

PROGRESS.

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ST. JOHN N. B., SATURDAY, APRIL 11, 1896.

PRICE FIVE CENTS.

Atlantic Railway.

LEAVE ST. JOHN

Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday, Friday, Saturday, Sunday

ARRIVE AT ST. JOHN

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John N. B. JAN. 1896.

Week days—for Fredericton, St. Andrews, Houlton, St. John, Vanboro, Bangor, etc.

Week days—for Fredericton, Houlton, etc.

HIS WORSHIP ACCEPTS

MAYOR ROBERTSON WILL AGAIN BE A CANDIDATE.

He Explains why He Does So—What Will Be the Field, but All May Not Be—Some Lively Contests for the Alder-ship in the Various Wards.

Probably on the principal that the people know a good thing when they see it Mayor Robertson has been asked by some four or five hundred electors to come forward a third time as a candidate for the mayoralty. He would not in all probability have given a third term a thought had not such a representative requisition been

however, and until there is he is presumably in the field. Like Mr. Baskin, he is a good temperance man, but unlike him he has so far had no experience as a member of the council. Ex-almayor Baskin has also been announced as a candidate on his own authority, but his card has not yet appeared, and at the time of this writing there appears to be an uncertainty whether he will be in the field or not. Mr. Baskin is no stranger to civic politics, but he has been out of the council for some time, and with the present candidates to the front the indications are that he will be out for some time to come, whether he runs or



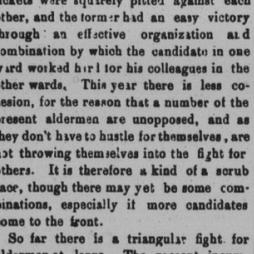
GEORGE ROBERTSON, Mayor.

presented to him. In fact he had made up his mind that the same time and thought spent upon his business would pay him better than being in the mayor's chair, which he has occupied in a business sense more thoroughly than any other magistrate St. John has ever done. This is perhaps a strong statement to make but those who have had to do with the mayor know that from ten o'clock in the morning until three or four in the afternoon and sometimes until six he can be found at his desk.

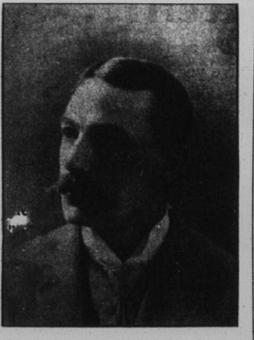
Two years of this has been enough to convince him that the office is no sinecure and that the work is continuous and steady

not. The mayoralty seems to have got into his bones last winter when the prohibition element came to the front with the idea that no licenses should be granted in St. John. One of the desires in which it was thought the desired state of things could be brought about was by the election of a mayor pledged to total abstinence principles, and Mr. Baskin, who took a prominent part in the meetings, is just that sort of a man. Unfortunately for the prohibition cause, the local government stepped in and passed the new license law, by which the mayor has no more to say in respect to licenses than has any other citizen. Mr. Baskin, should he run will get a good share of the temperance vote, though some active temperance men are among the signers of the requisition to Mayor Robertson. Mr. Baskin was an ardent friend of Tax Reform, but that is not to the front as an issue in this election. So far as now appears there are no combination among the aldermen as there have been in the last two elections. Last year the city's ticket and the T. R. A. tickets were squarely pitted against each other, and the former had an easy victory through an effective organization and combination by which the candidates in one ward worked hard for his colleagues in the other wards. This year there is less cohesion, for the reason that a number of the present aldermen are unopposed, and as they don't have to hustle for themselves, are not throwing themselves into the fight for others. It is therefore a kind of a scrub race, though there may yet be some combinations, especially if more candidates come to the front.

So far there is a triangular fight for aldermen at large. The present incumbents, Ald. Purdy and McArthur are in the field and Douglas McArthur is the new man. In a fight of this kind it is hard for anybody to predict the figures which each will roll up on election day.



DOUGLAS McARTHUR.



ALDERMAN McLAUGHLIN.

to any one who proposes to attend to it. But in spite of this the mayor is out again at the request of those citizens whose names appear in another column of this paper and many others. The names there can be said to represent the most important business interests in the city and are a guarantee of a good vote at the start. But Mr. McLaughlin's friends do not think Mayor Robertson treats their man fairly since it was understood, so they say, that he was not going to offer for a third term and upon that belief, Alderman McLaughlin allowed himself to be brought out.

Mayor Robertson's answer to that is that early in the year he had no idea of coming again but with such a requisition and so much unfinished and important civic business in hand he could not see his way clear to refuse.

Mr. T. H. Hall is another friend of Tax Reform who has also been to the front as a candidate for mayor this week, though it is said that he may retire since Mayor Robertson has accepted the requisition and consented to run. There is no official announcement of Mr. Hall's retirement,

A SHINING AND MAGNETIC MARK.



"Yesterday I was J. J. Tucker; today I am the Public's Servant" [Col. Tucker the day after the Convention nominated him.]

The seat in Kings ward being vacated by the retirement of Ald. Cooper, three candidates are after it. The first in the field was George R. Ellis, whose name has been to the front in previous elections as a probable candidate. He gained some ground by being first in the field this year, but J. B. Hamm starting more recently has been conducting a very brisk personal canvass. Mr. Hamm is an old time member of the board and was an active and aggressive member of the council years ago. Then, in addition to these, the name of D. J. McLaughlin, who was a member of the board under the first T. R. A. election, is mentioned as a third candidate. Mr. McLaughlin made a very good representative when at the board, and if he runs will poll a strong vote. Indeed, none of the three are weak men and the fight in Kings is likely to be a very interesting one indeed. Mr. Hamm will have one strong pull on his opponent's from the fact that he is the owner of several coaches and a livery stable, so that he can carry his stray voters to the polls at a minimum of expense.

Dukes ward will witness another lively contest, caused by the advent of Gerard G. Ruel as an aspirant to this seat so long held by Ald. Blizard. The latter does not take kindly to opposition and thinks that Ruel, as a young man, would have shown better taste in offering for Queens, where there is a vacancy, rather than in seeking to oust one of such long experience at the board. Ald. Blizard will undoubtedly have the votes of a large number of his old supporters, but Mr. Ruel is making a lively campaign and has many friends among the younger element of the electorate. He is sure of a strong vote whatever the results may be.

Victoria ward usually has a hot election. Ex-almayor Seaton was very early in the field this year, before it was known that Ald. Law was to retire. Mr. Seaton, however, will have an active opponent in T. Barclay Robinson, a former member of the Portland council. The only other contest in the North End wards, so far as now known, will be that in Stanley, where Mr. Holder another former member of the Portland council, is out in opposition to Ald. McGoldrick.

In the West End, J. O. Stackhouse is again out in Brooks ward, in opposition to Ald. Baxter. If Mr. Stackhouse can divide the vote in Carleton he will find a decided and cordial support from the East and North ends of the city and such a vote as will make Alderman Baxter's return a matter of much uncertainty. There is no word of any contest in Guys ward.

Dr. Daniel will probably be elected in Queens without opposition. In the other city wards so far, the present incumbents have every indication of a walk over. There are possibilities, however, between now and election day.

DECLINE TO RATIFY IT.

THE YOUNG LIBERALS DEAL WITH THE LATE NOMINATION.

Col. Tucker is Not Their Choice—They Object to the Convention and Say It Was Not Legal—Some of the Arguments Used Against the Colonel's Candidature.

Lieut. Col. Joseph J. Tucker has buckled on his sabre at the call of the liberal convention, to enter on a campaign as the candidate for the city and county of St. John. The battle has begun already and the shots are whistling through the air, but they do not come from the enemy. The fusillade has been started from the camp of the young liberals. The convention to nominate Col. Tucker was held Tuesday night. The object was stated to be to nominate a liberal candidate in the place of the late C. W. Weldon, but if the call had simply read "to endorse Major McLean's choice of Col. Tucker" it would have about hit the mark. That was what the meeting was for, and that was what it accomplished, despite the kicks and protests of the minority. The latter had valid grounds of objection, but they got no chance to state them. Chairman Lockhart knew what he was there for, and did just what the combination wanted him to do.

The chief objection to the convention was that it was illegal. A convention had been held on February, 1895, and had nominated Weldon and Ellis. The nominating committee it was charged, had a specific duty on that occasion, which was to decide between the claims of Weldon and Ellis and those of Carleton and McKeown. Having nominated the first named two, their functions as a nominating committee ceased, and they were ipso facto relieved from all further power or duty. It was claimed that the same committee did not legally exist for the purpose of filling a vacancy, but the executive decided otherwise and so the convention was called.

The young liberals did not get much of a show. For instance, after the names of Col. Tucker and Messrs McKeown and Carleton had been put in nomination, Michael Kelly of St. Martins moved, that all three candidates should be heard from. His motion was properly seconded, but the chairman ignored it and accepted a motion by Richard O'Brien that the convention proceed to the business for which it was called. The whole spirit of the meeting, or rather of the majority who engineered it, was to get Col. Tucker nominated as rapidly as possible. Nobody else was in it. When the work was accomplished, Col. Tucker made a speech in which he promised to study up the affairs of the country and qualify himself for his novel position.

The young liberals had their say Thursday night, when they gathered to the number of 70 or 80. Richard O'Brien, who

had helped to engineer the Tucker boom, was in the chair, in his capacity of first vice-president, and he maintained an admirable composure in the midst of most discouraging circumstances. Col. Tucker was not in it this time on any point discussed, but the chief and fatal ground for his hopes was the illegality of the convention by which he had been nominated. It was pointed out that the nominating committee had no locus standi, and that the choice of Major McLean's convention did not represent the party. One manifest wrong about the whole matter was that the delegates of last year had been chosen on the basis of the lists of 1892, whereas they should have been on the basis of the present lists. To show the difference, it was pointed out that Lancaster, which had only 12 delegates would now be entitled to 21, so that the people had really to be represented in the convention.

There was some plain talk as to the true inwardness of Col. Tucker's nomination and as to his claims on the party. In answer to the question of what he had done to merit recognition, one of his supporters adjoined the fact that he had once presided at a meeting in Millidgeville in a highly creditable manner and that he had always been willing to contribute to the party funds. These seemed to be the chief arguments in his favor.

Against them was the feeling that he had been chosen merely because he had money and would thus make the campaign easy for Mr. Ellis. It was understood he was prepared to be bled to a considerable extent. This made it all right with the Ellis wing. It was further considered that Major McLean had engineered the nomination with a very definite object in view. Nobody gave him credit for thinking that Col. Tucker stood any chance of election, but should the liberal party come into power Major McLean would have his say in the dispensing of the patronage of this constituency. There was some very free talk about the family compact business.

One pertinent question put by one of the speakers was that, in event of death removing either of the candidates before the election, would it follow as a matter of course that Major McLean would have to be the next candidate. In other words, was the succession fixed as in the case of the royal family?

Finally a resolution was offered that the meeting decline to ratify the nomination of Col. Tucker. It was late when this was reached and there were just 60 in the hall. They declined to ratify Col. Tucker's nomination, by a vote of 42 to 18. Had all remained who were there at first the majority would have been larger.

It will now be in order for the liberal party to call a meeting to ratify Col. Tucker's nomination, and then the young liberals will be heard from again. If the

meeting refuses to ratify the choice of the convention there will be more fun on the programme. It may be that in any case the young liberals will put up a candidate, though it is understood there is no definite resolve to that effect so far.

The principal objection to Col. Tucker as a candidate seem to be that he was nominated by a family compact, that apart from a knowledge of ships acquired while he was Lloyd's surveyor in the East Indies, he is not supposed to be informed on or interested in the resources of the country, and that his chief qualification seems to be the fact that he has some money. Apart from these objections and the fact that he is hardly the kind of a man the toilers of the country would look on as their representative, he is believed to be a very decent sort of a man.

At the convention on Tuesday night, Col. Tucker remarked that he had gone away from this country with a hundred dollars in his pocket, that he had made some money abroad and had come back to St. John with it.

"And now you will have a chance to spend it," was the remark of one of the meeting in a very audacious undertone.

Probably he will if he runs. Somebody told Mr. Ellis not long ago that \$50,000 would not elect Col. Tucker, but Mr. Ellis did not believe it. Col. Tucker is not likely to spend \$50,000. Rumor says the amount he has named is just a fifth of that sum.

Viewed from the standpoint of his admiring and shouting followers is not the gallant Colonel, as shown in the cartoon PROGRESS prints to-day, a "magnetic mark."

The question is, how much he will put into the fight? Will he put up \$8,000 or \$10,000, or will his followers bleed him until the \$15,000 or \$20,000 mark is reached. His party papers commend him "as a man of independent means" and happy expression!

WHO ENGAGED MR. BAXTER. The City Does Not Know and Mr. Skinner's Statement is in Evidence.

The suggestion thrown out last week that Alderman Baxter was an unnecessary lawyer in the March bond case has caused some of the aldermen to inquire by what right and in whose interests both he and Mr. Skinner appear as prosecuting the case. PROGRESS has it upon the best authority that they do not represent the city and that the corporation has nothing whatever to do with the case. Mr. Skinner stated in court that he represented the crown and when Mr. Manning stated that Mr. Baxter was the lawyer of the school trustees, he gave that an unqualified and flat denial. Now, the question arises who does Messrs Skinner and Baxter represent.

It will be remembered that in the absence of Recorder Skinner, Mr. Baxter was asked by Finance Chairman D. R. Jack to make out an information which was signed by Mr. Manning and upon which a warrant was issued; of course that was one way to do it but that while it brought the matter up did not make it necessary for the school trustees to prosecute. That is usually the duty of the Crown and though Messrs. Skinner and Baxter do appear the school trustees are not anxious to shoulder the responsibility of the arrest and prosecution. Perhaps some astute mind has persuaded the school trustees that it is in their interests that Mr. Baxter should give him the benefit of his keen experience but what the taxpayers will want to know is who will pay for this array of talent?

His Heavy Dog Tax.

The new law passed by the local government regarding the licensing of dogs is causing no end of consternation among dog-fanciers and owners of canine pets! The fee for harbouring a dog is now placed at two dollars and for a female dog five dollars. It is expected that along with floating barns, haycocks etc. the bosom of our mighty St. John will be dotted with delinquent tramp-worries at freshest time. A North End barber got quite a scare on April fool's day on this score. He received an itemized bill made out on official paper for dog taxes. One dog (female) and twelve puppies, on seven of which \$5 was levied were the items. It all amounted to \$50. Almost paralyzed the tonsor at once sought legal advice and commenced a series of murders most foul on the innocent bow-wows. His provincial political ideas, were very soon revolutionized but when he discovered the joke, tore his rich black hair in a real dramatic manner; in deed worthy of an Irving.

Complying With the Law.

The liquor dealers appear to be willing to accept the new law and to abide by its provisions. The licenses will be taken out by such as can get them, and it is probable that some who have hitherto been unable to get retail license will now be able to do so, in Kings ward, through the two vacancies caused by the hotels having a special license. In the meantime the strongest provisions of the new law are having a salutary effect in restraining illegal sales, and this is likely to continue to be the condition of affairs for some time to come.

KEEFE IS A CANDIDATE.

HE HAS ACCEPTED THE HALIFAX LIBERAL NOMINATION.

The Ticket Will Therefore Be Russell and Keefe—One who did not Expect this Combination—What is Said by Some of the Jones Men about the Matter.

HALIFAX, April 9.—On Monday at noon Ex-Mayor M. E. Keefe formally accepted the nomination of the liberal party tendered to Professor Russell and to him three weeks ago by that much-abused convention. Had Mr. Keefe declined to signify his intention of helping to carry the standard of the party as one of its candidates at the forthcoming general election longer than noon yesterday the executive committee would have taken it for granted that he would not accept. In such case a new convention would have been called. But Mr. Keefe, at the last moment, after thoroughly weighing the pros and the cons, placed himself on the ticket as he had been invited to do. So now it stands "Russell and Keefe" as a rallying cry.

The Jones men never thought that Keefe would accept and while he had been there was the chance of an entirely new ticket as the result of the convention that



M. E. KEEFE.

would in that case have been called. These men profess to believe that the Russell and Keefe men themselves are as much disgusted as are the Jones section of the party. They go further, and say that other men will yet be the liberal ticket; that when Russell and Keefe see how lukewarm the party is towards them that before election day long enough they will be glad to retire. But their predictions thus far have not been verified and consequently their prophecies as to the future of the ticket need not be taken as gospel truth.

A PROGRESS correspondent, in the desire to corral one of the most ardent Jones men, after Keefe's acceptance was announced, called his attention to the belief expressed by the Russell men that "the silent vote;" the vote that wants "a change" in the conservative ranks and with no strong party attachment, might be expected to go for Russell as it would not for an old war-horse like Jones, who had made enemies in many a hard fought and bitter campaign, uttered this sententious reply: "What is the good of the silent vote, and the few conservatives who may want "a change," and who admire Russell's personal character sufficiently to vote for him, if the liberals cannot be induced to vote for him. And they cannot. Ward 5 is seized with deadly apathy towards Russell, and Keefe does not help matters, in the slightest."

Thus spoke this Jones man who can see no good in Russell and his mate but who, when the day for balloting comes and long before it, will be found with his coat of working for Russell and Keefe, or whoever may be the ticket. He would vote



PROF. RUSSELL.

for two chairmen if they were the party nominees, and so would nine hundred and ninety nine out of the one thousand malcontents. It is hoped there will be no more of the "conspiracy" business brought into pay to cause the withdrawal of Russell and Keefe, as he was worked upon.

The man to blame for all the dissension in the liberal party is William Roche M. P. P. for it he had at once accepted, and not kept the party in suspense for a year, and they backed out at the eleventh hour, everything would to-day have been going as smooth as the proverbial marriage bell

Possibly in a month the campaign may be moving in that happy way anyhow.

Professor Russell Q. C., is not a hard party fighter, but his friends hope that, now that the ticket is settled, he will take off his coat and put on his war-paint. Bitter political fights are what people are accustomed to and expect in Halifax, and if Russell does not come up to the mark in the vigor of his blows there will be grumbling. Russell the lawyer and a representative of the intellectual classes, and ex-Mayor Keefe, the workingman and the successful contractor, the rough and ready, should, after all, make a pretty fair ticket, and set a good pace for Sairs and Kenny, the conservative members, who very likely, will be re-nominated by the government party.

NOTES OF SOME NOTABLES. What Some of the Eccentricities of Much Talked about People Are.

Anthony Hope may be seen entering a gloomy house in Buckingham street, Strand, every morning at 10 o'clock. Here all his writing is done. He changes his coat for a smoking-jacket, lights a pipe and settles down with a laudable desire to work. If the spirit does not move him to write, however, he glances through his letters, reads the papers or takes up the latest novel till he is able to concentrate his thoughts on the work he intends to do. He writes moderately quickly, especially when incident and dialogue flow freely. When he is sketching a character or describing scenery his pen moves slower. About the latter, however, he does not trouble himself much. A rocky mountain, with forest, valleys and rivers, is generally sufficient. He touches at his club, or has a meal sent to him from a neighboring restaurant, afterwards taking an easy time—usually spending an hour or two on his sofa smoking and thinking. During the afternoon he gets in another spell of work before sauntering home along the Strand.

The emperor of China, Kuang Hsi, cannot appear in public. He was kept in a sedan chair, with guards along each side of the road to prevent intruders from gazing at his sacred person. He lives in a great palace, surrounded by a wall through which nobody but the court officers ever penetrates without special permission. He was kept in the strictest seclusion throughout his youth; the dowager empress acting as regent. He had in his palace yard miniature models of men-of-war, a train of cars which was an exact model of the first railroad train run in China, and every toy that science could invent or money procure. But he has never seen one of his own men-of-war, ridden in a real steam car. He learns as much that goes on in the world as his viceroys see fit to tell him. The youthful emperor is of frail physique and in very delicate health.

Abdur Kishan, ameer of Afghanistan, has unusual architectural skill, and has designed several of his palaces. Stone and marble, both of which are to be found in considerable quantities near Cabul, enter largely into their consideration, and they contain many things specially manufactured in Europe for the Afghan court. Electric lights, pianos, phonographs and elevators contrive to balance the otherwise Oriental effects of the palaces. Medicine has made considerable progress in Canul under Dr. Lillias Hamilton, the clever young English woman who acts as physician to the court. Surgery was practically unknown in Cabul until her advent. Her skill in mending "broken people" attracted the attention of the ameer, who has since established two hospitals and one dispensary under her direction.

Most people have forgotten that Victor Hugo had an insane daughter, who is still living in an insane asylum near Paris. A day or two ago a family gathering was held to appoint a guardian in place of M. Auguste Vacquerie, who held the office till death. The trust now falls upon Victor Hugo's next surviving bosom friend, M. Paul Meurice, to be succeeded in case of another vacancy by the poet's grandson Georges Hugo. The story of Adele Hugo is sad and romantic. She eloped with an English officer to India, and was there married without the French legal formalities. Her wedded life was unhappy, and her mind gave way under the strain. The husband died some fifteen years ago at Singapore.

"77" Bids Colds Begone.

The Magician's wand is not more potent than Seventy-Seven.

"77" cures Colds, La Grippe, Influenza, Catarrh, Pains in the Head or Chest, Cough, Sore throat, General Prostration and Fever.

"77" will "break up" a Cold that "hangs on," and yet "77" is

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Disordered Stomach, Dyspepsia, Indigestion and Weak Stomach carry in their wake more misery than poverty. Specific No. 10 relieves promptly, and by its continued use a perfect and permanent cure is assured.

Rheumatism. It was, indeed, fortunate for sufferers from Rheumatism when Dr. Humphrey discovered his Specific No. 15. It acts upon the Liver and Kidneys, eliminating Uric Acid from the blood; the cure follows as swift as sure.

Small bottles of pleasant pellets fit the vest pocket. Sold by druggists or sent prepaid upon receipt of price, 25 cents, or five for \$1.00. May be assorted. Humphrey's Medicine Company, 111 William St., New York.

HUMPHREYS' WITCH HAZEL OIL "THE PILE OINTMENT."

For Piles—External or Internal, Blind or Bleeding; Fissure in Anus; Hemorrhoid; Bleeding of the Rectum. The relief is immediate—the cure certain. PRICE, 50 CENTS. TRIAL SIZE, 25 CENTS. Sold by Druggists, or sent prepaid on receipt of price. HUMPHREYS' MED. CO., 111 & 113 William St., NEW YORK

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The Canadian Drug Company All Ready For Business. From the Daily Sun.

With five floors and a basement for the storage and display of goods, and these all stocked up with fresh importations from the great markets of the world, the Canadian Drug Co. Ltd., ought to be in as good a position as any in Canada to carry on a wholesale trade. The company got their handsome signs up on the front of their building, 60 to 62 Prince William street, last week, and now they are fairly started on their business career. Great changes and improvements have been made in the interior of the building, providing facilities for the easy and compact management and handling of a large business. The building is fitted with gas and electric light. There is a hydraulic lift for heavy goods and a small dumb waiter for light goods, the latter connected with electric bells, and both available on each floor, from basement to attic. The offices of the company are on the ground floor and are very handsomely fitted up. On this floor also, at the rear, is the packing room. Beginning at the top of the house, the fifth floor is used for storing light goods, such as senna, medicinal herbs, and flowers and roots. The fourth has the spices and the stock of empty bottles. The third is devoted exclusively to drugs and to the manufacturing department, a fine room for the latter work being cut off at the front, where the proprietary articles, oil, liniments, essences, etc., will be manufactured. The next, or second floor, is devoted to druggists' sundries and surgical instruments and appliances. The ground floor, besides offices and packing room, has all the patent medicines and proprietary goods. Down in the basement are the heavy goods, such as salts, alum, saltpetre, oils, etc. Thus every floor is a department, so to speak, and each is equipped with shelves, cabinets or whatever is essential to a convenient, neat and attractive arrangement of the goods. With ample funds and experience at their command, and connections with the leading markets, the company have been able to lay in a very complete and superior stock in all lines.

