

# PROGRESS

VOL. IX., NO. 465.

ST. JOHN, N. B., SATURDAY, APRIL 17, 1897.

PRICE FIVE CENTS

## Colonial Railway.

WILL LEAVE ST. JOHN  
Campbellton, Pictou, Pictou  
Halifax, Pictou, Pictou  
Pictou, Pictou, Pictou  
Pictou, Pictou, Pictou

## WILL ARRIVE AT ST. JOHN:

St. John, Pictou, Pictou  
Pictou, Pictou, Pictou  
Pictou, Pictou, Pictou  
Pictou, Pictou, Pictou

## ADIAN PACIFIC RY. Holidays.

TICKETS on sale at SINGLE  
the round trip  
Teachers and Scholars,  
proper certificates, up to April  
until April 27th; and  
the Public  
good for return until April 1  
of tickets agents.  
A. H. NOTMAN,  
Dist. Pass. Agent,  
St. John, N. B.

## Atlantic R'y.

March, 1897, the Steamer  
way will run as follows:  
S.S. Prince Rupert,  
FRIDAY, FRIDAY AND SATURDAY.  
10 a. m., St. John, 11.00 a. m.  
1 p. m., St. John, 4.00 p. m.  
SS TRAINS  
(Sunday excepted).  
10 a. m., St. John, 11.00 a. m.  
1 p. m., St. John, 4.00 p. m.  
10 a. m., St. John, 11.00 a. m.  
1 p. m., St. John, 4.00 p. m.  
10 a. m., St. John, 11.00 a. m.  
1 p. m., St. John, 4.00 p. m.

## RAMBOATS.

## nal S. S. Co.

## IPS A WEEK STON.

COMMENCING March 16,  
the Steamers of this Company  
will leave St. John for  
Eastport, Lunenburg, Portland and  
Boston every  
Tuesday and  
Thursday Mornings  
Returning, leave Boston  
Thursday mornings at 8 o'clock,  
Eastport with steamer for  
St. John at 10 o'clock.  
E. LARCHELIER, Agent.

## EXPRESS CO.

Forwarders, Shipping  
House Brokers.  
Money and Packages  
Notes, Drafts, Accounts  
(C. O. D.) throughout the De-  
pendent States and Europe.  
Sundays excepted, over-  
seas and Lake St. John, Que-  
bec, Montreal and Grand  
Quebec, Central Ontario  
Western Railway, Chambers,  
Branch Railways, Steamship  
Company and Charlotetown  
with nearly 800 agencies.  
responsible Express Com-  
pany, Middle, Southern and  
the Northwest Territory  
from Europe via Canadian  
connection with the for-  
warders and the continent.  
Liverpool, Montreal, Quebec  
attended to and forward-  
goods from Canada, United  
States, Europe.  
J. B. STONE  
Dist. Sup.

## IN THE CIVIC FIGHT.

### QUALIFICATIONS OF THE MEN WHO ARE SEEKING ELECTION.

Why the Citizens of Some Men Should be Considered—Reasons Why the People Have Less Confidence in Some Candidates—Portraits of Some of the Men.

The civic campaign is now fully on, and Tuesday next the 20th inst. will see rather a sharp contest. The fact that four men are in the field for mayor means a close and decisive struggle, and every elector who can be got to the polls, male or female, old or young, alive or—dead will be represented.

From the centre thought of Mayor Robertson's Carleton address the matter of building wharves at Sand Point is the pivotal question with the electors. Pursuing this thought to its general inference the question will be asked by the voter, are the new men who are asking our suffrages, wharf builders or not? Do they know as much about the best plan of constructing wharves, that will stand the strain of the tides, will continue to stand upright though the foundations on which the engineer supposed they were to stand, were dredged away from under them? Can they get themselves worked up to such a pitch of assurance that they will decide the better way to expend the public money is by paying it out by day's work instead of under the contract system? Can they do as well as the council of last year did with the finances, returning as good a report at the end of the fiscal year—with as many bills carried into the year to come?

The old and the new candidates—the men who have represented the city and those who now ask that opportunity—must be judged for their fitness for the position. It will not do to condemn the old unless the new are better.

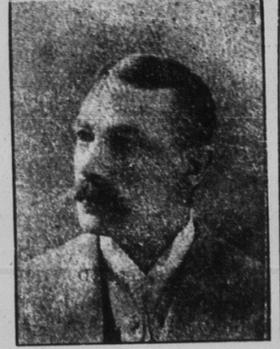
It is seen that W. D. Baskin and J. B. M. Baxter are once more asking the suffrage of the electors. Are they men whom the citizens care to entrust with the interests of the city? They were at the council before—they had the confidence of the electors and lost it. Mr. Baskin was a school trustee, appointed by his fellow colleagues at the council board. Why was he not returned to the school trusteeship? Why was he not returned to the council. Why did the electors choose other men in preference to Baskin and Baxter? These are questions that should be asked not by the respective wards where those gentlemen ran, but by the city at large.

At the last moment Alderman McPherson was confronted with opposition in Prince Ward. His opponent is Mr. Thomas Kichham. Electors will ask who is Mr. Kichham, and what are his peculiar qualities? Why should he be elected to represent the city. They will also ask Alderman McPherson opposed because he made such a bold and determined fight against the new market law. This will suggest to the electors that before counting their ballots they should carefully study the features of that market law and see whether Alderman McPherson was not right and whether some of the older councillors were not culpable in allowing themselves to accept a law under a threat. The statement was made at the council board respecting the law, that the city was told to accept this law or none, and Alderman McPherson refused to be coerced.

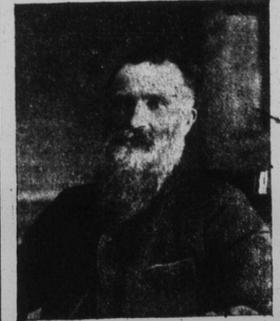
Alderman McMullin is opposed by Mr. A. A. Mabee. Will some one tell why? Mr. Mabee has as yet not taken the electorate into his confidence either on the public platform or through the columns of the press, and told why he should be returned and a man who has held the confidence of his ward and the city left out. There must be some cause for this determined opposition to Alderman McMullin. It was attempted for days to secure Mr. R. C. Elkin as a candidate against him, but that gentleman could not decide that the contest promised success. For days Mr. Elkin was on a balance, sometimes strong for combat at others not so decided. Then he concluded that he could not conscientiously oppose Mr. McMullin, and the fact was announced. But following on this came the tidings that Mr. Mabee was in the field, and on nomination day the paper of the gentleman was filed. His name is on the ballot paper, and he is in the fight. Now the election may place against each the years of Alderman McMullin at the board—the fact that he has the confidence of the council, and has a satisfactory record behind him, and

on the other hand there is a respectable citizen, an untried man—who has yet a record to make. Where does the choice lie?

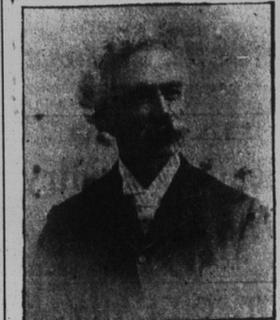
Landdowne ward presents a peculiar sight; three men, with Alderman Christie, Geo. E. Day and Thomas Miller, in the fight. It is pretty well assured that the contest will lie chiefly between two of these the third man being ignored in a great measure by the electors. Despite the fact that Miller's nomination is lawfully filed there is some doubt expressed as to his continuing the fight, for it was announced in Thursday morning's papers that he was not in the contest, but an evening paper came out with a bold announcement that he had not authorized the statement published in the many papers. And it may be that Mr. Miller will make yet another announcement, though he is yet in the field.



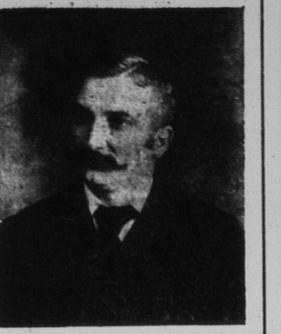
Charles McLaughlin is a man whom all the citizens hold in respect. He has been before the citizens before as a candidate for the mayoralty and the plea was then put forth that the time was not opportune for his return to office, as the then incumbent had undertaken certain work that could not, so the electors thought, be as well done by another man; whether this was true or not the electors can judge for themselves. Mr. McLaughlin is a man of honesty and integrity—he knows the requirements of the city, has the ability to defend, the precept to suggest, and the skill to plan. He asks the suffrages of the electors at the present time because he believes, and a large portion of the electorate believe that he will make a very satisfactory chief magistrate. Whether he secures the seat or not the fact is he will poll a very large vote and there are many indications that he will be a victor.



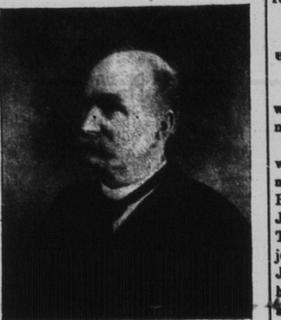
Mr. H. Her was an unknown man last year. Here is his photo. He is venerable in appearance and if as wise as he appears should be a perfect sage at any Council board.



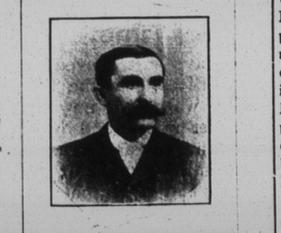
Mr. Sea has been an alderman and will be again. He is a printer and knows much of city affairs.



Ald. D. McArthur, whose portrait is here given has represented the city at the council board, and has won considerable credit because of his action on several important questions. He was one of those who opposed the action of the council in giving out city work by the day instead of by contract. His efforts have been appreciated and he has secured the good will of all by his courtesy, tact and genial good fellowship. He is a successful business man, and a satisfactory alderman at large.



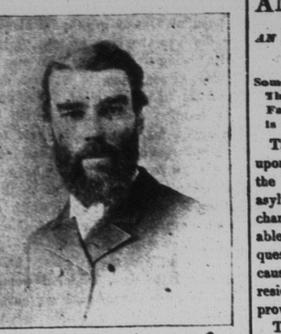
One of the ablest and most business-like members in the present aldermanic council is Ald. Stackhouse of West End. The people of Carleton as well as east sides will know his sterling worth and returned him honorably last election. His judgment on Sand Point affairs, founded on actual acquaintance with the natural formations and style of work there, placed him in a very responsible position in the council. Ald. Stackhouse is again in the field.



Mr. Geo. E. Day, whose profile appears on this page, is a well known printer, one who has by his own efforts and careful business tact secured for himself a good standing in St. John. He brings into the field in his canvass for alderman a good knowledge as to civic affairs and necessities.



Mr. I. E. Smith has been in the council for some years and has been a good alderman—a man of sound judgment, fair in his decision, he always considered the interests of the city before those of a personal character. He is a good man to vote for and elect.



N. W. Brennan, who asks the suffrages of the citizens as a candidate for alderman for Dufferin ward is a well known business man, is prudent and economical in his own business and should therefore be a man that would give a good account of himself at the council board. He has many friends in the city outside the societies to which he belongs, and will make a good showing against his formidable opponent. Mr. Brennan if elected can be depended on to safeguard the interests of Dufferin ward in particular while general city work will also receive his best attention.

### HE FAVORS LILY LAKE

But Falling That, Thinks Rockwood Park is Next Best.

Mr. J. L. Stewart of the Chatham World writes PROGRESS as follows regarding the name of the new park:

"Some years ago, when Joe Knowles was collecting gas bills and manufacturing many more puns than now, when Will Reynolds was editing the Humourist, when John Livingston and Wm. Elder and Timothy Anglin and Edward Willis were journalistic chiefs of St. John, when George James Chubb stood at the corner that bears his name and smiled genially on all his acquaintances, when George Stewart introduced auction sales of bankstock with speeches on the glorious future of the Liverpool of North America, and when Lanergan was playing Don Cesar de Baran and lago at the dear old dead and gone Lyceum, years before I retired from the hard work and poor pay of St. John newspaperdom to the ease, opulence and dignity of newspaper publishing on the North Shore, I used to visit Lily Lake, climb over the ledges, among the cedars, gather lilies and scramble down the rocks at its outlet, and dream of the beautiful park of which it might become the central glory. It was one of my stock subjects for newspaper treatment, and I covered a good many sheets of paper with appeals to the city to buy up the land around it and keep it as a pleasure ground for the people. But the City Fathers wouldn't listen to the proposition. 'What! Buy land outside of the city for a park. Beautifully Portland by the expenditure of St. John taxes! Preposterous, young man, preposterous!'"

But the cities have been united, the park dream has been realized, and now you are naming it. I fondly hoped, when the schemes for selecting a name by ballot was announced, that the name that is endured to me by so many old associations, and must be endeared to most St. John people, would be chosen by a large majority. But they are too familiar with it, and evidently regard it as commonplace. For Lily Lake Park has received but two votes. I am reconciled, in part, by seeing that Rockwood heads the list. This is a good name. It is distinctive and descriptive. It fits the place better than any other name than Lily Lake could. It, also, perpetuates the memory of one of the finest gentlemen who ever lived and died in St. John. I hope there is in St. John enough sense of the eternal fitness of things to keep this name at the head of the poll. There are Victoria parks by the hundred, Victoria hotels, Victoria corsets, Victoria everything. Every family in the empire has a Vickie or Torie among its daughters. The choice of that name will be no honor to the Queen and give no dignity to the park. As an expression of loyalty, or a method of celebrating the Jubilee, it is too cheap. Hundreds of towns have Victoria parks. St. John will have the only Rockwood Park in the world if the people select that distinctive descriptive and appropriate name."

Undressed Made, Re-covered, Repaired  
Dress, 27 Waterloo.

## AN ASYLUM SENSATION.

### AN INMATE OF THE ASYLUM GIVES BIRTH TO A CHILD.

Some of Facts Connected with the Case—The Woman Had Been Living with a Family at Bay Shore last Summer—Who is to Blame in the Matter?

The community in general will be called upon to learn of a case regarding one of the inmates of the Provincial Lunatic Asylum which is of a most sensational character, and has already caused considerable talk on the streets. The case in question is one of rare occurrence and will cause some surprise, not only among the residents of the city but throughout the province.

The story is connected with the name of Alice Cassidy who has for many years been an inmate of the asylum, and who a few days ago gave birth to a child while living in that institution. The Cassidy woman is in the vicinity of forty five years of age and a native of Westmorland county N. B. She is said to have been married to a French Canadian by whom she had several children but had not been living with her husband for some time previous to having been removed to the insane asylum. Her insanity has never been of a violent nature and she consequently enjoyed many privileges which some of the more unfortunate inmates had been deprived of, such as being allowed to walk about the asylum grounds etc. The fact of the matter is that the woman's insanity is said to have been of such a mild form that the superintendent had at one time partly made up his mind to discharge her from the institution.

The facts of the case, about which so many rumors are afloat are as follows: During the early part of last summer the late Dr. James Steeves who was at that time superintendent of the asylum, with his family removed to his summer residence at the Bay Shore. The Cassidy woman who is an expert seamstress and who was known to be perfectly harmless, was taken to live with the Steeves in whose household she made herself useful in many ways. Meanwhile Dr. George Hetherington was appointed superintendent of the asylum to succeed Dr. Steeves who was in failing health. Dr. Hetherington assumed control of that institution August 17th, and upon being more acquainted with his duties received information to the effect that the Cassidy woman was living with the Steeves family at the Bay Shore where she remained until September after which she returned to the asylum. She had only been back a short time when the newly appointed superintendent noticed that the woman was pregnant. The matter was immediately reported to the commissioners who in time recommended that the woman should receive special care from Dr. Hetherington. Relatives of the unfortunate woman were at once communicated with but owing to limited circumstances they were unable to render her any assistance whatever.

The woman has been questioned relative to the case but nothing of a satisfactory nature can be learned from her although she seems to realize that she has done wrong.

The story does not end here by any means and it is in the interests of the public generally that a thorough investigation should be made. The unfortunate inmates of the insane asylum are sent there for care and protection and the people of the province have a right to demand that it be given them. The public will likely hear more of this unfortunate affair.

### It Was a Great Success.

President Wilkins of the Polymorphians must have been a happy man Tuesday night when he found himself surrounded by four candidates for the mayoralty and many alderman and would be alderman. The occasion was a varied one. There were surprises of various kinds but all of them were of a pleasant nature. All the candidates made requests for votes and each and every one of them received promises galore. Alderman McGoldrick had enough friends to give him a tremendous "send off". He is an old Polymorphian and has always been a popular one. The main object of the smoker was accomplished—to show the club's strength to the civic rulers and to impress them with the fact that they could assist largely at the celebration in June.

Chairs Re-upholstered, Cane, Spinal, Perforated  
Dress, 27 Waterloo.

TO TAX THE MAIDENS.

UNLESS THEY HAVE ANGLED FOR MEN THEY MUST PAY.

What a Writer in the Toronto Mail and Empire Thinks of Women in General—He Finds Fault With the Fair Sex With Bitter Acrimony.

Mr. Donovan, the Michigan legislator who brought in a bill taxing unmarried men, now proposes to lay an impost on old maids, exempting therefrom, however, those who have made diligent efforts to be married, and have failed: at least that is what I read in the Tribune of New York City. The provisions of this statute may make it necessary to define the efforts which the mature maiden is required to put forth, and what, in this direction constitutes diligence. Whatever be the standard fixed, few of them would be likely to fall below it if they are animated with the conjugal spirit of sisterhood elsewhere. It would be sheer oppression to tax them for not having husbands when they had angled for them with all the bait in their possession, and not got a nibble."

Thus The Flaneur, in the Toronto Mail and Empire. Now apart from the very genuine admiration I have always felt for the Flaneur's literary acquisitions and brilliant journalistic ability. I cannot help thinking him rather a roused and disgruntled old lady who is inclined to take a severe view of poor humanity, and who standing upon the eminence to which his varied talents have raised him, is apt to look down upon the struggling mass of men and women—especially women—beneath him, and scolds loudly about their shortcomings. For some reason or other this slightly old-fashioned gentleman has a very marked aversion to our sex, and he never loses an opportunity of letting us know what he thinks of us. Of course he denies the soft impeachment when some indignant lady correspondent accuses him of discriminating against us, and assures his readers that he entertains the most profound reverence for the whole sex, but no one who reads his columns as regularly as I do, can long remain in doubt as to what his real sentiments are on the subject of lovely women. Indeed the bitter acrimony with which he refers to us, would lead one to suppose that he had been jilted at some time of his life, and had never been able to forgive the sex, for the evil deed committed by one woman years and years ago. It is said that whenever the great Napoleon heard of any trouble between two men, whether it was a duel or a plain murder without seconds or other aristocratic accessories, he never asked "What's the row about?" but merely remarked "Cherchez la femme?" And as the little Corporal was exceedingly fond of the ladies himself he must have known what he was talking about, and had excellent reasons of his own for holding the charming sex responsible for a good deal of trouble in this world.

But The Flaneur is not sufficiently fond of, to know much about woman and her ways, and yet he persists in following Napoleon's example, and blaming us for everything that goes wrong in the world. He blames women for leading useless extravagant lives, and he blames girls for going out into the world to work, crowding men out of situations, and lowering wages. He also blames girls for staying at home and being a burden to their unfortunate fathers who are dragged down to poverty and misery by their increasing demands upon his purse, and love of folly and amusement. Then again he blames them for their selfishness in wanting to leave the home and be independent. It has long been a cherished theory with this most dissatisfied old person that there is more misery, poverty and crime caused in the world by woman's extravagance in dress than by man's love of liquor and that dress is a far greater evil than intemperance. It may be, for aught I know; the Flaneur is much older than I am, I fancy, and must have based his opinion upon his own experience, in order to speak so positively on the subject. But when I think of the numerous cases that have come under my own limited observation where a whole family's misery has been caused by one man's love of strong drink and that the same experience has failed to furnish one instance where on a woman's part love of dress caused a man's failure and downfall, I am forced to the conclusion that the Flaneur's experience like many of his views on other subjects, is of a very narrow description. I have heard the same story before, too! I have heard men who had never known what it was to willingly deny themselves anything, but whose wives had never possessed a really decent dress since their wedding outfits were worn out, and whose children were covered, but never dressed, discourse by the hour on female extravagance and love of dress and the evils for which it was responsible though where they gained their knowledge of the subject it would have

passed them to explain. So perhaps it is only natural that I should find the brilliant literary gentleman I have quoted rather tiresome.

Just now he is so agitated over the action of a crank in the Michigan legislature who is trying to gain notoriety by bringing in a series of extraordinary bills for the supposed promotion of matrimony and population, as to grow quite eloquent over the improbability of any "mature maiden" being single through her own inclination, or neglecting to put forth diligent efforts to get married. One would really imagine that Flaneur himself had been angled for, to read his fervid sentences, and that he was such a dunc of a clever fellow you know, that he had never even nibbled at the bait; he does speak so feelingly of the conjugal spirit which animates the sex, in the regions with which he is familiar, outside of Michigan.

Can this really be the writer who has so frequently in the past, deplored women's growing distaste for the yoke and burdens of matrimony, and her simple objection to wearing the glorious crown of motherhood? Surely not; there must be some mistake somewhere! The Flaneur of the past used to think there was only one sphere for woman, the home—and continually did cry because she declined now a days to confine herself to it exclusively but wanted to go out into the world and help man to earn the living. But behold here is the Flaneur of the present scolding away the same as usual only on the other side of the subject, and sneering in his own pretty way because lovely woman is "animatè with the conjugal spirit" and will persist in angling for "coy, and timid man, and trying to lull him into providing her with a home in which to shine, and exhibit all those domestic virtues which he has been lauding so extravagantly! Verily it is impossible to please this glib but carping critic! It was bad enough to have Mr. Donovan of Michigan whom all the unmarried women of the United States and Canada, were thinking of canonizing as their patron saint, turn and rend us as he has done with that extraordinary bill of his which would force us to pay a tax for the dear boon of liberty, or suffer the humiliation of proving that we have wooed and been rejected: but to have The Flaneur out of his vast experience tear aside the veil with which we have always modestly shrouded our efforts to secure partners for life, and let an unsympathetic public into our little secrets of hook and bait, is too cruel! Go to Flaneur, go to, your digestive organs are not in proper order I know, and unkind as you are to us I will show you an example of magnanimity by reminding you that a calm and even disposition should be cultivated by all dyspeptics, and all undue excitement over trifles carefully avoided. I think I can safely assure you that there is not the least danger of anyone even the most mature and hopeless of our sex, angling for you with any bait whatever, so you can sit down in your easy chair with an untroubled mind, and give so dyspeptic remedies a chance to effect a cure. Poor old dear, I really do feel sorry for you! My sympathies have always been with the hunted rather than the hunter, and it must be terrible to be pursued all one's life. No wonder you are a little sour! ASTRA.

FORGERY TOO PERFECT.

Fooled the Man Whose Name He Wrote, but Got His Dates Mixed.

Ivan Ivanoff, one of the most skillful of Russian forgers, when sentenced to twenty years imprisonment in the mines of Siberia, nonchalantly remarked:

"I am the victim of poor technique. I know my business better than most men, but I am human, and to err is human. Had my forgery been perfect, I could not have been convicted, I am the victim of poor technique and a careless stroke of the pen."

