not trust it in church, still he has the psalm book open before him, and he sings with his soul. He hums the grandchild asleep with the same tune he sarg 40 years ago in the old country meeting house. Some ary the choir sings a tune so old that the young people do not know it, but it starts the tears down he cheek of the aged man, for it reminds him of the revival scene in which he participated and of the radiant faces that long since went to dust and of the gray haired minister leaning over the pulpi: and sounding the good tidings of

great joy. I was one Thanksgiving day in my pulpit in Syracuse, and Rev. Daniel Waldo at 98 years of age, stood beside me. The choir sang a tune. I said, "I am sorry they sang that new tune; nobody seems to know it." "Bless you, my son," said the old man, "I

heard that 70 years ago.' There was a song today that touched the life of the aged with holy fire and kindled a glory on their victim that your younger eyesight cannot see It was the song of salvation-Jerus, who fed them all their lives long; Jesus, who wiped away their tears; Jesus, who stood by them when all else falled: Jesus, in whose name their marriage was consecrated and whose resurrection has poured light upon the graves of their departed. "Do you know me?" said the wife to her aged husbend who was dying, his mind already having gone out. He said, 'No." And the son said, "Father, do you know me?" He said "No." The daughter said. "Father, do you know me?" He said, "No." The minister of the gospel, standing by said, "Do

you know Jesus?" "Oh, yes," he said, 'I know him, 'chief among 10,000, the one altogether levely!" Blessed the Bible in which spectacled old age reads the promise, "I will never leave you, never forsake you!" Blessed the staff on which the wornout pilgrim totters on toward the welcome of his Redeem ec! Blessed the hymn book in which the faltering tongue and the failing eyes find Jesus, the old, man's song! When my mother had been put away for the resurrection, we, the children. came to the old homestead, and each one wanted to take away a memento of her who had loved us so long and loved us so well. I think I took away the best of all the mementos; it was the old fastioned round glass spectacles through which she used to read her Bible, and I but them on, but they were too old for me, and I could not see across the rcom. But through them I could see back to childhood and forward to the hills of heaven, where the ankles that were stiff with age have become limber again, and the spirit, with restored evesight, stands in napt exultation, crying, "This is heaven!

WORDS OF PEACE.

I speak to you again of Jesus as the night song. Job speaks of him who giveth songs in the night. John Welch, the old Scotch minister, used to put a plaid across his bed on cold nights, and some one asked him why he put that there. He said, "Oh, sometimes in the night I want to sing the praise of Jesus and to get down and pray. Then I just take that plaid and wrap it around me to keep myself from the Songs in the night! Night of cold. trouble has come down upon many of you. Commercial losses put out one star, slanderous abuse puts out anoffher star, domestic bereavement has out out 1,000 lights, and gloom has been added to gloom and chill to chill and sting to sting, and one midnight has seemed to borrow the fold from another midnight to wrap itself in more unbearable darkness, but Christ has spoken peace to your heart, and

Jesus, lover of my soul, Let me to thy bosom fly, While the billows near me roll, While the tempest still is high. Hide me, O my Saviour! Hide Till the storm of life is past, Safe into the haven guide: Oh, receive my soul at last.

Songs in the night! Songs in the night! For the sick, who have no one to turn the hot pillow, no one to put the taper on the stand, no one to put ice on the temples or pour out soothing anodyne or utter one cheerful word. Yet songs in the night! For the poor, who freeze in the winter's cold and swelter in the summer's heat and munch the hard crusts that bleed the sore gums and shiver under blankets that cannot any longer be patched and tremble because rent day is come and they may be set out on the sidewalk and looking into the starved face of the child and seeing famine there and death there, coming home from the bakery and saying in the presence of the little famished ones, "Oh, my God, flour has sone up!" Yet songs in the night! For the widow who goes to get the back pay of her husband, slain by the "sharpshooters," and knows it is the last help she will have, moving graph the last words of the little ones out of a comfortable home in desolawho have gone out from att these tion, death turning back from the ex-Christian circles, and I could picture hausting cough and the pale cheek

end the lustreless eye and refusing all You know very well that the vast ma relief. Yet songs in the night! Songs in the night! For the soldier in the pital, no surgeon to bind up the gunshot fracture, no water for the hot lips, no kind hand to brush away the files from the fresh wound, no one the fles from the fresh wound, no one to take the loving farewell, the groaning of others poured into his own groan, the blasphemy of others plowog up his own spirit, the condensed bitterness of dying away from home imong strangers. Yet songs in the ight! Songs in the night! "Ah," said ne dying soldier, "tell my mother that last night there was not one cloud between my soul ond Jesus." in the night! Songs in the night!