The directors of the Canadian Drug Co. (Ltd.) are: James Kennedy, president; W. H. Murray, vice do.; Samuel Hayward, Chas. T. Nevins and James V. Russell. Mr. Kennedy, with John Russell J. who is secretary-treasurer, are the managers of the business. The drug department is presided over by Chas. T. Nevins, a druggist of seventeen years' experience and a capable and popular man. R. W. McCarty is the city traveller. Of the outside men L. A. Miles, so long with T. B. Barker & Sons, is probably as well known to the trade as any other man on the road,

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No person can learn the secret of SNELL'S shorthand for less than \$10—write 150 words a minute and more. Note-taking course \$5 by mail. Lesson free.

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WANTED.—Trustworthy men and women to circulate "The sword of Islam or suffering Armenia," a thrilling book. Graphic account of the Eastern Question, the Turk, Armenian and Mohammedanism with its horrible massacres. Numerous startling illustrations taken on the spot. 64 pages, only \$1.50. Send 50c. for canvassing book. Agents make \$15.00 to \$50.00 weekly. Bradley Garretson Co. Ltd., Brantford, Ont.

WANTED.—Young or middle aged men of good character. Hundreds foremost in Canada, started with us. About \$14.00 a week to begin with. The Bradley Garretson Co. Ltd., Toronto, Ont.

WANTED.—EARNEST MEN AND WOMEN, to circulate "The sword of Islam or suffering Armenia," a thrilling book. Graphic account of the Eastern Question, the Turk, Armenian and Mohammedanism with its horrible massacres. Numerous startling illustrations taken on the spot. 64 pages, only \$1.50. Send 50c. for canvassing book. Agents make \$15.00 to \$50.00 weekly. Bradley Garretson Co. Ltd., Brantford, Ont.

WANTED.—MEN everywhere to paint signs with our patterns. No experience required. Thirty dollars weekly. Send stamp for patterns and particulars. BARRETT BROS., Toronto, Ont.

WANTED.—RELIABLE MERCHANTS in each town to handle our Water-proof Cold Water Paint. Five million pounds sold in United States last year. VICTOR KOPFOD, 40 Francis Xavier, Montreal.

RESIDENCE at Bethesda for sale or to rent for the Summer months. The pleasantly situated house known as the Titus property about one and a half miles from Bethesda Station and within two minutes walk of the Kennebec Falls. Rent reasonable. Apply to H. G. Fenwick, Barrister-at-Law, Piquette Building. 94-9-11

STAMPS For Hand Printers, Banks, Railways, Man and Merchants supplied. Linen Markers, Monograms, Stencils, Seals, etc., to order. ROBERTSON'S FINEST BRAND WORKS, St. John, N. B.

OFFICE OF JORDAN, MARSH & CO., Boston, Oct. 1, 1895.

Dear Mr. Kerr:— I have been in Boston a little over two weeks and have been working here about two weeks, so you see I was not long in getting a situation. I look back to the pleasant time spent last winter and find that the training I got has done me a world of good.

(Signed) S. E. STEVENS. Recently Mr. Stevens writes to his father; I have just been promoted, and expect advancement again shortly, as the head book-keeper has reported me capable of doing any of the office work. This is what we fit our students for. Catalogue free.

S. E. STEVENS & SON, St. John Business College, Odd Fellows' Hall.

while Charles Farrand, long with Norbrop, Lyman & Co. of Toronto, has travelled for the last five years in the lower provinces and is particularly well known and liked by the trade in Nova Scotia. Two more travellers will be on the road within four weeks, as the company will have five men in all. Under such conditions, and with such a management and staff in charge, the Canadian Drug Co. (Ltd.) begins its business life under most favorable conditions and with the best prospects for success. It is a source of general satisfaction to see local capital invested in business in this way. Upper province houses do a large trade down here in the same lines, and if a larger share can be diverted to St. John the city is so much the gainer thereby. And St. John is certainly best located to command the trade. A point greatly in favor of the company is the fact that for foreign buyers they have secured the services of Henry Miles, for 25 years with Lyman, Sons & Co., Montreal, and one of the best informed men in the business. He has already purchased 50,000 worth of goods for the company. Goods are bought for cash, and therefore the keenest competition can be met.

saved by a Drink.

A child 7 years of age had developed a bad habit of rising in the night to drink from the water bottle, and had been forbidden in vain. On the night of a recent storm his parents being away, his aunt tucked him safely in bed.

"Now, Dickey," she said, "remember I can tell you to go to the water bottle."

"Oh, no, auntie," he smiled slyly, "how can you?"

"I can tell," she said, with conviction.

"But how?" said Dick, skeptically.

"I can," she repeated; "and since you won't promise, you naughty boy, I shall empty the bottle." And she did so, to the young reprobate's consternation.

In the middle of the night the gable of the house was blown down, and crashed like thunder through the ceiling of master Dick's room. As his aunt and the servants rushed in a terrible sight met their gaze. The bed was almost hidden by masses of bricks and masonry, two iron feet at the head being driven completely through the floor. With a shriek his aunt fell on her knees. "O, Dicky! poor Dicky!" she cried. "He's been killed."

The words had hardly left her lips when there came a light, faltering step from the bath room and as they turned there stood Dicky, his teeth chattering with cold, a candle in one hand, and a full water bottle in the other. For a full moment he surveyed the bed with its ton or two of debris, and then shook his head with sorrowful admission.

"Yeth, auntie," he declared; "you tued you could tell it I did."—Boston Globe.

New Style in Cards. An effort is being made by those who desire variety to introduce the fashion in vogue thirty years ago of having names on calling cards put in Roman letters. Howling swells have their cards engraved in this style. It is more expensive than the old-fashioned script. Certain conservatives of the old fashioned word look advance at these cards engraved in Roman letters, for, no matter how exquisitely they are executed, they suggest at first glance common printing. However, if you wish to be very fit, have a thin card embellished with your name in small Roman capitals.

Columbia and Hartford



W.H. THORNE & Co., Ltd.

Market Square, St. John. Agents.

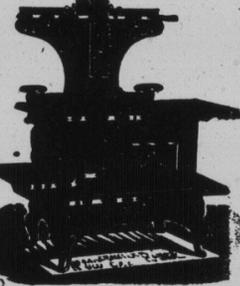
English Cutlery.



Knives, Razors, Scissors, Shears. A large and well selected assortment at reasonable prices.

T. M'AVITY & SONS, ST. JOHN, N. B.

IF YOU WANT THE BEST



OUR ROYAL ART.

We have added a handsome Nickel Top Edge, Oven Shelf and Two Teapot Stands, which are very convenient when required. The Oven is full-sized, and has a Thermometer which gives the exact temperature at all times for Baking and Roasting.

EMERSON & FISHER.

1. S. Hall Stoves taken down, repaired and stored for season, and all kinds of custom work promptly attended to by a staff of competent workmen.

Proof of the Pudding Is in the Eating. Stearns, Eclipse, Waverley. Quick Repair Shop. THERE WILL BE NO DELAY, for we realize how much a rider dislikes to part with his wheel, even for a day. W hope to make friends by being prompt. MARCH BROS. Bicycle Academy, Singer Rink. Fifty second-hand Bicycles in good order for sale cheap.

Musical and Dramatic.

IN MUSICAL CIRCLES.

The music at the various churches on Sunday last (Easter) was of a very high order and rendered in a manner and with a spirit in consonance with the joyous occasion then celebrated. The various choirs had been rehearsing steadily for some time previous and their labors have been in the main attended with special success. Some of the choirs were supplemented and aided by outside musical talent as in the case of Centenary church where the congregation had the pleasure during the day of hearing Mrs. C. W. Harrison sing no less than five times. In the evening she sang the "Song of Trust" in addition to two other solos.

The choir of Germain street baptist church had the benefit of Miss Nettie Pidgeon's vocal skill. She sang her music in very happy style and demonstrated that her musical study in the United States has not been without resultant good.

Appropos of Mrs. Harrison, I have learned from a recognized lover of music (meaning of course what is meant by good music) that she lately gave a concert in Yarmouth on Monday evening last and that she sang there with very much better effect than at any of the concerts at which she had previously appeared in this city. I was not present myself, at this Yarmouth concert. Mrs. Harrison was assisted by St. John talent such as Prof. White, Miss Goddard and others.

Musical people generally will be glad to learn that the popular basso and good fellow Fred Smith has not been disappointed in his anticipations in "Uncle Sam's farm." Writing to a friend in this city the other day he says he has met a number of musical people where he is located, has sang with them and been offered a position in one of the choirs there. He misses his old friends down here by the sea though very much. Fred will always be a lover of his native city and I doubt not will ever sing her praises. Success attend him.

The St. John Orotorio society will make its next public appearance in Germain street baptist church on the 14th inst. when "The Daughter of Jairus," will be sung. This pretty church is well adapted for a production because every sitting is not only comfortable but permits a view of the platform or exterior of the choir gallery. The organ is quite a good one too and coupled with the fact that an opportunity—probably the last one—will be given to hear Mrs. Harrison sing it is fair to assume that the church will be crowded on the occasion. Mr. Will Starr who has a nice tenor voice, as every one knows, will sing in a duet with Mrs. Harrison. At all events that is the idea as arranged at this writing. Mr. Jas. S. Ford will be the conductor and that fact in itself is assuring.

Amid all the coming musical events, perhaps none merits greater consideration than the concert to be given by Prof. L. W. Titus on the 16th inst at the Opera house. This gentleman has done much for the improvement of music and the development of musical taste in this city. He certainly deserves that he should receive the most liberal and generous patronage not only on his own account, but because of his efforts in bringing here new talent of a very high order for the entertainment of our citizens. For this occasion he will be assisted by Miss Ida King Tarbox, an admirable soprano, who, since she delighted audiences in this city before has been a diligent and consistent student of music. Good singer as she undoubtedly was before, she must be better now. Mr. Hitchcock, a baritone, of excellent repute who is personally certified by Mr. Titus, will be another feature of the programme. Other features on the programme of a concert that indicates unusual excellence, will be supplied from local sources. It is Mr. Titus' intention that his concert shall be an annual affair. Every one who loves music should make it a point to be present and give him an overflowing house.

Regarding Mr. Hitchcock, the Worcester Gazette of a recent date says: "Mr. Arthur B. Hitchcock sang 'It is Enough' from 'Elijah' receiving well merited applause. It is seldom that we are privileged to hear a voice of such richness of tone and such rare musical quality as that possessed by him. This, combined with an intelligent interpretation of the music at hand makes his singing most enjoyable. He was encouraged again and again."

Tones and Understones.
Dr. Bridge, the famous London organist lives in the Lillington tower of the abbey cloister and sleeps in the old prior's bed-room which bears the date 1864.

Costumes musicales are the social fad of the moment in London. If the evening is to be devoted to Russian music, for example, all the guests are invited to come in Russian costumes.

The Wilkie comic opera company under the management of W. S. Harkins opened a season at the Academy of music, Halifax last Monday evening. They will appear in this city at the close of the Halifax engagement, whenever that may be.

The Bostonians produced their new work "A war time wedding" in Philadelphia, last week. The scene is laid in Mexico in 1847. Jessie Bartlett Davis as Teresa, the peasant girl, so sang and acted her part as to render the role "a dramatic creation to be remembered."

Chevalier has refused an offer of Charles Frohman and another, of \$1000 per week. It is reported his London average is \$150 per week.

Barnabee of the Bostonians is singing "The Cork Leg" in the new opera "A war time wedding." He used to sing it frequently long ago.

The Whitney opera company will produce a new Irish opera next season. It is written by Stange and Edwards. These gentlemen are writing another opera to be entitled "The Birth of Yankee Doodle."

The comic opera "The Wizard of the Nile" is said to be coming to Boston shortly. The work is much commended.

The last Sunday in March at a certain baptist church at the South and Boston, the choir were all discharged. Evidently there had been friction between the one who preaches and the those who sing. The last hymn was "Hallelujah 'is done," but the choir in their state of mind were evidently thinking of something else than the meaning of the hymn, for they all sang lustily "Hallelujah We're done."

Onderick, the Bohemian violinist, will return to Europe during this month.

Miss Ellen Gray, young, fair haired handsome and English, who lately was a member of the Wilkie Opera Company which is now playing in Halifax, was married in New York recently. Her spouse is Burkhardt Huslon, of the Customs, who is the son of a wealthy Bostonian.

Madame Albani did not sing with the Handel and Hayden society of Boston in their production of "The Creation" last Sunday evening.

"Lucia di Lammermoor" made such a hit at the Castle Square theatre, Boston last week that it is continued this week. Miss Fatmah Diard sang the title role. A critical notice of the work after saying that an ideal fulfillment of the difficult role of Lucia is almost without precedent says Miss Diard's "performance was one which would not suffer severely in its comparison with others we have seen and heard, yet it was not without its shortcomings. Miss Diard's voice is not of a particularly rich quality, and there is an unpleasant shrillness to the very high tones which she seems to delight in taking, while more warmth and abandon in her acting would add to the interest of her work."

The twenty-first rehearsal and concert of the Boston Symphony orchestra was given in Music hall, Boston yesterday afternoon, April 10, at 2 30 o'clock, and this evening, April 11, at 8 o'clock. Programme:

Overture, "Jocunda" Spahr
Recitative and Aria, "Deeper and Deeper Still" and "Waft Her, Angels," from "Jephthah." Handel
Quartet in C sharp minor Beethoven
(Orchestrated by Muller-Berghaus)

"Walther's Preislied," from "Die Meistersinger" Wagner
Academic Overture Brahms
Soloist, Mr. Ben Davies.

Quite a number of the members of the English House of Commons are popular singers. Specially prominent among them is William Abraham, otherwise known as "Mabou." Of this gentleman there is an excellent story told of his exchange of compliments with Madame Patti. At a concert in Wales, Mabou and the great prima donna were performers. When the concert was over Madame Patti stepped up to the M. P. and, with a pleasant smile, observed "You sing really well Mr. Abraham." "Yes, Madame" responded Mabou gallantly "and so do you."

TALK OF THE THEATRE.

At the Girard Avenue theatre in Philadelphia last week there was revived an old time farce comedy entitled "Dreams, or Fun in a photograph gallery." It was in fact the forerunner of the skits written by Hoyt. A number of specialties were introduced with a view to bring it up to date. Miss Mollison of this city and who is a member of the stock company at this theatre, was in the cast. A notice of this lady's work says "Miss Mollison, as Kitty, in the first act, should also be mentioned as contributing a dainty little bit in a manner peculiarly her own."

Madame Duse is at the Boston museum this week in a repertoire which includes "Magda" "Camille" "La Locandiera" "Cavalleria Rusticana" etc. She will appear at the Broad in Philadelphia on the 18th inst.

Miss Genevieve Nannery, as she was known to the stage world (now Mrs. Blinn of Los Angeles, California) has had additional honor and distinction conferred on her this week. It is a son. All fair wishes attend all the interested parties.

W. B. Lytell, who is well remembered as an actor and manager, is playing in support of Jack Mason and Marion Manola Mason, this season. He recently did Pete the old darkey in "Zoe the Octoroon" in Boston.

Harry Dixey has sued Augustin Daly of New York for \$15,000 for an alleged slander.

Eliza Proctor Otis is thinking of starring as Carmen. A notice says she ought to make a success of it.

W. H. (Senator) Crane is at the Hollis theatre, Boston, this week in his play "His Wife's Father" by Dorothy Morton. He will also put on "The Governor of Kentucky."

At the benefit entertainment arranged for Miss Rachel Noah on the 30th inst. "Pygmalion and Galatea" will be the principal feature. The title roles will be played by Dr. Fenderson and Miss Gwendoline Sandham. Miss Noah will also be in the cast.

Miss Julia Arthur, now of Henry Irving's company, will give readings at the Boston Press club's eleventh annual entertainment at the Boston theatre on the 23rd inst.

Cissy Fitzgerald is coming to the Park theatre next Monday evening.

Madame Modjeska is now rapidly regaining health and strength at her ranch in California.

"Charley's Aunt," which nearly every theatre goer knows to be exceedingly funny, is on at the Park theatre, Boston, this week. Eric Girardot plays the title role. This play is now in its third year in London, Eng.

The following instance of the remarkable memory of William Florence is cited by E. R. Byram in Donohoe's: In 1867, while Mr. Florence was in England, he saw Tom Robertson's comedy of "Caste" at the Prince of Wales Theatre. Thinking it would be a good piece for America, he secured a copy, and upon his return home offered it to his brother-in-law, who was at that time manager of the Broadway Theatre. The distribution of characters was a strong one, and it is worth mentioning that besides Mr. and Mrs. Florence, Mrs. Chamras, Mrs. G. H. Gilbert, Effie Gernon, George Honey, Owen Marlowe and Edward Lamb were in the cast. The play was a great success, though it created a lawsuit with the Wallacks, who had it in rehearsal at the time and claimed a permitted authority from its English owners for American production. The defence of Mr. Florence was that he

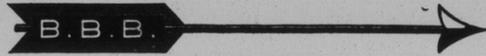
committed the play to memory by seeing it acted in London; and there being no international copyright law, or any law to prevent his production of the piece, it was so ruled and the suit resulted in his favor. In this connection it can be stated that to an actor, no natural gift or accomplishment is so essential to success as the possession of a good memory, or as it is termed in stage parlance, a "quick study." Some actors possess this faculty to a remarkable degree, and few were more endowed in this respect than Mr. Florence. He could in his younger days "wing a part" in a most astonishing manner, and many are the parts he has played with but a few hours' study and without a rehearsal. The achievement of his memorizing "Caste," referred to above, was not accomplished in one sitting, as has been stated by some, but was the result of four or five visits. In discussing this faculty with the writer he expressed a belief that it would be possible for him, or any actor of good study, to memorize a comedy sufficient to write it out in two or three visits. He stated that he committed the whole of the lines of Bob Brierly in one day from the manuscript.

His Fish Story Was True.

"One afternoon, when we were in the Indian Ocean," said the Captain, "I noticed a shark swimming round the ship, and I didn't like it a bit. You know the superstition to the effect that a following shark presages the death of one of the ship's company. He sailed round us all the next day, and the next after that, and I determined to catch him and quell my uneasiness. We baited a hook, and after a short time, captured and killed him. Then we cut him up. Do you know what we found in that shark's inside? No? Well, a newspaper, unopened, and it will surprise you, as it did me, when I tell you that it was addressed to me."

A shout of great laughter went up from the captain's audience, who winked at each other unblinking. He, however, took all the bantering in good part, and when the jests were ended he said: "Now, gentlemen, I'll tell you how it happened. I found that my children had been skylarking the day before in the cabin. They found among the mass of reading that had been brought aboard some

STRAIGHT AS AN ARROW



TO THE MARK.

In all diseases that affect humanity there is some weak link in the chain of health, some spot that is the seat of the trouble. It may be the liver, it may be the stomach; perhaps it is the bowels or the kidneys; most likely it is the blood. Burdock Blood Bitters goes straight to that spot, strengthens the weak link in the chain, removes the cause of the disease, and restores health, because it acts with cleansing force and curative power upon the stomach, liver, kidneys, bowels and blood.

With good red blood health is assured, without it disease is certain to come and Burdock

BLOOD BITTERS

is the only remedy that will positively remove all blood poisons. In ulcers, abscesses, scrofula, scrofulous swellings, skin diseases, blotches, old sores, etc., B.B.B. should be applied externally, as well as taken internally according to directions.

unopened newspapers addressed to me. They had been throwing these newspapers at each other, and one of them went out of the porthole. The shark saw it of course, and gobbled it down, and that was how it happened. Now, gentlemen, judge for yourself the truth of my story."

Grand Concert.

OPERA HOUSE,

Thursday Evening, April 16.

Under the management of Mr. L. W. Titus.

Miss IDA KING TARBOX, Soprano.

Mr. ARTHUR B. HITCHCOCK, Baritone.

—assisted by—

Miss INA S. BROWN, Mr. N. N. H. ATHOR

and the Mendelssohn Quartette.

RESERVED SEATS, 25 Cents, for sale

at 105 State Street, April 11.

SPRING AND SUMMER MILLINERY.



A grand display of all the latest novelties in French, New York and London Millinery.

See our Windows—
CHAS. K. CAMERON & CO.
77 King St.

Cyclists Attention!

The following facts will interest every rider and prospective rider in the Provinces of Nova Scotia, New Brunswick and P. E. I.

There are many ways of introducing goods into a new market, and we have decided that the quickest and most effective for the season of 1896 will be to offer our machines

Direct to Riders at Agents Prices

The only objection to this is that some people are always suspicious of new methods and afraid that the goods offered are of poorer quality

YOU CAN DISPEL ANY SUCH IDEA QUICKLY, BY CALLING ON OR WRITING TO ANY OF OUR REFERENCES AS GIVEN BELOW.

We Guarantee our Goods to be Worth the Full List Price, and that no Superior Goods exist in their Respective Grades; and more—

Old Riders you who are harder to convince than others, "King and Queen of Scorchers"

we can show you something UNEQUALLED.

You can save from \$20 00 to \$35 00 by Buying our machines, and **SURELY THIS IS WORTH INVESTIGATION.**

It is Your Loss if Your Friend Rides a Cycle as Good, or Superior to Yours, and paid Agent's Prices for Same, having the other \$25-00 or \$35-00 in his Pocket.

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Our Cycles list from \$55.00 to \$125.00 and are right up to Date having all the Latest Features and Improvements, and are

Guaranteed for One Year.

References: Canadian Wheelman, Simcoe; Cycling, Toronto or the following few amongst those who have already purchased: L. M. Jewett, St. John, N. B., Rev. J. W. Mannig, St. John, N. B., Isaac Burpee, Fredericton, N. B., R. D. Stiles, Pictou, N. S.

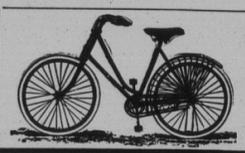
Certificate.

PROGRESS certifies to having examined a number of agent's contracts, and quotations being made by letter to residents of the Maritime Provinces, and finds them in every case identically the same.

E. C. HILL & Co.,

Sole Agents and Importers for Canada

Toronto.



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It Floats

WELCOME SOAP CO., ST. JOHN, N. B.

Our Repair Work

Is not the least part of our business. We keep efficient and well trained workmen, and they pay special attention to repairing of all kinds of Tinware, Granite, Iron Ware, etc. Stoves taken down and stored for the season at a moderate charge. Slate and Wood Mantels, Grates, etc., always on hand. Wholesale and Retail, 38 King Street.

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(Successors to Sheraton & Whittaker.)

THE NEW DRESS

Season is here. Any BINDING may LOOK well enough in the begining but if you do not want to be perpetually mending INSIST ON HAVING

"WAKEFIELD"

Specially Prepared Leather Binding. On your new shirt. It saves the time and annoyance of mending.

At all Dry Goods Stores. In all Popular Shades.

ON THE Wine List

O'Keefe's Ale and O'Keefe's Lager

Are always found as the leaders. Ask for them.

Agent: Geo. P. McLAUGHLIN, O'Keefe Brewery Co., St. John, N. B., 11 and 13 Water Street.

Have You seen the New Model No. 2

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AMERICAN TYPEWRITER

\$10?

OUR THREE YEAR AND NO COMPETITOR. Name and letter written with it

Ira Cornwall, - General Agent
For the Maritime Provinces,
Board of Trade Building, Canterbury Street, St. John, N. B.

