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be cured by treating locally and through the blood.

ly cured by faithful treatment.

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BEAUTY WAS MUGGED.

SNAP SHOTS AT A CANDIDATE FOR
BENEFIT SHOW HONORS.

A Heavy Explosion of Flash Powder
Breaks up Mr. Fielding and the Peace of
His Family—Some Interesting Experi-
ences of an Amateur Photographer.

There is a valuable dog in our family,
and he is to be one of the principal objects
of admiration at the coming benefit show.
I say this because I do not wish to contra-
dict my wife. He is her dog and I am her
husband, and we both mind her pretty well
when we manage to find out what she is
driving at.

Personally, I know him to be an ill-
favored beast of defective intelligence and
miscellaneous ancestry. We took him in-
to the country last summer, on account of
his distinguished merit as a watch dog, and
he barked continuously for 13 nights,
though nothing else of a disagreeable na-



FIRST ATTEMPT—BEAUTY YAWNED.

ture occurred. On the fourteenth he held
his peace, while a tramp entered our house
through the back window, and might have
carried away everything we possessed if he
hadn't attempted to refresh himself with
the contents of a pint flask of ammonia,
which we used for the alleviation of mos-
quito bites. The noise which he made
trying to get his breath woke up every-
body in the house except the dog.

This remarkable animal bears a general
resemblance to an Irish setter, but it is
only because that part of his nature is
nearest the surface. The likeness will not
deceive anybody who is not strongly prej-
udiced in his favor. However, he will be
entered in that class; and if he doesn't
win a prize the judges will do well to ab-
sent themselves from the city until the ex-
citement blows over.

Maude calls him beauty. I like the name;
it is a wholesome and necessary reminder
that anybody who criticizes the brute's
personal appearance will wish he hadn't.
It occurred to Maude that when Beauty had
won the prize all the newspapers would
want to paint his picture. This was in-
tended as a hint that we ought to have him
photographed or "mugged," as they say
at police headquarters. To oblige her I
had a friend bring his camera to the house,
and we took a snap shot at Beauty. Un-
fortunately he yawned just at the critical
moment, and we obtained nothing but a
misty view of his larynx, with a few teeth
in the foreground.

My friend understands the photograph
business as well as a professional, and
when he presented the proof of this pic-
ture to Maude he tried to convince her that
the pose was easy and natural, and the ex-
pression characteristic and amiable. He
said that he considered it quite unneces-
sary to have another sitting; he was sure
that all Beauty's friends would be greatly
pleased with the portrait. Having thus
done his duty as a representative of the
photographic profession, he suggested that
if Maude absolutely refused to be satisfied
with this triumph of his art, it might be
well to try the flash-light next time. Per-
haps something sudden and surprising, like
the explosion of flash-powder under his
nose, might give to Beauty's expression that
appearance of animation which was



A FLASH-LIGHT PICTURE.

possibly the one thing lacking in the first
picture.

We decided to try the flash-light. Maude
posed Beauty in a big chair, and he be-
stowed an amount of painstaking attention
upon him equal to that which she would
have given to her own toilet if she had
been about to display it in the presence of
her bitterest enemies. When she had put
him in position she withdrew into the next
room because she knew that the flash-pow-
der would frighten her half to death, it was
so dreadfully like a flash of lightning.
While she was escaping I carefully dark-
ened the apartment, producing a gloom so
deep that I felt over several pieces of fur-
niture in endeavoring to reach a place of
safety while my friend was preparing to
ignite the powder. He was rather slow in
getting it to burn, and when it finally
blazed up we secured a fine picture of the
chair in which Beauty had been sitting,
but he, meanwhile, had wandered away.