Strange as may seem, an event has taken place recently in the United States which proves that Ivan Ivanoff was mistaken in his theory and that the absolute perfection of a forgery may prove the cause of a conviction. The story which contains the proof of this assertion is not a long one and is as follows:

About twenty years ago a young man named Richard Robinson who lived in the city of New York, bought 100 acres of land near Kansas City. The land was only worth three or four dollars an acre at that time and Robinson, getting into trouble, deeded the land to his lawyer in payment of his fee. The lawyer gave no attention to the property, and it was sold for taxes, and his title was good against all claimants except infant heirs. When the land became valuable, owing to the growth of Kansas City, an unscrupulous real estate dealer of St. Louis induced a young woman of that city to impersonate a daughter of

Robinson and to bring suit to recover the property. The girl was proved to be an impostor and the suit decided against her.

The case attracted wide attention, and the fact that the title to the land seemed somewhat in doubt caused a disbarred lawyer named Reed, once a resident of Chicago, to look into the matter carefully and finally to conceive a plan to obtain possession of the land through forgery. When everything had been prepared Reed brought suit of ejectment against the man who had possession of the property claiming that he had a deed to it from Robinson to his lawyer, thus invalidating not only that title, but all subsequent titles which had been given.

The only way to break this claim was to prove that the deed alleged to be signed by Robinson was a forgery. After a long search Robinson was discovered by the attorney for the defence, living in an obscure town in Texas. He had passed through many wild experiences on the frontier and in a personal encounter had received a pistol ball in his right arm, which made amputation necessary. Subsequently he had served as county clerk in Missouri, and his signature was thus readily accessible to the forger. Robinson was brought to Kansas City by the defence, and his testimony was relied on to prove that the signature attached to the deed was a forgery.

When the case came to trial and the deed had been offered in evidence Robinson was placed on the stand. He examined the signature with the greatest care, and to the astonishment and chagrin of the defence he testified that the writing was his not a line or dot in the signature differing in the slightest degree from his usage. It seemed as though the wily Mr. Reed had gained his case, when the attorney for the defence, taking up the deed, glanced at it a moment, then dropping it upon the table he suddenly asked:

"Mr. Robinson, when did you lose your right arm?"

"About fifteen years ago," was the reply.

"Is your signature to this deed written with your right or left hand?"

"With my left hand."

"Did you ever employ your left hand in writing before you lost your right arm?"

"Never."

"That is all," said the attorney. "Call Mr. Reed to the stand."

The plaintiff took the stand and the attorney handed him the deed. "You swear that this deed was made to you by Mr. Robinson?"

"I do, and he has identified his signature," replied Reed triumphantly.

"On what date was that paper given?"

"It is dated April 10, 1876."

"That was six years before he lost his right arm, and yet this deed is signed with his left hand. How do you account for that?"

The witness was silent, he turned pale and then attempted to escape from the court room. He was arrested and held on the charge of forgery. His technique had been perfect—so perfect, indeed, as to deceive the man whose signature he had forged—but he had made the mistake of imitating the left-handed writing of Robinson, and had dated the deed six years prior to the loss of the right arm.

Of course, the suit was decided in favor of the defendant, and at present Reed is serving a twenty-year sentence in the penitentiary for forgery; his late paralleling that of Ivan Ivanoff, not through lack of "technique," but rather because of his perfection in that matter.

Moving Time.

We have just moved into Black's Block, near the R. R. Station, where we now have the finest rooms and largest equipment of any business school in the provinces; best in means and modern methods. My students learn how to work and—get work. It's a "real business" school. Primer sent free. Snell, Truro N. S.

CONDENSED ADVERTISEMENTS.

Announcements under this heading not exceeding five lines (about 35 words) cost 25 cents each insertion. Five cents extra for every additional line.

AGENTS—"VICTORIA SIXTY YEARS A QUEEN." The book of the year. Over one hundred illustrations; elegant bindings; popular prices. Prospectus free to workers. Write quickly for particulars. G. M. ROSE & SONS, Toronto.

A CHANCE! We offer for sale our COMPLETE MODERN STUDIO OUTFIT, for making Photos any size up to 8 x 10, almost new and everything first class. A chance for a Photographer or anyone wanting to start in a good paying business. To the latter we can give complete practical instruction in Modern Photography; by our methods; easy and simple for any one. Address: the KERRISON PHOTO SUPPLY COMPANY 64 Germain St., St. John, N. B.

WANTED Old established wholesale House wants one or two honest and reliable representatives for this section. Can pay a hustler about \$12.00 a week to start with. Drawn 29, Brantford, Ont.

WANTED Young men and women to help in the Armenian cause. Good pay. Will send copy of my little book, "Your Place in Life," free, to any who write. Rev. T. S. Lincoln, Brantford, 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, 49 Francis Taylor, Montreal.

RESIDENCE at Robesay for sale or to rent for the summer months. That pleasantly situated house known as the "Tina" property about one and a half miles from Robesay Station and within two minutes walk of the Kennebec Station. Rent reasonable. Apply to E. G. Fensy, Barrister-at-Law, Papeley Building. M. 6-1

For SUPERIOR FLAVOR FRAGRANCE, BOUQUET, HEALTH PROPERTIES. DRINK... "Tetley's" TEAS FROM ANCIENT INDIA TO SWEET CEYLON.

The Royal Diamond A Plain, Sensible, First-class Wood Cook, WITH AND WITHOUT COPPER TANK. A Quick Baker—Economical in the Use of Fuel—Easy in Operation—Modern in Style—Perfect in Finish.

EMERSON & FISHER. P. S.—Hall Stoves taken down, stored and repaired.

THE Farmer WHO SUBSTITUTES a rake for a plough will have a poor crop of turpicks. The teacher who merely scratches the surface of the subjects he professes to teach will have a poor crop of students.

IMPERIAL Trusts Co. OF CANADA. NEW BRUNSWICK OFFICE. 47 Canterbury Street, St. John. F. S. SHARPE, Manager.

Cases of Paper is the attractive card in one of the Show Windows of W. C. RUDMAN ALLAN'S DRUG STORE, advertising Toilet Paper, 10c, 3 for 25, and 2 for 25c, with special prices in dozen lots.

THE SAME MAN, Well Dressed. Fits a much higher place in the estimation of even his friends, than when thoughtlessly and indifferently clothed.

WINES. Arriving ex "Escalona" "The Nicest" in quarter cask and Octives. For sale low.

Newest Designs Latest Patterns. A. R. CAMPBELL, Merchant Tailor, 64 Germain Street. (1st door south of King.)

THOS. L. BOURKE WATER STREET EASTER Meats and Poultry THOMAS DEAN, City Market.

CROCKETT'S Catarrh Cure. A positive cure for Catarrh, Colds in Head, etc. Prepared by THOMAS A CROCKETT, 162 Princess St. Cor. Sydney

T. O'LEARY, Choice Wines and Liquors and Ales and Cigars. 16 DUKE STREET.

Pigs' Feet and Lamb's Tongues. RECEIVED THIS DAY. 10 Kegs Pigs Feet, 5 " Lamb's Tongues. AS 19 and 20 King Square. J. D. TURNER.

Windsor Salt Purest and Best for Table and Dairy No adulteration. Never cakes.

Music and The Drama

The musical event of the week, was par excellence, the complimentary concert of Prof. L. W. Titus, in which participated Mary Louise Clary—who is well named "America's greatest alto."

The rendition of the solo from the "Messiah" was a revelation to all lovers of Oratorio and set an example which our homes voices might follow to advantage.

Our local talent acquitted themselves very well indeed though I thought Mr. Titus was not in his usual good form and besides his selection was not the happiest medium for his best work.

A musicale of exceptional interest and delight was that given by Miss Homer, at her residence last Wednesday evening.

- 1. Tarantelle (For two pianos).....Raff Miss Nanno Stone, Miss Agnes Harding. 2. Solo—"Nocturne".....Leybach 3. Solo—"Fire Fly".....Behf b. "A Strange Country".....Lance Miss Jennie Robertson.

Miss Homer has every reason to feel pride in her pupils and the pupils have reason to reciprocate and rejoice in the opportunities they have under a lady so eminently gifted and qualified.

- Centenary Church. Morning Services. Anthem—"Why Seek Ye the Living Among the Dead".....E. J. Hopkins Te Deum in E flat.....Dudley Back

Mission Church, Paradise Row. First Evensong of the Festival. Saturday April 17th, at 8 p. m.

High Celebration at 11 a. m. Processional—"Hail Festal Day".....Powell Introit—"God hath appointed a day".....Tours

Processional—"Hail festal day".....Powell Versicles.....Tallis Magnificat.....Gerrett, in F

Pontifical high mass at 9 a. m. The choir will sing Stanzas' Mass in F; offertory, "Regina Coeli," by Sabat.

Pontifical Vespers at 3.15 p. m. Psalms Gregorian Magnificat, Mizant; O Salutaris, Fiske; Tantum Ergo, Verdussen.

High Mass at 10 a. m. Farmer's Mass in B flat. Vespers at 7.15 p. m. Psalms, Gregorian; Regina Coeli, Labat; Ave Verum, Rosewig; Tantum Ergo, Rossi.

Church of the Holy Trinity.

Next Monday evening the Carleton Opera company will begin an all too brief season at the Opera house.

It is said that an acute musical ear will detect so slight a difference in tone between two notes as the one sixty fourth of a semitone.

Madame Calve and other operatic artists were somewhat seriously frightened last week by a fire in close proximity to their hotel (the St. Nicholas) in New York.

Mrs. McKee Rankin who was last seen in this city as a member of Sidney Drew's company at the Opera house is playing in "At Piney Ridge."

The Lyceum theatre, New York, is closed during this week, being Holy Week. After Easter this house will reopen with a production of "The Mysterious Mr. Bugle."

When John Drew is playing in cities outside of New York in "Rosemary" he allows no late comers to be shown to their seats during the performance.

The play "L'Arlesienne" by Daumet, which is pronounced an artistic work, was discontinued at the Broadway theatre, because "there was nothing in the drama that could have found sympathetic acceptance from American theatre goers."

A new tenor has been heard in Boston Mass. His name is H. W. Berrill and he made his debut in Steinert hall during the past fortnight.

The Knickerbocker quartette whose home is in Boston, will sail on the Lucania on 8th. of May, to fill a number of engagements in London Eng.

The Handel and Haydn society of Boston will end their 82nd. season next Sunday evening, with Mendelssohn's overture, Mr. J. C. D. Parker's "Redemption Hymn" and Mr. Horatio M. Parker's "Hora Novissima."

The Use of Words is Vain When Deeds Are Expected.

It's so easy to say a thing, but so different to prove it. Claim is not proof, it's deeds that count. No sign a dog will bite because he barks, neither is it convincing proof of merit because a manufacturer says so.

MAXWELL JOHNSTON. Medical men, Hospital treatment and a dozen different medicines failed to cure me of dropsy.

A TRIUMPH WON. Before taking Doan's Kidney Pills I felt that diabetes was fast tightening its grip upon me.

At all druggists. Price 50c per box, or 6 boxes for \$2.50. T. MILBURN & CO., Toronto.

TALK OF THE THEATRE. Mlle Reichenburg of the Comedie Francaise, has grown tired of her eternal youth and has sent in her resignation.

"At Piney Ridge" a new play of the South was recently produced at the Columbia theatre in Brooklyn, and is much commended.

Mrs. McKee Rankin who was last seen in this city as a member of Sidney Drew's company at the Opera house is playing in "At Piney Ridge."

Shakespeare's play "The Tempest" which is but rarely given in the later days, was produced at Daly's New York theatre last week.

"A man and his Wife" a new comedy was given a single production at the Empire theatre on Tuesday afternoon of last week.

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On the 3rd of May next, the summer season beginning at the Castle Square theatre, Boston, will be filled by a dramatic company to be known as the Castle Square theatre Summer Comedy company.

The real name of Maurice Barrymore, the well known actor, is Maurice Herbert Blyth. He is an Englishman and a graduate of Trinity college.

John Wilmot is the name of an actor who recently became crazy on the stage in England. He was playing the role of Abraham in Isabel Pateman's production of "Leah" and in the quarrel scene with Nathan, refused to die.

Gerard Hauptman's play "The Sunken Bell" which was the theatrical event of the season in Germany has been rejected in Paris.

Alf. Hampton, the comedian, who was seen at the Opera house here a few seasons ago in the Stock company, and who subsequently married Jeanette Lowrie, the popular ingenue of the same company, is now playing at Keith's with Mlle Patricia in a novelty sketch, entitled "A New Year's Dream."

Miss Dora Booth is the name of another young Canadian actress, who hails from Hamilton, Ont., and who made her stage debut with "a marked measure success," in the role of Suzanne in "The Iron Master."

On Easter Monday night the Lyceum theatre New York, Madeline Lucette Ryley's new play entitled "The Mysterious Mr. Bugle" will be the bill.

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Easter Millinery



We will show to-day a magnificent stock of

Trimmed and Untrimmed Hats, Toques and Bonne-s.

In the Latest Novelties from Paris, London and New York.

Prices moderate. Inspection invited.

CHAS. K. CAMERON & CO., 77 King Street.

CORSETS A SPECIALTY.

QUET, TIES, "3", ond, d Cook, on - Modern, HER., d. Trusts Co. OF CANADA, OFFICE, et, St. John. Manager. nees usual to dding that of s, or as agents of estates, col- interest, negotia- means financial d other deben- g from 3 1/2 to 5 investment in the our per cent. in demand. MAN, ssed e estimation of even dlessly and indiffer signs Patterns. erchant Tailor, Street. of King.) TT'S Cure., e cure for olds in Prepar. ROCKETT, St. Cor. Sydney and Tongues. HIS DAY. Feet, b's Tongues. RNER.

PROGRESS.

EDWARD S. CARTER, EDITOR

ST. JOHN, N. B., SATURDAY, APRIL 17

THE MAYOR'S ELECTION.

Mayor ROBERTSON has not given the people any satisfactory reason why he should be elected a fourth time. In his speech at Carleton he carefully refrained from alluding to that plank of his platform which was so fatal to the election of the late Mayor T. W. PETERS. If the people had not been opposed to a fourth term then they would not have rejected Mayor PETERS whose record was quite as good as that of any officer who had preceded him. Tuesday will tell if the people have changed their minds. Mr. ROBERTSON'S claims to the civic chair were challenged last year by Mr. CHARLES McLAUGHLIN who understood when he announced his candidature that Mr. ROBERTSON was not going to seek re-election. At the same time a requisition was being quietly circulated asking him to be a candidate again. When that requisition was large enough it was sprung upon the people and printed in all the newspapers. Mr. McLAUGHLIN'S friends were discouraged but they made the fight and lost. We think in common with many others, that he was not treated fairly last year. He should be elected this year. His experience in civic matters has been extensive. He made a good alderman. He has been warden of the county and deputy mayor. It is all nonsense to say that the winter port movement cannot be continued save under the direction of Mr. GEORGE ROBERTSON. The plea was set up last year that he had certain projects and schemes on hand and wanted to complete them. The same reason is put forward this year for his election. If it is a good one Mr. ROBERTSON will be mayor as long as he lives for he will always have some "unfinished business."

Let us have a change. Vote for Mr. CHARLES McLAUGHLIN and elect him.

Perhaps persons will not be so eager to have the anatomies photographed by the Roentgen ray process, when they consider the experience of Dr. WAYMOUTH REID, professor of physiology in Dublin university. Having to deliver a lecture, Prof. REID took a photograph of his own body through the clothing, in order to exhibit the contents of his pockets as well as the skeletal structure. The exposure lasted an hour and a half, the Crookes tube being three inches from his waist coat. Shortly after the exposure, marked erythema of the chest, was noticed and also the skin of the back where the rays made their exit. A fortnight later the skin began to peel off leaving a raw surface. It was not apparent that any of the organs beneath the skin were injuriously affected, but it was obvious that the affected skin did not stop all of the injurious rays as they passed through the body and all acted the skin of the back in a similar manner. It is a curious fact that though the rays passed in close proximity to the nerve terminals there was no accompanying sensation.

It is known that locomotion by means of electricity is gradually gaining ground in Europe though not to the same extent as in America. In mileage of electric railways Germany stands first. Then follow France, Great Britain, Austria-Hungary, Switzerland, Serbia, Russia and Spain in the order named. Of the 111 lines operated in 1895 ninety-one were worked on the overhead surface system, twelve on the underground system and eight by means of accumulators. In Germany alone the capital invested is \$32,000,000. It is estimated that a number of new lines to be established this year in Europe will exceed those established in 1895. The city of Berlin which now has only horse tram ways and omnibuses will soon introduce electric railways. The electric systems of Hamburg and Leipzig are nearly completed.

Whatever Scotch presbytery shall sit in inquisitorial session upon the fiction of Dr. JOHN WATSON ("IAN MACLAREN"), it will not be hard for the canny orthodox elders to discover a rank growth of Arminianism and other heresy in his tales. Even his two volumes of printed sermons and lectures will readily reveal the most liberal views on religion and the religious conduct of life. His works which incline at times to a regrettable over-sentimentality, are nevertheless full as a rule of virile, wholesome humanity such as will stoop to no yoke of narrow creed or dogma. The Scotch kirk may put its iron heel on Dr. WATSON but it cannot persuade the world to exile itself from "Drumtochty" or the delightful faith of "The Mind of the Master."

The discussion in the British House of Commons of the woman suffrage bill brings out the fact that females are largely in the

majority in Great Britain and Ireland. The United Kingdom holds 1,200,000 more women than men and for this reason Sir WILLIAM HARCOURT supports the bill on the principle that the majority should rule. It is said by the Saturday Review that the proposition to enfranchise the Queen's female subjects is being treated by parliament with unbecoming levity, HARCOURT being the only responsible member of the house who handles the matter in a statesmanlike manner.

The long talked of project of a railroad connecting North and South America is being revived. The negotiations between Mexico and Guatemala, which were interrupted ten years ago by the strained diplomatic relations of the two countries, have been resumed, and Mexico has just appointed a commission to act with a similar commission be appointed by Guatemala. It will be the duty of the first commission to select a feasible route for the proposed road.

A novel event in the history of surgery chronicled in the legal operation performed in Cleveland O., last week upon a forger for whom the plea of insanity had been advanced. The surgeons examined both skull and brain and were able to bring forward the strongest presumptive evidence of mental derangement. Criminal surgery bids fair to become an adjunct of the court of the future.

After his notorious escapade with a French actress and his unsavory connections with the CHIMAY scandal, the King of all the Belgians will not surprise the world by his new idea of establishing a rival Monte Carlo on his private estate in Ardennes. The rulership of a gambling Vanity Fair would seem to be just about King LEOPOLD'S measure.

Against Greece which contains a population of 2,200,000, there are pitted seven European powers containing a population of not less than 280,000,000. The Persian hosts that were arranged against the Greek twenty-three centuries ago were far inferior in number to the European hosts arrayed against them.

A thoughtful contemporary announces that "boiled alligator flesh tastes very much like veal". Those who are in straitened circumstances and are unable to obtain veal will do well to remember the substitute.

A company in Lacon, Ill., intends to raise 100,000 cats next year. The fur market is demoralized at present, but that company will probably be able to come to the scratch.

The people know that PROGRESS knows a good thing. Hence the popularity of Rockwood as a name for the park.

Rockwood is the peoples choice.

HIS NIECE HAD THE MONEY.

But Others Were Suspected and Their Houses Were Searched.

Mr. George Sullivan of St. Stephen writes PROGRESS as follows: Your paper in which to tell you of the recent action of a leading merchant and ex-mayor of this city. Last Thursday afternoon the man referred to lost a sum of money, somewhere between one hundred and forty and one hundred and fifty dollars. The loss occurred while he was absent from his store for a few minutes. As in times past he charged an innocent person with the theft. The first one attacked in this instance was a poor boy, whose only wealth is his good name. A few moments conversation with the boy convinced the ex-mayor that he was on the wrong scent, so without more ado he arrived at the conclusion that I was the guilty person. He had a search warrant issued and brought the deputy sheriff to my house before I was out of bed. After a fruitless search they departed. I then went out and made several inquiries about the robbery that was news to me. When I went I learned that during the merchants absence from the store his niece was there. This had been carefully concealed from the deputy sheriff until I told the latter of the circumstance and sent him to the ex-mayor when he acknowledged that it was so and the two went to the home of this niece, who, when she saw the officer broke down and confessed that she had taken the money and hid it at the time concealed in a closet. It was fortunate for me that the officer was one who could not be silenced, or it would never have been known whether the money was found or not, as was the case a year ago. I may add that the latest rumor is that the ex-mayor is telling that a woman in the country had taken the money and returned it, but nobody even pretends to believe it. He has not yet apologized to me for his action in my case."

We are in Business to Please You.

Curtains 25c., blankets 25c., pants pressed 25c., suits 50c. Try our dyeing and cleaning. Satisfaction guaranteed. Ungars Laundry and Dye works. Phone 58.

VERSES OF YESTERDAY AND TODAY

The First Easter Day.

St. Matthew, chapter 23, and St. John, chapter 20. Dawn, on Jerusalem, and yet I sleep, Unconscious of a Fate destined to be The most important in all History. Around a new sealed tomb had the repaired Two and disciples of the buried Christ. To hold food vigil through a tedious night, While the two Marys there wept bitter tears.

Not whiter were the cloths embossed on high Than Joseph Arimathea's marble tomb. While on the Crucifix last eve was laid. Around it the sad twain: the Marys two. A tender watchfulness had wak'd and kept. The white: a Roman guard I used watch and ward. Anxious those manners four stood mournfully In the stern gaze of the rare soldiery.

Gray dawn was melting into sunrise day When suddenly the earth beneath them quaked, While on the guards held a deadly feast. 'Twas then the four amid those sounds of awe Saw a winged angel drop from far above To roll away the white sepulchral wall. "Fear not," he said, in accents sweet and low, "Nor longer tarry. Look within the tomb. Where lies supinely on a sweet scented shroud, For He whom lately I had there embraced, Has, like to Lazarus, arisen from the dead."

Then fell they on their knees in prayers of joy; And when they rose again, close at their side The Resurrection stone stood, as once in life Before them, radiant with celestial light. Then Mary, with glad impulse, strove to grasp The head of her Saviour; but He waved The hand of her faith; and He said: "Take not thy hold on Me, for not is yet My hour ascended to Our Father God!"

'Tis at His throne that thou and I must meet. Meantime depart, and My disciples warn They'll bid Me soon in My own Galilee." Addressing Peter next, as Mary left, (And laying hands upon the lowly-bowed head) "Thou art the Rock on which I build My Church, Which henceforth shall this Easter Day preserve In holiest remembrance for My sake."

Still is their joy on that first Easter Day Rekindled year by year as Easter grows. He led the way for it to the glad blue sky; Grand organs peal; the music of the choir; The murmurs of devoutest prayer and praise; And clustering flowers, with their rich perfume, Keep in remembrance that first Easter Day.

HE WAS LOCKED IN.

The Police Sergeant is Accidental and Incarcerated.

Among the city police there is no more efficient officer than Sergeant Hipwell, police court sergeant. Like all others in any walk of life the worthy official has his woes and sorrows, his difficulties and dangers, but he comes out of all these right side up with care. His latest escapades occurred last week, and they were a little perplexing for a time but the genial sergeant came out all right at the close, and is ready for new adventures. A few days since he had occasion to take an unruly prisoner "down stairs," and in doing so got into quite a predicament. He put the prisoner into one of the cells and had occasion to go into the cell himself to see that all was right, when the culprit slammed the door and prisoner and sergeant were locked in, as the door was fastened with a spring lock. The "drunk" sat down on the cold stone floor and laughed at the frantic efforts of the sergeant to open the door with the billy and twister. When he could not get out he called to the upper world, the police office, to let him out, but in vain. They did not know the gentle voice of the sergeant, especially when it was heard from the inside of a cell, and thought that it was the prisoner concluding his celebration. The sergeant stormed and shouted but his woes were not listened to in the upper chamber, and the minutes passed—Oh so slowly to the official, while the criminal rolled over and over in the cell rejoicing at the trick he had played. The glances the sergeant shot at him would have killed a less hardened sinner but they failed to take any effect on that sinner, who continued to roll over and over on the cell floor. If the sergeant was tempted to give him a kick or two no one could have found fault.