The week opened in a most promising manner with a delightful dance at the home of a graceful and popular young hostess, to be followed Tuesday evening by a children's party at the same hospitable home. Thursday afternoon was an exceedingly busy one for those ladies who were interested in the sale at Stone church and who had also been invited to a pretty tea given on the same afternoon. A few weeks ago PROGRESS described the decorations suitable for a pink tea and since then has had several requests for ideas and suggestions upon this matter. The following charming scheme may be used for the decoration of a dinner table lighted by a hanging lamp and would certainly be very effective and pretty if tastefully carried out. Green and white wicker baskets wove with trails of asparagus, fern and sprays of lily and white flowers and ferns, and sprays of ivy and hollyhock, hung from the lamp, the handle tied with bright yellow satin ribbons. The table center is of yellow brocade, cut in a star shape and bordered with narrow silver galon. Trails of similar and fern tied with bows of yellow ribbon are arranged round the desert dish, and silver dishes containing salted almonds and bonbons are placed at the point of the star-shaped center.

On Friday afternoon Miss Devor had a pleasant tea, and as the day was delightfully fine a large number of ladies were invited to her home. News of the death of Mrs. F. T. C. Burpee at her daughter's home in England, has been received in this city, and can be very deep regret among a very large circle of friends.

Last Monday evening Mr. W. E. Vroom and Miss Mello Vroom gave a delightful little dance in honor of Mr. Heber Vroom who was home from Halifax for the Easter holidays and that it was gotten up at short notice did not detract in the least from the enjoyment of the guests; very bright music was furnished the dancers and an inviting supper was served about midnight. As it was the first little disipation after the lenton quietness it was thoroughly enjoyed. Mrs. Vroom was looking particularly well in black tulle dress and point lace while Miss Mello Vroom was very charming in black with a pretty green silk bodice. The rooms were very tastefully arranged. Among those present were Miss May Blair, Miss Mary Warner, Miss Marks, Miss McMillan, Miss Parks, Miss Travers, Miss Lena Duns, Miss Jessie Walker, Miss Mark, Miss Mack, Miss Christie, Mrs. Simonds, Messrs. S. MacMillan, L. P. D. Tiley, Paddington, Dr. Travers, N. Park, Blair, Hart, J. Harris, W. Harrison, MacLean, McLean, T. Jones, W. Clark, Mr. Tracey, Halifax; C. DeBury, W. Parry.

On the following evening a party of little folks were entertained by Mrs. and Miss Vroom and the evening was spent in dancing and games. That it was a delightful occasion goes without saying. The little maidens were looking very bright and dainty and enjoyed themselves just as much as the guests of the previous evening. Dainty refreshments were served and the music was excellent. Among the youthful guests were: Miss Violet Simonds, Miss May Harrison, Miss Constance and Miss Amy Smith, Miss Bertha Schofield, Miss Edith Hagan, Miss Amy Adams, Miss Hilda Hannington, Miss Emily Hackenly, Masters George Adams, Horace Porter, Vera Howland, Ned and Harold Sears, Regie and Allen Kerr, Lodewick Vroom.

Miss McTierkey of St. John has been in Woodstock visiting her friend Annie Wilbur.

Miss Crowley of Campbellton spent a short time lately in the city.

Mr. Fred Bally paid a few days visit to Woodstock lately.

Mrs. F. X. Russell, Campbellton, spent last week in the city.

Mr. John Boden who has been spending a short holiday in St. John returned to New York the first of the week.

Mr. C. W. Robinson and Mrs. Robinson of Montreal spent the week in the city.

Mr. Wm. Blair and Mrs. Blair came from Montreal last Saturday for a short stay in the city.

Mr. and Mrs. C. G. Armstrong and Mrs. J. A. Hallitt of Sussex visited city friends on Sunday.

Miss Emma Maxwell left last Friday for Providence, N. I.

Mr. Charles Leitch left last week for a trip to Boston.

Miss Kate Watson of Andover is visiting friends in Carleton.

Miss L. Henderson is in Moncton a guest of Mrs. John Henderson.

Mr. William Harrison of Fredericton spent a day or two here lately.

Mr. H. K. Fisher of Halifax was in the city for a short time last week.

Mr. George Anderson of Woodstock visited the city last week.

Mr. George W. Babbit of the bank of N. S., at Moncton spent the Easter holidays in St. John.

Mrs. Herbert Lamb of St. Andrews visited city friends the first of the week.

Mr. John McLernsey and Mrs. McLernsey of Connor's spent a brief holiday here lately.

Mr. George Noble of Toronto was among the city visitors lately.

Mr. H. E. Walsh of Boston was here for a day or two the last of the week.

Mr. John A. Chealey, M. P. spent Easter at his home here.

Mr. F. C. Campbell of Gloucester, Mass., was here for a short time the last of the week.

Curran street Methodist church was the scene of a very interesting entertainment last Monday evening at which a very large and appreciative audience listened attentively to the following excellent programme:—Exercises and chorus, The Lord is Risen; recitation, April, Marcell Brown; recitation, Easter Emblems, Lisle White; trio, What the Lily Said; recitation, A Little Angel, Millie Brown; recitation, Mand Aitchison; song, Keeping Easter; recitation, Annie Johnston; organ solo, selected, Master Stevens; recitation, Mary Laurie; solo, Hazel Coombs; recitation, May Johnston; dialogue and chorus, Lift up Your Heads; recitation, Ella Seymour; recitation, Wake! Flowers! Minnie Robertson; duet and chorus, Go Quickly and Tell Them; recitation, My Three Little Texts, Hazel Coombs; staging, Easter Lesson; recitation, Marcell Brown; solo, Papa, What Would You Take for Me? Chester Coombs; recitation, Helen Cochran; organ solo, Master Stevens; God Save the Queen.

Mr. James Lawson's friends will be sorry to hear that he is very seriously ill at his home in Fairville.

Mrs. George R. Baker has been in Randolph visiting Mr. Baker's parents Mr. and Mrs. Charles P. Baker.

Mr. Wm. Hall of Springhill, N. B., spent a couple of days in town this week.

Mr. Claude Peters of the Bank of Montreal at Moncton, spent the Easter holidays in the city returning to Moncton Monday evening. Mr. John S. Benson of the Chatham branch of the same bank also spent the holidays here.

Mr. Arthur Boyd expects to spend the next three months in Washington D. C., for the benefit of his health.

Mr. E. L. Rising left Monday for a trip to Quebec, Montreal, Boston and New York.

Miss Lena Keith who has been visiting friends here and in Sussex has returned to her home in Petticoats.

Miss Cranford of Salisbury is visiting city friends. A very enjoyable concert was given last week under the auspices of the W. C. T. U. in Union hall, North end, and was attended with a great deal of success. The following programme was rendered. Selection by Alexandra Temple of Honor band; reading, Miss Armstrong; tableaux, Chickens at the Farm; tableaux, Billy and I are Out; tableaux,

Windor Sal, Forest and Seat.

News of the death of Mrs. Martha Fairweather, widow of Geo. W. Fairweather, which occurred on Wednesday morning was heard with sincere regret. Mrs. Fairweather leaves several brothers and a sister, who will have the sympathy of many friends. Miss Hanger has returned to Moncton, after a pleasant visit to city friends.

Miss Jessie Dunn has returned to Harcourt, after a pleasant visit to St. John.

Mr. Job (Rev.) Shenton has returned from a visit to Marysville.

Miss Beattie Murray spent Easter here with Dr. and Mrs. Smith.

Miss Minnie Stewart, who spent the Easter vacation with her parents on Garden street, returned to Mount Allison on Tuesday.

The beautiful residence and grounds of Mr. Thos. Furlong is in the market and will be cleared for [CONTRACTED BY ROBERT PEARCE].

Windor Sal, Forest and Seat.

PLEASANT TO TAKE

DROPPED ON SUGAR.

JOHNSON'S ANODYNE LINIMENT

CURES COLDS, COUGHS, COLIC, CRAMPS.

Every Mother should have it in the house for the many common ailments which will occur in every family as long as life has worn. Dropped on sugar suffering children love it. Do not forget the very important and useful fact, that Johnson's Anodyne Liniment cures every form of inflammation, Internal or External. It is a fact, proven by the investigations of medical science, that the real danger from disease is caused by inflammation; cure the inflammation and you conquer the disease.

Could a remedy have existed for over eighty years except for the fact that it does possess extraordinary merit for very many Family Ills? There is not a medicine in use today which has the confidence of the public to so great an extent as this wonderful Anodyne. It has stood upon its own intrinsic merit, while generations upon its generation have used it with entire satisfaction, and handed down to their children a knowledge of its worth as a Universal Householder's Remedy, from infancy to good old age.

All who use it are amazed at its wonderful power and are loud in its praise ever after. For Internal as well as External Use Our Book "Treatment for Diseases" mailed Free. Originated in 1810 by an old Family Physician. Doctor's Signature and Directions on every bottle. Be not afraid to trust what time has endorsed. At all Druggists. J. S. Johnson & Co., Boston, Mass.

MY DAD

USES THE

MASTER MECHANIC'S EXTRAORDINARY SOAP.

But MOTHER has always washed me with

BABY'S OWN SOAP

A SENSIBLE BOY.

Sea Foam

It Floats.

5 CTS. (TOILET SIZE) A CAKE.

A Pure White Soap. Made from vegetable oils it possesses all the qualities of the finest white Castile Soap. The Best Soap for Toilet & Bath Purposes, it leaves the skin soft, smooth and healthy.

Granby Rubbers

Honestly made of pure Rubber. Thin, Light, Elastic, Stylish, Durable.

Modelled each year to fit all the latest shoe shapes. Extra thick ball and heel.

Sold everywhere. They Wear like Iron.

Pelee Island Wine Co's Wines.

OUR BRANDS: DRY CATAWA, SWEET CATAWA, ISABELLA, ST. AUGUSTINE, (Registered), CLAMET.

THEY ARE PURE JUICE OF THE GRAPE.

MADE 1878, 1893.

E. G. SCOVIL, AGENT PELEE ISLAND GRAPE JUICE, ST. JOHN, N. B.

DEAR SIR,—My family have received great benefits from the use of the PELEE ISLAND GRAPE JUICE during the past four years. It is the best tonic and sedative for debility, nervousness and weak lungs I have ever tried. It is much cheaper and pleasanter than medicine. I would not be without it in the house.

Yours, JAMES H. DAY, Day's Landing, Kings Co.

E. G. SCOVIL, Tea and Wine Merchant, 62 Union Street, St. John Telephone 532, Sole Agent for Maritime Provinces

Bisquit Dubouché & Co.

COGNAC.

Shippers of the most FAMOUS Vintages of Brandies.

In Wood and Case. Ask your Wine Merchant for them.

PROGRESS ENGRAVING BUREAU

FOR TRAVELERS' BUILDINGS, ADVERTISEMENTS, AND CATALOGUE WORK.

German's Building St. John, N.B.

DRAWN, DESIGNED & ENGRAVED. SAMPLES & PRICES FURNISHED CHEERFULLY.

SOCIAL AND PERSONAL
(CONTINUED FROM FIFTH PAGE.)

made today. There are no prettier grounds in St. John than those which surround this well known place, making it one of the most desirable residences in the city. The lawn is shaded with many a fine tree and the garden contains a variety of the rarest plants. This place would make a splendid summer residence.

A very pleasant tea and a social was held in St. John's Presbyterian church on Thursday evening, and an interesting programme rendered which included the following: number; address, Mr. Fotheringham; piano, Miss Adams; antichap selection, Mr. Fotheringham; song, Mrs. Massie; reading, Miss Harvey; music, Mrs. Massie. The fancy table contained many pretty articles of fancy work and was presided over by: (unnamed) and Miss I. Durr. Miss J. Smith, Miss M. Lean, and Miss R. Pakhurst. At the tea table the following ladies took part: the visitors, Miss G. Trimble, Mrs. McLean, Miss Smith, Mrs. Watson, Mrs. McLean, Mrs. Young, Mrs. Doig, Mrs. McLeod, and Miss Cunningham.

Miss Kate Bartlett and Miss Maggie Turnbull spent the Easter holidays at Hampton guests of Mr. and Mrs. Philip Palmer.

Mrs. P. P. Brennan has returned from St. Stephen where she was spending Easter with her parents Mr. and Mrs. John Cummins.

The assembly room of the Institute was the scene of a very enjoyable event last Thursday evening the occasion being a ball given by a number of young gentlemen who did all in their power to make the evening a very pleasant one. Harrison supplied music for the dancers and about midnight an excellent supper was served, the table being prettily decorated with cut flowers and plants. The dance was presided over by Mrs. J. C. Hathaway and Mrs. C. Y. Gregory who were both looking exceedingly well, the former in an elegant dress of satin of rose color with cream silk, cream and white crepe, and the latter in a handsome black silk with pink satin jet trimmings and roses. Among the other gowns the following were noticed:

Miss Perkins, Frederickson, white silk, white lace and flowers.

Miss Brennan, rose pink silk, white lace, diamonds, cream and red to silk.

Miss Clark, cream silk white gauze, purple and white crysanthemums.

Mrs. Robert S. Rain, black crepon, pale blue satin and jet; Miss Jessie M. Charlton, black silk, lace, and jet.

Miss Rigby, cream flowered chamois, yellow silk, white lace.

Miss Campbell, yellow silk, natural flowers.

Miss Wetmore, blue green silk, pink trimmings.

Miss Creecher, black velvet, pink silk.

Miss Kennedy, black crepon, pink and white.

Miss M. Sinclair, cream crepon, lace and flowers.

Miss Hamill, scarlet cashmere, black trimmings.

Miss Massie, Frederickson, black crepon and diamonds of roses silk.

Miss Graham, black and pale green silk.

Miss Potts, black crepon, crimson trimmings.

Miss Evelyn Clark, cream crepon, and cream chiffon.

Mrs. L. D. Clarke, grey and black silk, flower.

Miss White, cream crepon, lace and ribbon.

Miss Foley, cream crepon, silver paste ornaments, white lace and ribbon.

Among the gentlemen present were Messrs George Prier, B. Stratton, M. Wilson, B. Smith, H. Harrison, B. Watson, P. Daye, F. Rodon, N. O'Connell, S. Smith, H. Armstrong, F. Smith, J. Cochran, G. Barton, Geo. Blak, W. Dunbrack, L. Brennan, A. Leitch, F. Brody, W. Patrick, O. Charlton, Leo Blackiston, P. Landry, O. Howard, and many others.

SUNSET.

[PROGRESS is for sale in Essex by G. D. Martin R. D. Bost and S. H. White & Co.]

April 7.—Dr. and Mrs. McCully of Moncton spent Easter here with the doctor's parents.

Mrs. Macaulay and children spent Easter with Mr. and Mrs. Webster at Pettitodiac.

Mr. Reginald Arnold and Mr. Will Fairweather who have been taking a course in the Military school, Toronto, returned home on Friday.

Mrs. A. Hallett and Mr. and Mrs. Geo. Armstrong spent Sunday in St. John.

Mr. and Mrs. H. H. Dryden spent Sunday with relatives in St. John.

Miss Bessie Carmichael, St. John, has been visiting her cousin Miss Maria Boal.

Miss Laura Robinson is to visit at Amherst friends. Miss Susan DeBole, vest tonight for Campbellton to visit friends, after which she goes to New Brunswick to accept a position at three in Newton Hospital.

Mr. Gillespie of Shule, N. S. is the guest of Mrs. W. H. B. and wife.

Miss Virey Lashley, who has been spending the winter in the south, Mrs. Pearson, returned to her home in Bridgeown, N. S. on Monday.

Miss Louise Frites is visiting relatives in Moncton.

Mr. P. Bradley of St. John spent Easter here.

Miss Bert of Dorchester has been the guest of her friend, Miss Carrie McLeod.

Mr. and Mrs. Cushing of Boston, Mass. arrived here on Wednesday to spend the summer. JUNE

[PROGRESS is for sale in Amherst by H. V. Purdy.]

APRIL 8.—The holiday season is passing along rather quietly as far as festive events are concerned and the 10th of April which were to have taken place right after Easter are I am sorry to say postponed indefinitely. The only social event that has come to my notice this week was the small and very pleasant party given by Mr. and Mrs. A. Darrin Taylor on Tuesday evening at their pretty cottage on Havelock. Mrs. Taylor, comparatively speaking, is among our youngest hostesses and if all her social undertakings prove as charmingly successful as her first party there is a host of pleasure in store for her many friends. The prizes were cast by Mr. C. S. Cameron and Mr. W. D. Douglas. Among the guests present were Mr. and Mrs. D. W. Douglas, Mr. and Mrs. Reid-Sickville, Mr. and Mrs. W. D. Main, Mr. and Mrs. H. J. Logan, Mr. and Mrs. R. C. Fuller, Mr. and Mrs. Curry, Mr. and Mrs. C. T. Hillson, Miss Trice, Pettitodiac, Mr. Lowerison, Dr. M. Queen, Dr. McCully and Mr. Benedict.

Mrs. Taylor entertained a number of friends at afternoon tea on Wednesday afternoon, which was a very bright and pleasant affair and quite above the average in the way of smart spring gowns.

Mrs. McMann of Moncton, is the guest of Mr. and Mrs. Geo. Hillcoat.

Miss Nellie Davison of Edehill, Windsor, is the guest of her aunt Mrs. D. A. Douglas, Victoria street.

On Thursday evening Miss Annie Mitchell gave a small party at her home on Victoria street which was about the only social of the kind that I heard of for last week. The affair was given in honor of her guests, Miss McLean and Miss Campbell of Halifax, who have been staying at her home with her mother. No doubt it was very pleasantly enjoyed as all gatherings at her home meet with general appreciation.

Mr. Mabce of the Bank of N. E. of Halifax, was among our welcome visitors on Easter holidays.

Mr. and Mrs. John Mowatt left on Thursday for Oxford, where they will in future reside, Mr. Mowatt having been promoted to the agency at that place. Mr. and Mrs. Mowatt's departure will be generally regretted as they will be a great loss both to their hosts of friends made during their residence in Amherst and to the Presbyterian church of which they were devoted members, but their many friends will join in wishing them all happiness and prosperity in their new home.

Mrs. Taylor and Mrs. B. B. Barnhill and Miss Barnhill of two lovers were in town on Monday.

Two Spraves of New York is the guest of her sister Mrs. Dixon.

The Y. M. C. A. juniors held their 8th athletic exhibition in the Y. M. C. A. hall on Monday evening. The different events were done very creditably, special mention being made of the seven imitable boys in their Indian club drill under the leadership of Will Wier. The young boys are to be warmly congratulated on the success of their first entertainment.

Congratulations are being warmly extended to Mr. and Mrs. Geo. W. Cooke on the arrival of another little lad in their home.

Ex-Mayor Curry left on Wednesday for an extended tour.

Mr. Wylie returned on Tuesday from a trip to Halifax.

Mrs. Morris of Wallace spent Easter with Mrs. N. B. Heston, Halifax street.

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Mrs. J. Jodry and Miss Anna Jodry are visiting Mrs. Geo. Davis in St. John Sunday with friends.

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Mrs. L. Hillson of Moncton is the guest of her mother, Mrs. Brownell.

Windsor Salt For Table and Dairy Purest and Best.

Go to McArthur's for Wall Paper.

Trees, Like Men,



For a certain time grow in size and strength and improve in quality, but, after a certain age trees, though they grow in size, lose strength when the prime is past. So the best trees are of medium growth. The scunding boards of the PLATTE PLANOS are made of carefully-selected spruce and fir grown on high mountains, where they are comparatively free from moisture. By thus selecting trees of the right age more strength and elasticity are secured—two great essentials to the perfect vibrating qualities of the sounding board. See these we have in our show rooms.

Platte Planos

1676 Notre Dame Street, MONTREAL.

Represented in Halifax by THE W. H. JOHNSON CO., Corner Grand and Buckingham Streets.

To the Electors of the City of Saint John.

I will be a candidate for the office of

MAYOR

Of the city of Saint John at the election to be held on the 13th Tuesday in April instant, and solicit your votes.

Your Obedient Servant CHARLES McLAUGHLIN

To the Electors of the City of John

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN— Having been solicited by a large number of the electors of the city to allow my name to be put in nomination for

Alderman at Large,

I beg to notify all friends that I will be a candidate at the coming election, and I hereby solicit your support, and I elected will do all in my power to advance the interests of this my native city.

Respectfully yours, D. McARTHUR, St. John, N. B., March 27, 1896.

To the Electors of the City of Saint John.

I will be a candidate for the office of Alderman at Large

DUKE'S WARD.

at the ensuing Civic elections. I elected I will use my best endeavors to further the interest of the city, and trust by diligence and carefulness to merit your approval.

I would respectfully solicit your support.

GERARD G. RUEL, St. John, N. B., March 20, 1896.

To the Electors of the City of Saint John.

I WILL BE A CANDIDATE for the office of Alderman for

KING'S WARD

at the ensuing Civic elections. I elected I will use my best endeavors to further the interest of the City, and trust by diligence and carefulness to merit your approval.

I would respectfully solicit your support.

J. B. HAMM, St. John, N. B., March 30th, 1896.



Memorials, Interior Decorations. CASTLE & SON, 20 University St., Montreal. Write for catalogue E.

PRINTING ESTABLISHMENT FOR SALE.

THE Royal Gazette Plant, (under the former Queen's Printer), all complete, is offered for sale at a very low price. It can be sold in two parts—one part consisting Hand Press, Type, Galleys, in fact all materials just as used up to the last on the Gazette. The second part consists of the Adams Power Press, Motor for driving it; said press is capable in its old days of performing the finest work, while the Water Motor is perfect 4 horse power. As this plant now stands, it is precisely the same as it was on leaving it, complete in all its appointments. To be sold on reasonable terms, and the building will be rented low on the articles being disposed of. Apply at the book store of W. T. H. FENEY, opposite the Post Office, Fredericton—4in.

A Work of Art. One of the neatest things in the form of advertising booklets is that issued by the J. C. Ayer Co. of Lowell, Mass., the proprietors of those famous remedies Ayer's Sarsaparilla and pills. "Ayer's Curebook" as it is called, is printed upon the finest paper and illustrated with portraits which are splendidly engraved. It is a triumph of the printers and engravers art and contains so much that it is worth having.

Skinner's Carpet Warerooms.

SPRING, 1896.

HEADQUARTERS FOR CARPETS.



Ahead in Carpets Always, that's our Position. Why? Because we make a Specialty of the Carpet Business. Not only having the best assortment of Carpets and house furnishing goods, but the Lowest Prices. Look at the following: A Splendid Brussels Carpet with Border to match.

only \$1 to per yd. New Patterns in Linoleums, 4 yds wide, the most durable floor covering made, only 50c per square yard. A word or two about Japanese

Matings and Rugs. Our Japanese Rugs and Matings most artistic and pleasing.

Our patterns cannot be found elsewhere. Matings from 15c. to 60c. per yd.

Rugs from \$2 50 to \$18.00 each



A. O. SKINNER,

58 King Street, Saint John, N. B.

AMHERST.

[PROGRESS is for sale at Amherst by H. V. Purdy.]

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Go to McArthur's for Wall Paper.

TRURO.

[PROGRESS is for sale in Truro by Mr. G. O. Fulton, and D. H. Smith & Co.]

APRIL 8.—There was "standing room" only on the floor and in the gallery of the Opera house last Monday evening, to listen to the Ladies Mock Parliament. That the session was a success and every effort of the fair legislators was appreciated, was demonstrated by the round after round of applause that greeted each succeeding oration, and local "hit" which were, apparently, all received in the true spirit. The curtain arose on the hall "House" seated at their desks, amid all the paraphernalia and litter peculiar to such occasions. The entry of the Hon. Speaker, attended by the Sergeant-at-Arms was the signal for business, which was immediately commenced by the reading of journals and Bills by the clerk, presenting petitions for the admission of men to the school boards, by the Hon. member for Digby, enfranchisement of widows and bachelors by the Hon. member for Richmond.

