

ST. JOHN, N. B., SATURDAY, MARCH 31, 1894.

IF YOU Value Your Health TAKE A COURSE OF THE BEST SPRING MEDICINE.

HAWKER'S NERVE AND STOMACH TONIC

MRS. PARKER'S STATEMENT.

An English Lady Cured of Indigestion and So-called Heart Trouble

By the use of Hawker's Nerve and Stomach Tonic.

Mrs. Parker, an English lady, living in St. Cierans, near Southport, England, recently interviewed, said she had not been as well for twenty years as then, having just taken a course of Hawker's nerve and stomach tonic and Hawker's liver pills. Mrs. Parker had been a great sufferer from indigestion and indigestion, complicated with bronchial asthma, and what the doctors termed heart trouble. Every remedy that her family physician could suggest was tried but without success, and her condition became so serious it was thought the only chance for her restoration to health was a change of climate. She could not lie down at night, but had to be bolstered up in a sitting posture and then could only breathe with difficulty. But after taking six bottles of Hawker's nerve and stomach tonic in conjunction with Hawker's liver pills she was completely restored to health. Her symptoms will be recognized at once by thousands of sufferers, in whose case they are present in perhaps a milder form, and to them also Hawker's nerve and stomach tonic comes as a deliverer from the tortures of sickness and disease. In Mrs. Parker's case as in thousands of others, the wonderful results obtained are due solely to the remarkable nerve restoring, invigorating and blood building properties of this great tonic, combined with the regulating qualities of the pills on the stomach, liver and bowels.

If you are run down, weak and oppressed, give these great remedies a trial. They will build you up and make you strong.

THE GREAT INVIGORATOR FOR

Nerves, Brain, Stomach and Blood.

A Perfect Nerve Restorative Tonic, Blood Builder and Appetizer.

THIS GREAT REMEDY

Is a Certain Cure for All Diseases arising from Nerve Exhaustion, weakened or impaired Digestion, or an impoverished condition of the Blood, such as

Weakness, Nervousness, Sleeplessness; Loss of Memory, Neuralgia, Nervous Headache, Anæmia, Partial Paralysis, St. Vitus Dance, Female Weaknesses, Pale and Sallow Complexions, Palpitation, Nervous Dyspepsia, Loss of Vital Vigor, Nervous Impotency, Despondency, Lack of Energy, Night Sweats, General Debility, and the prostrating effects of LA GRIPPE,

or any Nerve Weakness of Heart or Brain, arising from Worry, Old Age, Overstrain of

Mind or Body, or Excesses of Any Nature.

It Gives Tone to the Nerves and Stomach, Vigor to the Mind and Body, and Strength to the Blood, Restoring the Bloom of Health to the Pale and Delicate.

For Sale by All Druggists and Dealers. Price 50 Cents a Bottle; Six Bottles \$2.50.

Rev. HENRY POPE, D. D.,

One of the Fathers of Methodism in the Province,

WRITES AN IMPORTANT LETTER TO THE HAWKER MEDICINE CO.,

Concerning The Great Restorative Powers of Hawker's Nerve and Stomach Tonic.

ST. JOHN, N. B., March 21, 1894.

THE HAWKER MEDICINE CO. GENTLEMEN,—For several years I had suffered, almost continuously, many of the distressing ills resulting from sluggishness of the liver, realizing from various medicines, but partial and only temporary relief.

Nine months ago I determined to test the efficacy of your Hawker's liver pills. Today I am happy to inform you of the great benefit I have derived from their use.

In my case they have proved a decided success. During this winter my family and myself had a visitation of la grippe, which left us in a generally enervated condition. We obtained your Hawker's nerve and stomach tonic, and after using it for a few days, as prescribed, so sensibly and manifestly did we regain our strength and energy that I can, and do, confidently recommend it as one of the surest and best invigorators of the age.

Wishing you the largest success in your laudable enterprise, I am

Gratefully yours, HENRY POPE.

