

PROGRESS.

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ST. JOHN, N. B., SATURDAY, APRIL 30, 1898.

PRICE FIVE CENTS

MAGISTRATE IS AHEAD.

HE DOES NOT WAIT TO CONSULT WITH THE COUNCIL

About the Appointment of a Man to Fill Sergeant Wilson's Place, but Proceeds Under an Old Law—Much Discussion Over the Matter.

When Deputy Mayor Robinson took his seat in the mayor's office in the city building Thursday morning he was in his usual placid frame of mind, not thinking that there would be any event of unusual interest in the city business that day.

He was mistaken, in a degree. The police magistrate had prepared a surprise for him and he sent it by a special messenger who did not require any answer from his worship but remained where he was. In other words police officer Sergeant Caples, a young man who has been on the force a few years, was sent by the police magistrate to take the place of Sergeant Wilson, who died a few days ago.

There were two offices in the city that did not require much looking after. The duties of them were few and light but they suited the men who filled the positions and so long as Sergeant Wilson and George Stockford lived the council was not disposed to interfere with their positions.

But George Stockford and Sergeant Wilson, by a curious coincidence, were taken ill about the same time and died within a few days of each other. The opportunity of the frugal spirits in the council had arrived and there was a quiet rumor that the offices held by the deceased men would be amalgamated and the greater part of the money spent to maintain them saved.

It cost about \$1000 a year for the two offices. Sergeant Wilson received the pay of a police sergeant and Stockford made four or five hundred dollars out of his job.

This was the reason that there was a caucus of the aldermen last Tuesday morning after the presentation of the photo of the harbor to the captain of the Gallia. All, or nearly all, of the aldermen were present and the matter of amalgamating the two offices was thrashed out.

Why there should have been any discussion was explained by the fact that under an old statute the police magistrate was given the power to appoint a policeman to be in attendance upon the mayor.

At any rate the aldermen, whether agreeing with this view of the law or not, decided that it would be courteous to appoint a committee to consult with the police magistrate and explain to him the idea of the board and its intention with regard to the vacancies. This committee consisted of Aldermen McGoldrick, Millidge, Waring, and McArthur. This committee did not have a chance to meet the magistrate. That afternoon there was a meeting of the safety board and Alderman McGoldrick, who as chairman of that, would naturally be supposed to be convener of the special committee, telephoned the police magistrate to arrange a meeting. But he could not find the magistrate and the afternoon passed without anything being done.

Now here is where the joke comes in and what gives Ald. McGoldrick some trouble to explain. When going to his office in the street car that afternoon police magistrate Ritchie stepped aboard and they began talking over the matter. They were still talking when the car reached the alderman's office and the magistrate alighted with him and went into the office where a few features of the situation were considered. But in that conversation Alderman McGoldrick says the name of Sergeant Caples never came up, and he had no idea that the magistrate proposed to appoint him. If any body was to be appointed he had promised to support the claims of Sergeant Ross of the West side.

Still when the representative of PROGRESS reached the city building. Thursday morning, the rumor that Alderman McGoldrick and the magistrate had arranged the matter of the appointment was ripe, and one or two of the aldermen were making quite a canvas of the affair. Perhaps they were not as disinterested as they might be, because some of them are aspiring to oust the chairman of public safety from the head of the department, and any rumor calculated to damage him at this particular time would serve the purpose of his opponents. The trouble was that the committee had not been called together and Alderman Millidge was ill pleased indeed to think that one member of this committee should have consulted with the magistrate and the others had not been notified. Of course McGoldrick's

explanation of this is that his meeting with the magistrate was purely accidental and that the appointment was as much of a surprise to him as to the others.

Under these circumstances the aldermen feel that the magistrate treated them with scant courtesy indeed. He was aware of the fact that they desired to make a change in the office and they had met informally and after talking over the matter had recognized a doubtful right of his and appointed a committee to confer with him. He ignored them and calmly proceeded to appoint a young and capable officer to sit in the mayor's office day after day and do nothing.

"Nothing" of course exaggerates the matter but the duties of the office, as the deputy mayor said Thursday, could be performed better, or as well, by a fifteen year old boy as by a full grown man. "It is ridiculous" said his worship to see a young and powerful man seated here from ten in the morning until four in the afternoon without anything to do. Of course we were used to seeing old Sergeant Wilson around but he became so feeble that he was unable to do anything and even the light duties of his position were made as easy for him as possible.

Thus it will be seen that his worship was not in the most amiable frame of mind when he had read the commission of Sergeant Caples which was handed to him by that officer. There was nothing pretentious about the document. The magistrate penned it himself and it bore the imprint of the seal of his office. It was the authority that Sergeant Caples had to take a chair in the outer office and await the orders of his worship.

It was brief enough and read as follows: POLICE DISTRICT OF THE CITY OF ST. JOHN, PROVINCE OF NEW BRUNSWICK, CANADA.

Know Ye, I have nominated, appointed and directed and do hereby nominate, appoint and direct Sergeant Thomas Caples, policeman of the Police force of the city of St. John to be in constant daily attendance at the Mayor's office during office hours, whose duty it shall be to observe and obey all such orders and directions as may be given him by the Mayor or Recorder in respect of the public business of the city.

As witness my hand and seal this 27th day of April A. D. 1898.

ROBT. J. RITCHIE
P. M.

Deputy Mayor Robinson was not alone in his indignation at the abrupt method of the magistrate in making the appointment. Alderman Millidge spoke quite tersely about it and seemed to doubt the power of the magistrate to make any such appointment. Aldermen Smith, McArthur and Christie could not understand why the magistrate had acted in the way that he had and there was an inclination among all of the aldermen to find out just to what extent the powers of Mr. Ritchie extended.

Common clerk Wardroper had the acts before him and he was not long in showing any of the aldermen who wished just where the magistrate had the authority or thought he had it.

In the olden days there was no such an official as the chief of police and the magistrate was all powerful.

He appointed the men who guarded the city and he directed their movements. The act that gave him that power was passed in the thirteenth year of Victoria's reign and is known as 13 Victoria and in one section of it these words occur: "The police magistrate shall direct some one of the policemen to be in constant daily attendance at the mayor's office etc." It was pointed out however that the act did not specify that any particular policeman should be chosen, but one assigned from the force to be at the call of the mayor during office hours. If the police magistrate had that power every day he would surely be interfering with the rights and privileges of the chief of police.

And here is where the rub comes in. As stated before when that act was passed there was no chief of police but six years later another law was made creating the office of chief of police and all the powers over the force that had existed in the police magistrate were vested then in the chief of police. So there is quite a question as to the right of Magistrate Ritchie to make the appointment he did.

PROGRESS is told that Chief Clark thinks so and has been looking into the authorities on the matter. If he finds out that he has full control over his force then look out for squalls. He does not relish the idea of the police magistrate interfering in his department at any time as was instanced a few days ago when the chief and his force were startled by the assertion of Mr. Ritchie that policemen

might be implicated if a certain witness told all he knew. The magistrate was right in that case but still the force did not like the general insinuation.

However the action of the magistrate had deprived the police force of one of the most capable officers it had. Sergeant Caples was esteemed a good man on the force. In his earlier days as an officer he had to use his revolver and that is always an offence in the eyes of many people but his friends say he was justified—the others say not. In later years however he has done excellent service and for two years and a half has been on night duty in the north end. Those who know him well say that two physicians declared that unless he gave up night duty on the force that he would not live much longer. Under these circumstances he looked for an easier job and nobody blames him for succeeding in getting what is perhaps the softest job in town.

But there was a new sergeant to be appointed and another policeman. Who would be the new sergeant? Officer Campbell of course. Didn't he get his head broken the other night out of the city limits trying to arrest a man suspected of stealing and didn't he give the other fellow a proper thumping with his "billy" for throwing a stove cover at him? Wasn't he suspended for a day or two for leaving his beat to clear the snow off the sidewalk of his chief?

Still his superiors say he is a good man, more inclined to be too vigilant than negligent which is a good fault in the eyes of the chief and captain. He does not go into the north end but will remain in the south which he knows better, and Sergeant Baxter goes to the north end for the present. Then a new policeman was appointed. His name is White. Now if the chief of police learns that he has the power to appoint what will happen? Will he conform to the wishes of the aldermen and refuse to fill the vacancy or will he put in one of the "old men" of his force who surely have a right to any soft job that is going.

Sergeant Watson has been tramping the streets of St. John as a police officer for more than forty years. He is not active today and there is little doubt that had the magistrate appointed him, his right to all the rest the city can give him for the remainder of his life would have overshadowed any objections there was to continuing the office. Still Sergeant Watson was not an applicant. He remains on duty as usual and says nothing.

There was a sergeant, though, who was in the field and his name was Ross. He had made a good canvas. The chairman of the safety was in his favor, provided an appointment was made, the mayor elect went and saw the magistrate in Ross's behalf and received a most encouraging reply. It is said that the magistrate proposed to give this sergeant first consideration but he was not in it at the finish.

The result of the action of the magistrate will simply be this, a change in the law. In all probability the council will address a resolution to him which will mean a good deal of it is framed in the kind of language the aldermen used Thursday. But they may take another course and ask the recorder for an opinion on the law as to the right of the magistrate to make the appointment. If the opinion is in their favor, then there will be a change and they will have to deal with the chief of police instead of the gentleman who dispenses justice in the police court.

But these differences only serve one object in the end, to remind the council and the people that they should have the power to appoint, dismiss and control those officers whom they are forced to pay.

The Patent Medicine War.

A new grocery started in the city a few days ago and without any warning whatever began to cut the prices on anything and everything. Cash was the order of the day but the price list was so inviting that that place was thronged and the best people in the land were to be found there. Patent medicines came in for a special sort of attention and the prices on them went down as quick as the mercury one morning this week. Now the drug stores do not appreciate that kind of attention and they retaliated simply by reducing the price of patent medicines by about 25 per cent. So the people now get Hood's or Ayer's for 75 cents instead of a dollar, and Pink Pills for 85 cents instead of 60 cents. This is the age of competition.

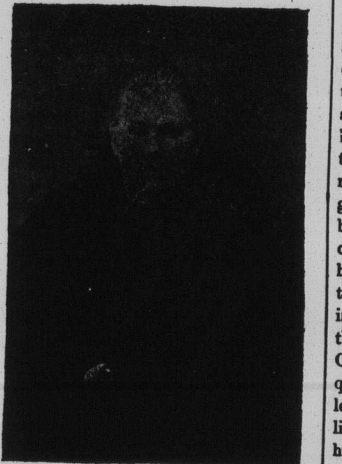
HER SISTER ACCUSED.

MRS. ANNIE CANOVAN ON TRIAL FOR MURDER.

Mrs. Tucker the Dead Girl's Mother Has Been Acquitted by the Grand Jury—Features of the Murder Case and Portraits of the Two Women.

The trial of Mrs. Annie Conovan and her mother Mrs. Tucker, was resumed this week at Woodstock, and the witnesses who gave evidence at the preliminary examination are again testifying. Mrs. Tucker's evidence is somewhat different from that given at the examination, but the rest of the evidence is substantially the same and nothing new has been elicited.

Mr. Best, who made an analysis of the murdered woman's stomach, went to Woodstock this week, but up to the time



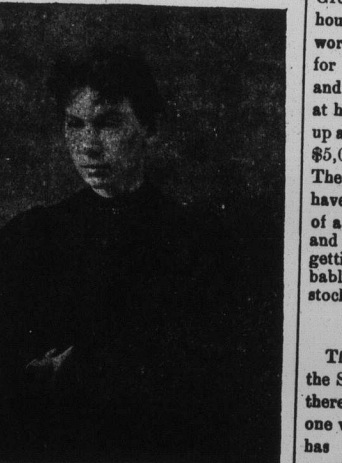
MRS. TUCKER, Mother of the Murdered Woman.

of writing had made no statement regarding the condition in which he found it.

It will be remembered that at the time of the examination, PROGRESS gave a full account of the affair together with portraits of the prisoners, which appear this week and for which PROGRESS obtained an exclusive right at the time.

Mrs. Tucker, against whom the grand jury found no bill is a comparatively young woman—placing her age at 39 years though she looks much older, and says she was married at fifteen.

During the trial she displayed a great deal of fear, and to the persons with whom she talked, constantly repeated the statement that she "knew nothing about it," meaning the cause of her daughter's death. PROGRESS maintained at the time that Mrs. Tucker did not impress those who had an opportunity of watching her closely, as a coldblooded murderess and this opinion has been verified by the action of the



MRS. ANNIE CANOVAN, Sister of the Murdered Woman.

Grand Jury in their finding in her case. One good point in her character was her evident devotion to her aged husband, from whom she had never been separated before and who, she felt convinced, would not get along without her during her incarceration. Old man Tucker was equally devoted to his wife and with tears streaming down his cheeks, he recounted to PROGRESS numerous instances of her care for him. He did not seem to have any love for the other prisoner, his daughter, whom he described as "case hardened as a dog, and the cause of all the destruction which had come upon the family." Mr. Tucker is over seventy years of age and until he was brought to Woodstock in February, had never been in Woodstock, which is about forty miles from Johnville where the family lived. He was never in a hotel in his life and

had never seen the inside of a jail. Mrs. Annie Conovan the woman now on trial is twenty four years of age, is not bad looking, in fact has a peculiarly sad expression that appeals at once to the beholder, and has a quiet, timid manner.

The family lived in the utmost wretchedness it is said, and when Deputy Sheriff Albion Foster visited the place for the first time he found the body of the dead girl wrapped in an old night dress behind the stove, the mouth and eyes wide open and the family going about their duties as usual. There was only one bed in the place and the others slept for two days in the same room with the corpse. Altogether the condition of the Tuckers was most wretched, and perhaps the most comfortable times they knew was after they were brought to Woodstock.

Troubled With a Swelled Head.

A young man with a black moustache and plenty of mouth arrived in town Monday. He registered at a leading hotel and then began to make the people around him acquainted with who he was, where he had been and his business. He said he belonged to St. John at one time but was now connected with the New York Herald, "the greatest sheet on earth." Of course nobody in this section of the globe had heard of the Herald or any other newspaper and he proceeded to give them all the information he possessed and left the rest to their imagination. Most important of all, though, he had been sent by the Herald to Cape Breton and Halifax to ascertain the quantity of coal procurable there and he left no doubt on the minds of those who listened to him that it was largely through his efforts that Spain was prevented getting coal from the British colony. Mr. Shaw did not stay in town very long. He had "money to burn" but he didn't ignite it. On the contrary he secured it in his pocket with a safety pin every time after he flourished it. His chief local grievance was against an hotel; which in enforcing its rules and the law, had requested him to withdraw from a certain portion of the house. Such representatives as this from a great American journal do not increase the respect of the people for the profession or the newspaper.

Better Than Buying Stock.

Louis Green made quite a lucky strike when he secured the transfer of the lease of that lot of land on Protection Street in Carleton. It turns out now that the extension of the elevator will require a considerable portion of the land that Mr. Green has leased. That does not seem to disturb him for only a few days ago he had an architect over to the west side looking over the ground with a view to preparing plans for a lodging house on the site. It seems that Mr. Green has an idea that a cheap lodging house with restaurant attached where a working man could get a comfortable bed for 25 cents and a meal for 15 cents and a cigar or a glass of ginger beer near at hand, would pay, so he proposes to put up a building that will cost from \$4,000 to \$5,000. But it is a question if he does. The city wants the land and of course will have to pay Mr. Green. It will be a case of another expropriation. More arbitration and more arbitrators. Louis was lucky in getting the land in Carleton. He will probably find that it pays better than buying stocks or bonds.

Jokes of the Campaign.

There are many good things got off on the Spanish-American war these days and there is a good deal of suspicion when any one volunteers the information that there has been another capture. But the merchant who coolly remarked as he was drawing on his gloves preparatory to going to dinner that the gathering of 25,000 men on Boston Common the day before must have been a great sight, could not have had a better question than when somebody eagerly asked him "what did they assemble for." Then as he closed the door after him the reply came "To prevent the grass from shooting."

He Wasn't to Talk Politics.

Mayor elect Sears was at the St. George's dinner Monday night and he was mighty anxious to avoid politics in his speech, but when he spoke of the time having arrived when the federal government should help this port and how little had been done in former years, Hon. Thomas R. Jones thought he was talking politics and he said so in his abrupt fashion. There was much laughter and not until the high sheriff took a hand was order restored. But it was all in after dinner humor.

HOW CORAL REEFS CAME

THE RESULT OF AGASSIZ'S LATEST INVESTIGATIONS.

Former Theories Uproset and Nothing Satisfactory to Replace Them—Fascinating Differences in Various Regions of Coral Growth—Some Interesting Facts.

Prof. Alexander Agassiz has returned to his home in Cambridge after a five months' trip to the islands of the Pacific. It was made on the Yarella, a twin-screw steamer of about 400 tons, and there was a full outfit of dredging, sounding, and deep sea instruments, as well as materials necessary to preserve the collections. The day before leaving Cambridge for the Pacific news had arrived that the expedition of Prof. David of the University of Sydney had bored into the atoll of Funafuti to the depth of nearly 600 feet, the bottom being still in coral. But later experience would seem to indicate that a general theory of the formation of coral reefs is as far removed as ever. Prof. Agassiz says: "I came to Fiji under the impression that we were to visit a characteristic area of subsidence."

Dana, in his last discussion of the coral reef question, states that it is impossible to find a better series of islands than those of the Fiji to illustrate the gradual changes brought about by subsidence, which transforms a volcanic island with a fringing reef to one with a barrier, and next to one with a circular reef ring, and finally to one in which the interior island has disappeared, and has left only a more or less circular reefing. For these reasons one of the Fiji atolls promised to be an admirable location for boring and settling the question of the thickness of the coral reef of an atoll. My surprise was great, therefore, to find within a mile from Sava an elevated reef about 50 feet thick and 120 feet above the level of the sea, the base of the reef being underlain by what is locally called soapstone, probably stratified volcanic mud.

But the traces of extensive elevation are not limited to the larger island of Viti Levu. I found the islands on the rim of the atoll of Negele Levu to consist entirely of coral rock elevated to a height of over six feet on the larger island. It was found that at Vanua Mualu the northern line of islands were parts of an elevated reef forming vertical bluffs of coral rock raised by a central volcano mass of the main island to a height of from 500 to 600 feet. On the south of the main island they are much lower. At Mango the vertical bluffs are underlain by volcanic rocks, which crop out at the sea level. At Tavutaba the bluffs are probably 800 feet high, and at Lakemba about 250. On the island of Aiwa the elevated reef is fully 200 feet thick. On the three islands of the Yangasa group it attains a thickness of from 240 to 290 feet, and finally, on Onga it attains a thickness of nearly 300 feet, and at Fulanga 360. At Vatu Leile, the most westerly island we examined, the elevated reef forming the island is 110 feet thick at its northern extremity.

As far as we can judge from the Fiji Islands the shape of the atolls and of the barrier reefs is due to causes during a period preceding our own. The islands of the whole group have been elevated, and have, like the northern part of Queensland remained nearly stationary and exposed to great and prolonged denudation and erosion, which have reduced the islands to their present height, the platforms upon which the barrier reef corals have grown being merely the flats left by the denudation and erosion of a central island of greater size than that now left, while the atolls are similar flats from the interior of which the islands have been eroded, and the lagoons of which have been continually scooped by the action of the sea, the incessant rollers pouring a huge mass of water into the lagoon, which finds its way out through the passages leading into it.

In the Fiji Islands the atolls and islands or islets, surrounded in part or wholly by barrier reefs, have not been formed by the subsidence and disappearance of this central island, as is claimed by Dana and Darwin. The Fiji Islands are not situated, as was supposed, on an area of subsidence; but on the contrary, they are in an area of elevation, so that the theory of Darwin and Dana is not applicable to the islands and atolls of the Fiji group.

What the age of the elevated reef of the Fiji is I am unable to state. Its aspect and position show it to be of considerable age, probably antecedent to the present period. In many ways it resembles some of the late tertiary elevated limestone which I have seen on the northern and southern coasts of Cuba. She great thickness which the elevated coral reefs attain in this group, at least 800 feet, also shows that they may have been deposited originally during a period of subsidence taking place in our epoch or which could have had any effect in shaping the outline of the islands of the Fiji group and their accompanying reefs.

The evidence thus far collected on the Fiji shows the futility of boring in this ground. Any result obtained would merely at some point indicate the thickness of a former elevated reef—a reef formed in a period preceding our own. We should obtain information which could have no bearing on the main question, if I am correct in the interpretation of what I have observed; information, in fact, which may be obtained as one steams along, without the trouble or cost of boring. Should I be correct, it would be natural to look upon the results of the boring at Funafuti much in the same light and assume that the island, as well as others in the Ellice group, is also in the area of elevation, and that the great thickness of coral obtained was reached by boring in the base of an ancient reef. So that the results obtained by Prof. David from the boring at Funafuti do not assist us in any way in corroborating the theory of subsidence as essential to the formation of atolls.

However that may be, it only emphasizes what has been said so often, that there is no general theory of the formation of coral reefs, either barrier or atolls, of universal application. Each district must be examined by itself—at least such has been my experience in Florida, in the Bermudas, in the Bahamas, in Cuba, in the West India Islands and in the Sandwich Islands. The results of this trip show plainly that the theory of Darwin and Dana of the formation of atolls and of barrier reefs by subsidence is not applicable to the Fiji Islands, notwithstanding the boring at Funafuti by Prof. David of the University of Sydney. In all the localities that I have visited the coral reefs form but a thin crust upon the underlying base—it is not more than fifty or sixty feet thick in Florida—and the shape and slope of the base is in no way due to the growth of the corals living upon it.

There are in Fiji a number of small atolls from one to three or four miles in circumference, the formation of which, it seems to me, can only be satisfactorily explained on the theory that they have been formed upon the eroded summits or rims of extinct craters, the rim of the volcano having been eroded either to a continuous flat or to flats separated by deeper passages forming entrances to the inclosed lagoons. The great variety of causes which have been active in shaping the present physiognomy of the reefs and atolls of Fiji shows the impossibility of assigning any one factor, like subsidence for instance, as is done by Dana and Darwin, as the single cause for the formation of the many different kinds of atolls and barrier-reef islands to be found in the Fiji group.

SUFFERING VANQUISHED

A NOVA SCOTIAN FARMER TELLS HOW HE REGAINED HEALTH.

Had Suffered from Acute Rheumatism and General Debility—Scarcely Able to Do the Lightest Work.

From the Acadien, Wolfville, N. S.

One of the most prosperous and intelligent farmers of the village of Greenwood, N. S., is Mr. Edward Manning. Anyone intimate with Mr. Manning knows him as a man of strong integrity and veracity, so that every confidence can be placed in the information which he gave a reporter of the Acadien, for publication the other day. During a very pleasant interview he gave the following statements of his severe suffering and recovery:—"Two years ago last September," said Mr. Manning, "I was taken with an acute attack of rheumatism. I had not been feeling well for some time previous to that date, having been troubled with sleeplessness and general debility. My constitution seemed completely run down. Beginning in the small of my back the pain soon passed into my hip, where it remained without intermission, and I became a terrible sufferer. All winter long I was scarcely able to do any work and I was only with the acuteness of suffering that I managed to hobble to the barn each day to do my chores. I appealed to medical men for help but they failed to bring any relief. At last I decided to try Dr. Williams' Pink Pills and with their use came a complete and lasting cure. I had not used quite three boxes when I began to feel decidedly better. I continued using them until twelve boxes had been consumed, when my complete recovery warranted me in discontinuing their use. I have never felt better than since that time. My health seems to have improved in every way. During the past summer I worked very hard but have felt no bad effects. The gratitude I feel to Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, none but those who have suffered as I have and been cured can appreciate.

An Analysis shows that Dr. Williams' Pink Pills contain in a condensed form all the elements necessary to give new life and richness to the blood and restore shattered nerves. They are an unfailing specific for such diseases as locomotor ataxia, partial paralysis, St. Vitus' dance, sciatica, neuralgia, rheumatism, nervous headaches, the after effects of la-

Ask your grocer for



grippe, palpitation of the heart, nerve prostration, all diseases depending upon vitiated humors in the blood, such as scrofula, chronic erysipelas etc. They are also a specific for troubles peculiar to females, such as suppressions, irregularities and all forms of weakness. They build up the blood and restore the glow of health to pale and shallow cheeks. In men they effect a radical cure in all cases arising from mental worry, overwork, over-excesses of whatever nature. Sold by all dealers or sent post paid at 50¢ a box or six boxes for \$2.50 by addressing the Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

Thumblers.

William Carstairs, the Scotch divine who for fourteen years served William III, as confidential secretary and adviser-in-chief, had been implicated in the Rhy house Plot, a conspiracy to assassinate Charles II., and place Monmouth on the throne. He was put to the excruciating torture of the thumbkins, or thumbcrews, which he endured heroically, without confessing or implicating others.

After Carstairs became the private adviser of William he was presented with the instrument by which he had been tortured. The king, wishing to see the measure of fortitude necessary to endure the terrible torture, without making a confession of some sort, placed his thumbs in the machine and told Carstairs to turn the screw. He turned slowly and cautiously.

"It is unpleasant," said King William, "yet it might be endured. You are trifling with me; turn the screw so that I may really feel pain similar to that you felt."

Carstairs turned the screw sharply. The king cried out, and when released said that under such pain he would have confessed to anything, true or false.

No Wonder.

The reprehensible practice of kissing babies, and thereby subjecting them to danger of contagion as well as to discomfort and annoyance, is so hard to suppress that one cannot greatly marvel at the means of combating the practice which a certain father is reported to have adopted.

"Why, I should like to know," a friend asked this prudent father, "have you taught your baby to eat onions?" "It keeps people from kissing him," answered the father.

UNCLAIMED MONEY.

We have the names of 800 persons who are advertised for to claim money—money left to each person mentioned, or it dead their heirs are wanted to make claim. Many of those persons came to Canada and now know nothing about it. There is no expense whatever in obtaining any of these legacies. Send stamp for new list.

McFARLANE & CO. Truro, N. S.

CONDENSED ADVERTISEMENTS.

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

A GENUINE FOUNTAIN PEN FOR 35c. Imitation hard rubber barrel with gold-point pen nib, satisfaction guaranteed. Postpaid 35 cents. BARNWICK NOVELTY CO., Boston, Mass.

FREE To any Lady sending us the names and addresses of five other ladies, we will send one box of our Extra Sanative Antiseptic Tablets worth \$1 by mail, prepaid—No Latin can afford to be without them. LITTLE'S REMEDY CO., 100 North Building, Dayton, Ohio.

FREE! 75 Complete Stories! Pleasant, good words, and a big 100c. Picture Book that will surely put you on the road to a handsome fortune. Send five silver to pay postage.

A. W. KINNEY, 57 Yarmouth, N.S.

A GOOD ACTIVE AGENT WANTED in every locality to introduce our "Millionaire" Plan. Six months for the right man on salary or commission. Only those who mean business need apply. CLARK & BROWN, Sole Agents for the Maritime Provinces, Bloomfield, Kings County, N. B.

WANTED By an Old Established House—High Grade Man or Woman, good Church standing, willing to learn our business then to act as Manager and State Correspondent here. Salary \$600. Enclose self-addressed stamped envelope to A. T. Elder, Manager, 278 Michigan Ave., Chicago, Ill.

STAMPS COLLECTIONS and old stamps bought for cash. State size of collection or send list. For particulars address Box 355 St. John, N. B.

FOR SALE A VALUABLE PROPERTY in the growing town of Berwick, N. S., known as "Brown's dock" and contains three acres all rented, also two tenements which can be easily converted into a Hotel. Orchard and a stable in rear. Berwick is a noted health resort and is one of the most growing and prosperous towns in Nova Scotia. There is an excellent opening here for a Hotel. Terms \$400 down remainder on mortgage. Would exchange for good farming property. Apply to H. E. Jefferson or W. V. Brown, Berwick, Nova Scotia.

RESIDENCE at Robbsey for sale or to rent for the Summer months. That pleasantly situated house known as the "Tins" property about one and a half miles from Robbsey Station and within two minutes walk of the Kennebec Falls. Rent reasonable. Apply to H. G. Fenerty, Barrister-at-Law, Fuzsley Building. 24 6-11

"WHOS EVER HATH, TO HIM SHALL BE GIVEN." That is Scripture, and its truthfulness is verified by every-day experience. It is as true of those having a thorough business training as of those holding any other position. This is proved by the fact that our graduates hold almost every leading position in Saint John, and comprise a large percentage of our most capable business men.

TWENTY (20) Students already (March 20th) in good situations this year.

Catalogues of our Business Course and of the Isaac Pitman Short-hand mailed to any address. S. KERR & SON,

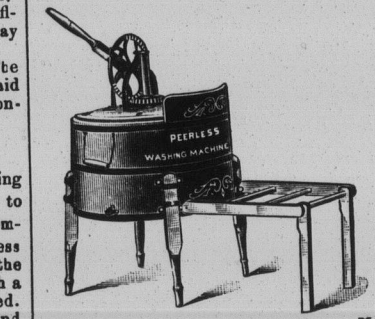
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**Music and
The Drama**
IN MUSICAL CIRCLES.

In the coming tour to Canada Lieut. Dan Godfrey numbers in his military band many of the foremost soloists in Great Britain. His forty men are chosen from the leading musicians who have served in the Guards and most of them wear medals for bravery shown on the field of action. His bassoonist, Philip Langdale is the best bassoon player and has been with Godfrey for a number of years in the Grenadier Guards. He gave up a most lucrative engagement at the Royal Italian Opera Covent Garden so as to go on the Canadian tour. The Saxophone player E. Mills of the Coldstream Guards is the most talented man with this instrument in Great Britain. The cornetist F. L. Kettlewell is a comrade of Dan Godfrey of very many years standing and is one of the first three cornet players in England. The Sympani player E. Bolton of the Life Guards stands six feet four and is the champion lightning man with the drum sticks in the army and plays a drum solo. He wears a medal for bravery shown with Lord Roberts in the Khyber Pass. The solos are among the distinctive features of the programme and though Sousa and the American band are well up to date, Dan Godfrey in the production of popular effects can show the way to all the other bandmasters.

Tones and Undertones.

Fifty-three operas were performed at the Berlin Hoftheatre last year. As usual, Wagner heads the list with fifty-one performances of ten works, and then come in succession Lortzing, Meyerbeer, Mozart, Beset, Leoncavallo, Thomas, Weber, Gollmark, and Verdi. Mascagni headed the list a few years ago.

A new composer, who is regarded in Italy as likely to continue the tradition of the great Venetian School of Sacred Music, is Rev. Maestro Parresi, who made a success at Milan last year with his oratorio of The Passion, and has recently given The Transfiguration, in Venice. Verdi has heard some of the music, and sent the young composer a warm letter of congratulation.

Puccini, who will shortly return to Paris to conduct the rehearsal of Boheme, which is to be sung at the Opera Comique, has tried to persuade Calve to create the leading role in La Tosca. She is also mentioned for the leading in the revival of Gluck's Armida, which will be produced at the Opera during the summer of 1900 as the especial feature of the exposition year at a cost, it is said, of \$60,000.

Albani is having great success in Australia. The Paris Grand Opera is to have an elevator for the use of its subscribers in the galleries.

The impresario Schurman, who came to America with Eleonora Duse, has petitioned the municipal authorities of Paris for permission to open the Chatelet theatre as an international opera house, in which the works of composers from all countries may be introduced to the French public. He promises to produce a certain number of new operas every year, and one-third of those are to be by French. He has asked no subvention, and merely wants the opera house free of rent and exempt from all taxation. One object of his enterprise is to enable Parisians to hear the great singers of the day. The prices paid at the opera, as well as at the Opera Bonique, are so low that it is impossible to obtain the eminent singers who can find engagements in this country, Russia, or South America. Not only new operas, but famous singers as well, will be presented at the theatre if Mr. Schurman gets it.