Equalization of teachers wages by the Hon. member for Kings. Prevention of street corner gossip, by the Hon. member for Yarmouth, a bill introduced by the Hon. member for Antigonish, to consider a scheme for the prevention of cruelty to animals. A bill by the Hon. member for Colchester for incorporation for Beck's club.

A motion by the Hon. member from Pictou, for a bill of canal boats for the south side Prince street, to ply east and west and to have regular stopping places.

A motion by the Hon. member for Cape Breton, (to supply a long felt need) by the provision of additional text books for use in public schools.

Subfrage was ably and fluently debated by the Hon. Attorney General the Hon. secretary for education, the Hon. Attorney General and member for Annapolis, the Hon. member for Inverness, the Hon. member for Hants, and the Hon. member for Cumberland. The Hon. Premier rose for a few bright lines in this, and proved by forceful and conclusive argument, the present session occurring in the twenty third century, that government and direction of all public affairs, are an actual responsibility by the nineteenth century man, but a beautiful actually by the really new woman, who by protected X-ray lenses are enabled to see right into the heart and mind of the poor depraved genus, exposing all his bad and wicked artifice. The Premier's speech was brilliant and almost extempore. I have not the pen to do justice to all bills passed and motions moved by this session of Twenty Third Century Parliament, but that all

WINDSOR.

[PROGRESS is for sale in Windsor at Knowles' book store and by F. W. Dakin.]

APRIL 7.—Perfect stagnation continues to be the order of things in social circles, nothing at all in the way of gaily taking place which is, to say the least, rather hard upon reporters for that part of Progress devoted to society news. To compensate in part for this state of affairs the ladies have been flocking to the military openings of which there were several last week and consoled themselves (if not their better halves) by the purchase of stylish head gear for Easter Sunday. It was "forcing the season" however, to wear any thing at all summer-like on that day as the weather was more like February than April.

A number of our citizens spent the Easter holidays out of town, taking advantage of the cheap fares on the railways.

Dr. Haley who has been confined to the house for some weeks with an attack of rheumatism, is I am glad to hear able to be out again and as his office, his daughter Mrs. Bill who has with her two children been spending some weeks in Windsor

turned on Monday to her home in Shelburne.

Mr. and Mrs. Christie have been making a short visit to the city.

Mr. J. M. Smith has returned from a business trip to New York.

Miss Bowness has been spending a week in Halifax.

Miss Alice Lawson went to Boston last week to visit her aunt Mrs. Caldwell.

Miss Pat in is spending a week with Truro friends.

Mr. Bradford was in Halifax last week.

Mrs. and Miss Sutherland have returned from Halifax.

Mrs. McKay of Stillwater is visiting Mrs. Stewart at the "Mansie".

Mrs. Angus Curry and Miss Morris were in Halifax last week.

Mrs. and Miss Sutherland have returned from Halifax.

Miss Kate O'Brien and Miss Fannie O'Brien were in Halifax last week.

Mrs. and Miss Oasley were in the city on Tuesday.

Mr. J. A. Dickey, of Amherst and his little daughter have been spending some days with Mrs. E. W. Dimock, "Thornon".

Miss Morris who has been visiting her brother Captain D. H. Morris has returned to her home in Wallowa.

Mr. Lawson was in Parrsboro for some days last week.

Mr. R. Lawlor of the Bank of Nova Scotia, Halifax spent Good Friday at his home in Windsor.

The friends of Miss Jeanne Burgess are pleased to see her out again after her recent illness.

Mrs. Aubrey Blanchard spent Easter with relatives at Truro.

Mrs. Fleming was in Halifax for the concert last week.

Miss Nora Shand of Acadia Seminary with several of her school friends spent the Easter holidays with her parents.

Mr. Ross Fauk of Dalhousie college was in town on Sunday with his sister Mrs. Carver.

Mr. Charles Canfield who has been lay reading in Hantsport has gone to Moncton. Before his departure he was presented with a surprise by the Ladies of the English Church of Hantsport.

I am glad to hear that Miss Burgey of the Academy, who has been ill to attend to her duties for some days is recovering and will I hope soon be at school again.

Mr. C. W. Knowles was in Halifax this week.

Mr. Sangster spent the Easter holidays in Halifax.

Miss Francis Woodworth was in Grand Pre, last week.

Mrs. Palmeter and Miss McLachly of Grand Pre, are visiting Mrs. Woodworth at "Clifton".

Miss "Achin and a number of young ladies from Edge Hill attended one of the Albion concerts in Halifax.

DIGBY.

[PROGRESS is for sale in Digby by Mrs. Morse.]

April 8.—Miss Lotie Gilpin spent Easter here with her friend Miss Edith Robinson and returned to Wolfville Tuesday.

Mr. H. B. Short has gone to visit her parents in Hantsport.

Dr. Robinson and H. D. Bungles of Annapolis, were in town Friday.

Miss Annie Short has been visiting Bear River. Miss Mamie Chaloner is home from Acadia Seminary. Illness has compelled Miss Chaloner to lay aside her studies for a time.

Mrs. Haley of Yarmouth, is visiting her parents Mr. and Mrs. Chas. Burham.

Miss Joe and Helen Brown are home from the Methodist convent for the Easter holidays.

Mr. Jas. Wade spent a few days in Annapolis last week.

Miss J. E. Wright has returned from St. John.

Miss Arnold has returned from a visit to her home in St. John.

Master Bertram Robinson and Robbie Vies who are attending King's college, spent Easter with their parents.

Mr. J. M. Vies gave a small party Monday evening for the benefit of Master Roberts, who returned to college next day.

Mrs. J. F. Saunders has returned from Boston and New York whither she went to select spring and summer millinery.

Mrs. Melie has been visiting in St. John.

JULIEN.



Nervous Prostration

It is now a well established fact in medical science that nervousness is due to impure blood. Therefore the true way to cure nervousness is by purifying and enriching the blood. The great blood purifier is Hood's Sarsaparilla. Read this letter:

"For the last two years I have been a great sufferer with nervous prostration and palpitation of the heart. I was weak in my limbs and had smothered sensations. At last my physician advised me to try Hood's Sarsaparilla which I did, and I am happy to say that I am now strong and well. I am still using Hood's Sarsaparilla and would not be without it. I recommend it to all who are suffering with nervous prostration and palpitation of the heart." Mrs. DALTON, 66 Alice St., Toronto, Ontario. Get Hood's, because

Hood's Sarsaparilla

ST. JOHN, N. B., SATURDAY, APRIL 11 1896.

A FREAK OF RED TAPE.

THE ROUTE OF AN UNSTAMPED, UNPAID LETTER.

Astra Gets One and Describes the Impression it Made Upon Her—Three Gentlemen's Opinions—What Would be a Simple Method in Her Opinion.

We are most of us given to speaking with a lofty contempt, or a sort of tolerant amusement, of what Charles Dickens called "the red-tapeism of England" and referring, with the youthful arrogance of people who have grown up with a young country, to its sad effect upon trade, and progress. I don't imagine we ever thought of applying to ourselves the adage about people who lived in glass houses being cautious about throwing stones, because I am sure we thought that nothing less than stone walls sheltered us. I know I thought so, until I came face to face with an instance of "red tape" in our own broad Dominion, which would not have disgraced the brother country herself, and the High Court of Chancery at that!

A short time ago, I was away from home for a week or two, and on my return I found awaiting me an official slip from the Post office department at Ottawa! Frightened? Well I should think so! I was nearly scared out of my wits, but when I took time to collect my thoughts, I ran rapidly over the evil deeds I could remember, and finding my conscience clear of enclosing a letter in a parcel or a newspaper, writing on the back of a birthday card, using cancelled stamps, committing any other breach of postal discipline which could place me in the grasp of the law; I took courage and opened it. Within was simply a message from the postal authorities informing me that a letter had been posted at St. John, New Brunswick, to my address, and was now detained at Ottawa, on account of insufficient postage. If I would enclose the requisite amount—a three cent stamp, the letter would be forwarded to my address, otherwise it would be consigned to the Dead Letter Office.

I did not know of anyone in St. John who would write to me without paying the postage, and yet whose letter would be worth the trouble of writing all the way to Ottawa; so I made up my mind that one of my girls had merely been putting in an early application for a freckle wash or skin tonic, and that she would write again. Feminine curiosity asserted itself, however, and I found my days haunted, and my nights disturbed by a persistent yearning to know the contents of that letter; and at last it conquered me, and I wrote. In due time I received large, important looking whitey brown envelope officially franked, and bearing in large letters on the upper right hand corner, the legend—"On Her Majesty's Service. William White, Deputy P. M. Gen'l" and on the lower left hand corner "Post Office Department Canada, Dead Letter Branch."

Between these, my own address took up the remaining space. When I had finished reading the outside I opened the envelope, and it had been impressed with the decorations of the outer covering, my admiration of the enclosure was boundless! To begin with I perused the stamps, which were very lightly affixed and in the place where it should have been where the letter was first posted. The pencilled word, "stamp" evidently written by the confiding soul who had originally sent the letter, and over this modest request was stamped in large, and very black letters, the stern response "Cannot Be Forwarded Unpaid." Directly across the top of the envelope, the humiliating announcement was again printed—"Returned For Insufficient Postage" and an immense figure 3, indicating the deficiency, finished the sentence, while the figures 2138 decorated the left hand end of the envelope. Inside was a note from PROGRESS office, containing instructions and information, connected with some M. S., I had sent to the office, and the cause of all this turmoil lay in the very simple fact that the office boy had failed to notice that the letter was unstamped when he took the mail to the post office!

Now I would not have either the post master general, the Deputy P. M. Gen'l, or any of the clerks in the post office department of Canada think that I am ungrateful for all the trouble they took on my account; because I am not, I am deeply sensible of their efforts in my behalf, only, I cannot help wondering if the affair could not have been managed more easily.

Suppose for instance that the letter had not been diverted from its original course at all, but merely allowed to reach the town to which it was addressed; would it not have been a simple plan to mark "postal charges 6 cents," and make me pay them before the letter was delivered to me? It would have cost me just the same, and saved a lot of time! Suppose that letter had contained advice from my agents to sell out a certain amount of stock before an anticipated fall in the market, and that the delay had meant the loss of thousands of dollars to me, would I not have had substantial grounds for

an action for damages against the post office department? Yea verily, I think any lawyer who was unaware of my financial standing would have encouraged me to take the matter into court at once.

I know that outsiders cannot be expected to understand the inner workings of official policy; it is well to be deliberate, and circumspection may be an excellent thing in its way but when one considers that my letter first went hundreds of miles out of its way, in spite of the fact that the sender's willingness to pay for it was indicated by a written direction to stamp it, and the recipient could have been made to pay the charges; that a notification had first to be written to me, my response, and stamp received, and then that stamp carefully affixed to the letter, and then cancelled, and the letter finally enclosed in an official envelope, and readdressed to me, instead of being forwarded, all this formality involving fully a week's delay—I think I am fully justified in saying that it seems like putting a great deal of mustard on a very little meat, or in other words, exalting the smallest of molehills into the largest of mountains, to very little purpose.—ASTRA.

AN INCIDENT AT THE FRONT.

The Captain Was Permitted to Die Like a Soldier.

One night when the sentinels had been warned to be unusually alert, as the enemy were in force only a mile away, the soldier on post No. 4, which was directly in front of a small clearing in the forest, suddenly called out for the corporal of the guard. The order was to avoid firing if possible, as the men behind the breastworks were worn out with marching. There was a full moon and she threw such a light down into the clearing that the smallest object could be distinguished by the sentinel. As he looked and listened a confederate in the uniform of a captain stepped into the clearing in full view. The sentinel lifted his musket and opened his lips to cry out, believing that the enemy was moving down on our lines, but something in the demeanor of the lone figure made him pause. After a moment he simply called for the corporal of the guard.

It was a strange sight we saw—three or four of us—as we stood on post No. 4. The confederate came walking slowly down upon us, an open letter in his left hand—his right carelessly swinging. We knew him for a sleep-walker the instant we got eyes on him. His movements seemed to be made by machinery, and the carriage of head and shoulders was not that of a man awake. He came straight down upon us, head erect and eyes wide open, but looking neither to the right nor to the left. We stood aside to let him pass, and his left hand touched a bush and the letter was torn from his fingers and picked up by the corporal. It was a wife's letter to her husband—a wife's letter to her soldier-captain in the field. The man before us belonged to the Tenth Alabama, and the letter was written from an Alabama plantation.

"Don't touch him," whispered the corporal, as we fell in behind the somnambulist. He walked down our left-front the width of two regiments and back again. One of our party went ahead to whisper to the sentinels, and they stood in awe as the midnight visitor passed down and returned. His gaze was always the same—straight before him, and he neither increased nor slackened his pace. By and by he came back to post No. 4, and there he stopped for five minutes and seemed to be thinking. We stood close to him, but no man made a sound. We noted the color of hair and eyes—the fresh scar on his cheek—a finger missing from his left hand. Of a sudden the man started up and walked on, heading straight for the confederate lines. We stood and watched across the glade and into the darkness of the woods and then turned away.

"I feel that God will bring you home to me again," said the letter which the bush had torn from his hand. At 9 o'clock next morning we were fiercely attacked, but after a bloody conflict the enemy were driven back. When we went out to succor the wounded and bury the dead we found the captain almost among the first of the dead. Three bullets had struck him in the breast as he dashed forward at the head of his company. In his breast pocket we placed the letter which a loving hand had traced, and we gave him a grave of his own and marked it that his friends might know the spot when war had no more. Better for the loving wife had we made him prisoner as he came walking among us that night, but had we done so he might not have died a soldier's death.

A Brilliant Remark.

Count Jaubert had attacked Marshal Soult with a number of epigrams, and when the two met at a reception of the court of Louis Philippe, the marshal turned his back just as the count was coming forward to speak to him, and in the presence of thirty people. "Monsieur le Maréchal," said Jaubert, quietly, "I have been told that you consider me your enemies. I see with pleasure that it is not so." "Why not, sir?" demanded Soult. "Because," said Jaubert, you are not in the habit of turning your back to the enemy." The marshal held out his hand, and the count's success was complete.—San Francisco Wave.

INVESTING IN A HOUSE.

A LADY WHO BOUGHT A PROPERTY AT A LOW FIGURE.

She Attended an Auction in Halifax and Had No Trouble in Securing the Purchase—Her Husband Took Another View of the Matter—Two Kinds of Title.

HALIFAX, April 5.—They are telling a good story this week regarding an ex-mayor of this ancient city of Halifax, and the proposed purchase of the Kenny homestead. For generations the Kenny mansion on Pleasant street has been a landmark in this city. There Sir Edward Kenny lived and for many a long year the house was the centre of happy family life and social hospitality. It was a society centre, and any one who was fortunate enough to obtain the entrance of that noble mansion became almost at once "known to society." An the lamented death of Lady Kenny, some months ago, the executors of the estate decided to offer the house for sale, and it was duly advertised by James Shand.

On the day of sale Shand was there in all his glory, and before him a group of prospective buyers, one of them the wife of an ex-mayor of Halifax. Shand started the property at \$12,000, and then he dilated on its attractions in his fluent and eloquent style. He spoke in glowing terms of the attractive situation of the property, and of its excellent condition. Branching out Shand reached the height of his peroration as he told of the noble family that so had made the house a centre of everything that was good and pleasant and hospitable and how they made it the centre of the best social life of this old and aristocratic city, and he laid particular stress on the quality of the title. The auctioneer stopped, and his pause was as eloquent as had been his well worded praise of the magnificent property.

He waited for an advance on the \$12,000 at which the property had been started, then a voice was heard offering an advance of \$20,000, making the price \$32,000. It was the estimable wife of an ex-mayor who was the bidder. Shand, encouraged by his early success made further appeals for a better price, and no one except such as had no money or no desire for a lovely mansion could have resisted him. There could have been none of that class present, except the fair bidder, for no other offer was forthcoming. Accordingly the property was knocked down to the wife of the ex-mayor at \$12,000. She was the subject of many congratulations.

A day or two passed by and the auctioneer waited patiently and without the slightest misgiving. Time still went on, however, and the bargain was not ratified by the payment of a deposit to bind the sale, though the lady's signature had been affixed to the auctioneer's sales-book. Then the husband was waited on, and asked to proceed with the transaction. At this point Shand's heart fell as well as the heart of the executors for whom he was acting. The ex-mayor repudiated the bid; expressed himself as satisfied with his present abode, though admitting that the new property was a fine one and worth more than \$12,000; yet he did not need it.

The matter was handed to the lawyer's to adjust, and to see if the husband could not be forced to take possession of the house on the strength of the wife's bid. It is generally understood, however, that they can do nothing of the kind. A man is responsible for ordinary household debts contracted by his wife, but he cannot be held for any such transaction as this. All the debt a wife can legally contract in her husband's name is for what her household in the particular station of life in which it happens to be, may reasonably require. If a woman of ordinary means were to order at one stroke \$1000 worth of silk dresses for instance, or if, as in the case under consideration, she buys a magnificent house, which cannot be reasonably held to be required, then, it seems the husband is not responsible for the debt—if he refuse to take possession. This refusal the ex-mayor, so far, persists in. It may, therefore, be necessary, once more, to offer the mansion at auction.

It is said that the would-be purchaser of this property, when Shand dwelt on the value and quality of the title, believed that the title the auctioneer referred to was not that the deed was perfect in every particular but that the title mentioned was some right to the succession to the knighthood possessed by Sir Edward. No one takes this story seriously, however. What was wanted was a good house in the fashionable part of the city—something which the ex-mayor himself was not especially desirous of obtaining to induce him to pay \$12,000.

His Bark Worse Than His Bite.

HALIFAX, April 9.—The way the trouble between Lawyer Joseph Smith and Police-magistrate Fitzpatrick was hushed up is rather remarkable. Smith came into the police station one night, and Fitzpatrick alleges was intoxicated and abusive, so much so that the policeman locked up the barrister and kept him behind the bars all night. In

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the morning there were six charges set forth on the pages of the police book. In the meanwhile Smith brought a counter charge of assault against the policeman. The trial came up before Stipendiary Fielding, and the magistrate adjourned the case for a day or two to allow Smith to obtain witnesses. In the meantime influences were brought into play, about which Chief O'Sullivan knew nothing whatever, but which resulted in the policeman's non-appearance on the day of trial. Consequently the charge of assault against Fitzpatrick was not heard from. People are now asking which erred most on the night of the row in the police station—Fitzpatrick or Smith.

J. T. Bulmer had a heavy grievance against the same lawyer for another matter about the same time, and there was talk of dread punishment in another place than Stipendiary Fielding's court. The barrister's society was to be asked to take action and investigate a charge that this lawyer made improper representations to obtain evidence from a client of Bulmer's. This, too, seems to have melted into thin air. Brother Bulmer's bark is always worse than his bite.

END OF A FAMOUS SUIT.

Settlement of the Customs Case of Messrs. Shattford and Eckerley.

HALIFAX, April 9.—PROGRESS readers will remember the fierce controversy which raged two years ago in this city between John Eckerley of the customs department and Shattford Bros., oil merchants. Eckerley was accused of wantonly worrying and inconveniencing this firm and of obstructing them in their business. Over and over again they complained, and finally they brought an action at law against Eckerley, claiming damages "for the conversion and detention of 65 cases of Shattford Brothers' oil." Eckerley had done so, as he alleged, because he believed the customs regulations had been infringed. For two years the case has been hanging on and has been settled on the quiet within the past few days, each side paying the other the sum of one dollar, no costs being charged against either party, and the suit withdrawn.

Mr. Eckerley made a big kick against this settlement, being anxious for a fight to a finish in the courts with Shattford Brothers. But he had to bow to the inevitable. Eckerley held that he was not consulted as to the action being withdrawn, that Shattford's allegations had been "unjust and false," and that he was prepared to prove justification for all he had done. He, at first, declined to agree to the settlement unless he was tendered an apology by Shattford Brothers for what he called their persecution. At the same time, as Mr. Eckerley's defence had been assumed by the customs department's lawyers without expense to him, he informed the department that he considered he must obey their wishes in the matter, as he understood the Ottawa authorities desired that the suit should be ended. In informing the customs department of this decision Mr. Eckerley gave a full statement of his view of the trouble with the Shattfords coupled with some rather severe reflections on Inspector Hill's part in the affair. The controller of customs replied in some such language as this:

"I ask that you will sign the agreement for withdrawal of the suit, and thus end the matter, and no further charges or recrimination shall be made, as it is not desirable that you, as one of our officers, should continue this quarrel with the parties. The object of the department in allowing settlement was to remove the unpleasantness that has existed for some time and I have to require that you desist from any further proceedings in the matter."

The department at Ottawa received this reply from Mr. Eckerley.

"I am glad to hear that Shattford brothers have asked permission to withdraw their suit against you, which, to my mind, shows

that your position has been the right one in this case."

Thus ends in darkness, the celebrated case between Shattford Brothers and John Eckerley, in which the latter was threatened with things dreadful, and in which the former was to make as great a commotion.

Due to Muscular Jealousy.

HALIFAX, Apr. 9.—The jealousy of musicians is proverbial. An instance of this undesirable characteristic was forthcoming during the visit of Albani to this city last week. The prima donna came under the management of A. E. Harris, of Montreal, and for her second performance a chorus was organized at Harris' request, conducted by W. J. Hutchins, organist of St. Paul's, Albani's appearance was the great musical event of the year and her advent under the auspices under which she came seems to have thoroughly awakened the green-eyed monster. Proof of this was in evidence from day to day, and from what was said it became apparent to everybody the night after the second performance, when a violent criticism appeared in one of the evening papers signed A. the proper initial that should have followed the article in question is said to be a letter found near the middle of the alphabet and which stands for a name prominent in musical circles. Albani's singing was described as painful to listen to; she was set down as a musical back-number, accused of bad taste in the way she made her entrance to the stage and the manner of her exits, and crocodile tears were shed over Albani's "departed glories." It is needless to say the criticism does not meet the views of the people of Halifax, who paid between \$5,000 and \$6,000 to hear her in two concerts, but it shows how circumstances alter the complexion of some people's views. By the way, the receipts of the second concert were just 75 cents in excess of the first.

Got a Stern Lesson.

HALIFAX, April 9.—Some lawyers have been making ado about a Russian Jew—Charles Stern who was arrested on a charge of grand larceny, on the strength of a telegram from the New York police. It now turns out that it was quite a simple matter; that Stern was illegally arrested, and that he will sue the New York people who used the gotham police to capture a man against whom no other than a civil action could have been brought for \$100,000. Chief O'Sullivan and the police here are also liable if Stern should take action against them, but there is not the slightest fear of his doing that, and no hope of his succeeding with a Halifax jury if he should proceed. The practical result of this business will be that the New York police will find the Halifax authorities much slower to respond to an appeal from them another time. Chief O'Sullivan and Detective Power will be very sure of what they are doing before they act on telegrams from the New York police again no matter how urgent they may be. One such stern lesson as this Russian Jew has been the means of giving, will be remembered for several seasons.

A Dog in Pawn.

Even dogs are pawned in New York, writes a correspondent. In a place on Twenty-eighth street a lonely pug separated from his fellows, gazed wistfully at customers yesterday. "How much for that one?" asked a stranger as he pointed toward the pug. "Can't sell him until Monday night," replied the bird and dog dealer. The man wanted to know why, and he was informed that the pug was in pawn, and if he wasn't redeemed prior to the time mentioned he would be sold. "That pug's been hocked three times and has always been redeemed. How much do I loan on him? A dollar's the limit, sir, as pugs are no longer popular, you know." When a woman puts her pet dog in pawn it is quite safe to conclude that the wolf has entered her apartment.