JESUS EVERYWHERE.

This Sabhath day came. From the altars of 10,000 churches has smoked up the savor of sacrifice. Ministers the gospel preached in plain Engish, in broad Scotch, in flowing Itallan, in harsh Choctaw. God's people assembled in Hindoo temple and Moravian church and Quaker meeting house and sailors' bethel and king's chapel and high towered cathedral. They sang, and the song floated off amid the spice groves, or struck the cebergs or floated off into the western pines or was drowned in the clamor of the great cities. Lumbermen ang it and the factory girls and the children in the Sabbath class and the rained choirs in great ass Trappers, with the same voice which they shouted yesterday in the stag hunt, and mariners with throats that only a few days ago sounded in the hoarse blast of the sea hurricane, they sang it. One theme for the sernons. One burden for the song. Jesus for the invocation. Jesus for the Scripture lesson. Jesus for the baptismal font. Jesus for the sacramental cup. Jesus for the benediction. the day has gone. It rolled away on swift wheels of light and love. Again the churches are lighted. Tides of people again setting down the streets. Whole families coming up the church aisle. We must have one more service. What shall we preach? What shall we read? Let it be Jesus, everybody says; let it be Jesus. We must have one more song. What shall it be, children? Aged men and women, what shall it be? Young men and maidens what shall it te? If you dared to break the silence of the auditory, there would come up thousands of quick and jubilant voices, crying out "Let it be Jesus! Jesus! Jesus!

We sing his binth-the barn that sheltered him, the mother that nursed him, the cattle that fed beside him the angels that woke up the shepherds, shaking light over the midnight hills. We sing his ministry—the tears he wiped away from the eyes of the orphans, the lame men that forgot their crutches, the damsel who from the bier bounded out into the sunlight her locks shaking down over the flushed cheek, the hungry thousands who broke the bread as it blossomed into larger loaves—that miracle by which a boy with five loaves and two fishes became the sutler of a whole army. We sing his sorrows-his stone bruised feet, his aching hunger, his storm pelthody, the eternity of anguis shot through his last moments, and the immeasurable ocean of torment that heaved up against his cross in one foaming, wrathful, omnipotent surge, the sun dashed out, and the dead, shroud wrapped, breaking open their sepulchres and rushing out to see what was the matter. We sing his resurrection—the guard that could not keep him, the sorrows of his disciples, the clouds piling up on either side in illiared splendors as he went through, reading the pathless air, higher and higher, until he came to the foot of the throne, and all heaven kept jubilee at the return of the Conqueror. is there any song more appropriate for a Sabbath night than this song of Jesus? Let the passers by in the street

blessed on a Sabbath night. A GREAT HARMONY. I say once more Christ is the everlasting song. The very best singers sometimes get tired, the strongest

hear it, let the angels of God carry it

amidst the thrones. Sound it out

through the darkness; Jesus the night

song, appropriate for any hour, but

especially sweet and beautiful and

throats sometimes get weary, and many who sang very sweetly do not sing now, but I hope by the grace of God we will after awhile go up and sing the praises of Christ where we will never be weary. You know there are some songs that are especially appropriate for the home circle. They stir the soul, they start the tears, they turn the heart in on itself and keep sounding after the tune has stopped, like some cathedral bell, which, long after the tap of the brazen tongue had reased, keeps throbbing on the air. Well, it will be a home song in heaven, all the sweeter because those who sang with us in the domestic circle on

Jerusalem, my happy home, Name ever dear to me: When shall my labors have an end

earth shall join that great harmony.