At this time a gentleman entered the police office and enquired for the sergeant. He was not to be found. Then someone remembered that he had gone down some time before to lock up a prisoner and a search was made. The sergeant was not lost; far from it; he was where he could not be lost. Explanations followed, the door was unlocked and he was at liberty. As he left the cell he shook his billy at the criminal, who rolled over on the floor again and said, "Ta-ta! sorry we have to thus part company; au revoir—but not farewell."

Another story is told of the sergeant that shows the course of a police court, like love, does not flow smoothly. A large Newfoundland dog had invaded the police court, and the sergeant decided to eject the intruder. He caught him by the collar and unceremoniously rushed him from the room, but the dog decided that he was not thus to be treated, and began howling. The sergeant pushed and the dog pulled back and growled. The officer is strong, and as the canine's toe nails began to slip over the floor he stopped growling and began to whine and then changed his tune to most unearthly yells.

The noise disturbed the magistrate upstairs who thought someone was at peeping on the tail of his faithful hound that lolled under the desk and over which someone falls every day, and began to whistle and call for the dog.

Then the fun began. The canine thinking that he had a friend at hand redoubled his efforts to get back into the room, and as the whistling continued his spirits revived, and at the same time he got firmer grip with his claws on the floor and it was a tie game between him and the sergeant. "Stop yer whistlin'," shouted the official. "Stop yer whistlin' will ye?"

He had to waste so much breath shouting that the dog got the advantage and the sergeant became angry. He did not know it was the magistrate who was whistling but supposed it was the owner of the dog, and he yelled, "If ye don't stop that whistler I'll not leave a whole bone in yer skin."

This had the desired effect apparently, for the magistrate sent an official down to see what was the matter, and the dog, taking the hint, decamped.

HOW HE GOT A BICYCLE.

Pretended he Wanted to Buy but Neglected the Payments.

There is in this city a dashing young man who all last summer rode a wheel that only cost him eight dollars. It was of a first class make too, and could have been sold half a dozen times over during the season. The same young man would have ridden one of a similar make this year upon the same terms, had it not been in an unlucky hour he boasted before half a dozen other young men of his methods he had employed last summer and hoped to employ this.

It was nearly the beginning of May last year when the young man in question presented himself at an establishment that carried a fine line of wheels. He looked over the stock in a critical manner and his knowing talk on the latest improved sad-

dies, tires etc. led the obliging clerk to believe that the probable customer knew a thing or two about bicycles. At last a silent steed was exhibited that caught his fancy at once. Yes, he would take that one. The clerk smiled, and smiled and became more obsequious than ever in his manner. At last all preliminaries were satisfactorily settled and, then the dashing purchaser came round to business. Of course he could not pay the whole amount down but he could give the most satisfactory references, and would pay a certain sum monthly.

The clerk didn't smile quite so blandly now, but he sought the proprietor and explained the young man's wishes. The references were unexceptional, being two well known King Street merchants; so after a few moments consideration he decided to let the young man have the bicycle on condition that he would pay \$20.00 down and agree to pay \$5 a month until the wheel was paid for.

When this was told to the customer he smiled serenely, unfolded his references, and laughed in a gay light hearted way that was good to hear. He agreed to the terms of course, only unfortunately he had not more than five dollars on him just then. The references were good, the pay apparently sure, so the firm decided not to let a little matter of fifteen dollars interfere with the sale.

The first payment was made in June but it was only a three dollar one. In July no money was forthcoming and the firm waited till August before billing him. As the weeks passed by with no sign of a settlement another bill was sent, couched in somewhat forcible language. In October the book keeper went to the proprietor with the story and the latter wrote a sharp letter demanding either the return of the bicycle or an immediate settlement, but if he thought so he did not do it.

His surprise was great when in a few hours he had a communication from the young man asking him "to send at once for useless and inferior wheel that had been palmed off upon him. It was no good anyway, and unless it was removed at once storage would be charged." The bicycle man had not bargained upon such a course but he promptly removed the wheel and to have it back uninjured, although it had done a hard summer's work.

The smart young man gleefully related his experience before several friends one evening during the winter and said he hoped to have the use of a wheel this summer only he was planning to get it on cheaper terms. He had not counted upon the story being repeated but it leaked out somehow and the majority of the bicycle dealers in the city are on the lookout for a visit from him when it is likely he will learn that this year the best of references will not go with them, unless backed up by hard cash.

THE SUNDAY BEER LAW.

It is Hard Upon Many People and Extreme in Its Provisions.

It is feared that much actual hardship will result from the enforcement of the new law regulating the sale of light drinks, such as ginger beer, ginger ale, etc. This law comes into effect on the first day of May and requires that any who propose to sell shall take out a license at the nominal fee of one dollar. That is not what is complained of, but the law prevents the sale of these non-intoxicants on Sunday and that is the day of the week during the summer season when the most of such beverages are sold. Speaking with a well known manufacturer of these drinks, Mr. R. J. Garnett, PROGRESS learned that among his customers are many old persons who depend wholly for a living upon the sale of ginger beer etc., and if the Sunday business is taken from them, their income will be reduced to such a point that they will be unable to live without assistance. Persons out walking Sunday find that ginger beer does not hurt them and the same is true of a glass of soda water, but under the new law they can get neither this summer within the city limits. This law is a mistake and a genuine hardship to many. If men will drink it is better that it should be ginger beer than ale and past experience has shown St. John people that it is not an impossible matter to get the latter drink on Sunday. The fact that a few people in the beer business tried to sell something stronger on the sly is no reason why the trade and the public should be punished in this extreme fashion.

A Good Business College.

The fact that the graduates of the St. John Business College have succeeded so well and are holding the best of positions in the city and elsewhere, is all the proof that is needed of the ability of Messrs. S. Kerr & Son to give their students such a business education as will place them at the head of the list of college graduates. In their advt. to day they have a testimonial from another of their students who in business life has proved himself to be equal to the best. Any who contemplate taking a business course will be wise to enter this college and may rest assured that they will there receive the best instruction obtainable in Canada.



Celebrated for its great leavening strength and healthfulness. Assures the food against alum and all forms of adulteration common to the cheap brands. ROYAL BAKING POWDER CO., NEW YORK.

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The clerk didn't smile quite so blandly now, but he sought the proprietor and explained the young man's wishes. The references were unexceptional, being two well known King Street merchants; so after a few moments consideration he decided to let the young man have the bicycle on condition that he would pay \$20.00 down and agree to pay \$5 a month until the wheel was paid for.

When this was told to the customer he smiled serenely, unfolded his references, and laughed in a gay light hearted way that was good to hear. He agreed to the terms of course, only unfortunately he had not more than five dollars on him just then. The references were good, the pay apparently sure, so the firm decided not to let a little matter of fifteen dollars interfere with the sale.

The first payment was made in June but it was only a three dollar one. In July no money was forthcoming and the firm waited till August before billing him. As the weeks passed by with no sign of a settlement another bill was sent, couched in somewhat forcible language. In October the book keeper went to the proprietor with the story and the latter wrote a sharp letter demanding either the return of the bicycle or an immediate settlement, but if he thought so he did not do it.

His surprise was great when in a few hours he had a communication from the young man asking him "to send at once for useless and inferior wheel that had been palmed off upon him. It was no good anyway, and unless it was removed at once storage would be charged." The bicycle man had not bargained upon such a course but he promptly removed the wheel and to have it back uninjured, although it had done a hard summer's work.

The smart young man gleefully related his experience before several friends one evening during the winter and said he hoped to have the use of a wheel this summer only he was planning to get it on cheaper terms. He had not counted upon the story being repeated but it leaked out somehow and the majority of the bicycle dealers in the city are on the lookout for a visit from him when it is likely he will learn that this year the best of references will not go with them, unless backed up by hard cash.

Victorian Fair.

The costumes to be worn by the attendants at the "Victorian Fair" will be of the fashions of each ten years of Victoria's Reign. They will be quaint and pretty, and will show how our great grandmothers of 1837, our grandmothers of 1857 and our mothers, aunts, and cousins of 1877 were dressed. Those of 1897 will be of the newest spring styles of 1897. Florence Nightingale will be at the "Fair," and with her attendant nurses will practically illustrate the "Red Cross" movement. The Queen will be represented as she was in 1837, and as she is at the present day. The Victorian medals will please the boys and girls. A large number have been obtained and will be sold for a mere trifle. All wishing to pass a few pleasant hours, and to invest in artistic, useful and fancy articles should attend. Remember the dates, Easter Tuesday evening and Wednesday afternoon and evening. Five o'clock tea on Wednesday afternoon. For price of admission etc., see advertisement later.

The Customers Well Pleaced.

The millinery store of Miss Bartle on Charlotte street, presents the same tasteful appearance at this season. The latest styles are seen there and those customers who patronized the new store last year were so well pleased that they have not failed to return. Miss Bartle's stock of millinery is all new and selected with the greatest care.



Judge Forbes' residence was the scene of a bright gathering on Wednesday evening when Miss Homers' pupils gave a charming little musical.

The thoroughly enjoyable programme was arranged with much care and the following names appeared thereon: Miss Nan Stone, Miss G. Seely, Miss Agnes Harding, Miss Winnie Barnaby, Miss Nan Barnaby, Miss Marcell Thomson, Miss Emma Rankine, Miss Jennie Robertson, Miss Mary Trueman, Miss Grace. Among the invited guests were Mrs. George Robertson and Miss Robertson, Mrs. A. J. Freeman, Mrs. J. H. Thomson, Mrs. J. S. Harding, Mrs. L. B. Robertson, Mr. J. E. Stone, Mrs. Stone and Miss Stone, Mr. W. H. Barnaby and Mrs. Barnaby, Mr. E. A. Smith and Mrs. Smith, Mr. Frank Rankine and Mrs. Rankine, Mrs. W. H. Bowley, Mrs. Wm. Gilchrist and Miss Gilchrist, the Misses De Forrest, Miss Bessie Matthews, Miss E. Lawton, Miss Rankine, Mrs. Seely and the Misses Seely.

A. Blair jr. returned from Halifax this week with Mr. McDade. Mr. Blair went to the Scotian city to see some friends and during his visit he met many friends and was well entertained. That genial citizen, Mr. J. A. Johnson the manager of the Mutual Life insurance company for these provinces outdid his usual courtesy to St. John people—and that is saying a good deal—in his efforts to make the visit of one of his star agents Mr. McDade and Mr. Blair a pleasant one. Both gentlemen were so kindly treated that they have warmer feelings than ever for the people of the city by the sea.

Mr. and Mrs. C. A. Rutherford and Miss Hazel left Thursday on a visit to Boston and New York. Mr. Rutherford and Miss Hazel will remain in New York until midsummer with the latter friend Mrs. L. G. Kirk.

Hon. Peter Mitchell was a visitor to the city this week.

Mr. and Mrs. G. E. Smith of Presque Isle were here for a short time this week.

Mr. and Mrs. C. A. Manro of Woodstock were here for a short time this week.

Messrs. L. A. Currie and W. B. Wallace paid a short visit to Fredericton this week.

Miss White of Hamilton Ont., made a brief stay in the city recently.

Miss Florrie Marsh returned this week to Fredericton after a pleasant visit to city friends.

Mr. and Mrs. F. O. Talbot of Sussex were in the city on Wednesday of this week.

Miss Ada J. Deniston left this week on a short visit to friends in Boston.

Senator King of Chipman paid a brief visit to the city this week.

Mr. J. W. Rathbun of Montreal, was here for a day or two lately.

Rev. J. A. MacLean of Harvey, Rev. W. B. Covert of Grand Manan and Rev. John Hanley of Milltown, paid a brief visit to the city this week.

Mr. Thomas P. Hetherington was here for a day or two this week.

Judge McLeod went to Fredericton the first of this week.

Miss Delaney has returned from a stay of some weeks in Sussex.

Mr. J. E. Sutton came down from Fredericton for a day or two this week.

Hamilton of Calais spent Tuesday in St. John.

Mr. John Doull and Miss Doull of Halifax were here this week on their way home from the West Indies.

Mr. and Mrs. W. B. McKenzie of Moncton spent a day here lately.

Post office Inspector King has been suffering this week from an attack of bronchitis.

L. Governor McLeish spent a day or two in the city during the week.

Mr. G. H. Davidson of Annapolis spent a few days here lately. Mr. E. J. Davidsons has returned home after a week spent with friends here.

Mr. Henry Frye is here in the city on a visit to his daughter Mrs. Charles Lee.

Mrs. Fred Seely and son came down from St. George on Tuesday.

Mr. Harry Malin of Berwick, N. S. spent a short time in the city this week.

Capt. Barrie is expected back in a short time from California. He will take command of the new Star line steamer Via oris.

Rev. Edward Murdoch of Indiantown North Cot. who has spent the winter in Bermuda for the benefit of his health was here recently on his way home; his health is greatly improved.

Miss Berne Biddington has been confined to the house recently with a severe cold.

Rev. Thomas Marshall left Thursday for England by the Lake Ontario.

Mr. T. H. Reid of Halifax was among the city's visitors this week.

Miss Agnes L. Foley returned Tuesday from Boston where she spent the winter with friends.

Mr. Wallace Burns of Toronto paid a brief visit to the city this week.

Mr. James Manchester returned this week from a visit to Montreal and Ottawa.

Mr. George Frawley has returned to St. George after a short stay in this city.

Mr. Andrew Blair's friends are glad to know that he is able to resume business again after his late illness.

Mr. and Mrs. F. W. Pendergast and family are visiting the city for a few weeks.

Mr. C. T. White of Apple River paid a brief visit to the city this week.

Col. Blains who has been quite ill was reported slightly better the last of the week.

Hon. A. T. Dunn paid a short visit to Fredericton this week.

Miss Parker of St. Andrews sailed from here on the Lake Ontario this week.

Hon. Allan Ritchie of Newcastle and Hon. L. P. Harris of Grand Lake paid a brief visit to the city this week.

Mr. Fred C. Wendell of Brooklyn was among the visitors to the city this week.

Mr. J. F. Richardson of the C. P. R. Telegraph Co. Montreal was in the city for a day or two lately.

Rev. E. A. Warnford and Mrs. Warnford came from Norton for a visit to the city this week.

Mr. W. T. Carr of Woodstock was here on Wednesday.

Mr. Fred White visited St. Stephen for a day or two last week.

Miss Florence Mitchell daughter of the Hon. James Mitchell will finish a long course of study

at Halifax LaSalle college this year, and will graduate in June.

Mr. J. G. Keator spent a short time in Windsor last week.

Mr. E. Damarec of Montreal was here on Wednesday for a few hours.

Mrs. T. G. Loggie and Mrs. A. R. Wetmore came down from Fredericton on a shopping tour the middle of this week.

Rev. J. H. Starr and Mr. J. R. Y. Starr of Toronto were in the city on the first of the week.

Capt. Philip L. Ferguson was a passenger for England on the steamship Mantona which sailed on the evening.

Capt. J. Allen arrived Saturday from the West Indies and made a short stay in the city.

Mr. Frank Telfer who is about to engage in farming in his native province was entertained at dinner by a party of friends, at Lang's on Monday evening.

The dinner was served in an excellent manner and interesting speeches were made by Messrs. David Walker, K. C. Taylor, Charles Magee, D. A. Sinclair, L. Hutchison, and other gentlemen. The German band was present and discoursed sweet music during the evening.

The "Victorian Fair" will be one of the attractions of next Tuesday and Wednesday. Preparations are going on apace and by the time the dates mentioned the costumes worn by the attendants will be of the fashions of each year of Victoria's reign. It is understood they are exceedingly pretty and will be true in every detail.

Mrs. J. L. Black of Sackville was in the city for a day or two this week.

Mr. Angus McDonald of Charlottetown was in the city this week on his way home to Charlottetown from Boston and New York.

Mr. Thomas Francis and Mr. Charles Roberts of Montreal spent part of this week looking around the city.

Messrs. James Moore and Frank Harding made a short stay in the city this week.

Mr. G. D. Steeves of Hillsboro and Mr. E. E. Steeves of Boston were in the city for a short time this week.

Mr. J. F. Richardson of Montreal spent Wednesday in the city.

Miss Hatlie Steeves of Salisbury is visiting relatives in St. John.

Prof. L. W. Titus' annual concert took place on Tuesday evening and was attended with much eclat from a social point of view. The house was an exceedingly bright one, very many fresh and dainty gowns being seen for the first time, on that evening. Anne Louise Clary the stately and charming congressess of the evening, wore a very handsome satin in a pale lemon shade, and at the instance the following afternoon she was attired in a handsome black satin brocade. There were one or two theatre parties, and the occasion proved a most enjoyable one for those who had the good fortune to be present.

Mr. C. B. Herrett of Sackville paid a brief visit to St. John friends this week. Mr. Charles Fawcett of the same town was also here for a day or two this week.

Mr. Gilmour Brundage of Somerville Mass is in the city on a visit to relatives.

Mr. George J. Clark of St. Stephen was here the first of this week.

Mr. A. J. Wilson of Port Haron made a short stay in the city recently.

Mary Louise Clary was a guest at the Dufferin during her stay in the city. She left for Montreal on Wednesday afternoon.

Mr. Frank Small of Lowell was in town during the week.

Mr. H. S. Miles of Oromocto spent a short time in the city a few days ago.

Mr. S. J. Hall of Bowanville was in town for a day or two lately.

Hon. Peter Mitchell who spent a day or two in the city this week has returned to Chatham.

Mrs. W. S. Fielding and the Misses Fielding arrived from Ottawa Thursday and are spending the Easter holidays in the city.

Miss Johnston of Fredericton is spending the Easter holidays with city friends.

Mrs. Fred Jones is in Moncton visiting Mr. and Mrs. Geo. W. Daniel.

Mrs. F. S. Sharpe and daughter left Thursday morning on a visit to New York and Massachusetts.

Mr. S. A. M. Skinner went to Montreal on Thursday.

Mr. S. E. Brittain has been in the city during the week visiting his father Mr. James Brittain of the C. P. R.

Mrs. Frank P. Starr and Mr. Ernest H. Turnbull returned Thursday from New York.

Dr. Inch, chief superintendent of education was in the city the middle of the week.

Messrs. Water O. Purdy and F. C. Jones are off on a trip to Boston.

Mr. George Akery left Tuesday morning for Portland Maine.

Miss Christina Chisholm of Edinburgh, Scotland, arrived in the city lately. She is the guest of her sister Mrs. James Munro, Charles street.

Mr. and Mrs. A. E. Trues of Salisbury visited the city during the week.

Miss May Collins left Thursday evening to spend the holidays with friends in Fredericton.

Mr. and Mrs. Fred Sayre, the Misses Berryman, Mr. Edwin and Mrs. Peters, Messrs Chip Ritchie and Heber Vroom were passengers on Thursday afternoon's train for Boston.

Hon. William Young and Mrs. Young of Carleton were in the city this week.

Mrs. John McCann of St. John and Miss Gertrude McCann who is attending the convent at Memramcook, spent a day or two lately in Dorchester, guests of Mr. and Mrs. Gallagher of the Windsor.

Miss O'Neill spent a week lately with Miss Kate O'Brien of Dorchester.

Senator Primrose is spending some time with city friends.

Miss Maher has returned to Dorchester after a visit to city friends.

Mrs. C. T. White of Sussex is spending a little while in the city.

Mrs. John Spence and Miss Bessie Holmes of Moncton are paying a visit to St. John.

FREDERICTON.

[Progress is for sale in Fredericton by W. T. H. Fenety and J. H. Hawthorne.]

April 14.—The military openings have been quite a pleasant little break in the dull monotony of the past few days and have exceeded anything we have ever seen in gorgousness. An aided interest this year was the opening of the Misses Young's magnificent new store which is said to be by far the handsomest establishment of the kind in the Maritime Provinces.

Mrs. James Tibbitts is visiting friends in St. John while Mr. and Mrs. A. G. Blair.

Rev. Mr. Teesdale spent Sunday in Calais Maine. His wife of Capt. Paul R. H. C. L. and her infant child accompanied by her mother Mrs. Bracott left last week for Quebec to spend the summer time.

Mrs. Taylor wife of Capt. Taylor at the Royal Berks has arrived in the city and will remain for the summer.

Mr. and Mrs. Oswald S. Crockett leave tomorrow on a holiday excursion to the "Hub" and will spend Easter in Boston.

Mr. Robt. Chasnet, son of Mr. Henry Chasnet left yesterday for Roseland B. C., his many friends here wish him unbounded success in his new home.

Miss Johnston is spending the Easter holidays with friends in St. John and will remain for two weeks.

Mr. Starr of Halifax has been spending a few days in the Colonial.

Mrs. Wm. Walker accompanied by her mother, Mrs. A. J. Lynch, has returned from Lowell Mass. His Lordship Bishop Kingston will sail for England about the end of this month, Mrs. Kingston and children will not accompany him as was at first intended on account of the delicate health of Mrs. Kingston's little daughter, Violet Marsh. The family physician deeming it unwise for the child to undertake the fatigue of a sea voyage.

Mr. W. F. Mitchell agents of the Merchants bank of Halifax here is to be transferred to the Charlottetown agency last May. Mr. W. R. Racey who was stationed here a few years ago will take his place while many friends here regret the departure of Mr. Mitchell from among them, they will be pleased to welcome Mr. and Mrs. Racey once more.

Miss Lillie Teesdale is spending the Easter holidays with friends in Sussex.

Dr. J. W. Bridges is receiving hearty congratulations on the arrival of a young son.

Mr. Herzm Grimmer of St. Stephen is in town. Miss Kate Black is visiting friends in Boston.

Mrs. Snowball of Chatham is here the guest of Hon. F. P. Thompson.

Mr. Ellis of St. John is among the visitors in town. Miss McKee is spending the Easter holidays with St. John friends.

Many friends regret exceedingly to hear of the illness of Prof. Downing and that he has been thoroughly advised by his physician, that he retire from the teaching staff of the University, for a time and seek rest and change in another climate.

Mr. Geo. Black is enjoying a two weeks shooting vacation in the Miramichi woods.

The exhibition of the Y. M. C. A. Gymnasium classes in the City hall on Monday evening. The grand Parade on Tuesday evening. The concert by the College Glee Club on Friday evening will make it a very busy week. The laughing comedy "College Chums" which is also brim full of wit is to be one of our drawing cards at the college concert.

Mr. and Mrs. Harry Dan Creed have the sympathy of many friends in their bereavement, in the loss of their beautiful boy, George, whose death occurred on Thursday morning after an illness of only four days. The funeral took place on Friday afternoon from the residence of Mr. H. C. Creed. The floral tributes were beautiful and completely covered the little casket. Mr. George Ricker of St. John came up to attend the funeral. CAUCAS.

DOBROHETER.

[Progress is for sale in Dorchester by G. M. Fairweather.]

APRIL 15.—Mrs. John McCann of St. John and Miss Gertrude McCann who is attending the Sacred Heart Convent at Memramcook spent a few days in town last week guests of Mr. and Mrs. Gallagher at the Windsor.

Miss Nellie Palmer has recovered from an attack of grippe and her many friends are delighted to see her able to be around again.

Mr. and Mrs. P. Gallagher and Miss Nellie Gallagher were to Moncton last week to attend the funeral of Mr. Gallagher's niece Mrs. John Sutton jr.