WE PAY EXPRESSAGE ONE WAY.

UNGAR'S LAUNDRY AND DYE WORKS.

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HE COULD FIGHT.

One Blow Secured a School for the Pale, Thin Young Man.

In the mountains of the south the schools are still maintained upon the subscription plan. A traveling man just returned from that section gave the following account of an examination of an applicant for a school:

"I was stopping at a cabin all night," said he, "and a pale, slender young man came during the evening to talk with my host." "I am thinking of starting a school here," he said, "and I wanted to see if you would subscribe." "Kin yo' read?" "Yes." "Kin yo' write?" "Certainly." "Kin yo' figger?" "Of course." "Air yo' married?" "No."

"Well, we did not want a married man next time. The last three teachers has run off with gals, air' thar ain't enuff gals in this hyar neighborhood now. But I don't expect none of 'em would want a lean feller like yo'. I don't reckon yo' not being married 'll make much difference. Could'n't expect such a polly feller ter be married. Ten thar's one thing. Me an' Bill Simpkins an' Al Toney is all gwine ter school an' larn ter read an' write. I done licked Bill an' he done licked Alf, so I reckon the only one ter settle with is me. We ain't gwine to buy no man we kin lick. Kin yo' lout?"

"I studied boxing," said the stranger. "Don't know nothin' 'bout that. Does makin' boxes make muscals?" "Try one and see," was the cool rejoinder.

The big mountaineer hit at the little man, and when he regained consciousness had his head in the wood box and his feet sticking up in the air.

Looking about him with a dazed expression, he said: "Young feller, shake. I'll go with yo' some day an' we'll git that school. An' see, young feller, set me ter work on them boxes, will yo'?"—Washington Star.

"Eudora," is the name of the new black dress fabric put upon the market by the Priestley's, whose famous dress goods are a household word all over the world. It is like their much esteemed Henrietta cloth; indeed, it has all their merits, and a few things which they lack. It is made in black only; it is a perfect dust shedder; has extra weight and width; and, fitting easily and draping gracefully it gives a distinction to the wearer which all of Priestley's goods confer. This is their excellence, which sets them apart from all other goods. Wrapped on "The Varnished Board," and Priestley's name stamped on every five yards.

X Rays in Court.

The new photograph has not been long in getting seriously to work, and at Nottingham, England, it has taken a prominent place as a witness in a lawsuit. Miss Gladys Ffolliott, an actress, brought an action for damages against the Nottingham Theatre Co. She had injured her foot, she said, through a faulty staircase in the theatre. It was of no use for the defendants to argue that the plaintiff's foot was not injured, for she promptly went and had her bones photographed by Prof. Ramsay, and produced the negative in court; and the jury, holding that negative evidence is the most positive, awarded her appropriate damages.

Lots of Money

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UNGAR'S LAUNDRY AND DYE WORKS.

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A WHITE ROSE.

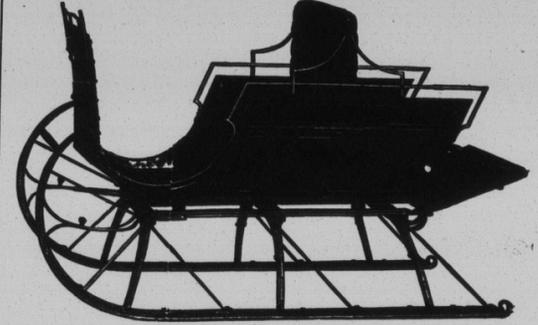
She was very young in spite of her nineteen years; very young, and of unmeasured innocence. Yet it was a whole year since that day most radiant in her memory—the day when she had graduated from the little boarding school up in the Connecticut hills. She dreamed it over often now—the golden morning, enriching the young green meadows that curved against the sky; the troop of girls in white—her friends—marching into the hall and awaiting the proud expectancy of many faces; the tremor of her heart when she arose to read her essay about "Happy Queens," the cruel tears that got into her voice at the valedictory climax of the paper, as she turned to pronounce the long farewell. It was a great day, good to know and dear to remember—would she ever again have so much glory?

moon shone full in his face and silvered his curly hair. He told her how he had been in love, and her heart beat fiercely to hear that thrilling phrase from the lips of a living man. He had been in love with a false-hearted Southern beauty, one of those marauding creatures whose lot hitherto had been to prey upon heroes of romance, but whose existence in the flesh had never been proved to Rose before. It appeared that this unworthy being had vowed she loved him, and promised to marry him, but after a week or two of rapture her loyal-hearted lover had discovered that she was engaged also to another man—a spouting little Creole with a plantation in Mississippi and a bank account in New Orleans. "I went to her in a rage, told her she had wrecked my life—and she laughed at me," the blighted lover continued bitterly. "But did you care for her any more?" said Rose.



How could she have said it? And how could she repeat it in cold blood? She tried to think of something else to say at that moment. She would have welcomed any lie; but her brain was paralyzed. The young man repeated his question—and how handsome he looked as he turned to her! Was she a fool, that in spite of icy fingers and a sinking heart she could do nothing but repeat those stupid words? He looked back toward the lake. "A burnt child dreads the fire," he said, after a pause. Rose felt degraded and oppressed; shame made her blood run cold. She suffered one of those writhing agonies of self-dignity which only the young know. The beauty of the night had gone; she rose shivering, and they climbed the bluff in silence.

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Sunday Reading.

THE FRUITS OF A PRAYER.

A Few Words From a Dying Wife. Cured His Unbelief.

A friend, who is mourning the loss of his wife, and to whom in his deep affliction the mercy of a great consolation has been sent, wishes us to place his experience on record, "in the hope that the mercy shown to him may be extended to others who need it."

His wife was a great sufferer, and for twelve months before her death she never left her bedroom. Shortly before the end came, her husband was attacked by a rheumatic seizure, so violent that he had to take to his bed, and for several days he could move neither hand nor foot. This was a great trial to him, for his wife lay dying in the next room, and he could not go to see her. At last, with great pain and difficulty, he managed to get out of bed, and finding that he could walk a little, he naturally wished to see his wife; but his doctor came, and told him he must not go, for her life was hanging on a thread; he would be sure to break down when he saw her, and the agitation would certainly cause her instant death.

Thus, our friend writes, "was hard to bear—to know that my wife was dying in the next room, and I could not go to her. I went to my knees, and prayed with many words that God would strengthen and support her through the Valley of the Shadow of Death, and that He would make the way painless for her, sparing her the dreadful fight and struggle which so often takes place. Soon, however, my prayer resolved itself into just these four words: 'Strengthen and support her,' and that prayer I continued to offer up almost incessantly for two days and nights. Either vocally or in my heart that prayer was continually going up to God.

"Early on the morning of my dear wife's death she told the nurse she wanted to see me, and I went in at once. She said to me with intense earnestness, 'I cannot tell you how I have been strengthened and supported, especially during the last two days. Oh! What should I have done without it? Praise God for all His mercy and His love to me, a poor helpless sinner! Praise—' That was her last word, and in it God's message to me was delivered by her. The heart stood still, the labored breathing ceased, and with two or three almost imperceptible sighs, without a struggle or a groan, her spirit ascended to the presence of God, and took up there the song of praise begun on earth with her dying breath.

"On the next evening I was walking in the paddock at the back of my house, recalling the two days and nights of my almost incessant prayer—'Strengthen and support her!'—and as I thought of my dear wife's words—'I cannot tell you how I have been strengthened and supported, especially the last two days,' it seemed as if a voice spoke within me: 'Behold the answer to your prayer, sent from the lips of your dying wife in His word at the door and knock!' and in swift answer I cried, 'Lord Jesus, the door of my heart is open. Come in! Come in!' In that same moment He came in and took possession. He is there still and I enjoy a peace that His presence alone can give.

"For some years I have been offering up this prayer to God, 'Lord Jesus, reveal Thyself and Thy salvation to my heart as plainly as it stands revealed to my mind.' It now seems to me that my case has been like that of Thomas. He had plenty of evidence to convince him; you know what he said and how Jesus in His astounding mercy met his unbelief. Just like me; I have had oceans of evidence of God's love and mercy, as you know; and yet, though I had almost unbounded faith in my heart, it did not seem to reach my heart; hence my years-long prayer. And just as Christ in His mercy dealt with Thomas, so also He has dealt with me—staying, as it were, the outstretched hand of the Angel of Death long enough for me to receive that message from God by the lips of my dying wife, and giving me that great after-blessing of which I have told you.—Melbourne Spectator."

THE LIGHT OF LIFE.

He Walked by Faith Rather Than by Sight.

A blind man, aged, afflicted and poor, was one day standing hesitatingly at a crossing in the city road. Coming up at the time, I guessed what he was waiting for, and the following conversation took place: "Shall I guide you over this crossing, friend?" "If you please," was the reply; and then he said, "I am going to St. Luke's workhouse, and I am glad that I have not much farther to go."

NOTCHES ON THE STICK.

FATHERLY AND HIS TALKS OF LITERARY PEOPLE.

The charming writings of Mrs. Malcolm Greene-Burns and his Life Work—The Author of Tom Brown's School Days—A Splendid Book for Boys.

Exit, the gracious and manly spirit of Thomas Hughes! We know and loved him long ago, and numbered him among those with whom it is good to live. He had the "spell o' hearts"—the power to make the reader his friend. The boy who reads 'Tom Brown's School Days,' will never forget the book, nor lose the personality of the author. Here is a man who was once a boy—who never quite left the boy behind,—but who is not less the man thereafter. Here is a teacher who never makes you feel the nettle of the pedagogue and here is a gentle physician whose pall is in honey. He knew and loved Thomas Arnold, and that was 'a liberal education' (the only kind well worth having). He painted Rugby School and Rugby School Days, and put one more book on the immortal shelf where moth and mildew are slow to find their way. He is a dull boy who feels no glow of brain or heart, no quickening in the pulse of many life, as he broods over these pages; nor can he be entirely corrupt who reads them all sympathetically. The close of the book is wisely beautiful. Over a morning mist of tender grief rises the sun of hope with a new promise, bracing heart and sinew, and the young knight goes from his chapel vigil, to be a champion of youth, earnest as the Summer, but genial as the Spring, and with golden spurs won in life's glorious battle. Read your 'Robinson Crusoe' and your Arabian Nights," if you will, my boys, but do not neglect 'Tom Brown.'

A THOUGHTFUL ACT.

Lincoln had a Kind Heart for Creatures in Trouble or Distress.

The following incident illustrating the tenderness of heart of Abraham Lincoln is related by Mr. Speed: Lincoln had the tenderest heart for any one in distress, whether man, beast or bird. Many of the gentle and touching sympathies of his nature, which flowered so frequently and beautifully in the humble citizen at home, fruited in the sunlight of the world when he had place and power. He carried from his home on the prairies to Washington the same gentleness of disposition and kindness of heart.

Six gentlemen, Hemgore, Lincoln, Baker, Hardin and two others whose names I do not recall, were riding along a country road. We were strung along the road two and two together. We were passing through a thicket of wild plum and apple trees. A violent wind storm had just occurred. Lincoln and Hardin were behind. There were two young birds by the roadside too young to fly. They had been blown from the nest by the storm. The old bird was fluttering about and wailing as a mother ever does for her babes. Lincoln stopped, hitched his horse, caught the birds, bunted the nest, and placed them in it. The rest of us rode on to a creek, and while our horses were drinking, Hardin rode up.

"Where is Lincoln?" asked one. "Oh, when I saw him last he had two little birds in his hand hunting for their nest."

In an hour perhaps he came. They laughed at him. He said with emphasis, "Gentlemen, you may laugh, but I could not have slept well to-night if I had not saved those birds. Their cries would have rung in my ears."

Be honest with God.

How about your pastor's salary, asks a contemporary. Is it all paid? When next you greet him, let it be with the consciousness that you have not withheld from him his due. And do what you can to get delinquents to settle their church accounts. The minister has to lay in his winter supplies as well as other people, and cash goes farther than credit in making good bargains. Be honest with God's servant. Do not pay everybody else before you pay your church stipends. Enter God's house with a clear conscience. Pay sanctuary money promptly and without fail.

The one all-dividing line in the universe is the line between truth and falsehood. God is the God of truth. The devil is the father of lies. No matter what gain is offered by the devil as a reward of lying, lying is ever and always wrong; and we ought not to do evil that good may come. There are, it is true, perplexities and perils in the line of right-doing; but God is on that side, and the devil is on the other. We must do right, though the heavens fall; and, indeed, the God of truth can keep the heavens from falling better than the devil can.—Sunday-School Times.

Thoughts by the way.

Cheques that are not signed go into the waste basket, and prayers that mean nothing never reach heaven. The keynote to the religion of Christ is unselfishness. While the disciples were clamoring for the highest place, not one of them deserved the lowest. Success that is not deserved cannot be long enjoyed. God's fire in the heart soon melts all the lead in the feet. It is the privilege of every Christian to have a mountain-moving faith, but how many spend their lives in experimenting with mole hills.—Rosa's Horn.

Life in its exuberance and intensity of action.

Such pieces as "The Curse of Concomagh," in this volume,—so picturesque and vivid as it is—evidence of her bent, and quality. Her joy in the multitude of moving things, and gift to depict them appear in some of the stanzas entitled—

"Sweet bells jangled out of tune,"
Adown the soft meadow, the green growing mead,
Where flows the river in brown banks between;
Where the willow bend over in love with their shadow
And the ripples laugh lightly in dappled sheen.

There the brown bee doth hover the red flies over,
And softly doth settle as last in their deep;
Above the broad daisies the butterfly roves
Hesitates, dandles and swings and swoops.

There the sparrow's nest soothly the south wind discovers,
And that wonderful sky is the sky of June;
The myrtle with blue blossoms over,
And life and the world are all in tune.

Oh, the dimpled and smiling of that flowing river
And oh, the green meadows so warm in the sun!
The roods, the lush grasses with joyous s-wiver,
And oh, the sweet sky one summer begun!

Her dramatic intensity, felt especially in such poems as "The Magdalen," "My Lady, the Sands and I," "Marsh,"—too long for quotation here,—is also in her briefer lyrics, such as—

Question—Answer.
The sun is waning and old;
The days are brief and gray and cold;
We shiver in their garments' folds.
A homeless dog, with dismal bark,
Bemoans twilight chill and dark,
The shrouded hills its white and stark.

Wild sweeps the snows about the cloud,
The stabbie songs above the sod;
The skies are blasting. Where is God?

SPRING.
A flood of light, a deep-drawn breath,
That through the being shudders,
With rapturous coming back from death.
A flash of glory, a glint of wings,
The starting of a thousand springs,
A thousand rascal murmurings:

Life thrills to the awakened cloud,
The convulsions,—the croak's nod,
The stir of nestlings,—Here is God!
(Here is a little lyric, which has been set to music by Rankin.)

Night Unto Night.
Day unto day uttereth speech;
Night unto night
Shoeth new knowledge; the golden reach
Of dawn, succeeding each unto each,
Brings gracious light.

Aye, night unto night new knowledge shows;
At set of sun
Man lies in wondrous repose,
Heart still and labor done!

This also has a musical lilt about it, which might tempt the musician to jot down his score:

The Meadow Brook.
From the green meadow, I have the lush grasses,
I hide in the shadow of bank and of tree;
My song is the song of the maiden who passes
Of dawn, succeeding each unto each,

I run from her coming, to greet his stroke the swinging
With musical measure, and scythe that is strong;
I murmur to him of the rhyme she is singing,
His cheek turns aye redder at sound of her song

And oh, I know not if this giddy girl-ever
Has a thought more of him than of all other men;
But moving in meadows, with blue skies again
Will ne'er be the same to young Steven again!

Several of the pieces in this book have been included in collections of dramatic readings, and have been used on the public platform. Mrs. Greene's qualities show at fine advantage when her pieces are rendered with skillful elocution, and such selections as "A La Mode," "The Legend of the Bell" and "Hannah Holiday," may be heard more than once with appreciation; but, unlike many poems that have attained this sort of popularity, they are also well adapted to the study and to private reading, because of their genuine and poetic merit.

We do not so readily attempt to exhibit this writer by fragments, as there is unity and comprehensiveness in her pieces, making them appear better in the completeness of all the parts together, than any single one; and yet, here and there, we find single stanzas, or couplets, to mark:

A leasing wall of willow green,
A glimpse of shining river,
A wild rose hedge—all, all has been
And will again forever!

The moon is a wrath forevermore,
Crossing the sea with a fever shawl!
When two have met, and caught in sudden gleams
Life's full completeness measured each in each,
There is no silence evermore; what seems
So, verily is the very gold of speech.

The radiant, glittering splendor
Of the great dome chandeliers
Broke in a thousand lustres,
Like a passion that shook with tears.

Grapes empurpled lush green bowers,
And great pomgranates, glowing and dank.
O God! in Thy creation Thou didst make
Each new day's work some grace of life express;
For gladness, light was fain to overbreak,
For Beauty, there were flowers in plentifulness.

But when for infinite sadness thou'ldst find
Some form which should its whole expression be,
And love and wee incarnate there be shrined,
Thou stretch'dst Thy hand, and lo, the heaving sea,
Mrs. Greene is a daughter of Deacon David Farrar, of Buckfield, Maine, and wife of Waver Greene, of Portland.

She is an artist, as well as a poet and story writer, having opened an art studio at Portland in 1870, in which she continued for several years, or until her marriage. Her early writings were published under the nom de plume of "Kate Kendall." Her book, "The Magdalen and Other Poems," appeared in 1890, from the house of Brown Thurston & Co., Portland, Me.

We conclude these few citations and comments with the following nervous lyric, illustrating finely the author's dramatic intensity, the quality in her outshining all others:

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Bind him fast with lead and thong;
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TRY SATINS, The Finest Molasses Chewing Candy in the Land. GANONG BROS., L'td., St. Stephen, N. B.

Nerves and there was iron strong:
Mad with fury and despair
He will race against his wrong.
With his bonds and fiery heart,
Spirit, this is what thou art!

Care an eagle, main his wings,
Seek to tame his countless eyes;
Teach him songs the linnet sings,
Tell him to forget the sky;
Tell him 'till brings arrow stings—
He must soar or he will die,
Beating pinion, eye of flame,
Spirit, this is what thou art!

Mark the everlasting sea,
Watch her mighty heart uplift;
O'er her bosom, broad and free,
Fleets may ride, and wrecks may drift;
Storms may rage,—what retheth she?
Boundless freedom is her gift.
"Spirit wait," she murmurs there,
"Eternity! Eternity!"

The "Week, in an editorial, entitled "Canada First," has one paragraph at least, that deserves the most careful consideration on the part of all Canadian citizens. We believe it is down right truth, and much-needed truth, and truth not applicable to Canadians alone:

"The Dominion can only exist by a steadfast policy of concession. If the Francophobes, the Anglophobes, the Orange fanatics, the ultra supporters of Papal supremacy are not soon put in their place they will turn Canada into a Donnybrook fair. Protestant and Papist, French and English Canadians, meet in the drawing room, eat side by side. They must learn to give and take in politics. Any members of the House of Commons who do not act on this line must be driven out. It is on this point that the Equal Rights, lusus a non lucendo, come to grief. That is why they will not succeed."

Dr. John D. Ross, of Brooklyn, N. Y. in a recent address commended recent editions of the works of Burns, and modern biographies, which have discarded the stories derogatory to the poet, formerly credited, but which are now believed to rest upon insubstantial or contradictory evidence. He thinks that Burns, equally with his actual faults and follies have been greatly exaggerated, and that it is time that the theme should be taken up with less of apology and of regret. The hundred years of the House of Commons who do not act on this line must be driven out. It is on this point that the Equal Rights, lusus a non lucendo, come to grief. That is why they will not succeed."

The grand hotels and railroad companies vie with each other in the splendor of their advertising pictures and their richly illustrated guide-books. We have recently had a series, pertaining to the Dominion and the United States, which shows how neither labor nor expense is regarded in the matter of volume and attractiveness. Among the finest of these is "Routes and Rates for Summer Tours, Rome, Watertown and Ogdensburg Railroad, 1895," which is a substantial book, abounding in colored maps, and engravings, giving glimpses of most bewitching scenery. The crowds who run and read must make such publications profitable, or possible. Next to these are the illustrated Catalogues, issued by the large publishing houses, abounding in portraits and artistic illustrations.

The editor of The Epworth Herald has a peppery pen, and does not leave all the points to The Rams Horn, and other journals that sport that sort of thing. We like his opinion on the "War on Large Hats," and quote him as follows: "Hurray for Denver! Some people in that city are making war on the habit of wearing enormous hats to the theatre, lectures, etc. It has long been a nuisance, not only in Denver, but everywhere else. The campaign against the abomination should be broadened so as to include the big hat at church. How often the minister is utterly hid by the hat worn by the female in the pew just in front! Women of sense will not wear such millinery in church. And women who have no sense should be compelled by public sentiment, by law, or something else, to be sensible."

What a prize is a favorite poet in an early edition, and that with the marks and annotations of another poet;—a Milton, we will suppose, once the property of Gray, and with his name written nine times on the title page; or a Coleridge, once Leigh Hunt's, showing his marks of analysis and appreciation on every page. Such jewels of literature are scarce on our shelves, but Mrs. Fields had many of them, when she wrote the book mentioned in our last number of Notches. Relative to the latter volume, Mrs. Fields writes:

"Charles Lamb says somewhere: 'Read, if haply thou art blessed with a moderate collection, be shy of showing it; or if thy heart overfloweth to lend them, lend thy books; but let it be to such a one as S. J. C.—he will return them (generally anticipating the time appointed) with usury; enriched with annotations tripling their value. I have had experience.' In his turn, Coleridge receives in this volume the like tribute of annotation from Leigh Hunt. Line after line is underscored with an emphasis that will not let you turn the page till you have read them. The lovely passages seem to gain at least a double value from his signs of admiration. It is dangerous to gather flowers in such a field! They rise in crowds about us, and we regret a seeming partiality. When we come to 'Kubla Khan,' hardly a line escapes Hunt's index; we seem to read certain things with him for the first time, and are startled by their wondrous beauty. 'Youth and Age,' 'A Day Dream,' 'The Ancient Mariner,' and 'Christabel,' are, of course, specially marked, as if he really could not restrain his wonder and delight."

How can the traditional Spring poet flourish in such a season as this! The editors say he is in the back ground, this year,—treen out, we may suppose by the wintry dols of this fourth of April. There is need, however, for him to cry loud and spare not, against the further prevalence of icy crown and sceptre. There is a lamentable absence of the balmy airs he is supposed to invoke.

THE MAN WHO KNOWS THE ROAD.
He drives directly home, even in dark nights, does the man who knows the road. The over-hanging gloom, the deceptive shadows, the uncertain sounds, don't bother him. He can feel the ground under his wagon wheels, and the "lay of the land" is open to him as clear as outside. It is the stranger in those parts who is confused and bedazzled, who knocks people up to ask questions, who finally lodges in the ditch.

Where to go, and how to get there; what to do, and how to do it,—the man who knows that comes to be found everywhere and always. But the opposite—the waste of time, money, power, health, &c., in blind experiments, how disheartening and disastrous it is! Take an illustration of this sort, and you will see how it fits in a minute.