I turned up the gas, and hastily sum-
moned Maude who stumbled into the room
with her handkerchief over her eyes, asking
in nervous tones if that horrid stuff had
gone off. We replied that it had, and
Beauty also. A careful search of the room
failed to reveal him. Maude hysterically
accused us of burning him up with our
incendiary flash-powder, but we repelled
the accusation with scorn. Then she said
that Beauty must have escaped through my
imbecile carelessness in leaving a door
open. I called her attention to the fact
that they were all closed except the one
which she herself had just opened. This
led to a search of the apartment in which
she had taken refuge; and in a remote cor-
ner of it we found Beauty fast asleep. He
had just naturally followed Maude out, and
she hadn't seen him because she had kept
her eyes shut through fear of the flash-
powder.

Jack, the photographer, was consider-
ably annoyed by this incident. He ob-
jected to having his camera made the sub-
ject of practical jokes. I mollified him
somewhat by telling him how glad I was to
get a really satisfactory picture of that
chair. I had long yearned to possess
something which would remind me of that
valuable piece of furniture after the dealer
from whom I had bought it on the instal-
ment plan had taken it away.

We chatted thus pleasantly while we pre-
pared for another attempt to capture
Beauty's likeness. Maude ended him
back into the room and posed him once
more. In order to guard against a repeti-
tion of the mishap which had brought our
previous efforts to naught, we arranged
that Maude should conceal herself behind
Beauty's pedestal and detain him by en-
couraging words and a firm grip on his
tail. Perhaps her own wild fear of the
flash powder prevented her from exercising
that soothing effect upon Beauty's spirits
which we had hoped for. She was pretty
badly scared and she talked to that un-
fortunate animal in a way that would have
undone the calmness of Sacred the
Gun. Her agitation was increased when
Jack remarked that he proposed to make a
sure thing of it by using a double dose of
the illuminator; and by the time all was
ready both she and the dog were in a state
of nervous excitement bordering on hydro-
phobia.

Jack had brought some sort of an ap-
pliance for lighting the powder in an artis-
tic manner, but he had lost it in the con-
fusion incident to the disappearance of
Beauty, so he put the illuminator in the
middle of a sheet of paper, and watched a
match to one corner. The paper smol-
dered, and was unwilling to burn. Several
painful minutes elapsed.

"Oh, this suspense is killing me," moaned
Maude; and Beauty chirped in with a long
melancholy howl.

"Can't you do something to precipitate
the catastrophe?" said I, to Jack.

"This confounded paper has gone out,"
he muttered, fumbling around for a match.



CONSOLATION IN THE CELLAR.

Now, Jack was in error regarding that pa-
per, and he discovered the truth about it
just at the moment when his own hand
was directly over the pile of flash powder.
There came a dazzling flash, in the light of
which I saw Beauty soaring in mid-air with
his mouth wide open and fear and agony in
his eyes. The next instant I heard him
land with a crash on top of the camera,
smashing it to fragments. I heard Jack
rush to the window yelling fire and murder,
and as I made a dash to stop him I
ran straight against Maude, who clasped
her arms around my neck and screamed
into my left ear. Jack meanwhile had
tumbled out the window with a crazy notion
of cooling his burned hand in the outer air.
His howls attracted the attention of a po-
liceman on the sidewalk opposite, who saw
the smoke of the flash-powder pouring out
of the window, and at once pulled in an
alarm from the nearest box.

Hall an hour later, when the department
had extinguished the conflagration in the
palm of Jack's hand, and had broken in
their impetuous haste the few articles of
furniture which Beauty and the rest of us
hadn't had time to attend to, I discovered
Maude and the prize dog seated on the
back stairs consoling each other. The un-
fortunate Beauty had encountered a three-
inch stream from a chemical engine, which
had taken almost all the outer crust of Irish
setter off him, and had made it somewhat
difficult to say just what part of a dog show
he was best fitted to adorn.

I called Maude's attention to this, and
said I feared that his disfigured and frag-
mented appearance might subject him to
the ridicule of the judges.

"If they are human," said she, caressing
the unhappy animal, "they will pity and
forgive him."

HOWARD FIELDING.