In joy and peace in thee? On earth we sang harvest songs as the wheat came into the barn and the barrecks were filled. You know there s no such time on the farm as when they get the crops in, and so in heaven it will be a harvest song on the part of those who on earth sowed in tears and reaped in joy. Lift up your neads, ye everlasting gates, and let the sheaves come in! Angels shout through the heavens, and multitudes come down the hills crying: "Harvest home!

Harvest home! There is nothing more bewitching to me's ear than the song of sailors far out at sea, whether in day or night, as they pull away at the ropes-not much sense often in the words they utter, but the music is thrilling So the song in heaven will be a sailor's song. They were voyagers once and hought they could never get to shore, and before they could get things snug and trim the cyclone struck them. But now they are safe. Once they went with damaged rigging, guns of distress booming through the storm, but the pilot came aboard and he brought them into the harbor. Now they sing of the breakers past, the lighthouses that showed them where to sail, the pilot that took them through the straits, the eternal shores

on which they landed. THE CHILDREN'S SONG. Aye, it will be the children's song.

ority of our race died in infancy, and it is estimated that sixteen thouand millions of the little ones are tanding before God. When they shall ise up about the throne to sing, the illions and the millions of the little nes ah, that will be music for you! These played in the streets of Babylon and Thebes: these plucked lifties from he foot of Olivet while Christ ing about them; these waded in loam; these were victims of Herod's re; these were thrown to crocoor into the fire; these came up rom Christian homes, and these were oundlings on the city common fren everywhere in all that land, children in the towers, children on the seas of glass, children on the battle-ments. Ah, if you do not like children, do not go there! They are in vast majority. And what a song when

they lift it around about the throne! The Christian singers and composers of all ages will be there to join in that song. Thomas Hastings will be there, Lowell Mason will be there, Bee hoven and Mozart will be there. who sounded the cymbals and the trumpets in the ancient temples will be there. The 40,000 harpers that stood at the ancient dedication will be there. The 200 singers that assisted on that, day will be there. Patriarchs who lived amid thrashing floors, shepherds who watched amid Chaldean hills, prophets who walked, with long beards and coarse apparel, pronouncing woe meet the more recent martyrs who went up with leaping cohorts of fire; and some will speak of the Jesus of whom they prophesied, and others of the Jesus for whom they died. Oh, what a song! It came to John upon Patmos, it came to Calvin in the prison, it dropped to Ridley in the fire, and sometimes that song has come to your ear, perhaps, for I really do think it sometimes breaks over the battlements of heaven.

HEAVENLY CHORUSES.

A Christian woman, the wife of a minister of the gospel, was dying in the parsonage near the old church, where on Saturday night the choir used to assemble and rehearse for the following Sabbath, and she said: "How strangely sweet the choir rehearses They have been rehearsing tonight. there for an hour." "No," said some one about her, "the choir is not reearsing tonight." "Yes," she said. "I know they are. I hear them singing. How very sweetly they sing!" Now, it was not a choir of earth that she heard, but the choir of heaven. I think that Jesus sometimes sets ajar the door of heaven, and a passage of that rapture greets our ears. The minstrels of heaven strike such a tremendous strain the walls of jasper annot hold it.

I wonder-and this is a question I have been asking myself all the service-will you sing that song? Will I sing it? Not unless our sins are pardoned and we learn how to sing the praise of Christ will we ever sing it there. The first great concert that I ever attended was in New York when Julien in the Crystal palace stood before hundreds of singers and hundreds of players upon instruments. you may remember that occasion. It was the first one of the kind at which I was present, and I shall never forget it. I saw that one man standing and with the hand and foot wield that greet harmony, beating the time. It was to me overwhelming. But, oh, the grander scene when they shall come from the north and from the south, "a great multitude that no man can number," into the temple of the skies, host beyond host, rank beyond rank, gallery above gallery, and Jesus will stand before that great host to conduct the harmony with his wounded hands and wounded feet! Like the voice of many waters, like the voice of mighty thunderings, they shall cry, Worthy is the Lamb that was slain to receive blessing and riches and bonor and glory and power, world without end. Amen and amen." Oh, if my ear shall hear no other sweet sounds may I hear that! If I join no other glad assemblage, may I join

that. I was reading of the battle of Agincourt, in which Henry V. figured, and it is said after the battle was won, gloriously won, the king wanted to acknowledge the divine interposition, and he ordered the chapllain to read the Psalm of David, and when he came to the words "Not unto us, O Lord, but to thy name be the praise,' the king dismounted, and all the cavalry dismounted, and all the great host, fficers and men, threw themselves on their faces. Oh, at the very story of the Saviour's love and the Saviour's deliverance shall we not prostrate ourselves before them today, hosts of earth and hosts of heaven, falling upon our faces and crying, "Not unto us, not unto us, but unto thy name be the glory!" "Until the day break and the shadows flee away turn our beloved and be thou like a roe or a young hart upon the mountains of Bether."