A daughter of Mark Twain is now studying music in Vienna. Miss Clemens was originally intended to be a pianist, but has developed a remarkable voice.

Marcella Sembrich has been singing in Germany to larger audiences than she ever drew before, and in Berlin, where she is a particular favorite, there is a demand for further concert appearances previous to her engagement at the Royal Opera.

Walter Damrosch has notified the committee of guarantors of the New York enterprise of grand opera that the report of his retirement from public life had no

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FACE HUMORS

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reference to the opera season, but that he would conduct and rehearse all the German operas as usual. As to the artists, Mr. Damrosch stated that it is a little early yet to speak, as the contracts had not all been closed. However, it is settled that Melba, Ternina, and Gadski will head the company. Artist Kraus will return, and negotiations are nearly completed with a very celebrated French tenor.

Mme. Bloomfield-Ziesler, of Chicago, who will make her London debut at the Philharmonic on Thursday, will two days later give the first series of pianoforte recitals.

Jean de Reszke, it is rumored, will be no longer a Faust or a Romeo to his admirers in America, having determined to resign these familiar roles to Saglinac and devote himself to Wagnerian specialties.

TALK OF THE THEATRE.

The Maud Hillman Company have occupied the stage at the Opera house during the week, and have given excellent satisfaction to the large audiences that have attended. They gave an especially good performance of the "Fire Patrol," on Tuesday evening, and have since produced "Special Delivery," "The Cuban Spy," "East Lynne," etc. The company is especially strong in specialties, even the star contributing to this end of the entertainment. Miss Hillman has received splendid support from Mr. J. M. Donovan Mr. Robinson, Mr. Deacon and others, while Jere McAniff the "Singing" comedian has added not a little to the pleasure of the patrons by his inimitable pleasantries and funny work. Taken all in all the company are above the average, and have received splendid patronage.

Herr Max Alvary a year or so ago had a fall on the stage at Mannheim, during a rehearsal at Seigfried, and he claimed that the accident, which prevented him from following his profession for some time, was due to the carelessness of a machinist. The authorities of the Mannheim Opera House disclaimed responsibility, but the Supreme Court at Leipzig has just decided in favor of the tenor, and has awarded him \$6,000 damages. This, it is said, is the largest sum that an artist has ever recovered for a stage accident in Germany.

Signore Duse has decided not to try to play in French at the celebration in Paris of the younger Dumas. She rightly declared that she could not do herself justice if she thought in Italian and spoke in French, which she said she would inevitably do throughout the whole of the performance. It was probably a wise decision, for the French are not charitable as to the attempts of foreigners to speak their language, and have never been trained to the meekness which characterizes American audiences, accustomed to all sorts of dialects and mispronunciations. To a parisian a wrong accent of a mispronounced word is as painful as a false note is to a musician.

Not only has Sarah Bernhardt completely recovered from the effects of the operation which she recently underwent in the private hospital of Dr. Pozzi, near the Arc de Triomphe, but Parisian rumor has it that during the last six weeks she has grown excessively fleshy. She is now at her hotel in the Boulevard Perotie, rehearsing a new play which she will produce next week at the Renaissance.

Robinson Crusoe's Island is Ludwig Fulda's latest comedy.

Quo Vadis is being dramatized by Brandon Hurst.

Henry Irving has decided not to make the American tour next season. He will hold his own in London against Beerbohm Tree. He has made arrangements to have Forbes Robertson conduct another season in the Lyceum, while he himself makes a brief tour of the English provinces, beginning in September.

Negotiations are on foot by which Anthony Hope and Edward Rose will dramatize Hope's latest novel, Simon Dale.

Next season Grace Filkins and Mary Hampton will blossom out as stars. Next! Julia Arthur is rapidly recovering from her severe illness. She starts her next tour in October.

Sol Smith Russell is one of the richest actors in the world. He is worth a million and a half dollars.

Manager Pitou's Cherry Pickers company has made \$22,000 since starting out in September last.

Amelia Bingham has the distinction of having played in New York an entire year without a break.

Otis Skinner has been engaged for the part of Captain Absolute in The Rivals, which Joseph Jefferson revives next season.

My Friend From India and The Man From Mexico have made between \$70,000 and \$80,000 this season. Smyth and Rice have no reason to find fault with the hard times in theatrical business.

Mr. Beerbohm Tree is to respond to the toast of the drama at the Royal Academy banquet this year. This is a veritable distinction, of which the explanation, probably, is not who is disconnected from the part which Mr. Alma Tadema had in the elaborate production of Julius Cæsar at Her Majesty's Theatre.

The Swashbuckler, the new costume play which Mr. Louis N. Parker has written for Mr. I. S. Willard, and which may be played first in America, is a comedy in three acts, and is, in parts, somewhat farcical in character. The period is that of the Thirty Years' War. The scene is laid in Alsace. The Swashbuckler is a ne'er-do-well, who is disinherited, becomes a soldier of fortune, and offers himself to the highest bidder. His uncle dying, bequeaths a castle to him, on the condition that he should reach it before his cousin, Rosamund. On the way thither he meets his fair rival, allows her to ride on his own mule, and, in the end, lets her slip into the castle before him. The outcome of such a plot may be imagined.

"Margaret Mather died a poor woman. She left nothing but debts and the scenery in the production of Shakespeare's 'Cymbeline,' say her legal adviser.

E. S. Willard is recovering from his illness and will be brought from Chicago to Lakewood in a few days and rest there for awhile before returning to England.

The first American actress to be elected governor is Miss Ada Rehan, who has been chosen permanent governor of the Shakespeare memorial society at Stratford-on-Avon in England.

Vesta Tilley has purchased the English rights to the "The Devil's Auction," "A Bachelor's Honeymoon," and "A Tarrytown Widow." She sailed for London last week, but will return to America in the fall.

Blanche Walsh and Annie Ward Tiffany have been engaged for Carl Haswin's revival of "Little Lord Fauntelroy."

Julia Arthur will begin her next season at Detroit on Oct. 3, where she made her stellar debut in "A Lady of Quality."

Charles Coghlan will pass the summer at Prince Edward Island where he will put the finishing touches to his new play.

Miss Leticia Fairfax the English actress who was brought over from London this season by Augustin Daly, will join Richard Mansfield as his leading woman in "The First Violin" at the Garden theatre, New York.

Sol Smith Russell has leased Marie Burroughs residence at Martha's Vineyard and will spend the summer on the Massachusetts coast, which means that Joseph Jefferson, W. H. Crane and Mr. Russell will make up a jolly summer party.

"The Adventure of Lady Ursula" is soon to be brought out in London.

The metaphysical society drama "Truth" at the Park was unique to say the least.

"The Belle of New York" is going to Australia at the close of its present London season, it is said.

Grace Mae Lambkin has succeeded Isabel Evesson in the leading role of "A Southern Romance."

Mabel Amber has been engaged to support James K. Hackett in his starring tour beginning October 14.

Mansfield began life as a painter.

Marie Van Zandt is to marry a Russian nobleman.

Mary Hampton will star in an Indian war drama.

Blanch Walsh has joined a New York popular price stock company.

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Charles Frohman is endeavoring to secure another Barrie play for Miss Adams.

The suit of Mrs. Ernestine Boniface, wife of Actor George C. Boniface, for absolute divorce, names Miss Bertha Waltzing as co-correspondent.

A report that has been circulated that Virginia Earle has had severe hemorrhages. This is denied at the theatre, where it is said that Miss Earle is only suffering from ulcerated throat.

Olga Netherole is negotiating for a lease of the Lyric, Theatre London. Louis Parker and Murray Carson have undertaken to provide her with a play with a romantic Spanish background for production this season if necessary.

Louis James has received a cablegram from Kyrle Bellew and Mrs. James Brown Potter inviting him to become a third star for a triple alliance proposed for next season, but Mr. James replied that many contracts already made prevent him from accepting.

Harry Guy Carleton will write a new comedy for the company now presenting "My Friend from India."

Another American play has scored in London. "Too Much Johnson," according to cable advices, has caught on immensely. The Prince of Wales visited the theatre the second night—an unusual proceeding—and Gilette has been universally praised for his portrayal of the gay husband.

Life among the Irish gentry will be the theme of the new play which Augustus Pitou is writing for Chauncey Olcott. There will be no peasants, the comic element being contributed by the seryant characters. Mr. Olcott will be seen in the character of a young Irish gentleman and will have an opportunity to do more love-making than in any of his previous plays.

Belasco already has a new play finished for Mrs. Carter, and in view of the emphatic hit she has made in London it is now generally believed that the play will have its first production before the company returns to America.

Sadie Martinot is no longer leading actress in "A Stranger in New York" Company. Cause, Amelia Stone. Miss Martinot's songs were cut, and she refused to play on the same stage with Miss Stone. The lady of the diamond garter buckles has accordingly left the company.

Fanny McIntyre, now leading lady at the Bowdoin Square Theatre, at Boston, was married on Monday to E. L. Snyder, the leading heavy man of the same company.

Rose Coghlan will make her vaudeville debut in "Nance Oldfield" at Keith's Boston Theatre on May 9.

The only novelty to be presented by the New York theatres next week is the production by Mrs. Fiske, of two new plays at the Fifth Avenue. They will consist of Mrs. Oscar Beringer's "A Bit of Old Chelsea," which had a year of success in London, and Margaret Merington's English adaptation of a German drama hitherto called "The Right to Happiness," but which Mrs. Fiske has rechristened as "Love Finds the Way." Mrs. Fiske has put off till next season her appearance as Becky Sharp in a stage version of Thackeray's "Vanity Fair." The rumored explanation is that she didn't like Lorimer Stoddard's scenario and advised collaboration. He refused, and the work is to be done by somebody else.

Sardou's "Pamela," has already ended its Parisian career. Not since "Marquise" has the eminent dramatist met with such a downright failure. Even Rejane's acting and all its spectacular effects could not save it.

ALCOHOLIZED GEESSE.

A North Dakota Farmer's Strategy Brings Him Abundant Returns.

A farmer on the Fort Rice reservation, about ten miles below Bismarck, N. D., on the Missouri River, has a liberal supply of wild geese, both dead and alive, as a result of an experiment upon which he has been pondering for some time, and which worked to his entire satisfaction and greatly to the disadvantage of the geese. The season for the flight of the great Canada geese from the South to their summer haunts in the North has begun, and thousands of the honkers stop at different places along the river en route. The sand bars in the morning are black with the great flocks of geese, and they make short pilgrimages from the bars to the fields of the farmers adjacent to the river for feed. They remain several days in the locality and furnish abundant amusement for sportsmen.

At the farm of the man in question there is a huge sand bar projecting into the river but so far from the shore that no hunter can steal upon the geese which congregate there near enough to get a shot. Aware of their immunity, large flocks of the birds settle there every morning and sun them-

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selves for several hours, and then migrate to the interior for food.

Having observed the movements of the geese for several days the farmer resolved to accomplish by stratagem what he could not accomplish by stealth, and every morning before the arrival of the birds he distributed about a peck of corn about the bar. Upon the return of the geese this would be speedily devoured, and the process was repeated every morning for several days, greatly to the satisfaction of the geese.

Saturday night the farmer came to the city and secured a quart of the best alcohol, which he said would be sufficient to saturate a peck of corn quite thoroughly. He placed the corn in the alcohol over night, so that it was thoroughly soaked, and in the morning at the usual time he spread it over the bar and concealed himself in the brush along the shore of the river and awaited the coming of the geese.

They came as usual, and also as usual ate up the corn. Soon after there was a great disturbance manifest among the feathered denizens of the bar. The alcohol had a swift effect and soon the bar was covered with sprawling, waddling, maddened geese in all stages of intoxication. Those that had eaten most freely of the doctored corn were speedily affected, and in various ways. Some of them were immediately overpowered and lay helpless in the sand in a sort of drunken stupor. Others attempted to fly and were unable to do so, their wings refusing to perform their usual functions, and the only result of their efforts being an aimless flopping about the bar. Others staggered off like tipsy men and finally succumbed to the influence of the liquor and lay down in the sun in a drunken sleep. A few were able to fly and soared off for a few moments, but the alcohol was too much for them and they were forced to circle back to the bar and settle again on the sand.

After waiting for the liquor to have effect the farmer emerged from his hiding place and approached the drunken birds. They seemed to have lost their usual fear and many of them were inspired with a remarkable pugnacity, flying at him and endeavoring to beat him with their wings. It was a laughable sight and none of the realized their danger, but were inspired with all the drunken courage of men in the same situation. The farmer knocked over a number of them with a club and captured as many as were totally stupefied with the liquor, alive, for decoys.—Deo Moines Leader.

Out of the three and a half millions who form the population of inner London, one million and a half, represent three hundred thousand householders, pay more or less frequent visits to the pawnbroker, and some thirty million articles are annually pledged within this narrow area.

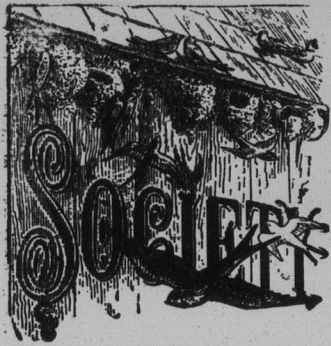
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Miss Mabel Thomson entertained friends last week, on Thursday evening at a croquet party and on Friday at a tea for which quite a large number of invitations were issued; both affairs were very enjoyable.

On Tuesday the Misses Holden gave a tea for Miss May Blair who is still with friends here. About forty young people were present and the occasion proved most delightful.

Dr. and Mrs. Holden were among the passengers for England on the last Galia. They will spend a few months with friends on the other side.

Miss Alice Lillian Butcher left this week for P. E. Island, where she read at an anniversary celebration during the week.

Mrs. W. S. Fielding returned to Halifax during the week. Miss Fielding has been paying a pleasant visit to friends here recently.

Mr. and Mrs. David Iddles of Flatlands, N. B., were in the city for a day or two this week.

Prof. Gunn, Mrs. Gunn and child came from Quebec early in the week and are spending a few days in the city.

Mr. George Anderson of the offices at Sand Point, left this week for Owen Sound, accompanied by Mrs. Anderson and child.

Judge Forbes was in Halifax this week to attend the convocation of Dalhousie college.

Mr. C. A. Stockton who has been quite ill at Fredericton for some weeks returned to St. John on Monday. He continues to improve slowly.

The marriage took place this week at St. Georges church, New York, of Mr. Herbert C. Tilley of this city and Miss Elizabeth Tucker, a sister of Mrs. A. H. F. Randolph of Fredericton. The bride was attended by Miss Turnbull of St. John and the groom was supported by his brother Mr. L. P. D. Tilley.

A wedding breakfast was served after the ceremony at the St. Denis hotel, Broadway to the following guests and later Mr. and Mrs. Tilley left for Washington: Lady Tilley, Mrs. Tucker, Mr. and Mrs. Turnbull, Mr. and Mrs. Rupert Turnbull, Mrs. Frank Starr, Mr. and Mrs. Allan Randolph of Fredericton, Miss Tyler of Ottawa, Miss Tilley of London, L. Tilley, Rev. F. Nelson, Mr. and Mrs. H. C. Tilley on their return home will spend a couple of weeks at Carleton House with Lady Tilley before going to their summer residence at Rothessy. The bride received many beautiful presents. On their return to the city in the fall Mr. and Mrs. Tilley will reside in a handsome cottage; now building on Canterbury street.

Mr. and Mrs. Robert Sproul of New Glasgow, N. S., spent a little while here during the week.

Mr. and Mrs. S. T. Amyott of London, Ontario, are spending a week with friends here and in other parts of the province.

Mr. George H. Clark came down from the capital for a day or two during the week.

Miss Annie Robertson of Louisville, C. B., is spending a week or two with her cousins the Misses Black of Charlotte street.

The Art Exhibition closed on Tuesday evening of this week, the time having been extended two days in order that all might have an opportunity of seeing the magnificent works of art which local enterprise had succeeded in bringing to St. John. Those who through indifference or other causes failed to pay a visit to the Y. M. C. A. rooms will be regretful, for aside from the famous paintings brought from other places, there was a great attraction in the local work shown. The Y. M. C. A. of this city has always shown much energy and enterprise, and its latest effort to benefit the people cannot be too highly estimated. It is pleasing to know that the organization was a winner financially by the exhibition.

Lovers of the dramatic art will have plenty of opportunity for the indulgence of their favorite pastime during the spring and summer. Some excellent things are outlined for the season in both opera and drama. By the way W. S. Harkins brings an especially strong attraction, or rather attractions in the persons of Miss Margaret Anglin and Miss Ethel Knight Mollison both of whom have hosts of friends in this city. Mr. Harkins' annual engagement will be awaited with interest by all who know these young ladies either socially or professionally.

Mr. Byers, Mrs. and the Misses Leck spent a few days at the Victoria before leaving for England and during their stay at the hotel numerous friends dropped in to wish them bon voyage and a pleasant stay in the old country. Before going to Newcastle on-Tyne where they will stay for a while, the family will spend some time in London.

Mrs. R. P. Foster has returned to Dorchester after a very pleasant visit to friends in this city.

The marriage was solemnized in the Stone church on Monday evening of Dr. Henry B. Nae of Indian town and Miss Minnie Hooper Beverly only daughter of Mr. Fulton Beverly. Rev. J. DeSoyres performed the ceremony in the presence of a number of friends of the contracting parties. The bride was given away by her brother Mr. George Beverly but the bridal party was unattended. She wore a very handsome wedding gown of Bengaline cord and a large black hat. Among the many beautiful presents received by Mr. and Mrs. Nae were a handsome brass table with onyx top, from Mr. and Mrs. James Fleming, a beautiful piece of statuary from Mr. and Mrs. Herbert Fleming, and a handsome bed lounge from Mr. George Beverly. Mr. and Mrs. Nae will reside at 17 Garden street.

St. Stephen's Church Guild recently spent an interesting evening by holding a congregational social as a finish up of the Guild's weekly meetings. Very handsome decorations of palms, cut flowers pictures and draperies gave a most attractive appearance to the room. Light refreshments were served during the evening and the following programme was rendered in an excellent manner: Piano solo, Miss Frel Collins; vocal solo, My Ain' Firsidie, Mrs. Wm. Robertson; reading, Mrs. M. Armstrong; violin solo, Miss Jennie Mathew; reading, Rev. Mr. Rainnie, solo, Miss Lake.

The dining room of the Duffin hotel was on a festive Monday evening when the St. George's society held its annual dinner at which over one hundred members were present. The menu was excellent and was served in the Duffin's well-known excellent manner. The president of the society, William Jarvis, occupied the head of the table with Deputy Mayor Robinson on his right and Mr. D. J. McLaughlin, President of the Board of Trade on his left. The opposite end of the table was occupied by Dr. H. G. Addy and Mr. R. W. W. Frink. The usual toasts and spec-

making prevailed interspersed with musical selections. The occasion was an exceedingly pleasant one and the society and guests enjoyed themselves immensely.

Miss Tyrill of Ottawa and Miss Eleanor Carey daughters of Rev. Dr. Carey arrived Tuesday from Ottawa to spend some time here with their parents. Rev. J. deSoyres and Mrs. deSoyres left this week for Montreal and will sail from there today by the Steamer Scotsman for Liverpool.

Mr. Theodore Roberts of Fredericton has gone south as war correspondent of the New York Independent.

Mr. and Mrs. H. L. Street will leave the first of next week for the Pacific coast. They have lately been staying with Mrs. William Fleming in Hazen street.

Dr. W. L. Ellis late of G. P. H., left this week for Baltimore, where he will take a special course of study.

Mrs. Roberts of the North end who has been suffering from an attack of pneumonia is very much improved and able to be up for a short time daily. Miss Annie McDonald who for some time has been attending school in Toronto arrived home on Tuesday.

Mr. George H. Trueman removed his family to Moncton and they have taken up their residence on Weldon street. The good wishes of many friends will follow them to their new home.

Mr. Fred Christopher formerly of Carleton but for the past ten years sojourning in the States is visiting relatives in the north end.

Miss Annie Nixon of Halifax spent a day in the city the first of the week.

Mr. and Mrs. Gage deVeber and Mrs. Morris Scovill came down from Gagetown for a few days during the week.

Mrs. W. B. Gannon of St. Stephen arrives next week at "The Cedars" where she will spend two or three weeks.

Mrs. Doris L. Davis has returned from a pleasant visit to friends in the St. Croix valley.

Mr. Chester McCaskey spent a day lately in St. Stephen with friends.

Mrs. Albert Gregory is in the city on a visit to her parents Mr. and Mrs. Hurd Peters.

Miss Frankie Tibbitts and Miss Emma Crookshank of Fredericton were in the city last week to attend the Art exhibition and were guests of Mrs. J. D. Hazen.

Mrs. Estough is in Fredericton visiting her aunt Mrs. Charles Medley who is dangerously ill.

Miss Florrie Marsh has returned to the capital after a few weeks visit to friends here.

The funeral of Mr. Thomas Sharp was held Sunday afternoon from his home Port and street North end. Rev. D. J. Fraser of St. Stephen's church conducted the burial service. Among the floral tributes was a large wreath of white roses from employees of T. Rankine & Sons, bouquet of lilies and roses from Mrs. Broad; bouquet of lilies and roses from Mr. and Mrs. W. E. Corbett.

Mrs. J. M. Page who has been here visiting her daughter Mrs. C. B. Foster has returned to Truro having enjoyed her stay here very much.

Mr. and Mrs. George Ryan were in Dorchester the first of the week to attend the funeral of Mrs. Joseph Hickman.

Mr. Wm Howard, spent Sunday in Dorchester the guest of his friend Mr. C. L. Hamington.

A very pretty wedding took place at the residence of Rev. Mr. Rennie this week when Harry Logan, the popular young clerk with Horncastle & Co., of Indian town, was united in marriage to Miss Laura MacDonald. The bride was handsomely attired, and was attended by Miss Ida Grey of north end. The groom was supported by Louis Munro. After the ceremony the party returned to the new home of the couple on Main street, where a number of guests were met and a repast partaken of and a very pleasant evening spent. The happy couple have the best wishes of their many friends for a happy and prosperous married life. The bride received many beautiful and useful presents, among which was a handsome silver service from the groom.

Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Robertson of Victoria B. C., arrived in the city Monday to take passage in the Galia which sailed on Wednesday.

Mr. and Mrs. J. C. Rodgers and the Misses Rodgers of Hamilton spent a part of this week in the city.

Mrs. F. R. F. Brown of Moncton was in the city for a few days lately.

Miss King of Halifax was among recent visitors from the Nova Scotia capital.

Mr. and Mrs. James Haley of Truro were in the city part of the week.

Monday morning April 18th there occurred at St. Denis Church, Fort Fairfield, a very pretty wedding when Mr. Berton A. Henneberry formerly of St. John and Miss Gertrude L. Dorsey were united in the holy bonds of matrimony by the Rev. J. F. Manning. Miss May Dorsey sister of the bride acted as bridesmaid while the groom was attended by Mr. J. Ernest Donnelly. The church was filled to its utmost capacity by the many friends of the young couple who are deservedly very popular. The bride was attired in a beautiful costume of white brocade silk with lace trimming while the bridesmaid wore pale blue Lansdowne and chiffon lace. The happy couple received many useful presents. Mr. Henneberry was at one time a resident of this city but was called to Fort Fairfield to accept the position of bookkeeper in the National Bank at that place, which position he has held for the past four years. The many friends wish the young couple a life of happiness.

Mr. and Mrs. B. Eaton Patterson of Amherst and the latter's parents Mr. and Mrs. J. L. Black of Sackville were in the city this week on their way from New York where Mrs. Patterson has been for some time for her health. Mrs. Patterson was looking very much exhausted with the journey but it is said her stay in the United States has greatly benefited her.

Miss Taylor who has been Mrs. H. C. Rankine's guest for some time returned Thursday to her home in Halifax.

Lady Tilley returned Thursday from New York where she had been attending her son Mr. H. C. Tilley's marriage to Miss Tucker.

Major Armstrong returned Thursday from a trip to Ottawa and Montreal.

Miss Libbie Smith, sister of Mrs. R. C. Cole returned recently from an extended and most delightful trip to Chicago, Minneapolis, Milwaukee and other western cities.

BUCTOUCH.

APRIL 26.—Mrs. C. H. Manston spent a few days in Moncton last week.

Rev. C. H. Manston visited friends in St. John part of last week.

Mr. H. H. James and Miss Edith James spent Tuesday in Moncton.

Mr. B. H. Foley went to Moncton on Friday to meet his nephew Mr. Daniel Lee Banister of London England and accompanied him as far as St. John.

Mrs. W. H. Irving and baby Doris are visiting at Mrs. Irving's former home in Shediac.

Rev. Mr. Weddall occupied the pulpit in the Methodist church on Sunday evening.

Mr. Broderick of Toronto and Mr. Gowland of St. John are in town this week.

Miss Maggie Hannigan is spending a few days at home this week.

Miss Wallace has returned home from Moncton. Miss Johnson visited her sister Mrs. J. H. Abbott in Moncton for a few days last week. VERNON.

FREDERICTON.

(Programme is for sale in Fredericton by Messrs W. T. H. Fenety and J. H. Hawthorne.)

April 27.—The musical and literary club met last evening at the residence of Mr. Martin Lemont St. John Street. Mrs. Wm. Lemont assisted Mr. Lemont in receiving his guests. A very sumptuous supper, at which the favors were all in pink and white, was happily sandwiched in the programme which contained the following seventeen numbers: Vocal Duett, "Oh lovely peace".....Judas Macabraya

Mrs. Sewell and Mrs. Flewelling.

Song, "Non c'era".....Tito Martie

Mrs. W. T. H. Fenety

Reading, Paper on Wagner, his life and music

Mrs. Risk

Song "Crossing the Bar".....Beh

Mrs. Jeffrey

Piano Duett, "Rondo Brilliant".....Weber of 62

Mrs. Cameron and Mrs. Flewelling.

Song, The King of the Main.....Geotrey Marbro

Mr. Martin Lemont.

Song, "A Flower that resembles".....Schuman

Enchore, Moonlight.....Schuman

Mr. Bristowe.

Song, "For You".....Sydney Smith

Mrs. Sewell

Song, "The White Squall".....G. A. Barker

Mr. Wm. Lemont

Reading, "How to Hunt the Fox".....Bill Nye

Mr. Flewelling.

Song, "He giveth His beloved sleep".....Frax Abt

Rev. Canon Roberts.

Song, The devoted apple.....Rockell

Mrs. Jeffrey.

Piano Duett, "T'Italiana in Alger".....Rossini

Overture

Miss Carman and Mrs. Bristowe.

Song, "Fisher O'Fynn".....Mr. M. Lemont.

Mrs. William Lemont.

Song, "Why must we say goodbye".....Cook

Mrs. Fenety and Mrs. Cameron.

Vocal Duett, "Good Night".....Mr. Lemont made a model host and every member was delighted with the evening's entertainment.

As this was the last meet of the club for the season, before the assemblage retired, a pleasant feature of the evening was the singing of "Auld Lang Syne" in which all the members joined, and the pleasant meet of the season came to a close with the singing of "God Save the Queen."

Mrs. and Miss Botford of Boston are in the city and will remain here as they intend making this their permanent home. Miss Botford was at the Queen the guest of Miss Coy.

Mr. Starr of Halifax spent Sunday among Celestial city friends.

Mrs. Albert Gregory has gone to St. John, on a two weeks visit to her parents Mr. and Mrs. Hurd Peters.

The Misses Frankie Tibbitts and Emma Crookshank have returned home from viewing the Art Exhibition at St. John.

Mr. McCurcber of Montreal is among the strangers in town.

After a pleasant visit with her parents at Woodstock, Mrs. Walter Fisher is at home again.

Mr. C. Fisher of Boston is among the latest arrivals in town.

The entertainment to be given in the Opera house tomorrow evening under the auspices of the Y. M. C. A., promises to be the greatest success of the season. Mrs. John Black and Mrs. John Davidson have been most indistinguishable in their efforts to make it the success it is sure to be. Among those who are taking part are Mrs. J. W. Bridges, Mrs. Harlam West, Mrs. W. H. Stevens, Miss Babbitt, Misses Sterling, Miss Carrie Winslow, Miss Munnell, Miss Powry, Misses Sherman, Miss Jean Cooper, Miss Wiley, Miss M. Nicholson, Miss B. Williamson, Mr. Healey V. Edgecombe, Mr. H. F. M. Leod and little Miss Zillah Edgecombe.

Mrs. Fiske and daughter of Florenceville have been visiting Mrs. Fiske's sister Mrs. H. H. Pitts.

Miss Colter of Woodstock has been visiting her aunt Mrs. J. J. Weddall.

Prof. Bristowe went to Woodstock on Friday and remained over Sunday to give an organ recital, on the new organ of St. Luke's church. The people of Woodstock were charmed with the playing of Prof. Bristowe, who brought out so well all the important

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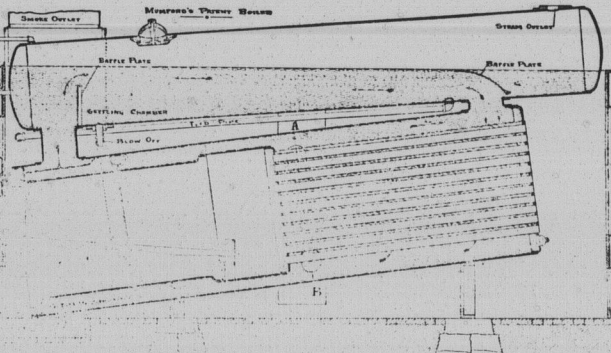
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for the most stylish model and best wheel of the season. No wonder so many people use the old reliable Welcome Soap and ride a Bicycle.

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Is internally fired and the hot gases pass through the tubes and return around the shell, making every foot of the boiler effective heating surface. The water circulates rapidly from front to back of boiler, up the back connection to drum and down the front connection to a point below the fire. Sediment in feed water will be deposited at front of drum or below furnace and all parts of boiler are accessible for cleaning purposes.

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CAMPBELL'S WINE OF BEECH TREE CREOSOTE CURES OBSTINATE COUGHS. DOCTORS RECOMMEND IT HIGHLY. ASK YOUR DRUGGIST FOR IT.

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A dollar and a half book for only 50 cents.

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This book is handsomely bound in different colors and profusely illustrated, and one that should be in every home of the Maritime Provinces.

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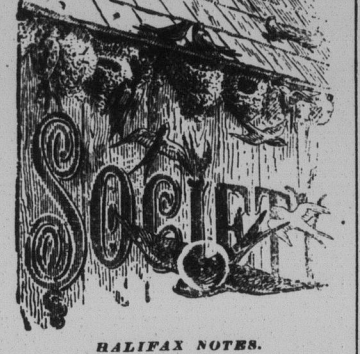
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FOR ADDITIONAL SOCIETY NEWS, SEE FIFTH AND EIGHTH PAGES.



HALIFAX NOTES.

PROGRESS is for sale in Halifax by the newsboys and at the following news stands and centres. C. S. DE FREITAS, Brunswick street...

Friday evening a brilliant and fashionable audience assembled at the Church of England institute to listen to the one recital given by the pupils of Miss Madeleine Homer. The hall and reception room formed one apartment, but even the additional space was taxed to its utmost in order that comfort might be afforded to those in attendance.

The recital placed another feather in Miss Homer's cap. Miss Mary Murphy opened the program with "As the Dawn," by Cantor. She then followed in "September," by Charlot; "The Heart's Springtime," Wickede; "Plaisir D'Amour," Martini; and "He Loves Me, Loves me not," Mascagni.

Miss Ada F. Ryan had perhaps the most difficult number on the programme. She has studied for some time with Miss H. Wier, and is instructor in voice culture at the convent of the Sacred Heart, where she has given every satisfaction. The aria, "Alti Rendimi," from "Metrona," received excellent inter-pretation at her hands.

