

PROGRESS.

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ST. JOHN, N. B., SATURDAY, MARCH 3, 1900.

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Glad and Sad Side of War.

LD Loyalist St. John awoke on Thursday to find that the true and devoted camp of Ladysmith, away off in South Africa, had been relieved by General Buller's forces after one of the most remarkable sieges in the history of war. It was long hoped-for news and came tumbling upon the surrender of Cronje, with wonderful enthusiasm. Then within a few hours came word of Colesburg's evacuation by the Boers and General Clement's capture of that place, this glorious intelligence being supplemented by inspiring despatches from Malak, which told of Col. Baden-Powell's stout resistance and successes against his whistled besiegers. It was almost too big a budget of glad tidings and the town became intoxicated with it. Schools were dismissed, business, save in the ribbon and bunting line, was paralyzed and throughout the city the people were in an ecstatic state of joy. Inside of a few hours the town was simply swathed in red, white and blue, every business house, innumerable private buildings, public structures, and harbor shipping being decked lavishly in honor of the new turn of the war tide. The late jubilee in honor of Her Majesty was the only event of recent years which, from a decorative standpoint, outclassed the Ladysmith celebration.

What with eight special editions of a morning newspaper, the town in a fever of excitement, a blinding snowstorm in progress, and red, white and blue decorations everywhere in evidence, the first of March 1900 will long be remembered, as having come in like the lion—the great British Lion—always comes in, even if the preceding circumstances are not very promising.

A Progress representative, in order to view St. John in gala attire from the view-point of a bird, was permitted to climb to the top of Trinity church steeple, which vantage spot was arrived at after no small amount of effort. A committee composed Messrs. I Northrup, Hoyt, Dr. Scammel, Frank Kinsler and E. Littler, had just finished the arduous task of letting to the boisterous breeze four immense British flags averaging 25x12 1/2 feet in size, and fastened to long stout poles which projected from the lofty pinnacle like giant arms. The bursting forth of this bunting from so conspicuous a place sent long series of pleasant thrills through the British beings of the townsfolk.

St. John lay below. From the western window—a veritable port-hole—the harbor was indistinctly visible through the snowstorm, but flags floated in a maze of coloring on the ships. The Prince William street establishments presented a most unusual appearance in their wealth of loyal emblems—a rare spectacle on this staid old commercial thoroughfare which however stood firm to the traditions of its revered namesake. King street, Dock street, Douglas avenue afar off, the centre of the city, South End and Carleton were uniform in their dress of flags and banners. Hurrying crowds dotted the streets as cheer upon cheer soared even as high as the towering upon height upon which Progress stood.

Then noon came. No sooner had the clock machinery a few ladders below ticked the five minute warning when a hush seemed to fall over the town. St. John was filling its lungs for a united outburst. It came. The tug at the wharves started the uproar with their whistles, closely followed by the reboating boom of the artillery on the Barrack Square. Then the chiming beneath started in to peal forth their praises of Buller, White et al, aided in the chorus by the loyal bells from many other churches. North End and its steam whistles sent forth its contingent of sound as did also the brass throats of West Side. When at its height what an unmusical but yet truly glorious hubbub it was! No heart, however disinterested could hold out against such an assault of loyalty and enthusiasm. The world, the flesh, the church, yes and even the much-abused devil joined in it and all were glad.

And in the afternoon! Did the town ever go so wild, its safe to say it never did. Mayor Gear's proclamation of a half holiday was the move fitted to let the hilar-

ious populace vent its anti-Krugerisms. By two o'clock the principal thoroughfares with their closed stores were blocked with humanity. It was a hey-day, rollicking conglomeration of people, such as never before presented themselves in this old town in such a role. Nobody was abashed and old men, young men, and to quote the Irish ditty "girls who were not men at all," took part in the upheaval. Some 313 pros-

would probably have had the effect of ending the war. The President was accompanied by his faithful spouse, represented by the renowned Master Linkletter, the only too well known newsboy. Mrs. Kruger was becomingly arrayed in red and blue with a court train of sail cloth trimmed with green soaking. The Neptune Rowing Club turned out in a big sleigh drawn by four grey horses,

not having a good ear for bass drum management, so he resigned in favor of "Dutch" Ervine, the sporting editor of the Telegraph. The band played all the well known and popular airs, "Soldiers of the Queen," "Rule Britannia," "Auld Lang Syne," "The British Grenadiers," etc. If the morning was uproarious and the afternoon more uproarious, the evening was certainly most uproarious. Only at

Victory was something more for national history and Ladysmith's wonderful siege, an item of note for the world's history. O! it was a great day for the British, and St. John is British!!

The Sad Side. Amid all the rejoicing of the early week, despite the fact that loyal St. John was wrapped up in a field of bunting and that the hearts of the people were thrilled with satisfaction at the recent achievements of British arms, yet there was a darkened home on Paddock street where none of this spirit of jubilation entered—the home of the late Corporal Fred W. Withers.

A weeping mother and deeply affected sisters were bearing in sorrow part of that price paid for the triumph of Monday, the loss of a dutiful son and loving brother. Everything was saddest in the cosy home and had the late here's remains reposed within the house the solemnity could not have been more pronounced. Mrs. Withers, the first St. John mother to experience the horrors of war in their truest sense, prayed God for a speedy termination of the bloody strife. Her heart was wrung with anguish and for the sake of other parents she invoked this Divine aid. She was not complaining of her son's determination to serve his Queen and Country, but his unexpected death in the Paddock fight has naturally overburdened her heart.

Could his body only be brought home, could she but press her motherly lips to his, the load of anguish might be lightened, but buried far from home, six thousand miles away, amid strangers, added greatly to the sorrow. Another son, Sam, was also about to enter the battle zone, and in an acute sense of anxiety, Mrs. Withers referred to him.

Truly the sympathies of all St. John went out at once to the bereaved family on Paddock street as soon as the fateful news arrived. Callers condoled the weeping ones, clergymen visited them, sympathizing friends and strangers sent messages from all over the province, and in every way possible almost the loved ones of St. John's first South African hero were shown that the daring deed in which Corporal Withers participated had won for him their deepest respect, admiration and love.

Corporal Fred W. Withers was not susceptible to the influences of a sensation. He did not join the local contingent in a flush of excitement, but coolly and determinedly had his name listed to battle for Her Majesty. He was chosen orderly, or rather clerk, for Col. Vidal at the recruiting headquarters in St. Andrews Rink, because of his qualities as a soldier, his earnestness and his honesty. He was a whole-souled fellow, enthusiastic in military matters and a young man who feared God as well as honoring the Queen—a model volunteer indeed.

A Few Gay Notes. The beautifully illuminated open air electric put on the streets in the early evening by the St. John Railway Co., was hailed with unbounded delight, and the people were deeply gratified with this expensive token of allegiance. The open car had to be fitted with a motor from one of the winter cars and its lighting consisted of 160 incandescents. The electric sign "Ladysmith" and V. R. in red and blue lights was a beautiful get-up, and reflected no end of credit upon the company's expert electrician. The Temple of Honor Band played aboard the car as it traversed the town.

Chief Clark and Officer Campbell shone with particular brilliancy from the upholstered depths of a stylish sleigh during the celebration. Officer Campbell had his Victoria Cross, won in the Fox episode, pinned to his chest.

Knocking off hats was a favorite pastime as the afternoon wore on. A strange chappie with a brand new Derby in front of the Victoria Hotel was a victim. He got "weal angry," and threatened to "slap the offender's face."

The country people who came to town with their produce thought they were in the wrong city, or that a civil war was on, but when the situation was taken in the rural brethren were as deep in the patriotic



ST. JOHN BOYS AT THE FRONT.

Progress today places before its readers a reproduction of a photo taken on the veldt in South Africa, in which five St. John men, Bugler Holland, the late Joe Johnston, and Jim Johnston both of Erin street, Ambrose Felkey of City Road and Sergt. Geo. Polkinghorn, are shown. John McDermott is the soldier with the puttee wound about his leg and the soldier with the helmet is a Royal Munster Rifle—an Irishman. Bugler Holland is in the hospital with a bullet hole in him, Sergt. Polkinghorn is yet unscathed and in the picture is Joe Johnston, killed. The centric soldier kneeling is Jas. M. Johnston wounded, and the one out to the left is Joe Johnston, killed. Ambrose Felkey wounded, is the right hand figure. The sad news of Johnston's death arrived Thursday casting a gloom over his home and many others.

ions or thereabouts, wandered about town until midnight as well as a whole convoy of sleighs in all their moods and tenors, cramfull of highly hilarious booting humans. The on-lookers joined in with these in singing "Soldiers of the Queen" "Rule Britannia" and other suitable and seasonable songs. While the heartiest enthusiasm of all cannot for a moment be doubted, yet with many their exceeding spirit can be otherwise attributed. Who says it was not a day of rejoicing? and by the way where were the Progress?

One of the chief features of the day's celebration was a "commando" of Indian-town Boers, who bore a striking resemblance to the genuine article. Armed with all sorts of weapons, from revolvers to flintlocks dating from the beginning of things. They were certainly a very seedy lot of soldiers and raised lots of amusement along the route. The "commando" ran short of ammunition on King street, and started a demonstration in front of both W. H. Thorne's and McAvity's, but without much success, so the Royal Bugtown Fusilier Guards retreated in good order toward their "lager."

Next in order was a detachment of the Amazon portion of the forces. These were arranged in a strange and fearful manner in remnants of bed quilts and anything else that was handy.

Their forces were at times scattered, but they managed to keep the field despite that their regiment became rather dishevelled and soiled. They were followed by a gorgeously equipped dump cart, model several years back, bearing in its luxurious hold a lady of a dusky cast representing Lady Smith. She was accompanied by Lord Smith, who being of a singularly retiring and modest disposition has up to the present been kept very much in the back ground. This time however, he graciously consented to appear out in full court regalia, and to protect her ladyship from the insults of the vulgar mob.

Other attractions were the two rival bands of juveniles, one hailed from North End and the other being recruited wherever recruits could be found. These were marshalled by Master Bond bearing on a stick a bundle of rags supposed to represent President Kruger which, had that much maligned Oom Paul seen it,

and containing the Vic's Own Band. The bass drum was run by Bob Armstrong whose brawny arm—strong as it is, became at length unequal to the task, besides Bob

PROGRESS CONTENTS TODAY.

- PAGE 1.—A glance over this well filled page gives you its contents.
- PAGE 2.—A portrait of Her Majesty the Queen, the Prince of Wales Prince George and his son and heir. An interesting account of Rhodesia and the mines there.
- PAGE 3.—A portrait of the late Lieut. Cooke of Moncton who died in African service. Musical and Theatrical notes.
- PAGE 4.—Editorial—The relief of Ladysmith—England is all right—Notes and Comments. Joy and Woes of other places. Poetry—original and selected and local matters.
- PAGE 5.—City society—The Fancy dress ball at the Institute with names and description of costumes—Many other personal notes.
- PAGE 7 and 8.—Society from Halifax, Fredericton, St. Stephen, and many places in the Maritime provinces.
- PAGE 9.—A budget of interesting items decidedly local including:— "Single" Girls were busy. The "Last Car" crowd. Where are those St. John Boys? J. Noel Scovil of St. John in Paris. How do you pronounce Car-o-n-j-o. Good times for millmen. A Rare Treat indeed. An Indian town Landmark. Another "Court's Block." Progress presmen celebrate.
- PAGE 10 and 11.—The second half of that delightful story "The Silence of Gwynneth."
- PAGE 11.—Sunday Reading and carefully selected miscellany.
- PAGE 12.—Scenes from the battlefield—a descriptive article dealing with the South African campaign. A description of Pretoria's defenses.
- PAGE 13.—Falls of Fashion and women's page.
- PAGE 14.—Snippets at the great gambling place Monte Carlo. General items.
- PAGE 15.—A cleverly written military story "The Revenge of Murphy."

Umbrellas Made, Ke-covered, Regulated Descal 17 Waterloo.

(Cont. and on Fourth Page)

Ruins in Rhodesia.

Quite recently Mr. W. G. Neal returned here from a four month's sojourn in the Belegwe district, during which time he has, in conjunction with Mr. George Johnson, been engaged in the exploration of some recently discovered ancient ruins.

They have discovered and brought in some interesting as well as valuable examples of gold fashioned into a variety of forms, such as gold beads, wire, nails, beaten out sheet, slag-free work, copper, iron, strong or covered with gold, &c., which indicates a very fairly advanced stage of civilization, being superior to anything the Matabels were able to accomplish. Mr. Neal has now examined more than two hundred separate ruins in this country during the past four years and has arrived at certain conclusions respecting them. The letters written by Portuguese Jesuit priests, preserved in the archives of Lisbon do not date back more than 400 years, but recent exploration has demonstrated that, in many cases the statements written then are quite trustworthy, and that tradition orally handed down really does describe the facts. Tradition says that the people of that period, the sixteenth century living in this country, wore cloth interwoven with gold thread. This they have discovered to be a fact, as (some years ago) they found a corpse buried in a ruin situated in the Umilikwe Hills, near the Shangani River. The fabric was in a more or less decayed condition.

Mr. Neal's investigations lead him to the conclusion that the ruins are to be referred to mainly two distinct periods, each of which was historically of long duration. At the Mambo ruins, better known by the native name of Dhlolo, lying some sixty miles east of Bulawayo on the Inezha belt, the discoveries made indicate that these ruins were occupied by two different periods. The lower stonework exposed by excavation is similar in its elaborate character to that of Zimbabwe, whereas the additions done by the latter inhabitants are crude in design and rough in execution, and more after the style of stonework done by the Basutos today. It was doubtless, therefore, built about four hundred years ago. At this particular mine two cannon of Portuguese manufacture were discovered, one a brass breech-loader, and other an iron muzzle-loader. Additional finds were the private silver seal of a Jesuit priest, an incense censer, silver bells, Egyptian bronze oil lamp, jewelry of modern manufacture, gold slag-free work earrings, portions of silver plate wrought with embossed work in the design of a vine and grapes, and a gold coin or medalion somewhat smaller than a five-pound piece. On one side of this the surface was perfectly smooth, the other had a design in relief, exquisitely wrought, of two birds fighting over a heart, and so clear that you could see the feathers falling through the air. Unfortunately it is believed that this beautiful relic, which was hauled over to Dr. Jameson, has been lost.