BIRTHS.

STRANG—At Tidnish Bridge, N. B., on April 4th, 1900, the wife of C. G. Strang of a son.

MARRIAGES

BLIZARD-THOMPSON - At the Queen square church, on Wednesday, April 4th, by the pastor, Rev. R. W. Weddall, Fred A. Blizard of Boston, Mass., formerly of this city, to Isabella, daughter of George F. Thompson of Princess street. RICHARDSON-McINTYRE—In this city, at J. O. Morley, B. A., Albert A. Richardson to Miss Lucy A. McIntyre.

DEATHS.

BURNETT.—At 15 Campbell Road, Halifax April 1st, the infant son of Frederick and Ficra Burnett, of pneumonia, at the age of 11 months.

CABOT—At New York, March 17th, 1900,

Norman Francis, beloved son of Thomas
and Emma Cabot (nee Miller), aged four and Emma Cabot (nee Miller), ared four months.

KIRKPATRICK—In this city, on Tuesday, April 3rd, Grace H., daughter of Amelia and Thomas Kirkpatrick, aged 1 year, 9 months. 7 days.

MARTIN—In Boston, April 3, Perthenia A., beloved wife of Patrick Martin.

McCARTHY — April 4th, Mary Theresa, daughter of the late Dennis and Ann McCarthy, leaving five brothers and one sister to mourn their sad loss.

MCNAGHAN.—At Willow Park, Halifax, N. S., April 2nd, Patrick Monaghan, in the 72nd year, leaving six sons and one daughter. daughter.

MURRAY—In this city, on April 4th, John
Murray, in the 82nd year of his age, a
native of County Waterford, Ireland,

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leaving a son and daughter to mourn their loss.

POLSON—At South Framingham, Mass., April 1, Myra I. Polson, 27 years. (Antigonish, N. S., papers please copy.)

SMITH—In this city, on April 5th, Jane, widow of the late Wm. F. Smith, in the 74th year of her age, leaving two sons and five daughters to mourn their loss.

SHIP NEWS.

PORT OF ST. JOHN.

Arrived. Apr. 3.-Coastwise-Schs Yarmouth Packet Apr. 3.—Coastwise—Schs Yarmouth Packet, Shaw, from Yarmouth: Fin Back, 24, Ingersoll, from North Head; Eliza Bell, 39, Wadlin, from Beaver Harbor; Sea Fox, 93, Eanks, from Bear River; Minnie C, 13, Sollows, from Tiverton; str Beaver, 57, Potter, from Canning; schs Hustler, 4, Wadlin, from St Andrews; Ethel, 22, Traham, from Belleveau Cove.

April 4—Ship Charles S Whitney, 1,651, Atkins, from Rouen, J H Scammell and Co, had Sch Ruth Robinson, 452, Theall, from Port land to Windsor-for harber. Seh Merang, 159, Smith, from Boston for Annapolis, bal.
Coastwise—Schs Annie and Lizzie, 39, Outhouse, from Tiverton; Essie C, 72, Tufts, from Alma; Dora, 63, Canning, from Parrs, boro; Druid, 97, Sabean, from Quaco; Glide, 80, Tufts, do; Trader, 72, Willigar, from Parrsboro.

April 5—Str Cunaxa, 2,048, Grady, from Rotterdam via Louisburg, Wm Thomson and

Co, bal.

Brigt Harry Stewart, 244, Brinton, from Carrabelle, J A Likely, pitch pine.