Mrs. Lovett H. Crowell sang in good taste, showing great improvement since her last appearance. She was somewhat nervous, which perhaps prevented her from doing full justice to herself, but nevertheless she sang in good taste.

A trio, "Summer Night," Hoffman, by Miss Mary Murphy, Mrs. Crowell and Miss Belle Walker, gave great pleasure. The voices blended well together, and the shading was excellent.

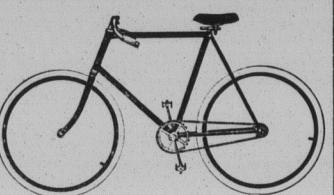
Best is the "Lord," from Mendelssohn's Elysian, her singing was so good. The first number, however, showed the wonderful progress made by the young lady, who has with only one year's study developed rich, heavy contralto which stamps her as one of the rising singers of the city.

Madame Grundy has already set about whippers of June weddings, and I fear we are to lose many from "the rose-garden of girls," leaving still fewer in the ranks of "the bachelor maids" from

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city people, and make an ideal host and hostess, a most delightful time was passed by all present. It is with deep regret that the friends of Mrs. Robert Eakins learn of the recent death of her brother. Much sympathy has been expressed on all sides, and all will sadly miss this charming lady from the gay circles for a while.

The "Peek Sisters" entertainment which will take place in a few evenings at the Presbyterian vestry promises to be brilliant of fun. Music and readings will comprise the balance of the program, but I hear that the "sisters" are determined that their part which consists of comic songs, duets, choruses, and acting, will prove the hit of the evening, and quite captivate the audience all of which I suspect will prove true to their conviction, for I have had the honor conferred on me of a peep behind the scenes, and their doings and sayings will undoubtedly prove a trying test to either our gravity or giggling propensities. As Miss Eva Pelton has charge of the affair, it will of necessity be a brilliant success.

All are on the tip-toe of expectation as to the coming opera, "Rip Van Winkle" by the same talent. A first night undertaking seemed rather hazardous, and certainly ultra ambitious, but under the clever management of Prof. McDeville the results have been surprising and something good is promised. Inimitably, disreputable, good d'rip of whom we never tire, will be personated by a Halifax gentleman, while the wife Gretchen will be assumed by our favorite, Mrs. P. H. C. Halliwell, who has been heard to so great advantage here in opera. A host of some box prizes being awarded for that evening, and I hope soon to give a full account of the affair.

Mrs. J. D. McDeville and her sister Miss Curry gave a small but pleasant opera party at the Royal a few evenings ago. The play was "Kathleen Mavourneen" by the Frost Dramatic Co. performing in

Mrs. Emily Lovitt, one of our society's favorites, had the misfortune of being confined to her room for some time with pleurisy, however, at this time she is much improved and is now able to see her friends again.

Many of our girls and ladies have been highly interested this winter in the physical culture classes, held here so successfully, and Miss Bowser I hear, has achieved special distinction in the Emerson system. As such to the regret of the ladies this work closes earlier than expected on account of Miss Hudson's contemplated trip to France and England.

Madame Grundy has already set about whippers of June weddings, and I fear we are to lose many from "the rose-garden of girls," leaving still fewer in the ranks of "the bachelor maids" from

Stolen Kisses. Young men do not try to steal kisses from girls who are sick and bed-ridden. There is a book containing over a thousand pages and over three hundred illustrations.

every mother of young daughters should read. It tells in plain, every day language that anyone can understand, many vital truths that every maid, wife and mother should know. It tells the untold suffering and agony that women endure who enter upon the important duties of wifehood and motherhood without seeing to it that they are strong and well in a womanly way.

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"During the fall and winter of 1894 I was engaged in teaching at Public School No. 31, in Smith Co., near Tyler, Texas," writes Mr. J. P. Sneed of Owen, Texas. "During this time my wife was badly afflicted with female weakness. We tried three of the best physicians in the county without benefit to my wife's health, but at great expense. My wife grew worse and we gave up in despair. She could not get into bed, and she would not eat. She was not able to stand on her feet long at a time, and complained of dragging down pains in the abdomen. After six months was completely cured, at a cost of less than one month's treatment by the last physician we employed before consulting Dr. Pierce."

which the eager Lotharios will select their mates for life. I hear of one especially beautiful and extensive troupe being prepared for a petite Forest street bride elect, and judging from the miles and miles of billowy lace and "airy nothings" sent to the midwife I suspect the tales afloat have not been one whit exaggerated.

Bumot has it that we are to lose one of our Yarmouth young men soon, in Mr. Frank Hibbert. He leaves in May to accept a lucrative position as travelling agent for a Montreal firm. Society will miss Mr. Hibbert from its ranks, as he was always a pleasant acquisition to the different circles.

Mrs. J. L. R. Webster is making a brief visit to Ottawa this week; also Senator and Mrs. Lovitt are sojourning there during the House session. The recent entertainment given by the Christian Endeavor society of Providence church has been most pleasantly discussed by those in attendance as being most enjoyable and unique. The different young people had been requested to earn ascertain sum of money by their individual efforts, and then on this public occasion to entertain the audience with an account of how they went about the pleasant task. Miss Nellie Rogers especially delighted all with a unique and witty rhyme which showed marked cleverness in her part, she received a beautiful gift for her pains.

Mr. Geo. Parker our progressive artist has just completed some very fine groupings of the different participants in the beautiful "Olla Podrida" which took place here in January, and is now but "Miss Logan's dream," one especially "The Death of Virginia," in which Mrs. W. G. T. Farish, Misses Bown, Levitt, and Bimray pose is much admired. Mr. Seymour Baker, son of Hon. L. E. Baker, is in town for the Easter holidays. Mr. Baker is at present a pupil at a very fine school for boys in New Hampshire Dixie.

DORCHESTER.

[Progress is for sale in Dorchester by G. M. Fairweather.] APRIL 27.—Mr. H. R. Emmerman Premier of New Brunswick was presented on Monday evening with a handsome silver tea service and an oak cabinet containing silver knives and forks—and all varieties of— that an— possibly need—from his friends in the Province as a recognition of his services. On Monday evening a meeting of his friends and the presentation committee was convened at the Hotel Windsor and Sherif McQueen was chosen as chairman for the evening, while Mr. C. C. Hamilton of Shediac was appointed to read the address which was signed by all those who had contributed towards the gift. The assembled party then turned their steps to Premier Emmerman's residence where they were most cordially received by the Premier and Mrs. Emmerman. An address was then read to Mr. and Mrs. Emmerman by Mr. C. C. Hamilton and the presentation took place. Premier and Mrs. Emmerman were deeply gratified by the gifts and the Premier made an able speech in which he expressed the deep appreciation of the kindness shown by his friends to Mrs. Emmerman and himself. As Mrs. Emmerman was not well present were Sherif McQueen, Hon. A. D. Richard, W. W. Wells M. P., C. W. Robinson M. P., P. Messrs. C. H. Hamilton, A. J. Chapman, Edward Cole, Robert Buck, James McQueen, Ambrose Melancon, Dominique Bellevue, Captain A. Bishop, M. B. Palmer Alfred Haines, A. A. Copp, A. B. Copp, James Moosman, J. B. McManus, George C. Copp, W. F. George, F. W. Emerson, W. W. Copp, N. W. Brown, E. E. Wilson, F. J. King, James Friel, James Tower, J. D. Brown, A. G. Fawcett Harvey Copp, Rev. C. H. Burgess, P. G. L. Gagner, John W. Patterson, Charles Card, W. F. Tal, L. W. Tingley, H. J. McGrath, W. Hazen Chapman and others.

The death of Mrs. Joseph Hickman occurred last Saturday morning. Mrs. Hickman was ill about a fortnight, and she was quite an old lady when she died. She leaves two children to mourn her loss, Mr. John H. Hickman of J. H. Hickman & Co., and Mr. W. D. Donalds of Amherst. The funeral took place on Monday afternoon at three o'clock from her late residence on Sakville street, to Trinity church. Among the relatives from other places who attended the funeral were Mr. and Mrs. W. D. Donalds, Mr. J. H. Donalds, and Master Albert Beck with of Amherst, Judge Wells of Amherst, Mr. James Hickman of Amherst, Mrs. William Weld of Moncton, and Mr. James Weidon of Shediac, Mr. and Mrs. George Ryan of St. John, and Mrs. Ferguson of Richibucto. The sympathy of their Dorchester friends is extended to the bereaved family.

The many friends of the Rev. J. R. Campbell were glad to welcome him back to his parish on Saturday last. Mr. Campbell's eyes have not recovered entirely from the severe operations which they have undergone, at least not sufficiently for him to attend to his duties without the help of an assistant but it is hoped that in another month he will be able to use them.

The Rev. Mr. Pickett of Oak Point, Kings County left for home on Tuesday—he will be greatly missed as he has made many friends during his two months sojourn with us. The Rev. Mr. Hurford is expected to-morrow to take Mr. Pickett's place as an assistant for Mr. Campbell.

Mrs. Kell or is to give a large whist party to-morrow night of which we will hear more anon. Mr. Justice Hanington returned from Fredericton on Monday evening.

Mr. M. G. Teed returned from Fredericton on Saturday. Mr. William Howard of St. John spent Sunday in town the guest of his friend Mr. C. L. Hanington.

Messrs. John and William Forster, sent Sunday at their home. Mr. Webb and Mr. Brooks two of their fellow students at Mt. Allison College were there in town for Sunday the guests of Mr. and Mrs. J. B. Forster at Willowside.

Mrs. Morris Robinson and Master Lance Robinson left town last Thursday evening for St. John.

WINDSOR.

April 26.—The engagement is announced, of Mr. Donald Kenway, assistant accountant and teller of the Commercial Bank of Windsor and Miss Bessie Fortan youngest daughter of Thomas Fortan Esq. Ravenswood, Northwest Arm Halifax. Mr. Kenway has been a resident of Windsor for more than two years; he was formerly on the staff of the Maritime Bank of Canada, and is an Englishman by birth. Miss Fortan is a native of Halifax and her father is the head of the firm of Thos. Fortan & Co. sailmakers and shipowners of that city, and is considered one of the belles of the Arm.

Also the engagement has just been announced, and has come upon Windsoresians suddenly of Prof. Karl Weatherbee of Kings College and Miss Nellie Paulin, only daughter of Robert Paulin Esq. son-in-law of the late E. V. Peyrout, Windsor's wealthiest citizen—the wedding which will doubtless be a very fashionable one it is reported will take place in June—Prof. Weatherbee is a son of Judge Weatherbee of Halifax. Miss Paulin who is one of Windsor's most fashionable young ladies is receiving congratulations on all sides.

The Kennedy-Campbell concert on Thursday last in the Presbyterian Hall was the musical event of the season and the talented singers were greeted with a full house—every number on the programme was well rendered.

Windsor is fast rising from its ruins. Hammer and trowel are to be heard in every quarter and at the present rate of recuperation five years hence will see a modern town built up, free we hope from the eyesores rookeries and characteristic of the old town.

TRURO.

[Progress is for sale in Truro by Mr. G. O. Fulton, Messrs. D. H. Smith & Co., and at Crowe Bros.] APRIL 27.—Mrs. H. V. Crowe and her two little daughters have returned from a visit with the former home friends in Canning, Kings Co.

Vapo-Cresolene. Cures While You Sleep. Whooping Cough, Croup, Colds, Coughs, Asthma, Catarrh. During recent years an important change has taken place in the treatment of certain diseases of the air passages. While formerly it was the custom to rely almost entirely on internal medications in this treatment, the importance of direct applications of medicines to the diseased parts is becoming more and more generally recognized. Of this method of treatment, Cresolene is the most largely used, the most successful in its results, and the most convenient way of medicating the air passages. Descriptive booklet, with testimonials, free. For sale by all druggists, United States and Canada. VAPRO-CRESOLENE CO., 69 Wall Street, New York. Leming, Miles & Co., Montreal, Canadian Agents.

Millinery Days.

The impetus given to Hats and Bonnets by our marvelously and successful opening a week ago is making Marr's Millinery Parlors talked of in the best homes of city and country, for visitors were here from near and far. We have never within the same time in any former season booked so many orders for Spring Millinery, whilst the daily sales from stock show a large percentage of increase. It could hardly be otherwise, with the beauty and style in Hats, Bonnets, Flowers and Feathers that meet you in these exceptional Millinery Parlors and the Best Milliner in Canada direct from New York City.

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ONLY A COUGH! But it may be a sign of some serious malady fastening itself upon the vital parts. Puttner's Emulsion will dislodge it and restore the irritated and inflamed tissue to healthy action.

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MACKEREL AND SHAD Large Salt Mackerel. Large Salt Economy Shad. No. 1 Salt Herring. In Small Kits for Family Use, at 19 and 23 King Square.

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THE HORSE CAN'T Tuttle's Elixir

of his desires or he would request the application of Tuttle's Elixir to his poor lame joints and cords. This Elixir locates lameness, when applied, by remaining moist on the part affected, the best dries out. \$100 REWARD IF NOT CURED of Colic of all kinds, Colic, Curb, Splints, Contracted and Rotted Cords, and Shoe Boils. Used and endorsed by Adams Express Co.

\$5,000 Reward to the person who can prove one of these testimonials bogus. Dr. S. A. Tuttle, St. John, N. B., Oct. 8th, 1897, Dear Sir:—I have much pleasure in recommending your Elixir to all interested in horses. I have used it for several years and have found it to be all it is represented to be. I have used it on my running horses and also on my trotting Stallion "Special Blend," with the desired effect. It is undoubtedly a first-class article.

Remain yours respectfully, E. LE ROI WILLIS, Prop. Hotel Dufferin.

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THE ALBERTA

Baby who to a bath who—wants no no other many im look like it.

THE ALBERTA Goodwin.

APRIL 27.—The Eclectic school brilliant "at college. Bessie were issued in Moncton, St. Dr. and Mrs. college and the generally. The guests, Mr. and Mrs. F. I. Dr. and Mrs. Mrs. Brecken, Mrs. Wood, Black, Mr. and Mrs. G. Mrs. Fuller Mrs. Allison, Dobson, Mrs. Miss Freeman, Fawcett, Mrs. Wood, F. Tur W. Harrison, B. Copp, J. Mr. and Mrs. Ayer, Miss Knapp, Taylor, Mrs. Sangster, Mundy, Dr. Dr. and Mrs. Prof. and Mr. Prof. and Mr. Prof. Tatt, P. Miss Kell, Harris, Miss Lee, Mr. and Mrs. Mr. McDon. There were many of whose names I have

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Baby who to a bath who—wants no no other many im look like it.

THE ALBERTA Goodwin.

APRIL 27.—The Eclectic school brilliant "at college. Bessie were issued in Moncton, St. Dr. and Mrs. college and the generally. The guests, Mr. and Mrs. F. I. Dr. and Mrs. Mrs. Brecken, Mrs. Wood, Black, Mr. and Mrs. G. Mrs. Fuller Mrs. Allison, Dobson, Mrs. Miss Freeman, Fawcett, Mrs. Wood, F. Tur W. Harrison, B. Copp, J. Mr. and Mrs. Ayer, Miss Knapp, Taylor, Mrs. Sangster, Mundy, Dr. Dr. and Mrs. Prof. and Mr. Prof. and Mr. Prof. Tatt, P. Miss Kell, Harris, Miss Lee, Mr. and Mrs. Mr. McDon. There were many of whose names I have



"Baby's Own Soap"

"WHAT WE HAVE WE'LL HOLD."

Baby when he has once been treated to a bath with "BABY'S OWN SOAP"—wants no other—because he knows no other makes him feel so nice. Many imitations of Baby's Own Soap, look like it, but baby feels the difference.

The Albert Toilet Soap Co., Mfrs. Montreal.

SACKVILLE.

[Progress is for sale in Sackville by W. J. Goodwin.]

APRIL 27.—Friday evening the young ladies of the Eclectic society met at a luncheon given and brilliant "at home" in the parlors of the ladies college. Besides those in Sackville, invitations were issued in Dorchester, Charlottetown, Amherst, Moncton, St. John, and Bellefleur. Of course all the students from the other institutions were asked, Dr. and Mrs. Borden, the teachers of the Ladies college and the heads of the different departments generally. The following is a partial list of the guests, Mr. and Mrs. Powell, Mr. and Mrs. Bennett, Mr. and Mrs. H. A. T. and Mr. A. Dixon, Mr. and Mrs. F. Dixon, Mr. and Mrs. F. Dickson, Mr. and Mrs. C. Fawcett, Mr. and Mrs. W. Fawcett, Mr. and Mrs. F. Fawcett, Mr. and Mrs. F. Black, Mr. and Mrs. R. Black, Mr. and Mrs. C. L. Black, Dr. and Mrs. Brecken, Mr. and Mrs. Wiggins, Senator and Mrs. Wood, Mr. and Mrs. J. L. Black, Miss Black, Mr. and Mrs. Palmer, Misses Palmer, Mr. and Mrs. G. Ford, Mr. and Mrs. A. Ford, Mr. and Mrs. Folliott, Mr. and Mrs. G. Folliott, Mr. and Mrs. Allison, Mr. and Mrs. Moore, Mr. and Mrs. Dobson, Mr. and Mrs. Irwin, Misses Cogswell, Miss Freeman, Mr. and Mrs. Geo. Black, Misses Fawcett, Messrs. H. Ford, F. Ford, C. Fawcett, H. Wood, F. Turner, Fraser, Moby, A. H. McCready, W. Harrison, L. Harrison, Thompson, Black, A. B. Copp, J. Curry, B. Chandler, F. L. Sprague, Dr. and Mrs. F. Rainie, Mr. and Mrs. James Ayer, Misses Wilfrid, Miss Cahill, Miss Brittain, Miss Hazen, Miss Etchbrook, Dr. Sprague, Dr. Knapp, Mr. and Mrs. Murray, Mr. and Mrs. Taylor, Mrs. Tupper, Dr. and Mrs. Sangster, Miss Sangster, Mrs. Mundy, Mrs. and Mrs. Allison, Dr. and Mrs. Smith, Dr. and Mrs. Stewart, Prof. and Mrs. Andrew, Prof. and Mrs. Hinton, Prof. and Mrs. Cashlin, Prof. and Mrs. Woolton, Prof. and Mrs. Hammond, Prof. and Mrs. Tweedie, Mr. and Mrs. Richard, Miss Keith, Miss Deacon, Miss Stewart, Miss F. Harris, Miss C. Harper, Miss Sestima, Miss M. Lee, Mr. and Mrs. Watson, Mr. and Mrs. Triggs, Mr. and Mrs. Copp, Mr. and Mrs. Read, Mr. and Mrs. McDougall, Mr. Paisley, Mr. A. Irenholm. There were a number more invited in the place many of whom were present but these were all the names I have been able to secure.

A great deal of time and trouble must have been spent on the decorations as they were most effective. The arch in the front hall was draped with red and white bunting, the staircase twined with the same colors and with evergreen. The long corridors were hung with flags. The school room was turned into a very pretty parlor, the walls hung with bunting and pictures, everywhere were most comfortable seats and the name of small tables with toasts and bric-a-brac added a very homelike touch. Two small rooms in the wing were arranged in the same attractive fashion and all were so fully lit with colored lamps. Corners accounted in all the halls who never two or three seats could be placed. In Beethoven hall the seats were placed in triangles down the middle of the centre one enclosing a table of flowers draped with long streamers of bunting that were pendant from the chandelier. The curtains above the stage were hung with red and white and the platform was banked with plants in bloom. The wall above bore the society motto in gilt "To be rather than to seem." There were besides thrown open the Y. M. C. A. parlor, Mrs. Jordan's artistically furnished parlor and the long drawing rooms. In the latter place Mrs. Wall, the president of the society and Miss Borden the secretary received the guests and did the honors with grace and ease. The two hostesses were charmingly gowned in pure white, Miss Wall's dress having trimmings of gathered chiffon, Miss Borden's of deep lace.

At intervals during the evening a program was given in Beethoven hall the numbers of which were printed on white and gold engagement cards. The first selection The Lost Chord by the college glee club was much admired, the young men showing strong evidence of their good training under Prof. Chisholm's able hands. Mrs. Dorothy Smith daintily clad in white gave a very pretty song by Tosti, Miss Webb furnishing a sympathetic violin obligato. Miss Harrison's description of the old Scotch man's "Woaling O", was most entertaining and well done. Misses D. and S. Webb with their ever ready violins played an extremely tuneful symphony. Both young ladies appeared to advantage.

Miss Dorothy gowned in white silk with her abundant brown hair in a high twist was decidedly artistic. The last number was a melodious chorus by the ladies glee club. The accompaniments were played by Miss Sherwood in a manner that left nothing to be desired. At the close of each selection the guests would flock out into the other parts of the building for a promenade or a tea set in some snug corner but the sound of the bell would bring them back, so the hall was a good place to sit and view the pretty dresses as the wearers surged back and forth. These are a few I noticed: Mrs. Hinton, black velvet with pearl trimming and a train of wavy and black ostrich fan. Mrs. Chisholm, black satin with low bodice trimmed with black chiffon, short sleeves of pale blue silk and fan of black ostrich feathers. Miss Webster, white silk trimmed with chiffon and pearls. Miss Johnston, rose pink satin. Miss Sprague, green and white organdy. Miss A. Moore, white organdy with white satin ribbons. Miss Schurman, grey with green decorations. Miss Emerson, white with blue sash. Miss Paisley, blue in plain. Misses Borden, blue and white muslin. Miss Hazel Bell, white muslin with white lace and ribbons. Miss Grace Fawcett, yellow silk with chiffon trimmings. Miss Jauke Fawcett, green with cream chiffon. Miss Deacon, pale pink with white decorations. Miss Edith Trueman, light blue silk trimmed with black. Miss F. of Dixon, fawn trimmed with cream lace and satin ribbons. Miss G. T. was, green muslin with white lace. Miss F. Harris, grey silk with short brown velvet sleeves, cream lace and red carnations. Miss F. Gould, pink surah silk with white lace and pink satin sleeves. Miss I. Warwick, blue green with black velvet baby ribbon. Miss C. neill, cream crepon with steel and crystal lace. Miss Keith, cream with satin ribbons. Miss Hendrie, white over pink silk. Miss M. Maxwell, white violet with bunches of violets. Misses Strohard, white muslin. Miss E. Gibson, yellow with a chiffon covered bodice. Miss Archibald, blue muslin with white lace. Miss Lee, pale green silk with black trimmings. Miss S. Thompson, fawn with pink silk decorations. Miss A. Harrison, white muslin. Miss M. Irving, pale green silk. Miss J. Faulkner, white over violet with ribbons of violet. Miss M. Nicol, white with violet trimmings. Miss C. Chapman, white over green. Miss I. Keith, fawn silk. Miss F. Sperry, pale yellow. Miss M. Stewart, white muslin with red carnations. Miss Dawson, white silk with chiffon. Miss Wright, white organdy with red and white carnations. Miss May Scott, white with blue sash.

At the close of the evening ladies and ladies fingers were served. Saturday evening a private recital by Miss Webster's pupils was given all of whom acquired their teacher's with great credit. Miss Webster at the close indulged the audience with Brownie's Evelyn Hope and in response to a warm encore gave a hummer's selection as Miss Webster can give these things.

There is a feast of good things in the way of musical entertainments ahead of us. This coming Friday the Y. M. C. A. at Mt. Allison give Tennyson's Poems in drama form with all the songs sung, Monday evening there will be a grand concert under Mr. Chisholm, May 6th a recital by Miss Lee's vocal pupils followed during the month by three recitals from piano graduates and after that the deluge of closing.

Mrs. Powell returned from Ottawa on Saturday. Mrs. Bigelow was the guest of her daughter at the college over Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. J. L. Black have gone to New York.

Mr. Donovan of the N. Y. Mutual Life Insurance Co. with wife and child have been at the Brunswick house the last week.

Mrs. Parson, New York, is the guest of her brother, J. F. Allison.

The Rev. Frederick Harrison has sold his house on Squire street to Mrs. Walter Irving, and on account of continuous ill health will make his home in a more genial climate. Much regret is expressed at losing both Mr. and Mrs. Harrison.

Eward Allison, barrister of Halifax was in Sackville lately to visit his mother who is still a great invalid.

David Allison, Jr. has severed his connection with the Sheet Harbor Lumber Co., and accepted the position of manager for the Prescott Lumber Co. at New Mills, Resigouche.

Mrs. Faulkner is recovering from her late accident having been knocked down and hooked by a vicious cow.

Miss Staples of the Viavi health treatment, who has been the last three weeks at the Wry house left this week for Bellefleur.

MONCTON.

[Progress is for sale in Moncton at Hattie Tweedie's Bookstore, M. B. Jones Bookstore, S. M. L. on's, and at Railway News Depot.]

APRIL 27.—I was rather premature in describing the tea given last week by Mrs. F. R. Brown as a farewell function, since Mrs. Brown gave a small but most enjoyable dance to a few of her young friends on Monday evening. The Misses Mary and Madge Brown who have recently returned from finishing their education in Switzerland, assisted their mother in receiving her guests.

It has been currently reported in town that Mr. Charles Blackwell formerly of the I. C. R., staff officer, was recently of the United States, has been appointed to fill Mr. Brown's place, but so far the rumor lacks confirmation. Many Moncton people will remember Mr. and Mrs. Blackwell who were prominent society people here some eight or nine years ago. Mrs. Blackwell was a daughter of the late E. B. Chandler and is a sister of W. B. Chandler of this city.

Mrs. Norfolk returned last week from a Boston and Montreal where she has been spending the past three months visiting friends.

Mrs. George C. Allen's many friends will be glad to hear that she is convalescing from her recent severe attack of grippe.

The remains of Mrs. Stoddard, of Malden Mass. sister of Rev. E. D. Parker of this city, who died at her home in Malden last week, was brought home for burial on Saturday, and interred in Coverdale cemetery.

It is understood that Mr. A. D. Cotter, of the Bank of Montreal here, who left town to spend a two weeks holiday at his home in Kingston Ont., a short time ago, has been transferred to the Kingston branch. Mr. Cotter has made numerous warm

friends during his stay in Moncton, and the news of his transfer will be received with genuine regret. Mr. Cotter was interested in all Athletic sports, and was a valued member of the city hockey team where his services will be greatly missed.

Captain and Mrs. J. W. Carter of Amherst spent Sunday in town, the guests of Captain and Mrs. H. W. Demier, of Botsford Street.

Mr. Walter Colpitts, formerly of the I. C. R. engineering staff, but now a student at McGill College, Montreal, returned home on Saturday to spend the summer holidays.

I believe Mr. George H. Trueman, I. C. R. station agent intends removing his family to Moncton, from St. John, this week, and will take up his residence in one of his handsome cottages on Wellington street. Mrs. Trueman is well known in Moncton, having visited friends in the city frequently, and she and her family will be warmly welcomed as permanent residents.

Mr. W. K. McKean of the Bank of Montreal at Amherst, has been transferred to Moncton in place of Mr. A. D. Cotter. Mr. McKean arrived in town last week.

Mrs. R. B. Jack is spending a few days in Campbellton visiting friends.

Miss Alice Anderson of Sackville is spending a few days in town, the guest of Mr. and Mrs. E. E. Ayer.

Miss Tiney's many friends will be sorry to hear of the death of her sister whose bedside she was called a short time ago. The sad event took place last Sunday night at her home in Ingersoll, Ont. Miss Tiney will have the sympathy of the community in her sad bereavement.

Mr. A. Murray of Archibald street, left home yesterday for Boston where she intends spending some months visiting friends.

The funeral of the late Fred M. Smith of the I. C. R. who died on Friday night, after a brief illness of pneumonia, took place yesterday, and was under the auspices of L. O. H. No. 62, of which the deceased had been a member. In spite of the persistent rain a large number of I. C. R. men turned out to pay a last tribute of respect to their comrade.

A number of Orangemen in uniform headed by the Citizens band preceded the hearse to the cemetery. The sad strains of the Dead March seeming singularly in unison with the rain on the forest of umbrellas which sheltered the brethren. Amongst the floral tributes were a very beautiful one from the members of L. O. H. No. 63, and one from Mrs. Arthur Peters. The funeral services were conducted by Rev. W. B. Hinson. The pall bearers were Messrs John Leeman, R. H. Geddis, George Scott, J. C. Cossman, John Duke, and Samuel West.

H. A. Powell, M. P., paid a short visit to Moncton on Monday, on his return to Ottawa from a visit to his home in Sackville.

I believe the hospital is really almost a completed fact, and will soon be ready for occupation. The committee on nurses have decided to accept the application of Miss McBeth at present of the Western Hospital in Montreal, for the position of matron, the furnishings will soon be in place, and all that will be required in order to make the hospital a complete success will be a few patients, but if necessary these can be imported with the other fixtures.

ST. STEPHEN AND CALAIS.

Business is for sale in St. Stephen at the book stores of G. S. Wall (E. K. Atcheson and J. Vroom & Co. in Calais at O. P. Frost's.)

APRIL 27.—A very delightful social affair was the reception given by Miss Martha Harris, last week in honor of her cousin Miss Alice Nichols to all the good friends of Mr. James B. Crist of New York city.

A progressive whist party given last Wednesday evening by Mrs. Frederick Hartford, was greatly enjoyed by her lady friends. The prizes were won by Mrs. Frederick Phelan and Mrs. Harry Purrington, after a long and well fought game. The ladies who were Mrs. Hartford's guests were: Mrs. C. W. Young, Mrs. George Murchie, Mrs. W. H. Pike, Mrs. W. H. Cole, Mrs. Alfred Saunders, Mrs. Charles Anderson, Mrs. Harry Purrington, Mrs. J. F. Murchie, Mrs. Ella Haycock, Mrs. Frank Davis, Mrs. Frederick T. Waite, Mrs. John C. Taylor, Mrs. E. W. Chapman, Mrs. Clarence Trimble, Mrs. Frederick T. P. P., Mrs. Frederick Phelan, Mrs. W. A. Lamb, Mrs. W. C. Renne, Mrs. Charles Lyford, Mrs. G. W. Vinal, Miss Lane, Miss Ida Harmon, Mrs. Martha Harris and Miss Florence Warren.

A very merry ball given in the Grand Army hall on Friday evening was a very bright and jolly affair and was greatly enjoyed by the young society element who were present.

Mrs. J. F. Duran has gone to Portland Maine to attend the marriage of her sister Mrs. E. L. H. H. Klog to Mr. J. D. Bates, which takes place on May fourth.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles F. Barland and Miss Berta Smith arrived from Boston yesterday and are most cordially welcomed home by their friends.

Mr. and Mrs. George H. Elton have returned from Portland, Maine.

Mrs. Joan Holman of Ottawa is expected in Calais at an early date, and will be the guests of her aunt, Mrs. B. B. Murray.

Colonel and Mrs. A. B. Sanner are guests of Dr. and Mrs. A. T. Clark.

Mr. E. B. Snow was in town this week for a short visit.

Rev. Mr. Goucher of the Union street baptist church expects to leave in June for a trip to Europe. He expects to be absent three months, and his appreciative congregation have presented him with a purse of money to defray his expenses.

Mrs. Hazen Grimes has arrived from Boston where she spent several days.

Rev. O. S. Newsham is spending this week in St. John.

Mrs. E. G. Vroom's friends will rejoice to hear she is improving from her illness and her physician gives every hope of a sure and speedy recovery.

Mr. C. D. Hill has been quite ill for several days and unable to attend to business.

Mr. Gilbert S. Wall expects to attend the world's Sunday school convention which meets in London, England, in June.

Mr. Hums B. Espe spent Sunday in town with his family.

Mr. and Mrs. Ladgate Russell and child of New York were home during the week for a brief visit.

