

Board of Works

# PROGRESS.

Board of Works

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## RESULT OF THE COLLAPSE.

The Interesting History of Some of New Brunswick's Past Defaulters.

At a meeting of the York County Council, Mr. F. St. John Bliss, partner of Mr. John Black, was elected Secretary-Treasurer. The selection of Mr. Bliss to this honorable position does not come as a surprise. In fact, it would have been more of a surprise had the York County Councilors failed to appoint Mr. Bliss to the office lately occupied by Mr. Black. Men have made mistakes, and men have done considerable wrong, but it must not be said on their account that men must receive their reward in this life. For instance the story is told that a certain party for years practiced law in the city of Fredericton. In the way of cleverness he became famous to such an extent that he gained the confidence of the most skeptical. Every one trusted him and his credit was unlimited. He became a judge. He drove a fine team, he lived in the greatest style, he failed he went to pieces, he was ruined. A sad case indeed. He had robbed people of thousands of dollars, he had committed deeds that in enormity were exceptional. There were one or two crimes he had not committed but what they were is not told, but for such behavior he did not go to the gallows or to the execution chair or to the guillotine, but he was supplied with a position that to most people is looked upon as a position of honor. For his misdeeds he was pensioned by the dominion government, given a residence in the city of London, and given an income of about \$3000 per year, all as a reward for his past life. This was the present to one gentleman for being dishonest. Then again another gentleman who for years occupied the position of secretary-treasurer of York County, got behind hand in his finances he became discouraged and so did his masters. He was dismissed. It was another case of harp and so the defaulter was not forgotten and he became clerk of the House of Assembly. This was not a premium on crime or wrong doing, it was simply a payment on account of weakness of character. It was charity that the man who had done wrong should be provided for. York County needed a new Secretary Treasurer, and a new Secretary Treasurer was appointed. He seems to have followed in the steps of his predecessors. Financing was too much for him, he got considerably behind hand. He was more than the County Council could stand. He was fired to speak to the point. The County took pity and he became a judge. Another reward for honesty. Mr. Black came upon the scene. He became York County's secretary treasurer. For many years he filled the position, but like his predecessors it seems to have been too much for him. He got weary and departed for lands unknown. Herein he made a mistake. He was foolish. Had he remained at home there is no telling what position may have been his. It has not been proven or shown yet that he was a defaulter, but probably some cases could be shown where everything was not exactly right. Whether his wrongdoing was sufficient to place him in a position of emolument or to supply him with a salary to live in London only time can tell. But looking at past history, Mr. Black, if he did anything wrong made an error by departing from the country before his country had the opportunity of rewarding him for his past actions. York County does not stand alone in rewarding defaulters. Cases could easily be cited right here in St. John. They are all well known and do not need recital. Stories of several friends may be told, where individuals have fared exceedingly well, obtained positions of honor and obtained such positions chiefly on the sole recommendation that they had been defaulters and a fat job was necessary for them in order that they may pay back a little of what they had stolen.

This is a sad state of affairs, but it is true. There are several other instances of cases of a like nature but a repetition of the facts would be only a waste of space and time. Also they are but two well known. Mr. Black may come back some day. If he does and can show he had been guilty of wrongdoing in the past, he may obtain a handsome reward. Just what it

dently fall into the hands of any of his victims.

### HARMONY CLUB'S SHOW.

The Local Hits by the End Men Bring Down The House—A Good Show Well Put on.

Crowded houses greeted the Harmony Club boys at their two performances on Monday and Tuesday night. Some of the local hits were so good that they will bear repetition. For the benefit of PROGRESS readers we submit them to the public. They run as follows:

Say, Mr. Powers, what is the difference between a fellow with a big head taking a well-known drink in the morning and a handsome St. John policeman.]

That's hard for me to decide. What is the difference.

There ain't any. Both of them are called COLLINS.

Another one ran as follows: Say, Mr. Powers, do you like girls? Well, no, I'm married and I have no particular penchant for the ladies.

Well, then, you ain't like some St. John policemen I know.

How's that?

Well, the cop I refer to is a great masher, a short time ago he met a maiden with the figure of a Venus. He was walking along, the lady's back was turned to him, she dropped her handkerchief, he picked it up and gave it to her. Then he discovered that she was black. Poor man he turned WHITE.

The gag that brought down the house was, say Jack, which would you rather be a politician or a St. John policeman.

Powers replied that he would certainly prefer a politician's life.

The end man fooled him and said he would rather be a policeman for, if he were a politician he would have to have a "pull" to get a job, but if he were a policeman all he would have to do would be to come from Otisburg, be able to run down a horse or shovel snow.

The boys put up a great show and delighted the people. Mr. Powers should feel pleased at the great reception his female debutante, Mr. James Mahoney, received. Bouquets were offered him by the barrel. Mr. Mahoney was far too modest to accept any gifts, relying like the other members of the troupe, on his merit to win him that applause which he and the rest of the company received.

### Mrs. Kain's Death.

The death of Mrs. Kain wife of S. W. Kain of the Custom House was heard with much regret yesterday. Mrs. Kain who was formerly a Miss Allison was a lady much beloved by a large circle of friends, and her death at an early age is much to be regretted.

### Dr. Fotheringham.

On Wednesday, Fine Hill College, Halifax, conferred the degree of Doctor of Divinity upon the Rev. T. F. Fotheringham of this city. The Chronicle in this connection says: "Rev. Dr. Falconer said that Mr. Fotheringham was well worthy of the honor conferred, having had a brilliant course as a student at Toronto University where he won a number of bursaries and medals. He also studied later in Edinburgh and Leipzig. Returning to Canada he filled the position of lecturer in Queen's College, Kingston. To Mr. Fotheringham more than on any other was due the splendid system of 'Helps' now in use in Presbyterian Sunday Schools. As a pastor he holds the esteem of his people and the appreciation of the Presbytery."