In addition to the articles discovered which have mentioned, a considerable quantity of manufactured as well as raw gold was discovered, which goes to prove that in those days when communication took so long, the Jesuit Mission station of that period was self supporting, and may even have been the medium of a considerable amount of trade. It is probable that the inhabitants of the station were extinguished one day unexpectedly by a hostile tribe of savages, as very nearly seven hundred ounces of gold were discovered in these ruins, which would have been in those days quite a large amount of wealth. It would appear that the priest and his people filled in the ruin as they found it, for on excavating to a depth of fifteen feet the old floors and walls of the original ancients who built these forts, or whatever they may be called, were found. Here on these old floors gold beads, etc., were found of an altogether different pattern from those discovered on the upper floors.

Throughout the whole course of Mr. Neal's previous investigations in all the ruins it has been his special aim and object to locate the workshop and smelting furnaces, but hitherto all his efforts in this direction have been baffled, as although portions of gold crucibles (that is, pots used to melt gold in), have been found in some cases, yet the exact spot used by the workmen of the past has not been identified. This time success has been attained which is satisfactory although the results were rather disappointing. The crucibles more or less broken with a few small beads of

visible gold still adhering to the surface were found, and Mr. Neal was after very careful working, enabled to make a rough sketch of the site of the furnace and its immediate surrounding. The result was

On another point Mr. Neal hazards a conjecture, which is at any rate plausible, and in support of which some evidence can be adduced. It relates in the first place to the sheet of beaten gold, which was probably overlaid on wood, and secured by the gold nails discovered, covering either some sacred idol, rod or staff of office.

The great question still remains, 'Who were these people? Now, taking Biblical history as the most authentic, gold was very plentiful in the time of King Solomon. He and also the Queen of Sheba possessed a great deal of it; in the great Temple it was largely used for decorative purposes,

owed to him by a tenant named Callahan that he was going to evict him, and then, rather imprudently, called in person at the house to see what effect this threat had produced.

It chanced that Callahan was not at home, but his wife was. She induced the landlord to remain, saying to him, as he alleged, that her husband would be in presently, and would do the landlord no harm.

Before long Callahan arrived, and immediately proceeded to give the professor a very hard beating. The professor had the man and his wife called into court, and

lawyers, calling the landlord again to the stand, "what Mrs. Callahan said to you."

"She assured me positively that her husband had no intention of maltreating me."

"Yes, but what did she say?"

"She gave me to understand—"

"Oh," said the judge, "give us her own words."

"Very well, sir," said the landlord. "She said, 'when Mike comes home he won't do a thing to you!'"

The hilarity which followed this explanation may have softened the judge's heart a little, for he declared that this ought to have been regarded as a warning rather than as an assurance of safety.

Quick Work.
Rome was not built in a day but then Rome was very much behind the times. Things are done more quickly now. On the outskirts of Chicago a feat was accomplished not long ago that would have astonished Rome. It may be a little astonishing even to present day readers.

A contract was signed on Friday for the building of a church. The document stipulated that the church should be ready for dedication on the following Sunday. Just one clear day was left for the erection of the building, which was to accommodate three thousand persons.

At four o'clock on the morning of Saturday the work was begun, and at seven o'clock that evening the men were putting in windows, hanging doors, and getting in the electric lights, which were especially provided for in the contract. No floor was laid, and there was no time to gather up the shavings, but by twelve o'clock that night all else was done, and the dedication services were held on the following day.

Almost as wonderful a feat, and one in which haste was more justifiable, and the building of a field hospital, and having it ready for patients in exactly one hour from the time when it was begun.

Doctor Hofgraff, an army surgeon, undertook to demonstrate to the Austrian military authorities that eight men could build a hospital fifty by twenty feet in an hour.

All materials were ready, and no tools were required, sleepers, panels, bolts, rods, waterproof packing, all were prepared before hand, every plug for its hole and every groove for its setting. There was nothing to do but to put the building together.

The value of a hospital that can be erected on the spot at such a short notice needs no demonstration.

When Extremes Meet.
Editor-in-Chief: 'I understand young Bluegore, the millionaire's son, has gone in for journalism?'

City Editor: 'Yes. He's on my staff.'

Editor-in-Chief: 'And what do you think of him?'

City Editor: 'Well, he's a unique figure in journalism.'

Editor-in-Chief: 'You don't say?'

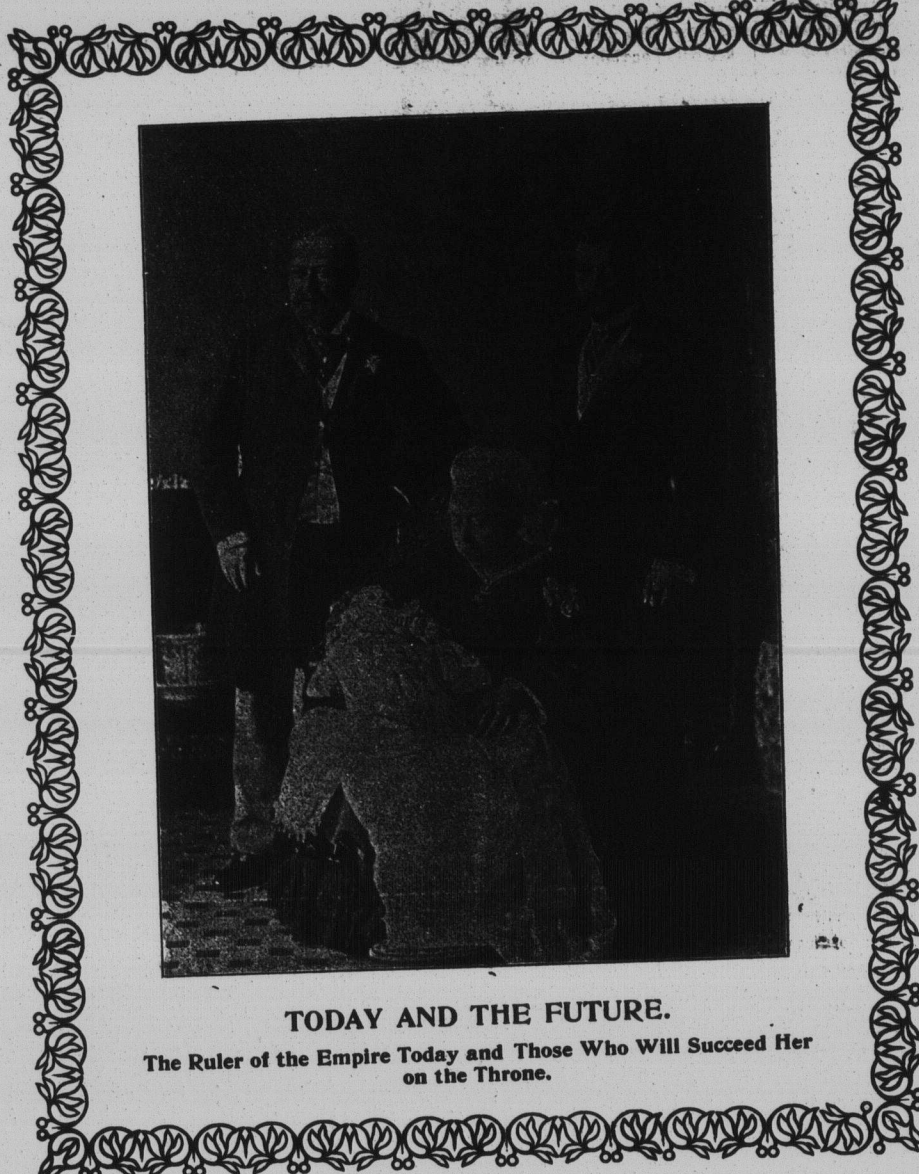
City Editor: 'Yes. He's at once the richest and poorest reporter in the city.'

'Do you think he's a real nobleman?'

'I know he's not.'

'What makes you so sure?'

'He's been devoting himself to a girl with no money.'



TODAY AND THE FUTURE.
The Ruler of the Empire Today and Those Who Will Succeed Her on the Throne.

disappointing in two ways first, because no goodly store of gold was found; and, secondly, the smelting furnace was no elaborate device, but simply constructed in the style like that adopted by the Asiatic Indian and gold and silversmiths of today and built of clay. The effect is that no light is really thrown on the question of whether these people were in an advanced stage of civilization, or were only very primitive workers. Were they thorough adepts in their profession, in short what and who were they? The clay furnace, a rudely shaped receptacle, contained the amalgam to be smelted in the pellets or cakes, and any doid bubbling or splashing over settled in the clay, which gradually accumulated, fresh layers of clay being added from time to time. In one of these furnaces six separate layers were found, which on being broken up, disclosed small pieces of smelted gold. What fluxes were used to expedite the process it is impossible to say, but probably this could be ascertained by an analysis of the residue adhering to the sides of the crucibles.

The peculiar pellets, which at first sight look like lead or shot, if cut will be found to be alloy, and, further, on subjecting them to fire, there will exude tiny beads of white metal, which is without doubt mercury. At last only the small bright yellow gold button is left. It appears, therefore, quite certain that quicksilver was known to and used by, these people. Copper was also known, smelted copper having been found, and probably they fashioned bangles out of copper and overlaid them with gold bands, as portions of iron bangles treated in this way have been discovered. Mr. Neal is of opinion that silver was not known to these ancient workers in precious metals, as the only ruins where silver has been found so far are those of Dhlolo, and the silver bangles, beads, &c., are probably due to the Jesuit priest. It is not improbable that he or his people exchanged silver for gold, a larger quantity of the former for a smaller quantity of the latter.

the expression 'beaten gold' being very noticeable, gold nails are not mentioned. Now the Queen of Sheba must have obtained gold through the trading of her merchants. Further, it is a very curious fact that Mr. Neal has discovered carved on bowls made of soapstone figures of the ibis, or sacred bird of Egypt, as well as portions of Egyptian pottery, so there seems no doubt there was a close connection between these ancient metal workers and the land of the Nile.

Probably nearly the whole of the world's supply of gold came from Africa during Biblical times. Since this period the Sahara and Sabi have been familiar but even up to the present time Sofala on the east coast is a rich port, and although the sea now covers the town or city that used to be there, gold ornaments, &c., can be picked up for the such of them, and the Sabi is in Rhodesia so that these facts points to the conclusion that Rhodesia must have yielded the gold of that period. Not only has gold hidden away been discovered, but the mode of burial practiced by these ancient people has been clearly made out, and also the fact that they were interred with all their jewelry. In the case of the remains of the giant previously mentioned twelve ounces of gold ornaments were found. So far no writing or hieroglyphics have been found, or inscription of any kind, and the only possible chance of discovering the key to the grand secret lies hidden in Zimbabwe.

Ignorant of Slang.
The talk of the day—current slang, we may call it—sometimes means just the opposite of what the words themselves plainly express. For example, 'quite a little' invariably means a good deal. There is another current phrase which has a paradoxical signification, as a story told by a New Orleans paper illustrates.

In that city there is a college professor, accustomed, of course, to a learned atmosphere only, who owns several houses. He had attempted in vain to collect some rent

at once became an ugly feature of the case that the woman had tried to allure the landlord into a trap. But she declared flatly that she had warned him that her husband would give him a whipping when he came in.

'Now repeat to us,' said one of the



WOMEN and Women Only, especially mothers, are most competent to appreciate the purity, sweetness, and delicacy of CUTICURA SOAP and to discover new uses for it daily. Its remarkable emollient, cleansing, and purifying properties, derived from CUTICURA, the great skin cure and purest of emollients, warrant its use in preserving, purifying, and beautifying the skin, scalp, hands, and hair, and in the form of baths and solutions for annoying irritations, itchings, inflammations, and chafings, too free or offensive perspiration, and also in the form of washes for ulcerative weaknesses, as well as many sanative, antiseptic purposes, which will readily suggest themselves. All that has been said of CUTICURA SOAP may also be said of CUTICURA Ointment which should be used after the SOAP, in the severer cases, to hasten the cure.

Complete External and Internal Treatment for Every Humour.
Consisting of CUTICURA SOAP, to cleanse the skin of crusts and scales and soften the thickened surface, CUTICURA Ointment to instantly allay itching, inflammation, and irritation, and soothe the heat, and CUTICURA RESOLVENT, to cool and cleanse the blood. A French Remedy, sufficient to cure the most torturing, disfiguring, and humbling skin affections, such as eczema, psoriasis, and all other eruptions of the skin, scalp, and blood humours, with loss of hair, when all else fails. Preparing, Exporting, and Selling, Solely, Boston, U.S.A. "Secrets for Women," sent free.

Music and The Drama

A concert will be held in the Mechanics Institute next Tuesday evening for the benefit of the contingent fund...

Camilla Ureo, the great violinist is creating a furore in New York.

The rumors of the betrothal of Nellie Melba and Joseph Joachim the violinist have been denied.

Emma Nevada has made a great hit in California. Massenet has promised to write an opera for her next season.

It is reported that Francis Wilson and Jessie Bartlett Davis will be co stars next season in an opera now being written for them.

Nellie McHenry has requested the Washington police to look for her husband John Webster, who disappeared in November.

Yvette Guilbert's physician has issued a statement that her condition is most promising and that ere long she will be able to resume her work.

Prof. Wilbert Leroy director of the Virgil Clavier music schools of London and Berlin, and Madame Carrington were married in London a couple of weeks ago.

The case of Milton Aborn against James R. Waite for \$14,500 damages for alleged unjustifiable discharge from the Waite Opera Company came up in New York last week for the seventh time.

The police swooped down on a 'stag' entertainment held under the auspices of a bicycle club last week in Harlem N. Y.

Mlle Froto the toe dancer has returned to America after a two years stay in Europe during which time she was the pet of the very cream of the English nobility and the idol of the public.

Mr. H. Santelmann, the leader of the United States Marine band, of Washington, is writing the score of a new Persian comic opera called "Sadi III."

TALK OF THE THEATRE.

"Othello" was presented by the Valentine Stock Company the first of the week, the work of some of these in the cast giving fair satisfaction while that of others was notably indifferent...