Mr. J. H. Hickman has returned from a trip to Halifax.

Mrs. Lamb of Sussex who has been visiting her parents Captain and Mrs. Bishop returned home last Friday.

Miss O'Neill of St. John spent a week in Dorchester recently the guest of Miss Kate O'Brien.

Mr. George Payzant who has been confined to his room at the Windsor with a grippe is able to go out now.

Miss Blanche Hamington is home from "Edgehill" Windsor for the Easter holidays.

Next Tuesday evening an entertainment will be given in Hickman's hall by local talent in aid of the new skating rink. It promises to be a rare treat and should be liberally patronized.

Gladness at Easter Time.

Easter time has come again Bringing gladness in its train, Telling of the hope in life Bidding sorrow cease its strife. Calvary's agony now is past, Victory has come at last, Death is vanquished, life has come, Now the conqueror enters home. Hard and terrible was the fight, Dark and lowly was the night, While the forces of the hour Triumphed in their might and power Velled in darkness is the sun, And the work of death is done, All the stars are hid in gloom, As the victim meet his doom. He who is the Son of God Lowly lays beneath the sod, Death his victim now doth claim Holding fast with might and main. Darkness overshadows all, Like the falling of a Fall; All the light from earth seems driven Vanished seems the power of Heaven, Cords of life and harp are broken, And no words of song are spoken, All around seems blank and bare While a stillness fills the air. Scattered now in every one, And the dreadful hour is come; While alone he bows his head Numbered these among the dead. Laid within the rocky tomb In the dark and dismal gloom; And upon the grave the seal, Least they come at night and steal. Now the light of Heaven is here, Full of comfort and of cheer, For the angel of God alone Comes and rolls away the stone. Now the Son of God is risen, Life to all of earth is given. Death is robbed of sting or pain Christ the living conqueror reigns. All the choirs of earth and Heaven Have their songs of triumph given, Now in Heaven they crown him King While the mighty arches ring. Crown him King, ye hosts above Knowing of his perfect love, And the sons of earth will bring Loving tributes to their King. Loyal hearts all true and right We will give him in the light. Then into our lives will come Hope of an eternal Home.

F. S. SKINNER,

Bicycles Free..... SAVE YOUR WELCOME SOAP WRAPPERS. WELCOME SOAP. WE WILL GIVE FOUR BICYCLES—two for Nova Scotia and two for New Brunswick and Prince Edward Island—(Lady or Gentlemen's wheels), at option of the winners, for the largest number of WELCOME SOAP WRAPPERS sent in up to and including May 31st, 1897. The Bicycles are the celebrated "Red Bird" (new 1897 model), costing \$100.00 each, regarded as the standard high grade wheel of Canada. Cut out the yellow square in centre of the wrapper and send it in with your name and address as collected, or keep together and send in all at once at May 31st next. Receipts will be published and wheels awarded without delay. Wrappers taken from dealers' unsold stock will not be counted. Our employees and their family connections are barred. WELCOME SOAP CO., ST. JOHN, N. B.

Comfort in Boating. Depends largely on the way one is dressed. Ladies often grow weary guarding their gowns from the rain or the spray. A comfort, then, is WATERWITCH SERGE, proofed by the CRAVENETTE CO., it is perfectly shower proof, and will not spot from rain or sea water. Waterwich Serge. Priestley's name stamped on every five yard. 011

"The Ideal Tonic." CAMPBELL'S QUININE WINE. Tones up the System, Restores the Appetite. No other Quinine Wine is just as good.

DUNDEE BEST ON EARTH. Watson's Dundee Whisky. Thoroughly Matured and Free from Deleterious Ingredients. CHARD JACKSON & CO., Agents, Montreal.

Royal Gordon... 10 Years Old—the Perfect Scotch Whisky. Royal Gordon Perfection... 15 Years Old—the very oldest and finest Whisky shipped from Scotland. McINTYRE & TOWNSEND, St. John, N. B., SOLE AGENTS FOR CANADA.

granby rubbers. It is no wonder that rubbers, which are not the same shape as the boot, should be uncomfortable. It costs money to employ skilled pattern makers but the result is a satisfactory fit. Each year millions are added, to fit all the latest shoe-shapes, and Granby are always "up-to-date," honestly made of pure tan, light, elastic, durable, and at ball and heel. Don't Draw the Feet They Fit the Boot.

USE ONLY Pelee Island Wine Co's Wines. THEY ARE PURE JUICE OF THE GRAPE. E. G. SCOVID. Sole Agent for Maritime Provinces.

FOR ADDITIONAL SOCIETY NEWS, SEE FIFTH AND EIGHTH PAGES.



HALIFAX NOTES.

PROGRESS is for sale in Halifax by the new stand at the following news stands and centres.

- C. S. DE FREITAS, Brunswick street
MORSON & CO., Barrington street
LASK & CONNOLLY, 111 Hollis street
GEORGE STREET
POWERS' DRUG STORE, Opp. I. C. R. Depot
J. G. KLINE, Railway Depot
H. SILVER, Dartmouth street
J. W. ALLEN, Dartmouth N. S.

For a week, at least, fashions of any magnitude have ceased as on Monday, Holy week began, and we all feel like walking and driving "unaccompanied."

Last week was a pretty gay one, and nearly every day one or more at home were in order. Friday capped the climax. There were a half-dozen or more functions large and small all of which were well attended.

Mrs. (Rev.) G. M. Clarke, 205 Parsons street, had a very large gathering of her friends—and the gentlemen mixed out in quite numbers too, which they do not always do—and the occasion was very entertaining.

Mrs. Oxley, Fawson street, had a "dinner tea," as a farewell to Miss Gander, who left for her home in Ontario this week, where she will be married about the middle of May to Prof. Falconer, of Fine Hill. I understand they spend their honeymoon in the old country.

Mrs. James Mitchell, Rhineland street, had a house warming Friday afternoon. There were a very large number of ladies and gentlemen present. "Lady Jane" wishes the host and hostess every happiness in their pretty new home.

Mrs. Charles Archibald, Inglis street, had a large number of friends the same afternoon to meet Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Archibald, of Sydney, who left for England in the "Parisian" last Saturday.

A propos of the Schubert Festival, which is to be held by the Halifax Symphony Orchestra at the Academy, on Saturday April 21st, a curious and somewhat amusing incident occurred. The Festival was to be given to the Indian Famine Fund, an ideal which would have delighted no more than the great emperor, whose idea from his earliest to his latest years was harassed by hunger. As a small lad at a recently named school, he wrote pathetically to his elder brother, begging pennies to buy bread. In the prime of his young manhood he was glad to sell his matchless sword for a franc a piece, and there is no doubt that hunger was the force which set his pen at work. Surely no heart would there be a tenderer response to the appeals of the great master who would know the bitterness of privation.

The Orpheus club are busy rehearsing "No Van Winkle" for Easter week, and new faces in the cast will give an added interest to the production. Miss Lewis will make a splendid Gretchen, as shown by her excellent work at rehearsals; she sings the music beautifully and also enacts the role in a most clever manner. Mrs. Ellis will also make a success; and with the old favorite, Mrs. Taylor, Messrs. Wike, Boak and Howdsworth, etc., and the grand chorus, Rip will be well worth seeing a second time.

Halifax Symphony orchestra is now regularly under way. The need of such an organization has long been felt. Halifax, an essentially musical city, has had clubs of amateurs, but never one composed entirely of instrumentalists. At the present one was formed last Thursday. I am told it comprises about 35 members consisting of 14 violins, 2 violas, 2 cellos, 2 basses, 2 flutes, double bass, 3 cornets, 2 clarinets, 2 bassoons, 2 trombones, euphonium, piccolo, tambourines, etc. The clubs first appearance, which is looked forward to with interest, will be at the Schubert Festival, to be held on the 21st of this month.

WINDSOR.

PROGRESS is for sale in Windsor at the store of F. W. Dakin.

Apr. 13.—Mr. and Mrs. John M. Smith, Miss Smith and Miss Geraldine Smith spent last week in St. John, N. B.

Mrs. Medford and children of Yarmouth are in town guests at Curry's Corner.

Mrs. Morrison and child and Miss Barnes of St. John's, Newfoundland were in town over Sunday guests of Mrs. Morrison's brother Mr. H. H. Trapwell.

Mrs. Lesley Dimock and children of Lunenburg are visiting Mrs. Dimock's father, Mr. John Keith, Park Street.

Mrs. Morris has returned from visiting in Dartmouth.

Dr. Burrell of Yarmouth spent last week in town with his friend Dr. Norris.

Mr. McKee, Manager of the Western Union Telegraph Co., Halifax, was in town this week.

Mr. Barcham of Halifax was in town last week.

Miss Maggie Kerr has returned from visiting in Halifax.

Dr. M. A. Curry of Halifax was in Windsor this week.

Miss Lizette Smith has returned from spending a few days in Hantsport.

Mr. and Mrs. H. M. Bradford are receiving congratulations on the arrival of a son and heir.

Miss Mary Harding Finch was in town last week a guest of Mrs. A. S. Shaw.

Mr. Sam Porter of Halifax spent Sunday in town.

Mrs. Clarence H. Dimock is making a visit in New York.

Mr. Harry King of Halifax is in town this week.

Dr. Allen Haley M. P. is home from Ottawa for a few days.

Mr. Arthur Drysdale of Halifax is in town.

Mrs. J. A. Russell spent a few days in Halifax last week.

Mrs. John Blanchard entertained a few of her young friends at afternoon tea on Wednesday of last week.

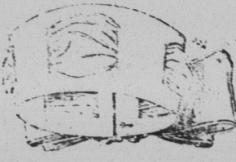
Mrs. W. Curry is in New York for a week or two.

USE Baby's Own Soap

and you'll know why we recommend it

BE SURE AND GET THE GENUINE.

The Albert Toilet Soap Co., Mfrs. Montreal.



This Cut REPRESENTS THE COLLAR

now most fashionable in New York.

SENT BY MAIL to any address on receipt of . . . 18 cts.

STOCK BOWS made of the latest novelties in ribbon. No charge for making the bows.

The Parisian MILLINERY STORE, 165 Union Street.



STRAFFORD, AUG. 4th, 1883.

Messrs. C. C. RICHARDS & Co.

GENTLEMEN—My neighbor's boy, 4 years old fell into a tub of boiling water, and got scalded fearfully. A few days later his legs swelled to three times their natural size and broke out in running sores. His parents could get nothing to help him till I recommended MINARD'S LINIMENT, which, after using two bottles, completely cured him, and I know of several other cases around here almost as remarkably cured by the same Liniment, and I can truly say I never handled a medicine which has had as good a sale or gave such universal satisfaction.

M. HIBERT, General Merchant.



At Last...

You may draw an easy breath. Let the poor flour alone after this. You were a long time finding out that good bread only comes from good flour. "Tillson's Pride" was all right. We told you so.

THE TILLSON COY (LTD.), Tillsonburg, Ont.



STRONGEST AND BEST.—Dr. Andrew Wilson, F.R.S.E., Editor of "Health."

Fry's Pure Concentrated COCOA.

OVER 200 MEDALS AWARDED TO THE FIRM.

Purchasers should ask specially for FRY'S PURE CONCENTRATED COCOA, to distinguish it from other varieties manufactured by the firm.

His Lordship Bishop Courtenay was in town last week. Miss Machin has returned from a two weeks trip to New York.

Mr. J. G. Keator of St. John was in Windsor last week.

Mr. and Mrs. Howard Shaw are receiving congratulations on the arrival of a new member in their family.

The O. H. Tobett company gave a concert in the Reform Club Hall on Tuesday evening of last week to a fair sized audience.

ACADIA N. B.

April 12.—Friday April 9th. witnessed a gay scene at "Old Acadia." The event has been anticipated for many weeks and amply satisfied even the most fastidious. The attraction was nothing less than the reception given by the students of the Atheneum society. Over eight hundred invitations were issued.

All day Friday preparations went on apace and when the electric lights were turned on, spacious College Hall was transformed into a thing of beauty. In every nook and corner were found easy reclining chairs piled with pillows, sofas arranged in inconspicuous positions, and small tables with photographs and sketches scattered over them to rest and amuse. A bank of potted plants on the platform added much to the beauty. Over all was cast the electric light, softened by tinted shades.

The respective class flags of '96, '97, '98 occupied conspicuous places on the walls and were much admired. The library also was open and looked it possible better than the hall. During the evening numerous couples were observed taking advantage of the winding stair to gain the gallery above which throws open where the guests were received by the President Mr. Freeman '97, and the Vice President Mr. Dukeshire '98. Unobtrusively the stately night presented many from attending, but it did not hinder those who braved the storm from looking their best. The introducing committee led by Mr. Sherman '97, and including members from each class, deserve congratulations on the splendid way in which they did their work.

When at eleven o'clock the National Anthem was played by Miss Gibson of the secondary staff as a signal for departure, everyone was sorry and there was perhaps an unusual amount of lingering. There were really too many pretty costumes to allow of a full description, but a few of the young ladies looked especially nice.

Miss Tina Caldwell, Iowa silk, lace trimmings.

Miss Mann, a pretty shade of pink cashmere which was very becoming.

Miss Burgess, soft gray silk black lace trimmings.

Miss Egan, very pretty white dress, lace trimmings, pink and white roses.

Miss Sanctor, becoming dress of pink with cream lace trimmings, cream roses.

Miss Cranial, red cashmere with velvet trimmings.

Miss Triton, looked unusually stylish in pale green with lace and silk trimmings and pink roses.

Miss Morse, very becoming shade of cream with delicate pink and cream roses.

Miss Christie, a pretty dress of pale blue and pink with velvet and passementerie trimmings.

Miss Kinney, looked bewitching in white muslin and white roses.

Miss McKelvey, pale blue with lace trimmings.

MONCTON.

PROGRESS is for sale in Moncton at the Moncton Bookstore, by W. G. Standfield and at M. B. Jones' Bookstore.

APRIL 14.—The last week of Lent is scarcely a favorable time for collecting society news and things have been especially quiet of late owing to the very unpleasant weather which seems to have had a depressing effect upon society in general. I understand that a number of the younger people have organized a small amateur dramatic club, and

Quackery is always discovering remedies which will act upon the germs of disease directly and kill them. But no discovery has ever yet been approved by doctors which will cure consumption that way. Germs can only be killed by making the body strong enough to overcome them, and the early use of such a remedy as Scott's Emulsion is one of the helps. In the daily warfare man keeps up, he wins best, who is provided with the needed strength, such as Scott's Emulsion supplies.

Gold is King Plant your home claim with Steele, Briggs "High Grade" Seeds, sold by leading dealers. Ask for them. Safe investment. GOLDEN RETURNS CATALOGUES FREE The Steele, Briggs Seed Co. TORONTO, ONT.

have a play in preparation which they hope to present shortly after Easter, and they are working hard to have it ready in time. It is a long time since we have heard from our amateurs and as their performances are always above the average, they will no doubt meet with a cordial reception.

Mrs. E. A. Borden entertained the skating club on Wednesday evening, at her handsome residence on Botsford street. Owing to the unavoidable absence of the hostess, her guest, Mrs. T. W. Bell of St. John did the honors of the evening and proved a most charming hostess. Cards were the chief amusement, and a most enjoyable evening was spent.

Dr. Minnie S. Charters late of Philadelphia who has been spending some months at her home in Moncton, left town on Thursday for Worcester, Mass., where she intends practicing her profession. Dr. Charters has already made her mark in her chosen profession, and her numerous friends in this city will wish her all prosperity and success in her new field.

The funeral of little Jean Welch, niece and adopted daughter of Mr. and Mrs. D. I. Welch took place on Thursday afternoon at the rural cemetery. The casket was covered with beautiful floral tributes, conspicuous amongst which was a lovely cross from Miss Lea, of the Central school, and her pupils, amongst whom little Jean had been numbered.

Miss Cooke who has been spending some weeks with relatives in Dorchester, returned home last week.

Rev. W. B. Hinson left town yesterday for Montreal to spend two or three weeks.

Rev. Dr. Temple, Mrs. and Miss Temple of Halifax are visiting Mr. and Mrs. J. H. Watts, an I believe latest spending the summer in Moncton.

Mrs. L. Archibald of Antigonish, who has been spending some weeks with her sister Mrs. P. S. Archibald, returned home on Thursday.

Mr. W. D. Foster, late of the I. C. R. general freight agent's office, whose approaching departure I noted last week, left town on Thursday evening for St. Paul, Minn., where he takes a position on the Great Northern railway.

A number of friends gathered at the station to bid Mr. Foster good-bye. Mr. Foster had a most successful journey.

Mrs. Norzick left town last week for Marcellan, S. C. to spend a few days with friends.

Mr. and Mrs. J. W. Y. Smith left by the C. P. R. on Friday for Halifax to take the steamer for Bag Lad where they intend spending the next two months, remaining for the jubilee festivities in June. Mr. and Mrs. Smith were accompanied by Mr. and Mrs. R. H. Randolph and the Misses Randolph of Fredericton. The party will doubtless enjoy a delightful holiday.

The numerous friends that Mr. Fred Jones of St. John has made during her visits to Moncton, are delighted to welcome her back to town city at St. John. Mrs. Jones is visiting Mr. and Mrs. George W. Daniel of Botsford street.

Mrs. T. V. Cooke and Mrs. S. J. Plunkett paid a short visit to St. John last week.

The many friends of Rev. W. W. Brewer pastor of Central Methodist church, who has been so seriously ill with pneumonia, will be glad to hear that he has sufficiently recovered to be out again.

It is just a month today since I announced the marriage of Miss Medley, sister of Mrs. Grant Hall of this city and very well known in Moncton, to Mr. Herbert Temple of Halifax, and expressed the good wishes that would follow the youthful bride to her new home. Today it is a very unpleasant task to note a terrible misfortune which has overtaken her, thus early in her married life, Mr. Temple having accidentally shot himself last Monday, while clearing a revolver and inflicted what may prove to be a fatal wound. The bullet lodged near the heart, and at last reports the invalid's condition was very critical. Mr. Temple is a brother of Mrs. J. H. Watts of this city, and son of Rev. Dr. Temple, who is now visiting his daughter in Moncton.

Mr. T. V. Cooke general storekeeper of the I. C. R. left town on Thursday afternoon for Boston on a trip.

I regret to chronicle the death of Mr. Robert Hallett, J. P. an old and well known citizen of Moncton, which took place at St. Blanche's Hotel, on Sunday afternoon after an illness of ten days, from pneumonia. Mr. Hallett was in the 70th year of his age and had been for many years a resident of Sackville where he was a prominent photographer, magistrate and merchant. He married a daughter of the late Christopher Boultonhouse, ship owner and ship builder of Sackville, and removed eighteen years ago to Moncton where Mrs. Hallett died. Three of Mr. Hallett's children survive him, Mrs. William A. Jones, Apohabi, Mrs. Clarence Freeman of Amherst, and Miss Greta Hallett a younger daughter. Mrs. J. C. Lamb of Sussex, sister of the deceased and both of his elder daughters were with him during the last days of his life. The funeral took place yesterday afternoon at the residence of the deceased, and was attended by a large number of friends. The Rev. E. Bertram Hooper held a quiet service at the house, and accompanied the remains to their last resting place where the final services were held. Prof. J. Harry Watts conducted the musical part of the service. The casket bore some beautiful floral offerings.

Mrs. E. A. Borden returned on Monday from a visit to her mother Mrs. William Smith of Sussex. Mr. Robert E. Chandler of New York is in town the guest of his brother, Dr. E. B. Chandler of Botsford street.

Mr. and Mrs. R. C. Tall and Miss Evans of Shediac paid a short visit to Moncton on Monday.

ANAGONE.

APR. 14.—Mr. H. H. Davidson was visiting in St. John and Sussex part of last week.

Mr. J. Beverley McNaughton is in St. Martin's this week on a business trip.

Mr. Edgar Davidson returned from St. John on Monday morning after a week's visit with relatives there.

Miss Maggie Pickles of Sussex is visiting Mrs. Thos. Dunfield at Portage this week.

Miss Julia McNaughton who has been spending the past winter in Apohabi with her sister Mrs. Byard, McLeod has returned home.

Miss Kettle Smith is visiting friends in Hampton this week.



The LATEST... FRENCH SKIRTS

require a light interlining. Experience has taught us that silk and cloth skirts will not flare stylishly without this support, but don't buy the cheap, poor, imitation interlinings unless you want to spoil the set of the garment. The best dress-makers use only the genuine

Fibre Chamois,

selecting No. 30 weight for this new skirt. They especially recommend Fibre Chamois for travelling gowns, as it prevents crushing and creasing in the folds, no matter how tightly or how long it is packed. Cut the interlining to fit each gore and stitch in with the seams—the illustrations of dress skirt turned wrong side out show the correct method. We recommend the Lip Waterproof Dress Bindings. Ask to see them. For sale at all Dry Goods and Trimming Establishments.

Free Skirt Pattern: Dressmakers who will mail us their business cards will receive the latest French skirt pattern free of charge.

Address: Canadian Fibre Chamois Co. Montreal.

You will like to regret it, if you fail to read this

"THE LIP"

The neatest, cleanest and most durable Dress Protector ever made.

A Perfect Protector, Binding Extender and Facing combined. Non-infectious. Repels Germs. GIVES graceful folds, conforms to any shape.

NEVER fades, frays or becomes ruffled.

EASILY applied. No basting required.

SANITARY and Waterproof. QUICKLY cleaned with sponge and brush.

WILL not wear the shoe.

The Canadian Fibre Chamois Co. Manufacturers.

Be sure and ask your merchant for AUTOMATIC DRESS FASTENER

The advantages are strength combined with ease. Saving of time and labor. Easily fixed in holes. Sticsteels made of finest tempered material. Holes fastened and unfastened in a moment. Far superior to the ordinary hook and eye. The fasteners are strongly made and warranted not to break. Finish guaranteed. To be had in Black.

USE HARMLESS TEABERRY FOR THE TEETH ZOPESA CHEMICAL CO. TORONTO.

SPECIAL SALE..

If you want a Watch at a bargain now is the time. We have a very large stock of

Gold and Silver Watches

and wish to reduce it. Any one wanting a Gold Watch at a low price, now is the time. Do not be afraid to look at them.

FERGUSON & PAGE. 41 KING STREET.

ST. STEPHEN AND GARRA.

Mr. Jack Robertson of Toronto, was registered at the Windsor during the past week.

Mr. George J. Clarke Editor of the St. Croix Courier, went to St. John yesterday on a short trip.

Mr. Henry J. Fyfe is with his daughter Mrs. Charles Lee in St. John.

ST. GEORGE.

On Tuesday of next week, the ladies of Trinity church gave their annual Easter-egg support.

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Throat Kumforts. "KUMFORT HOME REMEDIES" (Registered). "Throat Kumforts" will stop that tickling, irritating cough; will relieve hoarseness, rawness and soreness of the throat almost instantly.

THE DEVIL'S HARDEST BLOWS are aimed at the home. To rob it of love is the greatest wrong that can be done a child.

How to CURE HEADACHE—Some people suffer untold misery day after day with headache.

RECKLESSNESS is due to nervous excitement. The delicately constituted, the fastidious, the business men, and those whose occupation necessitates great mental strain or worry, all suffer more or less from it.

THEY NEVER FAIL—Mr. S. M. Boughner, Langton, writes: "For about two years I was troubled with 'Flies' but by using Parmentier's Pills, I was completely cured, and although four years have elapsed since then they have not returned."

\$19.500 GIVEN AWAY IN BICYCLES AND WATCHES FOR SUNLIGHT SOAP WRAPPERS. During the Year 1897.