### Bogus Newspaper Agent.

The North End and in fact other sections of the city have been "worked" to a great extent lately by a local man, representing himself as agent for the Montreal Star. He took the people's quarters in payment for a three months' subscription to that journal. The paper has not materialized and as a result there are many anxious victims waiting to see the one-time clock seller. A "hot time" can be expected by this thrifty agent if he should acci-

## EVENTS OF CITY LIFE.

Many Interesting and Spicy Topics that Occupied the Attention During the Week.

The friends of Mr. Wm. Calhoun, proprietor of the Terrace Hotel at Amherst, was glad to see him in the city this week and for a day or two enjoyed his companionship in that friendly way that usually accompanies a visit to St. John.

On Wednesday, however, they missed him from the usual circle, and it was not until nine or ten o'clock in the evening that he was discovered sitting very comfortably in one of the big arm chairs in the Dufferin hotel. Even then he gave no sign of perturbation but was accompanied by one or two of his intimate friends whose faces showed some traces of excitement. One or two newspaper men dropped in during the evening, and in a very quiet way were enlightened as to the reason of the subdued excitement. It transpired that Mr. Calhoun and a young lady upstairs, who had arrived on the noon train from Boston, were waiting for the Rev. Mr. Waring to unite them for the voyage of life. Mr. Waring arrived upon the scene and a few minutes later the small party of four who gathered in No. 42 were witnesses of the nuptials of one of the most popular hotel men in the maritime provinces. Even his Amherst friends and relatives had no idea of his intentions when he left that town for St. John and they were very agreeably surprised by the receipt of a telegram from one of his friends announcing the event. The name of the bride was Miss Amy Wall and her acquaintance with Mr. Calhoun dates for a number of years. She has been in Boston with her friends recently and the arrangements for a quiet wedding in St. John were made without the knowledge of any of their relatives. The affair was quietly and pleasantly conducted and so soon as the associates of Mr. Calhoun learned of his nuptials they hastened to congratulate him upon his unlooked for good fortune.

### Mr. Coleman and His Frog.

F. B. Coleman, the genial proprietor of the Barker House in Fredericton has started a great many stories about his frog farm at "Killarney". There is a lake there and there are frogs there which Mr. Coleman claims are of exceptional size. No doubt he is right; he should know and if the illustration that has appeared for some time gives any idea of frog culture York county may be said to take precedence. PROGRESS was told the other day that Mr. Coleman was so displeased with the doubt that the public had about his frog products that he was willing to wager a considerable sum—\$1000 was named—that he could produce one hundred frogs on the fourth of July that would weigh one ton. Of course every frog wouldn't weigh a ton but all of them would. The judgement of those who accept such chances may induce them to hurry to Fredericton and put up the cash. Mr. Coleman will no doubt be glad to see them and give any further particulars.

### Heavy Bail.

Mr. M. Connolly of the well known firm of N. K. and M. Connolly must have had a pleasant visit to St. John this week. To be asked to pay \$32,000 or go to jail is not a pleasing experience. Mr. Mayes of Carleton however, feels that Mr. Connolly owes him this amount and has undertaken proceeding to recover the sum. Mr. Connolly had to secure bail and as the bail is always twice the amount sued for, he found it necessary to put up security for \$64,000. Four gentlemen were found to go this security, and the result of the case will be watched with interest.

### New Drill Hall.

St. John is to have a new drill hall. That is, the signs point that way. The city delegation to Ottawa was given a handsome reception and the Minister of Militia as much as assured the delegates that the government would erect a drill hall here at an early date. This information comes as pleasant news to the people of St. John. The city is entitled to the new hall and the government will not be criticized for the action they have decided to take.

### Amateur Opera.

The Halifax Amateur Opera Company gave a very pleasing presentation of two Operettas at the Opera House Thursday evening. The company which came here under the management of Mr. Clark is one of much merit and reflects credit on Halifax.

### Our Carrie Nation's High Dive.

The public are acquainted with the recent episode of Annie Desmond, sometimes called Mrs. McGoldrick, when she broke in all the glass windows of her domicile at Reed's Point. At the same time she made a large rent in some of her neighbor's

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## DIED.

- A. C. Moore.
- Mary Bell, 82.
- Jerome Buote, 72.
- John Bae, 92.
- A. J. Moore, 82.
- Richard Christie, 81.
- Gould Northrup.
- Katie Gunning, 19.
- Isabella McLeod.
- Solomon Ramey.
- Greta Walker, 6.
- Wilfred Odeen, 2 months.
- Maud Smith, 25.
- Hattie P. Hunt, 17.
- Mrs. J. J. Peaslee.
- Wm. Broderick, 36.
- J. B. Wooty's sake, 80.
- Annie Edmond, 17.
- Herbert Galloway, 31.
- A. L. Thiboutot, 56.
- Mrs. E. B. Law, 67.
- J. A. Mosher, 31.
- Thos. Hillgrove, 65.
- Thos. Hillgrove, 65.
- Mar. 31, Ann Hayden.
- Mrs. James Scott, 63.
- Clement Eaton, 77.
- Violet Snook, 29.
- Mrs. H. H. White, 27.
- Wm. Smith.
- Jessie Grant, 24.
- Mrs. Chas. Neil.
- Mrs. Hugh Jenkins, 83.
- Mrs. W. Marshall, 83.
- Mina Ross.
- John Cossett, 82.
- Wm. Armstrong, 53.
- Thos. Baker, 69.
- Hubert White, 37.
- John A. Thorne, 33.
- Deborah Fiewelling, 83.
- Lawrence Wagner, 22.
- Beaumont McCullum.
- Charles E. Kendrick, 49.
- Frederick Waterwright, 18.
- Mrs. A. Dares, 58.
- Duncan MacLaren, 79.
- Catherine McQuaid, 21.
- Mrs. George Logue, 51.
- Alonso Merritt, 58.
- Mrs. James Diamond, 70.
- Mrs. H. R. Emmerson, 46.
- Mrs. Sarah Sanford, 69.
- Ralph Hutchinson, 4 weeks.
- Alce A. Vandicraine.
- George Hensick.
- Clementine Cochran.
- Anthony Lightbody.
- Benjamin MacEachern.
- Mrs. Jennie Pearson.