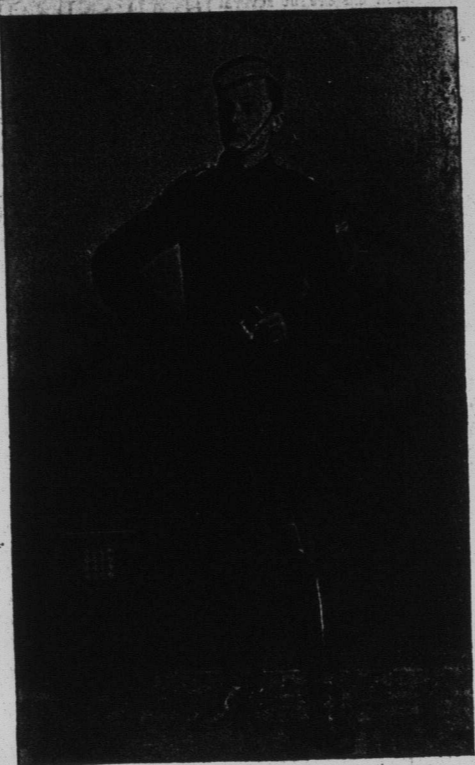
SPECIALTIES

Ladies' and Gentleman.

We can supply any specialties and novelties in Ribbon & Mail Goods at lowest cash prices.

made his reputation. The Rivals calls for elaborate costuming, and should be a great attraction to lovers of fine comedy.

Great men have their deeds embalmed in history and it requires the magic touch of the dramatic wand to awaken them to life and animation.



A MONCTON HERO RECALLED.

Lieut. W. E. Cooke, Son of T. W. Cooke of Moncton, Who Gave Up His Life Some Time Ago in the Service of the Empire in Africa.

Frederick the Great is therefore heralded with pleasure, for it adds its mite to wards the contribution box of universal peace, which has been presented to the world from the Hague to be opened for universal beneficence in the near future.

"The Man in the Moon" closed last Saturday.

Marie Heath is shortly to resume work in Vaudeville.

"Wicked London" has closed its tour which was unsuccessful.

Brandon Hurst is writing a new comedy for Katherine Osterman.

W. S. Bates has sold all rights to "Duffys Jubilee" to Frank W. Mason.

Anna Held played recently her one hundredth performance of "Papa's Wife."

James K. Hackett will present "The Bride of Jannico" in New York on March 6.

Agnes Dechantill a valuable member of the "Zaza" company died at Iowa on Feb. 18.

Clay Clement is a member of Nance O'Neil's Company now en route to Australia.

The betrothal of Camille D'Arville to a wealthy wine merchant of California is announced.

Edward Harrigan will go on tour shortly under the management of A. G. Delamater.

Gus Bothner has arranged with Frank W. Sanger for the "The Sign of the Cross" for next season.

Alice Irving was badly burned during the gun scene in "The Cherry Pickers" in Montreal last week.

Lorin Howard has taken charge of the active management of Howard & Doyle's play agency, of Chicago.

Martin Julian, of prize ring fame, will run a popular price vaudeville house in Peoria, Ill., next season.

Gertrude Dion Magill leading lady with W. S. Harkins three seasons ago will play the lead in "Across the Pacific."

Nat Goodwin and Maxine Elliot are still playing "When We Were Twenty One" in New York to excellent audiences.

Elsie Leslie, it is said, has been selected

to originate the title role in Frank McKee's production of "Janice Meredith," next season.

Francis Conlan is successfully playing the principal comedy part in Robert Martella's production of "The Dagger and the Cross."

Josephine Sabel is shortly to leave Vaudeville and star in a specially written musical farce entitled "The Soldier's Queen."

in "The Degenerates" for ten weeks was dismissed with two weeks salary and says she will sue for \$10,000 damages.

"A Trip to Coontown" due here in May, has closed a successful and prosperous week in Boston playing to S. E. O. every performance.

Carver B. Cline, the well known theatrical manager agent and journalist died in Bellevue hospital last week from the excessive use of morphine.

Frank Lawton seems to have established himself firmly in favor with the theatre goers of London, to judge by the enthusiasm with which he was received in 'The Belle of New York.'

According to the Dramatic Mirror Charles Frohman is responsible for the immorality of the plays which has shocked New York theatre goers in the last few years.

Esra Kendall has written a book called "Spots of Wit and Humor" and which contains several of Kendall's best monologues.

An epidemic of burlesques on "Sapho" has broken out in New York, and it is likely the public will get a surfeit of them before long.

Ethel Barrymore appeared successfully as Stella De Gex at a special matinee of 'His Excellency the Governor,' in New York last week.

Rose Stahl is receiving unstinted praise for her performance of Dulcie in "The Masqueraders," the part originally played by Viola Allen.

"The Belle of Honolulu" will be one of the new attractions next season. It is a three act farce comedy and will abound in musical specialties.

Aime Dupont's death occurred last week in New York. He was the favorite photographer of stage folk both of the operatic and dramatic stage.

R. W. Bowers advance agent for "Side Tracked" company seen here last season, committed suicide in the west recently by drinking carbolic acid.

Lottie Williams Salter is getting much praise for her work in "Why Smith left Home." She recently played Mrs. Smith during the illness of the star.

Wilson Barrett in collaboration with Robert Hichens has made a play from the latter's clever novel 'The Londoners' which will be produced in London shortly.

Lawrence Hanley was taken ill during a performance of "More Than Queen" at Indianapolis a few days ago and Julia Arthur was compelled to ring down the curtain.

William Gillette was out of the cast of Sherlock Holmes at the N. Y. Garrick last week because of a severe cold; and his place was successfully taken by Reuben Fax.

Clement Scott, the New York dramatic critic is convalescent after an attack of congestion of the lungs brought on by a cold contracted while reporting the Molinoux trial.

Roland Reed is rapidly recovering from his late severe illness and is able to be out for a short time daily. He is still a patient in St. Luke's hospital, New York, and will be obliged to undergo another surgical operation before a complete cure is effected.

E. H. Sothorn was taken ill with acute laryngitis in Philadelphia last week, and the company were idle three or four days. On Sunday a consultation of physicians was held and it was decided that Mr. Sothorn needed a rest. His Washington engagement was cancelled.

Ethel Henry who came from England with Mrs. Langry to play Lady Sansaure

grow fat under this treatment, which has no equal in building up the blood and giving renewed strength to brains, body and nerves.

Miss Oldgirl—I think that was just lovely to give Susan Anthony a rose for every year of her age.

"Do you think," jeered the fellow who had succeeded in pulling off a government clerkship, you will be able to hold down the job you're trying to get?"

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.

RESIDENCE at Roxbury for sale or to rent for the Summer months. The pleasantly situated house known as the Titus property is about one and a half miles from Roxbury Station and within two minutes walk of the Cambridge.

WANTED RELIABLE MEN Good honest men in every locality, local or traveling, to introduce and advertise our goods...

THE EMPIRE MEDICINE CO., London, Ont.

ANOTHER LOT!

MY GUM PICKER has just arrived with some of the best

Spruce Gum

that he has ever brought me.

W. C. RUDMAN ALLAN, Chemist and Druggist, 87 Charlotte Street.

Remember the store, ALLAN'S WHITE PHARMACY, Tel. 239. Fresh Vaccine Points received daily. Mail orders promptly filled.

Advertisement for Boyd's Swell "Flyer" bicycles, featuring an image of the bicycle and text describing its features and availability.

News and Opinions

National Importance.

The Sun

ALONE

CONTAINS BOTH:

Daily, by mail, \$6 a year

Daily and Sunday, by mail, \$8 a year

The Sunday Sun

is the greatest Sunday Newspaper in the world.

Price 5c. a copy. By mail, \$2 a year.

Address: THE SUN, New York.

PROGRESS.

PROGRESS PRINTING AND PUBLISHING COMPANY, LIMITED.

Progress is a Sixteen Page Paper, published every Saturday...

Remittances.—Persons sending remittances to this office must do so either by P. O. or Express order, or by registered letter.

Discontinuance.—Remember that the publisher must be notified by letter when a subscriber wishes his paper stopped.

All letters sent to the paper by persons having no business connection with it should be accompanied by stamps for a reply.

Letters should be addressed and drafts made payable to Progress Printing and Publishing Co., Ltd., St. John, N. B.

Agents in the city can have extra copies sent them if they telegraph the office before six p. m.

SIXTEEN PAGES.

ST. JOHN, N. B., SATURDAY, MAR. 3

Subscribers who do not receive their paper Saturday morning are requested to communicate with the office.—Tel. 55.

THE RELIEF OF LADYSMITH.

The suspense is over. Ladysmith has been relieved and the Empire rejoices again over a great success for British arms in South Africa.

The reports that we have been receiving from day to day of the retreat of the Boers were true without a doubt and it may be expected that they were able to take their great guns with them.

That grim old General Cronje, held out before Roberts as long as he was able and we may be sure when he ordered the white flag to be hoisted there was nothing else to be done.

Canadians are proud of the fact that their own brothers had a part in this great event, in fact were leading the forces in the charge upon the enemy when the token of surrender was raised.

HAD NOTHING TO FEAR. It is a poor rule that will not work both ways. If the partial successes of the Boers inclined the Dutch in Cape Colony and Natal to join issue with England's enemies, the striking victories of the English arms should make them hesitate.

that the reason for this war was the tyranny of English officials but that story is so lame that it will not stand. We in Canada have had some experience with English officials.

The relief of Ladysmith, while a great satisfaction to the British Empire, has additional importance since it will check the attempt to bring continental influence to bear upon England to discontinue the war.

Sympathy must go out to our aged collector of customs, Mr. J. R. BUEL. He is intensely loyal and it is said that the excitement of the good news may have something to do with his sudden illness.

Major EKARS deserves great credit for his energy in directing the celebration Thursday. He was prompt in proclaiming a half holiday and the citizens were just as prompt in responding.

Fredericton did not do badly. St. John people who were there on Tuesday say that they had no idea so much enthusiasm could be bottled up in so small a place.

The pro Boer is dead. St. John air is not healthy for him.

"Bob" Armstrong is always chock full of ideas and Thursday he and his Victoria rink band did the town in grand style in a big sleigh.

The Occasion was too Glorious. "What's the news," asked a prominent provincialist who having arrived late Wednesday evening was late getting to breakfast Thursday morning.

Everybody was good natured Thursday. There were lots of people "glorious" but they made no bones of it, said they had an excuse and that was all there was to it.

DETECTIVE MIRRORS.

A mirror may now be regarded as something more than a promoter of vanity, since it is often set to do the work of a detective.

Owners of street corner coffee stalls find the detective mirror very useful. Petty pilfering goes on briskly around such stalls.

THE BARBETS' CONFESION.

Hicks: "Is it true then, that you're living beyond your station?" Wicks: "Yes—two miles."

VERSES OF YESTERDAY AND TODAY

The Names of the Dead. Give us the names of the gallant dead, In the slumber of peace who lie;

Give us the names of the gallant dead, Where their hurried trench was made; And the green leaves over them all are spread;

VEGA'S ADVICE TO HIS SON.

My son, I bid you buy few books, But read the few you wish to read;

With diligence regard the thought That books, forsooth, contain;

The less of verses you shall make The more you'll be esteemed;

My Old Kentucky Home, Far Away. The sun shines bright on my Old Kentucky Home,

Put a shirt of mail underneath your Sunday coat, Wear an armor plate under your vest;

The fragrant of corn in the breeze; And the Man in the Moon has to sneeze;

The feud man hides in the corner of a knope, And waits for a shot at his foe;

Weep no more, my lady. Weep no more, my lady, Weep no more, my lady;

Haslin' out at four o'clock, sir, with a dozen cows to tend.

With a bliss and on the docket and the mow a-baller!

How'd ye like to be the milkman? As still as a skeeter rolled outside a feather tick.

Oh, don't ye think it's fair to be the milkman? And out before it's daylight with your nose a-strain blue.

ROYAL BAKING POWDER. ABSOLUTELY PURE. Makes the food more delicious and wholesome.

GLAD AND SAD SIDE OF WAR.

(CONTINUED ON PAGE FOUR.)

mad as their towney friends were in the loyalty mire.

It was truly stimulating to see the venerable Court House with its myriad lights, and made one believe we really had a big victory.

The offer of \$500 for the identification of a pro-Boer all day Thursday, was not taken up.

St. John saved herself for the Ladysmith outburst, and she must have saved herself mightily sparingly.

Among the surrenders of the week were:—General Cronje; to Gen. Roberts, the city of St. John to General Buller.

By the time the drygood stores closed, at one o'clock, not a vestige of red, white and blue could be had.

Thursday's newspapers were so full of good news that everybody yeldt they must have a kopje for a souvenir.

A regular English bulldog with a silk Union Jack served around him, was typically British.

That King street merchant, near the foot, who refused to close his store, didn't do much business.

Col Geo. West Jones knows how some people like to celebrate, and his generosity at his place of business gave him an abundance of callers.

CHRIS NICHOLS INDIGNANT.

Because so Few Attended His "Benefit" For the Second Contingent.

Mr. Chris Nichols called on PROGRESS this week with a grievance. He is well known about town not only in his capacity as a tonsorial artist but as a member of the Fusiliers and orderly to the colonel, Mr. H. H. McLean.

Those who went down King street the first day of the week saw that Hall's building on the corner of Germain was gaily decorated with flags and the reason was explained when the cotton poster was read.

There were however 250 invitations out. They were sent by a committee of which Chris was chairman.

"I have no idea", was the non committal reply.

"Just one dozen ladies and five gentlemen" responded Chris with an indignant air.

As a household name in Nova Scotia because of his heroism in saving lives from the wreck of the ill-fated Atlantic, on April 1st, 1873.

Ev. W. J. Ancient, M. A., Diocesan Secretary, came to town yesterday. This brave person's name is a household word in Nova Scotia.

The Events reporter walked over the E. C. B. the other day to report developments.

Fay, Fay, Fay, for the sake of P. H. An exchange tells its readers how to "indict their p's" in the following pointed and poet paragraph.

"I have no idea", was the non committal reply. "Just one dozen ladies and five gentlemen" responded Chris with an indignant air.

THE GIRL WITH THE HAMMOCK.

The advantages of a substantial education for women are demonstrated with peculiar force by an item which we take from the Bangor News.

A barn in Aroostook went unharmed because the farmer who owned it was too infirm to climb to the roof.

Mrs. A. was having one of her houses cleaned, preparatory to letting it to a new tenant.

Nothing disconcerted, Bridget responded with a beaming smile.

Bishop Whipple, of Minnesota, says that when he was abroad he did a great deal of parish work in Rome.

After holding a service in the English church outside the walls, he overheard one Englishman say to another:

More Money Than Wood. The Outlook says the cordwood famine in Middleton is becoming serious.

There are 1063 borders at the Dominion Iron and Steel Companies dining room at Sydney.

JOYS AND WOE OF OTHER PLACES.