M'd only by the **HAWKER MEDICINE CO'Y., L'td.,** St. John, N. B.

BOSTON'S NEW THEATRE.

IT IS BY FAR THE FINEST THE CITY OF CULTURE HAS KNOWN.

The Evolution of the Variety Show in the Hub—An Era in Theatrical Matters—Easter Sunday—Why the Busy Workers on a Daily Paper Were Sated.

BOSTON, Mass., March 26.—A new theatre was thrown open to the public last evening, thrown open to those who had enough money to pay the price of admission and were fortunate enough to get in. It is a theatre for the people, a theatre where the common people can see and hear opera, which if their purse is limited they cannot see anywhere else. Yet this theatre, this theatre for the people is in many respects one of the finest in the world. Henry Irving made this statement in regard to it when he was in Boston a few weeks ago, and the hundreds who wandered through this palace of amusement, Saturday evening, the elite of Boston, newspaper men from New York, Philadelphia, Providence, and several other large cities, men of the world who knew what they were talking about agreed with Mr. Irving, every one of them.

B. F. Keith's new theatre takes the place of the old Bijou, the cosy little playhouse where Mr. Keith has been giving vaudeville entertainments clean and healthy in tone for a good many years, where he became famous as a theatrical manager, long before he opened theatres in Providence, Philadelphia, and bought and made handsome still the handsome little Union Square theatre in New York.

The new Boston theatre takes the shine off them all. I will not attempt to describe it, but when PROGRESS readers come to Boston and walk down Washington street they will agree with me that a view of the entrance is alone worth the price of admission.

Keith's theatre, the finest and largest of the Boston show houses is giving a continuous performance, light operas and vaudeville at low prices, and it is safe to predict that the best people in Boston, that is the people who live on the Back Bay, of course, will be among his patrons.

Years ago the woman folk of the upper ten hardly knew what a variety performance was like. They associated it with vulgarity and the cheapest kind of nonsense, and they were very far off in their reckoning. Variety entertainments were confined to stuffy halls, where the audience spent the evening free and easy, and the

more disgusting the performance, the better the audience liked it.

There are theatres of this class in Boston today, theatres where the alleged actors are as nasty and vulgar as they can be without coming within the limits of the law, and it is not so very many weeks since the board of aldermen was on the point of closing up one of the theatres in question. But respectable people who want to spend an evening at a vaudeville entertainment do not have to go to these places nowadays. The old Bijou raised the standard in Boston, and now the shows at the fashionable theatres are made up largely of variety sketches. They make theatre goers pay high prices for it.

Keith's new theatre will mark an era in the theatrical world of Boston. It will make a new class of theatre goers. It will bring out the people between the classes which attend the high priced theatres and the cheap halls where vulgarity reigns, a class to which the attractiveness of the surroundings and the low price of admission will be a combination they cannot resist, and with a wholesome entertainment, will strike their ideas of things.

It is spring-like around about Boston these days, the snow all gone, the grass sprouting up, the sun so warm some days that overcoats are thrown off, and winter clothing becomes a burden. But summer isn't here yet.

Sunday was a day for ulsters, a cold, piercing day, beastly weather, if you say so. It's only for a day or so, but dark days for the fair sex. Think of the vexation of spirit, of going to the dressmakers, and the milliners day after day, under hot sun—a sun which showed off a woman's last winter's dress in all its out of datedness, the expectations of going out Easter Sunday with a bright, new rig to join in the church parade. Then imagine a dark, cloudy day, the air chilly, and a sprinkling of rain like very small ice-balls, a day for gossamers and umbrellas in fact, and which was unpleasant even to the unemployed listening to speeches on the common.

That was Easter Sunday. Yet the churches were crowded, if the congregations were not in keeping with the lilies on the altar.

Amid the rush and bustle of a big metropolitan paper, with fifty reporters or more coming and going, grinding out 'copy' and banging at typewriters, the big fire gong in the corridor banging for fires that may or may not amount to anything, night

editors trying to pile the news of the world into a ten page paper, in such an office, amid such bustle, it would seem that nothing could interfere with or affect the men who take part in it.