"In the spring of 1892," says a lady who lives down near the east coast, "I began to feel ill. I had a poor appetite, and after everything I ate, no matter how simple it was, I was seized with great pain across the chest and around the sides. I was frequently sick, vomiting a sour, bitter fluid. I was almost afraid to eat, and my food gave me no strength. In this state I continued, now a bit better, and then worse until December, 1893, when I became very ill. I got so weak I could hardly bear the weight of my body on my feet. I tried this, and I tried that, all kinds of medicines. I heard of, but none of them gave me any relief."

"In January, 1894, I read in a little book about the cures done by Mother Seigel's Syrup. The book contained letters from people who had been cured, some of whom had suffered like me. I got a bottle from Miss Caroline Foster, grocer and draper, High Street, in this place. After taking it I was much better. I had a new relish for food, and no more distress after eating. I continued taking Mother Seigel's Syrup and was soon free from all pain and sickness and last gaining strength. Since then I have been in the best of health, and needed no medicine. (Signed) Mrs. Eleanor Clay, Messingham, Briggs, Lines, April 30th, 1895."

"In the early part of 1875" writes another, "my health began to fail me. I felt low and weak, lost all power and disposition to exert myself. After every meal I had pain in the chest and all over me; I was much troubled with a sickening wind coming up from my stomach; and now and then I belched up a sour fluid that bit my throat and half choked me. Then, too I had attacks of spasms, which gave me intense pain. I got about my work slowly and in much distress, and grew gradually weaker and more despondent in mind. I tried all the various medicines I could hear of that might possibly be good for me, but none of them were of any avail."

"After tedious years of sufferings, my daughter, who is in service in London, wrote me of the benefit of Mother Seigel's Curative Syrup when troubled such as I was. I replied, and my daughter sent me two bottles of the Syrup, and after having taken it, I felt quite like a new woman. I had no pain after eating, and was in better health than I had been in since I was first taken ill. From that time onwards my health was good and if I felt temporarily, as the best of us will, a few doses of Mother Seigel's Syrup puts me right. I have told many persons of what this now celebrated remedy did for me, and am willing you should publish my statement if you desire to do so. (Signed) Mrs. Ann Knight, near the Church, Fenny Compton, Leamington, September 27th, 1895."

By looking back to the italicized words in these letters the reader will catch my point on the instant. Both these ladies, not knowing the true remedy for their disease (indigestion and dyspepsia), blindly experimented with anything they could get hold of. Under like circumstances we all do the same. When one doesn't know the road he is almost certain to blunder and stumble; and he can't know until he learns. Now, in all ailments of the digestion, with the local symptoms which proceed from it, Mother Seigel's Syrup is, so to put it, the right road. Follow it faithfully, and you are fairly sure to bring up in the pleasant shade of good health. Knowing this, direct your neighbours.

FONDLING AN ELEPHANT.

The Hero of This Interesting Story Relates Himself.

"Did you ever fondle an elephant in a zoological garden?" asked the man with a lop-shoulder as he looked around on the group which had been smoking and talking.

No one ever had, and he was invited to give his experience.

"Up to about ten years ago," he said as he settled down, "I had an idea that I was born for an animal trainer, with elephants as a particular speciality. I never went to New York, Philadelphia or Cincinnati without going to the zoo and fondling the elephants. Many and many a time I have astonished the keepers and raised a great row by walking right up to an elephant and shaking hands with him as it were. And they really took to me. When that big, bad elephant, Tippeo Said, of New York zoo, was killing his keepers and smashing up things I entered his den and pulled his ears and patted his trunk and got up such a friendship between us that he couldn't bear to let me go."

"Well, what next?" asked the man with the cat's eye ring on his little finger.

"I got stuck on myself, as a matter of course. I wanted to be an elephant trainer and do with the big beasts what no other trainer had ever dared try but somehow I could never strike a job. I let didn't prevent me from seeing the elephants at every opportunity, however and keeping in touch with them. One day I got around to Philadelphia and was told that an elephant called 'Hercules' had been in bad humor for a week or two. They had him chained to the floor, and his keeper dared not go within ten feet of him, while a man stood in front of the cage and warned the public to keep a safe distance. I'd seen the beast a dozen times before, and on two occasions he had litted me up on his back with his trunk. I am sure he knew me on this occasion, but he gave me no greeting."

"But you were determined to fondle him just the same?" queried the cat's-eye man in a vinegary voice.

"Of course," replied the narrator. "It was an occasion I had been longing for for years. I wanted to show a professional trainer what I could do in the way of pacifying and humbling an ugly elephant, but for half an hour they watched me so closely that I had no show to get at old Hercules. The time came, however, and I slipped into his cage and walked right up to him and began to speak loving words and caress his trunk. Gentleman, excuse these two tears—the first I have heard for

years—but my emotions always overcome me at this stage of the game!"

"What are you crying about?" sternly demanded the bald-headed man in the big rocking chair.

"At the recollection of what occurred then and there. I hadn't fondled that miserable critter over three fondles, and hadn't time to feel conceited over my smartness, when he picked me up and waved me aloft and threw me head-bang against the planks of his cage. But for the quickness of some of the zoo folks in coming to my rescue I'd have been a dead man in another minute. They handled me out of that with hooks, and the beast was so mad at my escape that he broke one of his tusks off in barging around. People a mile away could hear him scream in his rage. Everybody said it was a wonder how I escaped with my life. My left leg and left arm were broken, my spine injured, a knee-cap loosened, and I didn't get over spitting blood for a year. I was in a hospital in Philadelphia for 207 days before I could walk out. Gentlemen, here are two more tears! May I depend on your generosity to excuse them as before?"

"What you sniveling about now?" shouted the bald-headed man as he turned on him.

"More recollection, sir! I was no sooner able to be out than I was arrested, tried and convicted on the charge of fondling an elephant, and the judge socked me \$25 and costs! The whole affair cost me \$428, saying nothing of my sufferings and lost time."

"And after that you left the elephant training business alone?"

"Yes, after that," replied the lop-shouldered man in broken tones. "I let up on elephants and gave my whole attention to rhinoceroses. Excuse my seeming conceit, gentlemen, but I am the only man in the world who can make a rhinoceros stand on his head and spin about like a top. He also plays 'Home Sweet Home' on the accordion at my bidding, and will sit cross-legged with a pair of spectacles on and pretend to read the good book which our mothers taught us to respect."

There was silence for a long minute after he had finished. Then every man rose up and called him a lop-shouldered liar and a horse thief and left him to enjoy his own miserable society.

EASY GIRL'S TORSION.

Athletic Ladies should Wear a Regulation Costume.

Day after day women ride by with their dress skirts all over on one side of the wheel and pulled tight on the other, which does not look well. This is something that must be seen to while the rider is mounting. It she mounts from the right, when she puts her foot on the left pedal, preparatory to getting into the saddle, she ought to pull enough of the skirt over to the left to make the skirt fall evenly. If she mounts from the left she ought to pull enough over to the right to serve the same purpose. Old riders do this easily by

Many Dangers and Perils!

THE VARIABLE SPRING WEATHER A HARVEST TIME FOR THE GRIM REAPER.

Paine's Celery Compound the Great Health-maker, Makes People Well at This Time.

It Gives Clear Fresh Blood, New Strength and Vitality and an Increase in Flesh and Muscle.

DOCTORS PRESCRIBE IT EVERY DAY, AND THEIR EFFORTS ARE CROWNED WITH SUCCESS.

SEE THAT YOUR DEALER GIVES YOU PAINE'S CELERY COMPOUND—DO NOT ALLOW HIM TO OFFER YOU A WORTHLESS SUBSTITUTE.

The season of dangers and perils is now with us. Are we fully prepared for it? It is not our wish to pose as alarmists—to create fear and trembling in the ranks of the timid and fearful. At this season, honest, strong and reasonable statements are imperative, so that the thousands of half-dead people in our midst may be made to realize that they are standing on dangerous ground, and that the iron hand of the grim reaper—death—may soon end their existence on earth. This early spring days with clear, dry weather to chilly rains and piercing dampness, is the time when the weak, the nervous, the rheumatic, the neuralgic suffer most—the time when all blood diseases are rampant, and most effectually do their deadly work.

Thank Heaven for the provision made to stay the cruel hand of disease! Paine's Celery Compound, discovered by earth's ablest physician, Prof. Edward E. Phelps, M. D., LL. D., is the protector and life-giver for all who suffer at this critical time. This marvelous medicine when used at this treacherous season makes the weak strong, gives energy and spirit to the despondent and morose, repairs every department of the nervous system, gives blood as fresh and pure as an infant's, and clears and purifies the skin now so sallow and dark. In the past Paine's Celery Compound has proved a blessing to the wearied and sleepless business man. It invigorates his whole system and calms his disquieted nerves. Young women and girls in stores, and those attending school

who have been made pale and listless, and who feel used-up, are soon made bright, happy, vivacious and good looking after using a bottle or two of nature's life-renewer. The worried and overworked wife and mother, burdened with the never-ending cares of home life, can be made strong, healthy and joyous by the use of Paine's Celery Compound. Delays are often fatal. If you would derive the advantages guaranteed through the virtues of Paine's Celery Compound, use it now while dangers threaten your life and health. It is an infallible cure—one that has blessed humanity above all other agencies. The best physicians of the land speak of Paine's Celery Compound every day, and never hesitate to recommend it as the best

of Spring medicines. Just a closing word to every reader who determines to use Paine's Celery Compound. There are many dealers and merchants who, for the sake of gain and extra profit, will offer you, or recommend you to take what they term something just as good. Their object is money—profit pure and simple. They care not for your great anxiety about your condition of health; it matters little to them what becomes of you after they have taken your money. Their motives are purely selfish; reject them always. Insist upon being supplied with Paine's Celery Compound, the medicine that has made so many wonderful cures in Canada, and which the newspapers have reported so fully.

The Organist of St. Patrick's Church. Prof. J. A. Fowler, Organist of St. Patrick's Church, and Professor at the Piano at the Sacred Heart Convent, Montreal, has selected and purchased a Montreux Piano for his private use as well as for that of his advanced pupils. It is intended to give summer festival performances of "Ring des Niebelungen" beginning from July 12th to 29th August next.

"FAULTLESS" TWO-STEP.

JONAS ROSENFELD.

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"Faultless" Two-Step

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WOMAN and HER WORK.

I see that a well known physician, Dr. Ernest Hart, D. C. L., has been lecturing in London recently on the "Art of Living." It seems a little strange, because I fancy, we conceived end of the century people who have such exalted ideas of our own cleverness, thought we knew all about the art of living, as well as most of the other arts; but Dr. Hart thinks otherwise, and says that at the end of 5,000 years very few of us will understand even the elementary principles of comfort and health. I don't dispute the doctor's opinion, but I think we should remember before condemning us for our stupidity, that individually we have had so little benefit out of the 5,000 years. Why some of us have only lived a week or two and the oldest person I ever saw wasn't 90, so I don't think it is quite fair to credit the present generation with the whole number, and then blame them for not making the most of the enormous amount of experience those years represent. I am quite sure that most of us do the best with the limited means at our disposal [and considering the many disadvantages under which we labor, we succeed as well as can be expected, but the difficulty is, that just as soon as we have got the matter down to a science and reached the age of eighty, or ninety, we are obliged to give up all our cherished theories, and turn our attention suddenly from the art of living to the unpleasant necessity of dying. So what can be expected of us? But to return to Dr. Hart. He devotes special attention to the art of going to bed. Now to most of us the art of going to bed would seem to be one of the simplest things in the world, but the lecturer directs his remarks especially to "the ordinary well-to-do Englishman" dealing at some length with that gentleman's suicidal custom of warming his drawing, dining and sitting rooms comfortably, and leaving halls, corridors and bedrooms at an atmosphere which is seldom such above freezing point in winter, and frequently a good deal below it. The thoughtful, and self indulged Englishman, Dr. Hart adds, will sometimes have his bedroom warmed by a coal fire or a gas stove, but this is an exception and usually reserved for the delicate members of the family. The lecturer draws a graphic and amusing picture of the British householder removing his clothes in the arctic sleeping room, and putting on "something which is called a 'night shirt,' a sort of linen, or cotton sack which leaves the lower limbs and feet uncovered and at once makes a man an uncomfortable, and ridiculous object, the clothing of a primeval savage"—which means that Dr. Hart is strongly in favor of pajamas as a night attire. He next attacks the linen sheets which are considered the only correct thing in well-to-do English homes, and denounces them with perfect truth as the foster mothers of rheumatism, and the worst of all material for contact with the skin and pictures the hapless Briton, ignorant of his woes, and going peacefully to sleep in his linen night shirt and sheets trying to counterbalance their evil effects by loading himself down with a superabundant mass of blankets and quilts all tucked in around the edges like the swaddling clothes of infant savages; letting the fire if there is one, go out, and going contentedly to sleep in a room which is almost at freezing point, after spending the day in well warmed rooms.

It does sound ridiculous, I must say, and as if the English at least stood greatly in need of advice on the important subject of going to bed, considered as a fine art. But Dr. Hart gives plenty of good advice on the subject of beds, and bedrooms which might be profitably applied by Canadians as well as English people, though we do not need any instructions on the subject of keeping warm. He advises that the heavy burden of quilts and blankets which weigh most people down at night, be discarded and two light eiderdown quilts be substituted, that the temperature of the sleeping room never be allowed to get below 60° and last that everyone wear pajamas instead of night gowns. We can thus, he says go to bed rationally, healthily and prepared for any emergencies of the night, instead of appearing as scarecrows clad in our hideous night gowns, should there be any hidden alarm during the night. It seems to me that a man in pajamas would be quite as ludicrous a sight as one in a decorously long night shirt, but of course this is a matter of taste.

After all Dame Fashion is an indulgent mistress to her votaries, and does a great deal to please them! She seems to have a kindly way of looking out for their defects and providing for them, that is very soothing; and whereas she provided a greater choice than now, for all sorts and conditions of women. The thin and lanky girl with narrow shoulders and scarcely any chest who was once almost a reproach amongst her plump, and pretty sisters has now little to dread from the dangers of competition, her large voluminous folds of her skirt conceal her too slender lines and make her look just

like everybody else. If her neck is long and thin she has only to purchase half a yard of chiffon, pleat it up into innumerable frills tack it inside the high collar of her dress and not only be in the very height of the fashion but enjoy the comfortable knowledge that one of her greatest defects is successfully concealed. If she is just a shade too stout for her own ideas of grace and beauty, but has a lovely neck and arms, why then it would seem as if the Marie Antoinette fash and the three quarter length sleeves had been especially designed for her convenience and to display the turn of her beautiful throat, and the rounded beauty of her arms; while the severely plain lines of the skirt and its fullness at the lower part, take away from the two ample outlines of her hips. So taken altogether we all of us have much to thank the goddess of fashion for just now.

One of the features of the season is the washable silk which seems to be shown in every possible variety, and as far as texture goes they are only distantly related to the soft and flimsy fabrics we have been accustomed to under that name. The new wash silks are lustrous, which they have never been before, and there is no possibility of mistaking them for a good quality of cambric, which was one of the drawbacks of the wash silk of yore. They are crisp and glossy as taffetas, and yet they really wash, and look well after it, too. They show all the regular taffeta patterns, and the checks are perhaps prettiest of all. Black and white both in checks and stripes seem to be the most popular, but of course the Dresden patterns are coming out in newer and prettier designs everyday, and they will enjoy a share of public favor. Contrary to all expectations there is a great demand for black silks, which will be used for best skirts, to wear with the lovely dainty blouses with which we bid fair to inundate this season. These skirts will take the place of the everlasting crepe which everyone wore last summer—"For a good black skirt you know, to wear with my blouses." There is a plain black taffeta silk in a close firm weave which gives it a very rich appearance, and there is also a heavy taffeta figured in very neat designs, both of which will be found most satisfactory for skirts. Black satin damask with large and well defined figures, will be a favorite silk for handsome costumes, and black satin duchesse, will also be much worn. Speaking of the multiplicity of dainty blouses to be worn this year, here is what one girl said to me the other day—"Sometimes I think it does not pay to be clever with your needle, and able to make your own things because if you seem to dress better than other girls on that account you only get the credit of being extravagant and dressing beyond your means. I was someone told me the other day that Mrs. Commodore was a very extravagant girl, and people wondered where the money came from to dress me in the style I always kept up. It turned out that one of my chums had told her mother I had fifteen different blouses, not one of which really belonged to a skirt, but all extras. It was true enough, but every one of them and the two skirts I wear with them did not cost as much as most girls pay for a single suit, and I made every one of them by two myself. There are two old shirt waists for wearing around the house in the morning, and two white blouses from last year, and then I made myself four new shirt waists for this summer, and two zephyr gingham. The print waists cost me just 39 cents apiece, the best cambrics 63 cents and the zephyr gingham trimming and all, about a dollar each; I had some good white embroidery so I made it up into a white blouse, and the lawn to make it with cost 54 cents. Then I have the tartan blouse I have been wearing all winter, my best red crepe, the pink silk I made myself for an evening waist, and my pale blue zephyr crepe, for my best in the summer. You know I got a black mohair dress last autumn, but I have worn it so little that it is fresh and new for the spring, and I shall wear the skirt all summer with my blouses, and have my last year's black serge for second best. So I cannot see how anyone can call me extravagant, do you?"—And I don't see either, but still there are many girls in the same position, their own ability to plan, their skill with their fingers enables them to have a constant change of dress, and to present an appearance of elegance and style, almost unattainable even to girls with large incomes. I think my friend's explanation of her method of dressing may give some useful hints to other girls whose purses are not long but who know how to use their needles; and so I publish it. She has a curious way of her own of buying, and she seldom waits until she actually needs a thing before purchasing it, but has her eyes open all the time for possible wants, and looks a long way ahead. When she has a dollar to spare, and sees anything she fancies, she will say, "I think I had better get that now, while I have the money, and it will be just the thing for me in the spring." I have often seen her buy an end of beautiful silk which was

cheap because there was so little of it left; and when I have asked her in surprise what she could possibly make of it the answer would be—"my brown cloth dress will have to be made over next autumn, and this will be the very thing for it" then in the autumn she would appear some day in a beautiful new costume of brown cloth, with vest, collars and cuffs of rich silk, and even I who has seen her purchase it, would be deceived for the moment into thinking she really did dress beyond her means. It was the same with everything, an elegant new hat covered with ortich plumes, would surprise her friends, until she quietly explained that it was the same black velvet hat that she wore two winters ago, only bent into a different shape, and that the feathers had been collected at different times from the various hats she had possessed, steamed, brushed, and re-curved. "You see I take such good care of my clothes, that they never seem to wear out," she says. And that is the secret of her good dressing.

Black velvet ribbons are amongst the newest decorations to be worn with plain house gowns, this spring, and they will also be employed later in the season for the garniture of the dainty lawn pique, and dainty dresses to be worn during the summer. Each of these dresses will have its own set of blue, dark brown, or black velvet ribbons, which really go with the cotton fabrics better than silk ribbon.

Amongst the "novelties" for this season there are actually seen kilted skirts and jerseys! Is it fourteen, or fifteen years since they first appeared in conjunction; I really cannot remember? Of course the bicycle craze is responsible for the jersey, and a very sensible thing it is for those who are taking violent exercise of any kind, but what has revived the kilted skirt I wonder? It is sometimes plaited the whole length, and sometimes, when the wearer is young and slender, it is adjusted as a close fitting jersey striped bodice, and fastened just about at the hips, as it was when it first came in. Some of these skirts are plain, and others are trimmed with several rows of ribbon, put on near the foot, before the material is plaited. Others again are trimmed with ribbon sewed on from belt to foot, and appearing every third or fourth plait. This trimming is put on after the plaiting is done. What next shall we have in the shape of novelties, I wonder?

ASTRA.

NEITHER JEST NOR FUN FOR THEM.

Enjoyment Does Not Come Easy to the Sisk.

Discouragement and Despair is Their Lot.

South American Nerve Drives Despair Away.

BECAUSE ALWAYS EFFECTIVE.

An Unfailing Remedy for Indigestion and Nervous Troubles.

"He jests at scars that never felt a wound." Well he may, but perhaps 90 per cent. of the human race experience many scars in ill-health and broken constitutions. Take the thousands who are today suffering from nervous troubles of various kinds. They are wont to do their work, but the uncertainty of their health is such that they can make no calculation of what they will do. It is the mission of that great discovery—South American Nerve—to come to the aid of every man and woman so afflicted. No parallel can be drawn between it and any other medicine, for it is unlike all others. For nervousness or indigestion, which in many cases is an outcome of nervousness, it is unfailing and certain to cure. Strong, positive words these, but South American Nerve merits them. Sold by H. Dick and S. M. McDiarmid.

There is no record of the costumes of Syrian Arabs having changed during the period covered by human history, either as regards male or female dress or adornment. Saving only for his firearms, there is no reason to believe that the Bedouin of the desert does not clothe and adorn himself exactly as he did in the days of the patriarchs. Arabs in the desert have contracted a strange prejudice against running water, and they will not drink what they find in some stagnant pool. So much as this has come a matter of habit with them that, while the most poisonous looking water agrees with them admirably, pure running water will make them violently sick.

Friends fall off; friends mistake us; they change, they grow unlike us, they go away, they die; but God is everlasting and incapable of change, and to Him we may look with cheerful, unpretentious hope.

DOLLS WITH EXTRA DRESSES.

A Diamond Dye Novelty.

We are sending thousands of Diamond Dye Dolls, with extra dresses to all parts of the Dominion.

A set of six dolls with six extra dresses will be mailed to any address on receipt of four cents in stamps.

Every user of the celebrated Diamond Dye should secure at least one set of these dolls before the supply is exhausted. When ordering the dolls, ask for our forty-five samples of dyed cloth and book of directions for home dyeing, which are sent free. Address Wells & Richardson Co., 200 Mountain St., Montreal.



All the requirements of the feet, and they are many, are fully met in our \$1.99 SHOES.

We unhesitatingly say we have never offered so much value, so much style and such good wearing qualities as will be found in our MEN'S MEDIUM and POINTED TOE BALMORALS and CONGRESS at

\$1.99.

There are many Boots at double the price now on the market which will not give the wear these will.

Waterbury & Rising,

61 King and 212 Union St.

RIPANS

ONE GIVES RELIEF

DISHONEST MEN.

They Often Recommend Worthless Goods to Buyers.

There are many dishonest men in business. Their first and last thoughts are in the direction of big profits. These dishonest dealers, regardless of the interests of their customers, seize every opportunity to substitute poor goods when standard and well-known brands are asked for.

To a very large extent, these dishonest dealers try to fool adulterated and worthless goods on the public when the celebrated Diamond Dyes are asked for. Watch such dealers closely, and when you discover any attempt to deceive, by recommending poor, imitation dyes, leave his store, and go to some other.

The Diamond Dyes are retailed at the same price as the worthless dyes—ten cents per package. The Diamond will give you complete satisfaction, but the worthless, cheap dyes will ruin your work and spoil your temper. If your dealer does not keep the Diamond Dyes, send your order to us, and we will mail the dyes to you. Wells & Richardson Co., Montreal.

Leaving Him to His Fate.

"John," she said, "there's a burglar trying to get in the house."

"What then?" was the uninterested reply.

"Yes. Aren't you going to do something about it?"

"No, Maria. I'm a humane man, but if that fell 'n' falls over Johnny's tin wagon, and steps 'n' to a toy drum and gets frightened by leaping on a rubber doll that says 'papa' and barks his shin the same as I did when I came here in the dark tonight, it'll be his own fault. I don't feel called on to interfere with my advice or to offer a helping hand, for it won't be a deserving case."