Mrs. William Beard of Charlottetown, P. E. I., was summoned here on Wednesday last to the bedside of her daughter Mrs. E. G. Vroom who is very ill.

Mrs. Dexter who has spent the winter with her brother Mr. George A. Boardman left last week for her home in Kennebec port, Maine.

Mr. W. F. Todd is at home again after several days spent down river among the islands on business.

Mrs. Waterbury and her son and daughter are now making their home with Mrs. John Smith.

Mrs. Hugh Cullinan and Mrs. Mary Cullinan are guests this week of Rev. William Doland.

Miss Mabel Clerke has been quite ill for several days and unable to enjoy outdoor pleasures of which she is so fond.

Mr. W. D. McLaughlin has returned from Grand

THINGS OF VALUE.

In Australia spring begins August 20, summer November 20, autumn February 20 and winter May 20.

The first peanut oil factory in the United States will be established at Norfolk, Va.

Free and easy expectoration immediately relieves and frees the throat and lungs from viscous phlegm, and a medicine that promotes this is the best medicine to use for coughs, colds, inflammation of the lungs and all affections of the throat and chest. This is precisely what Fickler's Anti-Consumptive Syrup is a specific for, and wherever used it has given unbounded satisfaction. Children like it because it is pleasant, adults like it because it relieves and cures the disease.

Germany is now the best educated nation of the continent, yet only 100 years ago German teachers in many parts of the country were so poorly paid that they used to sing in front of houses in order to add to their income by odd pence.

How to Cure Headache.—Some people suffer up to 40 minutes every day with headache. There is rest neither day or night until the nerves are all unstrung. The cause is generally a disordered stomach, and a cure can be effected by using Fickler's Vegetable Pills, containing Mandrake and Daad-lion. Mr. Finlay Wark, Lysander, P. Q., writes: "I find Fickler's Pills a first-class article for Bilious Headache."

In a Cincinnati lecture on "Heredity," the other day, Professor Millikan said he had discovered that all the great winners in boat races in England where for the most part of very few families who lived in New York in 1780.

The proprietors of Fickler's Pills are constantly receiving letters similar to the following, which explains itself. Mr. John A. Beem, Waterloo, Ont., writes: "I never used any medicine that cured my Parrot's Pills for Dropsy of Liver and Kidney complaints. The relief experienced after using them was wonderful." As a safe family medicine Fickler's Vegetable Pills can be given in all cases requiring a cathartic.

The speaking of game fish, which is considered by sportsmen to be an interesting diversion, is permitted by law in one body of water in New York—Chautauque lake.

No family living in a bilious country should be without Fickler's Vegetable Pills. A few doses taken now and then will keep the liver active, cleanse the stomach and bowels from all bilious mucus and prevent Ague. Mr. J. L. Price, Shoals, Marble, Co., Ind., writes: "I have tried many boxes of Parrot's Pills and find them the best medicine for Fever and Ague I have ever used."

An agricultural journal has published a long article on "How to Utilize spare time." Every farmer boy knows that there never is any spare time on a farm.

Tucumari, Argentine, has 33 sugar mills.

Messrs. Northrop & Lynn Co., are the proprietors of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, which is now being sold in immense quantities throughout the Dominion. It is well known by the suffering in valid everywhere with emotion of delight, because it banishes pain and gives instant relief. This valuable specific for almost every ailment that has its value in value is by the sufferer as more precious than gold. It is the elixir of life to many a wasted frame. To the farmer it is indispensable, and it should be in every house.

The people of the States at large will follow the career of Captain Sigbee with interest and sympathy. It has won a high place in their regard and affection.

Pleas not as syrup; nothing equals it as a worm medicine; the name is Mother's Worm Expeller. The greatest worm destroyer of the age.

The death penalty is rarely enforced in Germany, Austria, Denmark or Sweden.

It is estimated that 1,000,000 acres of forest land are used up every year in Europe to supply the rail ways with sleepers.

Give Holway's Corn Cure a trial. It removed ten corns from one pair of feet without any pain. What it has done once it will do again.

Z-solvents say that all known species of wild animals are gradually diminishing in size.

It is estimated that two years is the average sickness experienced by persons before the age of 70.

Progress begs to inform its patrons and the public generally that the "Progress" Job Printing Department is now in a position to turn out work of a very high order.

Our outfit is one of the most complete in the City.

A trial order will show what we can do.

Separate Yourself From the Habit of Drinking Poor Tea.

MONSOON

INDO-CYLON TEA

is Winning the Favor of the Multitude. 25, 30, 40, 50, and 60 cts. per lb. All grocers keep it.

Miss E. El Waterbury is suffering from a severe cold and is confined to her home much to the sorrow of her young friends.

Miss Alice Robison who has spent the winter in Boston, arrived home yesterday and will remain here during the summer with her parents Mr. and Mrs. John B. Robinson.

Mr. C. N. Vroom is visiting St. John this week.

Mrs. O. S. Newsham entertained the Young Women's Guild of Christ church at the rectory very pleasantly on Monday evening.

Mr. Frank Felson, cashier of the Calais National Bank, has gone to Boston to spend a week. During his absence Mr. Frank V. Lee, is in charge of the bank.

Mrs. W. B. Gann leaves next week for "The Cedars" St. John river where she will spend three weeks.

Mr. Elgar Thompson, visited St. John this week.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Wetmore, have returned to St. John.

Mrs. C. E. Swan, entertained a party of friends at her home on Tuesday evening.

Mrs. Dora L. Davis who made a short visit here this week with friends, has returned to St. John. The Washington County Judicial court is now convening in Calais among the prominent visitors in the city are Hon. Austin Harris, and Mr. William Donworth of Machias.

Mr. Chester McLasky, of St. John is in town to-day.

PURE BLOODED HORSES

Your horse will look twice as well, feel twice as well, do twice as much work, sell for twice as much money, if you tone his system up with DR. HARVEY'S CONDITION POWDERS.

No other condition powder will be so effective as this well tried remedy. If your dealer does not sell it we will mail you a full size package, as sample, on receipt of price, 25c.

THE HARVEY MEDICINE CO., 424 ST. PAUL, MONTREAL.

A NEW DRESS FOR 10 CENTS

A package of Magnetic Dyes will make a new dress of your old one. Quickly and easily done. All materials can be dyed soft and like new, and

MAGNETIC DYES

will do it.

For sale at all stores, or full size packet at sample, any color, postpaid, on receipt of price, 10c. by

HARVEY MEDICINE CO., 424 St. Paul, Montreal

HOTELS.

THE DUFFERIN.

This popular Hotel is now open for the reception of guests. The situation of the Hotel, facing as it does on the beautiful King Square, makes it a most desirable place for Visitors and Business Men. It is within a short distance of all parts of the city. Has every accommodation. Electric cars, from all parts of the town, pass the house every three minutes.

E. LEROI WILLIS, Proprietor.

BELMONT HOTEL

ST. JOHN, N. B.

Directly opposite Union Depot. All modern improvements. Heated with hot water and lighted by electricity. Baggage to and from the station free of charge. Terms moderate.

J. SIME, Prop.

QUEEN HOTEL,

FREDERICTON, N. B.

A. EDWARDS, Proprietor.

Fine sample rooms in connection. First class Livery Stable. Coaches at trains and boats.

Bushels of Soap

In my West Window, ranging in price from

3 CAKES FOR 5c.

CLEAVER'S STANDARD PURE SOAP, 5c., six for 25; 7c., four for 25c; and 10c., three for 25c.

In my East Window

Cases of Toilet Paper.

Special prices in dozen lots.

Allan's Pharmacy.

35 King Street. Telephone 239

Everything marked at lowest prices.

LAGER BEER.

On Hand 100 Doz. 2 Doz to the case

Geo. Sleeman's Celebrated Lager For Sale Low.

THOS. L. BOURKE

OYSTERS always on hand. FISH and GAME in season

MEALS AT ALL HOURS. DINNER A SPECIALTY.

CAFE ROYAL

BANK OF MONTREAL BUILDING, 56 Prince Wm. St., - - St. John, N. B.

WM. CLARK, Proprietor.

Retail dealer in..... CHOICE WINES, ALES and LIQUORS.

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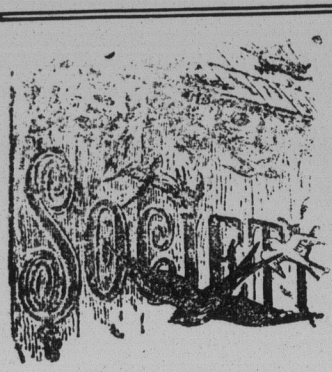
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Retail dealer in..... CHOICE WINES, ALES and LIQUORS.



(CONTINUED FROM FIFTH PAGE.)

points of the instrument and consequently are much pleased with the new instrument. During the absence of the professor at Woodstock, his duties here as organist in the Cathedral were taken by Miss Carmen, who is a pupil of the professor's and who studied the Cathedral organ in such an able manner as to be most pleasing to all who heard it.

Mrs. Estough of St. John is here, to visit her aunt, Mrs. Chas. Medley, who is very dangerously ill at Victoria hospital, and is the guest of Mrs. Medley, Church Street.

Mr. Hedley Bond of Toronto, has been spending the past week among Fredericton friends.

Mr. and Mrs. J. Fairley of Boistown are spending a few days in the city.

Judge Landry and Judge Hannington have returned home after some days spent at the capital.

Miss Florrie Marsh has returned home, after a visit of some weeks spent with friends at St. John.

Mrs. Harry Phair of Boston is visiting her father Mr. Jas. Tennant.

Mrs. Scovill is here on a visit to her parents Mr. and Mrs. Bradenburgh.

Dr. I. C. Sharp returned from Montreal on Saturday for a few days visit to Marysville. Dr. Sharp is preparing to return to Montreal with his family.

Both Dr. and Mrs. Sharp will be sadly missed in Marysville, where Mrs. Sharp has been so earnest a worker in the church. They will take with them to their new home the best wishes of many warm friends.

The very sudden death on Friday last of one of our most esteemed citizens, Mr. D. Farrington George was a shock to the community.

Though ailing in health for several weeks past, few but the immediate friends of the family were aware of his very serious condition. Mr. George was a gentleman who had the warm friendship of many of his fellow citizens and the respect of all and his loss to the city will be keenly felt.

Mr. George leaves a widow who was a Miss Armstrong of Providence, R. I., one son Mr. J. Augustus George, a student in the University and one daughter Mrs. John B. Bauld of Halifax.

The funeral took place on Sunday afternoon and was very largely attended. Rev. Mr. Freeman officiating. The interment was made in Forest Hill cemetery. The pall-bearers were his immediate friends, Hon. A. F. Randolph, Mr. E. Byron Winslow, Prof. Downing, Richard East, John W. Spurdon, and Frank J. Morrison.

The mourners being Mr. J. A. George, son of deceased, Mr. John A. Bauld of Halifax, son-in-law, Mayor Whitehead, Hon. F. P. Thompson, Mr. W. F. Flewelling, Mr. Wm. Wilson, Mr. T. C. Allen, Mr. T. B. Winslow, Dr. Harrison, Mr. A. F. Street, and Alex. Gibson sr.

The floral tributes were very beautiful and included: Gates Ajar, from Mrs. George and son. Wreath of roses and lilies, from Mr. and Mrs. Bauld.

Cut flowers, Mr. and Mrs. T. B. Winslow. Cut flowers, Mr. and Mrs. T. C. Allen. Bouquet of lilies and ferns, Miss Odell. Cut flowers, Mr. J. Mills. CRICKET.

ST. GEORGE.

APRIL 27.—The Division S. of T. gave a public entertainment in their hall on Saturday evening. The programme opened with singing by the choir "My Own Canadian Home" Rev. Mr. Lavers W. P. then introduced Rev. Mr. Fraser who gave a most interesting lecture on the elements of good in an individual which was listened to with marked attention from first to last. Mrs. Sutton Clark sang very sweetly "When the Heart is Young." Miss Jennie McIntyre recited very nicely "The Old Clock." The next was a chorus "Come Where the Lilies Bloom." Mr. E. Harvey followed with a recitation "The Stone Cutter" which was well received. The entertainment closed with singing the division ode Good Night.

Miss Hishop spent Saturday and Sunday with Mrs. James McKay.

Mr. and Mrs. H. L. Russell have returned from a pleasant trip to St. Stephen.

Mr. Peter McVicar and Miss Annie McVicar who have been spending the winter in town have returned to their home in J. Etang.

The funeral of the late Mr. Patrick Drungold took place from St. Mark's church on Tuesday afternoon, his two daughters arrived home from Quincy Mass., on Tuesday morning.

Another very sad and sudden death was that of young Mr. McDonald of St. John which took place at the home of his sister Mrs. Edward Farran on Tuesday.

Mrs. Williamson is visiting her daughter Mrs. Alex. Campbell.

Miss Flo Lavers is confined to the parsonage through illness.

The St. George parish S. S. convention convenes in the Baptist church on Thursday afternoon and evening.

The social event of the week was the musicale given at the Elms the charming home of Mr. and Mrs. Samuel Johnston. The affair was for the pleasure of Miss Laura Wetmore of Truro N. S. who returns to her home this week. Those attending were Capt. and Mrs. Mahoney, Mr. and Mrs. L. Russell, Miss King, Miss Russell, Miss Lavers, Miss Bessie O'Brien, Miss Ludgate, Miss Marsh, Miss Stewart, Dr. Taylor, Dr. Alexander, Mr. Simmons, Mr. Ludgate. MAX.

"Penalty of violated law," would be an appropriate epitaph for half the dead.

Mexico is now the largest buyer of electrical machinery from the United States.

TO CURE A GOLD IN ONE DAY. Take Laxative Bromo-Quinine Tablets. All Druggists refund the money if it fails to cure. 25c.

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Well Made and Makes Well

Hood's Sarsaparilla is prepared by experienced pharmacists of today, who have brought to the production of this great medicine the best results of medical research. Hood's Sarsaparilla is a modern medicine, containing just those vegetable ingredients which were seemingly intended by Nature herself for the alleviation of human ills. It purifies and enriches the blood, tones the stomach and digestive organs and creates an appetite; it absolutely cures all scrofula eruptions, boils, pimples, sores, salt rheum, and every form of skin disease; cures liver complaint, kidney troubles, strengthens and builds up the nervous system. It entirely overcomes that tired feeling, giving strength and energy in place of weakness and languor. It wards off malaria, typhoid fever, and by purifying the blood it keeps the whole system healthy.

Hood's Sarsaparilla

Is the best—in fact the One True Blood Purifier. Sold by all druggists. \$1; six for \$5.

Hood's Pills

cure all Liver Ills and Sick Headache. 25c.

A COMPREHENSIVE EPITAPH.

It is on the Dilapidated Stone at the Head of a Patriot's Grave.

"I was up in Vermont not long ago," said a New Yorker, "and being in the vicinity of the old Guildford Cemetery I paid it a visit. This cemetery has, from neglect, grown to be somewhat of a miniature wilderness, and the inscription on many of the ancient gravestones are past all deciphering. On one stone that stands in picturesque obliquity at the head of a sunken and overgrown grass I managed to decipher what had been inscribed three generations ago and copied it. This is what the inscription says:

"Sacred to the memory of the Hon. Benjamin Carpenter, Esq. Born in Rehoboth, Mass., A. D. 1725. A public teacher of the righteousness, an able advocate lost for Democracy and the equal rights of men. Removed to this town A. D. 1770. Was a field officer in the Revolutionary war. A founder of the first constitution and government of Vermont. A councillor of Consors in A. D. 1783. A member of the council and Lieutenant Governor of the states in A. D. 1779. A firm professor in christianity in the Baptist church for fifty years. Left this world and 146 persons of lineal posterity March 29, 1804, aged 78 years, 10 months and 12 days, with a strong mind and full faith of a more glorious state hereafter. Stature about 6 feet, weight 200. Death had no terror."

"If there are any of those 146 persons of lineal posterity left, I think it would be something to their credit if they would drop along up that way some day and fix up that old patriot's and statesman's grave a little."

TIOFA MINE REDISCOVERED.

A Brooklyn Man Entitled to Half of the Government's Big Reward.

A sensation has been created in El Paso, Tex. by the arrival recently from Chihuahua, a village in the heart of the Sierra Madre Mountains, Mexico, of J. Newton Fowler, with news of the rediscovery by himself and Morris Singleton of the famous lost gold mine of Tiofa. The discovery was made on the evening of April 6, in a deep narrow canon, through which runs the Rio Chico, a tributary of the Aras River. Mr. Fowler, while chasing a wounded deer, came across a stone wall inclosing an opening. On cutting through the wall an old mining shaft was disclosed. At its mouth were a number of crude, old mining implements.

On going down the shaft a few feet some very rich specimens of gold were found. If this is the old Tiofa mine, as is firmly believed, Mr. Fowler and his associate will receive \$15,000 in gold from the Mexican Government, this being the standing reward it has offered for the discovery of the mine. The records of the mine were in the hands of the priests, who had searched the country for it. More than one man has lost his life searching for this mine.

In 1832 Pitsican, the chief engineer of the Texas and Pacific road, was killed by the Apaches while he was searching for it. J. Newton Fowler is from Brooklyn, N. Y., where his father is a contractor and builder, and Singleton is an old ex-Texas Ranger. The Tiofa mine was fabulously rich in gold, and was walled in when its owners were driven out of the country by Indians in 1830.

English Nurses in Bombay.

To-day, for the first time in his memory the Englishman in Bombay, in taking his morning ride, meets English ladies on their way home from a night's nursing duty under the escort of an armed guard. We are sure that we shall have many with us when we say that on the day on which an Englishwoman who has come out to nurse the poor of Bombay has to pass through the streets behind a loaded rifle her mission should be brought to an abrupt end. Now that the violence of the people whom they have come to tend and care for has come in as a supplement to the risks of pestilence and the strain of labor and night watching, it seems to us that the time has come to tell the poor of Bombay that English nurses will no longer trust themselves upon their indulgence.—Bombay Advocate of India.

FUN FOR TOMMY.

Lark of a Boy Who Resembles His Sister and Has Great Capacity for Mischief.

One small boy in this city is in deep disgrace and his sister stoutly refuses to forgive him. The sister is a remarkably pretty girl, and the brother looks like her, but there the resemblance stops, for in spite of his cherubic face he is an imp of darkness, and provides entertainment not only for the family, but also for the whole neighborhood. One day, not long ago, he made himself so intolerable that his mother lost patience and ordered the maid to take him upstairs and lock him in his sister's room. The sister would probably have vetoed the plan, but she had gone out for the day, so Tommy was hauled upstairs and locked in the big front room on the third floor.

For a while he entertained himself fairly well by playing drug store, and mixing medicines of tooth powder, fingernail paste, soap and perfume; but at last that palled upon him, and he looked for new words to conquer. The closet door suggested possibilities, and he pulled out one of his sister's dainty frocks and arrayed himself in it. Then he put on her best hat. The result pleased him. He made a most attractive girl; and, even at his age, he knew a pretty girl when he saw one. He admired himself for a few minutes, but he realized that he was worthy of a larger audience. He was too good a thing to waste his sweetness on the desert air, so he went to the window and looked the landscape over.

An electric car line runs past the house, and a car happened to bowl along while the youngster leaned out of the window. The motorman looked idly up at the front of the house. The boy in the window wriggled with excitement as he saw a chance for appreciation. The next moment the motorman was dazzled, for in a front window of a handsome house a pretty girl stood smiling at him and genially waving a handkerchief. Before he recovered from the shock the house was blocks behind him; but the conductor had seen the vision also, and the two compared notes with great interest. The conductor and motorman on the next car had the same experience, and the game went merrily on until word had been passed along the line, and every man on the road was on the lookout for the house and the girl. Some of the men said she was one of the servants. Others more observing declared that the hat and the leisure disproved the servant theory. When a car came within a block of the scene of action a thrill of excitement ran from front to the back platform. The motorman did funny things with the motor, which sent passengers tumbling over one another, and it one wanted to leave the car the only way to attract the attention of the conductor was to knock him down. Both men hung over the gates and directed idiotic smiles at a third-story window, and the passengers dislocated their necks in trying to see the cause of the excitement. When they did see the women were shocked and the men were amused.

The fun waxed fast and furious and Tommy was having the time of his life, and playing his part with a verve that would have won him fame on the variety stage. When he reflected that he might have been locked in a back room and have missed all that lark, he would have wept tears of gratitude, if there had been time for it between smiles. But the situation was too blissful to last. Unluckily for Tommy, one of his mother's friends who lived next door was moved to seat herself at the front window, and her attention was attracted by the phenomenal behavior of the people of the cars. She couldn't see what caused the excitement; but, after watching for half an hour, she decided that some one was at a third-story window of the next house. That was Mollie's room; but Mollie—oh, no, that couldn't be possible. It must be one of the servants. She stood the uncertainty as long as she could. Then curiosity was too much for her; and, putting on her hat, she hurried over to call on Tommy's mother.

The rest of the tale is sad, very sad. Tommy was caught red-handed, and punishment swift and dire was meted out to him. The carmen stretched their necks in vain, and lamented that the joy had departed from Israel, and deadly monetary had once more fallen on the street car business. Doubtless they still dream of the radiant and gracious vision that brightened an afternoon for them, but Tommy knows the thing was a nightmare; and the story goes that he still stands up to eat his meals and sleeps face downward.

As for Mollie—well, the heathen may rage, but she could give them points. She refuses to be propitiated, and insists that her reputation is ruined. Nothing can persuade her to occupy her beautiful, big front room, and she has moved her laces and penates to a stuffy little room overlooking the back yard. There she calls down maledictions upon the head of her

small brother, who feels that enough male dictions have decended upon another part of his anatomy to appease even his worst enemy.—N. Y. Sun.

THE INCONVENIENT BIRD.

Regards the Turkey as Too Large for One and Too Small for Two.

In the days "before the war" a family of hand-working people lived in a border county of Mississippi. Their home was situated upon the "big road" which led from Alabama northward into Mississippi. They did not keep a tavern, but they often fed the wayfarer.

One Saturday the housewife roasted a large turkey, baked a batch of bread, and made a number of pies. She was ready for her Sunday dinner, and expected to go to church the next day. The services were held a number of miles away.

After 2 o'clock that Saturday afternoon a single horseman appeared. He asked for his dinner, and fed his horse in the ample stable of the farmer. The housekeeper was busy and the man in haste, so she set the turkey before him, thinking that he would not make much of an impression upon it.

The stranger sat down in front of the turkey and set to work. He cut into the breast of one side and ate it all. His appetite was only whetted. He demolished the wing and then cut off the leg. The drumstick disappeared and the upper joint was stripped. The woman stood aghast. She pattered out to the back porch where her pies were cooling, and, selecting a tempting apple pie, set it before her guest. He put it to one side, and turned the untouched side of the turkey toward him. He cut off the wing and the leg. The woman saw her Sunday dinner disappear before her eyes.

At length, having exposed all the bones of the large fowl, he attacked the pie and left not a crumb.

The woman sank in a chair near by. She was too much overcome for a moment to speak. Then she said:

"You seem to have enjoyed the turkey. There is not so much left as I expected."

She could say no more. She felt that words were inadequate to the occasion.

The man pushed back his chair, took out his quill toothpick, crossed his legs, and sighed with satisfaction. Then he spoke:

"Well, madam," said he, "a turkey is a very inconvenient bird."

He fell to ruminating. His countenance expressed the benevolence which a good dinner is apt to produce in a man.

The woman waited for him to explain, but he was silent. Then she said:

"Why is the turkey inconvenient?"

"Well, madam, it is a little too much for one and not quite enough for two," replied her guest.

The woman frowned.

Hidoo Pursuit of a Treasure.

The following incident occurred recently in one of the largest hotels in Calcutta. It appears that about a week ago an officer of the Gordon Highlanders arrived in town on his way home. He had a large sum of money with him—about 2,000 rupees—and the usual jewelry of an English gentleman. These were all locked in one of his trunks. Returning from the dining saloon to his own room the other evening, he was just in time to see some suspicious looking natives belting down the corridor. On entering his room he found on examination, that all his trunks had been forced open and the contents thrown about; but, strange to say not a piece of his money was missing nor an item of his jewelry. He believed that the burglars were Afridis, and the object of their cupidity was a copy of the Koran belonging to the Mad Mullah, which they somehow learned was in his possession. The book was rolled up in an old singlet and thus escaped the searchers, who appear to have tracked the officer from the front.

Walking Home with Mary.

The moon was silver-white that night, The snow was pure and sparkling, And trees and bushes 'gainst the white Was blot of shadow, dark 'n' dim. Each fence rail had a jeweled load, And I, along the pasture road, Was walkin' home with Mary.

Se still, a dog, two mile away Could reach us with his howl'n', The tumbler's breakers in the hay Was plain as thunder growl'n', My clumsy boot-heels' crunch and squeak, Beside her step so airy, Seemed sayin', 'Now's your time to speak; You're walkin' home with Mary.'

The fur-off breakers lent their help By boom'n' 'Now young feller!' And all that dog could find to yelp Was 'Tell her! Tell her! Tell her!' And every crackin' bit of ice Seemed like a kind of fairy, A-givin' me the same advice, When walkin' home with Mary.

And so, I swallered down my heart— 'T wazn't gratin' to my credit, With all the aith to take my part— But, anyhow, I said it, And then that dog shot off his bark; There wazn't a breaker, sary; The hull wide world stood sick to bark And near the word for Mary.

She answered, and the breakers fell And roared congratulation; That blessed dog let out a yell That must a-wake the nation.

'T waz thirty year of more ago, Ye still it makes me scary, To think, what if I'd heard a 'No,' When walkin' home with Mary.

Charity.

I don't regret my neighbor's happy lot; When fortune favors him it makes me glad— Provided always that his gifts are not As bountiful as those that I have had.

—Chicago Daily News.

Where They Marry to Kill 'Em.

One strange feature of Australian social life is the perfectly casual way in which men marry for no ostensible purpose except the purpose of vanishing wearily around the corner immediately after the ceremony. In a Sydney case now on hand, the husband, it is alleged, married in 1894 and shortly afterward made his tired, indifferent exit around the corner and never came back. In 1896 he married again, and immediately faded away up the street. He never lived with his second wife. When he was arrested on a charge of aggravated harem, he offered no explanation whatever. Apparently he only did it because a fellow must do something.

Compensation.

Mrs. Brown—"We missed you in the conversation so much, my dear."

Mrs. Jones—"I'm so sorry."

Mrs. Brown—"But then, of course, your absence made a lot of talk."

ENLIGHTENING THE WORLD.

We want to enlighten our little world about us in regard to wall paper hangers. We want you to know that right here you will find the choicest and cheapest and best patterns. Buy nowhere till you have looked about you enough to see what we are showing. We don't want you to buy from any other stocker and know the superiority of ours.

DOUGLAS McARTHUR
90 King Street.
SHOW ROOMS UPSTAIRS.

The Essence of the Virginia Pine

DR. HARVEY'S
SOUTHERN
RED PINE

Cures Coughs 25c per bottle Promptly

Children like it It likes them

Does not upset the stomach

THE HARVEY MEDICINE CO., MONTREAL.

All The Reasons

Are Strongly in Favor of Using Our

Embossed Metallic Plates For All Ceilings and

Walls. ONE OF MANY DESIGNS.

They make a handsome finish that is enduringly beautiful—doesn't need renewing—and is equally well suited for private houses or public buildings. Let us have an outline showing the shape and measurements of your walls and ceilings, and we will send you an estimate with full information. Progressive people every where are delighted with our metal finish.

Metallic Roofing Co., Limited.
1189 King St. West, Toronto.

Auction Sale

Of Real Estate at Berwick, N. S.

There will be sold at Public Auction on the premises at Berwick, on TUESDAY, MAY 8th, at 2 o'clock in the afternoon. The valuable property known as Brown's Block, Contains 3 stores all rented. Also two tenements, which are arranged for Hotel purposes, Orchard and Stable in rear. This is one of the finest properties in Berwick, and will be put up for Positive Sale at any price. Berwick is a noted health resort and is one of the most Prosperous and Growing Towns in N. B. A Hotel is greatly needed there. There is a Klondike there for whoever wishes to engage in this business. The largest part of Purchase money can remain on Mortgage.

H. E. JEFFERSON, Auctioneer.

Wanted at Once

A good, live, hustling agent to work for Progress. Only reliable, and wide-awake men, with some experience in canvassing need apply.

The Progress Printing and Pub. Co. Ltd.

CANCER And Tumors cured to stay cure a at home; no knife, plaster or pain. For Canadian testimonials & 120-page book—free, write Dept. 11, Masco Medicine Co., 577 Sherbourne Street, Toronto Ontario.

ST. JOHN, N. B., SATURDAY, APRIL 30, 1898.

WAR-TIME MEMORIES.

SOME SCENES AND INCIDENTS OF THE AMERICAN CIVIL WAR.

A St. John Man who was in the Siege of Vicksburg and Some of the Scenes of That Thrilling Time Described—How he Enjoyed a Steady Rat Diet.

"Yes, war engenders a bitterness of feeling that time can never efface, nor bridge over. I fought on the Confederate side in the American civil war, and even after all these years I have a well defined feeling against the Northern states that perhaps I could not explain, or you would not understand," said a St. John man the other day during a discussion of the different phases of the Spanish-American trouble. He was in the civil war a member of the 3rd Louisiana Regiment, was through the siege of Vicksburg, and as a consequence had many interesting stories to relate. The ex-Southern soldier was in a reminiscent mood when PROGRESS encountered him, and many were the hair raising tales he told of those exciting war times.

"Ab, those were stirring days" he said, "and though the memory of them is growing rather indistinct now, there are some scenes so impressed upon my mind that they will last while life does. The siege of Vicksburg? Yes I know something about that, but perhaps it would be as well not to speak of the horrors of that time. I think most soldiers have, or should have, the faculty of seeing the other side of the story, and I tell you its a wonderful help too, and gets you over lots of dark places in a dreary time like that. One funny situation I remember particularly. Two days after the first Northern assault on Vicksburg which was repelled as you may know, we had a hot fight. I can still see the Northerners coming by thousands out of the woods on to the open. Didn't we get a good sweep at them though, and didn't we mow them down just like grain. One company came up just under our breast works and when they realized that it was all day with them they hoisted the white flag, and in a very short time we had that whole company prisoners of war. Some days later there was a truce to bury the dead of both sides. It was very hot weather and the surroundings were becoming mighty unpleasant. While the work of burial was going on, and the flag was still up, one or two other fellows and myself went across the lines into the Northern camp; we knew we would meet lots of old friends and acquaintances there, and we did. We buried the hatchet, and the pipe of peace was much in evidence—and so was the fact that we were growing gloriously drunk. By the time we thought of going back we were in that condition when to whip the whole North single handed seemed the easiest thing in the world to the three Southerners. We didn't attempt it just then, of course, but it was a sure thing, and though I don't think we even hinted our intentions to our friend, the enemy, or to one another, we very generously started back to acquaint the South with our intentions. In the meantime the white flag had been lowered, the truce was a thing of the past, and we—were prisoners of war.

"That was a situation I can tell you; when we started to go back some officers placed us under arrest and after a short time we were taken before the general. I don't recall his name just now but he was a good-natured sort of chap, if he was a Northerner, and when he took in the trouble he laughed, told us to look out for ourselves in the future, and then sent an escort with us to our own lines. How long before we ran short of rations? As a matter of fact we never ran short—while the rats lasted! You wouldn't like rats as a steady diet I suppose? No! Well, now, you might have worse. For three weeks before General Pemberton capitulated we were on quarter rations, and we used to spend considerable time in rat hunting. They were wood rats and we'd stand for hours on guard over a hole with ram-rod held directly over it and when one would show his head that ram-rod impaled him in about two seconds. We were forbidden to do any sharp shooting, but we never minded how long we watched for a rat when we were fortunate enough to land a big luscious fellow. Its surprising how soon one can get used to anything of that sort, and we came shortly to look upon a rodent as a real delicacy; we used to skin him—sprinkle with gunpowder,

roast and eat him; we were satisfied with one a day, but the fellow who could manage two was the envy of his comrades and was considered especially lucky.