Painting Pictures by the Yard.
Oil paintings are manufactured in Lon-
don by the yard. The proprietor of a
well-known factory is a German, with four
sons, and a dealer who orders pictures from
them tells how it is done.

"I run out of pastels, say, and order a
couple of dozen. The manufacturers
stretch a big sheet of canvas the whole
length of their factory, and the dealer
there, and the old gentleman goes over the
whole work, putting in little touches that
make the perfect whole.

"The first man puts in the sky, the sec-
ond the grass and trees, the third the fig-
ures, the fourth houses and barns, and so
there, and the old gentleman goes over the
whole work, putting in little touches that
make the perfect whole.

"It is astonishing how fast they work,
and when the canvas is dry they cut it up
into sections, tack each 'bit' on a stretcher,
and bring the lot to me."

PROGRESS PICKINGS.

"Did the fishman have Frog's legs,
Bridget?" "Sure I couldn't see, mum;
he had his pants on."—Life.

Brown—"Did your teacher look on her
desk for valentines?" Little Johnnie—"No;
on the blackboard."—Judge.

Mrs. Bimblestein—Jacob, here was little
Isaac's monthly school report with twelve
failures marked. Mr. Bimblestein—Isaac,
my boy, you was a genius.—Puck.

Miss Holden—"You know Mr. de Troit,
we are of a very old New York family."
Mr. de Troit—"Yes. Father says he re-
members you as a girl."—Puck.

Innocent—"Why do the gentlemen al-
ways go out between the acts at the
opera?" Wisacre—"My brother says to
get an opera glass."—Buffalo Express.

She—He is awfully homey. And you
think so, too? He—I believe that what
you think about is true. What you
think about it, not what you say about it.
—Life.

The man who elects himself to be his
own lawyer is a fool; but think of the
trembling lawyer-culprit who has to pick
out another of his craft to defend him!
—Puck.

If I wit is different from yours in
one respect, at least—it leaves no sting.
She: Yes, it leaves no sting—it merely
tickles—and then, too, it merely tickles
you.—Life.

Genevieve (the knowing)—"Did he ever
press you to marry him?" Laura (the
innocent)—"Oh, dear, no! I shouldn't per-
mit him to until we were engaged."
—Munsey's Weekly.

Gargyle (reflectively)—"It was in the
summer-time when Eve was created."
Mrs. Gargyle—"How do you know?"
Gargyle—"I infer so from the fact that it
was before the fall."—Judge.

Mrs. Potts—"What time was it when
you got home last night?" Mr. Potts—
"Really I don't know, my dear. I was so
ashamed by getting in late that I could not
look the clock in the face."—Ex.

Mr. Fidd—Tell me, doctor, does hair
do injury to the brain? Doctor Goup—It
depends entirely on the person who uses
it. It is harmless in most cases, as people
with brains rarely resort to it.—Puck.

Mrs. Bonfont—"Mr. Guyer paid me a
charming compliment to-night. He said I
didn't look a single day over twenty-five."
Bonfont—"You don't. You look
thousands."—Judge.

Wrong, but No Matter—"The census,"
read Simkins aloud, the other evening,
"embraces 20,000,000 women." "Happy
man!" commented Simpkins, who had just
awakened from a doze in the corner.

Schoolmaster—"Scripture history, stand
up. Tomkins, who was the first man?"
Tomkins—"Adam, sir." Schoolmaster—
"Bunker, who was the first woman?"
Dummer—"Er—er—Madam,
sir."—Jester.

Miss Maguire—Any letter for me?
Postmaster—What name, please. Miss
Maguire—Must I tell? Postmaster—
Certainly. Miss Maguire—Well, Tom
Dolan; but he'd be mad if he knew I told
on him. Puck.

"Dear me, I hope it ain't serious," said
old Mrs. Bunker. "What's the matter?"
"Ethel says in her letter that she and her
husband had a row on the lake Saturday
afternoon." "Pooh! that ain't r-o-w row.
It's r-o-w row."—Ex.