Sch Freddie A Higgins, 78, Ingalls, from Newark, J W Smith, fertilizer. Sch B B Hardwick, 123, from Fajardo, D J Seely and Son, molasses.
Coastwise—Str City of Monticello, 565,
Harding, from Halifax via ports of call;
sch Brick, 20 Wadlin, from Beaver Harbor. Cleared.

April 2.—Sch Rebecca W Huddell, Col-well for City Island, f o. Sch Hunter, Kelson, for City Island, f o. Coastwise—Str. Beaver, Potter, for Can-uing; schs Gertie Westbrook, Cline, for West Isles; Jennie C, Barton, for Chance April 4—Str Tiber, Delisle, for West In-dies via Halifax. Sch Wm L Elkins, Demings, for City Is-Sch W H Waters, Belyea, for City Island Sch H M Stanley, Flower, for City Island Sch Prudent, Dickson, for Vineyard Ha-

Sch Prudent, Dickson, to ven f o. Sch Wendhil Burpes, for City Island f o. Sch Otis Hiller, Miller, for New York.
Coastwise Schs Wawbeck, Edgett, for Hillsboro; Eme May, Branscombe, for Apple River; S V H, Hayden, for Digby; Princess Louise, Watt, for North Head; Myra B, Gale, for Apple River; Marysville, Gordon, for Parrsboro; Glide, Tutts, for Quaco; Progress, Flower, for Apple River; Seattle, Merriam, for Canning. A Anthony, Pritchard, for Quaco.

riam, for Canning. A Anthony, Pritchard, for Quaco.

April 5—Str St Croix, Pike, for Boston.
Sch Alice Maud, Hawx, for City Island f. o. Coastwise Str City of Monticello, Harding, for Yarmouth; Flushing, Farris for Shelburne; schs Ida M. Tufts, for Quaco; Chieftain, Tufts, for Apple River; Fin Back, Ingersoll, for North Head: Gypsy, Ogilvie, for Hantsport; Prospect, Yorke, for Parrsboro; Hustler, Wadlin, for North Head; Yarmouth Packet, Shaw, for Yarmouth; Alma, Reid, for Alma; Willie D, Wasson, for Parrsboro: E Mayfield, Graham, for Parrsboro: Hattie McKay, Merriam, for Parrsboro: Garfield White, Seely, for Advocate Harbor: Farnest Fisher, Gough, for Quaco; Victor, Bishop, for Harvey; Minnie C, Sollows, for Tiverton; Janue and Lizzie, Outhouse, for Tiverton; Jessie D, Salter, for Parrsboro: Advance, Shand, for Annapolis; Nellie Walters, Bishop, for Parrsboro.

CANADIAN PORTS. po Arrived.

At Port Graville, Mar. 28, sch Cheslie from St John to load piling. HALIFAX, April 1.—Ard, str Marion Martin, from Trapani via St. Michaels-will proceed to St. John. HALIFAX, N S, April 5-Ard, str Tiber from St John.

> BRITISH PORTS. Arrived.

LIVERPOOL, April 2.—Ard, strs Daniel, from Halifax for Manchester; Lake Huron, from Halifax and St John.
LIVERPOOL, April 3.—Ard, str Bucnos Ayrean, for Portland.

At Cape Town, March 11, bark R Morrow,
Douglass, from Buenos Ayres.

At Belfast, Ire, April 4, str Dunmore
Head, Burns, from St John—to sail again
for St John April 9.

At Barbagos, April 3. sch Helen E Kin-At Barbados, April 3, sch Helen E Kin-ney, Snow, from Angra. At Queenstown. April 4, str Teutonic, from New York for Liverpool. At London, April 4, str Daltonhall, from

Sailed.

SHIELDS, April 2.-Sld, str Tynedale, for Portland.
GIBRALTAR, April 3.—Sid, strWerra (from Genca, etc.) for New York.
PRESTON, April 2.—Sid, bark Somersct, for Sheet Harbor.
ELLSMERE, March 8.—Sid, bark Hornet. for Sydney, C B.
From Lendon, April 2. bark Paulus, for From Lendon, April 2, bark Paulus, for

From Cardiff, April 1, bark Odin, Christo-From Cardiac. ersen, for Shediac. From Port Spain, March 10, seh Rome, Gummelman, for Halifax via Barbados.