A closed optic is no uncommon sight around us just now. The lively game of hockey is the "brusier"—Annapolis Spectator.

The net work of the 19th century, and still there are thousands of educated persons who make a J in the same way, or so nearly alike that nobody can tell one from the other.

There were 1063 borders at the Dominion Iron and Steel Companies dining room at Sydney.

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This is the last year of the 19th century, and still there are thousands of educated persons who make a J in the same way.

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Though there seems to be plenty of new-fangled ideas...

Usually at this season, one has but to remark that...

Miss Allison was known to all classes in the city...

The funeral which took place on Monday afternoon...

Miss Robertson is in Woodstock the guest of Mrs...

Mr. W. J. Armitage of Halifax, was the guest of...

Mr. E. H. Drury of Ottawa are spending the week in St. John.

Mr. George A. Munro was in Woodstock last week.

A very pleasant and successful concert was held in...

a most enjoyable affair. The well arranged programme...

The Monday evening skating club spent a very enjoyable...

One of the pleasantest and prettiest costume balls ever...

With the class of military costumes and profuse shades...

Natural flowers were used almost generally. The Italian...

The chapresses were Mrs. Wetmore, Mrs. J. Currie and Mrs. Clark.

Miss C. Ross, hellebore and white organdie, flowers.

Miss Walsh, bright red organdie. Miss A. Nelson, white spotted muslin and carnations.

Miss Munro, black with white muslin. Miss Gregory, original costume...

Mr. E. Dolan, courtier. Mr. Wm. Clark, full dress.

Mr. E. Pabell, Count of Monte Christo. Mr. Mort Wilson, full dress.

Mr. Wm. Kennedy, Robin Hood. Mr. Oswald Chace, courtier, George IV.

It was almost 2:30 a. m. Wednesday (the first day of Lent)...

A party of ladies, Mrs. Colby Smith, Mrs. Gregory, Mrs. Tilley...

Mrs. W. S. Brown is spending a month in Boston. Mrs. Barbara...

Mrs. Colby Smith, of West side, has been very ill from vaccination.

"Man Wants but Little Here Below,"

But woman wants

Welcome Soap!

The Great TRY IT. Borax Soap.



You experience the pleasure of a thing well done when you embroider with Brainerd & Armstrong, Asiatic Dye Silk...



ADAMSON'S BOTANIC BALSAM. CROUP is the most deadly of all diseases of children.

When You Want a Real Tonic 'ST. AGUSTINE' ask for (Registered Brand) of Pelee Wine.

E. G. SCOVIL, 62 Union Street. BOURBON. THOS. L. BOURKE

Fry's Cocoa advertisement featuring an illustration of a child and text describing the product's quality and availability.

Advertisement for soap or cleaning product, partially cut off.

Advertisement for 'Own' brand soap, mentioning 'soft and grace in entrance'.

Advertisement for 'For Men' medicine, listing ailments like 'cough, cold, etc.' and 'all Druggists'.

Advertisement for 'NEWTON'S COLORS' and 'DR. CHASE'S' medicine.

Advertisement for 'WEAK MAN' medicine, describing symptoms like 'backache' and 'weakness'.

Advertisement for 'NOTICE' regarding a meeting of the 'sharps'.

Advertisement for 'MANY A WOMAN'S LIFE' medicine, featuring an illustration of a woman and text describing its benefits for women's health.

Success. The concert given in the Wesleyan Memorial hall on Thursday evening was a marked success.

Mr. and Mrs. Robert McFee were pleasantly surprised Friday evening by a number of friends from St. John's.

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Large advertisement for 'DR. CHASE'S' medicine, titled 'Pains in the Back' and 'That Mere Kidney Remedies Could Not Reach—The Liver as Well as the Kidneys were Diseased'.

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Advertisement for 'Scribner's FOR 1900' magazine, listing authors like 'J. M. BARRIE' and 'THEODORE ROOSEVELT'.

Advertisement for 'Victoria Hotel' located at 21 to 27 King Street, St. John's.

Advertisement for 'CAFÉ ROYAL' located at 86 Prince Wm. St., St. John's.

Advertisement for 'Queen Hotel' located at Hollis Street, Halifax N.S.

Advertisement for 'Off!' silver-plated ware, featuring 'Wm. Rogers' brand and 'Simpson, Hall, Miller & Co.' as the dealer.

Advertisement for 'CALVERT'S CARBOLIC OINTMENT' for various ailments like 'rheumatism' and 'sprains'.

Advertisement for 'Good Paper AND Good Ink' by 'Progress Job Printing, St. John, N. B.'.

Advertisement for 'New York Millionaires' by 'George Skaller & Co.', listing 'BANKERS & BROKERS'.

Advertisement for 'Miss Jessie Campbell Whitlock, TEACHER OF PIANOFORTE'.

ST. JOHN, N. B., SATURDAY, MARCH 3, 1900.

ALL AROUND THE CITY

Items of Interest Gathered from All Over the City and Country.

THE "LAST CAR" CROWD.

The City Boys who Visit North End Girls and North End Boys who go to town.

"Well its the strangest thing to me," said an observant car conductor to Progress the other day, "how the North End boys persist in going to town in quest of sweethearts and the city fellows seek out their fair ladies from among the gentler ranks in old Portland."

No sooner do we get under way again until the power is off, and a delegation from the vicinity of Main street church joins the party. Adelaide street and its locality yields a goodly crop of beaux, but Douglas Avenue breaks all records.

Every fellow is of course in elegant humor and some good old times they have all to themselves until town is reached, joking one another about bent collars, mussed hair or a twisted necktie.

When Douglas Avenue is passed the cars is slowed up at Elm street, at Harrison and then at Portland. Still they come and do not until the transfer station is reached do the North End invaders cease climbing aboard.

Union street and a few get off foot of King street and a half dozen more depart. Before the car circles South End some of the North End boys take passage after bidding a prolonged adieu to their sweethearts, than the city boys are privileged to do.

"Uncle" Henry Akerley.

One of Indiantown's landmarks is "Uncle" Henry Akerley. He is now upwards of eighty five years of age and still his plentiful looks are only sparsely commingled with grey, retaining a predominance of the dark auburn shade.

town, though the big fire did its best to shake its foundation, and Indiantown will continue to be Indiantown as long as "Uncle" Henry Akerley and a few other old time residents are above ground to preserve the folklore of that extreme end of town.

Where are Those St. John Boers?

Ever since Lord Roberts' clever strategy has been bearing fruit on the South Africa fields the pro-Boers of St. John and elsewhere have been as mutes. They suddenly found their quietus in the relief of Kimberley, the aggressive pursuit of Cronje, Buller's Ladysmith operations and finally the surrender of the Boer general on Monday.

How do you pronounce Cronje?

How do you pronounce Cronje? Is it Cronje, Kronje, Kronj or Cronnes? This poor, unfortunate Boer general, if he only knew to what extent his questionable name is being mispronounced, and the agony inflicted thereby upon a long-suffering world, he would undoubtedly from a standpoint of humanity set the matter aright, as wisely as he surrendered on Monday last for the same noble cause.

Good Times for Millmen.

It is going to be a "good times" summer with North End millmen and mill employees in general. The lumber market prices are high and the demand for that principal product is decidedly brisk and promises to be so all summer.

Another "Court's Block."

Messrs. Court, owners of the big block of buildings in Indiantown known as Court's Block before the big fire of last May, have decided to rebuild in the spring. This settles the question whether or not the square of land upon which the old block stood is to be used for public purposes or not.

A Rare Treat Indeed.

Persons who did not take advantage of the opportunity afforded this week of seeing the Biograph pictures in the Institute missed a rare treat indeed. The arrival of General Buller at Capetown, of Lord Kitbner in England after his Soudan campaign and the moving pictures of England's best regiments on parade, were scenes of course just as they really were, as cameras are not in the habit of lying.

educating in themselves, and all needed to make the surroundings complete was the fresh air to breathe, and sound. The instrument photographing the scenery being in front of the train, the onlooker is carried forward with a delightful train motion viewing the landscape as if really aboard the train. The pictures were brought here through the instrumentality of Col. Markham for the benefit of the contingent fund, and if the venture was not productive of extraordinary finances, it was a much appreciated entertainment by those who attended.

J. NOEL SCOVIL IN PARIS.

A St. John Boy Studying Art Successfully in the Gay French Capital.

J. Noel Scovil, a St. John boy, son of Mrs. D. P. Chisholm and who of late years has shown no little talent in the line of illustration art work, is soon to arrive home from his studies in the famous Julien School in Paris, where he has been for over a year past judging from samples of his work sent home Noel has certainly improved most wonderfully during his comparatively short stay abroad and it augurs well for his success in newspaper illustration, which line of work he first intends entering.

The sample sketches sent home by Noel are in pencil, pen and ink, and water colors, and cover a wide range of subjects, including architecture, portraits, book covers, poster painting, unique lettering etc., and are well worth seeing. His subjects are mostly Parisian and some humorous sketches of himself and other familiar faces speak well for his prospects in cartooning and caricaturing.

On December 13th last the American Art Association, of which Noel is a member, held a minstrel performance, our St. John friend being among what the elaborate programme called "chord-weavers,"—the general chorus. The American Art Association efforts to American Canadian and English art students a place of meeting, opportunities for culture and recreation, facilities for the promotion of good-fellowship, the advantages of organized effort and a stimulus to sustain attachment to home and country. In its clubhouse at 2 Impasse de Conti in Paris, with the well-stocked library and bright reading rooms, commodious parlors where the exhibitions and art entertainment are held and the good, but moderate priced restaurant, it has already made a fair start toward achieving this no small object. Its great American citizen John Wanamaker is its founder.

Our young townsman writes home most interestingly of the gay French capital, letters which will appear later in Progress along with samples of his latest and best work.

Naturally our common legislators thought \$15 000 chilly dollars a tidy sum for any such delicacy as an open spot in Indiantown and promptly dismissed the idea. Now Messrs. Court will rebuild.

"Hello Girl," Were Busy.

It is doubtful if there is a class of workaday people in the whole city who come in for more unkind words and thoughts than do the young ladies of the Central telephone office. Just because "central" can't give each and every person the connections they want at the very moment they "ring up" it's all blamed on the overworked operator in the office of wires and batteries. On Tuesday, especially in the morning when the good war news arrived, it seemed, so says the chief operator as if the whole town were calling up a number. Everybody wanted to learn of Cronje's capture and for an hour or so a full staff of "hello girls," with two assistants tailed in a certain degree to give fullest satisfaction, not because the staff was insufficient, but owing to the overpowering number of calls and counter calls all at once. The wires veritably hummed with interjections and the newspaper and telegraph offices were bothered beyond description. However the news was not long in being spread into the uttermost parts of the town, and as far the suburban telephone system extended. So don't blame "central" friends, if on a day like Tuesday you have to wait your turn at the phone.

Progress Pressmen Celebrate.

Shortly after the glad news of General Cronje's capture swept St. John in a tornado of enthusiasm the employees of Progress pressroom celebrated the event by tapping a barrel—of ink.

A Careful Decision.

The precise value of relationship in determining what degree of intimacy should prevail between strangers was recently determined 'up country' by a decision of Uncle Hiram's which has been printed in the New York World. A stranger stopped his backboard before the gate and called out, "How be ye?" in a cheerful voice.

Uncle Hiram surveyed the outfit suspiciously from where he sat on the farmhouse steps, waiting for dinner.

"Wa-al, he replied, slowly, 'I dunno as I need any elixer o' life or sure cure fer consumption.'"

"I aint no patent med'cine vender. I'm—" began the stranger.

"Nor lightning rods aint a fav'rite investment o' mine," broke in Uncle Hiram.

"I tell ye I'm—" again the stranger started to explain.

"And I've got all the books I want. Got more readin' than I ken 'tend ter since that encyclopedyer teller roped me in," added Uncle Hiram.

"I aint no book agent," said the stranger. "I'm—"

"Nuther do I hold by patent plows, nor churns, nor win'mills, nor nothin'," interrupted Uncle Hiram.

"I aint sellin' nothin'; I'm sorter a cousin of yours," announced the stranger, with desperate rapidity.

"Ye be?" queried Uncle Hiram, doubtfully.

"I be," affirmed the stranger. "My maw's cousin' Amander Meddergrass, married a uncle o' yours, Sils Harrower."

"Ye-as, I've hearn tell o' something' like that," acknowledged Uncle Hiram. "Wa-al, put yer boss in the barn; that's good enough for dinner, but ye can't stay all night on it, mind ye."

China's Underdeveloped Resources.

An indication of some of the important industrial effects which may be expected to follow the opening up of China, is given in recent reports concerning the Chinese tree called the "tu chung." Both French and English botanists assert that this tree contains a valuable substance resembling rubber, or gutta-percha. Mr. Weiss, of Owens college, believes that the substance is a true esoucheou, and that the tree will become of great economic importance.

CAUGHT IN A LAVA STREAM.

The Perilous Experience of an English Mountaineer-Climber.

Mr. A. R. Watson, an English mountaineer-climber, recently had a very remarkable experience on the great Hawaiian volcano, Manna Loa, which he ascended with a party of five, with guides, a pack mule train and a week's provisions. His story of the ascent is told in the London Daily Mail.

Mr. Watson had spent a night with his party on the mountain, and at noon on the following day was engaged in exploring the southern lava stream which finds its way down the side of the volcano. With no thought of danger he wandered entirely away from his friends and the guides.

Coming to the broad lava stream, he sat down under the shelter of a promontory of rocks, and gazed upon the great slow river of fire flowing before him. It followed a straight course down the mountain, while, at some distance below, it entered a thicket of trees which seemed as he watched it through his glass, to have remarkable powers of resisting combustion from the lava.

He continued thus until almost night-fall, when he started to return to camp. As he turned, leaving the lava stream at his back, he saw another stream before him. He thought at first that he had been gazing so long at the Molten river that it had caused him to see lava in whatever direction he looked and he walked on, expecting to find hard ground still beneath his feet. But he soon perceived that he was between two lava streams, one of which cut him off from camp.

What had happened was this: While Mr. Watson had been sitting beneath the rock, the stream of lava had widened. The rock that sheltered him had divided it, and it was now flowing down to his left as well as to his right.

Then it occurred to him that he could go down the streams, and doubtless get around the head of the new one, and so escape. But before he had gone far he discovered that the new stream united with the old one a short distance farther down the mountain.