## RAILROADS.

### CANADIAN PACIFIC

### North-American

### POSITION

BUFFALO, N. Y.

ist to November 1st.

re for the Round Trip.

ly 1st to June 30th. Return 15 days from

Agents in the Maritime Provinces can

Canadian Pacific Short Line.

from any station. Time Tables, Sleep-

ing, etc., write to

A. J. BEATH,

D. P. A., C. P. R.,

St. John, N. B.

City Passenger Agent, C. P. R.

### Colonial Railway

Monday Mar. 11th, 1901, trains

(Sundays excepted) as follows:—

Point du Chene, Campbellton,

Halifax and Pictou.....7.50

Quebec and Montreal.....12.45

Quebec and Montreal.....17.30

Quebec and Montreal.....22.15

Quebec and Montreal.....27.00

Quebec and Montreal.....31.45

Quebec and Montreal.....36.30

Quebec and Montreal.....41.15

Quebec and Montreal.....46.00

Quebec and Montreal.....50.45

A Kentucky Feud Over.

After more than sixty years of warfare, carried on with guns, knives, money and brains, the vendetta between the Garrards and the Whites in the Kentucky mountains is at an end. At least, representatives of both families have entered into a solemn agreement to lay down their arms and have peace.

The desire of each family to surpass the other in wealth and political influence was the prime cause of the feud. This was intensified by a series of romances and killings. The hatred of the Garrards for the Whites and of the Whites for the Garrards was handed down from father to son, and had it not been for the recent peace agreement it is probable that both families would have been exterminated.

It was the fear of this result that led to the negotiations for peace. While the leaders of each family had tried to prevent the unfriendly spirit toward the other from cropping out in their children they found it impossible, and for years it has been just as natural for a Garrard to hate a White as it has been to eat and sleep.

While exaggerated tales have been told of the Clay county feuds the real condition was worse than people imagine. A notable fact is that during the sixty-four years in which the fighting went on the Garrards and the Whites never met face to face to do battle but once, and that was in the first week of March of the present year. Before that time members of both families had been killed, but always from ambush and always by friends or sympathizers of one family or the other. The Garrards and the Whites opposed each other with money in financial deals and in political races and in the courts and in newspapers; but more illiterate persons who allied themselves with one family or the other did all the killing.

The recent encounter of the Whites and the Garrards referred to was caused by shots said to have been fired by friends of Gen. Garrard into the court house at Manchester, where the office of Dave White, the County Clerk, and Bev. White, the Sheriff, were situated. The Whites returned the fire and almost instantly the Garrards were mobilized in the streets and the Whites were entrenched in the court house. This was the first time that members of either family had opened fire on the other. There had been no law in the county for so long and open war had become so imminent that the more reasonable members of both families took steps toward a settlement after this outbreak.

Four persons were in the peace conference and the credit of the result is chiefly due to them. They were Dr. Joseph Burchell and Carlo B. Little, sons-in-law of Gen. T. T. Garrard, and John G. White and Judge B. P. White. Dr. Burchell is a physician of Clay county. Little is one of the leading lawyers of the mountains and recently became more widely known as the counsel for Jim Howard in the latter's trial on the charge of killing Senator Goebel. John G. White is a merchant at Winchester and Judge White is a lawyer and an extensive landowner.

While the meeting was in progress it is said that the representatives of both families were heavily armed and ready for an outbreak at any minute. The conference was held in Mr. Little's office. All of those in the conference wanted peace, but John G. White said if a peace agreement was not entered into an alarm would be given and both families would be called and would fight it out once for all on the streets.

It was therefore agreed between the representatives of the two families that all pending suits and prosecutions in the courts of whatever nature should be dropped out; that they should enter no more political races in opposition to each other, and that all those who held office at the time the agreement was entered into should resign. It was also agreed that all those who could leave the county and live elsewhere should go.

In accordance with the agreement Sheriff Bev White, the leader of the White family, resigned his office and is now at Winchester with his wife and family. He has purchased property in Fayette county and will live on a farm there. Dave White will give up his office as County Clerk of Clay county and remove to central Kentucky. Judge B. P. White has sold his property in Clay county and will buy a farm in the Bluegrass.

John G. White and T. G. White, brothers of ex Sheriff Bev. White, removed from Clay county several years ago. They are partners in the merchandise business at Winchester, and also conduct a general

FARMERS MAKE MONEY

Do not sell your poultry, turkeys, geese or ducks till you investigate this great Company, its object and the high prices to be obtained by dealing only with it—cash is better than trading—who last year made money out of your poultry—Did you?—No.—JOIN this co-operative company for the protection of farmers—get high prices as well as your share of the profits of selling in England. Join at once.

The Canadian Dressed Poultry Company, Limited

Capital Stock, - - \$450,000

HEAD OFFICE: HAMILTON, ONTARIO.

PRESIDENT—MR. GIBSON ARNOLDI, Barrister-at-Law, Toronto, Ontario.
MANAGER—MR. WILLIAM S. GILMORE, Merchant, Hamilton, Ontario.

OBJECT OF THE COMPANY.