FOREIGN PORTS Arrived.

At Philadelphia, April 2, str Hibernia, Glasgow and Liverpool via St Johns, NF, and Halifax, N S. and Halifax, N.S.

At Portsmouth, April 2, Wm Jones, from New York.

PORTLAND, April 3.—Ard, sch Stelle Mard, from St John for Roston.

BUOTHBAY HARBOR, Me, April 3.—Ard, BOO'THEAY HARBOR, Me., April 3.—Ard, schs Carrie C Miles, Frank and Ira, J B Vandusen, from New York; William Marshall, from Deer Isle; Mary F Pike, from Calais; Victory, from St John, NB; St. Anthony, from Cheverle, N S. CALAIS, Me., April 3.—Ard, sch Madagascar, from Portland; Nettie Dobbins, from Jonesport.

RED BEACH, Me., April 3.—Ard, sch Merrill C Hart, from Rockland.

BOSTON, April 3.—Ard, strs Ceylon, and Bila, from Louisburg, C B; sch Gypsum Emperor, from Turks Island.

Sailed, strs Boston, and Prince Arthur, for Yarmouth, N S.

SALEM, Mass., April 3.—Ard, schs Thomas B Reed, from Hoboken; Orozimbo, from Calais to New York; Freddie Eaton, from Calais, Machias, Me., April 3.—Ard, sch Mary Machias, Me., April 3.—Ard, sch Mary

Island.

MACHIAS, Me., April 3.—Ard, sch Mary
F Cushman, from Millbridge; Sarah Eaton,
from Calais for New York.

VINEYARD HAVEN, April 3.—Ard, schs
Georgie D Loud, from Portland for New
York; Annie A Booth, and Abbie and Eva
Hooper, from St John for do; Lyra, from
St John for New Hayen; Winnie Lawry and
Cora May, from St John for New York;
Fred Jackson, from Perth Amboy for Sydney. At New York, April 3, sch Canaria, Brown, from San Domingo.

At New York, April 3, Sch Canaria, Brown, from San Domingo.

At Providence, April 2, Sch Adelene, Me-Lennan, from St John.

At San Juan, PR, March 23, Schs Jessie L. Smith, Smith, from Halifax; Gladys B Smith, from do.

At Ponce, PR, March 19, Schs Herbert Rice, Comeau, from Barbados; 21st, Francis A Rice, Marshall, from Barbados.

At Matanzas, March 29, Sch Belle Wooster, Sommerville, from Persacola. At Matanzes, March 29, sch Belle Wooster, Sommerville, from Pensacola.

At Lynn, Mass, April 2, sch Three Siters, from Perth Amboy.

At Cardenas, March 26, sch Bahama, Auderson, from Ship Island.

At New York, April 5, sch Carrie Belle, Barnes, from St John.

Cleared.

At Pascagoula, Mar 31, sch Lena Pickup, Roop, for Havana. At Mobile, Ala. April 2, sch Bessie Parker, At Mobile, Ala. April 2, Sca Bessie Fried, Carter, for Cardenas, Cuba; March 31, Schs Gov Blake, Hunter, for Havana and Grand Cayman.

At New York, April 2, ship Andreta, Ritchie, for Yokohama; sch Charlevoix, Hatfield, for Hillsboro.

At Ship Island, April 2, ship Charles, Cosman for Liverpool man, for Liverpool.

At Parien, April 2, bark Ossuna, Andrews, for Garston.
At New York, April 2, bark Lovisa, Bur-

Sailed. From New London, Mar 31, sch Three Sisters, for Perth Amboy for Lynn.
From Trapani, Mar 22, barks Amodeo, for Halifax; Ariete, Zelencich, for do.
FAYAL, March 30,—Sid, str Strathayon, Taylor, for Leuisburg. NEW YORK, April 3.—Sld, bark Saranuc, NEW YORK, April 3.—Sid, bark Saranuc, for Hong Kong; sch Ira D Sturgis, for eastern port.

From Genoa. March 20, bark Scillin, Schiaffino, for St John.

From Buenos Ayres, March 2, bark Tringad, Card, for New York, 8th, barktn Evalynch. Hatfield, for Table Pay.