Mr. Watson was now, therefore, on an island of solid ground, with a river of fire all around him. He looked about in despair. As he did so, his eyes fell on the patch of woods below, which he had already noticed as evidently possessing the property of resisting the fire in some way. He ran to this, and perceived that some of the trees were not very large.

Drawing a small knife from his pocket, he heaved with it at the base of one of the smaller trees, intending to make a stilt on which to walk through the lava. It was ironwood, so called, and resisted his small knife blade almost like iron.

He backed on and on. Luckily the lava stream did not approach and more closely at this point. Night had now fallen, and as the lurid glare of the fire stream shut out distant objects on the mountain, he resolved to spend the night in making a pair of stilts, and in the morning to attempt an escape.

By daybreak his stilts, very heavy, very green, but with good fire-resisting qualities, were ready. He mounted them, and started straight through the lava stream. The stilts smoked and sizzled, but did not burn. The heat was frightful, blistering his face and hands. Summoning up his endurance, he walked deliberately on—for to hasten might mean a misstep, and a misstep would mean a fall, and a fall instant death.

He did not fall, and at last he came near the farther edge of the stream. There to his great joy, he saw people awaiting him. His friends had come in search of him, and encountering the lava stream had conjectured that he was beyond it.

Seeing him approaching, they met him at its very edge. As he reached out to them, one of his stilts burned entirely off, but as he fell he was caught and pulled to the solid ground. He was somewhat severely but not fatally burned, and in a rancher's house received care and surgical attention.

Curious Wanderings of Smoke.

During the volcanic eruption in the Hawaiian Islands last summer, the smoke rose to a height of between five and six miles, and then drifted away to the north-east. At a distance of 600 miles from Hawaii it settled upon the service of the sea, and was then carried back by the northeast wind to its place of origin, where it arrived a fortnight after its original departure, and covered the entire group of islands with its heavy pall.

Sunday Reading

The governor of the state of New York, Theodore Roosevelt, is a soldier and a statesman. He has written an article on Oliver Cromwell for Scribners and his views differ so materially from many that they are worth reproducing:—

“The religious element entered into everything Cromwell did, mixing curiously with his hard common sense and practical appreciation of worldly benefits. It appears in all his letters and speeches. Such a letter as he wrote to the Speaker of the House after the storming of Bristol is in thought and manner more akin to the writings of some old Hebrew prophet than to those of any conqueror before or after Cromwell’s time. It is saturated, not merely with biblical phraseology, but with biblical feeling, all the glory being ascribed to God, and the army claiming as their sole honor that God had vouchsafed to use them in His service, and that by faith and prayer they had obtained the favor of the Most High. It is impossible for a fair minded and earnest man to read Cromwell’s letters and reports after action, and the prayers he made and the psalms he chose to read and to give out before action and no doubt the intensity of the man’s religious fervor. In our day such utterances would be hypocritical. Almost the only modern generals in whom they would have been the sincere expression of inward belief were Stonewall Jackson and Gordon; and the times had changed so utterly that even they could not possibly give utterance to them as Cromwell did. But, in Cromwell’s time, the most earnest Puritans thought as he did and expressed their thought as he did. That such expressions should lend itself very readily to hypocrisy, was inevitable; indeed, it was perhaps inevitable that the habitual use of such expression should breed somewhat of hypocrisy in almost any user. The incessant employment by Cromwell and his comrades of the word ‘saints,’ to distinguish themselves and those who thought like them, is particularly objectionable in its offensive self consciousness.

Such Men Are Always Dangerous. There were much more extreme and dangerous groups than the mere Republicans; groups of men in whom the desire for religious, political, and moral reform had overstepped the broad, but not always clearly marked, border line which divides sane and healthy fervor from fanaticism. In such troublous times small sects and parties of extremists swarm. Already the foundations were laid for the Fifth Monarchy men, the men who believed that the times were ripe for the installation of the last great world monarchy the monarchy of which the Savior himself was to be Ruler; the men who shouted for King Jesus, and were ferociously opposed to everybody who would not advocate the immediate introduction into all Mundane affairs of Heaven’s law, as the Fifth Monarchy men chose to interpret it. Of course, men of this type are always to be found in every free government, and aside from their peculiar notions, they may have excellent traits. In peaceful times and places like the United States at the present day, they merely join little extreme parties, and run small, separate tickets on Election Day, thereby giving aid, comfort, and amusement to the totally unregenerate. In times of great political convulsion, when the appeal to arms has been made, these harmless bodies may draft into their ranks—as the Fifth Monarchy men did—ferocious and dangerous spirits, ever ready to smite down with any weapons the possible good, because it is not the impossible best. When this occurs, they need to be narrowly watched. There are many good people who find it difficult to keep in mind the obvious fact that, while extremists are sometimes men who are in advance at all, but simply to one side or the other of a great movement, or even lagging behind it, or trying to pilot it in the wrong direction.

Governor Roosevelt has no Patience With Making a Martyr of Charles I. Justice was certainly done, and until the death penalty is abolished for all male factors, we need waste scant sympathy on the man who so hated the upholders of freedom that his vengeance against Eliot could be satisfied only with Eliot’s death; who so utterly lacked loyalty that he signed the death-warrant of Strafford when Strafford had merely done his bidding; who had made the blood of Englishmen flow like water to establish his right to rule as he saw best over their lives and property; and who, with incurable duplicity, incurable double-dealing, had sought to

THE FAT IN

the food supplies warmth and strength; without it the digestion, the muscles, the nerves and the brain are weak, and general debility follows. But fat is hard to digest and is disliked by many. Scott's Emulsion supplies the fat in a form pleasant to take and easy to digest. It strengthens the nerves and muscles, invigorates mind and body, and builds up the entire system.

turn the generosity of his victorious foes to their own hurt. Any man who has ever had anything to do with the infliction of the death penalty, or indeed, with any form of punishment, knows that there are sentimental beings so constituted that their sympathies are always most keenly aroused on behalf of the offender who pays the penalty for a deed peculiar atrocity. The explanation probably is that the more conspicuous the crime the more their attention is arrested, and the more acute their manifestations of sympathy become. At the time when the great bulk even of civilized mankind believed in the right of a king, not merely to rule, but to oppress, the action struck horror throughout Europe. Even Republican Holland was stirred to condemnation, and as the king was the symbol of the State, and as custom dies hard, generations passed during which the great majority of good and loyal, but not particularly far sighted or deep thinking men, spoke with intense sympathy of Charles, and with the most sincere horror of the regicides, especially Cromwell. This feeling was most natural then. It may be admitted to be natural in certain Englishmen, even at the present day. But what shall we say of Americans who now take the same view; who erect stained glassed windows in a Philadelphia church to the memory of the ‘Royal Martyr,’ or in New York or Boston hold absurd festivals in his praise?

Cromwell Would Have Saved Charles if he Could. Cromwell did his best to stop the Revolution at the point it had now reached. For months he endeavored to make terms with the King on the conditions outlined above; and he not only put a stop to the extreme democratic agitation of the Levellers and refused to further the plan for a republican commonwealth, but, with prompt severity, repressed a mutiny that broke out under the cry of ‘England’s Freedom and Soldiers’ Rights.’ He disregarded the grumbling of the army until he became convinced that Charles was incurably false, incurably treacherous, and untrustworthy, and was fomenting a counter-revolution. Then Cromwell turned from him with loathing, and made up his mind to trust to the sword, and to strike down anyone, even the King himself, if the need warranted it.

Cornish Miners. One of the most memorable sights in Cornwall is an ascent of miners witnessed from one of the platforms of the man engine. To the rhythmic beat of that strange machine, one by one the ochreous figures rise from the abyss, step off and on, singing as they file past. One is sure to find that it is a hymn these rough miners sing, and the chorus rises from below, and descends from above, blending with the beat of the shifting platform into an awe-inspiring melody. That men who work far below the depths of the sea, in hourly danger from flood and fire damp and dynamite, should have highly developed religious feeling is not to be wondered at. In each escape from death they distinctly feel the finger of God. The story of Verran is known all over Cornwall. He and his mate were working far below the surface, putting in blasts. Suddenly it was noticed that a ‘hole’ was about to explode prematurely.

In that narrow drift, only one of the two men could be saved. Verran, without a moment’s hesitation, sent his comrade to the surface, and flung himself upon his knees in prayer, expecting death. The explosion wrecked the drift. Huge rocks were flung up and down, entirely around the kneeling miner. They made an arch over his figure, protecting him from the flying and falling debris. He was found upon his knees, unable to move—but safe! To the mind of every Cornishman this was an interposition of providence. None of us can dispute their sub-

lime belief. In September, 1893, a ‘run’ took place in one of the mines, and entombed eight men more than half a mile beneath the surface. When such an accident occurs, rescue is almost hopeless, for the ‘run’ is so sudden that there is rarely any escape. In this case a relief party, after forty-eight hours of terrible effort, heard a voice. It was that of a young man named Osborne. ‘Who is with you?’ the rescuers asked eagerly. In solemn, muffled tones the answer came back: ‘Nobody here but God and myself.’ At intervals Osborne was heard to say this, and nothing more: ‘Praise the Lord!’ Gradually the voice became fainter, and when the rescuers reached him, they found his body crushed almost to shapelessness. It is worth going to the depths of the earth to find such beautiful acceptance of death. But the moment will come to every mortal when he must realize the young miner’s words: ‘Nobody here but God and myself.’ Well for him it he has tested beforehand the worth of an Almighty companion, Whom he can revere as Patron lean upon as a Friend.

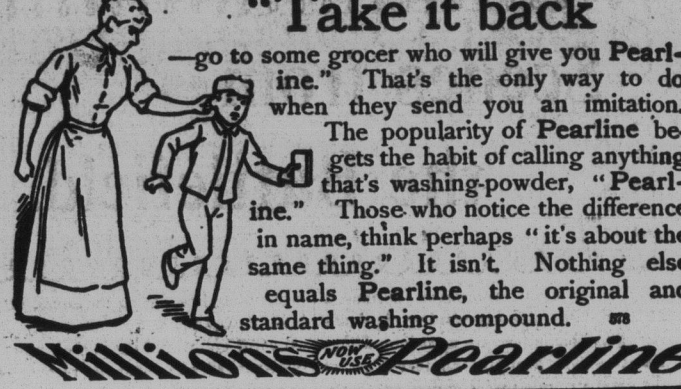
Divine Aid in Battle. God is not always with the strongest battalions—the race is not always to the swift nor the battle to the strong. The triumphs of days are not the victory of years, and the advantage of one moment may only add to the confusion which is to follow. Napoleons may glory in an Ansterlitz, but the future has in store for them a Waterloo. The prayers which God heeds are not answered in a day. Years may be needed to bring the plans of the Infinite to fruition.—Boston Journal.

Rug, Mat and Carpet Makers. Always Use the Diamond Dyes. They Give the Richest Most Brilliant and Most Lasting Colors. Ninety five per cent. of the rugs and other materials used in the manufacture of home-made mats, rugs and carpets are colored by the Diamond Dyes. Why? Because the Diamond Dyes always give to cotton, wool and union materials the fullest, brightest, richest and most lasting colors; sun, soap or washing cannot fade Diamond Dye colors. Mrs. D. Davidson, Covey Hill, P. Q., writes thus: ‘I have been using your Diamond Dyes for many years, and they have always given entire satisfaction. To-day we emptied two packets of your dyes and I am obliged to buy more, as we are making sixty yards of rug carpet. I have used your cotton colors and I think they are beautiful. The colors in my carpet—black, green, red and yellow—are rich. I cannot sufficiently praise Diamond Dyes; all my neighbors speak well of them.

The Coming Eclipse. Astronomers are now busy with their preparations for observing the eclipse of the sun, which will occur on the morning of Monday, May 28th, and will be total along a track varying from forty to fifty miles in width, and extending from New Orleans to Norfolk. From there the shadow will cross the ocean, will traverse the Spanish Peninsula, leap over the Mediterranean to Algiers, and finally leave the earth not far from ancient Thebes. Before reaching the United States it will have come across Mexico and the Gulf, its entire path being over seven thousand miles in length. It is now more than thirty years since a total eclipse of the sun last visited the

LAXA LIVER PILLS. You can't be healthy if your bowels are constipated and your system clogged with poisonous material. There should be a natural movement every day, and the best way to secure it is to take Laxa-Liver Pills. The most obstinate cases yield to their action. They neither gripe, sicken nor weaken, are easy to take and prompt to act.

CURE CONSTIPATION. Dr. Wood's Norway Pine Lungs and Coughs and Colds of the worst kind after other remedies fail. Pleasant to take. Price 50c.



“Take it back” go to some grocer who will give you Pearl-ine. That's the only way to do when they send you an imitation. The popularity of Pearl-ine begets the habit of calling anything that's washing-powder, “Pearline.” Those who notice the difference in name, think perhaps “it's about the same thing.” It isn't. Nothing else equals Pearl-ine, the original and standard washing compound.

Atlantic coast of America, in 1869; nor will the thing occur again until 1925. At any given point, therefore, such events are extremely rare, and for this reason, if no other, are of great interest. Even to the non-astronomical observer the phenomenon is perhaps the most impressive that the heavens ever present; the moon slowly and inexorably creeping over the face of the moon, the gathering gloom, the swiftly advancing shadow, the sudden darkness of the jet-black disk, set around with the solar prominences like blazing rubies, and surrounded by the lovely radiance of the coronas, with its streamers of pearly light, and then, all too soon, the flashing outburst of light and day, and the restoration of the world to its accustomed aspect. It is a glorious sight, not to be missed if its seeing is possible; once seen, never to be forgotten. To the astronomer it is much more—a precious opportunity; for then, during a few moments,—about ninety seconds in this case—he is permitted to study the surroundings of the sun as he never can at other times. All along the track observers will be stationed with telescopes, cameras, spectrometers, photometers and other appliances with which they hope, perhaps, to win some new discovery concerning the mysteries which involve the great star that rules our system. The selection of stations is of course mainly governed by weather probabilities. The data for the last three years carefully gathered by the weather bureau, indicate that the chances are best near the boundary between Alabama and Georgia; but there are several points in North and South Carolina where they are nearly as good, while the duration of the totality will be some ten seconds longer—an important difference for the astronomer. Near the coast, where the duration is longest, the chances are poor.