—Washington Star.

by a growth which started in the throat, and which each year became so bad that I could hardly obtain any sleep, as when I would lie down it would fill my throat, causing a feeling of suffocation. What I suffered is almost beyond description, and all the medical aid I had did me no good, and I was told that I could only hope for relief through the medium of an operation. I dreaded such a course and declined undergoing the operation. All this time the rheumatism was taking firmer hold upon my system, and I felt like giving up in despair. I lost the power of my limbs and my hands got so bad that I could scarcely hold anything. At this stage a friend, who from personal experience had strong faith in Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, bought me a supply and urged me to try them. I thought I felt an improvement after I had used a little more than a box, and after using them for a few weeks there was no longer room to doubt that they were helping me. I was taking the Pink Pills in the hope of finding relief from the rheumatism, but to my great joy I found that the medicine was not only driving this painful malady from my system, but was also driving away the growth in my throat. The result was that after I used about a dozen boxes of Pink Pills I was completely cured, and, although a considerable time has now elapsed, I have not had a recurrence of either trouble, and am enjoying the best of health. For the help my statement may be to others, I am only too glad to add my testimony to the long list of wonderful cures, such as mine, that have been wrought by the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills.

This greatest of nineteenth century medicines positively cures all troubles arising from a disordered or weak state of the blood, or shattered nerves. If you are feeling weak or depressed, Dr. Williams' Pink Pills act as a prompt tonic, and if seriously ill no other remedy can so promptly restore you to health and strength. The genuine Pink Pills are put up in round boxes, the wrapper round which bears the full trade mark. "Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People." Do not be persuaded to take some substitute.

MANY DAINY DISHES

CAN BE PREPARED WITH

Benson's CANADA Prepared Corn.

MANUFACTURED FROM CHOICE SELECTED PURE CORN. NO ADULTERATION. THE BEST FOR CHILDREN.

RECIPE for Infants' Food.

To one desiccated spoonful of Benson's Canada Prepared Corn, mixed with half a cup of cold water, add half a pint of boiling water; stir over the fire for five minutes; sweeten slightly; for older babies mix with milk instead of water.

SEE OTHER RECIPES ON PACKAGE.

THE EDWARDSBURG STARCH CO. Works: Cardinal, Ont. Offices: Montreal, P.Q.

ST. JOHN Conservatory of Music AND ELUCATION

159 Prince William Street. Fall term opened Sep. 9th 1895. Branches taught: Piano, Violin, Vocal Music and Elocution. Free classes in Harmony, Physical Culture and Singing.

Miss Jessie Campbell Whitlock. TEACHER OF PIANOFORTE. ST. STEPHEN, N. B.

The "Leuchitzky Method"; also "Synthetic System" for beginners. Apply at the residence of

Mr. J. T. WHITLOCK.

"HEALTH FOR THE Mother Sex"

This caption, "Health for the Mother Sex," is of such immense and pressing importance that it has of necessity become the banner cry of the age.

Women who have been prostrated for long years with Pro-lapsus Uteri, and illnesses following in its train, need no longer stop in the ranks of the suffering. Miles' (Can.) Vegetable Compound does not perform a useless surgical operation, but it does a far more reasonable service.

It strengthens the muscles of the Uterus, and thus lifts that organ into its proper and original position, and by relieving the strain cures the pain. Women who live in constant dread of PAIN, recurring at REGULAR PERIODS, may be enabled to pass that stage without a single unpleasant sensation.

Four tablespoonfuls of Miles' (Can.) Vegetable Compound taken per day for (3) three days before the period will render the utmost ease and comfort.

For sale by all druggists. Prepared by the

A. M. C. MEDICINE CO., 136 St. Lawrence Main St., Montreal. Price 75 cents.

Letters from suffering women will be opened and answered by a confidential lady clerk if addressed as above and marked "Personal." Please mention this paper when writing. Sold by all druggists.

COMPOUND

Women who have been prostrated for long years with Pro-lapsus Uteri, and illnesses following in its train, need no longer stop in the ranks of the suffering. Miles' (Can.) Vegetable Compound does not perform a useless surgical operation, but it does a far more reasonable service.

It strengthens the muscles of the Uterus, and thus lifts that organ into its proper and original position, and by relieving the strain cures the pain. Women who live in constant dread of PAIN, recurring at REGULAR PERIODS, may be enabled to pass that stage without a single unpleasant sensation.

Four tablespoonfuls of Miles' (Can.) Vegetable Compound taken per day for (3) three days before the period will render the utmost ease and comfort.

For sale by all druggists. Prepared by the

A. M. C. MEDICINE CO., 136 St. Lawrence Main St., Montreal. Price 75 cents.

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THE MYSTERY OF PAIN.

WHAT ARE ITS CAUSES AND WHY IS IT PERMITTED?

The Great Work is Being Done by Bright Minds in Alleviating Human Suffering—A Case Affording a Striking Illustration. From the Era Advocate.

From the time when man first peopled the earth down to the present day, the mystery of pain has filled all hearts with wonder and terror. What are its causes, why it is permitted, and what its uses are in the great economy of nature? All these questions men have asked of themselves and of one another, but the question has found no solution. All that can be done is to devise ways of relieving physical suffering, and bright minds have assisted tender hearts in bringing aid to the afflicted. All



A Queen will buy only the best of everything. Queen Victoria buys

Sunlight Soap

for use in all her palace laundries. But it's so cheap everybody can afford to use it. Washes clothes, washes everything with less labor, greater comfort. Used all over the civilized world.

Books for Wrappers For every 12 Wrappers sent to us we will send you a copy of the new book "The Art of Living" by Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, a useful paper-bound book will be sent.

N. D. HOOPER, St. John, N. B., Agent for New Brunswick.

CURE FITS!

Valuable treatise and bottle of medicine sent Free to any one who writes to the Editor and Post Office address, N. D. HOOPER, St. John, N. B., Canada.

POPULAR NEGRO MEL-DISS. A sudden popularity for Ethiopian themes with "Honey" in them. The vagaries of public taste are almost incalculable, and theatrical managers of judgment long ago abandoned the effort to keep track with the popular fancy where songs or stage characterizations are concerned.

May Irwin, now appearing in "The Widow Jones" and the pioneer in many similar stage crazes (she was the first singer to make "After the Ball" popular in New York city), started the ball in motion with "Mamie, Come Kiss Your Honey Boy," sung in "The Country Sport."

Though this requirement is not essential, plantation songs with a cake walk chorus nowadays to be entirely successful should include in some part of the title and certainly in the chorus the word "honey"; and to that word in part as well as to the charm of the music is due the popularity of the song rendered by George Evans and by Willis P. Sweatnam, "I'll Be True to My Honey Boy."

The old-fashioned negro melodies were generally of a plaintive character, based on such pathetic episodes in the home life of the sunny South as "the Slave's Dream" or "Iza Harris's escape. Colored men and colored women were represented as sitting in or about the cabin or the lily-lands of the plantation, either bemoaning their fate or smothering their regrets in music.

While it has generally been thought necessary on the stage for men to blacken their countenances with burnt cork and grease paint in order to maintain the illusion of negro character, delineation, it has never been thought necessary or even desirable for actresses playing similar character parts to do likewise, except, of course, in such plays as "Uncle Tom's Cabin," wherein a negro character is presented in its entirety and not in a fragmentary way.

The lost article room of the elevated road system in New York receives about 30,000 miscellaneous deposits a year. Nearly 10 per cent are umbrellas, and ranking second are the satchels. About half the articles are called for, and the remainder after being held for six months or a year, according to the value, are sold at auction.

Scotland Yard, London, has issued an order to the police force to the effect that if a constable sees a drunken man approaching a public house he is to prevent his entrance, and if a drunken man does get inside a public house the policeman is to call the landlord's attention to his condition.

Things to Remember. A cold in the head is the first cause of catarrh. Catarrh is an unhealthy disease and is often followed by consumption. Hawker's ear cure positively cures catarrh, cold in the head and all catarrhal troubles. Cause and effect; consumption is the cause of a host of diseases. Hawker's liver pills cure constipation, thereby preventing the consequent ills. For children's cough and colds Hawker's balsam of eucalypti and wild cherry is unequalled. It is the children's favorite.



Chase & Sanborn's Seal Brand Coffee. Universally accepted as the Leading Fine Coffee of the World. The only coffee served at the WORLD'S FAIR. CHASE & SANBORN, BOSTON, MONTREAL, CHICAGO.

TURKISH DYES EASY TO USE. They are Fast. They are Beautiful. They are Brilliant. SOAP WON'T FADE THEM. Have YOU used them; if not, you will be convinced. One Package equal to two of any other make.

POTS, PANS, KETTLES, and all other Kitchen Utensils in "CRESCENT" Enamelled Ware stand the test of time and constant use. Never chip or burn. Nice designs. Beautifully finished. Easily kept clean. EVERY PIECE GUARANTEED. "CRESCENT" IS THE KIND TO ASK FOR. If your dealer does not keep it drop a postal card to Thos. Davidson Manufacturing Co. Ltd., MONTREAL.

KNIVES, FORKS AND SPOONS STAMPED 1847 ROGERS BROS. ARE GENUINE AND GUARANTEED BY THE MERIDEN BRITANNIA CO. THE LARGEST SILVER PLATE MANUFACTURERS IN THE WORLD.

AFTER HAVING BEEN KEPT UP ALL NIGHT With that COUGH, if you do not want to repeat the experience, buy a bottle of the OLD STANDARD REMEDY Gray's Syrup of Red Spruce Gum. The best Cough Cure in the world. Sold everywhere 25 cts. a bottle. KERRY WATSON & CO., PROPRIETORS, MONTREAL.

SHARPS BALSAM OF HOREHOUND AND ANISEEG. GROUP, WHOOPING COUGH, COUGHS AND COLDS. OVER 40 YEARS IN USE. 25 CENTS PER BOTTLE. ARMSTRONG & CO., PROPRIETORS, 345 N. W. ST., ST. LOUIS, MO.

MEN AND WOMEN. Thought to make Gray's extracts in spare hours at their homes by a new copyright method. Those learn the art of making Gray's extracts at home. EARN \$5 TO \$15 A WEEK. Send for H. A. GRAY'S, German artist, Syracuse, Pa.

CAFE ROYAL, Demville Building, Corner King and Prince Wm. Streets. MEALS SERVED AT ALL HOURS. PINNER A SPECIAL. WILLIAM OLARK.

"JOHNNY ON THE SPOT." A New Phrase Which Has Become Very Popular in Town Nowadays. Current additions to contemporary slang find their way into popularity by odd means. An expression once made and often repeated gets finally a sort of vogue, especially if it seems peculiar. Such an expression, popular for a long time, was "out of sight," though there was no special significance to the phrase when distorted to cover a variety of cases. A person was said to be "out of sight" when, for any reason, he or she was superior to other persons in any particular, and a man might be "out of sight" because he was less well dressed than his poorly attired associate, and a woman was said to be "out of sight" because her apparel was a good deal brighter and more stylish than that of her associates.

The grammatical genesis of "Johnny on the spot" cannot be traced very clearly, but the phrase certainly originated from the longer and less expressive one, "Johnny is always on the spot when wanted." A "Johnny on the spot" is a man or youth who may be relied upon to be at a certain stated place when wanted and on whose assured appearance confident expectation may be based. It is not sufficient that an alert and trustworthy individual, to be thought deserving of the name "Johnny on the spot," should restrict his beneficent activity to the matter of being at a certain place when needed. He must in addition, render such service and attend to such business when there as such a "Johnny" must be on the spot not merely to attend to the business of others, but also to look after his own. Hence an individual who is prompt and far-seeing, alive to his own interests, and keenly sensible of means for promoting his own advantage, is a "Johnny on the spot." The expression is, to some extent, a variation or rather a continuation of that other phrase "he gets there."

Some Modern "Big Things." One of the largest checks ever drawn in this country was \$16,000,000, by President Roberts, of the Pennsylvania Railroad, in payment of 200,000 shares of P. W. & B. R. R. stock. The English Royal Naval architect says that a "perfect" modern man-of-war should weigh not less than 25,000 tons, and cost at least \$2,000,000 or \$10,000,000. The pavement in front of the William H. Vanderbilt's residence in New York city cost over \$100,000. The single stone lying directly in front is the largest known paving stone, and cost, transportation and all, \$9,000. A redwood plank exhibited at the Kansas city exposition was 16 feet long, 7 feet 9 inches wide and 5 inches thick. The largest bronze casting ever made in America is the buffalo head which hangs at the eastern entrance of the Union Pacific bridge between Omaha and Council Bluffs. The largest statue in the United States is Bartholdi's "Liberty Enlightening the World," which stands on Bedloe Island, New York harbor. The statue alone, without base or pedestal, weighs \$400,000 pounds. The biggest building in the world, monuments and towers not considered, is the Cologne Cathedral. The height of the building from the pavement to the copper tip on the spire is 511 feet. The great hammer at the Woolwich Gun Works, Woolwich, England, weighs forty tons, and its drop is a sheer fall of forty-four feet three inches. The 5,000-horse-power pumping engine in the mines at Freidenville, Pa., raises 17,500 gallons of water at each revolution of its gigantic fly-wheel.—St. Louis Republic.

A Dashing Russian Sailor. Rear Admiral Makaroff, of the Russian navy, who was recently a guest of Chas. H. Cramp, is one of the most conspicuous figures of modern European naval history. Although only 47 years of age, he is first on the list of Russian rear admirals, is senior to a large number of officers whom he supercedes by special promotion. He it was who, during the last Russo-Turkish war, was regarded the Skobeloff of the Russian navy, and like that great general, whose portraits he resembles, was several times promoted for his daring and enterprise. His career in that war was an uninterrupted series of dashing attacks on Turkish ships in the Bosphorus and other Turkish harbors of the Black Sea, in which his skill was second alone to his daring. That is why he is the senior rear admiral at the age of 47 years. He recently commanded the Asiatic squadron and is now on his way home to assume command of the Baltic fleet.—Philadelphia Record.

The Boer Penny. The Transvaal penny is a noteworthy coin, and for more reasons than one. As a specimen of coinage it is fairly good—better, perhaps, than its English equivalent. The reverse is ingeniously significant; the lion stands for African savagery, which the boer has vanquished, transported on his war chariot, the trek-wagon. The reverse shows President Kruger's head.

the doctors approve of Scott's Emulsion. For whom? For men and women who are weak; for babies and children who are thin, when they should be fat; for all who get no nourishment from their food. Poor blood is starved blood. Consumption and Scrofula never come without this starvation. And nothing is better for starved blood than cod-liver oil. Scott's Emulsion is cod-liver oil with the fish-fat taste taken out. Two sizes, 50 cents and \$1.00. SCOTT & BOWNE, Belleville, Ont.

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Choicest Liquors. The very best brands on the market can always be obtained from the undepleged. The finest wines and good imported Cigars. For Sale at Reasonable Prices by THOMAS L. BOURKE, Water Street, St. John.

ROMANCE OF A FRENCH SOLDIER. Deserted twice for love of a woman, and twice repented and surrendered. The story of a French soldier named Massiant, recently acquitted by the court martial of Montpellier, reads a little like a romance. Young Massiant enlisted in 1883 in the ninety-first regiment of infantry at Metziers. He proved an excellent soldier, and was promoted successively to the grades of corporal, sergeant, sergeant-major and adjutant. In 1888 he was a pupil in the Administration school, and was on the point of being again promoted when he made the acquaintance of a young woman, with whom he fell desperately in love. To the astonishment of all, he deserted and ran away with her to Belgium. A few months later he returned to Metziers and gave himself up. He was tried by court martial, sentenced to four years' hard labor, and to be reduced to the ranks on the expiration of his term of punishment. Under the amnesty law of 1889 he was released and was incorporated in the 100th Regiment, garrisoned at Narbonne. The military authorities doubtless imagined that by sending him to the other end of France they would place him out of the influence of the beauty that bewitched him. But in this they were mistaken. She found out where he was, and soon she arrived at Narbonne. Once more he deserted and went with her, this time to Spain. This second desertion was aggravated by the fact that he carried off his uniform and arms. Not daring to return to France, he led a miserable life in Spain for eighteen months, but at last he could not stand it any longer, so he returned to Metziers, where he entered the service of the Foreign Legion for five years under the false name Stock. He was sent off to Tonquin, where once more he proved himself to be a good soldier, and rapidly regained the honors of corporal, sergeant, and sergeant-major. But the recollection of his desertion weighed upon his mind, and his false name troubled him. Moreover, for seven years he had not seen his parents. He became homesick, and longed to visit his native place in the Ardennes. His term of service being about to expire, he went to the Colonel and told him who he was. He was sent back to Narbonne, and thence to Montpellier, where once more he appeared before the court martial. He was tried and acquitted on account of his good record, and the soldiers and spectators who were present at the trial cheered him. But he had to be again reduced to the ranks because Sergeant-Major Stock no longer existed in the French army. At the present time his friends and admirers are making energetic efforts with a view of getting him restored to his former rank.

Mrs. Howe's Husband. Apropos of the "new woman," somebody has resurrected an old story about Mrs. Julia Ward Howe that may or may not be true. At all events, it was worth resurrecting. The story goes that Mrs. Howe was one fine morning walking down Beacon street, Boston, when she met a friend who asked her how Dr. Howe was. "Dr. Howe?" repeated Mrs. Howe, vaguely. Then as it suddenly recollecting herself, "Oh, he's quite well, I'm sure. I remember seeing in the morning paper that he presided at some meeting or other last evening."

The Boy's Story. Max O'Rell tells this story in the course of a paper of Peculiar Children. A boy, reading from a play that was being translated at night in class, came across the phrase, "Calmevous, monsieur." He naturally translated this by "Calm yourself, sir," I said to him: "Now, don't you think this is a little stiff? Couldn't you give me something a little more colloquial? For instance, what would you say yourself in a like case?" The boy reflected a few seconds, and said, "Keep your hair on, old man."

A New Woman. Chloroform and ammonia killed a centipede and saved a cat at Springfield the other day. The centipede dropped from a bunch of bananas upon the cat, and at once buried its poisonous fangs in the animal's leg. Its mistress, with rare presence of mind, dropped chloroform on the insect, which succumbed, and then she applied ammonia to the cat's leg. It was a triumph of presence of mind, apparently.—Boston Herald.

Mistake. It has been said that the only people who never make mistakes are in the graveyard. Next to the desirability of making no mistakes is that of getting the most good from our mistakes. Horace Greely once said: "I have made plenty of mistakes," in my life, but they were always new mistakes." It is not only the part of wisdom to avoid making the same mistake twice, but to also study the disposition and tendencies that lead to mistakes, and seek to make correction there.

A Pink Bridge. The bridge to be built over the Tennessee river at Knoxville is to be a remarkable structure in many respects. It is to be entirely of pink marble from near quarries, 1,600 feet long, with one arch of 240 feet, 20 feet longer than any other arch in the world. At its highest point it is to be 105 feet above the water, and it is to have a roadway 50 feet wide.

EVERY MINARD'S LINIMENT will cure every case of Diphtheria. Mrs. REUBEN BAKER. I BELIEVE MINARD'S LINIMENT will promote growth of hair. Stanley F. E. L. Mrs. CHAS. ANDERSON. I BELIEVE MINARD'S LINIMENT is the best household remedy on earth. OUI CHY, Ont. MATHIAS POLLEY.

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ARIZONA CHARITY.

"I frequently find myself taking a notion to sign a word," said the old gentleman, as he lighted a cigar. "I mean as I do again some people. There is the word 'charity' as shrewdly wears me a heap. Not but what I believe in giving, as far as I run up with a human being in a hole. I most likely lay off a day an' pull him out. But I don't like this 'ere word 'charity,' none whatever. It seems like it puts you on a horse an' leaves the other man afoot. It sets you 'way up an' the man who takes it 'way down yander. "What you all calls 'charity' in the East is nuthin' but plain everyday business on the range, an' you see it 'round your camp as common as cactus; an' so yecan't applan'din' or aboosin' or speculatin' on it, none whatever. "I've gone on yere a heap about doin' of benevolences, an' I recalls a little missionary party it come our way to make-down in Wollville, Ariz., some years back on the trail. The victim in this yere charitable cloud burst was a woman. "This yere episode I hereby relates was this way. It was just about the fourth drink time, as you all say, eight a. m., an' a band of us was standin' an' stamin' 'round the bar of the Red Light a fixin' of the hour in yere think, when up come the stage from Tucson. Old Monte was a lookin' mighty dignified, an' a poppin' his whip like the crack of a '45,' whereby he was makin' camp with his outfit on the dead gallop; an' to us a lookin' on, these yere signs was plenty plain he had a squaw inside. "Well, the age stops an' as soon as the door is open out capers as nice a little girl as ever pulled a dress on over her head. She was put up in black, an' looked some pale and tired, as she shoredly has come to, a-ridin' with such an inebriate forty miles as Old Monte, an' the minute she's out she goes into the state office. "That young female, says Doc Peets— "an' you can bet your moccasins Doc Peets know his business every trip—is undoubted a lesp elegant, but whatever she's undoubted when she comes rappin' at a camp like this is a stack too many for me. Whatever do you think, would she be right? "I shoredly has to pass a hand like that, said Enright. "At the same time it deposes a pore rank stranger like this yere young woman, strikin' camp an' no one to meet an' spread a blanket for her. Now, yere's Nellie," Enright continues, turnin' to Faro Nell, who's been her nose paint with the rest an' she's lookin' on, "an' it strikes me as a good safe play for Nell to go hold a pot-own with her, Nell bein' a person of tact an' likewise a female, all similar to the other. Meanwhile we stands our hands 'n' Nell comes scoutin' 'round to us again. "Me go talk to her?" says Nell; "well, I'll jest fool you a whole lot. You hear me! I don't go near her. Not as I'm none too good," continues Nell, a-shovin' of her big sombrero back kinder oneasy, "but if you alls had as much savvy as some prairie dogs you'd know mighty well this yere lady wouldn't talk to you, she'd come to me!" "Just then this yere strange girl comes to the stage station door an' looks out. "She's sendin' up a signal smoke now," says Doc Peets, "an' I'm allowin' I'll pint up that way an' see whatever is up any-how." So Dock threw his belt and gun behind the bar an' up he goes, just as placid as a good horse. We was all watchin' 'n' him, an' the how he makes when he throws his rope for her makes us feel proud 'cause we sees the camp wasn't goin' to get the worst of it. "Well, people," says Cherokee Hall, "we're all some nervous an' stampeded, so I s'pose we absorb some beverage pendin' Doc's return!" "We gets our whiskey an' 's 'round, not thinkin' much, and bimby in half an hour Doc comes in. "Gents," says he, "it devolves on this yere camp to make a mighty delicate play. This yere maiden, who has this day hops into our midst, is broke—clean busted, nary a single cent in her waage. A brother of hers, she says, with no brands or year marks, strays onto this range two years back. She says his name was Good—Jim Good—an' she tells her in Tucson he's over yere. I recalls this yere maverick in yere'd as a man who gets downed over in Red Dog last summer, grabbin' a horse in a rare game. Of course, I'm plenty cunning' an' don't divulge none about this short horn's death; but puts it up guileless as how he's gone some'er else. I allows he has plenty of dust an' is rollin' pooo high when he makes his last camp with us. "This yere," continues Peets, "pleases her. She says she got a whole outfit of relatives in 'Frisco, and figgers he's gone there; an' says she'll go, too, as soon as she done earns the dinero to take her. There's how the deal stands, an' I wants your action; I want to say in closin' that when I sets the joy a gleamin' in her eye when I lets go the about her brother, I makes up my mind immediate to formulate and tell her some more." "It's unfortunate," says Enright, "at a crisis like this that the simple life of 'Wollville don't afford a multitude of trails by which a young woman of report an' reputation may travel safe to wealth. I shoredly regrets it, but I'm constrained to say this yere camp is no place for this female, an' she's quittin' winner to leave. It appears farther by the report of Doc Peets she needs money, an' I hopefully calls on you to suggest a way to round it up." "Let's all throw in 'round," says Dan Boggs, "an' makes a pot for her. Travelin' ain't high, an' three or four stacks of blues would take her anywhar." "That won't do," says Peets. "I make a little bluff all similar, on my own hand, an' she gets hostile at the bare mention. We can't give her no money, none whatever. I've just got to rig a deadfall an' trap her into takin' it." "I'll go ten blind," says Enright, "that what Peets states is right. Females is mighty funny that a-way about takin' money from strange men; an' it has come to my notice—the deal bein' resembles to this—an' how they seem to regard every thing a rattlesnake. Now, yere's how we fix it. Peets brings this female to the New York store, we meanwhile adjournin' similar. The Red Light's all right, only it ain't no place for the caucus we contemplate." "Now, this yere is how we'll do," says Enright. "We'll stampe die over to the store, as I remarks, an' then when we're leas't Doc Peets'll bring in the girl. Then Peets up an' says, 'Whoever is yere Unk you're tellin' me of in 'Frisco?' jes' like that. An' a girl replies, mabby, 'It's Jim Jones.' Now, yere's where I gets my cards. I allows, easy an' sociable, an' says, 'Jim Jones? Not ol' Jones of Frisco? Why, me ca' Jim was old runnin' mate way back in the '50s.' Then sorter backin' the play as all proper a-discoverin' the child of an old friend, I ups an' kisses her. Then we sets 'round an' pow-wow, an' she's out a claim over in Nevada in '59—bein' an interest Jim forgets about—an' I urges her, bein' she's headed that way, to take Jim's dust to him." "At this point we overturns her reason still more by Peets sayin' he'll cash a draft onto that Red Dog brother for \$100, to take her through 'Frisco, of jection, of course, mighty guileful, agin' usin' any of her Uncle Jim's dust, unless it's a forced play some'er along the trail. As to said sum I owes her Uncle Jim, why, we makes it up by chippin' in, as was suggested by Dan Boggs." "So we all drinks in admiration of Enright, an' then Cherokee Hall, who deals faro in the Red Light, gets his stack in." "Mr. Enright and gents," says he, "I don't aim to seem romantic, but I'm in favor of sparing the feelings of this yere female. At the same time we lines her out for her Uncle Jim, as suggested. Now, what I says is this: 'stead of givin' this female the money 'pose we rakes five or six poker tables out of this yere assembly—say \$200 table stakes—an' rakes ten or better showed, this yere person in distress to take the rake. By pursuin' of this course we encourages trade, provides the money, an' the girl ain't under obligations to nobody nor nothin'." "I'm in on this yere poker game," says Faro Nell, "ain't I, Cherokee?" "Well, now, you're surely in it, Nellie," says Cherokee. "Your chair sets next to mine. I never wants no better people near me." "I indorse the remarks of Mr. Hall," says Doc Peets, "with my full name. He's a sport and a gentleman. Now you will center over to the store, like Enright says, while I rounds up the girl." "Well, that's how we do it. We works round the girl too easy. Enright like Peets lies 'n' Cherokee he lies. Old man Enright kisses his old pard's niece, an' Peets comes in similar, 'cause he knows her brother. It's a gay time an' you bet your pony it takes a heap of woo off the girl." "Say Doc," whispers Nell, as we goes over to the Red Light to open the poker game, "tell her to sleep in my room tonight. I won't have to need it, 'cause this yere game we're in for's goin' to take till maw'nin'. But don't you never tell her whose it is or, you see, she'll go camp some'er else." "Well, son, the rake on these yere poker games was most \$800, an' we makes her take the whole business claimin' the extra was interest on the \$453.50 Enright owes Unk." "The law makes him do it, Miss," says Peets, "an' you'd dead right to do it. There's a heap of blood on the ground about this yere sharp Enright a-owin' your Uncle Jim so long, an' if he don't get it squared this yere trip I'm allowin' the boys are liable to lynch him some. You'd better take it; it may save his life." "So the next day we starts her off, first givin' 'n' old Monte notice 's 'round him when he comes back unless he drives alone. When she's gone we all feels free an' good—like a load of our minds." "We showed the cut on her too easy," says Faro Nell, as she turns from watchin' the stage. "You all couldn't run no brace game like that on me, you bet; could you, Cherokee? You liars would'n't stand in show with me. I'd seen your smoke if I'd missed your tracks; an' done run up on them lies about my Uncle Jim an' what's owin' him the first camp you'd made. But she's a good lady, an' I powerful glad she's staked to take her through."—San Francisco Chronicle.