THIS COMPANY is formed to advance Canadian trade with England in dressed poultry, ducks, turkeys and geese, dressed meats and other farm produce that the company may deem it advisable to deal in. This is the great object of the Company. It will be no monopoly and it cannot be made one; its success means the Farmers' success. The farmer who wants to make money must first become a shareholder in this Company, which is the only company of its kind, and by so doing show that he means business, as his money being invested, his interests and the interests of the Company are the same, and then raise poultry, turkeys, ducks and geese for the Company. This Company will buy only from its own shareholders; therefore, with care and attention every farmer and every farmer's wife and every man, woman and child of ordinary intelligence in Canada who has fifty dollars can buy ten shares and become a shareholder, and by beginning in a small way and saving his profits make himself wealthy, like Mr. Taylor has done. Who Mr. Taylor is is explained in the following extracts from a story told by Professor Robertson, the well-known Commissioner of Agriculture and Dairying for Canada, to the standing committee of the House of Commons:

"Well-to-do farmers fatten chickens. I learn also that there is money in the business. I had got the name of Mr. Samuel Taylor from one of the leading poultry dealers in London. When I got to his place I found Mr. Taylor was a successful farmer. He had begun life as a farm laborer without capital. When I visited him he had a fine farm—stead and was doing a prosperous business. I would not like to say how much money the chicken-fattening business brought him in, but I would not be surprised to learn that his annual net balance was over a thousand pounds (five thousand dollars a year)." This man had begun life as a farm laborer and by sticking to this business had made money out of it.

The Promoters are now arranging to establish not less than twelve receiving and shipping stations in Canada to be fitted with plants necessary to make the exported article as perfect as possible. The number of stations in each Province will be as nearly equal as possible, having regard for the size of the Province and the number of shareholders in each. The operations of the Company to be confined for the present to Ontario, Quebec, New Brunswick, Nova Scotia and Prince Edward Island. The Company is also engaging the most experienced help to be found in Canada and England and making arrangements in England to get the very highest price for its shipments.

The Buyers of this Company will commence operations, it is expected, on or about the first of June, 1901, when they will call on the shareholders and arrange with them as to the continuous supply—that is, the number each shareholder will raise and supply each month to the nearest receiving station and the lists will be therefore necessary that all intending shareholders send in their subscriptions for stock at once, as the Company will only buy from its shareholders and the lists will be closed.

This is a grand chance to make money for either farmers or their wives and those who either cannot afford to keep up a large farm or who, through some infirmity or poor health, are not able to attend to the heavy duties of heavy farming.

Prices to Be Paid.—This Company will pay the very highest prices to its shareholders, so as to encourage the raising of first-class poultry, and, as it will year in and year out be selling at the high prices to be obtained in England, it can afford to pay more than the best prices now paid for birds now sold on the Canadian market.

Great Prices in England.—Chickens shipped to Liverpool, England, met with a ready sale at eight-pence (sixteen cents) per pound. As they weighed eleven pounds per pair, they sold for one dollar and seventy-six cents per pair. Just think for one moment—one dollar and seventy-six cents for a pair of chickens in England, and yet it is only a fair market price there, and the profits are equally as good, if not better, on turkeys, ducks and geese. The consignee wrote as follows about the shipment: "I was agreeably surprised at the all-round excellence of your small experimental shipment of Canadian capons (chickens). On opening the cases the birds were found to be in beautiful condition, and presented a most salable appearance. After the birds were uncased I hung one to find out how long it would retain its bright appearance, and found that it became milky white as soon as it had dried out of the chilled state; today, five days later, it is as nice looking as a fresh killed bird. I think the price obtained will both please and pay you. It is a fair market price."

Three Firms Alone Intimated Their Ability and Willingness to Handle About Two Thousand Cases Per Week at Good Prices.

Raising Poultry Pays.—It pays better to fatten them, and it pays best to ship them to England. The shipment sent to Liverpool, England, above described brought one dollar and seventy-six cents per pair; the farmer sold them to the shipper for fifty-four cents per pair, which is above the average price, as often he does not get more than thirty cents per pair; can anything be clearer than that the farmer is failing to make enormous profits? By becoming a shareholder you will commence putting the money in your own pocket.

Success.—This Company is a natural outgrowth of the great and wonderful cold storage system. Before "cold storage" became known it would have been an impossibility to carry on this great business, but now the great success of cold or chilled storage is the maker of this enormous business, which will prove a money-maker for its shareholders. Space will not permit giving a description of the great arrangements to be made, of the many receiving and shipping stations, abattoirs, cold storage plants, offices and agencies this Company will establish in the different Provinces of Canada and in England, or of the numerous employees it will engage to do the buying, killing, plucking, packing and shipping; the instructors the Company will engage will give to the working shareholders such directions and assistance as they may desire.

The Head Office will be at Hamilton, Ontario, and from there MR. WILLIAM S. GILMORE, THE EXPERIENCED MANAGER, will direct its affairs. Mr. Gilmore is already well known to many Canadians, but for those who do not know him and who would naturally like to know something of the man who is to direct the affairs of the Company in which they intend to invest their money the following extract from a letter written by the celebrated firm F. W. FEARMAN CO., LIMITED, the greatest pork packers and provision merchants, and probably the oldest established firm of its kind in Canada, to the proposed bank of this Company, will be of interest:

GENTLEMEN,—At the request of Mr. W. S. Gilmore I write to advise you that we have known him for years, and have had during that time continuous dealings with him as one of our customers. He is a practical provision dealer and butcher of many years experience. He is about fifty-five years of age, but active and progressive, and as a judge of poultry, live or dressed, he is certainly the equal of the best in Hamilton. As to his personal character, respectability and integrity, we believe he is fully to be relied on for anything he will undertake.

SPECIAL NOTICE.

Every shareholder in this Company is not obliged to raise poultry simply because he is a shareholder—anybody can buy stock in the Company, and the net profits or dividends will be divided between all shareholders alike, and it is safe to say they will get large dividends for their money.

Exclusive Privilege.—The Company extend an exclusive privilege to those who hold ten shares or more of the Company's stock to raise poultry, turkeys, ducks, geese, etc., for the Company, to supply the great demand, and to this class of shareholders the Company will pay the very highest prices for their birds. They will be given the great advantage of careful instruction, free of charge, in the art of raising and fattening poultry, as well as receiving their share of all the profits of the Company, and, as the promoters wish to make this a Company by the farmers and for the farmers, all the servants and employees of the Company will be chosen from among the shareholders and their families.