"My first experience of mule meat as an article of food was during the siege. I got permission to visit a wounded friend in the hospital in the city; while there I met a fellow who had charge of one of the big guns, and he invited me over to his house to dinner. What a sight that dinner table was to me, and how I did enjoy the well done roast beef with which the woman of the house piled my plate. After dinner I said I had not had so good a meal for months. "I am glad you liked the meat," said my host, "mule makes a very good substitute for beef doesn't it."

"That was before I had grown used to the rats, and my first impulse was to knock the man down. Before the siege was over though I often wished for another hearty meal of mule meat.

"I remember one terrible battle in which the enemy gave us a genuine surprise. Our regiment marched left and front to take up a position along the edge of a corn field which was on our right. We were within about 25 yards of the place when we got a volley from the northern soldiers. They were in our position on the other side of the fence. They were completely hidden from view among the corn which was anywhere from 10 to 15 feet high. Our 1st lieutenant had his throat torn open by a bullet, and the surprise of the attack was so great and such a set back that for a moment we stood perfectly still. Then we got the order to charge and went at them. The northerners far outnumbered us having 25,000 men to our 15,000. Hundreds of our men were on the fence and every eye was on that corn field, wherever a tassel of corn was seen to move there a shot was aimed. Our orderly sergeant was a stout scotchman, who had fought in the Mexican war, and I remember seeing him rush up to the fence at one fellow and drive his bayonet into him, calling him names at the same time that wouldn't bear repetition.

"This battle which was called by our side the battle of "Little Oaks" lasted from daylight until six o'clock in the evening. It was a dearly bought victory for us, but we chased the northern men into Springfield, Missouri.

"Yes, I saw the field afterwards—was one of the burial party in fact—and it was a terrible sight. We dug two immense trenches one for each side and there left the poor fellows.

"I know very little about the manner and bearing of Federal officers in the civil war, but I do know that a truer lot of gentlemen never lived than the southern officers. They seemed to be imbued with a spirit of nobility and chivalry not often met. They were the defeated side and of course the world never heard of countless heroic deeds and manly acts by them.

"I think the United States is going to have all the fight she has been looking for, in this war with Spain. She has been practically challenging the world to "tread on the tail of her coat" for years; and now she has got what she's been looking for—and a little more perhaps.

"The methods of war are very different from what they were thirty years ago—they were civilized modes at least then, so it is difficult to form any opinion as to how the present trouble will end, but I should think it would be a pretty hot time for all concerned before the last shot is fired."

"Send Down Your Heads!"

One the west coast of Ireland near the mouth of the River Shannon, are several large sea-caves which open into each other. The visitor seems to be floating through a submarine palace of many halls, whose roof are either as green as grass in the sun, or blood-red. But the visitor needs a good guide and a good boatman, for the sea is invidious and labyrinth of caves intricate.

On one occasion, writes Aubrey de Vere, in his "Recollections," soon after a party had entered, the boatman suddenly shouted, "Bend down your heads for your lives."

No one saw any danger, but the boatman felt the placid water insensibly rising, and knew that the tide had turned. At last the visitors knew this, too; for it was not until the boat had ascended within a few inches of the roof that it began to descend.

"Pull your best," exclaimed the man at the helm; "if the second wave reaches us we are lost." But before the second wave reached the cave the boat had issued from its mouth.

roast and eat him; we were satisfied with one a day, but the fellow who could manage two was the envy of his comrades and was considered especially lucky.

"My first experience of mule meat as an article of food was during the siege. I got permission to visit a wounded friend in the hospital in the city; while there I met a fellow who had charge of one of the big guns, and he invited me over to his house to dinner. What a sight that dinner table was to me, and how I did enjoy the well done roast beef with which the woman of the house piled my plate. After dinner I said I had not had so good a meal for months. "I am glad you liked the meat," said my host, "mule makes a very good substitute for beef doesn't it."

"That was before I had grown used to the rats, and my first impulse was to knock the man down. Before the siege was over though I often wished for another hearty meal of mule meat.

"I remember one terrible battle in which the enemy gave us a genuine surprise. Our regiment marched left and front to take up a position along the edge of a corn field which was on our right. We were within about 25 yards of the place when we got a volley from the northern soldiers. They were in our position on the other side of the fence. They were completely hidden from view among the corn which was anywhere from 10 to 15 feet high. Our 1st lieutenant had his throat torn open by a bullet, and the surprise of the attack was so great and such a set back that for a moment we stood perfectly still. Then we got the order to charge and went at them. The northerners far outnumbered us having 25,000 men to our 15,000. Hundreds of our men were on the fence and every eye was on that corn field, wherever a tassel of corn was seen to move there a shot was aimed. Our orderly sergeant was a stout scotchman, who had fought in the Mexican war, and I remember seeing him rush up to the fence at one fellow and drive his bayonet into him, calling him names at the same time that wouldn't bear repetition.

"This battle which was called by our side the battle of "Little Oaks" lasted from daylight until six o'clock in the evening. It was a dearly bought victory for us, but we chased the northern men into Springfield, Missouri.

"Yes, I saw the field afterwards—was one of the burial party in fact—and it was a terrible sight. We dug two immense trenches one for each side and there left the poor fellows.

"I know very little about the manner and bearing of Federal officers in the civil war, but I do know that a truer lot of gentlemen never lived than the southern officers. They seemed to be imbued with a spirit of nobility and chivalry not often met. They were the defeated side and of course the world never heard of countless heroic deeds and manly acts by them.

"I think the United States is going to have all the fight she has been looking for, in this war with Spain. She has been practically challenging the world to "tread on the tail of her coat" for years; and now she has got what she's been looking for—and a little more perhaps.

"The methods of war are very different from what they were thirty years ago—they were civilized modes at least then, so it is difficult to form any opinion as to how the present trouble will end, but I should think it would be a pretty hot time for all concerned before the last shot is fired."

"Send Down Your Heads!"

One the west coast of Ireland near the mouth of the River Shannon, are several large sea-caves which open into each other. The visitor seems to be floating through a submarine palace of many halls, whose roof are either as green as grass in the sun, or blood-red. But the visitor needs a good guide and a good boatman, for the sea is invidious and labyrinth of caves intricate.

On one occasion, writes Aubrey de Vere, in his "Recollections," soon after a party had entered, the boatman suddenly shouted, "Bend down your heads for your lives."

No one saw any danger, but the boatman felt the placid water insensibly rising, and knew that the tide had turned. At last the visitors knew this, too; for it was not until the boat had ascended within a few inches of the roof that it began to descend.

"Pull your best," exclaimed the man at the helm; "if the second wave reaches us we are lost." But before the second wave reached the cave the boat had issued from its mouth.

GHOSTS UP IN ONTARIO.

QUEER THINGS THE PEOPLE SAY THEY SEE AND HEAR.

A Ball of Fire and an Old Lady of Property—The Haunted Schoolhouse—Spook of a Peddler—Miscellaneous of Sir John A. Macdonald's Shade.

It is not generally known down this way, that the province of Ontario is ghost ridden. Indeed, the inhabitants boast that there are very few countries in the civilized world which possess in any single district so limited in extent as Ontario the same number of highly respectable ghosts, from the shade of Sir John A. Macdonald, the famous old Conservative Premier, to that of the little peddler whose spook in the fifties terrorized a lumber camp on the upper Ottawa River. Apparitions of high and low degree stalk the land, and many persons may be found who are already to swear that they have seen the apparitions or heard them, at any rate, which in the case of some ghosts is pretty much the same thing.

One of the most uncanny visitations occurred about fifteen years ago in the vicinity of the village of Beaver-ton, a pretty little hamlet on the shores of Lake Simcoe, about seventy-five miles north of Toronto. There lived about three miles from the village an aged widow, Mrs. Bethune by name, a member of the Cameron clan of Scotland, whose family was among the early settlers in the district. She dwelt in a picturesque rough-cast cottage, built in the manner of an English lodge and surrounded by well kept grounds, an altogether unlikely place for a ghost to be found. Save for a housekeeper and a coachman, the old lady was entirely alone in the house. One night the villagers said an uncanny light, or spook, had been seen in the neighborhood of Mrs. Bethune's home. The rumor was at first discredited as the tale of some drunkard or silly woman, but as night after night brought confirmatory news from people who asserted they had seen the light, it began to be spread abroad that Mrs. Bethune was being warned to prepare herself for impending death. As the old lady kept hale and hearty, despite these repeated visitations, which she declared she had not seen, and as the strange light continued to fit here and there, now in her grounds, now on the country road, again in some woods near by a new theory sprang up to the effect that the housekeeper and the coachman were in league to get the old lady to will them her property, which was considerable, and the light was deemed by many to be the spirit of her dead brother, old Col. Cameron, come to warn her against the alleged conspirators.

The light was too big for any will-o'-the-wisp, and, moreover, there was no swampy ground to give basis for its appearance from any natural cause. Its appearance was that of a large ball of fire, and its custom was to hover above the country road near Mrs. Bethune's home until the approach of the night, express from Toronto, when it would dart across fields to disappear along the railroad track, flying ahead of the engine. It was noted that the light was never seen after passing a certain point about a quarter of a mile from the widow's home. Commercial travellers and other visitors from Toronto made it a point to go out and see the light, which appeared for more than eighteen months with more or less regularity. So great did the terror of it become that the country folk, after nightfall, generally sought a circuitous route to and from the village, in order to escape seeing the light, which frightened not only their horses, but also themselves.

Mrs. Bethune died at last, and no one ever saw the light again. But one night when her final illness had overtaken her the coachman fell down in a fit, and was ill with brain fever for weeks afterward. Rumor had it that when going into the stable he met the light coming out, and the illness was caused by the shock. To complete the story he should have died, but he did not. By Mrs. Bethune's will the property went to the housekeeper, just as every one had feared, and, of course, an interminable lawsuit was the result.

Not many miles from Toronto in a south-westerly direction is standing by the roadside what at first glance one would deem an ordinary country schoolhouse. But the door swings idly on rusty hinges, the benches and desks are covered with dust, and the schoolhouse has long been untenanted save by some ghostly inhabitant. The terror of the place is so widespread that even tramps in search of a place to

sleep give the quaint little wooden building a wide berth. The first appearance of the ghost was in broad daylight, when the school was in full blast, the pupils at their desks, the pretty schoolm'am in her wonted place. It came unheralded, and terror seized upon the children when loud footsteps were heard proceeding up the aisle with no bodily presence accompanying them. This was followed by a series of raps on the walls and ceiling, shuffling of feet in the porch, and groaning. This happened two years ago. Newspaper men and curiosity seekers alike tried to solve the mystery, but in vain. It is suspected that the ghost is still doing business at the old stand.

The history of the peddler in the lumber camp on the Ottawa is still remembered by many an old inhabitant. He disappeared from the camp one night, and it was generally suspected that he had been murdered for a small sum of money he was known to have. The couple living in the shanty where he had been stopping were, it was supposed, his murderers, but evidence could not be obtained against them. Scarcely a week had elapsed after his disappearance when the suspected pair removed out of that district, leaving no clue where they could be found. A couple of young lumbermen moved into the shanty, but remained in it only one night, and in the morning asserted they had been visited by the peddler's ghost, who had stared in at them through the window, had slammed the door, blown out the candle, and indulged in other antics. It was at first thought that the ghost might be the peddler himself, and that he was not dead after all, but the men insisted that his face had appeared to them all covered with blood and very pale. Whatever it was, the fact remained that no one would live in the shanty, until a venturesome naturalist came along, who declared that he had no fear of ghosts, and that they were better than rats, inasmuch as they would leave his stuffed animals and birds alone. One night was enough for him, and nothing would induce him to tell what he had seen in the shanty. He left camp in a hurry next day and never returned. The mystery of the peddler's death was not solved until two years later, when his ghost appeared one night to a party of merry-makers taking a short cut home through a swamp. All fled in a hurry, but one of the party noticed just where the ghost was standing, and returned the next day armed with a spade. When the ground was turned up the skeleton of the peddler was found about two feet below the surface.

Very different from the foregoing was the conduct of the shade of Sir John A. Macdonald. When Sir John Thompson was premier, there was handed to him one morning a card bearing a name that he did not recognize. The card was marked "Important," and, waiving ceremony, Sir John gave the sender an audience at once. He proved to be a young man of unassuming appearance, who in all seriousness told the Premier that he had several visits from the ghost of Sir John A. Macdonald, who had urged him to carry certain instructions to Sir John Thomson in regard to state affairs of great moment then pending in the Cabinet. The young man assured Sir John Thompson that he had at first feared to carry out the instructions, but he was deemed insane, but that Sir John's spirit had given him no peace until he promised to obey its mandates. He then proceeded to detail the instruc-

tions that had been given him, and the Premier was surprised to find that they coincided to a strange degree with the action which the Cabinet was then about to take, but which had been kept a profound secret.

Near Woodstock, a city about half-way between Detroit and Toronto, is a swamp which has attained a certain degree of notoriety as the scene of the murder, several years ago, of a young Englishman named Bonwell by Reginald Birchall, who was executed for the crime. It is now asserted that the shadow outlines of two human figures, closely resembling the murderer and his victim, have been seen entering the swamp on more than one occasion at the spot where Birchall and young Bonwell are supposed to have entered it in life and that the ghosts of the two men enact the tragedy all over again. A similar story has originated about the bodies of the two little girls whom H. H. Holmes murdered in Toronto. But the stories about this cottage died away, and at the present time of writing it is tenanted and quite free from anything supernatural.

Toronto did have for years a house which was pointed to with pride as being really haunted. It was a two story brick structure on Gerardi street east, and strange to say no story of crime or sudden death was connected with it. Nevertheless it became a happy haunting ground for ghosts. Chairs thrown across the rooms, sticks hurled through the air, draughts experienced despite windows and doors tightly shut, and, worst of all, blows felt while asleep in bed are some of the happenings told of it. As no one would leave the house and it was falling into disrepair, the owner concluded to tear it down and rebuild. That settled the ghosts.

A weird story was related to the writer by a lady in whose veracity he would place the utmost reliance. She was the wife of an English church clergyman, and when she married him her husband had charge of a small parish in a place called Stayner. They were living there when a child, a girl was born to them. One evening, when the little girl had attained the age of five, a brother clergyman, the Rev. John Langtry now of St. Luke's church, Toronto, called at their home. The clergyman was not at home, but his wife was, and she began to entertain Dr. Langtry, who said he would wait a short time as he was very desirous of seeing his friend. They were talking in a room down stairs, when suddenly Dr. Langtry's face grew very pale, and he hurriedly asked the lady to go up and see if her child was all right. Surprised at the request, she nevertheless did as she was asked, and soon returned with the information that the little girl was sleeping soundly. The clergyman said he was glad to hear it, and shortly took his leave without waiting for her husband to return. Some days after, however, meeting him on the street, Dr. Langtry said:

"I should advise you to go to your child at once should she be taken ill, away from home."

He would give no explanation of this for some time afterward. One day the little girl was actually stricken while on a visit in a neighboring town and died soon after her parents had arrived at her side. Dr. Langtry then informed them that the night he had visited their house he had seen the form of an angel come downstairs and go out of the hall door carrying the little child in its arms. Hence his premonition that the child might die soon.

Before His Day.

One part of an elevator-boy's duty is to answer questions, but not even an elevator boy can be expected to know everything. Apropos of which, the Boston Transcript says:

A guest at one of our big hotels, while going down in the elevator, remarked to the colored elevator-man, "I want to go to the wharf where the tea was thrown overboard."

"Well," said the man, looking mystified, "you'd better inquire at the office. I reckon that was before I came here; I've only been in Boston about a year!"

DOCTORS DON'T DENY IT.

The frank testimony of a famous physician.

When Dr. Ayer announced his Sarsaparilla to the world, he at once found the physicians his friends. Such a remedy was what they had looked for, and they were prompt to appreciate its merits and prescribe it. Perhaps no medicine—known as a patent medicine—is so generally administered and prescribed by physicians as Dr. Ayer's Sarsaparilla for blood diseases, and diseases of the skin that indicate a tainted condition of the blood. Experience has proved it to be a specific in such diseases, and sores of long standing, old ulcers, chronic rheumatism, and many other like forms of disease have yielded to the persevering use of Dr. Ayer's Sarsaparilla after other medicines had utterly failed. The testimonials received from physicians to the value of this remedy would fill a volume. Here is one leaf signed by Richard H. Lawrence, M. D., Baltimore, Md.

"It affords me pleasure to bear testimony to the success which your preparation of Sarsaparilla has had in the treatment of cutaneous and other diseases arising from a vitiated condition of the blood. Were it necessary, I might give you the names of at least fifty individuals who have been cured of long-standing complaints simply by the administration of Dr. Ayer's Sarsaparilla. One very remarkable instance was that of a quite old woman who had lived at Catsville, near this city. She had been

afflicted with the rheumatism for three years, and had taken as she had informed me, more than one hundred dollars worth of medicine to obtain relief, yet without any beneficial result. I advised her to try her that if it failed to do her good, I would refund the money. A short time afterward, I learned that it had cured her, and a neighbor of hers similarly afflicted was also entirely relieved of his complaint by its use. This is the universal result of the administration of your Sarsaparilla. It is without exception, the best blood purifier with which I am acquainted."

There is no other similar medicine can show a similar record. Others have imitated the remedy. They can't imitate the record. Dr. Ayer's Sarsaparilla has the friendship of the physician and the favor of the family, because it cures. It fulfills all promises made for it. It has healed thousands of people of the most malignant diseases that can mutilate mankind. Nothing has ever superseded it and nothing ever will until a medicine is made that can show a record of cures greater in number and equal in wonder to those wrought by Dr. Ayer's Sarsaparilla. Dr. Ayer's Curebook, a story of cures told by the cured, is sent free on request by the J. C. Ayer Company, Lowell, Mass. Write for it.

* A TANGLED WEB. *

(CONTINUED.)

CHAPTER V.

On the night Neville Lyne bought Sylvia Bond, the House of Commons in London was unusually full. An important debate was in progress, and that evening Mr. Gladstone had spoken with even more than his wonted eloquence; and all about the House, in the galleries, in the lobby, and even outside, where a big crowd hung about and waited, there was the peculiar atmosphere of excitement which only political events can produce.

Not only had the great orator spoken, but speeches had been made by several of the other stars in the political firmament, and perhaps not one of the men had attracted more attention than that of Sir Jordan Lyne.

Two gentlemen had witnessed the proceedings from the front of the Stranger's Gallery, and one of them, who had scarcely removed his eyes from Sir Jordan's tall, thin figure while he had been speaking, looked up at his companion with a thoughtful smile.

"That man's going to make his mark," he said to his friend.

"Who, Jordan Lyne? Yes, I suppose so. Clever speech, wasn't it? Do you know him at all?"

"Well, I was at Rugby with him," said the first speaker, "but I can't say I know him. I doubt very much whether anyone knows him."

"The second man nodded.

"I know what you mean. No, Jordan Lyne's a dark horse."

"How long has he been Sir Jordan?" asked the other. "I've been away such a deuce of a time that I've lost touch of events, you know."

"How long? Oh, about eighteen months more or less. Yes, his father, old Sir Greville, died about seventeen or eighteen months ago, and this Jordan, the eldest son came into the baronetcy and the money. Strange history, old Greville's!"

"Tell me," said his friend, "as arm in arm they went down the stair and sauntered on the terrace in front of the House. 'I've heard something about him, but forget exactly what.'"

"Well it's soon told. Old Greville Lyne was an eccentric—a man with a mania, you know. Seems that when he was a young man he fell in love with a girl. She was below him in position, but Greville was mad about her, and notwithstanding that she was engaged to another young fellow, Greville brought pressure to bear—monetary pressure I expect—induced or compelled her to break off with her lover and promise to marry him—Greville."

"Nice man!"

"Yes; but it didn't come off after all, for the day before the marriage the girl bolted with her own true love, and left Greville in the lurch."

"That's distinctly good," said the listener. "Not so bad. Greville Lyne was awfully cut up—most men are under such circumstances—but most men get over it in time, and if they don't forget the girl who jilted them, forgive her. Old Greville didn't. He set himself deliberately to work to hunt down his successful rival; swore a big oath that he'd ruin him, and—did it."

"How do you mean?" inquired the friend.

"Well, I don't know all the details, but I've heard people who were in the know say that Greville stuck to the other fellow's trail like a blood hound, and while professing to be his friend, plotted and schemed to effect his ruin. It took years to accomplish, of course, but it was accomplished at last, and Sir Greville had the satisfaction of seeing his rival a broken man and an outcast."

"And this in the nineteenth century I believe?"

"Exactly," assented the speaker, "and it's only in the nineteenth century that you can do that sort of thing. In the old days you went out after dark and struck your enemy under the fifth rib. Now you bet with him on the Stock Exchange, run horses against him on the turf, slander him, rob him of his reputation, and ultimately get a good deal more revenge out of him than if you left him with a hole in him, as in the good old days. The man Sir Greville had sworn to ruin, and did, disappeared. The wife, I believe, had died of grief and anxiety years before."

"Any children?"

"Don't know. I fancy there was one, but I'm not sure."

"Poor woman! What a fiend Sir Jordan's father must have been!"

"Yes, I think he was. According to poetical justice he ought to have been punished in some way, but he wasn't—at least in this world. He flourished like the bay tree. Everything he touched turned to gold."

"Did he ever marry—Oh, of course! I beg your pardon."

"Yes, he married twice. This man Jordan is the son of the first wife, and there's another boy called—called Neville, the son of the second."

"What's become of him?"

"The speaker shook his head.

"Can't say. It's rumored that he's abroad somewhere. He was at one time Sir Greville's favorite son, but our friend Jordan soon altered that. I'm told that he hates his half-brother like poison, and that he never rested until he had brought a quarrel about between Neville and his father and got the youngster turned out."

"A worthy son of a worthy father."

"Yes, Jordan played his cards very well. The estate was a small one—not nearly large enough to support the baronetcy properly—and of course old Greville could

have left his money—it was an enormous pile—where he chose; to the second boy, Neville, for instance. But after the old man was dead it was found that Jordan had got the whole of it—estate, money, all—and that Neville was left without a penny. I should think Jordan is one of our richest men, and, as you say, a man who will make his mark. May be Prime Minister some day."

"Hush! here he is," warned the other; and the two men drew aside into the shadow as Sir Jordan Lyne passed.

He was walking by himself, his hands clasped behind his back, his head bowed slightly. He was not a bit like Neville. He was thin and narrow-chested, with a long face and a pointed chin. His mouth—his was clean shaven—was straight and hard, with the lips shut close, as if their owner was always on guard. Very few persons knew the color of his eyes, for Sir Jordan had an unpleasant trick of keeping them veiled under unusually thick and white lids. It was not a prepossessing face by any means, and yet no one could glance at it without recognizing that it was the face of a clever and intellectual man—a man with a large quantity of brain power and a strong will to use it.

A word must be said about his hands. They were large and bony, but singularly white, so that when he raised them while he was speaking you felt attracted by them and watched them instead of the face, which was, perhaps, to the speaker's advantage.

He was in evening-dress that night—for he was going to a reception when the House rose—but he always wore dark clothes. A man's voice is supposed to be the index of his character. Sir Jordan's was soft and slow, excepting when he was addressing a large audience, and even then it was never hard or vehement, but always beautifully under his control. Since his father's death Sir Jordan had come very much to the front in other than political ways. He was extremely liberal. Sir Jordan Lyne, Bart, M. P., figured prominently in all charity lists. He was always ready to address a missionary meeting, and was one of the most respectable and religious men in the House, a staunch defender of Church and State, and a stern moralist. He neither drank nor smoked.

Such a man is sure to come to the front, and Sir Jordan, as he paced up and down the terrace, ought to have been a very happy individual. The cheers which had been called forth by his eloquent speech were still ringing in his ears. He knew that he was being talked about, that as he paced up and down men were looking at him with interest and curiosity, and yet no man came up and linked an arm in his or smote him on the back and called to him 'old fellow.'

"A strange face," said one of the two men who had been watching him. "Keen and intellectual and all that, and yet there's something about it I don't like. The man looks—yes—as Jordan, with his bent head, passed them again—looks as if he wasn't at ease—as if he'd got something unpleasant in his mind."

"Daresay. Perhaps he's thinking of that unfortunate young beggar of a brother of his."

"Remorse?" said the other. "H'm—"

At that moment Big Ben struck the hour, and Sir Jordan started and raised his head.

"Remorse? No, by George! it looks like—yes, fear!" concluded the observer.

"That's strange."

They went on their way, and Sir Jordan returned to the House. He sat in his seat with his arms folded, his head bent, and apparently listening intently, until the House rose. Then he went out, and, calling a cab, drove to Lady Marlow's reception.

It was past midnight. The sitting had been an exciting one, and he was fully justified in feeling tired, and in snatching a short nap; but it seemed as if he could not rest, for presently he sighed, and, leaning with arms on the front of the cab, looked from side to side under his drooping lids—looked, not with the aimless interest of an ordinary observer, but with the sharp intensity of a man who is watching for something or some one.

And yet for whom could the wealthy and powerful Sir Jordan Lyne, Bart, M. P., be looking in the London streets after midnight?

CHAPTER VI.

The cab pulled up at Lady Marlow's, and Sir Jordan, Lyne, smoothing the watchful, anxious lines from his face, and with a soft and pleasant smile about his thin lips, ascended the staircase.

Lady Marlow's evenings were always crowded, for she was a very popular little personage. She was the wife of a viscount, rich, almost young, and extremely good-natured. Young girls just out of school, and their mamma's courted her, for it was said that for the last three seasons the best matches had been made under Lady Marlow's auspices, and that the best chance a girl had was to have Lady Marlow for a friend.

She was a little woman with a pleasant countenance, a pair of bright eyes which saw a long way through a brick wall, and a tongue sometimes appallingly frank and candid.

She stood just inside the drawing-room, receiving her guests, and she gave Sir Jordan her hand and a smile, as she had given them to a hundred other persons that evening; and she did it without yawning or even looking tired, though her feet ached, her head ached—she ached all over. A great deal of pity is expended, and deservedly, on the hard worked poor—the dock laborers, the factory hands, railway servants, and cabmen, but no one has as yet thought of getting up a strike among the terribly hard worked members of fashionable society.

Come to think of it, Lady Marlow had worked as hard as any woman in London that day. She had got up early to read and answer her letters, notwithstanding that she had not gone to bed until three o'clock that morning. She had spent the forenoon at the opening of a fancy bazaar, had made six calls in the afternoon, had sat at the head of the table during a wearisome dinner party, and now, just at the time when the majority of people are in bed and asleep, she was standing between the hot rooms and the draughty stairs, shaking hands and smiling like a mandarin with a lot of people, most of whom she scarcely knew, and did not care if she never saw again.

And yet there were girls—sweet, innocent, ignorant girls—just launched on the tide of society, who actually envied Lady Marlow, and whose ambition was to marry a viscount and do likewise.

Lady Marlow nodded and smiled at Sir Jordan, and fixed him for a moment with her bright, sharp eyes.

"Very good of you to come!" she said, as she made ready to receive her next guest. "You have had an exciting night, I hear, and your fame is going the rounds of the room."

Sir Jordan bowed and smiled with polite gratitude for the pleasant little speech, and made his way into the crowd.

His entrance was noticed, the men nodded and beautiful women smiled at him as he passed them, and many a girl's heart gave a little bound of ambitious longing, for Sir Jordan was a millionaire, the coming man of the day, and his wife would be a great lady and a power in the land.

Stopping now and again to exchange a word with one and another, Sir Jordan made the circuit of the crowded room, and was returning to the door to take his departure, when a young girl entered. He stopped, drew back a little, and waited.

She was a very pretty girl—tall, fair, with dark-brown eyes, bright and brimming over with merriment one moment, soft and melting the next. Her name was Audrey Hope. She was eighteen, just out of an heiress, and as the irreverent said, Lady Marlow's "last and best lot;" for she was an orphan, and under the care of Lord and Lady Marlow, who were her guardians.

Before she had got many yards she was surrounded, not only by men, but by women; for Audrey was popular with both sexes, and there were some who would have loved her just as dearly if she had been penniless instead of the owner of money in the Funds, a plantation in Jamaica, and a good estate in Leamshire.

She was beautifully dressed, and yet with a simplicity which spoke of anything but wealth, and her eyes were bright with the pleasure of seeing so many friends around her; for she had been staying on the Continent for some months, and this was her first party since her return.

She was chatting away about Mont Blanc, Homburg, and the rest of it to her admiring court, when Sir Jordan came up with his bland smile and serenely composed face, and she stopped suddenly, and the brightness fled from her eyes, and she became for the moment suddenly grave, and, one would have been inclined to say, almost sad. But it was only for a moment; the next she seemed to have recovered from the temporary restraint, and held out her hand to him with a nod.

"How do you do, Sir Jordan?" she said, as he bent over her hand. "I did not expect to see you here; I thought you would be too busy."

"The House rose earlier than we expected," he said. "Have you enjoyed your trip?"

The others fell back to allow the two to talk, for Sir Jordan and beautiful Audrey Hope were old friends—or ought to have been, for the estate which Audrey had inherited adjoined the Lyne property, and the Lynnes and the Hopes had been neighbors and friends for generations.

"Oh, yes!" she said, and she began to tell him of her travels; but somehow some of the lightness had gone out of her voice, and she looked down at the ground rather than at his face.

Sir Jordan offered her his arm after a minute or two, and she accepted it and allowed him to lead her out of the crowd to a seat in a recess, thereby causing much discontent and envy in many a manly breast.

"That fellow Jordan seems to have it all his own way," muttered a young grandman to a chum "Richest jigger in the room, and all that. He might leave the Hope alone and give us poor devils a chance at his face."

But Sir Jordan was perfectly indifferent to the murmurs and complaints of the envious, and sat beside the rich and lovely Miss Hope with his usual self-possession and sang-froid.

He talked about the weather and the persons who passed them, a great deal about her trip on the Continent, and a little—a very little—about himself. Sir Jordan was one of those clever fellows who do not talk much about themselves.

But all the while Audrey seemed to be listening absent-mindedly, and quite suddenly she said:

"Have you heard anything of—of Neville, Sir Jordan?"

And as she put the question her eyes dropped and the rich color came into her face, making it look lovelier than ever. Sir Jordan shook his head and sighed.

"I am sorry to say that I have not recently," he replied in a sad and regretful tone—just the tone an affectionate, long-suffering man who had been sorely tried by a scragrace brother should use.

The color died slowly away from Audrey Hope's cheeks and she stifled a sigh—a genuine one.

"When did you hear last?" she said, "and what? You know we were such old friends—your brother and I, Sir Jordan. We used to play together when we were little children, and even after he came home from Eton—and I can never think of the Grange—this was the name of the great country house which belonged to this lucky young woman—'without thinking of Neville.'"

Her eyes grew meditative and wistful, as if she were seeing with her mind's eye a vision of the old orchard behind the house, in which she and young Dace-devil Neville Lyne used to play. Even then he was always getting into scrapes, and it was she who not infrequently got him out of them—begged him off punishment, or, out of her own pocket-money, paid on the sly for damage he had done.

"It is very natural that you should remember him," murmured Jordan, sympathetically. "It would not be like your kind heart to forget an old playmate. Poor Neville!" and he sighed again.

She glanced at him with barely concealed alarm.

"Why do you say that?" she asked. "Was it he that you heard last?"

"I am sorry to say that it was," he replied gravely, and with such a regretfully sad and sympathetic voice. "Poor Neville has been disgracing himself, as usual."