Mr. O. F. Tracey of Bathurst was here yesterday. Mr. James Chrystal was upset out of his sleigh on Sunday while driving to church and sprained his ankle.

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DOAN'S KIDNEY PILLS. Price 50 cents per Box, or 6 for \$2.50. At Druggists, or Mailed on Receipt of Price by T. MILLBURN & CO., Toronto.

MANLY'S EARLY Thoroughbred POTATO. The Greatest Cropper. The Finest Flavor. I raised 569 pounds, or over 3 1/2 barrels, from one pound in year 1896.

TREE'S Hygienic Baths. 54 Canterbury St., near Princess. SERVED HERE: Thermo-Electric, Turbo-Rustian, Hot Air, Mineral or Medicated Vapor Baths, etc.

THE DUFFERIN. This popular Hotel is now open for the reception of guests. The situation of the House, facing as it does on the beautiful King Square, makes it a most desirable place for Visitors and Business Men.

BELMONT HOTEL. ST. JOHN, N. B. Directly opposite Union Depot. All modern improvements. Heated with hot water and lighted by electricity.

Cafe Royal, DOMVILLE BUILDING, Cor. King and Prince Wm. Streets. Meals Served at all Hours. DINNER A SPECIALTY. WILLIAM OLARK, Proprietor.

Advertisement for Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhoea Remedy. Includes text: "Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhoea Remedy" and "USE BERRY TEETH".

THE GREAT TWINS AND K.D.C. PILLS. INDIGESTION AND CONSTIPATION. Write for samples, testimonials and guarantee.

DOWNRIGHT HONESTY.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Help

Is needed by poor, tired mothers, overworked and burdened with care, debilitated and run down because of poor, thin and impoverished blood. Help is needed by the nervous sufferer, the men and women tortured with rheumatism, neuralgia, dyspepsia, scrofula, catarrh. Help

Comes Quickly

When Hood's Sarsaparilla begins to enrich, purify and vitalize the blood, and sends it in a healing, nourishing, invigorating stream to the nerves, muscles and organs of the body. Hood's Sarsaparilla builds up the weak and broken down system, and cures all blood diseases, because

Hood's Sarsaparilla

Is the One True Blood Purifier. All druggists. \$1. Prepared only by C. I. Hood & Co., Lowell, Mass.

Hood's Pills are the only pills to take with Hood's Sarsaparilla.

BEAUTIFUL SKIN

Soft, White Hands with Shapely Nails, Luxuriant Hair with Clean, Wholesome Scalp, produced by CUTICURA SOAP, the most effective skin purifying and beautifying soap in the world, as well as purest and sweetest, for toilet, bath, and nursery. The only preventive of inflammation and clogging of the PORES.

Cuticura

Soap is sold throughout the world. PORTER DRUG AND CHEM. CO., Sole Props., Boston, U. S. A. Agents—How to Purify and Beautify the Skin, Scalp, and Hair, mailed free.

BABY HUMORS

Itching and scaly, instantly relieved by CUTICURA REMEDY.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

THEY MADE THE GHOST WALK.

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

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

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

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

Can get a Jag Anytime.

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

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

A WEEK OF OPERA.

The Carleton Opera Company Opens Next Week.

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



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

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

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

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

Was it Accidental.  
HALIFAX, April 15.—The shooting of himself by the poor young man in his room at a hotel in this city is a sad exemplification of the fact that one half the world does not know how the other half lives. Everything appeared bright on the surface of his life, but in reality there was a bitter strug-

gle for existence. Notwithstanding all the show that was made the poor fellow, who had many estimable qualities doubtless, was penniless. He owed accounts in many quarters and creditors were pushing him with all the vigor that hard times makes necessary. Hotel bills, which were high, were among the unpaid items. The end came in a self-inflicted pistol shot over the heart. It is charitable to suppose that the shot was accidental. Let us believe that it was, for the young man is well connected and comes of a fine family—the son of a once famous Methodist minister. Still while the shot may have been accidental a cold world refuses to call it such, except when people under certain circumstances speak more kindly than usual. The world is ever ready to condemn, and too slow to use the mantle of charity.

40 RED-COATS  
Put to rout an Army of Formidable Trespassers.

Constipation, Dizziness, Pain under the Shoulder Blades, Sick Headache, Depressed Feeling, Bleeding After Eating, Debility and Insomnia, Result from an Inactive Liver.

Dr. Agnew's Liver Pills, 40 Little Red Coats, at a cost of 20 cents, will set you right in short order. Piles of testimony to prove it.

Easter Millinery...

The success which has attended my Millinery Opening for the several days of this week has far exceeded my expectation, and has assured me that I have struck the right chord in the selection and arrangement of the seasons' novelties.

The latest in HATS, TOQUES, BONNETS, and CHILDREN'S HATS.

All are cordially invited—  
MRS. A. PEABODY, 149 Union St.

Good Words From Old Students  
THE PRACTICAL BUSINESS TRAINING I received at your College has been of the greatest benefit to me. The time was most profitably spent. The training I received there fitted me for business as I found it.

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

OPERA HOUSE.

Week Beginning MONDAY, April 19.

The Carleton Opera Company.

40 PEOPLE SUPERBLY COSTUMED.

A caste of Metropolitan Artists, and Mr. W. T. CARLETON.

MONDAY EVENING:  
"Queen's Lace Handkerchief."  
Other Operas to follow.

Prices—Evening, 25, 35, 50c. \$1. Mat. 25c and 35c.

Mechanics' Institute  
.....GO AND SEE.....  
The Yellow Kid  
In real life in HOGAN'S ALLEY, TO NIGHT.  
ALSO.....  
THREE - NEW - PERFORMERS  
IN SPECIALTIES.  
Admission 10 and 20 Cents.  
A FOTHER GOLD WATCH will be given away to-night by the Union Blend Tea Company.

Paint Means Cleanliness  
and cleanliness is a good habit. Many want to paint the little things about the home, but do not know how to go about it. It's easy.  
THE SHERWIN-WILLIAMS PAINTS  
are prepared ready for immediate use—no mixing to get the shade desired, no inconvenience, no hard work. Just open can, stir the paint, dip in your brush and go ahead.  
Our booklet, "Paint Points," will help you. It tells just the things you would like to know. It is a practical talk about paint. It tells the best paint for tables, chairs, settees, for buggies, for boats, for cupboards, for shelves, for barns, fences and roofs, for bath tubs, for houses. There is one good paint for each paintable thing, and only one. Mailed free to any address. Send to-day. For booklet, address 7 St. Genevieve St. Montreal.  
THE SHERWIN-WILLIAMS CO.  
CLEVELAND  
CHICAGO  
NEW YORK  
MONTREAL

BARRINGTON'S GOOD ENOUGH.  
The Business Men Don't Want the Street's Name Changed.  
HALIFAX, April 15.—What's in a name. The first answer that suggests itself may be: "Nothing at all." Sometimes a name may be worse than nothing. There are some people who have a remarkable liking for peculiar names for their children. The largest barracks in this city are called "the Wellington barracks," immense brick buildings in the north end of the city in an acre of land stretching from Gottingen street clear down to Campbell road. Who would think of calling a child after those barracks. Yet a fond north end father and mother after discussing a large proportion of the names in the directory choose the military one for their child and now one of the pupils at a city school has the suggestive if not euphonious name of Wellington Barracks. Ten chances to one when that boy grows to manhood if he stays in Halifax, he will not thank his parents for their originality in the choice of a name for him.  
A presbyterian minister in this city who himself has a rather peculiar christian name, has also distinguished his child by a name that will not be easily forgotten. The members of his congregation know that Christopher Columbus has the credit of discovering this continent and when they hear the name of the new presbyterian baby they at once pronounce it "Christopher Columbus." The truth is the child's christian name is Christopher Columbus, and the people are hardly to be blamed for getting the names of discoverer and Scottish saint slightly mixed in the person of this young hopeful of the manse. Whether these two will live to see the day when they will try to change their names remains to be seen.

Some Halifax people have lived to see the day when they are anxious to abandon several good old street names, and get in their place something modern. Alderman Mosher did not think of the commotion he would cause when he res in his place in the city council and moved that Barrington Pleasant, Lackman street; and Campbell road, all really the one street, drop their several names and be given the one name—Victoria Avenue—from the Point to the Basin. He thought he was doing a popular thing in thus moving for some commemoration of the Queen's diamond jubilee. It looked good at first glance, but on sober second thought, the Barrington street people, at least, objected. On a little further consideration they openly revolted against the proposed change and not a man could be found on the street who favored the change. All opposed dropping the name Barrington, though most of them were willing to give the other sections the name they refuse to have themselves. It is sure the whole street will not be called Victoria; it may be called Barrington, but it is not likely any change will now be made for some time in this nomenclature.  
Alderman O'Donnell in connection with this proposed change, embraced the opportunity to get in a word for a street in the region in which he is particularly interested. He asked that the name of Albermarle be dropped and in its place that of Collier be adapted as one of our street names. It would not do Albermarle street one jot of good to be called Collier, for the neighborhood is too much like the leopard that cannot wash his spots, but it would not do any harm to try the experiment. Let it be Collier street. While you are at it, city fathers, whatever you do regarding Barrington street and Victoria avenue please try to do something to avoid confusion by changing the names of some of the smaller streets that have been mentioned.

Put to route an Army of Formidable Trespassers.  
Constipation, Dizziness, Pain under the Shoulder Blades, Sick Headache, Depressed Feeling, Bleeding After Eating, Debility and Insomnia, Result from an Inactive Liver.  
Dr. Agnew's Liver Pills, 40 Little Red Coats, at a cost of 20 cents, will set you right in short order. Piles of testimony to prove it.

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Coleman's SALT  
Best for Table use  
Best for Dairy use  
UNEQUALLED FOR QUALITY  
Canada Salt Association  
CLINTON, ONT.

ST. JOHN, N. B., SATURDAY, APRIL 17, 1897.

TO EAT, STAND, AND SIT.

THREE TIPS FOR WOMEN WHO WANT TO BE HEALTHY.

Food as a Subject of Instruction in a Course of Physical Culture—Women Who Don't Know How to Stand up or Sit Down and the Evils That Result.

Delicate women are out of date. There was a time when it was considered fashionable for a woman to faint frequently, grow hysterical over trifles, and have at least one chronic ailment. Today such a woman, instead of being cuddled and made much of, is passed hurriedly by with a word—not of sympathy, but rather of scornful pity. She is referred to as 'Poor thing!' And if there is one thing that will make a woman cast off her invalid ways it is that phrase.

Women nowadays are turning back to the ways of the Spartan girls, who believed that the physical training of the sexes should be identical and practiced what they preached. They were taught to run, to leap, to cast the javelin, to play ball, and to wrestle. Their Athenian sisters did nothing of the sort and were not comparable to the Spartan girls. Once an Athenian said to the wife of Leonidas:

'You Spartans are the women who rule men.'

'Yes,' she answered, 'and we are the only women who bring forth men.'

There is a lesson in this retort for all woman-kind. Canadian women, be it said to their credit, are beginning to apply it. Old women, young women, and schoolgirls are giving more attention than ever before to physical culture. Three women, were discussing the general interest in physical training for women, in a restaurant not long ago. It was one of those little places where a man feels himself conspicuous, for it was patronized almost exclusively by women shoppers. One of the talkers was white haired, another was middle-aged, and the third was an athletic-looking girl just out of her teens. The middle-aged woman turned out to be a teacher of physical culture, and she talked in such a clear, practical way that pretty soon all the women at the nearby tables were listening to the conversation of the trio. It all started this way:

'I wouldn't order chocolate eclairs if I were you,' said the middle-aged woman to the girl.

'Why not?' asked the girl. 'I'm not in training now. As long as I was on the basketball team at school I wouldn't have dreamed of giving such an order; but I'm a graduate now, and chocolate eclairs are so good.'

'They aren't good for you,' insisted the middle-aged woman. 'You told me yourself that you were never in such perfect health as when you were in training and confined yourself to nutritious wholesome food.'

'That's so,' acquiesced the girl meekly, but without countering her order.

'Physical culture teachers as a rule make three mistakes,' continued the middle-aged woman, raising her rare roast beef vigorously by way of emphasis. 'I think the first three questions they should put to a pupil are: What do you eat for breakfast, luncheon, dinner, and between meals? How do you sit, and how do you stand?'

'Why, what funny questions the last two would be,' exclaimed the girl digging into the middle of eclair number one.

'Not at all,' answered the physical culturist. 'Standing is a lost art; and as for sitting, so far in the history of this world of ours it has never become an art. When it comes to eating—well, I feel almost hopeless about eating. I fear that women will never learn to eat.'

'What queer notions you do have,' commented the girl, ordering a double portion of ice cream. 'Vanilla and chocolate mixed, if you please. I'm sure I have a good healthy appetite,' she went on, 'and I think I not only know how to eat, but enjoy it.'

'There's no question about your having a first-rate appetite,' put in the elderly woman, who proved to be the girl's grandmother.

'Yes, I won't dispute that,' replied the middle-aged woman, 'but you insult that appetite, which is the craving of a strong, healthy stomach, by giving it eclairs and ice cream instead of giving it the proper food. Nearly all young women do the same thing. Everytime you do that you weaken your muscles, which you tell me you are so anxious to train. You cannot possible train a muscle unless you

have given it the proper food. Now, I'm not a crank on dietetics, but every teacher of physical culture, every director of a gymnasium, every master of a swimming school, every instructor in a bicycle academy, should pay a great deal of attention to what their pupils eat, and try to impress on each pupil the necessity of proper food.

Every boy is anxious to become a Fitzsimmons, and if his instructor in gymnastics will tell him what food is best for him to take he will have it—or make life a burden for his mother? The same is true of a girl. Let the teacher tell a girl that certain things will harden the muscles of her body, giving her a firm, graceful figure and certain other things will make the muscles of her cheeks firm, which is one of the secrets of retaining a pretty complexion, and she'll confine herself to those things, cheerfully giving up all rich pastries and sweets.

'Up to this time,' the enthusiast continued, 'girls and women have devoted their attention almost exclusively to the development of their arms and legs. This is a great mistake. Women need, even more than men, to give much attention to the development of their vital organs. The legs and arms work much more easily if the vital organs are well developed. Women should be trained from the time they are out of swaddling clothes to hold the abdominal muscles tense. Then we would hear of no such thing as displaced organs. But, dear me, get me started on the physical development of women and I'll never stop.'

'Oh, it's so interesting,' exclaimed the girl. 'You said something about women not knowing how to stand correctly.'

'Well, I told the truth,' said the enthusiast. 'They don't. Watch 'em as they file up to the desk there to pay their checks. At least twenty-five have been up since we've been sitting here, and not one has stood correctly. Look at that stout woman there now with her abdomen thrust out and the upper part of her back held back. She probably has awake nights worrying because she is losing sight of her waist, and yet her habitual method of standing is just the cause of the trouble. Glance at the thin, delicate-looking woman behind her. The position of her body is all wrong. You can see that her abdominal muscles are thoroughly relaxed. So it is with the next in line. The fourth woman throws nearly all her weight on one side when she stands, and you can see that this has changed the shape of one hip. Thus it goes. One woman stands so that one shoulder grows higher than the other or her back gets twisted and another becomes lop-sided in some other way. A mother or teacher who does not train the young entrusted to her care to stand correctly is guilty of almost a crime. The harm done to the body is nothing compared to the injury done to the machinery inside.'

'Many women have, disagreeable nasal voices. If they only knew it, it all comes from their not knowing how to stand properly. The only women in this country who, as a rule, have good voices are the Southern women, and the only way I can account for this is that they don't stand at all except when they are absolutely obliged to. It isn't that they know how to stand any better than their Northern sisters, but they have a predilection for sitting or reclining. If you don't believe what I say about nasal voices go into any school in this city, public or private, and listen to fifty or a hundred pupils read; they will nearly all read through their noses instead of through their mouths. If a child has been taught to stand with shoulders thrown back, lungs expanded, the abdominal muscles held tense, the body bent slightly forward, so as to distribute the weight equally on the ball of each foot, the voice will come rich and clear and full straight from the mouth instead of meandering around inside, avoiding the vocal chords altogether, and finally making its escape with a disagreeable rasp through the nose.'

'What have you to say about women not knowing how to sit?' asked the old lady.

'That they don't know how to sit as well as they know how to stand,' she answered, jerking out each word distinctly. 'When a girl first goes in for physical training the teacher should teach her to eat wholesome food, such as steaks, chops, rare roast beef whole wheat bread and vegetables. Girls don't need tea and coffee, but should drink milk, plenty of it, instead. Next she should teach them to sit before she starts them on regular training. Look around in this restaurant. I only see one woman who is sitting correctly.'

'Who is that?' interrupted the girl, eagerly, throwing herself into a graceful attitude.

'That's myself,' responded the teacher with a laugh.

'Why, I couldn't sit up and never touch the back of the chair,' as you do,' blurted the girl.

'I dare say not,' answered the enthusiast, 'because you've never been taught to sit properly. I can ride all day in a car or a boat without once touching the back

of the seat, and not feel as tired at the end of the journey as the women who have lounged around all day and bolstered their backs up with pillows. It is not a good thing always to sit with the spinal column propped up. The muscles of the back were given us to lean on, and every person should learn to lean on them early in life, otherwise they become weak and flabby. Muscles that are not used grow useless. We wouldn't hear so much about backaches if women would sit more correctly. I forgot to tell you that nine out of every ten women are naturally pigeon-toed. This is because they do not turn their toes out properly in walking. However things are changing. Every city now has scores of gymnasiums well patronized by girls and women during the winter months, and the rest of the year they devote themselves to outdoor sports with a zest just a little short of that of the men. The beneficial effects of woman's interests in physical development are already apparent. The women of this generation are undoubtedly physically superior to those of the last, and the next generation is bound to show even greater improvement. Somebody once defined physical culture as the symmetrical development of the soul. That being the case, the coming generation ought to be stronger, manly than the present; but that remains to be seen.'

'But, tut, tut!' exclaimed the old lady, piling her parcels one on the other. 'I'll let you say that the women of today and the future are stronger than their grandmothers were physically, but I won't let the intimation that they are better morally go unchallenged.'

'Oh, said the young girl as the three started out, 'don't you know it if admitted, dear gran'ma, that strength of body brings strength of mind and morals in its train?'

Two Entrances { 27 and 29 King Street, } Furniture Warehouse, 13 and 15 { 39 and 41 Germain St. } GENERAL TELEPHONE, 123. CARPET DEP'T TELEPHONE, 864. FURNITURE DEP'T TELEPHONE, 979.

P. N. CORSET IS THE BEST.

All genuine have this "Trade P. N. Mark" printed on the inside of each Corset.

This Corset, after many years' trial in the United States and Canada, is acknowledged to be superior to all others. It has served as a model for many imitations, none of which have ever equalled it in form, finish or material. Its points of excellence are a perfectly formed waist, gracefully curved back, properly shaped and easily fitting hips, with the bust and shoulder lines so proportioned in each model as to insure a faultless fit, combined with perfect comfort and freedom to the wearer.

P. N. CORSETS are made in every variety of shape and style, and the prices range from 85 cents to \$5.25 per pair.

Manchester Robertson & Allison, St. John

man had a complete establishment in Paris, other in London, and a third in New York. As he could not protect it by letters patent of course the bureau increased and multiplied. Now the whole world is their parish—seven outlying regions like Cape Town, in South Africa, and Melbourne, Australia, can boast them in plenty. As for Europe, India, and these United States they are blotted and spattered with them. Nor is that the whole extent of the idea's growth. The railways and express companies have taken it home to themselves. Once they were among the steadiest and best paying patrons of the regular bureaus. Now they have learned a trick worth two of that. It is to collect, preserve, and classify clippings for themselves. Their agents all over the country have orders to preserve and send to headquarters everything touching their own line, or railway matters in general, which appears in the local paper. The clippings are tabulated and put into books, duly indexed at the city offices, where other clerks are kept busy collating and running down railway items in the big city sheets. Often the scrap books have proved of great value in damage cases. With the express companies it is much the same.

Outside this great branch is now computed the business of furnishing newspaper clippings employs a capital aggregating fifteen million dollars, and gives employment to something like thirty thousand people. Pretty substantial fruit that for an unobtrusive idea. Nor is it as a cynic might declare, wholly a harvest of vanity. It gives one a new and vivid comprehension of the enormous reach and tremendous range of the press to glance over the book of latest orders in a well-established bureau. Here a man wants everything about the X-rays. Below him a financier is down for Nicaragua and Panama canal matters. In the next column XYZ wants reports of divorce cases everywhere, and right underneath an anonymous person is eager for Southern outrages. Matter on Spiritualism is another order, the North Pole another, and electric inventions a third. Several people want South African clippings. There are Cuban orders, too, not to name a dozen or more upon all manner of religious topics. This, wholly aside from the personal touch which gave the bureau their first success. Still a large part of their business comes from those who would please the public—actors, artists, the makers of books, particularly poets.

As the shadow of a great rock in a weary land, so is the obituary habit to the men of clippings. Thence come some of their fattest jobs. About any man of moderate prominence they are reasonably sure of gathering from five hundred to a thousand clippings. There is a sort of correlation among certain of the bureaus, which enable

them to get whatever is printed anywhere on the globe, within a very brief space. Prominent men are nearly always among clippings-bureau subscribers. If they are not, either the grief, or the joy of those they leave behind suffices to insure a market for the mortuary harvest. Perhaps the biggest collection of such things ever begun was that relating to the late J. Gould. His heirs ordered "everything", but withdrew the order when, within the space of three weeks, the enterprising bureau mix had corralled eleven thousand odd. Even that number was exceeded in the case of George W. Childs, whose widow gave a clipping man a similar order. The end of the clippings was a set of scrap books. Each bit of print, great or small, was pasted accurately in the middle of a great square of grayish Bristol board, and then the boards were bound into big volumes, covered in black morocco, and lettered in gold upon the backs. In memory of George W. Childs. There was a shelf-full of the volumes. The cost of making them went away up in the thousands.

Social strugglers are another fruitful field. People on the fringe, or the fringes of the fringe, feel their footing ever so much more secure when they are mentioned in cold print—even if the mention is a bare "also present." Further liberal patrons are schools, colleges, and institutions of every sort. Then there are lawyers who want the probate wills everywhere, lists of heirs, and notices of accidents.

Roughly Silenced.

Archbishop Whately had a rough tongue—he was called Urs Major—the Great Bear—at Oxford—a fact unknown to a young aide-de-camp who at a party in Dublin Castle attempted to cross swords with the prelate.

Approaching the Primrose of Ireland, the youth asked, "Does your grace know what is the difference between an ass and an archbishop?"

"No," was the grave answer.

Then the youth went on. "An ass has a cross on his back, but an archbishop has a cross on his breast."

"Very good," said the archbishop.

"Now will you tell me what is the difference between a young aide-de-camp, like yourself, and an ass?"

"I don't know," said the youth.

"Neither do I," said the archbishop, and walked away.

Reflections of a Bachelor.

No man likes babies naturally. You have to learn to like you eat olives.

The reason why a girl likes to get a man to go shopping with her is because the saleswomen will always treat her nicer.

When a girl really doesn't believe a thing a man says she never tells him so.

When one woman kisses another it means about as much as when one man calls another "old man."

If there had been two Adams in the garden of Eden it is probable that Eve would have been hesitating yet.—N. Y. Press.

NEWSPAPER CLIPPINGS.

Growth of the Idea That Came to the Man Who Started the First Bureau.