The Capital Stock of this Company is divided into shares worth five dollars each, and of this only a limited number of shares are offered for public subscription, but no subscription will be accepted for less than ten shares (\$50). If you wish to become a subscriber lose no time, but send in your subscription at once, as the stock will be allotted in the order in which the applications are received, and no stock will be held open for anyone. Fill out the APPLICATION FORM given below, be careful to state how many shares you want and the amount of money you enclose, sign your name to it and then fill in your address and send it by registered letter to Mr. Gibson Arnouldi, the President of the Company, 9 Toronto Street, Toronto, Ontario, accompanied by a marked cheque, postoffice order or express order for the full amount of your subscription, payable to the order of Mr. Gibson Arnouldi, President of the Company.

The promoters reserve the right to change the name of the Company if the Government requests them to do so as a condition to the granting of Letters Patent under the Great Seal incorporating the proposed Company, and also at the same time to ask incorporation with any other amount of capital stock than named in their discretion.

APPLICATION FOR SHARES.

GIBSON ARNOLDI, ESQ., PRESIDENT, THE CANADIAN DRESSED POULTRY COMPANY, LIMITED, 9 TORONTO STREET, TORONTO:

DEAR SIR,—I enclose you herewith \$..... in full payment for..... shares of fully paid and non-assessable stock in the Canadian Dressed Poultry Company, Limited, which I wish allotted to me, as I wish to become a fully qualified shareholder and entitled to all the advantages of the Company, as described in the published Prospectus.

YOUR NAME,..... ADDRESS,.....

store at Jackson, Breathitt county. John D. White, the ex Congressman, known as the Crested Jayhawker, whom the Garrards fought so hard in each of his four races for Congress removed from Manchester to Louisville recently. John E. White brother of Judge White is one of the few members of the White family who will remain in his native county.

Gen. Garrard, who has been the head and front of the Garrard house for nearly fifty years, is now bedridden and cannot recover. His mind is seldom lucid and he does not know that a peace agreement has

been signed between the two families. It has been said that if the old General had been in good health he would have never consented to any sort of agreement with the Whites. Bud and Toll Garrard conducted a store and longed business at Manchester and will remain there. Gilbert and Jim Garrard, two other sons, have gone to Pineville and are in business there. A fifth son, Joseph Garrard, is a Major in the United States Army.

Both the Garrards and the whites are descendants of old Virginia families that came to America from England. Both can

point to a long line of ancestors noted for their bravery. But in the early part of the present century Gen. Hugh White emigrated to Kentucky and bared for salt in Clay county. He struck it rich and found salt in great quantities. These salt interests passed into the hands of Dave, Jim, Frank and D. T. White, four brothers, but Dave White was the largest operator.

A little rivalry sprang up between Dave White and Gen. Garrard who lived on an adjoining farm. Gen. Garrard also owned a salt lick and the two fought each other in business. This was the real beginning

of the feud between the two families.

In the early 70s, Gen. Garrard was nominated for the legislature by the democrats and the republicans nominated Dave White. The two men stumped the district and Gen. Garrard won. They were rival candidates again and the feeling between the men became more bitter than ever. Gen. Garrard gave thousands of dollars and live stock to the poor and in that way tied his partisans to him. The Whites gained partisans in the same way. Gen. Garrard opposed John E. White

Continued on page three.

Music and The Drama

JOHN AND UNDERSTONES.

An amateur opera company from Halifax gave two performances at the Opera house this week...

"Evangeline" is to be given shortly at the New Mechanic's Institute under the auspices of the Kings Daughters.

"The Giddy Throng" is having a great run in New York.

When next Josef Hofmann comes to America he will visit Canada under the management of Mr. Wolfson.

Mr. Tom Daniel sang in Stone church last Sunday evening. Mr. Daniel went to Canada this week to sing at a local concert.

Mme. Helen Hopkirk resigns her connection with the New England Conservatory of Music at the close of the present season.

Jessie Bartlette Davis will take a month's rest at her home in Chicago, preparatory for her summer season of song at the Pan-American exposition, Buffalo.

Frederic Ranken, the author of "The Amerer," "The Viceroy" and several other operas, has purchased the dramatic rights to Winifred Eaton's Japanese story entitled "A Japanese Nightingale," which he intends to dramatize for production next season.

Sarah Bernhardt has tendered Elsie De Wolfe the use of her theatre in Paris and the American actress has accepted. Clyde Fitch's new play "The Way of the World" in which Miss De Wolfe is to make her American debut about Oct 1, will be seen in the French capital next year.

To hear Bach at his best one must go to Berlin. Concerning a recent Bach concert given under Siegfried Oh's the following has been said by a great critic.

Emily Wakeman, who is re-engaged by William Brady for next season as the village school mistress in "Lovers Lane" is to be featured by Clyde Fitch a year later in a new play that he is to write during his coming vacation in Italy.

It is interesting to note that despite the German State theatres and their encouragement of writers of the stamp of Ibsen and Hauptmann, three farces—two German and one a translation of "The Girl from Maxim's"—were the most frequently produced plays in Germany during 1899.

There can be no doubt, in view of Mrs. Fiske's experiences this season, that the public will follow a famous player to any theatre. Mrs. Fiske's last season's experience tended to establish this, but she has played this season in several cities in such circumstances as to leave no doubt as to the loyalty of theatregoers to a favorite.

TALK OF THE THEATRE.

The Harmony Club Minstrels gave two excellent performances at the opera house, on Monday and Tuesday evenings. The entertainment was characterized by brightness, snap and vim.

An entertainment was given at the opera house on Wednesday evening, in aid of the Roman Catholic orphanage in the city. It was very successful.

The announcement is made that Miss Helen Holland, a lady well known in the

dramatic world, is to be Mr. E. D. Mavsons leading lady when he opens here on May 20.

Bernhardt and Coquelin have had a great run in Boston and L'Aiglon has captured the Hub in great style.

Henrietta Croeman has met with great success in her Boston engagement and her Nell Gwynne has made conquests by the hundreds.