But on the local floor of the Herald office, amid more than usual hurry and bustle, all this was forgotten tonight when the news of the death of a little child was brought in by one of the editors. "The little girl is dead," Every one knew what it meant, they half expected it, but that did not lessen the sadness. Little Edith Wetmore, the nine-year old daughter of the city editor had passed away. Only a few weeks before every man who could get off had attended the funeral of little Florence, and a few months before had seen the youngest, baby Mildred, laid in the grave. Last Easter these bright children made the home on Chester park happy. Tonight the last of the three passed away.

No wonder the editors and reporters of the Herald were sad, and hundreds of the friends of Mr. and Mrs. S. A. Wetmore in Boston who sympathized with them in their last bereavement cannot give utterance to their feelings to-night.

Mr. and Mrs. E. J. Wetmore, of St. John, the grandparents of little Edith came to Boston last week and were with her during her illness.

R. G. LAUREN.

True to the Life.

They were having some private theatricals, and Mr. and Mrs. Bingley gave the scene from "The School for Scandal," in which Sir Peter Berrington and his wife Lady Teazle for her extravagance and other short-comings. Edith Bingley, aged eight, was in the audience, and when asked at the close of the entertainment how she enjoyed her parents' acting, she electrified her hearers by saying, in a tone of disappointment:—"Acting! They were not acting—that's the way they do all the time at home!"

Egyptian Mummies. Competent authorities estimate that not less than 400,000,000 human mummies were made in Egypt from the time of the beginning of the art of embalming until its discontinuance in the seventh century. Herodotus and Diodorus both agree in the statement that there were three grades in the embalming process, the first costing not less than a sum equal to \$1,255, the second about one-fifth that amount, and the third cheaper than common earth burial.

Easy to Decide.

Dinks—When a woman is in doubt as to whether she will take well in a photograph how is the question usually decided? Danks—In the negative, you blockhead, in the negative.

HOW TO RUN A STATION.

WHAT A CORRESPONDENT THINKS OF THE MONOTON STYLE.

Strict Regulations to Preserve the Waiting Room from the Tread of Unwiped Feet—Main Wanted but Not Furnished—The Grim Guardian of the Art Treasures.

The I. C. R. station at Moncton is not a romantic spot. It is not even attractive, being destitute of beauties, either natural or architectural. Those to whom the imposing structure is a familiar sight, will bear witness that I am not exaggerating when I say there are no graceful arches or delicate columns to attract the eye of the approaching wayfarer, and distract his attention from the risk he runs in crossing the network of rails, and threading the maze of cars, engines, and "shunters" he is compelled to pass before he can reach the safe harbour of the station itself; no, the railway depot at Moncton like a Quaker meeting house, is built for use, not beauty, and the interior follows the external lines as far as possible, and is not, in any sense of the word luxurious. Even the ladies waiting room is far from sumptuous, the furnishings aiming, with marked success,—more at a severe simplicity than a meretricious comfort, which would not only be expensive, but might develop a reprehensible taste for luxury and idleness on the part of the travelling public who are compelled to use the room from time to time; while its present appearance is merely productive of a desire to get out of it as soon as possible.

The apartment is spacious I admit, and sufficiently lofty to cause feelings of the liveliest apprehension in the mind of the traveller who lets his gaze wander upwards, and counts the patches in the ceiling where the plaster has fallen in large spots and been repaired, and also, to make him move nervously from under a cracked or bulged portion, with a rapid calculation of the momentum it would gain in falling. The floor is partially covered by a well worn coat of very ancient paint, and a large stove, and a still larger table are arranged about the room with studied carelessness. Five long wooden settees with impossible backs and supernaturally uncomfortable seats complete the furniture.