This idea with millions in it came first to a man who faced in his next week a disagreeable potentiality of hunger. The potentiality would become a certainty unless before he exhausted the remains of his last coin, just broken, he had hit upon something whereby to earn other coins.

It was in Paris, just about the time of the Salon's opening. The man in hard luck sat eating frugally, in a restaurant. He dawdled a bit over his food, watching between mouthfuls the stream of breakfasters who ate briskly, with the air of men who know what they meant to do afterward.

The man watching missed himself in like case. Naturally his mind was alert. He noted every detail—this one's walk and that one's nod, the set of another's coat, and the scowl which went along with the tip of still another. That is how it happened that the man and the minute met to evolve the idea. Less alert he would not have noticed that a certain artist, after he had eaten, walked up to the dame du comptoir and received from her a handful of papers of the day before, each containing a reference to the artist's picture in the Salon.

The artist paid for them liberally—at least ten times the original cost, and murmured thanks besides to madame for her thought and trouble in the matter. Then he went away. The idea, though, remained. A new business had been born into a busy world.

'This man has paid for a handful of papers that mention him. There are other papers—other men, too. Perhaps they will do likewise. At any rate it is worth trying,' the man in search of a vocation said to himself. Then he paid for his breakfast, adding a tip for luck, and scurried off to make the round of the studios. It is needless to particularize further. The clippings bureaus had their beginning in just this haphazard fashion.

The scheme took like wildfire. Soon the

Pill Clothes. The good pill has a good coat. The pill coat serves two purposes; it protects the pill, and disguises it to the sensitive palate. Some coats are too heavy; they won't dissolve, and the pills they cover pass through the system, harmless as a bread pellet. Other coats are too light, and permit the speedy deterioration of the pill. After 30 years exposure, Ayer's Sugar Coated Pills have been found as effective as if just fresh from the laboratory. It's a good pill, with a good coat. Ask your druggist for Ayer's Cathartic Pills. This testimonial will be found in full in Ayer's "Curebook," with a hundred others. Free. Address: J. C. Ayer Co., Lowell, Mass.

THE REMARKABLE CURE OF DEWES OF SHORR'S "DYSPEPTICUM" have been successfully tested by thousands of Dyspeptics. For Flatulency, Bloating and Biliousness it acts like magic. 50c and \$1.00.

WELL BROUGHT UP.

I met them first at St. Moritz. There was a dance going on at the hotel, and a young man—a very good looking young man, who climbed mountains and enjoyed everything immensely—was asking the well brought up girl to dance.

'No, no, indeed I couldn't—at least I'd have to idealize her a lot. But some people are so perfect as they are, don't you know, that you don't have to idealize them at all.'

THE NEWSPAPER BUSINESS.

It is not a Bed of Roses for the Young Man Who Begins Reporting. I hate to see a bright young man enter the newspaper business if he can find anything else to do.

Tired? Oh, No. This soap SURPRISE greatly lessens the work. It's pure soap, lathers freely, rubbing easy does the work. The clothes come out sweet and white without injury to the fabrics. SURPRISE is economical, it wears well.

plains for a distance of two miles, and then again bursts out of its imprisonment in the shape of an oval bridal veil and dashes over the rocks and cataracts down to Lake Sutherland and out to sea.

THE FINNEY COACH. A Man has a Right to Please Himself in a Purchase. There is no accounting for taste, and when a man is going to make a purchase he has a right to please himself, let the result be as odd as it may.

Critical Condition

Of Thousands of Canadians. BLOOD IS FOUL AND DISEASED. Paine's Celery Compound the Great Spring Cleanser.

Is your blood impure and poisoned? It is if you have eruptions, blotches, pimples, sores, eczema, salt rheum or erysipelas. With such troubles the blood is fast carrying poison and disease to every part of your system.

PAYMASTER AND PRESIDENT. The Workmen Regarded the Paymaster as Greater Than President.

A railway paymaster, whose conversation is reported by the St. Louis Globe-Democrat, is inclined to magnify his office; and no doubt he is a pretty important man in the eye of the employees, who look to him for their wages.

A WONDROUS WATERFALL. The Olympic mountains have produced another attraction, the beauty of which is not surpassed on the western slope.

A SUBTLE THIEF. Kidney Troubles Steal on One Inaudibly—A Slight Cold—Then Congestion—Then Inflammation—Then the Deadly Melady Bright's Disease. South American Kidney Cure is a Kidney Specific—It Relieves in Six Hours, and Cures Never Fails.

When the Indians of the reservation had received their money from the government, they went to the neighboring towns to spend it. Their visit having been anticipated, sellers were prepared to part with anything and everything that might take an Indian's fancy.

But though the buggies were all gone, the Indians were not all satisfied. One old Indian had set his heart on the possession of a vehicle, and there was no vehicle to be had. The case looked hopeless, but the Indian was persevering.

At last, however, perseverance was rewarded, and the seeker heard of a conveyance that—if the reality came anywhere near the description—was so much better than a buggy that it could not fail to awaken the envy of every purchaser of a common carriage, and once and forever establish its own superiority; so he hid him to the owner of the vehicle, who turned out to be the town undertaker, and made known his desire to secure it.

BELLEVILLE.

True to The Last. One of the best known and most popular shoemakers in Belleville gives evidence in an important matter.

LAXA Liver Pills cures constipation, biliousness, and sick headache; 25c. Long Sentence. There are many colored justices in the South, and the airs they put on are sometimes amusing.

Sunday Reading.

The Spring-Time Grace. Sweet Spring-time comes to bless the land...

THE OLD SINGING-MASTER.

Those who from love of Christ aid the service of song in our churches fill no small place among gospel helpers.

The most impressive figure in my earliest memories of the village church was the tall man with the flashing eyes who looked over the gallery rail when the people turned round in the singing.

A more intimate acquaintance with him began on the juvenile singing-school. The old singing-master was an untiring and delightful teacher of youth; the children in half a score of neighboring towns owed all that they ever knew of vocal music to his pleasant and effective instruction.

All this was before singing was taught in the schools; and there were no paid choirs; so the high order of church music, remarked in that whole county for years, was largely due to this one man.

The first and best Old Folks' concert, cantatas and oratorios in the state were rendered by his choirs. Still he loved best to teach the little folks, and his little pupils became his lasting friends.

It was not long afterwards that his voice was silent on earth, but his wish was fulfilled; after the record of his forefere years of life was the memorial: 'He taught the children how to sing.'

THE MISSING SMILE.

She was Sick and Weak but Her Smile Helped Others.

Some one has said that the best portion of a good man's life consists of his little, nameless unremembered acts of love and kindness.

There was no crape upon the door, although the angel of death had entered the home the night before.

All day friends came and went with grave faces and bowed heads. Late in the afternoon a ragged boy climbed the steps hesitatingly.

'How did you come to know her?' some one asked, strangely drawn toward the little wail by the bond of a common love and a common sorrow.

The answer was slow in coming, but a little patient questioning drew it out at last.

little patient questioning drew it out at last. 'You see, see used to lie there by the window, an' I'd see her when I went by.

They took him into the room where she was lying with the radiance of heavenly peace on her still face.

A SWEET LITTLE SUFFERER.

How a Crippled Chinese Girl was a Blessing to Others.

Perhaps nowhere in the world will a little money do more good than in Oriental countries, where an incredibly small sum will support a child for a year at some of the schools which Christian missionaries have founded.

'She was sent here by a Chinaman who had bought her as a slave,' the matron replied. 'Her feet had been bound, and in the very cold weather they became frost-bitten, and were in such a dreadful state that the doctors found the only way to save her life was to cut off both her legs just below the knee.'

I suppose almost all English children have heard of this cruel Chinese practice of binding the feet of little girls so tightly, and into so unnatural a shape, that they can never run about freely like children of other lands, or even walk without a curious hobble.

But our little sufferer did not die. The skillful doctors and nurses helped her to rally quickly from the operation, and soon the little patient was able to move about on crutches.

We could not bear the idea of her going back to the hardship of cripple life in a loveless heathen home, or the worse misery of a Chinese asylum.

Mrs. Wong, her caretaker, can give her reading lessons, and Miss Kea, who superintends our girls' school, and has been little Foh Yung's special friend all though, is teaching her to repeat Scripture passages and hymns, and finds her a remarkably apt pupil.

AN EFFECTIVE REMEDY.

How Good Cheer May Help a Sick Body and Soul.

When the wise king of Israel declared that a cheerful heart was like a medicine, he expressed a truth that most of us have tested in our own experience.

A young man was once confined in a darkened chamber by a long and painful illness. The inmates of the house were distant relatives, and seemed to think that they were doing their whole duty toward the friendless youth by allowing him to re-

main there. They seldom went into his room, and his attendant was a sad-faced old woman who never smiled.

The young man became despondent, and resolved to commit suicide. While he was writing a note telling his reasons for ending his life a knock was heard upon the door, and a sweet-faced lady entered.

She smiled so sweetly that even before she spoke the young man gave up the idea of crime which he had contemplated.

In that holy silence all bitterness of soul left him, and there came an intense desire to seek and find Christ.

In a week's time the young man left the dim chamber of pain, and went out into the great world to do the master's work.

A SPOILED JOKE.

A Kind Boy Saves an Old Woman Much Trouble.

The fun that is gained at the expense of some one's happiness and comfort is a poor variety, and had better be avoided altogether.

The two boys on the street-corner had evidently found something extremely amusing for they were laughing boisterously, holding their sides with both hands.

Tom looked in the direction indicated, and saw very clearly a bent old figure, moving slowly as if the heavy parcel made walking difficult.

'She asked the way to the corner of Maple and Cross streets,' Phil exclaimed, choking with laughter. 'And Rob told her to go north three blocks and east six.'

Tom stood perfectly silent. The other boys laughed again, but feebly. 'It'll be a good joke when she gets there and finds it ain't the right place,' said Rob rather ap- pealingly.

'Carry my bundle, son? Why, it's kind of you to offer if you're going my way. I want to find my son's house on the corner of Maple and Cross streets. I've got to go another block north, and then six east.'

'You ought to go west to get to Maple street,' said Tom simply.

'Ought I really?' cried the old lady. 'To think of my forgetting already! Well, thank you. I'd been lost, I guess, if it hadn't been for you.'

He took her bundle and the two walked on together. Tom suiting his pace to her feeble step. And even the boys who silently watched him from a distance, in their hearts admitted that such jokes are all the better for being spoiled.

CURED WEAK BACK FOR 25 CENTS.

For two years I was dosed, pined, and plastered for weak back, scalding urine and constipation, without benefit.

AT THE CLUB.



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Made throughout with extreme care, without an excess ounce anywhere, with balls as fine as machinery can make, bearings as true as can be turned from steel—these are the secrets of the proverbial easy-running qualities which have made the Stearns noted.

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EVOLUTION IN THEOLOGY.

Theology and Science may Change, but Religion is the Same.

Theology is the science of religion. It is the result of an attempt made by men to state in an orderly and systematic manner the facts respecting the life of God in the soul of man.

There is new astronomy, though the stars are old; a new botany though vegetable life is unchanged, a new chemistry, though the constituent elements of the universe are the same.

OH! THE MISERY.

Failure of Efforts to Find the Exact Home in India.

Sir William Hunter's book on 'The Thackeray's in India' calls out in The Athenaeum from W. F. Priden an interesting letter relative to the house in which the novelist was born and his ineffectual efforts to find it.

THACKERAY'S BIRTHPLACE.

Failure of Efforts to Find the Exact Home in India.

Sir William Hunter's book on 'The Thackeray's in India' calls out in The Athenaeum from W. F. Priden an interesting letter relative to the house in which the novelist was born and his ineffectual efforts to find it.

to the subject, and by several other friends.

'Notwithstanding our exertions we failed to discover the house in question, the records neither of the secretariat nor of the municipality affording any clue. I ascertained that the assessment papers of the house tax did not extend further back than 1836, while the first Calcutta daily, the Calcutta Journal, was not established by J. Silk Buckingham till four years after Richmond Thackeray's death.

'Date of Baptisms.—1812, January 3rd. Name and Age of the Baptized—N. B. S. Son, D. Daughter.—William Mackepeace, born 18th July 1811. S.

'Name and Situation of Parents.—Richmond Thackeray, Esq., of the Civil Service, and Anne his wife.

'By Whom and Where Baptized.—The Revd. J. Ward, D. D.'

'Seeing that Richmond Thackeray appointment of judge of Midnapore at the date of his son's birth, and that a period of nearly six months elapsed between that date and the baptism, we are almost led to the conclusion that the boy was born not at Calcutta, but at Midnapore, and that his baptism was deferred until his father received his Alipore appointment.

'I do not feel venturesome enough to dispute it. It is quite possible that the records do not give the date on which the father's deputation to Midnapore ended.'

A HEALED HERALD.

Thinks Rheumatism is Born of the Lower Regions, but Proclaims South American Rheumatic Cure a Heaven-sent Healer.

Henry Humphreys, East London, sends his unsolicited testimony: 'I was seized with painful rheumatism in my left foot. I could not rest with it day or night, the pain was so intense. I tried many remedies, but they had no more effect on me than water on a duck's back. I was persuaded to try South American Rheumatic Cure. I followed the directions closely and in a very short time this wonderful remedy effected a complete cure, and there has not been the slightest hint of a return of the disease. It is a sure remedy and I delight to herald the goodness all over the land.'

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Walter Baker & Co., Limited. Pure, High Grade Coconuts and Chocolates. Established 1780. On this Continent. No Chemicals are used in their manufacture.

### Notches on The Stick

A good story of the recreative sort is that entitled,—"The Forge in the Forest," Being the Narrative of the Acadian Ranger, Jean de Briart, and How he Crossed the Black Abbe; and of his Adventures in a Strange Fellowship." The balsamic odors of the woods and the scent of marshes and briny shores come to you as you read. The book has no better motive than that of beguiling you into its bower of graceful ease, with its fine picturings of old Acadian life and scenery, its passages of love and war, its exhibitions of heroism, gentleness, chivalry and peril, against the background of forest and sea, and the martial parades and hastings to and fro, incident to that primitive and troublous time. He who has been a lover of Cooper will not grudge the hour he gives to these delightful pages, where a like aloofness from the tame and dusty path of common life is afforded. No problem is here that can vex us; there is a swift solution of every one raised; and no one can object to see how the honest dog will outwit the fox and put his craft to shame. The story being historical, the elements of fact and invention are deftly and richly blended with the hues of a poet's fancy; while the whole is invested with the charm of a limpid, flexible style, grateful to him who has wearied himself over much perplexed turqid writing.

The Poci in quo of this pleasant romance are the Acadian Peninsula and the celebrated Ile Royale,—places not a little indebted for literary prestige to the verse of Longfellow and the prose of Warner. Particularly has that section of Acadia which borders on the Basin of Minas been exalted by the great American master, and also by such writers as Haliburton, Howe, Bourinot, Roberts, Carman, Duvar, and others, who have contributed much additional lustre. The story antedates the expulsion of the Acadians only a few years; [1746-7] and some events or incidents,—such as the prophecy of the fantastic madman, Grul,—foreshadow that catastrophe. Here are recorded some of the military movements and exploits of the period, including the midnight battle of Grand Pre, where De Ramezay surprised Colonel Noble and the English, and routed them in the midst of a furious snow storm. The events of the story lead us along the borders where blazed an irregular and furtive warfare, in which the Micmac is always present as the ally and the catspaw of the French.

The opening scene of the story is that section of country watered by the Gaspereau, and its four companion streams, the Piquid, the Habitants, the Canard and the Peseau. The hero, De Briart, an Acadian Seigneur, and his son Marc, a student recently home from Quebec, are captured at their "Forge in the Forest,"—a sort of rallying point for upholders of French supremacy,—by the Black Abbe, a turbulent and malignant priest, the evil genius of the story, and by the Indians, over whom he exerts a controlling influence. The site of the Forge is described as follows:

"Where the Five Rivers flow down to meet the swinging of the Minas tides, and the great cape of Blomidon bars out the storm and the fog, lies half a county of rich meadow-lands and long arched orchards. It is a deep bosomed land, a land of fat cattle, of well-filled barns, of ample cheeses and strong cider; and a well conditioned folk inhabit it. But behind this countenance of gladness and peace broods the memory of a banished people. These massive dykes, whereon twice daily the huge tide beats in vain, were built by hands not suffered to possess the fruit of their labor. These comfortable fields have been scorched with the ruin of burning homes, drenched with the tears of women hurried into exile. These orchard lanes, appropriate to the laughter of children or the silences of lovers, have rung with battle, and run deep with blood. Though the race whose name he was gone, still stalks the sinister shadow of the Black Abbe.

"The low ridge running between the dykelands of the Habitants and the dykelands of the Canard still carries patches of forest interspersed among the farms, for its soil is sandy and not greatly to be coveted for tillage. These patches are covered meagre second growth, with here and there a gnarled birch or over peering pine, lonely survivor of the primeval brotherhood. The undergrowth has long smoothed of all traces of what a curious eye might fifty years ago have discerned—the foundations of the chimney of a blacksmith's forge. It is a mould well steeped in fateful devisings, this which lies forgotten under the creeping roots of juniper and ragged-robin, between the diminished stream of Canard and the yellow tide of Habitants.

"The forest then was a wide-spreading

### Easy to Take Easy to Operate

Are features peculiar to Hood's Pills. Small in size, tasteless, efficient, thorough. As one man

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said: "You never know you have taken a pill till it is all over." See C. L. Hood & Co., Proprietors, Lowell, Mass. The only pills to take with Hood's Castor Oil.

solemnity of shade wherein armies might have moved unseen. The forge stood where the trail from Peseau ran into the more travelled road from the Canard to the Grand Pre. The branches of the ancient wood came down all about its low eaves; and the squirrels and blue jays chattered on its roof. It was a place for the gathering of restless spirits, the men of Acadie who had to accept the flag of the English king.

Marc is taken away, while De Briart is left bound beside his forge; but, being immediately liberated by Tamin, the fisher, he follows his captive son, and by a well concocted plan secures his liberation, and the active resentment of the Black Abbe. The scene is then transferred to Shalie, on the Cobequid, and to Chignecto where De Ramezay and his officers are quartered, and whither comes the Black Abbe to denounce Marc as a spy and a traitor, but without success. The book is there after occupied with plot and counterplot on the part of the Abbe and his intended victims, while flight and pursuit are kept alert to the end of the story.

Of the two parts into which the work is divided the second is most romantic and of deepest interest. The women who give charm to the narrative are here principally seen. These are Mistress Mizpah Hanford, a young and beautiful widow, with her child Philip, and her sister Prudence, "the lily maid," betrothed to Marc. They are New England girls, who have been sojourning under the shelter of English guns at Annapolis, and who were rescued from captivity by the Seigneur De Briart, and from the hands of the Black Abbe, who, with his Indians, carried little Philip away. The second part—"Mizpah"—is occupied with the pursuit and final recovery of the child, by De Briart and Mizpah, who insists on accompanying him, who proves his useful, loyal, courageous comrade, by whose love he is well rewarded in the end. Their journey is a canoe, along rocky shores and up tidal rivers, surrounded by perils to which love and courtesy lend grace and sweetness, gives flavor to the romantic story, and leads to many a pleasing episode. Subsidiary, but important and well outlined characters, are Grul, the madman, a mysterious, questionable character, who badly frightens, and at last circumvents the Black Abbe; Tamin, the fisher, always in at the rescue, who perishes in the fight at Grandpre; Father Fafard, the good priest of Grandpre, with whom we would willingly have had closer intimacy—a spiritual kinsman, we should say of Father Felician; Philip, the bright boy, with his clusters of golden hair; and Etienne the friendly Indian, and his son Xavier, by whose aid the child is recovered. At the last all interested meet at "The Forge in the Forest," and the story ends as such a story should.

The engravings by Henry Sandham improve the book and are in keeping with the narrative. The book is neatly bound in cloth, and is modestly attractive to the eye; differing in this respect, from Prof. Roberts' volume of short stories, "Earth's Enigmas", with its spread eagle, and its bizarre yellow and red. An outline map of the Acadian Peninsula, of Ile St. Jean and Ile Royale, will enable the reader easily to follow ranger Jean and his fair companion in their wanderings. The book is dedicated to George E. Fenety Esq., of Fredericton, N. B., Lamson, Wolfe and company, are the publishers.

Professor Roberts is the author of various works, disclosing strongly original and versatile powers, refined and scholarly. Where good taste and conscientious care are prized at their worth his writings will be cherished. Beside his four volumes of verse, his compilation, "Poems of Wild Life" in the "Canterbury Poets' Series," and his translation of De Gaspe's "Canadians of Old," he has published two volumes of short stories, and an earlier historical tale of Acadie, entitled, "The Raid From Beausejour," which appeared in The Dominion Illustrated Monthly, in 1892. He has done much to illustrate the Canadian Provinces by his books of topographical description, written with unusual grace and skill. He has in press at the present time a History of Canada. He is justly a recognized leader of Canadian letters.

Miss Marie Corbelli, in her last slip at her critics, has this for the present hapless Laureate: "There was once a very clever individual named Alfred Tennyson. He was our last Laureate. There is a Laureate now, we are told, but we do not believe it. We knew Tennyson,—we do not know anything about this other man, and I am afraid we do not want to know. Well,—our last Laureate was pleased to form one of 'my public,' and he was also pleased to write and tell me so with his own hand. Of course he must have been inconstantly desperately 'vulgar.' The San man will quickly understand how 'vulgar' he was. He was a bit of the 'great heart,' and his place has not been filled up yet, because that same 'great heart' does not take to Alfred Austin. Wherein is the proof of how singularly gifted a man Austin must be. To have no public now is a splendid thing,—especially for a poet. No public now; but all posterity hereafter! Alas! Alfred the Second! You must have come in under a malignant star!

And yet, we have heard how he, who now passes unquestioned, was once called "Miss Alfred," and when he came to his public, softly as the white doe of Rylstone came to Emily, he was pestered with a whole cloud of critical flies and not a few hornets and devil's darning-needles. He finally brushed them off. We can ourselves remember when in later years the critical cry went up against him, and such injustice was done to his dramas as might well discredit the whole critical tribe. One day I read these exquisite lines which had just appeared:

"Once more the heavenly power  
Makes all things new;  
And down the red-glow'd hills  
With loving blue;  
The black birds have their will,  
The throats too.

My auditor smiled at these lines, inveighed against the waning Laureate and his unfeeling pathos, professing he could write better things himself if he should choose. Such nonsense now is being dropped. We know not the critics of the "Poems by two Brothers," of "Maud" and the Dramas; but who knows not the masterpieces they criticised? John Richard Green declared that in his historical researches he nowhere obtained so just and vivid a conception of Henry 11 and his court as from Tennyson's "Becket"; and Dr. Henry Van Dyke properly affirms that "the systematic undervaluation of Tennyson's dramatic work is a reproach to the intelligence of our critics." Therefore, it follows that—though Austin in not comparable with Tennyson—something of comparable injustice may also have been done to him. PASTOR FELIX.



HEART DISEASE KILLS.

Relief in 30 minutes.

The most pronounced symptom of heart disease are palpitation, or fluttering of the heart, shortness of breath, weak or irregular pulse, swelling of feet or ankles, nightmare, spells of hunger or exhaustion. The brain may be congested, causing headaches, dizziness, or vertigo. In short, whenever the heart flutters, or lines out early, action or palpitation, it is diseased and treatment is imperative. Dr. Agnew's Heart Cure has saved thousands of lives. It absolutely never fails to give perfect relief in 30 minutes, and to cure radically.

#### LARGE BLACKSMITH SHOP.

It Was Three Miles From the Entrance of the Shop to the Anvil.