Went to be Shod. A remarkable instance of horse sense was exhibited at the Russell stables Tuesday, says the Pittsfield Journal. They have at that stable a horse which was purchased from ex-Senator Dawes known as the Dawes mare, and injured on the baggage wagon running from the hotel to the depot. Tuesday morning, the old horse was taken out of the stable and on the way to the depot she slipped on the ice and fell. Again during the morning hours about town the horse slipped on the ice. At noon the horse was unhitched and sent into her stall for her midday meal. She is never hitched, and when the men looked for her to make the one o'clock trip to the station she was nowhere to be found. Toward three o'clock, however, she appeared at the stable trotting in briskly and looking around, went into her stall. It was discovered that she had been newly shod, and the employees made inquiry at the blacksmith shop and learned that the horse had arrived there a little after noon and had waited her turn for the shod. The men at the shop knew her and thought she had been left there by some one of the bootlers. The old Dawes mare is making her regular trip to the station today with new sharp corks, and she has won the hearts of every stable man by her knowledge of the right thing to do at the right time.

War on Billboards. The Art Association of Chicago has declared war on the billboards, and an active campaign to secure their removal from residence neighborhoods will be undertaken. A committee will fire the first gun. The committee intends to begin by asking out-of-town and non-resident property-owners to have billboards on their property removed. The next move will be to secure the enforcement of present city ordinances. It is said the ordinances are being violated, and if the violators are forced to comply with the letter of the law many of the objectionable signs will have to go. If the ordinance do not cover the subject to the satisfaction of the committee the city council will be appealed to for new legislation. The billboards particularly aimed at are those in the residence neighborhoods. The members of the Art

Association committee declare that these boards, with their stencil lettering and hand-painted figures, are a menace to the city's reputation as an art center. Published for Fourteen Hundred Years. The oldest newspaper in the world is not, as is generally stated, the thousand-year-old ‘Kin Pan’ of Peking, but the ‘Taing-Pao’ or ‘Pekin News,’ which was first published more than five hundred years before the Norman Conquest, and which has been published without intermission for nearly fourteen hundred years. The ‘Taing Pao’ has the appearance of a yellow backed magazine of twenty four octavo pages, each page containing seven columns, each column consisting of seven ‘characters.’ To additions are published—an edition de luxe for the court and the upper classes in China, at a cost of twenty-four cents a month; and an inferior in paper and printing, which costs sixteen cents a month. The ‘Taing-Pao’ is the Court Gazette of China, and chronicles the health and movements of the Emperor, the life at court, and the reports of ministers.—Collier's Weekly.

A BIG NAME. Given to Kidney Disease by a Doctor Who Failed Where Dodd's Kidney Pills Succeeded. Case of Thomas Harrison of St. Mary's— Actually Urinated Blood—Three Boxes of Dodd's Kidney Pills Worked a Radical Cure. St. Mary's, N. B., Feb. 26,—Mr. Thomas Harrison of this place is a living testimony to the power of that famous remedy Dodd's Kidney Pills. He is in perfect health and strength and says himself that he owes his present state to Dodd's Kidney Pills. Some years ago Mr. Harrison was taken ill. He began to suffer with pain in the back accompanied by a lethargy impossible to overcome. These are the inevitable symptoms of Kidney disease and Mr. Harrison grew alarmed. He consulted a physician of Fredericton who gave the trouble a very learned name but utterly failed to give Mr. Harrison any relief. In spite of his treatment the patient grew worse. At last the most serious stage possible was reached. Mr. Harrison began to pass bloody urine. It was at this time Mr. Harrison was told of Dodd's Kidney Pills. An anxious friend who had heard of this remedy and knew personally of cures made by it, advised him to try Dodd's Kidney Pills. Mr. Harrison was skeptical of patent medicines, but was, however, finally prevailed upon to take Dodd's Kidney Pills. Dodd's Kidney Pills have the reputation of curing all diseases of, and resulting from, the Kidneys, Bright's Disease, Diabetes, Rheumatism, Heart Disease, Dropsy, Bladder and Urinary Complaints. Women's Weakness and Impurities of the Blood all come under the head of Kidney Disease and Dodd's Kidney Pills cure each and all of these complaints invariably. Mr. Harrison had only used one box when he passed an immense stone which had formed in the bladder. This stone is at present in the possession of a doctor who had interested himself in observing the workings of Dodd's Kidney Pills. Mr. Harrison felt relief at once after passing the stone. The blood ceased to come with the urine and the pain in the back grew less severe. After three boxes of the pills Mr. Harrison was completely cured. ‘Judge of my gratitude for my escape thus promptly and safely,’ he writes. ‘Having taken only three boxes of Dodd's Kidney Pills I am most happy to say that I am completely cured with no sign of any return of the trouble.’

GROUPS, COUGHS AND COLDS are all quickly cured by Ferry-Federal. It lessens the cough almost instantly, and cures readily the most obstinate cold. Manufactured by the proprietors of Ferry Davis' Pain-Killer.

Why is the official paper of a political party called an ‘organ’? Probably because it's generally run by a crank.

Scenes from the Battlefield.

With its usual enterprise Scribner's Magazine has a correspondent in South Africa and his letters are most interesting. Extracts from them give another view of the great struggle that is going on there. Among other things he writes:

Why Lord Methuen started from Orange River with so small a force of cavalry over a country which is peculiarly adapted to cavalry tactics, it is difficult to say. The Ninth Lancers were fairly worn out with scouting duty before they left the camp at Orange River, and were not fit to do more than the ordinary routine of divisional cavalry. There was a fairly large force of mounted infantry, but to say that they were irregular in putting it mildly, and many of them had to be left to do patrol work en route.

Possibly the meagre accounts of the enemy's force between the Orange River and the Modder strengthened the general in his determination to move immediately without waiting for the luxuries of cavalry and horse artillery. More probably still the composition of the flying column was due to the personal character of Lord Methuen, who is a hard-fighting man of what is called in America the "got-there" type, a leader who is not apt to spare his men if the end can be seen to justify the means. It may be, too, that he started with a little of the British inclination to underestimate the enemy; at least it is certain that he had not calculated upon their extraordinary mobility. He had been told that the enemy could not stand cold steel, which is doubtless true; he argued, therefore, that the bayonet was the best weapon for attack. Only one engagement was needed to show him that to order a bayonet charge is one thing, to carry it out against the Boer is another and totally different matter. It may sound like prophesying after the event to say here and now, after the march to Modder River that Methuen's division should never have started with so small a force of cavalry. But as a matter of fact the deficiency was much commented upon before the column ever left Orange River, and doubtless the general himself was most conscious of it.

Photographing a Fight.

Many people have had ideas of photographing a battle. A photograph of this battle would reveal nothing but a bare stretch of veldt with a line of willows and poplars in the background. Not a Boer could be seen, and even our own men were almost invisible as they lay there in sand-colored khaki, keeping a liberal five paces apart—only here and there where a slight undulation gave a precarious cover could one see the khaki backs clustered together like a swarm of locusts on the plain.

Personally, having been fortunate enough to find a small ant-hill for my head protection, I endeavored to take a few snapshots with a kodak, not because there was anything to take but in order to give some idea of the bare aspect of a modern battle-field, but I am free to confess that to let go the shutter and still keep one's head behind an ant-heap proved so difficult an operation that it was a pure matter of chance whether I photographed the veldt or the sky. The incessant whistle of bullets is not good for photography, though curiously enough, it encourages sleep. Many men dozed off that morning under the rays of a particularly insistent sun, only to be awakened by the bursting of a big shell or the repeated reports of a most disagreeable quick-firing gun employed by the enemy with equal impartiality against our firing-line and our hospital wagons. All the morning the one cheering note was the incessant reports of our own field pieces and naval guns. Early in the day the two field batteries had moved round from our extreme right and came up in the centre just a little to the east of the railway and did most magnificent work.

The Boer Mansera.

Anyone who walked upright within two miles of the river was a target for the Boer marksmen, whose Mansera rifles seemed to have an enormous range. Some idea, perhaps, of this range may be gathered from the fact that in walking directly back from our rear line one had to traverse a mile and a half of veldt before the bullets ceased to throw up the dust in his neighborhood. It was obviously impossible to get stretchers up to the wounded

in the firing-line during the hours of daylight, though the men of the army Medical corps did everything in their power for the wounded who could be recovered. It was simply suicide to walk about for long behind our lines, for the Boers, during the whole day, never lost an opportunity of aiming at anyone who even got up and took a sitting position. From two to three the fog again slackened, and during the rest of the day the Boers, behind their trenches, only shot at definite marks, as if they, too, were afraid of their ammunition going short. About 3.45, one of their big guns opened again, just to the west of the railway, trying to reach our naval guns. The shots were quite harmless, for the Boers were using black powder and the white puff of smoke could be seen long before the shell came, giving anyone who was in the line of fire plenty of time to escape. Moreover, the smoke made a splendid target, so that our field-pieces got the range at once and very soon put the Boer gun out of action. Then they started on the east of the railway with a gun posted between the river and the station; but that, too, was very soon quieted by our shrapnel.

All day long the Boers had used very little shrapnel, having but small quantities of that commodity, so that their shell fire was not nearly so destructive as it might have been. I doubt if they had more than six, or, at the outside, eight, big guns; but they were managed by the German Albrecht, who kept his men splendidly in hand. Using common shell, they only fired when they had a definite target, and their marksmanship was admirable.

AS SEEN FROM THE BANKS.

Member of the Inniskilling Regiment Writes of Buller's Defeat at Colenso.

A letter received a few days ago by a New Yorker from a cousin in the Inniskilling Regiment in South Africa describes, first-atttempt to cross the Tugela. The letter is dated Frere Camp, Jan. 1, and is in part as follows:

Our brigade, consisting of the Connaught Rangers, Dublin Fusiliers, the Border Regiment, and ourselves was on the left flank and centre. Our regiment was on the extreme left, and we were marched to within a thousand yards of the Boer position, in column, before a Long Tom let fly a shell at us. We were ordered to lie down, and, after a bit, the word to extend was given. My company was on the left of the lot, and I think we must have doubled at least a mile before we got extended and lay down, the shells and shrapnel hurrying us up.

We lay on the side of a hill, right opposite the Boer position, without any kind of shelter, at a distance of between 800 and 900 yards. I raised myself on my elbows and watched the duel which began between our artillery and the enemy's. Some of the shells passing over my head, but most to the centre and right flank. It was a grand sight, the guns flashing all kinds of colors; and high columns of white smoke rose every place the Lyddite shells burst from our naval guns. The roar of the big guns and the continual rattle of the Maxims and Nordfeldts, &c., were tremendous. I could see perfectly where our shells burst, as there was hardly any

smoke except from the Boer guns, on each side of which the shells landed without putting them out of action.

"I had come to the conclusion that the main body of the enemy was on the other side of the hills, as I had not seen one of them, except a squadron of horse who galloped toward the fort from the river, after the first shell was fired, and narrowly escaped our shells. I was waiting till our guns had silenced the Long Tom and we could get our pontoons fixed and cross the river, when I heard a rattle of musketry right in front of me, and the bullets began to whiz over my head. I looked in front and right and left, but could see no enemy, and, not knowing that the Boers had trenches at the base of the hill, I was pezzed and thought the fire came from the top of the hills opposite. There was nothing to do, but lie as flat as we could, but, after a bit, an officer gave the order to fire at a plantation on the left, where he imagined the enemy were hidden. We blazed away for some time at random, but soon gave it up as waste of ammunition, and lay down again, several fellows getting hit while firing. The sun was blazing hot, and scorched me through the khaki, and between that and the bullets buzzing by ears I felt very uncomfortable, and longed for the word to advance, retreat, or anything but lie like a dummy target for an unseen marksman, expecting a bullet through the head every second. At about 2 o'clock we got the order from the general to retreat, having been under fire since 5.30 that morning. We had to retire half a mile to get to the top of the hill, and I felt so stiff and weak from lying so long in the sun that I could not double any distance, and had to walk the best part of the way.

The firing was bad enough before, but it was simply child's play to the fusillade that opened on us as we retired—Long Tom, howitzers, and machine guns, all joining in, and the bullets fairly hopped around us. We had nearly two hundred rounds of ammunition in our pouches, behind, which impeded our progress greatly. The latter were uncovered and shone in the sun like heliographs, and make a grand mark for the Boers, several fellows getting shot through them. I made for a K.affir kraal near the top of the hill, and lay down for a breather behind some prickly pears that inclosed it. I then got behind the kraal with a crowd of others, but a few shells burst close to us, and scattered us again. I looked back several times to see if the enemy were following us, in hopes that I might get a shot at them, as I felt mad at being peppered at so long without retaliating; but they kept well in the trenches, and their rifle carry four miles. After I got over the hills and out of their sight I felt comparatively safe, though the shells followed us nearly back to camp, and did a lot of damage, especially to our baggage wagons and artillery. Eleven of the guns having to be spiked and abandoned to the enemy, over fifty of the gunners being captured. The enemy had to abandon them, too, as our naval guns soon dispersed them; so they lay between the two of us till the artillery got some of them back that night.

I got down into a gully by the river, with what were left of my section, and we filled our water bottles and had a drink, and then lit our pipes and had a good smoke and rest, a shell screaming by us occasionally. We picked up with our company by degrees, and formed up under Major Saunders, who told us that the right flank had taken Colenso Bridge while we were drawing the fire; but, if they did so, they lost it again that night. Our losses altogether were about nine hundred killed and wounded, one hundred of whom were of our regiment, the Dublins over two hundred and fifty, and the Connaughts heavily, too.

The troops were disgusted and mad at having been led into such a trap, and no wonder. The Dublins actually tried to swim the river near the centre of the list, but a lot got drowned, the Boers having put barbed wire down the middle of it. The naval brigades were the only brasses who did any execution; and their Lyddite shells killed a great number in the trenches. The Boers sent in a flag of truce in the evening, asking for an armistice for twenty-four hours, to bury their dead. A Father Matthews, an army chaplain, who had fallen into their hands with the Glosters, was released and came with them; and he told our O. O. that the Boers must have lost between two and three thousand, and that the trenches were filled with dead and wounded. The Boers themselves own up to thirty casualties, but our papers have put it down as 800, which, I dare say, is nearer the mark.

I cannot make out the General's idea in bringing a large force of infantry into such a position, where they were practically useless; and exposing them to fire for nothing. We could not possibly charge the trenches

as the Tugela River is very wide and deep, and the pontoons could not be fixed on account of the heavy fire from the guns. The only theory I can form is that he thought the enemy had evacuated the position, as our naval guns had been shelling them the whole day before we advanced, without any reply from their guns; and they say that our native guide told us, and swore that the enemy had retired. Anyway, he made a bolt after the first shot was fired at us, and was promptly shot by one of the General's staff.