The blood flew to her face again.

"Disgracing himself—Neville!" she interrupted. "I don't believe it. I mean—"

She stopped and bit her lip, ashamed of the vehemence into which she had been hurried.

Sir Jordan saw that he had gone rather too far.

"Perhaps the term was too strong, he said. 'We will say that he had got into one of his usual scrapes, and he had left the place suddenly just before I got tidings of him; but for that I should have found him.'"

Where was that? asked Audrey.

"In America," replied Sir Jordan, without a moment's hesitation.

She sighed as she thought that America was rather a vague address.

"I suppose he doesn't know of his father's death?" she said, after a moment or two.

"No, I think not," said Jordan.

"Or—that—"

She hesitated.

"Or that my father did not mention him in his will?" said Jordan.

"No; and I particularly wish that he should not know of it, excepting through me, because—"

He paused.

Audrey looked at him quickly.

"Because—Oh, do you mean that you are going to—"

"How well you understand me!" he murmured, modestly and gratefully. "Yes, I want to find poor Neville and let him know that half I have is his. I shall not know a moment's peace or happiness until I have found him."

Audrey Hope's lips quivered, and those beautiful brown eyes of hers grew soft and tender.

"That is very, very good and generous of you, Sir Jordan," she said in a low voice. "But it is only what one might expect you to do, after all. You could not—no one could—be at ease and content while his brother was penniless."

"No, no, of course not," assented Sir Jordan, promptly, but with his eyes hidden behind the thick white lids. "I have advertised—an advertisement constantly for him, and am in hopes that I shall hear tidings of him soon."

"Oh, I hope so!" said Audrey, fervently. "It is dreadful to think that a person one-world, perhaps in poverty and—"

She stopped again.

as he bent over her hand. "I did not expect to see you here; I thought you would be too busy."

"The House rose earlier than we expected," he said. "Have you enjoyed your trip?"

The others fell back to allow the two to talk, for Sir Jordan and beautiful Audrey Hope were old friends—or ought to have been, for the estate which Audrey had inherited adjoined the Lyne property, and the Lynnes and the Hopes had been neighbors and friends for generations.

"Oh, yes!" she said, and she began to tell him of her travels; but somehow some of the lightness had gone out of her voice, and she looked down at the ground rather than at his face.

Sir Jordan offered her his arm after a minute or two, and she accepted it and allowed him to lead her out of the crowd to a seat in a recess, thereby causing much discontent and envy in many a manly breast.

"That fellow Jordan seems to have it all his own way," muttered a young grandman to a chum "Richest jigger in the room, and all that. He might leave the Hope alone and give us poor devils a chance at his face."

But Sir Jordan was perfectly indifferent to the murmurs and complaints of the envious, and sat beside the rich and lovely Miss Hope with his usual self-possession and sang-froid.

He talked about the weather and the persons who passed them, a great deal about her trip on the Continent, and a little—a very little—about himself. Sir Jordan was one of those clever fellows who do not talk much about themselves.

But all the while Audrey seemed to be listening absent-mindedly, and quite suddenly she said:

"Have you heard anything of—of Neville, Sir Jordan?"

And as she put the question her eyes dropped and the rich color came into her face, making it look lovelier than ever. Sir Jordan shook his head and sighed.

"I am sorry to say that I have not recently," he replied in a sad and regretful tone—just the tone an affectionate, long-suffering man who had been sorely tried by a scragrace brother should use.

The color died slowly away from Audrey Hope's cheeks and she stifled a sigh—a genuine one.

"When did you hear last?" she said, "and what? You know we were such old friends—your brother and I, Sir Jordan. We used to play together when we were little children, and even after he came home from Eton—and I can never think of the Grange—this was the name of the great country house which belonged to this lucky young woman—'without thinking of Neville.'"

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She stopped again.

"Yes, yes," murmured Sir Jordan, sympathetically; "and directly I hear I will send you word."

"Do, please!" she exclaimed.

"I suppose you will be going down to the Grange?" he said, changing the subject.

"Yes," she replied. "Lord and Lady Marlow are coming down with me to spend Christmas."

"I shall be at Lyne, too. I shall go down directly the House rises," he said. "So that we shall be near neighbors, shall we not?" glancing sideways at her.

"Yes," she assented, but without a particle of warmth, or more than the expression of pleasure which ordinary politeness demanded, and Sir Jordan's lips tightened.

She had been warm and sympathetic enough while they had been talking about his scoundrel of a half-brother, Neville, but now she seemed as if she had lost all interest in their conversation.

"I must go to poor Lady Marlow," she said. "She is tired out, I know, and—"

At that moment a gentleman approached them—a tall, dark-haired young man, with a handsome face and rather grave and serious eyes.

"Oh, Lord Lorrimore!" she exclaimed. "Have you seen Lady Marlow lately?"

"I have just been sent in search of you by her," he replied; and he held out his arm, nodding rather coldly to Sir Jordan.

Audrey Hope took the proffered arm and the two walked away.

"What had that man got to talk to you about?" asked Lord Lorrimore, looking down at her with his dark, serious eyes.

"Oh, only—But what right have you to ask such a question?" she retorted, with an affection of resentment.

"The right that the fact of my loving you gives me, Miss Hope."

"She made a motion as if to draw her arm away, but he held it firmly."

"I thought you promised you would not talk to me in that way again?" she said reproachfully.

"I did," he assented; "but when you ask me a direct question I am compelled to give you a direct and truthful answer."

"That's nothing to do with it—that's no reason at all," she retorted, with true feminine logic. "But how do you hate poor Sir Jordan?"

"I do hate 'poor' Sir Jordan very much," he said, grimly; "but I hate still more to see you talking to him."

"And pray, what business is it of yours whom I talk with?" she said pouting.

"There, I've given you another opportunity but I won't listen to you, Lord Lorrimore. If I were a man I should be ashamed to go on—on pestering a poor helpless girl, after she had told me that she didn't care for me."

"I beg your pardon," he said, still unrepentant

Sunday Reading

THE LITTLE WHITE SHOES.

I write down the following story from memory. It was related by one of the original crusaders of Ohio, in an audience where I was present:

'One morning during the crusade a drunkard's wife came to the door

'She carried in her arms a baby six weeks old. Her pale, pinched face was sad to see, and she told me this sorrowful story: 'My husband is drinking himself to death; he is lost to all human feeling, our rent is unpaid, and we are liable to be put out into the street; and there is no food in the house for me and the children. He has a good trade, but his earnings all go into the saloon on the corner near us. He is becoming more and more brutal and abusive. We seem to be on the verge of ruin. How can I, feeble as I am, with a babe in my arms, earn bread for myself and children?'

'Quick as thought the question came to me, and I asked it: 'Why not have this husband of yours converted?'

'But she answered, hopelessly: 'O! there's no hope of such a thing; he cares for nothing but strong drink'

'I'll come and see him this afternoon,' said I.

'He'll insult you,' she replied.

'No matter,' said I; 'my Saviour was insulted, and the servant is not above his Lord.'

'That very afternoon I called at the little tenement house. The husband was at work at his trade in a back room, and his little girl was sent to tell him that a lady wished to see him. The child, however, soon returned with the message: 'My pa says he won't see any one.'

'But I sent him a message proving that I was, indeed, in earnest. I said: 'Go back and tell your pa that a lady wishes to see him on very important business, and she must see him, if she has to stay till after supper.'

'I knew very well that there was nothing in the house to eat. A moment afterward a poor, bloated, besotted wreck of a man stood before me.

'What do you want? he demanded as he came shuffling into the room.

'Please be seated, and look at this paper,' I answered, pointing to a vacant chair at the other end of the table where I was sitting, and handing a printed pledge to him.

'He read it slowly, and then, broke out violently: 'Do you think that I'm a fool? I drink when I please, and let it alone when I please. I'm not going to sign away my personal liberty.'

'Do you think you can stop drinking?'

'Yes, I could, if I wanted to.'

'On the contrary, I think you're a slave to the rum-shop down on the corner.'

'No, I ain't any such thing.'

'I think, too, that you love the saloon-keeper's daughter better than you do your own little girl.'

'No, I don't either.'

'Well, let us see about that. When I passed the saloon-keeper's house, I saw his little girl coming down the steps, and she had on white shoes and a white dress, and a blue sash. Your money helped to buy them. I came here, and your girl, more beautiful than she, has on a faded, ragged dress, and her feet are bare.'

'That's so, madam.'

'And you love the saloon-keeper's wife better than you do your own wife. When I passed the saloon-keeper's house, I saw his wife come out with the little girl, and she was dressed in silks and laces, and a carriage waited for her. Your money helped to buy the silks and laces, and the horses and the carriage. I came here, and I find your wife in a faded calico gown, doing her work. If she goes anywhere, she must walk.'

'You speak the truth, madam.'

'You love the saloon-keeper better than you love yourself. You say you can keep from drinking, if you chose, but you helped the saloon-keeper to build himself a fine, brick house, and you live in this poor, tumbled-down old house yourself.'

'I never saw it in that light before.'

Then holding out his hand, that shook like an aspen leaf he continued: 'You speak the truth madam—I am a slave. Do you see that hand? I've got a piece of work to finish, and I must have a mug of beer to steady my nerves, or I cannot do it; but to-morrow, if you call I will sign the pledge.'

'That's a temptation of the devil. I did not ask you to sign the pledge. You are a slave, and cannot help it. But I do want to tell you this: there is One who can break your chains and set you free.'

'I want to be free.'

Spring Purification.

The clogged-up machinery of the system requires cleaning out after the wear and tear of the winter's work. Nothing will do this so thoroughly and perfectly as the old reliable

Burdock Blood Bitters.

It cures Constipation, Sick Headaches, Feeling of Tiredness, and all the evidences of Sluggish Liver and Impure Blood, which are so prevalent in the spring. It makes rich, red blood and gives buoyancy and strength to the entire system.

'Well, Christ can set you free, if you'll submit to him, and let him break the chains of sin and appetite that bind you.'

'It's been many a long year since I prayed.'

'No matter; the sooner you begin, the better for you.'

'He threw himself at once upon his knees, and while I prayed I heard him sobbing out the cry of his soul to God.

'His wife knelt beside me, and followed me in earnest prayer. The words were simple, and broken with sobs, but somehow they went straight up from her crushed heart to God, and the poor man began to cry in earnest for mercy.

'O, God! break these chains that are burning into my soul! Pity me, and pity my wife and children, and break the chains that are dragging me down to hell. O God! be merciful to me a sinner.' And thus out of the depths he cried to God, and he heard him and had compassion upon him, and broke every chain and every burden; and he arose a free, redeemed man.

'When he arose from his knees he said: 'Now I will sign the pledge and keep it.'

'And he did. A family altar was established; the comforts of life were soon secured—for he had a good trade—and two weeks after this scene his little girl came into my husband's Sunday school with white shoes and a white dress, and a blue sash on, as a token that her father's money no longer went into the saloon-keeper's till.

'But what struck me most of all was that it took less than two hours of my time to be an ambassador for Christ in declaring the terms of heaven's great treaty, whereby a soul was saved from death, a multitude of sins were covered, and a home restored to purity and peace.'—Francis E. Willard.

THE CURE OF SOULS.

Different Methods of Bettering the Conditions of the Poor in New York.

Two or three philanthropists who have worked for many a year to better the condition of the poor in New York recently met, and very naturally compared their different methods of work.

'The first thing to be done with Lazarus at your gate,' said one of them, 'is I am sure, to feed his body and then his mind. Give him an idea of the world he lives in, by maps and magic lantern pictures. Kill the brute in him by wakening the thinking creature.'

'In my experience,' said an enthusiastic physician, 'I find that music seems to be the best aid. At our club-rooms for workmen, when we can have glee and chorus singing the attendance is the largest and most steady. We have also billiards and other games, magazines, newspapers—everything to amuse and interest them, and keep them from the dram-shops.'

'In our guild work,' said an earnest woman in the company, 'we have similar amusements for girls. We have opened saving-banks and established clubs for them. We have entertainments to which young men are asked. We try to give

them the idea of a respectable, orderly life, ending perhaps in honorable marriage, and we try to fit them for it.'

Dancing, pictures and debating societies were also mentioned as humanizing in their effect upon the degraded and criminal subjects of the kindly experiments of these good people.

'But,' said one, 'I find that I must carefully ignore the subject of religion, lest I scare my patient away before I can begin his cure.'

The others agreed with him.

'In other words,' said a young man who had not yet spoken, 'we act, it seems to me, as a doctor would, who should bathe the face of a patient, to cool it, who is ill with the plague, or we put spectacles on his dying eyes, and leave something at in to poison to work its way in his blood.'

'The methods we have adopted, it seems to me, are admirable to quicken the mind, or to improve the manners of the patient, but they ignore too much the moral motive and leave within the patient that which may again drag him downward to an ignoble life.'

'St. John and St. Paul, Whitefield and Wesley, did not teach their hearers art or literature. They reached for the soul of each man, and showed God to it.'

'It must be acknowledged, of course, that this is not always effectual,—but it is an added help, for it revives and influences that which is highest and best in human nature,—the sense of responsibility to the Supreme Judge of the Universe, for our conduct here, and the relations of that conduct to an eternal hereafter.'

The Hymn Saved his Life.

The Presbyterian prints a war anecdote of an unconventional sort. Different readers will read more or less into it, according to their different habits of mind, but all will find it interesting.

Some Americans who were crossing the Atlantic met in the cabin on Sunday night to sing hymns. As they sang the last hymn, 'Jesus, Lover of My Soul,' one of them heard an exceedingly rich and beautiful voice behind him. He looked round, and although he did not know the face, he thought that he knew the voice. So, when the music ceased, he turned and asked the man if he had been in the Civil War. The man replied that he had been a Confederate soldier.

'Were you at such a place on such a night?' asked the first man.

'Yes,' replied the second man, 'and a curious thing happened that night which this hymn has recalled to my mind. I was posted on sentry duty near the edge of a wood. It was a dark night and very cold, and I was a little lightened, because the enemy were supposed to be very near. About midnight, when everything was still, and I was feeling homesick and miserable and weary, I thought that I would comfort myself by praying and singing a hymn. I remember singing these lines:

'All my trust on thee is stayed,
All my help from Thee I bring;
Cover my defenceless head
With the shadow of Thy wing.'

'After singing that a strange peace came down upon me, and through the long night I felt no more fear.'

'Now,' said the other, 'listen to my story: I was a Union soldier, and was in the woods that night with a party of scouts. I saw you standing, although I did not see your face. My men had their rifles focused upon you, waiting the word to fire but when you sang,

'Cover my defenceless head
With the shadow of Thy wing.'

I said, 'Boys, lower your rifles; we will go home.'

Helping One Another.

The basket of blocks was on the ground, and three rather cross little faces looked down at it.

'It's too heavy for me,' said Jimmy.

'Well, you're big as I am, 'cause we're twins,' said Nellie.

'I won't carry it!' said the little cousin with a pout.

Mamma looked from her open window, and saw the trouble.

'One day I saw a picture of three little birds,' she said. 'They wanted a long stick carried somewhere, but it was too



WELL BEGUN IS HALF DONE

Start wash day with good soap, pure soap, that's half the battle won.

SURPRISE SOAP

is made especially for washing clothes, makes them clean and fresh and sweet, with little rubbing.

It's best for this and every use.

Don't forget the name SURPRISE.

large for any of them to carry. What do you think they did?

'We don't know,' said the twins.

'They all took hold of it together,' said Mamma, 'and then they could fly with it.'

The children laughed and looked at each other; then they all took hold of the basket together, and found it was very easy to carry.

'The way to do all things in this world,' said mamma, 'is for every one to help a little. No one can do them all, but every one can help.'—Christian Leader.

A Mistake.

A mistake is found in thinking that our access to God is dependent upon some grand caprice of his favor. We picture the divine being to ourselves somewhat as Esther pictured Ahasuerus, when she was going into his presence to plead for royal relief to her endangered people. We seem to suppose there is extreme risk in approaching him. It is all extended to golden scepter, we are safe; but the chances are that he may not. And so, in the heroism of a fine devotion, we say: 'It we perish, we perish.' But Esther seemed to have forgotten that on her finger at that moment was a ring which proved she was the wife of the man she was so much at aid of. And the great God is represented in the scriptures as bending over a redeemed soul, and saying: 'Turn again, for I am married unto you.' But now, in Christ Jesus, ye who sometime were afar off are made nigh by the blood of Christ. For he is our peace who hath made both one, and hath broken down the middle wall of partition between us.—Chas. S. Robinson, D. D., in Cumberland Presbyterian.

BEWARE

Of counterfeits, they are numerous and all to your disadvantage. Morin's Wine made with Creosote and Hypophosphites is packed in a round red box bearing Dr. Ed. Morin's signature on the label. Ask for Morin's Creso Pastes Wine.

A Prospect of Doubt.

'Have you given up your idea of mastering some European language?' said the courtier.

'Yes,' replied the Chinese Emperor.

'What's the use? There is no means of telling which I will need in order to talk to my neighbors.'

WEARY.

'How is it,' said the official severely, 'that we haven't had any victories recently?'

'Well,' replied the general, 'if you want any more than you have been getting you'll have to secure another man. I'm tired of being a literary hack.'

AN EPIDEMIC OF COLDS.

Dr. Agnew's Catarrhal Powder Proves the Good Samaritan to Thousands of Sufferers in the Present Epidemic

George E. Casey, M. D., is one of the Many who Knows of its Goodness.

What to do to secure relief in the present epidemic is the question thousands are asking. Colds this season attack throat and head and there is nothing that gives relief so quickly in every such case as Dr. Agnew's Catarrhal Powder. Geo. E. Casey, M. D., is only one of fifty others of the House of Commons and Senate who have tried this remedy, and bear testimony to its undoubted goodness.

The "Gold Train."

The latest railway train christening is that of the Canadian Pacific's westbound trans-continental express, which is now known as the "Gold Train"—a peculiarly appropriate name, for since the beginning of the great rush to the Klondike, this train, daily crowded with gold-seekers, frequently pulls out in two, three, four and even as many as five sections. Windsor Street Station, in Montreal presents an unusually animated scene now-a-days in consequence, all sorts and conditions of men, women, and children gathering to witness the departure of the "Gold Train," and to bid good-bye and wish good luck to the fortune-hunters who represent pretty nearly every nationality and all walks in life. It was on one of these occasions that No. 1 received its auriferous cognomen. An old lady bustled in, evidently in search of some departing friend and eagerly enquired of an official "Has the Gold Train gone yet?"

'Gold Train'—happy thought—the name stuck. The old lady had unconsciously hit upon a name far more expressive than that which perhaps many a railway manager would have culled his brains over in vain to evolve.

Walked the Floor

Night After Night in Agony.

Intense Physical Sufferings from Neuralgia in Head and Face.

Dissatisfied So Long by Doctors and Medicines, Mrs. Jackson thought There Was No Hope for Her.

A KIND NEIGHBOR RECOMMENDS PAIN'S CELERY COMPOUND THE MATCH-LESS SPRING MEDICINE

It Was Commenced With a Small Degree of Faith.

Now There is Joy, Thankfulness and Gratitude for a Marvelous Cure.

WELLS & RICHARDSON CO., SIRS:—I suffered intensely with neuralgia in my head and face, and was in such a condition that I could not rest day or night for two and a half years. I was treated by different doctors and used their medicines and sometimes got a little relief, but the pain would come back as bad as ever. I walked the floor night after night and thought I would go crazy. A neighbor, knowing my condition of suffering, asked me if I had tried Paine's Celery Compound. I said 'No, I have no faith in anything now, as I have tried so many medicines and they have not done me any good.' However, I decided to try one bottle of Paine's Celery Compound, and it gave such good results I continued until I had used six bottles and was cured. I can never cease to express my gratitude for the great good I derived from Paine's Celery Compound.

Yours truly, MRS. THOS. JACKSON, 50 MCGEE ST. TORONTO.

A Pertinent Query.

'My voice is still for war,' shouted the impassioned orator.

'How about the rest of you?' yelled a sarcastic bystander.

Give the Baby a Chance with Martin's Cardinal Food

The only food that will build up a weak constitution gradually but surely is a simple, scientific and highly nutritive preparation for infants, delicate children and invalids.

KERRY WATSON & CO., PROPRIETORS, MONTREAL.

Advertisement for Walter Baker & Co., Limited, featuring 'PURE, HIGH GRADE Cocoas and Chocolates'. Includes an illustration of a woman and text describing the quality and availability of their products.

Notches on The Stick

Circumstance soon arose that rendered Hunt's sojourn intolerable. Shelley was drowned in that squally bay, and that strange scene on the shore took place, when by the sudden agency of fire his body was restored to the elements. Hunt was there.

"That gentlest sage and friend most true Whom Adonais loved."

with Byron and Trelawney. The gifted gentle woman who dwelt with her poet in Casa Magni, was scarcely a more genuine mourner than Rimini's bard. In the autumn when they left Pisa for Genoa, Hunt visited the deserted house of Shelley. The place was rugged and wild, but seemed more so in its silence and desolation. A vacant room, an empty hall, a neglected garden are melancholy, when we remember the life once there. "The sea," he sighs, "fawned upon the shore, as though it could do no harm."

At Genoa Hunt, suffered the sorrow of estrangement. "The Liberal" had begun, and a strange venture it was for a man like Hunt to be concerned with. A plain-speaking editorial in England might be quite honorable, while a distributive thither from Italy carries disrepute. We wish Hunt well out of this business, for the curse will be visited on his head. What matters that Byron's "Vision of Judgment" was published in its pages? Now come murmurs from the Tories and nobles. What have you, Byron, to do with this plebeian writer of diatribes? Shelly is gone now, and Byron is in a state of mind wherein Hunt seems by far too virtuous; and he finds he does not so dearly love a lord as to forget he is a fellow-Briton. Besides, (and oh, far more gallingly to Hunt than all else!) he is under pecuniary obligations to his lordship, who is not above regarding the "jingling of the guinea". Burns scorned to have pay for his songs, but Byron will higgles about the last farthing for his "Laras" and "Gour".

So though they dwell near each other,—Hunt, with Mrs. Shelley in the Casa Negrotto, and Byron in the village of Albaro,—far better had they been leagues asunder. The marble staircase and balcony, the long suite of rooms that in England would be called splendid, and the flower garden, could not easily fascinate a heart-sick and home-sick man; and at the Casa Saluzzi he no longer enjoyed a hearty welcome. He describes himself as passing a melancholy time at Albaro, walking about the stony all-ys, and thinking of Shelley. It was here he saw the first number of *The Liberal*; "here they prepared the few numbers which succeeded it, and here the coldness between Byron and Hunt grew to its height, and they parted."

Though at Genoa he abode longest, it is of his sojourn in Florence that we have the liveliest pictures. It was something that that unfortunate thing "The Liberal" was a thing of the past, and that the averted face of Byron was carried whither its owners would. Beside, was not Florence ever the poet's and the painter's joy? "I hailed it," writes Hunt, "as a good omen in Florence, that the two first words that caught my ears were, flowers and women—*fiore* and *donne*. The night of our arrival we put up at an hotel in a very public street, and were kept awake by songs and guitars. It was one of the pleasantest pieces in the South we had experienced and, for a moment, we lived in the Italy of books. One performer to a journal accompaniment, sang a song about some body's fair wife—*bianco maglie*—which set the street in rous of laughter.

PACKARD'S Special Combination

Leather Dressing

makes your shoes new, preventing cracking, softening the leather, and giving a rich waterproof polish.

Best for all Shoes

There is something about Packard's that defies imitation.

25 cents.

L. M. PACKARD & CO., MONTREAL.



Liver Ills

Like biliousness, dyspepsia, headache, constipation, sour stomach, indigestion are promptly cured by Hood's Pills. They do their work

Hood's Pills

easily and thoroughly. Best after dinner pills. 25 cents. All druggists. Prepared by C. I. Hood & Co., Lowell, Mass. The only Pills to take with Hood's Sarsaparilla.

From the hotel, we went into a lodging in the street of beautiful women—*Via Delle Belle Donne*—a name which is a sort of tune to pronounce. We here heard one night a concert in the street, and looking out saw music-stands, books etc. in regular order, and amateurs performing as in a room. Opposite our lodging was an inscription on a house parporting that it was the Hospital of the Manks of Vallambrosa. Wherever you turned was music, or a grateful memory. From the *Via delle Belle Donne*, we went to live in the Piazza Santa Croce, next to the church of that name containing the ashes of Michael Angelo. On the other side of it was the monastery of which Pope Sixtus V. went stooping as if in deprecitate "looking," as he said afterwards "for the keys of St. Peter."

"Agreeably to our old rustic propensities, we did not stop long in the city. We left Santa Croce to live at Maiano, a village on the slope of one of the Fiesolan hills, about two miles off. I passed there a very disconsolate time; yet the greatest comfort I experienced in Italy was from being in the neighborhood, and thinking, as I went about of Boccaccio. Boccaccio's father had a house at Maiano, supposed to have been situated at the Fiesolan extremity of the hamlet. That divine writer, whose sensibility outweighed his levity a hundred fold—as a divine face is oftener serious than it is merry—was so fond of the place, that he not only laid the two scenes of the Decameron on each side of it, with the valley his company resorted to in the middle, but has made the two little streams that embrace Maiano, the Affrico and the Mensola, the heroines of the Nymphs Fiesolano. A lover and his vestal mistress are changed into them, after the fashion of Ovid. The scene of another of his works is on the banks of the Mugnone, a river a little distance away; and the Decameron is full of the neighboring villages. Out of the windows of one side of our house we saw the turret of the Villa Gherardi, to which his joyous company resorted in the first instance; a house belonging to the Mascchiavelli was nearer, a little on the left; and farther to the left, amongst the blue hills, was the white village of Stignano, where Michael Angelo was born; the house is still remaining in the possession of the family. From our windows on the other side, we saw close to us, the Fiesole of antiquity and of Milton, the site of the Boccaccio house before mentioned still closer, the valley of Ladies at our feet; and we looked toward the quarter of the Mugnone, and of a house of Dante, and in the distance beheld the mountains of Pistoia. Lastly, from the terrace in front, Florence lay clear and cathedrals before us, with the scene of Rado's Bacchus rising on the other side of it, and the villa of Arcetri, illustrious for Galileo.

"But I stuck to my Boccaccio haunts, as to an old home. I lived with the divine human being, with his friends of the Falcon and the Basil, and my own not unworthy melancholy; and went about the flowery hills and lanes, solitary, indeed, and sick to the heart, but not unattended. My almost daily walk was to Fiesole, through a path skirted with wild myrtle and cypress; and I stopped at the cloister of the Doccia, and sat on the pretty melancholy platform behind it, reading or looking through the pines down to Florence. In the valley of Ladies, I found some English trees,—trees not vine and olive—and even a bit of meadow; and these, while I made them furnish me with a bit of my old home in the north, did no injury to the memory of Boccaccio, who is of all countries, and finds his home wherever we do ourselves, in love, in the grave, in a desert island.

Mr. Rudyard Kipling has not lived on American soil in vain, having imbibed the American spirit, the spirit of true modernness that breathes through his poetry. The torpedo, that now draws our attention to itself, is set forth in his most recent numbers, as

"The doom-bolt in the darkness freed—
The mine that splits the main."

He exults, as poet has rarely done, in the mechanical forces, and portrays them with accuracy, as in "McAndrew's Hymn."

It is said that Queen Victoria is a great

lover of Scott's poetry, and that she can, and does, repeat many of his descriptive passages when passing through the scenes to which they refer. She has also a relish for much of Burns' poetry, and for his sweet songs.

A monument to Miss Charlotte Yonge is proposed in England, and Sir Walter Besant and the American Ambassador, Col. John Hay are fosterers of the plan, while it is backed up by the Princess of Wales, and others of the nobility. It will take the form of a university scholarship at Winchester high school, which will be a fitting recognition of Miss Yonge's great services as a pioneer of that religion and high-toned literature for young people, which has for the past fifty years been the special glory of England.

A memorial to Dr. Thomas Arnold has recently been placed in Laleham church, and bears the following inscription: "To the memory of Thomas Arnold, D. D., head master of Rugby school, 1828-1842, regius professor of modern history in the university of Oxford, 1841-1842, scholar, historian, theologian, who as the head of a great public school, raised the character of all English education, powerful to rouse and train the intellect, but desirous above all to impress religion and duty upon the hearts of his pupils. In this parish, beloved by him as the home of his early labors, is offered this grateful tribute of respect and admiration. Born at West Cowes, June 15, 1795. Died at Rugby, June, 1842. Erected March, 1898."

"The McMaster University Monthly" is one of the best printed of Canadian College journals, and the March number is filled with excellent things. The frontispiece is a portrait of Dr. Augustus Hopkins Strong, with an account of this divine, and education, by G. W. A. Stewart. Articles of note are, "A Last Word,"—review of the second edition of Dr. Theodore H. Rind's, "At Minus Basin, and other Poems," by G. Herbert Clarke; "Adonair, and in Memoriam," by Grace Her; "A Canadian Poet." (Charles G. D. Roberts.) by George L. Sprague. "Winter Flowers," by Blanche Bishop; and the song of the Pee-dee-dee," by Pamela S. Vining Yule, are very readable verses.

Frank R. Stockton, that master of lively improbabilities, has a public of his own, if we may judge by the fact that his publishers, the Scribners, are to bring out his "The Girl at Cobhurst," in an edition of 10,000 copies. The scene is said to be laid in a little American country village, and the plot is declared to be highly entertaining. Mr. Stockton never nods long at a time.

"Punch," that once made the English world laugh, is said to have run itself out. Howard Paul, in "The American Register" tells us it is regarded nowadays "as a very jog-trot publication, and few people read it. It exists on its former reputation, when Shirley Brooks, Horace Mayhew, Tom Taylor, De Maurier, and other men of wit contributed."

Why may not Klondike yet exist in song and story? Mr. Hamlin Garland is about to visit it to note the life there, that he may serve it up in fiction. And doubt not that some poet is already on the ground.

The following stanzas, by Francis Sherman, are from the April Bookman:

The Return.
A day ago, as she passed through
(September, with foreshadowed hair),
The great doors of the year swung to,
And little leaves fell here and there.
Behind white-dusted clouds was lost
The present of the level sun;
We knew the silence tokened frost
And that the old warm trees were done.
And so we mourned and slept. But he
(The Master of the moving hours)

Nature makes the cures after all.

Now and then she gets into a tight place and needs helping out.

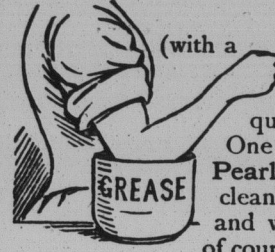
Things get started in the wrong direction.

Something is needed to check disease and start the system in the right direction toward health.

Scott's Emulsion of Cod-liver Oil with hypophosphites can do just this.

It strengthens the nerves, feeds famished tissues, and makes rich blood.

50c. and \$1.00; all druggists. SCOTT & BOWNE, Chemists, Toronto.



Elbow-grease

(with a little soap) used to be the thing to clean house with. Now-a-days it's Pearlina. Pearlina is easier and quicker and better than elbow-grease. One reason why millions of women prefer Pearlina, rather than anything else, in cleaning house, is that it saves the paint and woodwork. But the principal reason, of course, is that it saves so much work.

Beware

you an imitation, be honest—send it back.

Peddlers and some unscrupulous grocers will tell you, "this is as good as" or "the same as Pearlina." IT'S FALSE—Pearlina is never peddled; if your grocer sends you an imitation, be honest—send it back.

This Young Lady is Engaged

In closing and binding a Patent Felt Mattress—These famous mattresses are composed of bouyant layers of snowy white Egyptian cotton felt, hopped and matted, and are unequalled, even by expensive hair mattresses, for comfort, durability and cleanliness, while the price is ONLY \$15. Write us for our descriptive circular and for particulars of our Free Trial Offer.



