

DOWNRIGHT HONESTY.

A Simple Story of Honesty that was Found in Two Old People.

'Downright honesty is hard to find!' exclaimed a pessimistic gentleman.

A well-known literary lady replied, 'I hope not. When you find it where you expected to, it attracts no notice. It is a matter of course; and sometimes you find it when you are not looking for it.'

'Several years ago my husband and I were hunting for colonial landmarks in one of the oldest quarters of New York City, when we were attracted by a pretty display of lingerie and small silk goods in the window of a little haberdashery shop. We stopped to admire, and finally went in. The shopkeepers were foreigners, a man and his wife. Their politeness, their broken English and their low prices were irresistible, and we made several purchases.

'We sell cheap. It pay best—an' rare be only she an' me,' the man said; and his wife echoed. 'Zire be only be an' me,' and went on with a pathetic little story of the baby that died. 'But it be best. Z'x no place for cheldren. Some day, when we makes money, we go in z' country, an' hat a leetle land an' a leetle shop, an' be happy.'

'You seem happy here,' I said. 'Yes, we happy here—only we two. We go to church an' hear music. We not understand much talk, but we worshipping, an' God is good.'

'We told them we were from the country. 'Oh!' exclaimed the woman. 'An' hat you a rose-bush an' a apple tree an' tings alive?'

'I delighted her heart by telling her of our orchard and garden, and the cow and horse, and the pig and chickens.

'Maybe,' said the man, his face all aglow, 'you some such leetle place as we like?'

'Perhaps; we will see.' And paying the bill and addressing our parcel, we took leave, promising to come again, but omitting to take the name and the street number.

'As the parcel did not reach us, we went the next afternoon to get it; but our 'bump of locality' utterly failed us. We could not find the shop. We might almost as well have tried to identify a peculiar grain of sand that we had seen yesterday on the beach. In the tangle of streets and houses we lost ourselves as completely as it we had been set down in the woods.

'Twice before we left the city we renewed our fruitless search, and then we gave it up. But for long afterwards, on every visit to New York, when we had an hour of leisure we drifted in among the antique buildings and alleys of that foreign quarter, where we scarcely heard a word of English, never forgetting to look for the best house with the quaint old bow window.

'The value of the parcel we had left was of little consequence, and it was partly historic curiosity that continued to attract us into those ancient streets; but we did not like being tattered, and we had told the interesting little couple that we would come. More than two years passed, and one day, while on an errand of special research through the old ward, we suddenly found ourselves facing the little shop and looking into the same pretty window. We stepped in to see if our two humble friends would recognize us.

'They called us by name before we were fairly inside the door, and the man brought the paper in which the bundle had been wrapped, and my husband was assured by his own handwriting that our failure to receive it was due to his own mistake.

'We knew you come. You say so,' and they began at once to make up a new package.

'But it is long since we were here! You might have said you did not remember us—you have had so many customers.'

'Na, zat be wrong—tell a lie. Bz honest is best. Please God. You find zat leetle place? We buy him now.'

'Evidently they thought we had delayed our visit until we could bring them news of a country home, and had watched for us with childish anticipation as they added to their small savings.

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'We want to go away,' they said. 'Bad folks here all about. Only God takes care of us—everything else bad. We want house an' garden an' leetle shop.'

'Fortunately we knew of such a place; and the outcome of the matter was that in a short time their dream of a home in the country was realized.

'They came when the rose-bush was in bud and the apple tree in blossom. The cackling of the hens was a joyous welcome, and the cat and kittens asleep on the sunny porch excited them to raptures of delight.

'Here they kept their little shop, found a church home, and made many friends. Another baby came to them, and still others; and they continue to be so happy that it is always a pleasure to call on them and make a small purchase.

'Of course the grateful souls credit us with much of their prosperity, and when heretofore of well doing are mentioned they always count us in.

'All is so glad an' so good! It ees zat we do right—we an' you. We be honest an' please God—we an' you.'

'I consider it one of the sweetest compliments I ever had.'—Youths' Companion.

THEY MADE THE GHOST WALK.

Practical Jokers Have a Little Fun at the Expense of Students.

HALIFAX, April 15.—The old George Forsyth house, at the corner of Hollis and Bishop Streets was the scene of a ghost dance one night this week. The moving spirits in this house are half a dozen young men employed in mercantile establishments in this city. One of the number hails from Amherst and is a student at Frazer and Whiston's Commercial College.