Forbes Robertson opened the London Comedy theatre last week with the new romantic play "Count Tetzma" written for him by Mr. Homer.

Chanancy Olcott in Mavourneen continues to attract great audiences to the Fourteenth Street theatre and will be seen in that place for an indefinite period.

The revival of Diplomacy at the N. Y. Empire theatre, has been received very cordially. Miss Jessie Millward and Miss Margaret Anglin are making the hits of the run.

A new modern melodrama called "The Mandarin" by Alicia Ramsey and Rudolph Cordova was produced in London last week. Harry Stanford, Dorothea Baird and Yorke Stephens had prominent parts.

"King Washington," a new play by Robert Louis Weed, founded upon the novel by the same name, was given a special production in New York on Thursday of this week.

The Convent of the Assumption at Passy, France, has just been sold for 1,040,000 francs. Rachel, the great tragedienne once occupied this superb residence. Dame Rumor says that the nuns were recently alarmed by the discovery of several hundred love letters which the actress left behind her in an ancient cupboard, concealed behind some tapestry.

Mr. Wilson Barrett, who ever has a keen eye for the main chance, and knows how sweet are the profits of advertisement, is evidently angling once more for the support of that nonconformist conscience which he captured with "The Sign of the Cross."

Marketing on the Amur. A traveller upon the Amur River says in "A New Way Around an Old World" that the method of obtaining supplies on the little Russian boats is both primitive and entertaining.

The approach to a village was a matter of much interest, both to those on ship and to those on shore. When within a quarter of a mile the captain would blow a tremendous blast on the whistle, to summon every man, woman and child within hearing.

Mr. Russell Vaun's 'Niandra,' in which Mrs. Brown Potter has been acting in London, seems to be a farce compacted out of very ancient material. The heroine is a former priestess of Isis, who, having been transformed into a snake, is transported, in later centuries, into a London mansion, where she recovers her original shape and plays the mischief generally.

The passengers would all congregate on the upper deck, many of them with empty bottles in their hands, to exchange, with tin coopecks added, for the full bottles on shore.

Tommy—I hate to have me whip me. Jimmy—An' whomee can't hit hard. Tommy—That's it; go think she don't do it—so be allus give me comey too.

A KENTUCKY FEUD OVER.

Continued from page two.

for county school superintendent and spent \$15,000 to get the place, although it pays only a few hundred dollars a year.

In recent years, Gen. Garrard's bitterest fight was made to prevent Will White from being elected sheriff. White was elected and was killed by Tom Baker, a Garrard sympathizer.

The Bakers and the Philpots have always been allied with the Garrards and the Howards have been allied with the Whites. The fights between the Bakers and Howards have augmented the bitterness between the Garrards and the Whites.

The killing of Jim Howard's father by Tom Baker and the murder of old man Baker, Tom's father, by Jim Howard, to avenge the death of his father, only added to the fury of the vendetta.

John G. White of this place is authority for the statement that his family has spent no less than \$1,000,000 in fighting the Garrards. Some years ago, when Gen. Garrard found that he had spent all his money in fighting the Whites, he pulled up stakes and went to California where he made \$100,000 in mining deals.

During the years of the warfare several of the Whites have married into the Garrard family. There is not an instance where the marriage has not proved happy and when the Garrard girls married Whites they at once became strong White partisans.

Responsibility's Disadvantages.

An extensive owner of city real estate was called upon at his office one morning by a stranger, who asked him: 'Is this Mr. Philpot?' 'Yes, sir,' he replied.

'You own the property at 575 Bumble-thorpe Avenue, I believe.'

Fire.

It seems almost a wonder that the world is not burned up, when one realizes what strange circumstances may cause a disastrous fire.

An unlucky insect crawled through that oil saturated waste, and came out again with some of the oily fibers adhering to its body.

Cotton waste was also partly responsible for another curious fire. This time an electric spark did the mischief, passing from a belt to some conducting substance near it and communicating with the cotton.

The Railway and Engineering Review, borrowing from an English exchange, gives two instances of fire caused by water. In the first case a flood caused the water to rise inside a factory until it reached a pile

of iron fillings. When they came in contact with the water, they oxidized so rapidly that they became intensely hot, and at last set fire to woodwork near them, and the building was destroyed.

In the other case the water from the engines during a fire found its way into a shed containing quicklime. The heat caused by the slacking of the lime set fire to the shed, and this to other buildings.

Glass globes, which act as lenses, often cause fire, and it has recently been said that the convex glasses used in pavement lights are dangerous, and should be abandoned in favor of lights with flat tops.

Heard Them, Anyhow.

A musician and his wife were on their way home from a concert, and were overheard discussing the merits of the entertainment.

'It sets my teeth on edge,' the husband said, 'to hear the orchestra playing "Yankee Doodle" and "Dixie" at the same time. The idea is all right, of course, and even commendable from a sentimental point of view, but the two pieces, when played together, are full of discords.'

'But didn't you notice,' said his wife, 'that where certain notes or passages would have been discordant they were omitted from one air or the other, and left to the drums?'

'Of course I noticed it,' he testily rejoined, 'but I could hear the discords in my mind just the same! Ach!'



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meats and other farm produce that cannot be made one: its success is the only company of its kind, and it raises, and then raise poultry, turkeys, etc.

of Mr. Samuel Taylor from one of the farm laborer without capital. The chicken-fattening business brought this man had begun life as a farm

with plants necessary to make the for the size of the Province and the the Nova Scotia and Prince Edward in England to get the very highest price

call on the shareholders and arrange receiving station of the Company. It is in its shareholders and the lists will be

a large farm or who, through some st-class poultry, and, as it will year in birds now sold on the Canadian market.

per pound. As they weighed eleven six cents for a pair of chickens in England. The consignee wrote as follows about the chickens. On opening the cases the to find out how long it would retain its as nice looking as a fresh killed bird.