He—"I saw Claude M— with his
wife at the play last night, and he acted
like she was the sweetest thing. Something
new for him, isn't it?" She—"Well, I
should think so. But, you see, she is his
typewriter now."—Judge.

"Land sakes!" gasped Aunt Samantha,
as she gazed upon the various Venuses in
the arm museum. "I've heard a good deal
about 'revisin' the statues an' I reckon
he's some that won't let it mighty bad!"
—Binghamton Republican.

Tommy's sister—"Come, Tommy, you
must take your cod liver oil. It will make
a little man of you." Tommy—"Well, if
I've got to be a little man like Mr. Sappy,
and to marry a girl like him, then I'd
rather stay a boy."

As Pat, an old joker, and Yankee more sly,
Riding together, a giglet passed by.
Said the Yankee to Pat, "If I don't make too free,
I'm riding to town by myself all alone."
"Wid' honey," said he, "that's exactly know-
ing the operation."—Judge.

"The operation," said the surgeon gently
to the man who had just met with an acci-
dent, "will be very painful. I strongly
advise you to take an anesthetic." "No,"
said the sufferer, "I think I can bear it.
I have been used to shaving myself."—St.
Joseph News.

Mr. Cutter—Have you been sleigh-riding
yet? Miss Effie Waite—Oh, yes; ever so
many times. Mr. Cutter—Ah, then, I
suppose you are weary of it. I was about
to ask you. Her younger brother—Better
not. She's awful heavy. I could hardly
push her back.

"Can't I sell you a burglar alarm?" he
asked of a householder in a neighborhood
where a number of houses had been en-
tered. "No; I have no use for anything
of that kind. My daughter has just become
engaged, and the young man calls every
evening."—New York Ledger.

Schoolmistress (pointing to the first
letter of the alphabet)—Come now, what's
that? Scholar—"I shan't tell you." School-
mistress—"You won't!" But you must.
Come now, what is it? Scholar—"I shan't
tell you. I didn't come here to teach you,
but for you to teach me."

Latently, a lady called at a bank and pre-
sented a cheque, which she wished cashed.
As she was a perfect stranger to the paying
teller, he gave her politely—"Madam, you
will have to bring someone to introduce
you before we can cash this cheque." Draw-
ing herself up quite haughtily, she said,
freely, "But I do not wish to know you,
sir?"

"Your father refuses his consent to our
union?" "He does, Harold." "Nothing
seems to be left for us, then, except elope-
ment! Do you think, Myrtle," said the
young man swallowing a sob, "that you
could leave this luxurious home, forfeit all
the enjoyment of wealth, banish yourself
forever from your parents' hearts, and go
to the west with a poor young man to enter
a home of life-long poverty?" "I think I
could, Harold." "Then you are not the
practical girl I have always taken you to be,"
said Harold, with deep dejection, as he
rose up wearily and reached for his hat.
—Chicago Tribune.

"My dear," said young Mrs. Fitts at the
play, "it is a humiliating confession for me
to make, but I am positively nervous for
want of a piece of gum." "I'll get you
some as soon as the curtain falls," said Mr.
Fitts. And various of their acquaintances,
as they saw him disappear, said what a pity
it was that so sweet a young woman should
be bound for life to such a slave of the
demon drink that he could not even wait
until the play was over to satisfy his de-
praved appetite.—Indianapolis Journal.

He Laughs Best Who Laughs Last.



Reproduced for "Progress" from Life.

Missed Fire.

The world is full of fatalists. It is an
easy and comfortable belief. I have been
told a peculiar anecdote on the subject.
At a frontier post in India the officers' mess
was engaged in an ardent discus-

sion. Wine had been freely partaken of, and
with one of the strange caprices of intoxi-
cation, there was philosophy at the bottom
of the glasses. The Mahometan religion
was the subject of argument. Mussulmans
believe in fate.