THE ALASKA FEATHER & DOWN CO., LIMITED
211 GUY STREET, MONTREAL,
Wholesale Manufacturers of Mattresses, Pillows, Down Quilts, Sleeping Bags, etc.

Called up the Southern wind; and we Awoke—to see, across the flowers,
The gates flung back a morning's space,
And (while the fields went wild for mirth)
Above the threshold summer's face
Yearning for her old lover, Earth.

Our good friend Dr. Leggett, writes from his Pennsylvania home,—"The country is full of beauty now. The cherry trees, of which there are many all over the country, are in full bloom; so are the pear trees in the garden, and everything is in the full glory of the April time. I wish you could see our hills and valleys, and the beauty there at this season." Yet we look out on these Maine uplands, and see the old russet of the dead year. However there is here and there a green tinge and we have looked at Arbutus, and scented the sweet breath of that emblem of our lost Acadia. Even our frugal births give pleasure.

Sir James M. Le Moine, President of the Royal Society of Canada, writes us concerning the meeting at Ottawa in May. "We expect to see several savants of the U. S. as delegates. . . . Spring is very dilatory with us,—no flowers yet blooming in my garden. He refers to the death of his Eminence Elzear Axelandra Taschereau "the first and only Cardinal Canada has ever had. He was a man deservedly held in high esteem." PASTOR FFLIX.

Man in Distress.

A whole family suffering. A dull aching of nerve or muscle, or the acuter pangs of neuralgia, toothache, or lumbago makes life a misery. But Neveiline—nerve-pain cure—will relieve all these. Neveiline is powerful, penetrating, and effectual.

PETER WIMMER'S CONQUEST.

How a Brave Californian Made a Treaty With the Indians.

The semi-centennial anniversary of the discovery of California gold, celebrated a few months ago, has aroused interest in the pioneers who led the way for the emigrants of 1849. Although a man by the name of Marsell actually picked up the first nugget of gold in the Coloma Valley, the name of Peter Wimmer, one of the early colonizers, is equally identified with that event.

While sojourning in Illinois, the white settlers were greatly annoyed by the Indians, and at one time Wimmer foresaw that another attack was to be expected. He called together the little band of white men, therefore, and told them that, in his opinion, it was necessary to meet the Indians and decisively conquer them before a large number had time to assemble at what appeared to be a preconcerted rendezvous.

Ten brave men responded to the call, and after placing the women and children in his own cabin, Wimmer set out with his followers upon a perilous mission. When they arrived at the mouth of the Kankakee River, their canoes were silently guided to the bank, where four Indian canoes were discovered. As soon as the top of the bank was reached, the white men saw the smouldering embers of a camp fire.

Then Wimmer offered to go forward and reconnoitre. It was scarcely possible that the guard would be asleep, so that this was a very courageous undertaking; but the least pioneer started with his accustomed prudence.

Crawling as noiselessly as a snake, he approached the fire; eight Indians lay asleep in a row, while the sentinel, in a half-sitting posture, was also wrapped in slumber. Securing the arms that the braves had left within easy reach when they lay down to rest, Wimmer crawled back to his companions and told them the state of affairs.

Then he stationed them around the enemy, and proceeded to carry out a plan for terrorizing the savages—a plan unprecedented in history. Directing his

men to have their arms in readiness, but on no account to fire unless he gave the order, Wimmer moved to a position commanding the scene, and began to sing in a loud, clear voice the words of the hymn:

Heaven's delight is in human kindness
To travel for us his weary way.
The first notes awakened the Indians, who sprang up in alarm each starting to seize his weapon. Consternation followed the discovery that they were unarmed, but this was nothing to the superstitious terror inspired by the calm, unconcerned manner of the "pale-face," who continued his hymn. The savages seemed paralyzed. After the singing was concluded, Wimmer reminded them of their depredations, thefts and murders, which he declared must stop. If the chief would agree to return all stolen stock, to commit no more thefts and to assist the white settlers against attacks from roving tribes, then their arms and canoes should be restored to them, and they might depart in peace. The result of this extraordinary measure was that a treaty of peace was immediately ratified, and never violated.

How to Dress Well When Money is Scarce.

Diamond Dyes Solve the Problem.

In the past, Diamond Dyes have saved hundreds of thousands of dollars to the wise and thrifty women of this country. Diamond Dyes are money savers in every home, for by their aid old, faded and cast-off clothing can be made to look as fresh and stylish as new goods. Diamond Dyes are the only original and only reliable package dyes, and never had an equal. They are true friends when money is scarce, and will solve the vexatious problem of how to make small incomes cover increasing family demands. Avoid imitations, and worth-as dyes; see that your dealer supplies you with the "Diamond."

Write for book of directions and color card; sent post free to any address by Wells & Richardson Co., Montreal, P. Q.

Those who worship wealth will bow in adoration before good clothes.

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

Disordered Kidneys.

Perhaps they're the source of your ill health and you don't know it. Here's how you can tell:— If you have Back Ache or Lame Back. If you have Puffiness under the Eyes or Swelling of the Feet. If your Urine contains Sediment of any kind or is High Colored and Scanty. If you have Coated Tongue and Nasty Taste in the Mouth. If you have Dizzy Spells, Headaches, Back Dreams,—Feel Dull, Drowsy, Weak and Nervous. Then you have Kidney Complaint.

The sooner you start taking DOAN'S KIDNEY PILLS the more quickly will your health return.

They've cured thousands of cases of kidney trouble during the past year. If you are a sufferer they can cure you.

Book that tells all about Doan's Kidney Pills sent free to any address. The Doan Kidney Pill Co., Toronto, Ont.



Woman and Her Work

I was very much surprised not long ago, to read in *PROGRESS*, a communication from a physician, expressing gratitude to this paper for publishing an article which did nothing more than simple justice to the medical profession, and at the same time deprecating the fact that so many gave but scant praise to and were lukewarm in the interests of "that worthy and educated class of men belonging to the medical profession."

Now I confess that this view of the esteem in which the disciples of Esculapius are held was a revelation to me, but as the writer was a member of that profession himself, he must know something about it. I had always imagined that no class of men were valued and appreciated as highly as physicians. They are certainly deserving of all possible confidence and regard, and I supposed they received what was so justly their due.

I think to most people the family doctor is one of the most sacred institutions in the land; as trial by jury is one of the bulwarks of the British Constitution so the family doctor seems to be a bulwark of the home, a tower of strength in time of danger, and a most blessed refuge in moments of uncertainty and anxiety. To me at least, the mere fact that the doctor has been sent for, brings a feeling of comfort and security, no matter how grave the state of the patient may seem, and the moment he really arrives the load of responsibility seems to be lifted at once and transferred to the willing shoulders of the grave kind man who is so used to bearing other people's burdens. I can scarcely describe the satisfaction; it must be felt to be appreciated, but it is most real, and I fancy the great majority of people have experienced it. When I am ill myself, the sound of the doctor's voice in the hall seems like a breath of returning health. He has arrived; it is part of his mission in life to take the best of care of me, and I shall be all right again in a short time, so there is nothing to worry over any more. The mere touch of his cool soft fingers—for so many doctors possess the ideal "surgeon's hand," seems to bring healing with it, and I am quite sure that I am expressing the sentiment of many others beside myself in saying that when I am very ill, and feel those light magnetic fingers on my wrist, I want to take the doctor's hand and hold it tight, as a child holds your hand in the dark; there is a peculiar strength in the "surgeon's hand" which makes one feel as if its virtue might be communicated and some of the magnetism pass into one's enfeebled frame bringing health and strength with it; so the impulse to cling to it is very natural.

If physicians are not appreciated as a class, why is it that people are as willing to do battle against all the world in defence of their favorite physicians, as they are to uphold their own special form of worship or to assert that their watch is right, and the other man's wrong? I have seen the most decided and lasting coolness spring up between lifelong friends, simply because they employed different physicians, and sometimes or other were injudicious enough to compare the virtues of the two, and each to express a slight surprise at the other's choice. Surely in the face of such evidence as we may see around us every day and on every side of the esteem and affection in which physicians are held, the "member of that profession" to whom I have already referred must have been taking too gloomy a view of the question, and been mistaken when he asserted that men of his profession received scant praise for the services they rendered humanity. For the honor of humanity at large, I hope most sincerely that he was.

I think most of us labor under the delusion that we wear veils chiefly to preserve our complexions from the effect of the sun and the wind, and not by any means to enhance our charms, or disguise

THE LIQUOR HABIT—ALCOHOLISM.

I guarantee to every victim of the liquor habit, no matter how bad the case, that when my new vegetable medicine is taken as directed, all desire for liquor is removed within three days, and a permanent cure effected in three weeks, failing which I will make no charge. The medicine is taken privately, and without interfering with business duties. Immediate results—normal appetite, sleep and clear brain, and health improved in every way. Indisputable testimony sent sealed. I invite strict investigation.

A. Hutton Dixon,
No. 40 Park Avenue, Montreal, Que.

our short comings in that line. If we have been laying that flattering unction to our souls, we can do so no longer because the very latest theory with complexion experts is that the veil is responsible more than any other cause for the bad complexions which are so common now-a-days. It is to the insidious veil that we owe blackheads, pimples, and worst of all wrinkles. In trying to protect our skins we are simply ruining them, and making complexions which perhaps were only ordinary in the beginning so perfectly hopeless that the destructive veil soon becomes a positive necessity in order to cover up the havoc it has wrought, and the victim would almost as soon think of going out without her bonnet, as her veil. A veil acts as a sort of sieve, it seems allowing the dust to pour through it and preventing that same dust from blowing off again as it would do if the face were unprotected. Then the pores of the skin absorb the injurious matter, which mingles with the natural oil of the skin, clogs the pores, and the logical result is a magnificent crop of blackheads which require a thicker veil than ever to conceal them.

I am quite certain very few of us ever took this view of the veil question before, but yet nothing could be more reasonable, and the only possible remedy for such a state of things would seem to be the abandonment of the veil. English women are celebrated for their beautiful skins, and the reason is that they seldom wear veils, but allow the free air of heaven to fan their faces whether it be in rain or sunshine, and there is no tonic for the skin equal to fresh air. The women of today are certainly vastly inferior to their mothers and grandmothers in point of complexion, I have seen women of the past generation who were over seventy and yet who could boast of complexions such as few girls of today can show; and we know that the girls of 1830 did not wear tight veils morning noon and night, as we do. Veils were things that would come into fashion for a few months, and as they were made of real lace, and very expensive it was not everybody who could indulge in so costly a fashion. Then they would go out again, and for years no one would be wearing them, so they did not have an opportunity of doing much harm.

Perhaps the worst accusation brought against the veil, and the one which will do more to condemn it in the minds of women is the assertion that it makes wrinkles. No one, says the authority, I have quoted, can see through even the thinnest gauze without straining her eyes, and the eye strain is bound to make wrinkles in the forehead, and crow's feet around the eyes. So altogether it looks as if the offending veil would have to go; but yet when there is not one woman in ten whose hair will stay curled in the dampness of summer evenings without the protection of a veil, or whose complexion can withstand the full glare of the afternoon sun without the saving grace of at least a thickness of tulle, it is hard to say just how the reform is to be effected.

The newest capes are very odd looking at first sight, but I suppose we will get used to them in time. The corners are rounded off in front just like a man's out-away coat, and on some the collars reach far above the ears. Nearly all the silk capes are veiled with some light material such as chiffon, silk muslin, or gauze. Imagine a cape of black silk, with rounded points, covered with plaited frills of mauve silk, which frills are veiled with plaited black chiffon. Another black silk cape is entirely covered with the daintiest gray chiffon shirred, and is trimmed with three plaited ruffles of gray silk, veiled with black chiffon, one ruffle is placed just at the shoulders another near the elbow and the third finishes the edge.

It will be news to many of us, and very good news indeed to a large majority whose purses are none too full, that the brand new hat and gown for Easter are not only no longer considered a fashionable necessity, but are absolutely eschewed by the leaders of the best society; and that the woman who would be distinctive, up to date, and really elegant makes a point of dressing quietly on Easter Sunday, and avoiding in every possible way the appearance of being tricked out in new finery. It she has procured her spring costume in good time, she is most careful to deter wearing it until some other occasion when it will appear less conspicuous. But all the same the action of the exclusive few will scarcely make much change in the annual Easter parade which has become such a feature of the season, at least until some years have passed, and people have had time to become accustomed to the newer regimen. Even after the Easter gown has ceased to be considered a necessity I fancy the traditional Easter hat will hold its own for some time to come.

The newest thing in skirts is a variety

in the decoration which is so new that it only made its appearance amongst the Easter importations. It is not a very important change, but yet it alters the appearance of the dress very decidedly consisting of the pointing of the skirt trimmings up in front, and down at the back, instead of the reverse, which has been the rule all winter. Sometimes it runs is quite up to the waist in a panel front, but otherwise it reaches a point first above the knee. One thing is certain however, whether your flounce curves up, or down in front, or in whatever style your skirt may be trimmed, it must fit around the hips as if it were moulded to the figure. Even this is scarcely considered sufficient, for the hips themselves must be compressed into as small a space as possible; at least this is the present vogue in Paris, and consequently massage, and every form of exercise, or known device which can serve to reduce the figure to the size required by fashion is resorted to. Buxom beauties are decidedly out of style, and the sylph-like grace and sinuosity which only a few possess, is the motto of fashion this season.

In order to accomplish the favorite close fit around the hips, with the flare at the bottom which is also desired, there is still another variety of skirt, one which is cut in three tiers, or parts, and then sewn together, the seams being covered with narrow ruffles, or rows of braid. The seams run around the folds, and would never be suspected unless one was looking for them especially or the perfection of the fit is to be wondered how it was accomplished. In some materials the divisions are firmly stitched down on the foundation skirt, but this is not necessary if the material is firm.

The princess dress makes a good showing amongst the new models, but it is not likely to attain any great measure of popularity, as it is such a trying costume not only for the wearer but for the dressmaker who is responsible for its style, and fit. Strange to say the princess dress enjoys the unenviable distinction of being equally unbecoming to stout, and thin women. It is only the perfectly proportioned figure which looks well in it. This difficulty is partially overcome in the modern princess gown by various devices to take away from its too plain effect, and Swiss belts, fancy boleros, and draped fronts which fasten on the hips, are all features of the newest



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WILL YOU FIT

They are fashioned on living models, not on statues or theories, and the result is they fit

with Ease and Comfort.

THEY WEAR WELL
LAST WELL
AND SELL AT POPULAR PRICES.



For Sports or for Dress

Priestley's Covert Suitings reach the ideal of perfection in style, fit, finish, wear. Cravenetted—hence rain and damp proof. The highest type of fashionable Dress Fabrics manufactured. Rich—firm—durable—original in design.

Priestley's Covert Suitings

are in a class by themselves, and are so recognized by particular buyers everywhere. "Priestley" stamped on the selvedge of every fifth yard.

Cravenetted

Sold by Dry Goods Houses everywhere.

models. I suppose if they should become generally fashionable we will all wear them but some of us won't look nice. ASTRA

BROMA

Given in a Case of Anæmia With Marvelous Results.

DR. ED. MORIN & CO.

I was suffering for years from anæmia; my blood was poor, my nerves without strength or energy, my appetite was bad and I had no taste for food. I was well treated by my doctor from the beginning of my illness. I was attentive to his advice, taking my medicines regularly. One day calling on his visit he found me in a terrible state of weakness; after an attentive examination, "You have only one thing to do," said he, "take Broma, a scientific compound."

I went at once for a bottle and took one dose immediately and continued to use it four times a day. After a few days, to my great satisfaction, I met with great relief. My blood and my nerves became stronger. The Broma gave me so much appetite that I was always hungry. What a change it was for me who for years had never felt the desire to eat. I thereupon resolved to use this medicine until perfectly cured.

Now I am strong and able to do all my work.

I can never be thankful enough for your Broma which saved my life.

M. BEAUCHEMIN,

Montreal.

Broma restores nervous people exhausted by hard work and abuses.

Broma gives a rosy complexion, brings back the joy and happiness of youth. Broma is famed as one of the most powerful tonics. It cures debility, anæmia, chlorosis, whites, etc.

The Delineator for May.

The May number of *The Delineator* is called the commencement number. It has three full-page illustrations of graduation costumes, with a descriptive article, and should be the banner number of the year. In general matter the magazine will compare favorably with many that are purely literary, an addition to the articles of special value to the housekeeper and home worker. Mrs. Mynell's paper on the Humor of Children is a delightful bit of writing, and the department of Social Observances, conducted by Mrs. Cadwalader Jones, is this month of more than usual interest. The first of a series of college stories—Radcliffe, by Sarah Cieghorn—good in themselves and particularly so to those who appreciate local color, is given; and there is the true artistic touch in the sketch of southern life called the Return of the Prodigal, by Jeanie Drake. Dr. Murray's contribution on Rheumatism and Gout is a valuable addition to her series on the Common Ills of Life, and the entertainments furnish desirable material of a kind for which there is continual demand. The house mother this month is particularly considered in *Aids to Home Nurses*, by Elizabeth R. Scovil, Practical Architecture, Ten Delicious Cakes, Moving the Household, and Mrs. Hewitt's paper on Family Repression. For lovers of Fancy Work the usual departments offer novelties of interest.

Each in its Place.

We have heard the story of the Canadian mistress who, with seven servants in her house, was obliged to go to the garden and pick berries for the table. Each of the servants declined the task with the stereotyped excuse, "It ain't my place to pick berries." Ord, in his *History of Cleveland*, relates an anecdote of Margaret Wharton who, while accepting her servants' excuse, yet made them do her will. In one of her visits to Scarborough, Mrs. Wharton, with her usual economy, had a family pie for dinner, which she directed the footman to convey to the bake-house. This the man declined to do, as not belonging to his place, or rather as derogatory to his consequence. The lady then moved the ques-

tion to the coachman, but found a still stronger objection. To save the pride of both, Mrs. Wharton resolved to take the pie to the shop herself. She ordered one man to harness and bring out the horses, and the other to mount and ride behind, and thus the errand was done with all honor and ceremony. Then in due time the coachman was ordered to put to a second time, and the footman to mount behind, and Mrs. Wharton brought back the pie in the same dignified state.

"Now," said the lady to the coachman, "you have kept your place which is to drive; and you yours," to the footman, "which is to wait; and I mine, which is to have my pie for dinner."

An Attentive Audience.

Lecturers and other public entertainers appreciate greatly an attentive audience, but is there such a thing as being too attentive? The story is told that not long ago a well known novelist delivered a lecture in New Jersey town. After the lecture, when the people met, they talked about the affair, as was their wont.

"Were you at the lecture?" one would ask another, and in every case the answer was:

"Oh yes, I was there, but I couldn't hear, either."

No one could be found who had heard a word. About this time an acquaintance of the novelist heard from friends in the place this account of the matter, and meeting the lecturer, asked him what kind of an audience he had had there, and how he liked the place.

"It's a fine place," said the novelist, "and I had the most attentive audience I have ever spoken to. Why, no one made a sound, and I didn't have to raise my voice above a whisper!"

THE SUN BURNED OUT!

Even the Sun will burn himself out, and one day be as dark and cold as the Moon.

Everything has its day. Sometimes the rich dress of a lady has a very short day. You get it smeared or stained or the color is absorbed by the Sun. That is the end where TURKISH DYES have not been heard of. But use these incomparable dyes and the garment is new again with a lovely color (and surely 72 shades leave room for the free play of taste!) which you cannot wash out! which will resist rain; and which will remain lustrous and beautiful while a thread of the dress remains. When a lady has a rich dress to dye she does not ask for the common dyes whose shades "run in" mineral little murky rivulets. Oh no! She will have nothing but TURKISH DYES, which have the latest improvements, slavishly copied by the inferior dyes. They are bright and beautiful. They are the best quality. They are prepared with the greatest care, and they will dye any color or kind of garment. Don't take common dyes. They promise to the eye, and break it to the experience.

Send postal for "How to Dye well" and Sample Card to 481 St. Paul Street, Montreal.

Didn't Want To.

"No button upon my shirt!" he cried, In his eye an angry glow, But in reply she softly sighed: "Oh, say not—say not sew!"

SCIENTIFIC DRESS CUTTING

Dressmaking and Millinery taught thoroughly at our Academy or by mail. First class certificates granted to pupils when proficient enabling them to obtain good situations or start in business for themselves. Shorter courses also taught in cutting and fitting for home use. Terms moderate. For any further information address.

National Dress Cutting Academy,
88 St. Denis St., Montreal.

MONTE CARLO SUICIDES

Number Not Exaggerated—A Witness Describes How One Was Done.

"I had always believed," said a man who has just returned from his first trip abroad, "that the number of suicides credited to Monte Carlo every year was exaggerated for sensation's sake, but I have been there recently, and I am inclined to believe the worst. I am convinced from what I saw that because of the precautions of the authorities there and the universal system of bribery which prevails only a small percentage of the suicides due to the gaming table is made known. Just let me tell you of one that I saw myself.

"I was in Monte Carlo on Tuesday, March 22, when, in broad daylight, a well-dressed man walked out of the Casino, set down on the steps, and with a revolver, blew his brains out. Such incidents were apparently too common to attract extraordinary attention, and the authorities of the place are always prepared for them. Almost before the smoke of the revolver had cleared away a lot of attendants rushed out, and after covering the body with sacking, which was kept on hand for the purpose, removed it. All trace of the tragedy was washed away, and in less than five minutes there was nothing on the steps to excite suspicion. I have no doubt that the authorities buried the body at their own expense, and that nothing further will be heard of the case.

"Very few of these Monte Carlo suicides are identified. As a rule, they are either broken down gamblers or men who have gone there with the intention of recouping by a single stroke, or losing all and dying. Silence in many cases is gained by granting to relatives a sum from the secret service money, which is set aside every year from the vast revenue of the Societe des Bains de Mer de Monaco for the purpose of hushing up scandals. Too much publicity, you know, might bring the hand of justice on this establishment, which ruins thousands of men and women.

Wonderful Fests.

The aboriginal of Australia is an expert in dodging missiles. The quickness of his eye and the accuracy of his judgment are wonderful, and are supplemented by suppleness of limb and muscle. Mr. Chauncey an officer of the Victorian government, once made a report of personal observations of the aboriginals, which Mark Twain quotes in his book, "Following the Equator."

Mr. Chauncey has seen an aboriginal stand for half an hour as a target for cricket-balls thrown with great force at a distance of ten or fifteen yards by professional bowlers, and successfully dodge them or parry them with his shield. The shield was no broader than a stovepipe, and about the length of a man's arm. One of the balls, properly placed would have killed him. Yet he dodged them all, with the utmost self-possession, depending on the quickness of his eye and his agility. Mr. Chauncey once saw a little native man throw a cricket-ball one hundred and ninety yards—beating the English professional record by thirteen yards. He saw another native make a somersault over eleven horses; whereas the ordinary circusman, who bounds from a spring-board, turns a somersault over only eight horses. He also saw the same man on horseback, and dip his head, while going over, into a hat placed in an inverted position on the top of the man's head. The native landed on the other side of the horse with the hat fairly on his head. "The prodigious height of the leap," says Mr. Chauncey, "and the precision with which it was taken so as to enable him to dip his head into the hat, exceeded any feat of the kind I ever beheld. We should think so!

Cured the Mule.

The Washington Star gives a new recipe for curing a balky mule. From the incident which accompanies it, one would scarcely be encouraged to try it, especially if one ever expected to see the animal again; else there would be a sin against the poor beast in printing the story:

"I was riding along a mountain road in East Kentucky, when I saw a mule running toward me with a singletree dangling at his heels. With great difficulty I succeeded in getting out of his way, and he continued to go down the mountain at a lively pace. About a mile farther on I saw two front wheels of a spring wagon, and a short distance away the other wheels and the wagon-box. I looked round to see if the driver had been hurt; but finding no one, I drove on. In a few minutes I met a man walking rather quickly down the road.

"Stranger," he asked, "did you see a mule down that road?"

"Yes."

"Did he hev a rag over his year?"

"I didn't see any."

"Waal, it's all right. I reckon 'e'll stop when 'e gets flustered out, an' reckon 'e's cured."

"What is he cured of?" I asked.

"Balkin'. You see I heard that a grasshopper put in th' year o' a hoss or mule 'a

SERIOUS DEFECTS



are to be found in the common laundry soaps on the market. Get

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and you will have a perfect article.

Send us 25 "Eclipse" wrappers or 6c. in stamps with coupon and we will mail you a popular novel. A coupon in every bar of "Eclipse."

JOHN TAYLOR & CO., Manufacturers, Toronto, Ont.

Never Forget It.

"You must have met a great many queer people in your time," said a friend to an old "elevator man" who, for nearly a quarter of a century, had taken passengers up and down in one of the large buildings in a crowded city.

"Queer people?" replied the old man, reflectively. "No. People are all alike—all except one."

His sombre face lighted up a little, and he went on: "I've met just one person in all these years who wasn't like the rest. She was a curly-haired little girl from the country. She had never been in an elevator before. I took her up to the sixth floor, and as I opened the door to let her out she looked at me with the sweetest smile in the world—and thanked me. Only human being I ever met that didn't seem to think an elevator man was a mere machine. I think she must have died years ago. She was too good for this world." And the old man was silent for a long time.

"THOUGHT MY HEAD WOULD BURST."

A Fredericton Lady's Terrible Suffering.

Mrs. Geo. DORRITT tells the following remarkable story of relief from suffering and restoration to health, which should clear away all doubts as to the efficacy of Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills from the mind of the most skeptical:

"For several years I have been a constant sufferer from nervous headache, and the pain was so intense that sometimes I was almost crazy. I really thought that my head would burst. I consulted a number of physicians, and took many remedies, but without effect. I noticed Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills advertised, and as they seemed to suit my case, I got a box and began their use. Before taking them I was very weak and debilitated, and would sometimes wake out of my sleep with a distressed, smothering feeling, and I was frequently seized with agonizing pains in the region of the heart, and often could scarcely muster up courage to keep up the struggle for life. In this wretched condition Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills came to my rescue, and to-day I state, with gratitude, that I am vigorous and strong, and all this improvement is due to this wonderful remedy.

"For a long time," says another, "my daughter suffered from indigestion and weakness. Her appetite was poor, and after eating she had pain at the chest and sides. She consulted a doctor and took medicines, but obtained no relief from them. I then persuaded her to take Mother Seigel's Syrup, and after she had done so a short time her food agreed with her and she was soon strong and well once more. My sister, Miss Watson, suffered severely from indigestion and shortness of breath. She also used Mother Seigel's Syrup and it did her the greatest good. You are free to publish this statement if you think it may be useful to others."—(Signed) (Mrs.) J. Martin, High Street, Tow Law, Co. Durham, November 26th, 1897.

The muscles of a steamship are its engines, and the power that moves them is steam generated by burning coal. The muscles of the body get their strength from digested food, the principle being much the same. "I was afraid to eat, and consequently lost my strength," says Mrs. Waterfield. This is the idea precisely. Weakness is a result of the lack of digested food, as weakness in an engine is the result of the lack of steam. Without coal no steam; without digested food no strength. But the coal must be plentiful and fully consumed—the food must be plentiful and fully digested. The disease called indigestion or dyspepsia retards or stops this process. R-sult, weakness and suffering. Then Mother Seigel's Syrup comes to the rescue, sets the digestive organs to work and renews the broken appetite; and the food—eaten freely and turned into blood—gives you back the lost strength and flesh.

These lines were written in the afternoon of the last day of this year, 1897. When they fall under the reader's eye may his ships be safely in from sea.

Advertisement for 'EVER-READY' dress stays, featuring a circular logo with the text 'ARE YOU OUT OF DRESS STAYS?' and 'IF SO, INSET ON HAVING THE SILK STITCHED "EVER-READY"'. It lists features: 'Impervious, Thin, Light, Elastic, Durable'.

Advertisement for 'PATENTS' with '50 YEARS' EXPERIENCE'. It includes the text 'TRADE MARKS DESIGNS COPYRIGHTS &c.' and 'Scientific American'. It also mentions 'Munn & Co. 36 Broadway, New York'.

HENRY EVANS, NEGRO PREACHER.

His Trials and Hardships in the Early Days of His Ministry.

Inside the chance of the Evans Chapel, in the historic town of Fayetteville, North Carolina, is shown with reverent pride a memorial tablet over the mortal dust of a negro. The man was Henry Evans, and the church perpetuates his name. He was a shoemaker and a freedman, and went to Fayetteville after the Revolutionary War. Though independent himself, and earning his living in his simple way, he had eyes to see other's sorrows as if they were his own and a tongue that could carry a prophet's message. The degraded and immoral condition of his enslaved race made his heart sore, and he sought opportunities to talk to them. He was an intelligent man, less ignorant than the average of his hearers, and out of his strong religious feeling he could speak, and set before them the life of Christ and the hopes His teachings inspire. The poor slaves had never before listened to so powerful a teacher, and they gathered to him like a sheep to a shepherd.

A negro preacher had few influential friends in those days, and generally whatever notice was taken of him by the whites was not encouraging. Not unfrequently the idlers and roughs made it part of their sport to break up colored meetings, and the persecution of the preaching cobbler at last became so violent that he was forced to leave the town. Believing that he had a mission from higher than human authority, Evans made secret appointments in the sand hills, where his colored congregations followed him, as many as could slip away at night. Repeatedly the roughs tracked him to his resorts, scattered the company, and abused the preacher. He persisted, continually changing his hiding-places, and preaching to all who could reach him. They met like the Scotch Covenanters, in trial of cruel mockings... desolate afflicted, tormented.

With increased determination the negro apostle was chased from haunt to haunt and farther into the country, and his pursuers were resolute in their purpose to stop his meetings with the negroes or to kill him; but the bold man continued his work, for numbers of the blacks were sure to rally to any point where he promised to meet them. Occasionally he was obliged to wade a stream or swim a river to keep his word to them; three times—in the winter—when the water was partly frozen. Twice, at least, he narrowly escaped death at the hands of his tormentors, and they would probably have put an end to him if the better class of the townspeople had not interfered. The attendance of the slaves at Evan's gatherings was known to many of their masters, but as they were punctual to their tasks in the daytime, this was overlooked. It was noticed, however, that the behavior and the morals of the negroes improved. The cause of this was something worth knowing, and the fugitive pastor was sent for to come home to his flock—and preach.

Black and white men crowded to hear him. If the pen of William Wirt could have had the inspired shoemaker for its subject, another description would have come to us as glowing as that of the "Blind Preacher." The man's marvellous eloquence conquered every listener, and his known piety and his brave devotion won the hearts of the best people. They built him a chapel, and when his congregations overflowed, they built him another twice as large. The popularity of the silver-tongued black man was not a passing craze, nor was his high repute the opinion of a day. It lasted as long as he lived. His ministry was a moral power, and when he spoke he made men feel that God gave him the words.

Rev. Dr. Pell, from whose account in the Epworth Herald these facts are taken, quotes the aged Bishop Caspers, who remembered that Carolina preacher: "Henry Evans was a Boanerges, and in his duty he never feared the face of man."

And yet this brave and gifted minister never forgot his conventional standing. All the flattery of the whites never changed him. If it were not grand, there would be something pathetic in his gentle propriety and mild self-value. To any hint that his modesty was overscrupulous, he would simply say, "I belong to my own sort." He always uncovered his head when he talked with a white man, and always remained standing when in a white man's house.

HEART MIRACLES. Suffocation—Fluttering—Palpitation—Acute Pains—Certain Signs of the Heart Sicknes—Dr. Agnew's Heart Cure Relieves in 30 Minutes.

In cases of heart trouble Dr. Agnew's Cure for the Heart has proved itself the quickest acting remedy in existence. It has stepped in when the victim of heart disease seemed beyond hope—in the last gasp—has stayed death's hand, and has proved a never-failing and permanent cure. It is an honest medicine and will do all claimed for it.