THE BOER CAPITAL.

Defences the Boers Have Erected at Bloemfontein and Pretoria.

Pretoria is the objective point which Gen. Lord Roberts has in view. Bloemfontein is on his direct route to the Transvaal capital and is also an important prize which he hopes to seize on his journey. It remains to be seen how effectively the Boers will contest his efforts to capture these cities.

Bloemfontein stands all exposed on the high plain or veldt with no natural barrier to the west between it and the advancing British forces. The surrounding country is dry and unfruitful. Stones thickly strew the plain outside the town and clumps of grass and low brush somewhat relieve the monotony of the almost level plain. In the town are many trees that partly hide from view most of the low, white buildings forming the larger part of the city. The official residence of the President is a fine building, but it is only two stories in height with room enough above, under its hip roof, for an expansive attic. No gunner outside the town can make it his special target. The capital, on the contrary, has an imposing tower and this building, with two or three schools and other structures similarly adorned, are the only edifices that attract attention as the city is approached from the direction whence the British forces are coming.

A little stream, at times almost waterless, flows through the city on its way to the Modder River. The streets are laid out with much regularity and the town covers quite a large area considering that its population is less than 4,000.

Though the town is naturally wide open on the side which the British are approaching, it is overlooked on the east and north-east by a long ridge 200 or 300 feet above the level of the plain. This ridge is one to one and a half miles from the outskirts of the city; and a little beyond the northern end of the ridge rises a kopje, a little lower in altitude. From these points of vantage the only good view of the town may be obtained; and on these elevations were reared the fortifications which the burghers of the Free State constructed, long ago, during the period of their serious differences with the British Government.

We have only recently heard that the Boers have built an elaborate system of earthworks for the defence of their town, but very little information on this matter has come to hand. There is every reason to suppose that the old fortifications on the ridge and the kopje have been placed in the most effective condition possible. If the Boers of the Free State intend to make a hard struggle to keep their capital the guns on the ridge may be used most advantageously to keep the British from closely approaching the town; but with guns of equal range the British may easily throw shells into the town and be out of reach of the cannon on the ridge behind it. In brief, the line of defence around Bloemfontein must be mainly a system of earthworks such as those that kept the Boers out of Kimberley during a siege of nearly four months.

The conditions are very different at Pretoria. Nature and science have made the capital of the Transvaal a very strongly fortified town. Unless the British come enough war by the time the British come within view of the hills around Pretoria, there is little doubt of their ability to make a stubborn last stand at the capital. The hills that hem in Pretoria on all sides are crowned with seven forts of much strength all built under the expert advice and direction of European military engineers. Two of these forts were completed between 1894 and 1896 and five of them have been built since the Jameson raid. They command every approach to the city. It may perhaps be unfortunate for the Boers if the British are acquainted with all the details of these forts and it is said that complete plans of them were in the possession of the British war office before the war began. There was a great deal of mystery about the work, but according to British authority two English engineering officers worked as navies in order to get an opportunity thoroughly to acquaint themselves with the construction and plan of the forts; and information was also obtained from other sources. However this may be, the British have no doubt that the forts were elaborately and strongly constructed. They are alike in their chief ex-

ternal features. They were built of masonry with cast-iron on the outer faces and their armament included much heavy ordnance and all the finest centimetre Creusot and rapid-fire guns that the Boers desired to place in position. The London Daily Mail, in some recent appreciative remarks on these fortifications said:

The forts are certainly elaborately furnished with all the requirements of modern warfare. Piles of sandbags are stacked up to the level of the encircling walls. A powerful searchlight in each fort is capable of sweeping the surrounding country for many miles. Telephone lines are laid between the forts and the Government buildings in Pretoria. There are large stocks of medicines (maise) ready for the eventuality of a siege. There is said to be communication by means of underground passages between the forts and the ammunition stores and magazines. Lastly, it is presumed that the approaches to the forts are mined in various directions.

Events will show whether the forts were despoiled of their armaments to meet the needs of the Boer cause in their investment of Ladysmith, Kimberly and Mafeking. For all that is known to the contrary every gun that was mounted around Pretoria is still in position, and there is no reason to doubt that this beautiful little city among the hills is prepared to stand a prolonged siege.

A Clergyman's Influence.

PAINE'S CELERY COMPOUND
Recommended by
Rev. C. M. Tyler, a Methodist
Minister of Nova Scotia.

It Saves the Life of Mr.
George W. Parks.

A Gain in Flesh of Thirty-two
Pounds in Three Weeks.

Amongst professional men who are active and ardent advocates of Paine's Celery Compound, clergymen are found who never weary in recommending the wonderful medicine to members of their churches who are ailing, sick and despondent.

The true and honest clergyman who has himself experienced the life-giving powers of Paine's Celery Compound—who has been raised from weakness of body to full health and vigor, feels it a duty to speak to others of the only true health and strength builder that the world has ever seen.

Mr. G. W. Parks, once near the dark grave, but rescued and saved by Paine's Celery Compound after failure of his doctors, sends the following letter:

"While at sea I was taken sick, which compelled me to abandon my work and seek home and rest. I consulted the doctors who pronounced it typhoid or slow fever. I suffered severely from night-sweats, and cold chills during the day. Added to this I was extremely nervous, which weakened me and reduced my flesh until I was a mere skeleton. This continued until last winter, when my wife and friends began to despair of my recovery, as the medicines I took produced no good, and I was gradually growing worse.

"Through the influence of the Rev. C. M. Tyler, I was induced to give Paine's Celery Compound a trial, and I can truly say it worked wonders. The first bottle gave me great relief, and five bottles completely cured me. I gained thirty-two pounds in three weeks, and am now strong and healthy. I would urge the suffering everywhere to give Paine's Celery Compound a trial."

The Problem of Polygamy.

"I'm sorry for Mr. Roberts of Utah," said Mr. Meekton thoughtfully.

"The idea!" exclaimed his wife. "I can't help it. The thought of that man having to go back to all those homes and break the news to all those wives, who were expecting to be in Washington society this winter—it's positively tragic!"

PLUM PUDDINGS AND MINCE PIES often have bad effects upon the small boy who ever indulges in them. Pain-Killer as a household medicine for all such ills is unequalled. Avoid substitutes, there is but one Pain-Killer, Perry Davis', 25c. and 50c.

Clerk—"You can't get these boots on. You should try a size larger."

O'Brien—"Niver de yer mind. O'll be able to get them on either O'll wear them a toin or two."

THE D. & L. EMULSION OF COD LIVER OIL may be taken with most beneficial results by those who are run down or suffering from after effects of the grippe. Made by Davis & Lawrence Co., Ltd.

Burdock Blood Bitters, The Best Spring Medicine.

Removes all poisons and impurities from the system.
Gives strength and vitality in place of weakness and languor.
The most wonderful blood purifier, restorative and strengthener known to science.
Mr. Geo. Heriot, Baillieboro, Ont., says: "Two years ago I was very poorly in the spring, had no appetite, felt weak and nervous, not able to work much and was tired all the time."
"I saw Burdock Blood Bitters highly recommended, so got a bottle."
"I started taking it, and inside of two months I was as well as ever I was in my life."
"I cheerfully recommend B. B. B. as a splendid blood purifier and spring medicine."

Frills of Fashion.

The season has attained every available height of success in dress and fashionable festivity, and now the days of penitence and renunciation are about to begin once again.

Winter fashions may be very fetching, and quite the acme of elegance, but it is the diaphanous tings for summer that have the greater attraction.

There are some misgivings about the plaited skirts for cloth gowns, as it is predicted that they will soon go out of fashion but all kinds and conditions of tucks will be the leading feature of thin gowns.

It is quite evident that the tuck skirt is going to prevail among the new thin gowns. All the new materials bend themselves very gracefully to this mode of treatment with the prettiest possible effect.

Other skirts are tucked in groups of three, five or seven very narrow tucks, with wide spaces between the groups running up and down above the ruffles.

Another feature of trimming mullin gowns is the use of very narrow Valenciennes lace insertion, both black and white being employed in the same gown in alternate rows.

There are some misgivings about the plaited skirts for cloth gowns, as it is predicted that they will soon go out of fashion but all kinds and conditions of tucks will be the leading feature of thin gowns.

Constipation, Headache, Biliousness, Heartburn, Indigestion, Dizziness,

Indicate that your liver is out of order. The best medicine to rouse the liver and cure all these ills, is found in

Hood's Pills

25 cents. Sold by all medicine dealers.

rows above three tiny ruffles, and a two inch space between them.

Alternate frills of black and white narrow edging are also used, one leaping a bit over the other. Narrow white Valenciennes insertion, with black velvet baby ribbon sewn flat on either edge, is very effective in some colors.

There are some misgivings about the plaited skirts for cloth gowns, as it is predicted that they will soon go out of fashion but all kinds and conditions of tucks will be the leading feature of thin gowns.

The new white pique skirts are very convincing representatives of the many variations in plaits and their continued popularity through the coming season as well.

Plaits of narrow lace insertion between are another element in the decoration of our new thin gowns. One pale blue organdie has a tunic skirt entirely composed of plaits three inches wide joined together by narrow Valenciennes insertion.

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entirely disappeared.

A desirable model for leonard silk or any of the new nuns' veiling and crepe materials, shows a skirt with two circular flounces, and a tunic overdress with a box plait in the back.

Summer gowns for children are blossoming out in the shops in a great profusion of pretty colorings and simple as well as elaborate effects.

Gathered skirts, which have never gone out of fashion in the children's department, are varied somewhat by using the plain narrow front, with two side plaits turning over it on either side and gathering the skirt the rest of the way around.

Guimpe necks and chemisette vests are the prevailing features of the waists, and the bertha capes for a finish around the yokes are quite as popular as ever.

FASHIONS IN MOURNING.

Such Brighter Effects Now Bought Than Formerly—Some Examples.

The degrees of dress for mourning have a significance which may be interpreted in various ways as the personal sentiment of the wearer may dictate, or as some recognition of one of the manifold conventions which hedge about a woman's life.

ROBINSON & CLEAVER BELFAST, IRELAND, AND 164, 166 and 170 REGENT STREET, LONDON, W. IRISH LINEN & DAMASK MANUFACTURERS. Household Linens From the Least Expensive to the FINEST in the WORLD.

features, which is a vast improvement. Women who know the becoming effect of dressing in the particular shade of colour which harmonizes with their complexion are quite as conscious of the fact that dull lustreless black is very trying to any but blonde beauty, and so the study of artistic becoming elements has wrought a welcome change in the general character of mourning gowns.

The character of the mourning worn is distinguished by the limitations of the dress allowance quite as much as any other influence. The widows mourning is supposed to be the deepest variety if she conforms to the conventional customs in this regard.

The new hats in sight show very decided crowns more or less high and sometimes broad, being made of fine straw plaited into form as it were cloth.

Among the novelties in neckwear is a narrow band of four silk covered cords stitched together, shaped a little to fit the lower edge of the collar band, and the ends about a quarter of a yard long, are braided in the four strands and three silk tassels are the finish at each end.

APIOL & STEEL PILLS A REMEDY FOR IRREGULARITIES. Superbly Bitter Apple, Fil Cocchi, Peppermint, etc.

quite up to date, and utter indifference as to their merits in that respect is a thing of the past. Crepe, fine silk grenadine and nun's veiling are the materials used for veils, and the widow's cap is a slender thread of white crepe inside of the small bonnet, which was once very flat and plain with only the veil for trimming.

The new hats in sight show very decided crowns more or less high and sometimes broad, being made of fine straw plaited into form as it were cloth.

Jackets for spring are very short and simple in style, finished with rows of stitching alone, or very narrow pipings with stitching above. Some of them are double-breasted, with handsome buttons for a finish.

The warp-proof silk squares for fancy waists are carrying all before them, and a matinee audience looks more than ever like a brilliant bouquet since these gorgeous waists have stormed the feminine heart.

USE THE GENUINE MURRAY & LANMAN'S FLORIDA WATER THE UNIVERSAL PERFUME FOR THE HANDKERCHIEF TOILET & BATH REFUSE ALL SUBSTITUTES

TO THE DEAF.—A sick lady, cured of her Deafness and Nerves in the Head by Dr. Nicholas' Anodyne. Her Druggist, has sent \$1,000 to his Institute, so that deaf people unable to procure the "Ear Druggist" may have them free. Apply to The Institute, 170, Eight Avenue, New York.

Yellow will dye a splendid green by using Magnesian Dye—10 cents buys a package and the results are sure.

Professional men who are ardent advocates of Paine's Compound, clergymen are found in recommending the medicine to members of their congregations, and to those who are ailing, sick and debilitated.

Suicides at Monte Carlo.

A man committed suicide in the gambling rooms here last Saturday afternoon. Although a reporter was at the Casino within half an hour after the tragedy occurred, two days passed before he heard of it. It is now two days later, and in spite of persistent efforts the reporter has been unable to discover the identity of the unfortunate man.

If you want to make a quiet exit from this vale of tears you cannot do better than commit suicide at Monte Carlo. The number of persons interested in hushing up the manner of your death, and even your death itself, will insure you a veil of secrecy surpassing your wildest dreams. In the Monte Carlo vocabulary there is no such word as 'suicide.' Occasionally it is breathed by newcomers, but among the entire population of the principality of Monaco, from the ruler who draws his income from the concession, to the washerwoman who profits by the crowds of visitors, there is apparently nobody who will admit that despair, insanity, death and other horrors haunt the place.

Don't think that you are going to get the facts from the employees of the Casino. Order is heaven's first law and Monte Carlo's, too. Whatever happens, a scene must be prevented. And above all, nobody must be allowed to go away with a horror of the place. Therefore, although perhaps lying is not one of the cardinal virtues, it is practiced at Monte Carlo by great and small alike. Your hotel proprietor has, perhaps, had several inconveniently desperate guests who have unobliquely committed suicide in his rooms. But he not only denies ever had a suicide in his house, he further assures you that he has never known of a suicide in Monte Carlo. He likes so much better to tell you of somebody who has won a hundred thousand francs, and of the men who make a good living from the tables.

Pleasant tales, truly, but what about the man who died at the tables last Saturday? He is only one more victim stowed hastily away behind the veil of secrecy. For though the officials of Casino may shrug their shoulders as one man and say that it is not true, there remains the testimony of various 'eyewitnesses' to the suicide. One of them is an American physician, who was sitting at the same table. He says that a young man, apparently about 25 years old, after having lost several thousand francs, suddenly took out a small vial and drank the contents. He fell forward on the table and the American physician stepped immediately to his side, took hold of his wrist to count his pulse and found that he was dead.