For them, a man's destiny is written
above, the time of his death is set, and
nothing can advance or hinder it. Every-
one had something to advance or relate in
pro or con argument.

In answer to one of the officers, who de-
manded to know what use and to what pur-
pose was born and its controlling power if
we were born with the tag of our destiny
attached, another—a new-comer—arose
and said:

No one answered. Then someone pro-
posed a wager.

"Done!" was the answer.
The subject drew a pistol, showed that
it was loaded, and held it to his temple.

"Twenty pounds, I believe? Who will
pay if I lose?"
He pulled the trigger, and luckily for the
foolish boaster the pistol missed fire.

"A joke!" cried the crowd.
The fatalist smiled. He recoiled the
pistol and with a steady hand aimed at the
clock on the wall. He fired, and the bullet
went right through the centre of the dial.

"Apologies, now," said he, "I have
won the bet. I always did believe in fate."

Gains in Literature.
Commenting upon the large fortune which
was accumulated by the late Sir William
Gull, a writer states that "the £100,000
of Dickens remains about the high-water
mark of the gains of literature." "This,"
remarks Labby, "is nonsense, for both
Scott and Dumas made a great deal more
by literature than £100,000, no does that
sum represent anything approaching to the
gains of Dickens."

It should be remembered that Dickens
began life with nothing, and that for more
than thirty years he lived in a very liberal
style, and during that time he brought up
a large and expensive family. His literary
gains (he cleared £23,000 by his readings)
must have exceeded £200,000 from first to
last.

Performing Dogs.
Many, though not all, of the experts in
dogs are firm in the belief that thorough-
bred dogs are less intelligent than mongrels.

Nearly all the dogs exhibited on the stage
are cross breeds and dogs of low lineage,
if they can boast known parentage at all.

Dogs that turn somersaults, walk on
their fore legs, jump through hoops, waltz,
sing, and perform other standard tricks,
are never crossed with a strain of thorough-
bred blood.

So, too, the dogs which are most
thoroughly admired and cared for in private
life are apt to be lowly born.
Aristocratic dogs, like some aristocrats
of the human species, are often distinguish-
ed by a plentiful lack of brain.

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RESTRICTED, OR UNRESTRICTED, WHICH?

In politics we are on the fence; in trade we are on deck and at the guns.
Opened this week a Mammoth Spring Stock of Boots and Shoes,
In all the very latest Novelties, yet produced by the most skilled Artisans in America.
These goods were bought for hard cash, from the manufacturers, and will be retailed at wholesale prices.

THANKING the people of St. John and vicinity, for the very liberal patronage received last year. We
are in a position this year to give them astounding bargains. We will give a special discount for the
balance of this month, or till trade revives.

20th CENTURY STORE,

12 CHARLOTTE STREET. A. REID, MANAGER.

PHYSICIANS RECOMMEND THEM.
DR. RANDALL writes—
Mrs. WATERBURY.—For a number of years I have been
troubled with dyspepsia or indigestion of the food, which within
the last year became very distressing, and attended with languid-
ness both of body and mind, loss of pulse, in fact almost
stagnation of blood, and costiveness, for days and weeks to-
gether. As this disease produces others which soon destroy
both constitution and health, I was going very fast into a decline,
when by chance I became acquainted with your Dinner Pills,
which I began to take as soon as possible, with but little faith;
I found however very soon that they greatly diminished the
pain and distress caused by taking fresh food into the stomach,
regulated the system, produced a free circulation of the blood,
and although I have taken but about eight dozen, I am restored
to a good and healthy state. I can then, with confidence, re-
commend this Pills to all who are laboring under this distressing
disease, feeling that with a fair trial, they will find the complaints
removed effectually. I am happy to think that something has
been discovered as a remedy for this disease, which is becoming
very prevalent.—With gratitude, I am, Sir, Yours,
WM. A. RANDALL.

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