This student is robust in appearance but timid at heart so far as the supernatural is concerned. At one o'clock Monday morning the Amherst man received a fright which he will never forget. His fellow boarders worked on his imagination by telling him a score of ghost stories. At midnight he retired to bed but not to sleep. He lay awake for an hour and then heard an unearthly sound. He dimly saw articles of furniture move about his room. Leaping from bed he sprang from the room and out into the halls. Nothing was to be observed and the terror-stricken fellow, who showed some bravery in thus making an investigation betook himself back to bed. Once more weird noises were heard and uncanny movements were discovered about the house. The bed shook and again the victim of ghostly fear left his room. This time he went some distance from his door and up stairs to a place of supposed seclusion from the unearthly visitant, on the stairs a thing with glaring eyes dashed past him. The door bell rang and in anguish of fear the lamp which he carried fell from the shaking hand of Whiston's trembling student. He rushed from the street door and soon others of the household, also apparently in great terror at what they had seen and heard came pouring out. It was all a practical joke it then appeared, that the junior mercantile men worked up at the student's expense.

The little incident was in keeping with a somewhat similar occurrence at the Lovitt house, directly opposite, which happened a few days before. The head stereotyper of the Hera'd came home at midnight and found craps on his door handle. Entering his room was a figure which looked like the dead body of a man. Lighted candles were in position and all the paraphernalia of a death chamber was in evidence. But the stereotyper was made of different metal from the student. He at once saw that his fellow boarders had been busy in his absence and his mind was made up. He extinguished the candles, gave the "dead body" a push to one side and went to bed. This was much to the disappointment of a group of listeners who anxiously awaited the denouement that never came.

Can get a Jag Anytime.

HALIFAX, April 15.—There were many who expressed pleasure at PROGRESS' exposure of the loose way in which the liquor license law is observed in this county, outside the city. There is no enforcement at all in the city, and where liquor is really wanted in the country, or where a seller of any pretensions is standing in the community wants to

make money by satisfying the thirst of patrons, he can always have rarely all the opportunity he desires. The city is bad and the county is bad too. Inspector Banks is open to censure. Inspector Reid is not blameless. At least so say Warden Shatford, Councillor Henley and others in the county council and many in private life in a position to speak.

A WEEK OF OPERA.

The Carleton Opera Company Opens Next Week.

Monday evening the Carleton Opera Company begins a week's engagement at the Opera House. The organization is one which is particularly well known by the best class of patrons of music in the United States, and during its twelve years of continuous existence it has filled engagements in the principal theatres of the chief cities. It is not too much to say that the Carleton Opera Company is the most complete and highest class musical organization which has visited New Brunswick in many years. Besides Mr. Carleton, there are some notable names in the combination, two of which at least, Miss Jennie Winston and Miss Laura Clement have also figured conspicuously in the musical stellar firmament. At the age of 21



Mr. W. T. Carleton made his first public appearance as a singer at Her Majesty's Opera House, London, and achieved an instantaneous success in grand opera. During his engagement at that renowned place of amusement he sang with the greatest operatic artists of that time. He was then 'loaned' to the Alhambra (London) management for the production of 'La Fille de Tambour Major.' After scoring a great triumph at the Alhambra, he went to the United States as a member of the Clara Louise Kellogg English Opera Company, and has been prominently identified both as singer and manager with musical affairs in America ever since.

Speaking of his early stage experiences Mr. Carleton said the other day: 'I was engaged as a singing and walking gentleman by the late Barry Sullivan. It was then customary to have an operetta commence the evening's entertainment, and was generally regarded as a means of "playing the audience in" for the important Piece de resistance, either a tragedy or a comedy. The theatre was the Holborn in London and I was cast for the role of Tom Tug in Libkin's operetta "The Waterman." The part has excellent opportunities for the singer, and I had been warmly received until the moment arrived when Tom is rejected by his sweetheart, and makes his exit with the pathetic song, "Then, farewell, my trim-built wherry," the last line being, "some friendly ball shall lay me low." As I made my exit, backing off the stage and looking at my sweetheart with a woe-filled expression of despair at my rejection I encountered a heavy rustic chair placed in the wing, I rather fancy, by design, and the result was that I turned a back somersault over the chair, and when I arose with a bruised and humiliated feeling I heard the audience literally screaming with laughter. I regret to say that since I left the grand opera repertoire and sang in comic opera I have often renewed my acquaintance with the circus.'