The croupiers did not move from their places and did not stop the play. There is a small army of attendants in livery and in plain clothes distributed about the rooms and four or five of them picked up the young man and carried him through a side door into one of the private rooms which are scattered all over the place. The American physician offered his services, but was not allowed to enter the room into which they had carried what he declares was a corpse. In a few moments some of the attendants came out and said that it was nothing; the young man had merely fainted, and was all right again.

A woman who had seen the affair and who may have known the young man was found to have fled to the dressing room, where she soon became unmanageable, and she was taken, in her turn, to another of the private rooms. Just as the reporter entered the lobby of the Casino a series of piercing screams came from the corner where the woman was in the hands of a physician belonging to the staff of the establishment. There was a rush in that direction, but the way was barred by a dozen imperturbable attendants who repeated the inevitable Casino formula in similar cases. 'It is nothing! Nothing at all!'

As the screams were not repeated the crowd broke up again and the reporter, after vainly questioning several attendants, went into the gambling rooms. Near one of the tables there was a strong odor of drugs which the inevitable attendant inevitably declared was 'nothing.' The reporter, not knowing of the suicide, thought the woman responsible for the drugs and, like everybody except the few eyewitnesses of the suicide, was completely hoodwinked by the attendants. Play was going on apparently as if nothing had happened. At one table there was some evidence of tension, but as new players ignorant of the tragedy had taken the places of those who had witnessed it, everything was almost normal again. It is more than likely that the very person sitting in the chair which the dead man had occupied did not know that he was so to speak, in a dead man's shoes.

What became of the dead man? Well,

THE PEOPLE'S UNBOUNDED EULOGY!

Dr. Agnew's Catarrhal Powder Has Had an Almost Universal Endorsation as the Greatest Healer of the Most Insidious and Common Disease of the Century.

Catarrh is a Menace to the Face-- The Precursor of Much Suffering and the Forerunner of Incurable Throat and Lung Troubles.

But this Great Remedy Cures and Prevents Colds, Drives out Catarrh Germs and Frees the Whole System from the Foulness Incident to Catarrh.

No remedy yet compounded for the healing of Catarrh has received the un-

bounded eulogy from people in high positions, socially, publicly or professionally, as Dr. Agnew's Catarrhal Powder.

Dr. Agnew's Catarrhal Powder is a specific for catarrh. It gives almost instant relief, not only in the acute forms, but chronic cases of many years' standing vanish under its persistent use. It will break up a cold in the head in almost quicker time than it takes to tell it. It is a

nobody knows, except his friends, if he had any, and the Casino authorities, who deny the existence of dead men where they are concerned. As for the friends, it is said that the administration of the Casino does not wear itself out trying to send to their right addresses any corpses that happen to be left on its hands. There are even gruesome tales of bodies sewed up in weighted sacks and carried out to sea to be dumped overboard. You can buy postal cards at Nice with a pictorial representation of this tale which is probably untrue. But it is hard to know what is true at Monte Carlo. Anybody who has not tried it here would think it would be the easiest kind of task to find out the identity of a man who had committed suicide in a public building before the very eyes of dozens of men and women. But it is hard to conceive of anything more baffling than such an attempt. It simply results in your gaining possession of absolutely contradictory statements; the assurance from disinterested eye-witnesses that the suicide did occur, and the declaration by interested parties that nobody had committed suicide at Monte Carlo within the memory of the oldest inhabitants.

But of course, a really persistent truth-seeker will not stop with the statements of employees, hotel clerks, hair dressers and other old familiar retailers of gossip. They are quite as garrulous here as elsewhere, except on one subject. They are not going to say ill of the institution that gives them each day their daily bread. Of course you can't really expect the institution to blacken its own character, but if you are bent on learning no stones unturned to find out the real facts you will go to the headquarters as a matter of thoroughness. You will offer the directors the uncovered privilege of giving their [version] of the affair.

The directors will scarcely co-operate with you on this point. You must see M. Georges Barnier so you are told. But M. Georges Barnier is as elusive as your chance of winning would be if you should sit down at M. Barnier's pretty gaming tables. First he is not to be seen, because he is at Nice. Next you must go to the Hotel Monte Carlo to find him; (at the hotel they tell you that he has never set foot in the place. Next he is invisible because he is at the opening of the Picture Show, to which you will not be admitted. The next time he is at the races. Oh, it is not a simple matter to find messieurs the Directors of the Anonymous Society of Sea Baths, which is the euphonious if misleading title of the gambling company. As a matter of fact, however, it doesn't make much difference. People who have succeeded in the attempt to question the directors say that it resulted in a beautiful paradox. The manner of their reception was as suave and caressing as a summer sephyr, but also as black and impassible as a stone cliff.

But one ought to give the directors their due. In concealing the tragedies which occur at Monte Carlo they are pleasing almost everybody, except the French newspapers they have failed to subsidize. Even the interested citizens of the town while denying in one breath that there are any scandals to be hushed up, tell you with a certain amount of pride of the an-

ual sums of hush money paid by the administration to the principal Paris papers and to the local sheets which are read by visitors to the Riviera. Aside from the unpaid journals and a few men and women who hate the place because it has wrecked their lives, everybody else is pleased to have everything disagreeable kept out of sight. The friends of the suicides would be the last to complain. Nobody wants it known that a member of the family has killed himself at Monte Carlo.

Even visitors to the place want to keep clear of any public connection with it. Of course they do. How many Americans would want it cabled to a home paper that they were gambling at a table where a man committed suicide? That's the way the American physician feels about the suicide the other day. If it came to the point he would probably join the native population and declare that he never saw a suicide at Monte Carlo; had never been here, in fact, except 'passing through on his way to Italy,' or 'only ran over from Nice for the day.' The number of Americans by the way, who stay in Nice, but have communication tickets to Monte Carlo, is astonishing. The writer overheard one of them on the train the other day. She was talking with another American woman and suddenly exclaimed:

'There! I forgot to send that telegram!'

'Oh, well, send it from Monte Carlo as soon as we get there.'

'Send it from Monte Carlo? No, indeed. How would that look? Of course I did lose the first I had there, but I don't want him to know it.'

Wise woman When a man gets a telegraphic request for more money and it is dated from Monte Carlo, he is likely to

put two and two together and wonder what the wife of his bosom and his bank account is up to.

Another American woman, who knows Monte Carlo of old, was surprised by what she called 'the morbid curiosity' of a man who showed an interest in the suicide. She seemed to think that a Monte Carlo suicide was too commonplace a matter to be worth so much attention, especially one which was lacking in sensational details. She described one which had come under her personal observation, and which seemed to have appealed to her sense of the proper thing in suicide. She said that she was sitting at one of the tables when she heard a pistol shot behind her. A man at the next table had lost everything, and then put a pistol in his mouth and killed himself. To use the unpleasant expression of the American woman, the table was in such 'an awful mess,' as the consequence of the dead man's falling forward upon it, that play had to be stopped. The man was carried out, and the inevitable attendants came back in a few minutes with the inevitable information that it was nothing but a mere scratch. The table was covered with the ordinary cover which is put on every night, the top was unscrewed and removed, a new one was put on, and in less than half an hour play was going on as before.

A suicide's table is not considered unlucky, anyway. In fact, many persons think it brings good 'luck, just as in the shops at Monte Carlo the favorite charms for sale are little gold figures of a man hanging from a post, the number 13 in red and black enamel (the gambling colors), and a miniature roulette wheel. Apropos of charms, however, The Sun reporter saw one man at the Casino who had a rather dangerous looking pendant on his watch-chain. It was a small silver pistol, about six inches long. In a place like the Casino, where a pistol shot sometimes means death and ruin--with all due apologies to the directors for having mentioned this fact--a pistol attached to one's watch chain was extremely indicative of being prepared for the worst.

Although there are 'no suicides at Monte Carlo,' there is a suicides' cemetery, where the people who die by their own hand are buried. There are about thirty graves in this forsaken patch of ground, only one of them being marked with a cross. The suicides cemetery is not where it will offend the eye of squeamish visitors. It is away up the mountainside, in an almost inaccessible place, and even then dropped in a hollow behind one of the rock ridges leading to the great cliff known as the Tete-de-Chien. The extent to which some of the Monte Carlo people carry their policy of denial becomes evident when you ask them about this cemetery. They say that there is no such place, that the whole story is an invention, and they stick to this until they find out that you have absolute knowledge of the truth of what you say. Such absurdly untruthful attempts at concealment rather defeat their own purpose, for they make you think that there really must be something horrible to be concealed or people would not make such efforts to keep it dark.

A New Post of the Fields. It is estimated that the State of Maryland lost \$6,000,000 during the past ses-

son through the ravages of the pea-louse, which, Prof. W. G. Johnson, of the Maryland Agricultural College, says, is an insect new to science. It belongs to the well known group of the aphides, or plant lice, and on account of some change in conditions has become suddenly abundant, appearing for the first time on the cultivated pea. It is of a green color, and only an eighth of an inch long. It sucks the juices from the leaf and stem, and the plant dies. Not only in Maryland have growers of peas suffered, but in New Jersey, Delaware, New York, Virginia, North Carolina and Connecticut also. Fortunately the pea-louse has many insect enemies, which played havoc with it before the close of the season.

Cannot Recommend it Highly Enough.

Miss Ethel Hildman, of West Lake, Ont., says: 'I am pleased to say that Catarrhose has given me the best of satisfaction. No other remedy has been able to do as much for me as Catarrhose has done. It has cured a hacking cough--the result of pneumonia--and I feel I cannot say too much in its praise. It is everything you guarantee it to be.' Catarrhose is warranted to cure Catarrh, Asthma, Bronchitis and Irritable Throat. Sold everywhere. Trial outfit sent for 10c. in stamps by N. C. FOLSON & CO., Kingston, Ont., Proprietors.

For the Horses.

Dip the bridle bits in water in winter weather before putting them in the horses' mouths. If you doubt the necessity put your tongue to a rusty nail.]

Use oil on the wagon in winter. Axle-grease stiffens in cold weather--becomes dry and hard.

Uncock while standing, and blanket in cold weather.

Horses like a kind voice, and are not deaf as a rule. Don't yell at them.]

Horses get tired and nervous and hungry and thirsty. Give them good beds to sleep on.

Don't make the load too heavy. Sharpen their shoes in icy weather.] Give them always a lunch at noon.

Red Cheeks

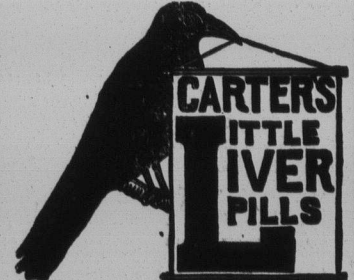
And bright eyes are often, alas, signs of lung disease. Better secure the beauty of true health by using Adamson's Botanic Compound Balm for all lung troubles. 35c. all Druggists.

Preserved by the Phonograph.

The native music of aboriginal tribes is regarded as of great importance in anthropology, and the recent British (Cambridge) expedition to the Torres Straits and New Guinea carried along phonographs to record to songs of the savages. Some of the songs thus recorded on Murray Island are already obsolete, and will, it is believed, die out with the old men of the tribes. 'In savage life,' says one of the members of the expedition, 'the songs a tribe are its chief heritage.'

FROM ALL OVER CANADA come letters telling us of the great benefits derived from the use of The D. & L. Menthol Plasters in cases of neuralgia, rheumatism, lame back, etc. Davis & Lawrence Co., Ltd., manufacturers.

Clancy--I wonder what Washington wore a pigtail? Casey--Sure, O' dunnis! Mobbe Chinamen had votes in thin days.



CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS. SICK HEADACHE. Positively cured by these Little Pills. They also relieve Distress from Dyspepsia, Indigestion and Too Hearty Eating. A perfect remedy for Dizziness, Nausea, Drowsiness, Bad Taste in the Mouth, Costed Tongues Pain in the Side, TORPID LIVER. They Regulate the Bowels. Purely Vegetable. Small Pill. Small Dose. Small Price. Substitution the fraud of the day. See you get Carter's. Ask for Carter's. Insist and demand Carter's Little Liver Pills.

of Edmund Naylor, on the July, the sum of ten pounds. The amount was exorbitant, but he had been convicted of the crime which it had been stated, the money had been taken from the desk in Mr. Burns's office. Had Clarence Sterne on the day he had so loudly boasted of appropriating the money, at least, as a matter of fact, it was Edmund. Replacing the other pocket book, he put that resting place in the bottom drawer of the desk. Then, with firmly closed eyes, the vicar once again for assistance. The sound of a merry music on his ear, for anxious about Edmund's solemnity; and he was when the whistler came cognized him as one of those, and about the them all--a young farmer bit as fine a fellow as he. Mr. Sterne beckoned while ceased as George him, raising his eyebrows night of the figure on the 'What happened, it's Naylor I drunk again. 'Partly so. Drink, home, and he tried to legs gave way, and he fell in falling. Will you At this moment Edmund 'What's the matter enough. 'I feel awful. Mr. Sterne explained. 'Well, I'm sober enough, abruptly, struck. Though I feel confused. It was fortunate that the color arms were stretched for he recoiled to the right would assuredly have not held him up. They succeeded in safely. Mrs. Naylor was glad she heard what had become more so, when again into unconsciousness as he entered the house. For days afterward an agony of doubt as to whether his innocence would Edmund's life was should die, how would know? But one day Edmund session of his senses, fear in his eyes. His mother bent over of hope, which was, by spair by his first words. 'You mustn't think well, mother, because And when the doctor asked him point blank of utter despair, it he. 'I think, Edmund, you made peace with 'Ah! 'Look here, my thing on your mind--and you won't be able you have confessed it ed anyone, now is the ment. I'll send Stead advice and talk to his In less than a quarter stood by the yo. 'Kiss me, mother; presently,' said Edmund, now, dear, listen, and Write every word Gwyneth went to court was I who stole that. 'I'll tell you how her I went to London holiday early last money over billiards. 'I met a fellow showy sort of man me in the way of it, and so I couldn't re to play him a game. Some I owed him six how increased to ten time, for, of course on the loan. 'Well, in July he ing to Kingless for must pay up. I ha shillings, let alone dare ask you for it.

REIGN AND PACK SHOE I IS REIGNING LEATHER and GIVES THE BEST SHIN Try a Bottle. PACKARD PA (L. H. S.)