Handle About Two

Liverpool, England, above described the average price, as often he does not being a shareholder you will commence

became known it would have been an business, which will prove a money-maker shipping stations, abattoirs, cold storage employees it will engage to do the by- directions and assistance as they may

ED MANAGER, will direct its affairs. something of the man who is to direct firm F. W. REARMAN CO., LIM- proposed bank of this Company, will be

and have had during that time con- perience. He is about fifty-five years Hamilton. As to his personal char-

ck in the Company, and the net profits's stock to raise poultry, turkeys, ducks, nest prices for their birds. They will be r share of all the profits of the Company, Company will be chosen from among the shares are offered for public subscription, your subscription at once, as the stock LICATION FORM given below, be care- and send it by registered letter to Mr. order or express order for the full amount tion to the granting of Letters Patent out of capital stock than named in their

of the feud between the two families. In the early 70s, Gen. Garrard was nominated for the legislature by the democrats and the republicans nominated Dave White. The two men stumped the district and Gen Garrard won. They were rival candidates again and the feeling between the men became more bitter than ever. Gen. Garrard gave thousands of dollars and live stock to the poor and in that way tied his partisans to him. The Whites gained partisans in the same way. Gen. Garrard opposed John E. White

Continued on page three.

PROGRESS.

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SIXTEEN PAGES.

ST. JOHN, N. B., SATURDAY, APR. 27.

Subscribers who do not receive their paper Saturday morning are requested to communicate with the office.—Tel. 95.

THE KING'S PURSE.

One of the first duties of the British Parliament, at the opening of a new reign, is to make suitable provision for the personal expenditures of the sovereign. A select committee is appointed to make estimates of the sums needed for various purposes, and the Chancellor of the Exchequer, who is a veritable 'watch-dog of the treasury,' is present to check a tendency towards extravagance.

There is no disposition to be niggardly, for all are concerned that proper state should be maintained. The annual allowance to the late queen was nearly two million dollars; the estimate agreed upon for King Edward is about a third of a million dollars more. It was foreseen that there would need to be a considerable increase over the allowance for the late queen partly because the king's tastes are less simple than were those of his mother, and partly because there must be a separate allowance for Queen ALEXANDRA. This allowance accounts for one-half of the total increase. There is a new item of fifty thousand dollars for the king's personal staff, and an addition of about one hundred thousand dollars to the cost of maintaining his majesty's household.

In addition to the provision for the king and queen, a generous allowance is to be made for the heir apparent, the Duke of Cornwall, and the duchess and also for the king's three daughters, the Duchess of Fife, Princess Victoria and Princess Charles of Denmark. Altogether the maintenance of royalty is an expensive matter, but the cost is not begrudged by Parliament or people.

EROS.

The little planet Eros, so interesting on account of its occasional close approach to the earth, turns out to be curious and interesting in other ways also. During the past season, while astronomers have been observing its position among the stars every day and hour when it could be seen, for the purpose of determining the solar parallax, they have noted that its brightness is continually changing rapidly and pretty regularly, running up and down again in about two hours and a half. The maximum brightness is about twice as great as the minimum.

If the changes and intervals were all exactly equal, everything could be explained by merely supposing that the planet has one side darker than the other, and revolves once in two and a half hours. But there are systematic inequalities in the intervals, and brightnesses which complicate the matter, and can be better explained on the theory that the planet is spotted in quarters, so to speak, with dark and light regions alternating, but not quite equal or symmetrical. If this be the case the true time of rotation is a little over five hours.

The observations, especially those made at Paris, can, however, be still more closely satisfied by supposing with the French astronomer Andre, a very high authority, that Eros is really a 'pair of twins'—a 'double planet' or system, resembling the 'spectroscopic binaries,' and many of the variable stars. According to Andre's calculations, the two bodies concerned are about of a size, with a mean density about the same as that of Mars, greatly flattened at the poles,—like a pincushion,—revolving in about five and a quarter hours in an orbit nearly circular, and with their equators almost in contact. It will take

more extended observation to decide between the rival theories.

The new bishop of London has already given his diocese a glimpse of his sterling democracy. Speaking to an audience of working men at a neighborhood settlement house in White-chapel, he said that he had often noticed in coffee-houses the sign, 'A pull-up for cabmen.' He intended to make the settlement house 'a good pull-up for bishops.' His office, he found, required that he keep a carriage; but if any of his hearers saw him driving alone he hoped they would give him a hail; he should be glad to give them a lift. Bishop Ingram has been a most sympathetic and successful worker among the poor and unfortunate of East London, to whom he is a familiar figure and a trusted friend. The king has recently placed the stamp of royal approval on his work by appointing him dean of the royal chapels.

A witness to ocean solitude recently reached Liverpool. A four masted vessel, which sailed seven months before from San Francisco, entered the Mersey. Since leaving the Golden Gate she had not been spoken. Absolute silence concerning her through more than half a year, and then she appears to answer to all inquiries and speculations. So far as human knowledge goes, it was as if vessel and crew had sailed out of life, and been swallowed up in mystery for those days and months. The ocean, as yet, does not suffer from overcrowding. What Everett called its mighty repose is still a symbol of quiet and of rest.

A Dog and a Wreck.

Many a life has been saved by a Newfoundland dog, but dog never did braver deed than one brought to remembrance by a story in our Dumb Animals. The incident occurred some years ago.

A vessel was driven on the beach of Lydd, in Kent, England. The sea was very high. Eight men clung to the wreck, which was every moment in danger of going to pieces. No boat could be got off through the storm to help the despairing sailors, and it looked as if they would drown before the eyes of the watchers upon the land.

Presently a gentleman came along the beach accompanied by his Newfoundland dog. The gentleman directed the animal's attention to the vessel, and then put a short stick in his mouth. The dog at once comprehended his master's meaning, and plunged into the sea.

Bravely he fought his way through the angry waves, but he could not get close enough to the vessel to deliver that with which he had been charged. The crew, however, understood what was wanted, and making fast a rope to another piece of wood, they threw the wood toward the dog.