Among the stories told of early California days is one which gives a remarkable picture of a blacksmith's shop.

In the days before roads had been laid out and sawmills built, a blacksmith settled on one of the river bars, and erecting a forge of clay and stones, set the anvil on a big tree-stump, which he had sawed low for that purpose, and did a thriving business sharpening the picks and drills of the miners.

He was himself a miner, and did his blacksmithing almost entirely at night. Not knowing when his claim might fail or be disputed and he forced to move on to another place, he did not think it worth his while to build a regular shop.

One day two of the miners left the bar for a town some twenty miles away. As they came into the main trail leading to the blacksmith's haunt, they met a man leading a horse which had lost a shoe and was stumbling badly.

"Strangers," said the man, in a weary tone, can you tell me how far it is to the blacksmith's shop? My horse has lost a shoe, and he's mighty lame."

"Well, now," said one of the miners, leaning forward and smiling in a most encouraging way, "don't you be for givin' up. You're in the blacksmith's shop now, though I'm bound to tell you it's about three miles more before you'll strike the anvil."

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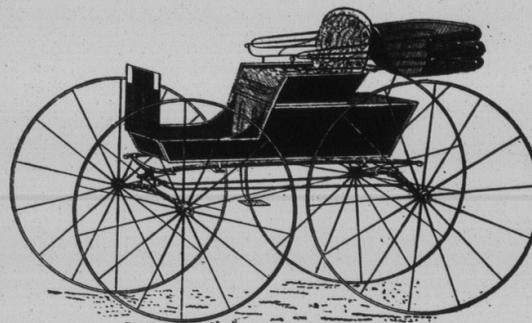
For more than forty years I have used Johnson's Anodyne Liniment in my family. I regard it one of the best and safest family medicines; used internal and external in all cases. O. H. INGALLS, Dea. of Bapt. Ch., Bangor, Me. If by magic. E. A. FERRENOT, Rockport, Tex.

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#### SUFFICIENT EXCUSE.

Why She Gave an Excuse For Rufus to the Master.

The New Orleans Times-Democrat tells a plantation story of a colored man and his wife. They were among a score of colored field-hands, and were what the Times-Democrat calls 'typical darkies.' The man, in addition to his work in the field, was expected to attend to the horses and do chores about the house.

He was well on in years, but one of the most faithful fellows that ever followed a plow or carried a horse. His wife officiated as cook and helped with the house-work.

The master was a hard worker, who spared neither himself nor his employes, and though he gained the rather unenviable reputation of a 'driver,' he had his good points, and one of them was a liking for old Rufus and his dusky wife, Rebecca. They were negroes of the old slavery times, polite and mild of the days when their lives were literally owned by their masters.

One day the aged negro did not appear in season for work; and as the master had

counted on his early presence about the stables, he took Rebecca to task for the tardiness of her spouse.

'Hev to 'scuse Rufus dis mawain,' boss; hev to 'scuse him—'

'What's the matter with him? Why ain't he here on time, eh?' the master put in testily.

'Hev to 'scuse him dis mawain'. Rufus died jes 'fore sunup boss.'

The quaint manner of her putting the matter and her faithfulness to her own work acted on the master's good qualities, and quickly telling her she could 'have a holiday,' he turned away, possibly to conceal his feelings.

#### One Minute Cure for Toothache.

Magical in potency and power, penetrating at once to the diseased nerve. Nerviline—nerve pain cure—cures toothache in a moment. Nerviline, the most marvelous pain remedy known to science, may be used for all nerve pains. Test at once its efficacy.

#### Horicultural.

"Let me see," mused the sporting editor; "what is an incubator?"

"An incubator," replied the agricultural editor, "is an egg plant."

### Woman and Her Work

I wonder who we women cannot be more courteous to each other when we meet accidentally and have not been introduced? Of course we are more than polite to the elegantly dressed stranger we meet at Mrs. Haut-Ton's reception, and the fact that we do not even know her name does not make the least difference to us! She is at Mrs. Haut-Ton's house, and that is a sufficient guarantee of her respectability so she is scarcely to be classed with the stranger, one meets and passes in the electric car, the railway train, or at the counters of the large department shops—anywhere, in fact, where women chiefly congregate. But just let us meet the same elegant lady outside amongst the crowd of everyday humanity, and see how much her beautiful plumage will avail her! She will receive from her own sex just the same recognition that falls to the lot of her most shabbily dressed sister and not one whit more!

I don't think woman individually are to blame for this state of affairs, for I know many of our sex who would be only too glad to show kindness and courtesy to their fellow women, but under existing circumstances they find it impossible. It is the fault of custom I suppose, but nevertheless it is a most regrettable fact that for a woman to address a stranger of her own sex anywhere but under the protecting roof of a mutual friend, is to court and generally receive a very positive snub. It matters not whether the remark is made entirely in the interest of the one addressed or not, the mere fact of speaking to a woman one does not know, seems to be looked upon not only as a liberty, but a positive sign of ill breeding, and the well meaning person who so far forgets herself as to offer any unsought information to a member of her own sex, is made to feel that she has committed a breach of good manners, and proved herself to be very second class indeed. It is a curious fact, but a fact all the same that the woman who will thank a policeman with modest courtesy for directing her to the street or house she is trying to find, would have only a stare of cold surprise, and a frigid "thanks," for any woman even though the latter might be fully her equal socially, who hearing the query, ventured to offer to show her the way, as she was going in that direction. Sometimes, if one happens to be of an impulsive nature, it is very hard to keep out of scrapes of this nature, but a few experiences of the utter ingratitude with which such advances are met will soon teach even the dullest of us wisdom, and make us keep any little inclination towards friendliness and courtesy very much in check.

I know I started out in life with the idea that woman's harshness to her own sex was all an idea of the cynics who were always ready to disparage her, and I thought I could effect a reform, if I only tried hard enough my fate, like that of most reformers was hard for a while, but I learned my lesson in time, and profited by it.

A few years ago, I happened to be staying in a country town where the shops were scarcely so well equipped as they are in St. John, and one day when I was making a purchase in a drug shop, a party of ladies tourists who were merely passing through the town, came in. They were from Halifax and their English accent was something to marvel over, it was so perfect, and so much more English than any I had ever heard before, though all my people belong to that nationality, and I do myself. But they were unmistakably ladies, and their manners were charming, sweet and gracious, with that pretty courtesy in asking for what they wanted that is so attractive. They were in quest of a rubber hot water bottle, and as the druggist did not keep such things in stock, they wanted to know if he could tell them where to get one. Now I happened to know of just one shop in the town where such a thing was to be found, and as I had not quite learned my lesson of wisdom then, I could not resist the impulse to tell them where they could get what they wanted. I took a step forward, and opened my lips to speak, but I closed them suddenly, for the lady who had been speaking, a pretty young girl, turned quickly and met my glance with a calm, cold stare. Such a look as it was, no words could have said more plainly—"so you have been listening to what I said, you very ill bred person? Kindly attend to your own affairs, and let those of others alone!"

Of course she could not know why I was going to speak, but she left town without her hot water bottle, just because she could not believe in another woman's good intentions towards her.

It is such a pity, I think, because life

would be so much pleasanter for us if we would only be a little more friendly to each other. Why cannot he follow the example of the other sex who seem always ready to extend, and receive the most friendly consideration amongst themselves even when they may be perfect strangers. Just watch a group of men who meet on a railway journey, a steambath, or anywhere that a group of strangers would be thrown together—What a short time it takes these genial beings to become thoroughly acquainted, and the best of friends! There is no restraint, no hesitation as to whether the other man may belong to a social set equally as good as one's own: little the man of the world cares for "sets" it is an agreeable companion he looks for, a pleasant break in the monotony of travelling, and as he knows it is not likely that he will meet his travelling companions again, it does not matter to him what their social standing may be when they are at home, so long as they are pleasant fellows when they are abroad. The travelling man reads his paper, folds it up, glances around pleasantly to see if their is anyone who would like to look at it, and then hands it across the aisle to some man who is a perfect stranger to him with the remark, "seen this week's Progress" perfectly content of the manner in which his overture will be received. Does the other man draw himself up and freeze the one who offers the paper with a stony stare at his presumption? Not by any means, he has too much sense; he only says "Oh thanks" takes the paper quite at a matter of course, offers his "Star" or "Life" in return, says it is a fine day, and when he returns the paper, he probably takes the vacant seat beside the first traveller, says something about the political situation, or the crops, offers his cigar case, and shortly afterwards the two adjourn to the smoking car the best of friends.

And that is one reason why men have so much a better time than we do, they make it pleasant for themselves and each other, while two women would travel together alone in a parlour from St. John to New York without exchanging a word—unless there was a railway accident, when they would sob in each other's arms and pray together as if they were bosom friends. But a railway accident is a very violent remedy for feminine reserve, and some less startling method is greatly to be desired. I am not advocating the making of promiscuous acquaintance amongst perfect strangers, but a more generally courteous manner on the part of our sex towards each other which would, in my opinion, go a long way towards making life in general, and travelling in particular, smoother and pleasanter for themselves.

Perhaps the New Woman might take the subject up, and amongst the many reforms she is so eager to bring about, devote a little attention to cultivating the manly virtues of friendliness and courtesy to strangers of her own sex.

The influence of the early Victorian era, becomes more and more evident in the fashions, as the Jubilee year grows older! The latest burden we are asked to bear in the shape of Victorian modes is the revival of the poke bonnet, and not the dainty little affair of a year ago, but a real bonnet almost identical in shape with the one Queen Victoria wore the year she ascended the throne. It is an actual fact that the best English milliners have a number of such bonnets in preparation for the coming summer, and we are assured by authorities on such matters, that a poke bonnet in the hands of a modern artist in millinery, is really a thing of beauty instead of the horror that old pictures proclaim it to have been sixty years ago. One which has been described is of fine black straw—I wonder if they will call it "double Danstabile" with a wreath of pink roses around the face inside the brim, and an aigrette of white ostrich feathers trimming one side. White moire ribbon passes around the crown, where it is fastened with rhinestones buckles, and tie in a large bow under the chin. It may be very pretty, and very becoming but I cannot help thinking it would require a prettier face than one often meets in a day's ride to look well in such a headgear, and though I am one of her Majesty's

## Children's Shoes

... Are a large item in the family bills.

Customers like their Shoe Bills to be as small as possible. We are trying to meet their wishes this Spring, and our CHILDREN'S DEPARTMENT contains many lines at very low prices—SO LOW the most economical buyer will be compelled to admit our prices and values are the best in the city.

## WATERBURY & RISING,

61 King and 212 Union Street.

most loyal subjects who would like to do her all possible honor this year, I think I shall have a small toques or a big hat for the summer, as being better suited to accentuate my peculiar style of beauty.

In spite of all predictions to the contrary the small caps is still very much in evidence amongst the newest fashions, and seems likely to remain so throughout the summer. I must admit that it can scarcely be described as a wrap, or indeed a useful garment at all, as it is very short, very full and fluffy, and most elaborately trimmed with lace, chiffon and ribbon, but it is not in any sense intended to be a protection against the cold. Sometimes it has long scarf ends falling nearly to the ground and sometimes it is in dolman form, but all the same it is a cap, and every indication of holding its own.

I am afraid the downfall of the plain skirt is not far off! All the indications point that way from the gradual narrowing of the skirts themselves to the introduction of those soft clinging fabrics like cashmere, and chail which invariably herald the return of drapery. But as yet the plain skirt possibly trimmed a little around the foot, but, smooth and plain around the hips, and hanging in folds at the back, is the favorite model for wool goods; there is less and less fulness however in every way, and sometimes the new style of leaving the skirt loose from the lining at the bottom is adopted.

Checks are much worn this spring, and one sees them in brown, blue, green, and of course black with white in wool goods, trimmed with rows of braid to match the dark check on the skirt, and worn with a plain cloth jacket in the same color, making a very useful and pretty gown. Some of the new dress skirts are provided with a small bustle, as a substitute for the decrease of fulness in the back, and though it is still so small as to be scarcely noticeable, it assumes gigantic proportions when received as an indication of things to come! Amongst the checked goods that I mentioned black and white are the most conspicuous, and by far the most popular. They are seen not only in the newest wool goods, but also in silks, for blouses, and fancy bodices. In wool goods the black and white is often made up into costumes without the cloth coat. One very stylish gown has a black silk bodice with yoke and slashes of red silk, and the skirt has very narrow white plaitings of red and black silk, one of each peeping from underneath the edge, at the bottom. The sleeves are check made almost tight fitting and have plaited frills of the red and black at the top.

Nun's veilings, cashmeres and serges will be greatly worn during the summer, and transparent materials of all kinds will take the lead. Of course they are expensive because they require such dainty linings, but they are so lovely that those who can afford to gratify their taste for beauty, will not complain of the cost.

Some of the very newest skirt trimmings are odd beyond expression, at least they look so, to eyes accustomed for so long to the severe lines of the untrimmed skirt. For example—a gown of black cloth has graduated rows of black velvet ribbon sewn across the front breadth, for nearly the whole length, and these rows terminate at



### A Fair and Beautiful Complexion

Pimples, Freckles, Blisters, Blackheads, Redness,

And all other Skin Eruptions, vanish by the use of

Dr. Campbell's SAFE ARSENIC COMPLEXION WAFERS

MEDICATED ARSENIC COMPLEXION SOAP.

ONE BOX of Dr. Campbell's Safe Arsenic Complexion Wafers, if used in conjunction with Fould's Arsenic Soap, will restore the face to the smoothest and fairest Midway Loveliness. Used by the cream of society throughout the world. Dr. Campbell's Wafers and Fould's Arsenic Soap are guaranteed perfectly harmless and not deleterious to the most tender skin.

Beware of worthless counterfeits. Waters by mail 50c. and \$1 per box; six large boxes, \$5. Soap, 50c. Address all small orders to

H. B. FOULD, Sole Proprietor, 144 Yonge St., Toronto, Ont.

SOLD BY ALL DRUGGISTS IN CANADA. THE CANADIAN DRUG CO., Wholesale Agents.

### Cut Your Own Dress.....

And have a perfect fitting costume. Abel Gaubaud's Celebrated Paris Fashion House System of Dress, Garment and Manse Cutting, practically and thoroughly taught in a few lessons. This system is simple and perfect in its application to all the whims of fashion in styles. Fee for instructions small, write for full particulars.

MADAME E. L. ETHIER, 88 St. Denis Street, Montreal.

## SILVER GLOSS STARCH

IS THE "OLD RELIABLE" LAUNDRY STARCH. HOUSEKEEPERS WHO HAVE TRIED IT AND THEN OTHER MAKES ALWAYS RETURN TO "SILVER GLOSS." THOSE WHO HAVE NOT TRIED IT SHOULD DO SO AT ONCE. ASK YOUR GROCER FOR IT.

Starches made by the Edwardsburg Starch Co., Ltd., are always reliable.

THEIR LEADING BRANDS ARE

Benson's Canada Prepared Corn } FOR COOKING.  
Silver Gloss Starch } FOR LAUNDRY.  
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### Millinery, Dress Making.



Mrs. J. J. McDonald's ESTABLISHMENT MONCTON, N. B.

Will be found the latest Parisian styles and new set models. Dressmaking done in all up to date fashions. Each department under the highest classed supervision and all work guaranteed. Write for particulars and prices.

### Miss Jessie Campbell Whitlock

TEACHER OF PIANOFORTE.

ST. STEPHEN, N. B.

The "Leschetzky Method" also "Synthes System," for beginners. Apply at the residence of Mrs. J. J. Whitlock.

## BOVRIL

The great English Food for Brain, Blood, Bone and Muscle, is now obtainable in Canada, and whether taken as a beverage for luncheon, supper, or at "odd times," it will relieve the mental and bodily overstrain so common to this high-pressure age. Ask your grocer or druggist for it.

Canadian Branch, BOVRIL, LIMITED, 27 St. Peter Street, MONTREAL.

**A PREACHER'S STORY.**  
Like Other Mortals, he fell a Victim to Disease—Dr. Agnew's Catharrhal Powder was the Agent which Restored him to Health, and he Gladly Allows his Name to be Used in Telling it, that Others may be Benefited too.

Rev. Chas. E. Whitcombe, Rector of St. Matthew's Episcopal Church, and principal of St. Matthew's Church School, Hamilton, was a great sufferer. Dr. Agnew's Catharrhal Powder cured him, and he now proclaims to the world that as a safe, simple and certain cure it has no equal. It never fails to relieve catarrh in ten minutes, and cures permanently.

"My child," a humorist of the Chicago Tribune makes an old herring say to a young herring by way of parting advice, "the whole ocean is before you; but don't go too near those cannies along the coast of the State of Maine, unless you want to be taken for a sardine!"

## HER OLD HOUSE

the inmates of every case, every pain, every cough, croup, catarrh, influenza and neuralgia.

## Family Physician.

are subject to croup, to give them a dose, coat with your Liniment, the croup disappears as if by magic, Rockport, Tex., Mailed Free. Street, Boston, Mass.

## AGES!

structed and

## Styles.



## GGY.

for all purposes.



## GGY.

comfortable car-cradle.

## & SONS,

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and Union Sts.

early presence about the Rebecca to task for the spouse.

the Rufus dis mawin,' boss; m—

matter with him? Why aint me, eh? the master put

he him dis mawin'. Rufus snup boss.

manner of her putting the faithfulness to her own work master's good qualities, and her she could 'have a hold away, possibly to conceal

ate Cure for Toothache.

potency and power, penence to the diseased nerve. rve pain cure—cures tooth-ment. Nervine, the most mar-edy known to science, may I nerve pains. Test at once

Horicultural.

e," mused the sporting editor; acubator?" ator," replied the agricultural egg plant."



TWO RINGS.

'Carson,' I said involuntarily, stooping to knock the ashes from my cigar, 'perhaps I ought not to ask, although I have known you for nearly three years, but is it usual for a wife to wear two wedding rings?' Dead silence. He had just lowered his violin after a very soft solo, for it was considerably past midnight when I ventured that curious question. There had been an evening party, and as I was to stay at the house till morning Carson's wife had said 'Good night' and left us to finish our inevitable smoke and talk. His mouth twitched a little, but it was some time before he retorted in a low tone: 'Is it usual for a man to wear 40 to have hair as white as mine?' 'Well, perhaps not. But I thought you attributed that to do with or other. What has that to do with—with the two rings?' 'Everything.' He listened at the door for a moment, turned down the lights and then came and sat down, spreading his hands over the fire. 'Two rings? Exactly. One is the ring I put on her finger when I married her. The second was put there by another man and will stay there as long as the first one goes.' 'Never mind now,' I said. His voice had trailed off huskily. 'I had no idea there was any tragic element behind the fact.'

saw young Jim's blackened lips move feebly, and each time his father would mutter brokenly, 'Aye, my precious boy will look after her! Once the old man breaks out quavering into the hymn 'Abide With Me,' but he got no further than the third line. That perhaps was about 8 o'clock, but we could keep no count of the time, as my watch had stopped. Hour after hour must have gone by, and still old Jim sat, with rigid face and staring eyes, clasping his hands. In all probability it was morning above ground before at last he spoke. 'How long can we hold out, Mr. Carson? I'm feared to go. I've been a godless man all my time.'

LANOLINE Toilet Soap. For Health and Beauty of the SKIN. Lanoline Toilet Soap. Wholesale Depot: 67, HOLBORN VIADUCT, LONDON.

WAS SLOWLY DYING

THE RESULT OF AN ATTACK OF LA GRIPPE AND PNEUMONIA.

The Strange Case of Mr. James Owen, of Johnville—Doctors Held Him His Lungs Were Affected and He Could not Recover—Now in Good Health. From the Sherbrooke Gazette.



ride a mile in a buggy owing to the pain they caused me. My lungs also troubled me and I raised a great deal of matter.

When a man faces what medical authorities tell him is certain death, and regains health and strength, he is naturally grateful to the medicine that has restored him. Such a man is Mr. James Owen, one of the best known farmers in the vicinity of Johnville, Que. Mr. Owen tells his story of shattered health and renewed strength as follows:—'On the 17th of December, 1894, I was attacked with la grippe. A week later to trouble developed into pneumonia in its worst form, and I did not leave my bed until the first of March, 1895, and then I was so weak that I was unable to walk alone. All winter my life hung in the balance. Summer came, and I was still weak and feeble, though with the warm weather I gained a little strength. I had, however, but very little power in my legs, and I could not

the track. It seemed to shine like a blaze in the track, and before I took time for a thought I had shut off the steam, whistled down the brakes and was doing my best to stop.

'Right then my foremen gave me the ha ha in a way to chill the blood in the veins of a man who can't stand teasing, and I took a look forward and found that the red light I thought I saw was only Maggie's head of red hair sticking up in advance as she pulled herself up the steep embankment to get on to the track. With an oath I opened everything wide, but as I did so Maggie threw up her hands and dropped in a dead faint by the track, and I stopped off everything again, for I felt sure that something was wrong. I had half an hour or so leeway between trains, and I shook Maggie up as quickly as I could to find out what was the matter. She came around mighty soon, because she had only fainted from overexertion, and she told me how a big bowlder had fallen on the track in a curve near her house that I wouldn't have seen till it was too late to stop for, and she had run across the spur of the mountain to stop me in time if she could.

'That's what she was trying to do when her head shone like a danger signal and stopped me. Later the owners of the stock gave her money enough to buy a nice little house at Hinton and six months later I moved in. We don't live in it,' concluded the engineer, 'for it wasn't big enough for a family of six children, and not a reheaded one in the lot.—Washington Star.

THESE THREE MEN.

Three letters—all from men. And all short. I like a full, complete story, even if it's an hour long, when every sentence tells. But I hate verbal dawdling and palaver. These three men don't say much but what they do say is pat. 'Up to July of last year,' says Number One, 'I was a strong, healthy man. Then I fell ill. What ailed me I didn't know. I felt tired, weary, and heavy. My tongue was so thickly coated with slime I had to scrape it away. I had a foul taste in my mouth, no relish for my meals, and great pain after eating. There was a gnawing, sinking sensation which nothing relieved. Night after night I never closed my eyes in sleep. Not being able to eat, I got very thin and weak. After suffering like this for many months Mr. Hamill Glover, of Corporation Square, advised me to try the medicine, two bottles of which cured me. I have since been in the best of health, and very thankful to be so. I am a publication enough to consent to the use of the eyes of this letter. It may fall under the eyes of some other sufferer and prove helpful to him. The medicine that cured me was Mother Seigel's Curative Syrup. (Signed) Michael Ward, 8, McCavanagh's Place, Belfast, January 19th, 1893.'

THE LOCOMOTIVE ENGINEER.

He Tells a Story of Love and Adventure Which Sounds Like a Book.

A locomotive engineer should be one of the most truthful of men. That's why this little story of a southern engineer should be believed implicitly. 'You may talk as you please about re-headed women,' he was saying to a group of listeners, among whom was a Star reporter, 'but a re-headed woman saved my life and established a home for herself all at once. I was 25 then and was running a freight on the C. and O. in the West Virginia mountains, where it took talent to run an engine. My division ended at Hinton, and there was a re-headed girl living six miles to the east, where there was a siding near a big cut and fill, and it was a bad place, as the road was new. 'The girl's name was Maggie Conroy, and she had the reddest head I ever saw on a human being's shoulders outside of a torchlight procession. But I didn't care for that and I did care for Maggie. One sunshiny day I was coming down track with a stock train loaded with extra fine cattle and sheep, and I had in the caboose three of the owners. It had been raining and washouts were looked for, but I hadn't seen any, and was bowling along at a good speed when all of a sudden, at the curve, I thought I saw a red light rising just over

IT MUST BE TRAINED.