The initial performance of the Carleton Opera Company's engagement here will be Strauss' charming opera, "The Queen's Lace Handkerchief." The cast is as follows:

The King.....Miss Jennie Winston
The Queen.....Miss Laura Clement
Donna Irene (confidante).....Miss Marion Langdon
The Marchioness de Mora.....Miss Clara Wisdom
Don Sanchez (tutor to King).....Mr. J. F. Macdonald
The Premier.....Mr. A. R. Seaton
Don Quixote.....Mr. John Havens
Minister of War.....Mr. Nat Cande
Secretary of the Navy.....Mr. W. R. Dixon
Cancellor of the Exchequer.....Mr. Ledbury
Cervantes.....Mr. W. T. Carleton
"Nanon," "Dorothy," and "Mikado" will follow "Queen's Lace Handkerchief."

Was it Accidental.

HALIFAX, April 15h.—The shooting of himself by the poor young man in his room at a hotel in this city is a sad exemplification of the fact that one half the world does not know how the other half lives. Everything appeared bright on the surface of his life, but in reality there was a bitter struggle for existence. Notwithstanding all the show that was made the poor fellow, who had many estimable qualities doubtless, was penniless. He owed accounts in many quarters and creditors were pushing him with all the vigor that hard times makes necessary. Hotel bills, which were high, were among the unpaid items. The end came in a self-inflicted pistol shot over the heart. It is charitable to suppose that the shot was accidental. Let us believe that it was, for the young man is well connected and comes of a fine family—the son of a once famous Methodist minister. Still while the shot may have been accidental a cold world refuses to call it such, except when people under certain circumstances speak more kindly than usual. The world is ever ready to condemn, and too slow to use the mantle of charity.

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BARRINGTON'S GOOD ENOUGH. The Business Men Don't Want the Street's Name Changed. HALIFAX, April 15.—What's in a name. The first answer that suggests itself may be: "Nothing at all." Sometimes a name may be worse than nothing. There are some people who have a remarkable liking for peculiar names for their children. The largest barracks in this city are called "the Wellington barracks," immense brick buildings in the north end of the city in an acre of land stretching from Gottingen street clear down to Campbell road. Who would think of calling a child after those barracks. Yet a fond north end father and mother after discussing a large proportion of the names in the directory choose the military one for their child and now one of the pupils at a city school has the suggestive if not euphonious name of Wellington Barracks. Ten chances to one when that boy grows to manhood if he stays in Halifax, he will not thank his parents for their originality in the choice of a name for him.

A presbyterian minister in this city who himself has a rather peculiar christian name, has also distinguished his child by a name that will not be easily forgotten. The members of his congregation know that Christopher Columbus has the credit of discovering this continent and when they hear the name of the new presbyterian baby they at once pronounce it "Christopher Columbus." The truth is the child's christian name is Christopher Columbus, and the people are hardly to be blamed for getting the names of discoverer and Scottish saint slightly mixed in the person of this young hopeful of the manse. Whether these two will live to see the day when they will try to change their names remains to be seen.

Some Halifax people have lived to see the day when they are anxious to abandon several good old street names, and get in their place something modern. Alderman Mosher did not think of the commotion he would cause when he res in his place in the city council and moved that Barrington Pleasant, Lackman street; and Campbell road, all really the one street, drop their several names and be given the one name—Victoria Avenue—from the Point to the Basin. He thought he was doing a popular thing in thus moving for some commemoration of the Queen's diamond jubilee. It looked good at first glance, but on sober second thought, the Barrington street people, at least, objected. On a little further consideration they openly revolted against the proposed change and not a man could be found on the street who favored the change. All opposed dropping the name Barrington, though most of them were willing to give the other sections the name they refuse to have themselves. It is sure the whole street will not be called Victoria; it may be called Barrington, but it is not likely any change will now be made for some time in this nomenclature.

Alderman O'Donnell in connection with this proposed change, embraced the opportunity to get in a word for a street in the region in which he is particularly interested. He asked that the name of Albermarle be dropped and in its place that of Collier be adapted as one of our street names. It would not do Albermarle street one jot of good to be called Collier, for the neighborhood is too much like the leopard that cannot wash his spots, but it would not do any harm to try the experiment. Let it be Collier street. While you are at it, city fathers, whatever you do regarding Barrington street and Victoria avenue please try to do something to avoid confusion by changing the names of some of the smaller streets that have been mentioned.

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J. OTTY SHARP, Head Bookkeeper for Messrs. Scovill Bros & Co., (Oak Hall). Catalogues of our Business Course and the Isaac Pitman shorthand mailed to any address. S. KERR & SON, Oddfellows' Hall.

OPERA HOUSE. Week Beginning MONDAY, April 19.

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