CLUB DRINKS AND RAINE'S LAW.

Drinks are going 'o be higher at the clubs after the Raine's law goes into effect. The profit on wines and liquors is important to every considerable club, and \$800 a year out of that profit is an item worth considering. As prices now are there is only a small margin of profit on most club wines, but a somewhat larger one on whiskey and mixed drinks. It is a problem in nearly every club to give a good dinner, wine at 25 or 30 cents a half bottle. All sorts of devices are resorted to in order to do this at a small profit. One club used to buy an imported claret of fair quality and dilute it with a small percentage of water in order to sell the wine at a profit with the dinner. Whiskey varies in price from 10 to 25 cents a drink in New York clubs. Most clubs give a fair whiskey, at 10 cents, and a better one at 15, 20, or 25. There is a profit of 30 to 60 per cent, on whiskey at these prices, quality corresponding with price. A drink of whiskey in a club is rather larger than the average drink at a public bar, because most clubs send the drink of whiskey to the consumer in a tiny decanter holding enough for the man that habitually takes a big drink. There are from fifteen to sixteen of these decanters in a quart of whiskey, and at this rate there is a good profit on a fair whiskey at 10 cents per drink. But there are only about twelve cocktails in a quart of whiskey, and cocktails are sold in most clubs at 15 cents each, or 25 cents for two. Time and ingredients considered, there is a rather light profit on cocktails at this rate. The profit on cocktails made mostly of gin is perhaps rather smaller. The profit on some other mixed drinks is larger, especially summer punches. The profit on good sherry at 15 cents per glass, the usual price in the clubs, is not great. There is a fair profit on omelette beers, and perhaps a smaller one on imported beers and ales. The probability is that after May 1 whiskey will not be less than 15 cents a drink at the clubs, and that cocktails will go longer be sold at 25 cents for two. Claret at 25 cents a half bottle will be of rather poorer quality than heretofore, and perhaps more native claret will be consumed. The imported ale will probably go up five cents per bottle in some clubs, and mixed drinks generally will contain poorer liquors than at present. Champagnes, which are considerably cheaper in the clubs than elsewhere, will go up, and so will some other imported wines. Every club of good standing takes pride in furnishing only good whiskey, so that the quality of this domestic drink will not be degraded.

AT DEATH'S DOOR.

At death's door owing to kidney trouble, nervousness, sleeplessness and run down system, Mrs. Irvine's friend realized the fact that she was nearing the grave, and did not hesitate to express their fears. Doctors and their prescriptions could not break the power of the disease and the ordinary advertised medicines of the day proved useless. A resolve was at last made to give Paine's Celery Compound a fair and honest trial. For the glorious result, you doubters and skeptics! Four bottles of Paine's Celery Compound effected a cure, and saved from death a wife and mother who was thought to be incurable. A forcible reason why every sick man and woman should use Paine's Celery Compound.

UNTIL PAINE'S CELERY COMPOUND WAS USED.

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Failure Followed Failure

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BEST POLISH IN THE WORLD.

RISING SUN STOVE POLISH. DO NOT BE DECEIVED. With Pastes, Enamels, and Paints which stain the hands, injury to kitchen, and burn red. The Rising Sun Stove Polish is Brilliant, Odorless, and Durable. Each package contains six ounces; when moistened will make several boxes of Paste Polish. HAS AN ANNUAL SALE OF 3,000 TONS. DEARBORN & CO., WHOLESALE AGENTS. MARRIED.

MARRIED.

Bridgewater, Mar. 24, Dells Snyder to Alice Smith. Mar. 24, by Rev. G. G. Giberson, Bywater. Highway to Alice Scott. Sussex, Apr. 1, by Rev. James Gray, Arthur Ferguson to Maggie Dunford. Stewiack, Mar. 25, by Rev. A. D. Gunn, Robert S. Fardy to Laura Fricke. Shelburne, Apr. 1, by Rev. C. W. Sablos, William Hog to Clara B. Nickerson. Yarmouth, Mar. 25, by Rev. E. B. Moore, George M. Randall to Effie Kingston. Milford, Mar. 24, by Rev. A. B. Dickie, R. E. Stevenson to Jessie E. Woodworth. Fredericton, Apr. 1, by Rev. F. D. Davidson, Tyler Kete to Eva Courser. Windsor, Apr. 1, by Rev. J. A. Moher, Henry C. Borden to Cassie M. Meadows. Fredericton, Apr. 1, by Rev. J. Freeman, William Cross to Amelia Brewer. St. Stephen, Mar. 18, by Rev. W. C. Goncher, Arthur Smith to Effie Kingston. Newmarket, Mar. 23, by Rev. W. J. Bleakney, Thomas Keating to Agnes Morris. Parbro, Mar. 16, by Rev. H. K. McLean, St. Len Vaughan to Clara Frazer. Eureka, Mar. 17, by Rev. S. M. Addis, Robert Johnson to Ethel Florence Chase. Clara Harbor, C. S. I. Mar. 25, by Elder Halliday, John Collins to Mary Nickerson. Pugwash, Mar. 11, by Rev. A. D. McIntosh, Hanson H. Porter to Maggie B. Murray. Upper Economy, Mar. 25, by Rev. C. P. Wilson, Susan Whist Hill to Laura Fincher. Port Maitland, Mar. 25, by Rev. D. H. McCann, Oscar Corning to Lizzy McCormack. Newmarket, Mar. 23, by Rev. W. J. Bleakney, Herbert Matthews to Elsie Travis. Bridgeport, Mar. 24, by Rev. J. A. McGlashan, Daniel McIntyre to Maggie McDonald. Kenville, Mar. 25, by Rev. E. A. Chapman, William A. Newcombe to Theresa E. Wamboldt. Yarmouth, Mar. 25, by Rev. B. D. Embrick, Ronald M. Hastings to Eva Y. Johnson. Port Maitland, Mar. 25, by Rev. James Bellington, Thomas H. Ellis to Josephine F. Brown. Truro, Mar. 25, by Rev. John Wood, Wm. McLean to Rosie C. McLean. St. John, Mar. 25, by Rev. J. MacMillan, Lauchlin McKinnon to Miss Macgregor. Hamilton, Ont., Mar. 25, by Rev. J. VanOoyk, William B. Snowball of Chatham to Bertha S. Harris.

DIED.

Sussex, April 1, Annie Murray, 78. Halifax, April 4, Lizzie Curran, 68. Gays River, Mar. 25, May Elliot, 2. St. John, April 5, Wm. Cameron, 74. Yarmouth, Mar. 24, Wm. Trank, 44. St. John, N. B., Mar. 25, Patrick Lynch, 78. Scotch Hill, Mar. 25, Hugh McKay, 85. St. John, April 3, Rev. Wm. Allen, 83. St. John's Nfld. Mar. 30, W. H. Wright, Gasparey, Mar. 22, Joseph Easles, 75. St. John, April 2, William H. Wain, 75. Windsor, Mar. 25, Maria G. Allison, 64. Liverpool, Mar. 16, John W. Martin, 86. Lower Granville, Mar. 24, Mary Ford, 64. Bridgewater, April 1, Mrs. Robert Hunter. Suctouche, April 2, Mrs. Herbert Irving, 68. Shakin, N. S., April 3, Esther A. Collis, 61. Milltown, N. B., Mar. 25, Annie L. Berry, 66. St. Stephen, Mar. 25, Margaret Stevenson, 61. St. Andrews, Mar. 27, Wm. H. Williamson, 90. Woods Harbor, Mar. 19, Amos Nickerson, 65. Calais, Me., Mar. 19, Theodora, W. Clarke, 45. Basswood Ridge, Mar. 21, Archibald Love, 47. Lower End Brook, Mar. 21, George Suetta, 64. Bridgeport, Mar. 25, Howard S. Bath, D. S. 31. Chipman, April 6, Mrs. Margaret Richardson, 67. Union Mills, Mar. 20, Mrs. Mary Anna Smith, 67. Mill Brook, Mar. 1, Louie, wife of Timothy Deal, 38. St. John, April 25, Edward, son of John Chapman, 30. Halifax, April 3, David A. son of D. A. and Mrs. Baird, 5. Sydney, Mar. 19, Catherine, wife of James Hankard, 61. St. John, April 2, Sarah, widow of William McFadden, 77. Preston, April 3, Sarah A. widow of George Thomas, 67. Campbellton, Mar. 20, infant child of Mr. and Mrs. H. Jackson. Halifax, April 1, Dorothy R. child of John H. and Alice Beatty, 11. Truro, Mar. 30, Joseph, adopted son of James A. Watson, 4 months. St. John, April 4, Thornton, infant son of H. L. and Lavinia C. Lindsay, 18 months. Philadelphia, Mar. 3, Capt. Ambrose D. Kelley, formerly of N. S. 63. Bristol, N. S., Mar. 15, Josephine Mand, wife of J. T. Nickerson, Jr. 25. Middle Musquodoboit, Mar. 23, Abbie, daughter of E. and M. Reid, 14. Sassy Cove, Mar. 15, Evelyn, infant child of Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Stuart. Anagnone, Mar. 27, Nettie, daughter of Nathaniel and Mary McAfee, 29. West Berrington, Mar. 15, Elida, child of Mr. and Mrs. Jacob Nickerson, 6. Halifax, April 3, Harriet B., widow of W. F. Collins of Liverpool, N. S., 4. New Canada, Mar. 20, Ida M., only child of Obadiah and Charlotte Wagner. Tusket Wedge, Mar. 20, Benjamin S. child of Andrew O. Poirier, 15 months. Guysboro, Mar. 18, Maggie, third daughter of Charles and Lucretia Sigby. Wollville, Mar. 20, Irene, third child of J. F. and Margaret Armstrong, 1 month. Halifax, April 1, Patrick F. only son of J. and Margaret Sheehan, 19 months. New Victoria, Mar. 25, Lawrence son of Teresa and the late John Coffin, 18 months. Milltown, N. B., Mar. 29, Helen L. daughter of Silas and Maud Towers, 4 days. Somerset, Mar. 27, Carrie May, only child of F. J. B. and Lena Nichols, 8 months. West Somerville, Mar. 25, Bessie, youngest daughter of T. E. Fuddington, formerly of Yarmouth 24.

BORN.

Lakeside, Mar. 14, to the wife of Henry Gould, a son. Halifax, April 1, to the wife of Dr. A. F. Whitford, a son. Halifax, Mar. 31, to the wife of Charles Ward, a daughter. Halifax, Mar. 31, to the wife of J. C. Harris, a daughter. Halifax, Mar. 29, to the wife of J. H. Carter, a daughter. Wollville, Mar. 20, to the wife of E. Colpitts, a daughter. Kentville, Mar. 29, to the wife of Mr. Keddy, a daughter. Grand Pre, Mar. 29, to the wife of Lewis MacDonald, a daughter. Mt. Denison, Mar. 19, to the wife of Wm. McDonald, a daughter. St. Andrew, Mar. 21, to the wife of John McFarlane, a son. Three Brooks, Mar. 25, to the wife of James McInnis, a son. Melrose Highlands, Mar. 29, to the wife of C. H. Woodill, a son. Newport, N. S., Mar. 28, to the wife of Oup Langdon, a son. Hansport, Mar. 24, to the wife of Capt. Welton Davidson, a son. Tusket Wedge, Mar. 18, to the wife of Augustus LeBlanc, a son. Kentville, Mar. 30, to the wife of George Ackerson, a daughter. Weston, N. S., Mar. 24, to the wife of Havelock Clark, a daughter. Upper Stewiack, Mar. 30, to the wife of R. D. Fower, a daughter. Lower End Brook, Mar. 22, to the wife of Zachariah Suetta, a daughter. South Branch, Mar. 25, to the wife of Michael Murphy, a daughter. Ardenburg, Mar. 19, to the wife of Lincoln E. Giberson, a daughter. Cambridgeport, Mass., Mar. 27, to the wife of Elmer B. Bode, a son. Sandy Cove, (Mar. 17, to the wife of Albert Gidday, twins son and daughter.

Intercolonial Railway.

On and after MONDAY, the 9th inst., the trains of this Rail daily (Sunday excepted) as follows: TRAINS WILL LEAVE ST. JOHN

Table with 2 columns: Express for Campbellton, Pugwash, Pictou and Halifax; Express for Halifax; Express for Quebec and Montreal; Express for Sussex. Times listed in minutes.

TRAINS WILL ARRIVE AT ST. JOHN:

Table with 2 columns: Express from Sussex; Express from Montreal and Quebec (Monday excepted); Express from Moncton (daily); Express from Halifax; Express from Pictou, Pictou and Campbellton; Accommodation from Moncton. Times listed in minutes.

The trains of the Intercolonial Railway are hauled by steam from the locomotive, and those between Halifax and Moncton, via Lewis, are lighted by electricity. All trains are run by Eastern Standard Time. D. FOTTINGHAM, General Manager, Railway Office, Moncton, N. B., 4th September, 1896.

Trans-Pacific STEAMERS

LEAVE VANCOUVER, B.C., FOR JAPAN, CHINA, &c. On arrival of Trans-Continental Express (Train on April 20, May 11, June 12 and July 13), 1896, and for

SANDWICH ISLANDS, AUSTRALIA, &c.

At daybreak on April 30, May 30, June 30 and July 29, 1896. For rates of fare, time tables and all other information, enquire at office, Chubb's Corner, and at station.

Dominion Atlantic Ry.

THE POPULAR AND SHORT LINE RY. BETWEEN ST. JOHN, HALIFAX AND BOSTON. Trains run on Eastern Standard Time. On and after Monday, March 2nd, trains will run (Sunday excepted) as follows:

STEAMSHIP PRINCE RUPERT. Daily service. Leave St. John 8:30 a.m.; arrive Digby 11:15 a.m.; Digby 1:00 p.m.; arrive St. John 3:45 p.m. DAILY EXPRESS TRAINS.

Leave Yarmouth 9:30 a.m.; Digby 12:30 p.m. arrive at Halifax 2:40 p.m. Leave Halifax 6:30 a.m.; arrive Digby 12:45 a.m.; Yarmouth 3:40 p.m. Leave Kentville 7:30 a.m.; arrive Halifax 8:30 a.m. Leave Halifax 3:15 p.m.; arrive Kentville 6:30 p.m.

Buffet cars run daily each way between Halifax and Yarmouth.

ACCOMMODATION TRAINS.

Leave Annapolis at 6:30 a.m.; arrive Halifax 8:30 p.m. Leave Halifax 6:00 a.m.; arrive Annapolis 8:40 p.m. Leave Yarmouth Mon., Wed. and Fri., 12:15 p.m.; arrive Annapolis 6:10 p.m. Leave Annapolis, Tues., Thurs. and Sat., 6:45 a.m.; arrive Yarmouth 11:45 a.m. Leave Annapolis daily at 7 a.m.; arriving Digby 8:30 a.m. Leave Digby daily at 8:30 p.m.; arrive Annapolis 1:40 p.m. For tickets, time tables, etc., apply to Dominion Atlantic Railway Ticket Office, 116 Prince William street, St. John, N.S. HOLLAND STREET, HALIFAX; 228 WASHINGTON STREET, BOSTON. W. K. CAMPBELL, Gen. Man'gr. K. BURELAND, Superintendent.

INTERNATIONAL S. S. Co.

2 Trips per Week FOR BOSTON. UNTIL further notice the steamers of this company will leave St. John for Eastport, Lebec, Pictou and Halifax on MONDAY and THURSDAY morning at 7 a.m. standard. Returning will leave Boston same days at 8 a.m. and Portland at 8 p.m. for Eastport and St. John.

Connections made at Eastport with steamers for Calais and St. Stephen. Freight received daily at 5 p.m. E. LAUCHER, Agent.

DOMINION Express Co.

Money orders sold to points in Canada, United States and Europe. REDUCTION IN EXPRESS RATES.

Table with 2 columns: To Wollville, Hampton and intermediate points; To Sussex; To Woodstock, Newburg, Jct. Meadows, Macoon, Port Elgin and intermediate points; To St. Mary's, MacAdam, Bristol, Moncton; To St. Leonard's, Edmundston and intermediate points. Rates listed in cents.

I CURE FITS!

Valuable remedy and bottle of medicine sent Free to any address. Sole Agent, Dr. J. M. C. 107 West Adelaide Street, Toronto, Ont.

A SUFFERER FOR FIFTEEN YEARS.

Laid Up for Four or Five Weeks at a Time—Permanently Cured by Three Bottles of South American Kidney Cure.

It is surely very unwise with a disease which quickly leads to disastrous results to experiment with medicines, the nature of which cannot possibly prove permanently effective. Pills and powders may, apparently, give relief in case of kidney disease, but the disease can only be annihilated by a solvent that will, before serious results follow, dissolve the hard particles that form in the system where kidney disease prevails. South American Kidney Cure is always to be depended upon to perform its work. Mrs. Valentine Mathews, of Greywood, Annapolis County, N. S., says that she suffered for fifteen years from kidney disease, the pain at some periods becoming so severe that she would be laid up for four or five weeks at a time. Medical men thought she was incurable, and she removed the disease. After taking three bottles of South American Kidney Cure she was completely cured, and has not known suffering since. Sold by H. Dick and S. McDiarmid.

HEART DISEASE CURABLE.

Evidence Hardly to be Questioned Points the Way. In general opinion the doom is fixed of the man or woman who finds heart troubles growing upon him, and the most observant is aware that this disease has fastened its fangs on a very large percentage of Canadian people. Men and women are dropping dead daily from heart failure. It has been proven beyond a doubt that Dr. Agnew's Cure for the Heart is possessed of such elements as give back to the individual—who may have been a life-long sufferer from heart trouble—his usual vigor and endurance. It will give relief in thirty minutes. The slightest exercise proved fatiguing to those Fetty of Aylmer, Que., who had suffered for five years from heart complaint. He had not taken one bottle of Dr. Agnew's cure for the Heart before its good effects told, and having taken four bottles of the remedy he says: "I am entirely free from every symptom of heart disease."—Sold by H. Dick and S. McDiarmid.

The Oldest Love Letter.

A tablet made of Nile mud, which was recently discovered among the treasures of the British Museum, has been found to contain in cuneiform characters the marriage proposal of a Pharaoh for the hand of the daughter of the king of Babylon. As this brick-like missive was written about 3,500 years ago, it may justly be regarded as probably the oldest love letter on record. Since it was "brickified," it may also be said to have been burnt, as soon as it was written.

Walter Baker & Co., Limited.

Dorchester, Mass., U. S. A. The Oldest and Largest Manufacturers of PURE, HIGH GRADE Cocoas and Chocolates

on this Continent. No Chemicals are used in their manufacture. Their Breakfast Cocoa is absolutely pure, delicious, nutritious, and costs less than one cent a cup. Their Premium No. 1 Chocolate is the best plain chocolate in the market for family use. Their German Sweet Chocolate is good to eat and good to drink. It is palatable, nutritious and healthful; a great favorite with children. Consumers should ask for and be sure that they get the genuine Walter Baker & Co.'s goods, made at Dorchester, Mass., U. S. A. CANADIAN HOUSE, 6 Hospital St., Montreal.

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What is "Grinoco?"

Ask your Tobacconist and Try it.

What is "Grinoco?" Ask your Tobacconist and Try it.