The Reason why Memory is so Often Accused of Treachery.

One of the accusations most frequently brought against that convenient faculty known as memory is that it is treacherous. While pretending with every appearance of honesty to be its owner's faithful servant, it is merely awaiting a particularly awkward moment, say the critics, to betray him ignominiously. It is unquestionably true that modern memories, the best of them, are degenerated when compared with the ancient ones. If the task of perpetuating Homer's 'Iliad' and 'The Arabian Nights' Entertainment' now depended wholly upon some one's ability to memorize those long productions, it is quite safe to assume that the next generation would hear them in an exceedingly abridged form.

But the fault of its present weakness cannot be laid altogether at the door of memory itself. That is probably still capable of performing vastly more than it ever does at present, but, like all servants, it must be trained and then kept up to its work. Whether on the whole this is worth while is another question. It would undoubtedly be most convenient on many occasions to recall things at will, without any written assistance. But considering the time in which we live, when everything worth remembering is printed, or can be without much trouble, there is little real need for much memorizing. The majority of people prefer to be dependent upon books and notes rather than to convert their heads into storerooms, the stock of which is likely to be considerably jumbled up and, at least in part, rubbish.

It is a peculiar fact that a speaker who is accustomed to rely upon some outside aid to his memory, even though he may, by much repetition, have learned the words by heart, is almost always thrown into confusion if the usual aid is suddenly withdrawn. Episcopal clergymen who have read the services of the church for many years are good examples of this. Most of them confess to the worst of verbal memories. Although they know the whole substance of the ritual as well as they do their own names, they have grown so used reading it that the absence of the familiar printed lines would drive words and ideas completely out of their heads. Many of them are 'slaves of the book' down to the shortest portions of the service, not even venturing to recite the Lord's Prayer without the text at hand. Not infrequently this absolute dependence is the cause of odd delays and mistakes.

There is a certain clergyman who has, however, a precisely opposite method. For one thing he has memorized the marriage service so perfectly that he never refreshes his mind on any point by reading it, and, in fact, does not even have a book within reach. This latter practice often appears like tempting fate to those who hear him, and many a guest has speculated, as he listened, upon what would happen if the minister's memory suddenly played him a trick.

On the stage a similar state of affairs may be found. It might be thought that since they are required by the nature of their work to memorize so much, actors would find the task an easy one in time, and would not object to a trifle more or less of it. But this is not so. As a rule they never learn anything which there is a possible chance for reading. If a few lines are to be spoken behind the scenes or anywhere out of sight of the audience, the actor has a copy of them and saves himself the trouble of committing the passage to memory. All stage letters written by actors are fully written out, and the player, in spite of the number of times he has repeated the words, could not do so without the paper before him to save his life. Reading with a view to remembering the exact words and reading without any such purpose are two entirely different operations.

Mrs. Kendal, however, does not believe in the customary way of managing the letter business. She insists upon having any member of her company under such circumstances get the letter by heart, so that in case the proper piece of paper should be lost any blank sheet might be instantly substituted and the difference never be detected.

In a German theatre, where it is usual to produce a large number of plays changing the bill every two or three nights, the work of the actors would be exceedingly hard but for the extraordinary method of prompting which is employed. Instead of standing in the wings and rendering his services only on the rare occasions when an actor forgets his lines, the prompter sits in a hood, like that at the Metropolitan Opera House, directly in front of the middle of the stage. Sitting here he reads the whole play through from beginning to end, keeping just a line ahead of the actors. Such a process sounds as if it would be extremely confusing to every one in the play, but they have accustomed themselves to depend upon this support. The rather low monotone in which the prompter reads is not audible to those in the house, except sometimes to those in the first row or in the stage boxes. At the opera the prompter generally repeats the first words of each line of the dialogue during the performance.

Advertisement for J. N. Abbott, Agent, listing various services and rates. Includes 'EXPRESS RATES' table with columns for 'Intermediate points', 'By Express', and 'By Parcel Post'. Also mentions 'J. N. ABBOTT, Agent' at the bottom.

MUSIC FOR THE EMPEROR.

He Loved Music and Asked to Hear Before he Died.

A charming and pathetic bit of history concerning the Emperor Frederick William, of Germany, who died in 1888, was once written by Mr. K. Von Hugen, and entitled 'The First and Last Adagio.'

In 1844 the future Emperor of Germany was a lad of thirteen. One day as Reichardt, his music master, was about to leave him at the close of a lesson, the young prince asked him to wait a moment.

'Herr Reichardt,' said he, 'my father's birthday, the 22d of March, will soon be here, and Doctor Curtius thinks it would be very nice to learn a new piece as a surprise for him on that day. Will you kindly choose something that you think might do? Only mind, it must be very difficult, so that papa shall see I have taken great pains, and that will please him more than anything else. What he likes best is one of those soft slow pieces with a great deal of expression in it.'

Herr Reichardt turned over his music and by and by paused a moment as if considering whether a certain piece would answer the purpose.

'Have you found me something?' asked the prince.

'I am afraid your royal highness is hardly far enough advanced,' replied Reichardt; 'this is so very difficult. It is the adagio from Schumann's Sonata in F sharp minor; but it won't do, I fear. There is so little time in which to learn it.'

'Ah, but Herr Reichardt,' broke in the prince, 'I will work so hard! Do please let me have it. It must do—it shall do.'

By dint of great trouble and perseverance the task was finally accomplished, and on the 22d of March the young prince played Schumann's grand movement quite correctly and with much feeling, to his father's great surprise and pleasure.

As a reward for his industry, Prince Frederick William received a turning-lathe fitted up with every necessary implement, and great was his excitement and delight.

Forty-four years later the beloved Emperor Frederick lay dying in the castle of Friedrichskron. During the last few days of his life he was unable to speak, but his family and those around him interpreted his signs so that he was almost entirely spared the trouble of writing.

Four days before he died, when the empress enquired if there was anything he wished, he waited a moment, and then with both hands imitated the movement of a pianist.

'Will it not be too much for you?' asked the empress. The emperor shook his head, and then wrote on his tablet 'I should so like to hear some music. Could not Riefler, Victoria's master, come and play something?'

A message was sent, and the composer of 'Merlin' came at once, and seated himself at the piano in the room next the empress, the folding doors having been opened. He played piece after piece the empress evident pleasure, till at last the empress said to the invalid gently:

'Are you sure this does not tire you? I am so afraid the excitement may do you harm.'

The emperor smiled and wrote on his tablet. 'Just one more; I should like an adagio from one of the sonatas. That shall really be the very last.'

The musician received the message and again began to play. The sick man beckoned to the empress and wrote these words with feverish haste: 'Forty-four years ago I learned this very adagio, and played it to my father on his birthday. Of course not so well as he plays it! It is out of the sonata in F sharp minor. Very beautiful. Please think Ruter. This is the last. Now I will go to sleep.'

It was indeed the last earthly music to which he ever listened—a tender farewell from the art he loved most dearly.

JOE'S SERMON.

He Preached a Grand Sermon on Man's Contentment.

Joe was an old fisherman, who lived on an island off the Southern coast, where he served as a guide and man-of-all-work to summer visitors. A year or two ago several young men, sons of rich New York merchants, who had been fishing and shooting under Joe's guidance, brought him to the city. Kindness and the desire to surprise the old man prompted the boys' act.

Joe, however, walked quietly about in his clean homespun suit, manifesting little surprise and admiration.

'Now, Joe,' said one of the boys, nettled by his calmness, 'tell me candidly what you think of New York. Isn't it grand? It 'pears too shut in for to call it that,' the old fisherman said, reluctantly, unwilling to be ungrateful or uncivil. 'My cabin has all outdoors behind it, an' the sea in front. That's what I call grand.'

'Oh, certainly. But wouldn't you like to give up your drudgery and live as New Yorkers do?'

'No,' said Joe, thoughtfully. 'Taint as easy livin' here. Your uncle sits in his bank all day, an' your father in court, an' I set in my boat. They fish for men, an' I fish for mackerel. They hev to study an' fret to catch their fish. I don't.'

'Well,' said the boy, discomfited, 'wouldn't you like your wife to live in a house like this?' glancing around the

stately rooms filled with costly draperies and bric-a-brac.

'No!' said Joe, laughing. 'Jane scrubs our two rooms an' cleans them up, an' then she sets an' rests, or has some fun. She never finish keeping this house tidy.'

'Oh, my mother has plenty of servants to do that.'

'Yes, an' she told me they was a on-bearable weight an' a worry on her.'

'But we see people,' urged the lad, 'and have music and gaiety, an' many things to see.'

'We have company, too; we sent round! The neighbours come an' set round evenin's n' tell stories and sing. I recko n' we enjoy ourselves as much as you do at your big dinners.'

There was a short silence.

'We've got friends, like you,' Joe went on, gravely, an' our families. It's the same thing in the long run. Your preacher in that gilt pulpit said pretty much the same words as old Parson Martin does. An' when we die we rest just as quiet under the grass as under them thousand dollar monymints you showed me.'

'I'm glad I've seen it all,' he added, smiling, 'an' it was kind in you to show me. But it don't seem to make any difference between you an' me as I thought it would. Inside we're pretty much alike.'

'That's a good sermon you've preached to me,' the lad said, laughing.

'I wasn't awer I was preachin',' Joe said, anxiously.

WHY SUFFER WITH PILES?

Dr. Chase's Ointment Will Cure Them at a Cost of But 60 Cents.

Piles, scrofula, eczematous eruptions, scald head, salt rheum, and all other annoying and painful skin diseases can be easily cured by Dr. Chase's Ointment.

'I had protruding piles for ten years,' writes H. H. Sutherland, commercial traveller, of Truro, N. S.; 'Tried many remedies, and had doctors operate. It was no use. Was completely laid up at times. Chase's Ointment was recommended to me by Mr. Brennan, of the Summerside P. E. I. Journal. I tried it and one box completely cured me.'

Mr. Stata, the editor of the Streetsville Ont., writes gives this unsolicited testimony under date of Nov. 6, 1895: 'Half a box of Dr. Chase's Ointment cured my daughter of eczema. That was six months ago, and there has been no reappearance of the disease.'

T. Wallace, blacksmith, of Iroquois, Ont., was troubled with blind itching piles for 20 years. 'I tried every remedy that came out in vain,' he writes, 'until I tried Dr. Chase's Ointment. It was a godsend. One box cured me.'

All dealers and Edmondson, Bates & Co. manufacturers, Toronto. Price 60c.

Linsed and turpentine are ever mother's house hold remedy for coughs, colds, throat and lung affections. Dr. Chase has disguised the taste and made the remedy pleasant to take. Large bottles only 25c.

ONOMATOPEIA.

A wag who, for a consideration, helped the Cincinnati Police Court to distinguish between the innocent and the guilty, got off a good thing.

His honor asked an officer who the prisoner was.

'A Russian, your honor.'

'His name?'

'I can't pronounce it, your honor.'

'Spell it then.'

'V-e-z-o-z-i-z-a-z-e-z-s-h-h-z-z-i.'

What is he charged with?'

Then Carl Nippert, the wag, jumped up and said, 'Soda water, your honor, I should say, by his name.'

BORN.

Truro, Apr. 5, to the wife of F. F. Moriarty, a son.

Truro, Apr. 5, to the wife of F. F. Moriarty, a son.

St. John, Apr. 8, to the wife of Chas. H. Climo, a son.

Wassels, Mar. 20, to the wife of Chas. Sterling, a son.

Halifax, Apr. 8, to the wife of James Maxwell, a son.

St. John, Apr. 4, to the wife of T. C. Teasdale, a son.

Moncton, Apr. 3, to the wife of L. T. Jondrey, a son.

Windsor, April, 1, to the wife of H. M. Bradford, a son.

Yarmouth, April, 9, to the wife of Walter Holly, a son.

Shag Harbor, Apr. 7, to the wife of Arthur D. Fox, a son.

Kentville, April, 1, to the wife of Rev. Mr. Stevens, a son.

Pleasant Point, Apr. 5, to the wife of Wm. Hamma, a daughter.

Auburn, N. S. Apr. 5, to the wife of Joseph Lee, a daughter.

Halifax, Apr. 6, to the wife of A. G. Morrison, a daughter.

Salem, Mar. 31, to the wife of James Wesley, a daughter.

Urbanis, Mar. 18, to the wife of Stewart Rose, a daughter.

Walton, Mar. 24, to the wife of Albert Parsons, a daughter.

South Ohio, Mar. 27, to the wife of Stephen Cook, a daughter.

Kentville, April, 3, to the wife of Geo. C. McDougall, a son.

Upper Dyke, Mar. 18, to the wife of Sherman Belcher, a son.

Dutch Brook, C. B., April, 5, to the wife of J. D. Brown, a son.

Upper Musquodoboit, Mar. 25, to the wife of Frank Fraser, a son.

Kingston Village, Feb. 17, to the wife of David Langille, a son.

South Ohio, Mar. 27, to the wife of Capt. Stephen Cook, a daughter.

Upper Musquodoboit, Mar. 29, to the wife of George Easton, a daughter.

Factoryville, N. S. Apr. 5, to the wife of Albert Ewing, a daughter.

Middle River, Feb. 10, to the wife of J. W. McDonald, a daughter.

Augusta Me., Mar. 25, Harry Wilson to Edith McLean of N. B.

Mahone Bay, Mar. 31, by Rev. J. Maurer, Robert A. Garber to Ida Wolf.

Gardiners Mines, Mar. 25, J. A. McGlashan, Frank Miller to Kate Johnson.

Tremont, April 7, by Rev. J. A. Gaets, James McGinnis to Flora Crocker.

Carleton, April 7, by Rev. W. C. Weston, Leslie Allen to Jennie Sanders.

Middleton, April 7, by Rev. E. E. Lorko, W. E. Dalhousie to Carrie Chas.

North River, Mar. 24, by Rev. R. B. Mack, Albert Bartlett to Annie McKay.

St. George, April 7, by Rev. R. L. Smith, Stephen Seelye to Louisa Taitany Cummings.

Fredericton, Mar. 21, by Rev. Dr. McLeod, John Nason to Minnie Dupuis.

Annapolis, Mar. 25, by Rev. J. H. Toole, Eibert Marshall to Annie Britton.

West Dublin, April 4, by Rev. H. Crawford, Servia Croft to Minnie B. Wolf.

Woodstock, Mar. 27, by Rev. C. T. Phillips, Ernest Anderson to Emma Bulmar.

Kentville, March 31, by Rev. H. Alfred Porter, John Miller to Agnes Binor.

Tracy St., Mar. 31, by Rev. O. N. Mott, Maynard Seelye to Evelyta McLeary.

Advocate, April 1, by Rev. H. K. McLean, George E. Morris to Marion Merriam.

Centerville, Mar. 31, by Rev. F. M. Young, Freeman Slipp to Angeleise Brooks.

West River, March 23, by Rev. J. A. McGlashan, Peter Churchill to Hattie Knox.

St. George, April 7, by Rev. E. E. Smith, John McCormack to Mary E. Austin.

Knoxford, April 7, by Rev. Jos. A. Cahill, Howard E. Stewart to Lizzie Chas.

North Sydney, April 3, by Rev. T. C. Jack, Joseph P. Troke, to Isabel J. Muirhead.

Freeport, March 31, by Rev. L. J. Tingley, F. B. Knight to John to Jess Thurbar.

Barrington, N. S., Apr. 1, by Rev. James Billington, Ed. H. Christie to Helen Kopp.

Weymouth Bridge, March 27, by Rev. G. D. Harris, J. A. Grierson to Edith F. Jones.

North Sydney, March 16, by Rev. W. G. Lane, John B. Magraw to Caroline O'Neill.

Centerville, March 31, by Rev. Joseph A. Cahill, Amos Downey to Julia L. McKenzie.

North Sydney, March 27, by Rev. W. G. Lane, Nelson Coustas to Florence Curus.

New Glasgow, March 5, by Rev. W. Stewart, R. McG. Jackson to Gertrude M. Fraser.

Lower Onslow, Mar. 30, by Rev. J. A. Chase, Capt. George M. Cummings.

Lower Granville, Mar. 31, by Rev. J. A. Porter, Samuel Armstrong to Lucilla Littlewood.

DIED.

Halifax, Apr. 8, Edward Ryan, 86.

St. John, Apr. 9, William Robb, 54.

Yarmouth, April 8, Dermot Cole 55.

Waterford, April 5, Mary Morris 98.

Waterford, April 2, Robert Parlee 57.

Studholm, April 3, James Robinson 77.

Halifax, April 3, Louisa M. Pelton, 85.

Hantsport, Apr. 4, John F. Davidson, 69.

Scotts Bay, N. S., Mar. 15, George Munro.

Sheet Harbor, March 21, Henry Quillman.

Wine Harbor, Mar. 27, Allen Kennedy, 77.

Penobscot, April 3, Edward Whitehead 91.

Bridgewater, Mar. 24, Whitman Foster 80.

Melbourne, N. S. Apr. 6, Timothy Allen, 65.

Bridgewater, March 24 Whitman Foster 80.

Port Morien, C. B., Benoni S. Sheppard, 81.

Sydney, C. B., Mar. 27, Eva May Burton, 17.

St. John, Apr. 9, William Harold Barry, 21.

Scotts Bay, N. S., Mar. 15, Walter Munro, 24.

Digby, Apr. 2, Sarah J. wife of J. E. Young.

New Canada, N. S., Apr. 5, Mrs. Henry Lowe.

Barton N. S., March 28, Mrs. James Urquhart 78.

St. John, Apr. 11, Eva, wife of William Irvine, 63.

Milford, Mar. 20, Florence wife of Henry Orde, 65.

Upper Canada, Mar. 22, Mrs. Mary E. Morrison, 80.

Greenfield, Mar. 30, Carrie, wife of Alex Gunn, 39.

St. John, Apr. 11, Nellie, child of Capt. Lunn, 11.

Fairville, Apr. 9, Bridget, widow of James Toole, 80.

Rowena, Apr. 6, Florence wife of James E. Boone 35.

St. John, April 9, Jessie M. wife of Chas. A. Carr 78.

Havelock, N. S., Elizabeth wife of John G. Nowlan 78.

Tyron, F. E. I., Mar. 11, Mrs. Thomas P. Dawson, 70.

Porters Lake, by drowning Apr. 7, Luke Manette, 70.

Upper Musquodoboit, April 5, Mary Jane Fisher, 30.

St. John, April, 2, Jennie, wife of Wm. Morrissey 30.

Garden of Eden, N. S. April, 3, George Sutherland, 77.

St. John, Apr. 10, Elizabeth, widow of Edward Flood.

McNabs Island, Apr. 1, Ivan E. son of Fredrick Perrin.

Waterford, April 5, the infant child of William Mc Knight.

Granville N. S., April 5, Mrs. Charlotte Hazel wood? 1.

St. John, Apr. E. wife of John E. Mc Ginnis, 52.

Sonora, Guysboro, Co., Mar. 11, Mrs. Solomon Pride, 75.

Hillsboro, April, 5, Susanna, wife of William Smith, 74.

Smithtown, Apr. 9, Isabel E. daughter of Chas. I. Smith, 59.

Argyle, N. S. Apr. 2, Desiah, a widow of Daniel Crowell, 64.

Moncton, Apr. 7, Mary, widow of John F. Crowe of Halifax, 68.

Balls Creek, C. B., Mar. 24, Anna W. wife of Geo. K. Ball, 17.

Brown's Flat, Apr. 2, Jane, wife of Francis Chasney, 74.

Tatamagouche, April 2, Margaret widow of Alex. Laugille 88.

Weymouth Bridge, Apr. 5, Sophia widow of Dickson E. 103.

St. John, Apr. 9, William J. only son of James and Ellen Canning.

St. John, April 6, Annie, daughter of Charles and Elizabeth Conway.

Glenfer, C. B., April, 1, Jane I., widow of Alexander D. Smith, 45.

Oranedale, C. B., Mar. 25, Christy, M. wife of Hector McLean, 79.

Back Meadow, Mar. 23, Jessie, A. daughter of Andrew Murray, 33.

Pembroke, N. B., Fay I. child of Mr. and Mrs. E. Wood Gray 14 months.

New London, Conn., Mar. 23, Carry M. wife of John E. Hinkley 27.

Thomsville, Georgia, April 3, Ella wife of Dr. F. S. Kinsman of Digby 88.

Douglas Harbor, April 1, Gertrude M. daughter of John and Ellen Allen, 14.

Havelock, Digby Co., Apr. 2, Elsie E. child of Mr. and Mrs. C. R. Nowlan, 7 months.

St. John, Apr. 11, David E. twin son of Rev. T. F. and Mrs. Fotheringham, 10 months.

BEST POLISH IN THE WORLD.

RISEING SUN STOVE POLISH

DO NOT BE DECEIVED. With Pastes, Enamels, and Paints which stain the hands, injure the iron, 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.

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ELECTION CARDS.

To the Electors of the City of St. John.

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN,—

Having been urged to become a candidate for the office of Mayor of Saint John by a large number of representative fellow citizens, who have signed a requisition to that effect, I readily comply with a requisition which entirely concurs with my personal aspirations.

I have always taken a lively interest in all that relates to the city and having had considerable experience in the management of its affairs. I am not without reasonable confidence that, as its chief magistrate, I might be of some use in both guarding and advancing its welfare.

I may be pardoned for reminding you that my ancestors and nearest relatives, as well as myself, have in the past, each contributed towards the development of property in this community, and I need only add that, while I shall always entertain supreme satisfaction in having passed my life in its midst, my proper ambition must remain unsatisfied until I shall have secured from my fellow citizens, the highest recognition of good citizenship.

I therefore respectfully request you to give me your votes for the office of Mayor at the approaching election, assuring you that if elected I shall devote my very best efforts to the discharge of the duties of that most important as well as honorable position, and am always,

Your Most Obedient Servant, CHARLES McLAUGHLIN.

CARD.

St. John, N. B., Feb. 10th, 1897. George Robertson, Esq., Mayor of the City of St. John.

Your Worship—in recognition of the large amount of time and earnest efforts which you have devoted to your duties as chief magistrate of the city during the past three years, and fully realizing the deep interest that you have taken in the work of harbor improvements, and the general development of the city:

Feeling that it is in the public interest that all the efforts which should be utilized for the completion of the improvements which the increased traffic of our port will still require to be carried out: We therefore, trust that you will devote another year to the service of your fellow citizens and assist in carrying to completion the work in which you have taken such an active part.

If you will accept the position, we will have much pleasure in nominating you on the 13th April. We have the honor to remain, THOMAS McAVITY, W. A. FISHER, and many others.

Gentlemen.—In compliance with the above most influential and numerous signed requisition, representing the manufacturing, shipping, labour, real estate professional, mercantile and other important interests in the city, I feel it to be my duty apart from all personal considerations to accept your nomination, and offer my services to the citizens for another year.

Yours sincerely, GEORGE ROBERTSON.

TO THE ELECTORS OF THE CITY OF ST. JOHN.

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN.—I respectfully solicit your support for the office of Mayor at the coming election.

Yours faithfully, T. H. HALL.

To the Electorate of the City;

RESPONDING to a requisition of representative citizens, I announce my acceptance of their nomination for Mayor, and that I shall be a candidate for the office at the election to be held in April next.

If elected I shall endeavour to merit the confidence reposed in me.

Faithfully yours, EDWARD SEARS.

St. John, March 8th, 1897.

To the Electors of the City of Saint John.

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN.—At the earnest solicitation of a large number of electors, I have