After this description it is needless to add that there is nothing in the room to tempt the cupidity of the most enterprising burglar unless he happened to need a well worn coal scuttle, or fire shovel; neither is there much in it which could be easily spoiled, or would serve to while away the time while the traveller waited for his train: and therefore the following amusing incident the scene of which was laid in the waiting room came to me as a very pleasant surprise.

One very sloppy and slushy day last week I went to the station to meet a friend, and on the platform I met an acquaintance in the person of a black, cocker spaniel with gentle manners and aristocratic ideas. He greeted me affably, and joined me at once, when he saw that I was going into the waiting-room. I opened the spring door which led to the abode of affluence, and was ushering him politely in—when something flew from behind the door with a violence which nearly made the dog and myself fall over each other, brandished a brawny fist and shouted, "Get out of this!"

The dog got out so rapidly that I have not seen him since, and he was far more at home in his master's drawing-room than on the bare boards of the I. C. R. station. I fancy he has decided to stay in the house and enjoy his blessings in future.

I went in, partly from curiosity, and partly because it was very cold outside, and as soon as I looked around I discovered that the voice from behind the door, meant a new power behind the throne. The waiting room had formerly been under the mild rule of a gentle little woman, who trotted around in thick boots, and was always ready to answer any question, or give any information in her power to the travelling or stationary public. But now alas, she has gone! and in her place stood a strapping specimen of femininity who, like Bonaparte seemed born to rule, and who evidently regarded the waiting room as the centre of her kingdom, and looked upon all who entered it, as interlopers. I had intended to remonstrate with her about her treatment of the dog. But one look at her countenance added to the knowledge that there was no other man present to come to my assistance in case of trouble made me change my mind and take a seat in silence.

The guardian of the waiting room did likewise, seating herself in the open doorway of the lavatory from whence she commanded a view of the surrounding territory, and especially of the two doors through which all who entered must pass. Seated on the next bench to mine, was a very small, quiet, and well behaved boy whose most noticeable features were a pair of good sized feet, encased in very stout boots and solid roomy rubbers. The

streets as I have said were in a very sloppy state, and the soft wet snow clung to the feet, in layers, and then froze there, in a most unpleasant fashion; so my young friends feet which had melted as it were, rested in a good sized puddle of water, and when he arose, after awhile to see if the train was coming, he left a track of little puddles in his wake wherever his wet feet had touched the rare old painting on the floor.

Swifter than even poetical justice was the onslaught made by the presiding genius of the spot upon that hapless youth.

"Look at the mess ye made!" she cried indignantly. "Can't ye wipe yer feet before ye come in, 'an not go trackin' the floor up like that?" The offender paused and gazed first at the floor and then at his feet. He stood perfectly still, as if too fascinated even to use the small boy's unfailing weapon—his tongue; then his glance roved helplessly around the room as if in search of something to wipe the offending feet on, and as his eyes met mine, he read encouragement in them, and mirth too, I suppose, because we both broke into unseemly laughter, and he fled nimbly out of the door, to return a few minutes later, with a fresh collection of slush, while his monitor procured a mop, and angrily slashed up the puddles he had left.

I don't blame her, in the least, poor soul, for trying to keep her floor clean, because she was probably new at the business, and did not know what a Herculean task she was undertaking, but still the idea of trying to keep the floor of a waiting room free from the marks of muddy feet, is too exquisitely ludicrous, to be considered seriously for a moment; especially when one remembers that it is frequently filled with all classes of immigrants, and that a mat of any description is an unknown quantity in the vicinity of the station. The only way to keep that floor clean would be to treat it as an Indian mosque, and make all who entered its sacred precincts leave their shoes outside. Perhaps the railway authorities will make a note of this, and either endeavour to soften the heart of their too cleanly handmaidens, or else provide a few mats to scatter in graceful profusion about the painted floor, like oases, in the desert.

A Point of Resemblance.

Cholly—This is my grandmother's portrait, and I am thought to have some of her features.

His Adored—Yes. I see a strong resemblance between her eyebrows and your moustache.