From Ponce, March 17, brigs Cilo. Gerbardt for Helifax; May, Love, for Lungary From Ponce, March 17, brigs Olio. Gerbardt, for Halifax; May, Loye, for Lunerburg; 21st, sch Etta E Tanner, McLeer, for Meteghan River, NS. From Port Natal, March 7, bark Carrie L. Smith, Classon, for Canada.
From Paysandu, March 1, sch Fred II
Gibson, Publicover, for Baltimore.
From Pernambuco, March 2, sch Types. From Pernamouco, March 2, sen yeng. Ross, for Barbados.
From Pascagoula, April 2, sen Lena Malay, for Havana.
From Curacoa, March 23, brig Curacoa, Clsen, for Maccris.
From Buenos Ayres, March 12, bard Evyl. Lynch, Hatfield, for Boston (not salad March 5 for Table Box). Lynch, Hatfield, for Boston (not March 8 for Table Boy.)
From City Island, April 3, sch Engleott, Shanks, for Portland, Me.
From Darien, March 30, ship Europe Robinson, for Greenock.

MEMORANDA.

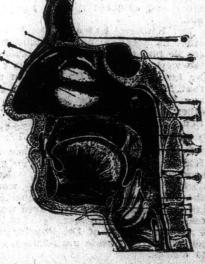
LIZARD, April 2.—Passed, str Dalfrom St. John. N. B., for London. CITY ISLAND. April 3.—Bound sour Silvia, from St Johns, NF, and Half. In port at Port Spain, March 14. Robert Ewing, Irving, for St John, N.

SPOKEN.

Str Zanzibar, Robinson, from Ship for Rotterdam, April 2, lat 39.56, lon

NOTICE TO MARINERS BOSTON, March 31-Commando well of the first lighthouse district notice that Black Ledge buoy No 1, spar, is reported adrift from Chandle Me, and will be replaced as soon as

(LA GRIPPE.) Prevented by Dr. Sproule.



La Grippe was unknown a few yo Where did it come from? From the Germs. La Grippe is simply ACUTE AND EPIDEMIC CATARRH. It is no ways followed by Chronic Catarrh part of the body. All over Canada ferers whose trouble of the Chest, of ach, or Bowels, or Liver, or Kidne; back to the time when they had the The results of Grippe are nearly Catarrhal. They can only be cured thorough and constitutional treatment Catarrh. If not cured it will be still for Grippe to attach the patient againform of Chronic Catarrh is an open Grippe.

The best protection against Grippe thoroughly healthy state of all the membranes. Neither Grippe nor Chron Catarrb can attack a healthy membrane. Dr. Sproule's method is the only one that thoroughly eradicates acute and chreat Catarrh from the system. It works cons tutionally and drives out every foreign gerif no matter where it may hide

If you have Catarrh in any form, put yourself in the care of the Eminent Special Then you need no longer dread the Grippe. If you have had the Grippe and it has you weak, alling or "blue," write to Dr. Sproule. He will tell you what to do makes no charge for diagnosis and advice. Ask for his FREE BOOK on Catarrh dress DR. SPROULE, B. A., (Graduate Dublin University, Ireland, formerly Surge British Royal Navy), 7 to 13 Doane Street, BOSTON.

VOL.

Roberts

Latest A

he trish

LONDON,

word regarding dersburg has hrough excer Roberts. It form any not pened. Means is beginning difficulties to toria is reach mature ideas when the wa believes that ning of June. This last di illustrates the holding the r some 500 Briti which disapped in 35 miles of had for its bus of nearly nine tween Bloem tein. If it com how is Lord continually

The foremos British troops that if this ha men might ha It cann tured the Brit longed to Oliv so, he has not are expressed cut off. It is surrendered march northwa their utmost Thaba N'chu, producing dist A correspon Post at Spri Thursday, say to report thia are being take

tions?

Other pertin

"unfortunate

way. It is stated ers captured The report appointed to t Staters, and the Free Stat from the Tran are both confi Ten thousan America are

coming week Cape Colony. Another Boe with Col. Plus four officers taken prisoner appears that Granville, whi captured at been read toge officer. now on both are about equ change was 1 commons last reply that the tention of pro