Dr. Agnew's Liver Pills are the cheapest liver corrector known.

Beware of prosperity; luxury was the death-knell of Rome's vigor.



Almost with reverence does the grocer's boy regard Chase & Sanborn's Seal Brand Coffee.

Often has he been admonished to bring only Chase & Sanborn's Seal Brand, he now realizes that it stands in a class by itself.

The best people to whose houses he is sent demand this brand.

No matter what he may forget, no matter what he may bring wrong, he never makes a mistake in bringing another kind of coffee when Seal Brand is ordered.

All grocers sell it, in pound and two-pound tins.



Beauty without Health is impossible.

LAXA-LIVER PILLS

Bring Health, then Beauty follows. They clear the muddy complexion, chase away Sick Headaches and Bilious Spells, cure Dyspepsia and remove all poisonous matter from the system. Mrs. Addie Theriault, 200 Brussels Street, St. John, N.B., says: "Laxa-Liver Pills cured me of Constipation, Indigestion and Bilious Headaches. They have corrected the irregularities of Liver and Stomach, and restored my entire system to healthy natural action."

No False Claims are made for

BENSON'S POROUS PLASTER

a positive cure for Muscular Rheumatism, Backache, Sciatica, Pleurisy, Kidney affections and all aches and pains. Manufacturer's standing a guarantee of its merit. Genuine only effective. All druggists. Price 25c. Leeming, Miles & Co., Montreal. Sole Agents for Canada.

Advertisement for 'TEABERRY' tooth powder. It features a decorative border and the text 'IT RESTORES THE NATURAL WHITENESS CLEANSING-HARMLESS AT ALL DRUGGISTS 25 CENTS A BOX'. Below it says 'FOR THE TEETH' and 'ZOPETA CHEMICAL CO. TORONTO'.

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(CONTINUED FROM TENTH PAGE.)
would you like to be bothered by a man who won't take 'No'?

CHAPTER VII.

Sir Jordan remained for some few minutes where Lord Lorrimore and Audrey had left him, apparently regarding the crowd with a pleasant amiably interested attention, but in reality scarcely conscious of its presence, so busy was he with his thoughts.

When asked whether he thought he should win a certain battle, Napoleon replied: 'Yes because I intend doing so.' Jordan Lynne intended marrying Audrey Hope. Not because he loved her; for, though he admired her—and would have been as insensible as a block of wood if he had not—be certainly did not love her.

There was only one individual in the world Sir Jordan loved and that was Jordan Lynne, and he loved him with such an intense and absorbing love as to leave no room for caring for any one else. Audrey was not only the most beautiful girl he ever knew, but one of the richest, and it was because she was rich and the Grange estate ran parallel with Lynne that he had decided to marry her.

The fact that he was thirty and Audrey only nineteen did not frighten him in the least; nor did the other too patent fact, that Audrey repelled his skillful advances, discourage him. Years ago, when a tall, gawky youth, he had looked on at Audrey and Neville played together, and he had made up his mind that she should be his—Jordan's—wife, and not Neville's; and it was that determination which, joined with other reasons, had prompted him to raise a quarrel between Neville and his father, and caused the latter's disinheritation.

Neville had disappeared as completely as if he were dead, but Jordan did not seem to make much progress with Audrey. Whenever he got into conversation with her it was of Neville she wanted to talk and insisted upon talking, as she had done this evening; and though her persistence in refusing to forget this scapegrace made Jordan hate his brother worse than ever, he never allowed any sign of his fraternal feelings to reveal themselves.

Now, seeing that he was possessed of immense wealth, it was rather surprising that he should be so desirous of acquiring more by marrying Audrey Hope, the heiress.

But Jordan had his own reasons for being particularly anxious in this matter; and that evening, notwithstanding Audrey's coolness and preoccupation of mind when they were talking of anything else but Neville, Jordan, instead of being discouraged, was more determined than ever to have his way. He knew that Lord Lorrimore loved her, and though she had refused him, loved her still and hoped to win her; but Jordan did not care for that. Ever so many men loved her and wanted to marry her, and there is safety in numbers.

So he sat for half an hour, nursing one leg and talking to one and another of the many who were eager to be seen in converse with Sir Jordan Lynne, in the pleasantest manner, but watching Audrey covertly all the while. Then he made his way to Lady Marlow, said good-night, and went down the stairs.

It was a beautiful night, or rather, early morning, and Jordan stood and looked at the stars for a moment or two and decided to walk home. He had not to go very far for his rooms were in Audley street, and Lady Marlow's house was in Grosvenor Square, and it was scarcely worth while taking a cab for so short a distance.

Most men would have lighted a cigar, but Jordan did not smoke, and so, with his hands folded behind him, he walked slowly along, looking at the pavement instead of the sky, his head bent as usual in deep thought—so deep that he did not hear light footsteps behind him, or know that he was followed until he felt a hand touch his arm.

He started and turned, then fell back a step, staring at the pale face of the woman who had stopped him.

It was a sad as well as a pale face, with hollow eyes that spoke of pain and misery, and lips that had grown wan and tremulous with sorrow and trouble; and yet, alas! it was the face of a woman who was still young and had once, and not long since, been beautiful.

She was poorly dressed, but decently, and the worn black shawl was held by one thin hand as if to partly conceal her face. 'Jordan,' she said in a low voice.

Sir Jordan Lynne drew his arm away and looked at her under his lowered lids with the expression which the one who has injured always bears toward the one upon whom the injury has been inflicted.

Jordan fidgeted with his feet, keeping an eye on the street, turned up the collar of his coat, and pulled his hat over his brows.

'My good Rachel,' he said, 'you—you can't expect me, at this time of night, and in the open street, to stand here talking with you. We shall be seen and—and—'

'You did not mind being seen with me two years ago, Jordan?' she said with sad approach.

'Didn't I?' thought Jordan, but he said aloud: 'That was all very different; circumstances have altered, and—and—'

He saw some of the people coming from Lady Marlow's walking up the street, and turned upon her with smothered anger.

'Follow me toward the park.' And he walked away with his head bent even lower than usual.

The woman followed him with the weary gait which speaks of mental as well as physical weariness, and Jordan, stopping in the darkest corner he could find, turned and confronted her.

'Now, Rachel,' he said, with something approaching his usual smoothness, 'tell me what this extraordinary proceeding means.'

'Is it so extraordinary, Jordan? Did you think that I should receive that letter and do nothing? that I should submit to be treated like a dog—ab, worse!—a toy you had got tired of?'

'Hush, hush!' he said, for her sad voice was dangerously distinct, and a policeman had paused in his heavy tramp and looked at them.

'For Heaven's sake, my good girl, don't make a scene; it can do no possible good; quite the reverse, in fact, and, Confound it! you have attracted attention already, here take my arm; we must walk on, I suppose.'

She declined his arm with a gesture, and walked beside him, her trembling hand holding her shawl together.

'Now tell me all about it, and what—what you hoped to effect by dogging me in this way?' He said, with barely concealed impatience.

'And, for goodness' sake, speak quietly and don't give way to heroics! I thought I had explained everything in my letter.'

'That cruel letter!' she exclaimed, her voice trembling. 'How could you write it, Jordan, knowing, remembering, all that we were to each other, and so short a time ago?'

'What is the use of harping on the past?' he said, with a sudden burst of irritation, which he subdued by a palpable effort.

'The past, my dear Rachel, and the present are very different things. When you and I—er—er—amused ourselves by playing lovers, two years ago, down at that infernally stupid watering-place, I was only Jordan Lynne, the son of a man who might disinherit me at any moment; and you—'

'And I?' she said in a voice hoarse with suppressed emotion. 'What was I, Jordan? An innocent, ignorant girl who believed in and trusted the man who told her that he loved her. Yes, trusted, Jordan.'

Sir Jordan bit his lip.

'All that, as I say, was two years ago, and—and, in fact, the dreams you and I indulged in can not be realized. Great heavens!—it was seldom Sir Jordan permitted himself to use strong language, and his doing so on this occasion showed how much upset he was by this inconvenient interview.

'Great heavens! you—you didn't suppose that I was going to marry you after—after—'

'After you became a rich man with a title,' she finished, with a catch in her voice, her dark eyes fixed on his face, which looked mean and sneaking at that moment, and quite unlike the intellectual countenance which shone in the House of Commons. 'Yes, Jordan, that is what I thought—what you led me to think when you promised me with oaths that would have deceived any girl, Jordan.' She caught his arm. 'You will not be unjust, so cruel, so heartless, as to desert me now?' and she stood still, panting and searching his pale, downcast face for one faint sign of relenting.

He shook her hand off his arm.

'Desert you? Certainly not!' he said. 'I am not capable of such—such conduct!'

As I told you in my letter, in which I am sure I endeavored to be explicit enough, and which, I think you must have understood—'

'Ah, yes!' she said, with a heavy sigh; 'it was easy to understand.'

'Very well, then,' he resumed. 'I pointed out to you plainly that it was not possible that you—well, under the circumstances—really unreasonable wishes could be realized. I—I have no intention of marrying. But, as I said before, I am anxious—'

'anxious, my dear Rachel!'—his voice grew softer and smoother, and very like the voice in which he addressed a charity meeting—'

'that your future should be provided for. I mentioned a certain sum of money which I deemed sufficient—amply sufficient—to maintain you in—er—comfort, and I expressed a hope which you will allow me to repeat, that some day, and before very long, I trust, you may meet with some honest, respectable man who will make you a devoted and affectionate husband. One moment, please,' he continued, smoothly, for she had opened her quivering lips as if about to interrupt him. 'I think, if you will consider the whole case from an—er—rational point of view, you will admit that I have done all that lay in my power to—'

to stone for the—er—olly of the past. I certainly expected that you would have received my offer in the spirit which dictated it, and—er—would have accepted it with, not gratitude (for I am aware, my dear Rachel, that we must not look for gratitude in this world), at least with satisfaction. It appears, however, that my not unreasonable expectations were doomed to disappointment, and instead of acquiescing in the—er—decrees of Providence, and falling in with my view of our mutual obligations, you have thought fit to follow me to London, and here, in the public streets—my dear Rachel, I did not deem you capable of it—to force yourself upon me, and—er—make a scene.'

He had finished at last, and stood looking at her steadily from under his lids, an expression of mock indignation and long suffering on his pale face. But he could not meet her eyes—eyes which had grown darker with the sombre light of an injured woman's anguish and scorn.

'Come,' he said, 'let us part friends, my dear Rachel. We will not exchange any more harsh words. You will see the wisdom of the step I have taken—to end our little friendship, and I am sure you know me better—'

'Know you? Yes, I know you now!' came pantingly from her white lips. 'I know you now! Oh!—she raised her clinched hands and let them fall again heavily—oh, that I should ever have been deceived by you! How—my God! how could I ever have believed in you for one single moment? Why couldn't I see you were a devil and a monster instead of a man? But I was alone in the world and innocent—no father, no mother, no friend to warn or guard me, and—'

She broke down and leaned against the park railing, covering her face with her hands and shaking with sobs that brought no relief.

Jordan gnawed at his under lip and looked round watchfully and anxiously.

'Come, come, my dear Rachel,' he said, soothingly. 'Permit me to say that you take too black a view of—of the case. Now, let us be more cheerful. Your future, as I have pointed out, is provided for. The money I have offered you—'

She turned on him so suddenly that the amiable Sir Jordan started back from her flashing eyes and upheld trembling hand.

'Money! Do you dare to think I would touch it—that I would accept one penny? No, not if I were starving! You offer me money! Jordan Lynne, you don't know what you are doing! You are driving a broken hearted woman desperate. Desperate—do you hear? Do you know what that means—do you? She drew nearer to him and glanced into his shrinking eyes. You, you coward!'

She drew a long breath. 'With all my misery, in this hour of my humiliation, the bitterest pang of all is the thought—the thought that burns, burns into my heart—that I once trusted you and loved you! And you offer me money—the woman who should be your wife—she whom you have blighted and deserted! Look at me, Jordan—look well at me. You remember what I was—I've heard from your own lips often enough—those lying lips—that I was pretty, beautiful! Look at me now! Look at your beautiful! She drew the shawl from her white face distorted by passionate despair and indignation. 'Do you think money can restore me to what I was—give me back all I have lost—all you have robbed me off? No, not all the riches of the world! There is only one thing you can do for me, now that with a sneer you have told me that you will not—never did mean to make me your wife—you can kill me! You shrink from that?' for Jordan, biting his lips, had shrunk. 'Is it worse to kill the body or the soul? What is there left for me but to die? Her voice broke into a wail—a moan that might have touched the heart of a satyr—then suddenly grew stern and hard and determined. 'But, no; I will not;—I will not die! I will live, Jordan, for the hour in which God shall strike the balance between you and me! The time will come—she struck her clinched hands together—'

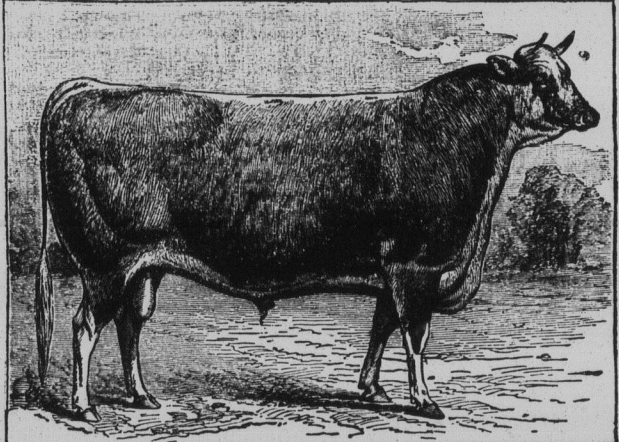
'will come, sneer as you may!—Jordan was not sneering; it was far too uncomfortable to manage a sneer—and when it comes I will show you as much mercy and pity as you have this night shown me!'

She looked at him full in the eye, her face distorted by the conflicting emotions—despair, resentment, and humiliation—which tortured her, then, dragging the shawl around her, turned and left him. Before she had gone many yards he saw her stagger and fall against the railing, by which she supported herself by one hand.

Sir Jordan Lynne did not go to her assistance, but waited until she had recovered and moved on again. Then he too turned on his way home. He was very much annoyed, very much upset, indeed. He had actually offered this foolish young creature, who really had no claim upon

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him, fifty pounds a year, and she had treated him thus!
It was quite an agitated face upon which the policeman, who had been watching the interview from the corner, turned his lantern. He recognized Sir Jordan and saluted him, and Sir Jordan smoothed the harassed lines from his face and acknowledged the salute graciously.

'Hope that young woman hasn't been annoying you, sir?' said the constable.

'No, no,' replied Jordan; 'she is the daughter of an old pensioner—the daughter of a servant in our family, and I am sorry to say she has fallen into evil ways. I have just been saying a few words in season, constable, but I am afraid—and he shook his head and sighed. 'If—'

it you should meet with her lurking about near my place—perhaps it will be as well to point out to her that—ahem!—the police have instructions to protect persons from annoyance. You understand me, I have no doubt?'

The policeman's hand, with Jordan's half sovereign in its palm, went to his helmet. 'I understand, sir,' he said. 'I'll give her a word of warning if I see her loitering about.'

'Thank you. Good-night, constable,' murmured the good and strictly moral young baronet; and with a glance behind him to ascertain if Rachel was in sight or not, he opened his door with a latch key and passed in to the repose which so estimable a gentleman deserved.

It was on this same night—the night Jordan had turned a deaf ear to the prayer of the girl he had ruined, that Neville, his half-brother, 'the scapegrace of the family,' as Jordan called him, had spent every penny he possessed in the purchase and rescue of the orphan of Lorn Hope Camp.

BROMA
The best tonic for blood and nerves, take it for your neuralgia or rheumatic pains, for your dyspepsia, loss of appetite, pale color exhaustion. Bromo will give you strength and health.

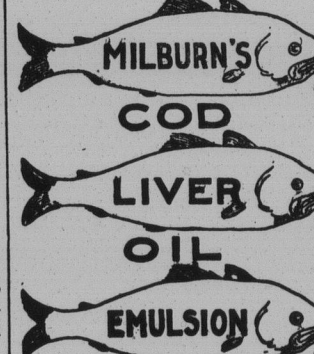
The Chaplain's Fear.
In a storm at sea the chaplain asked one of the crew if he thought there was any danger. 'Why,' replied the sailor,

'if this continues we shall all be in heaven before to-morrow morning.' The chaplain, horrified cried out, 'The Lord forbid!'

Pile Terrors Swept Away.
Dr. Agnew's ointment stands at the head as a reliever, healer, and sure cure for Piles in all forms. One application will give comfort in a few minutes, and three to six days' application according to directions will cure chronic cases. It relieves all itching and burning skin diseases in a day. 35 cents.

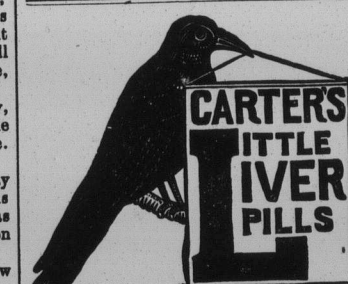
Not so Prosperous.
Brown—Glad to hear, old boy, that you have come into a large landed property.
Smith—Sorry to tell you that it is groundless.

No matter what you say to a chemist he always has a retort.



If you've tried other Emulsions and find they don't agree with you, just get a bottle of MILBURN'S. It is pleasant to take, and won't turn the weakest stomach. It has combined with it Wild Cherry Bark and the Hypophosphites of Lime, Soda, and Manganese, and has wonderful restorative and flesh forming properties. For Bronchitis, Consumption, Scrofula, Rickets and similar diseases it has no equal.

Price 50c. and \$1.00 a bottle at all dealers.



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, Coated Tongue, 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.

TRIAL BY FIRE

There are colonels and majors and generals and some old captains who hold that Isabel Hampden was the most attractive woman who ever graced the frontier...

She had been brought up in garrisons and large cities, and by the time she was 22 she knew the world rather well. Moreover, she knew men—not girls and women, but men.

Because she had been allowed to live in posts during most of what should have been her boarding-school days, and because she was pleasant to look upon and conversed with at an age when most girls are impossible, men had fallen in love with her pretty much ever since she could remember.

But Lieut. Loring was the last victim of her practice. He proposed to her, unfortunately for himself, just after she had met young Ardsley.

'I thought this morning that maybe I would marry you,' said Miss Hampden. 'But I've changed my mind, some way.'

'Weren't you just a trifle prompt in determining my intentions?' he asked. 'Has the event proved me wrong?' she returned.

'He lost his temper. You are spoiled,' he said. 'If you know how often I have heard that! Yet I do not think I am. I am simply sincere, and you are a little too vain, all of you, and grasp the difference. I like you awfully well—no, now, don't misunderstand me. I don't love you. And you are too nice a fellow to be married to a girl who only likes you. No,' she repeated.

'I do not think I'm spoiled. I have been so placed that men were making love to me at an age when other girls were playing with dolls. It's partly because I'm pretty and partly, largely, because there are so few women out here. When I have been in the East I haven't made much of a sensation. I've grown a bit hardened, perhaps. Custom has dulled the edge—which was fearfully keen and cutting, at first—of being told that I am breaking a heart. But, though I am only 22, I've lived to see dozens of you marry and be happy. You'll do the same.'

'O, no, I shall not,' moaned Loring. 'O, yes, you will, Jack. And I shan't mind. Now I've promised to dance this with the new Mr. Ardsley, and we stay out here any longer every one will guess what has happened.'

'They'll know when they see me.' 'Don't be a goose, Jack. It's only the heart that is trying to take itself seriously that exhibits the pain.'

'Don't discuss a subject you know nothing about. You have no heart.' As Miss Hampden walked with Ardsley, she knew that Loring was wrong; that this tall boy fresh from West Point, as new in experience of the world as the brass buttons on his blouse, was the man she was going to love. He would love her, of course. It is to be feared that it did not enter her head that he might not. She saw a ring.

'Is that your class ring?' she said. 'Yes,' he told her. 'May I see it?' He gave it to her, and while she examined it he sat and admired her. Miss Hampden raised her eyes and met his. She smiled, but it was like no smile she had ever bestowed on a man before. He looked at her very gravely, and her hand closed tightly over the ring. In a moment she was studying it again.

'I like this. It's unusual,' she said. 'I am glad you think so, as I conceived the design.' 'I expected to be told that he was clever.' 'Indeed?' was all she said, and that indifferently. 'How cool! I rather thought you'd express surprise, and give me some credit. You are not addicted to flattery, it would seem.'

Between the acts, Ardsley made inquiries and learned the truth. He was bitten with a desire to obtain the unattainable, and he was not one to dally. He went behind the scenes.

'Whom are you going home with, Miss Hampden?' 'I fear no one will take me after the light Mr. Graves has put me in.'

'May I do so?' 'She nodded, and Ardsley went back to his seat. 'So you have refused the entire army?' he asked as they walked home. 'Not quite.'

'The entire department?' 'Well a fair percentage of it,' she admitted. 'Are you going to refuse me?' 'I can't say until you are offered.'

'I offer myself now.' 'And I accept now.' 'Good enough! Will you announce our engagement to night at supper?' 'At the risk of being adjudged insane—yes.'

'Put on this ring until I get another. It will fit your middle finger. Now I am in earnest.' 'So am I,' she said. They were very much in earnest, the event proved; and the garrison derived unmixed pleasure from the total, unconditional, obvious surrender of Miss Hampden as she had always been in everything else. And Ardsley was equally infatuated.

He took back the class ring and gave her a diamond which cost him three months' pay. They were altogether happy. So, just a fortnight before the day arranged for their wedding, the gods demanded the first payment on their loan.

Ardsley was ordered off on a scout. Miss Hampden clung to Ardsley and cried like a little girl, and did not behave in the least like a woman who had seen countless scouts. And she let him go the wares remembering her standing with her arm against the wall and her head upon her arm, sobbing as if her heart were utterly broken.

Ardsley did not come back from the scout. He was in a fight on what should have been his wedding day. Others were killed and their bodies were recovered and buried, but Ardsley's body was never found.

There was a tale that a fire had been seen on the battlefield the night after the encounter, and in the midst of the fire a tree with a form which might have been that of a man against it. There were Indians grouped around it. Miss Hampden never heard the story. She never even guessed at what had happened until twenty years afterward.

She was the superb and spiritless wife of a mighty general, and she was accompanying her husband on a tour of inspection in the West. They were at an agency one day, and were visiting the tepees. It was the agency of the Indians that young Ardsley had fought two decades before; and the General's wife was nervously herself not to show that she remembered this.

The General was examining the trinkets that hung on a string around the neck of a half-blind squaw. 'Here is a West Point class ring!' he exclaimed. His wife repeated her words of twenty years past.

'May I see it?' she asked, coolly. She took it in her hands and turned it about. She could make out the design, though it seemed to have passed through some heat that had melted it. There was no doubt in her mind. Nevertheless, she looked inside. The heat had not affected it there, and the initials were quite plain even yet.

'D. A.' she said; 'it was David Ardsley's ring. The fire did not touch the letters. I understand now why they never could tell me which was his grave.'

Wanzer Lamps advertisement featuring an illustration of a lamp and text: 'NO CHIMNEY TO BREAK. NON-EXPLOSIVE. MORE LIGHT. LESS OIL. Boils water in a few minutes. Gives a pure purified light. Pays for itself in a short time.'

diva must be pacified or she might fail them at the last moment. May the deception be forced to practice be pardoned him! He cut the handbills in two through the middle of Patti's name, and pasted the two pieces on a piece of paper within half an inch of each other; thus with the use of black ink he was enabled to elongate the letters the desired amount. A printer's boy assisted him to make a neat job of it, so that the deceit was not apparent.

Armed with this he presented himself before the diva, and measured the letters in her presence, assuring her that the other could not have been a correct copy. Patti was pacified, and the manager still carries the sin upon his conscience.—Chicago Inter Ocean.

Marvellous Cure. Mrs. Alfred Rochette, No. 65 Abraham street, Quebec, was suffering for a long time from serious bronchitis, which was getting worse every day. It looked as if it would change to consumption. It was not very encouraging for her to be in this condition. Mrs. Rochette was without hope of getting relief and despaired of recovering in spite of all the medicines she was taking all the time.

Long to be Remembered. Wife—'We have been married twelve years, and not once have I missed baking you a cake for your birthday. Have I, dear Hubby—No, my pet. I can look back upon those cakes as a milestones in my life.'

The pleasure, in receiving a letter lasts no longer than it takes to break the seal. After that, comes the worry of answering it.

Advertisement for 'SUSPENDERS BORN' featuring an illustration of a man in suspenders and text: 'BORN. GUARANTEED. UGH! HIM HEAR BETTER THAN BELT!'

Shediac, April 15, to wife of A. J. Webster, a son. Pictou, April 11, to Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Fraser, a son.

Amherst, April 13, to Mr. and Mrs. T. Conlar, a son. Rogersville, April 17, to Mr. and Mrs. O'Brien, a son.

Amherst, April 18 to Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Mountain a son. Boston, Mass., April 18, to the wife of E. J. Smith a son.

Halifax, April 16, to Dr. and Mrs. A. C. Hawkins, a son. Shelburne, April 4, to Mr. and Mrs. J. McCarthy, a son.

Sussex, April 1, to the wife of J. W. Foster, a daughter. Truro, April 17, to Mr. and Mrs. C. F. Cox, a daughter.

House Cleaning advertisement for Sherwin-Williams Family Paint. Text: 'Painting is part of it—just as much as soaping and scrubbing. There are spots that water cannot remove, and discolorations that scouring will not take away. Use the paint brush in such cases. THE SHERWIN-WILLIAMS FAMILY PAINT. In small cans, is made to meet the thousand and one demands for a little paint about the house. It is ready to use. Dries quickly with a good gloss. Can be washed. Leading dealers keep it. Write to us if you don't find it. Book on painting free.'

Springhill, April 17, to Mr. and Mrs. Donald Miller, a daughter. Yarmouth, April 18, to Mr. and Mrs. Walter Graham, a daughter.

Yarmouth, March 31, to Rev. and Mrs. E. Crowell a daughter, still born. Bermuda, March 16, to the wife of Colwyn W. Vallentyne, a daughter.

West Branch, Kent Co., April 12, to the wife of Mr. G. W. Carruthers, a son. River John, by Rev. R. J. Grant, James Redmond to Jennie Gammon.

Newcastle, April 7, by Rev. W. Aitken, James I. Stewart to Marie Reid. Egin, April 20, by Rev. J. B. Young, Robert Collier to Annie Graves.

Yarmouth, April 11, by Rev. A. D. Morton, Lemuel Closs to Kate B. Bowler. Eastport, April 9, by Rev. F. W. Byram, Frank L. Butler to Clara W. Lord.

Baccaro, April 11, by Rev. J. H. Davis, John H. Bath, N. B., April 13, by Rev. S. J. Perry, Dexter Barker to Ida L. Stanlake.

Blackville, April 12, by Rev. T. G. Johnstone, Walter Palmer to Amy D. McMillin. Woodville, April 6, by Rev. Ernest Quicke, Desmond Shodart to Eva Murphy.

Springhill, April 20, by Rev. J. M. Brancroft, James Albert Cain to Annie Gabriel. Amherst, April 9, by Rev. E. V. Harris, Henry A. Archibald to Josephine F. Lockman.

River John, April 9, by Rev. G. Lawson Gordon, Alexander Jondris to Jessie Joudrie. North East Harbor, April 9, by Rev. John Phelan, David Greenwood to Maggie Smith.

Jamaica Plains, March 16, by Rev. G. W. Jones, Howard Curtis to Miss H. C. Bowden. Campbell Settlement, April 21, by Rev. A. D. Archibald, John Campbell to Mary Wilson.

St. John, W. E., April 20, by Rev. G. A. Hartly, David Charles Taylor to Miss Ethel McLeod. St. John, April 21, by Rev. J. W. Clark assisted by Rev. David Lowe, Patrick A. Crookshank to Amelia J. Brown.

St. John, April 19, John O'Grady. Cumberland, N. S., John McLean 31. St. John, April 23, James Gibbons 72.

Weymouth, April 14, infant son of Mr. and Mrs. J. Barril 9 months. McLellan's Brook, Pictou Co., April 12, Beatie T. wife of Alex. D. Fraser 72.

Southbridge, Mass., April 15, Allie, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Hugh Mahon 3. Red Head, April 19, Emma F. daughter of Louisa and the late Thomas Bean 11.

St. George's, Bermuda, April 5, Robert W. son of Corporal and Mrs. Robert Fortescue. Halfway Cove, Guysboro Co., April 17, Mary E., widow of the late John G. Henderson 84.

On and after Nov. 1st, 1897, the Steamship and Train service of this railway will be as follows: Royal Mail S.S. Prince Rupert. Lve. St. John at 7.15 a. m., arr. Digby 10.15 a. m. Monday, Tuesday, and Friday.

EXPRESS TRAINS. Daily (Sunday excepted). Lve. Halifax 6.30 a. m., arr. in Digby 12.50 p. m. Lve. Digby 1.02 p. m., arr. Yarmouth 3.34 p. m. Tu. and Fri.

Lve. Halifax 7.45 a. m., arr. Digby 12.30 p. m. Lve. Digby 12.42 p. m., arr. Yarmouth 3.00 p. m. Lve. Yarmouth 7.15 a. m., arr. Digby 11.10 a. m. Lve. Digby 11.25 a. m., arr. Halifax 5.48 p. m. Mon. and Thurs.

Lve. Yarmouth 8.00 a. m., arr. Digby 10.00 a. m. Lve. Digby 10.14 a. m., arr. Halifax 3.30 p. m. Mon. Tues. Thurs. and Fri. Lve. Annapolis 7.30 a. m., arr. Digby 5.50 a. m. Lve. Digby 5.20 p. m., arr. Annapolis 4.40 p. m. Monday, Tuesday, Thursday, Friday and Saturday.

Fullman Palace Buffet Parlor Cars run each way on Flying Bluebon between Halifax and Yarmouth. BOSTON SERVICE. By far the finest and fastest steamer plying out of Boston. Leaves Yarmouth, N. S., every TUESDAY and FRIDAY, immediately on arrival of the Express Train and 'Flying Bluebon' Express, arriving in Boston every next morning. Returning leaves Long Wharf, Boston, every SUNDAY and WEDNESDAY at 4.30 p. m. Unusually quick on Dominion Atlantic Railway Steamers and Palace Car Express Trains.

Stations can be obtained on application to City Agent. Close connections with trains at Digby. Tickets on sale at City Office, 114 Prince William Street, and from the Purser on steamer, from whom time-tables and all information can be obtained. W. R. CAMPBELL, Gen. Man'gr. P. GIFFINS, Superintendent.

CANADIAN PACIFIC RY. To The Klondike VIA ST. MICHAELS, ALASKA. Canadian Pacific Navigation Company's Steamer 'Danube' will sail from Vancouver, B. C. about June 14th, for St. Michael, connecting there with River Steamer for Dawson City.

Intercolonial Railway. On and after Monday, the 4th Oct. 1897, the trains of this Railway will run daily, Sunday excepted, as follows: TRAINS WILL LEAVE ST. JOHN. Express for Campbellton, Pugwash, Pictou and Halifax.....10.00 Express for Halifax.....10.10 Express for Sussex.....10.20 Express for Quebec, Montreal.....10.30

Passengers for St. John for Quebec and Montreal take through Sleeping Car at Moncton at 20.10 o'clock. TRAINS WILL ARRIVE AT ST. JOHN: Express from Sussex.....9.30 Express from Montreal and Quebec (Monday excepted).....10.30 Express from Moncton (daily).....10.30 Express from Halifax.....10.30 Express from Pictou and Campbellton.....10.30 Accommodation from Moncton.....10.30