The intelligent animal at once dropped his own piece of wood and seized that which had been thrown to him. Then he started for the shore. Again and again he was lost under the waves, but with almost incredible determination he held on to the stick and dragged the rope through the surf till he delivered it to his master. A line of communication was thus made with the vessel, and every man on board was saved.

Varying Information.

A traveller who took the trans-Siberian route across the Russias says in 'A New Way Around an Old World' that the preliminary answers to his questions about ways and means were delightful in their diversity. In America, Japan, China and even Russia he was cheerfully misled in various fashions, about his journey.

No two people agreed concerning it, or came within sight of agreement. These were the comments upon his scheme:

'It can't be done.'  
'You can do it easily.'  
'It will take two months.'  
'You can go through in twenty-two days.'

'You will get stuck on the sand-bars for weeks.'  
'You will have no difficulty whatsoever.'  
'The steamers run only occasionally, and do not begin until June.'  
'The steamers run daily, and the river is open early in May.'  
'You will need heavy clothes and all your winter furs.'  
'You will find delightful summer weather.'

'You will have to ride in cattle-cars when you have ended your journey by boat.'  
'You will have the most luxurious railway accommodations in the world.'

The result of experiment was, however, that the journey was full of discomforts and delays, and yet proved well worth the trouble.

Observe the seated ones, Spinal Paralysis, St. Dunns, 17 Waterloo.

VERSES OF YESTERDAY AND TODAY

Innocence.  
Now the colt is gaily skipping  
Where the happy zephyrs zip,  
And his uncomplaining mother  
Stands aside to let him skip;  
With a blissful satisfaction  
Now and then he holds his heels,  
And a dozen times an hour  
Stops a while to take his meals,  
Oh, he doesn't know that men are lying 'bleeding in the ditches,  
And he isn't causing trouble by his greed for worldly riches;  
Not a care is on his mind  
As he rises up behind  
And permits his leathery legs to lightly dangle in the wind.

Oh, the spotted calf is tugging  
At its rope, behind the shed,  
And displaying wild impudence  
And importing to be fed;  
Now the farmer's wife approaches  
And she bears a grimacing smile,  
There's a slat of satisfaction  
In the baby bossy's tail!  
With his nose he bumps the bottom and he sends the bubbles flying  
And he skins the lady's knuckles and she cuts him sadly sighing,  
But the bossy bumps away,  
Knowing not that men today  
For a little shining metal scold and strive and scheme and slay.

Oh, the lambkins gaily frolic  
In the seven-acre lot,  
With their lurching legs ready  
To be taken on the spot,  
And the pig that went exploring  
Scurries along the kitchen path,  
And is sending up a protest  
That is mournful and immense.  
While his brothers and his sisters  
Turn and line up in their places and forthwith get into bed.  
Caring nothing for the old  
Worldly vagaries after gold  
In the markets where men's honor and their lives are bought and sold.

Hepatitis.  
When April in her genial mood,  
And leafy smells are in the air,  
In sunny nooks, by bank or brook,  
Behold this lovely sisterhood.

A spirit sleeping in the mold,  
And tucked about by leafage aid,  
Opens an eye blue as the sky,  
Nor deems that she is overboard.

Before a leaf is on the tree,  
Before I see the bumblebee,  
She bears a voice, 'Arise, rejoice,'  
And in hazy remembrance greets me.

Before the over-bird has sung,  
Or throat or chevron found a tongue,  
She ventures out and looks about,  
And once again the world is young.

Sometimes she stands in white array,  
Sometimes as pink as dawning day,  
Or every shade of azure made,  
And oft with breath as sweet as May.

Sometimes she bideeth all alone,  
And lifts her cap beside a stone,  
A child at play along the shore,  
When all her happy mates have flown.

Again in herds she beams around,  
And brightens all the littered ground,  
And holds the gaze in her eyes—  
A concert sweet without a sound.

Like robin's song or bluebird's wing,  
Or thrush's that makes the market ring,  
Her beaming face and wisdom's grace  
Are greetings from the heart of spring.

The Lament of Pegasus.  
In vain from the bars sounds my piteous neighing,  
In vain do I stamp with my fire-shod hoofs,  
On the sides of my stall and my wings sadly fraying  
Oh! I long to be off over hilltops and roads.

I had hoped that E Markham might do his spruce plowing,  
While I plodded patiently, row after row,  
In harness ahead of him, thereby allowing  
A rest to the overworked man with the hoe.

But Markham's forgotten, alas, all about me,  
He's become a commercial, acquisitive bard,  
And he reels off his sonnets and ballads without me  
And closes them out at five dollars a yard.

I believed that Al Austin could never refuse me  
A chance to tell Kruger Britannia must rule,  
But Austin it seems, is unable to use me,  
And the job is let out to the government mule.

And then there was Kipling, who often would  
And ride over ships, love, and armies rough shod,  
So boldly that man soon began to account me  
The spirit incarnate of some Hindu god.

But by and by Kipling began to get tired,  
And now I shall have no more gallops with him;  
He's got past the time when a man is inspired,  
And is giving his time to a leathen called Kim.

All chance to get out for a run is denied me,  
I can't think how a haltered up Pegasus feels,  
Though other fair poets there are who could ride  
me,  
They'd rather take chances with automobiles.  
—J. J. Montague.

Mister Sun, mer.  
Mister Summer say he comin'—  
Know it by de way  
I de honey bees is hummin'—  
Sun shine ever day,  
Mister Summer say he comin'—  
Chillin, c'lar de way!

Mister Summer say he comin'—  
Ain't got long ter stay;  
Possam gone, but peach come on—  
Melons atter May!  
Mister Summer say he comin'—  
Chillin, c'lar de way!

Growing.  
Yes, I will grow like a tree,  
I'm looking shall keep me from waking  
Down in the dark, and breaking  
Out of the earth to see!

Warm through through the chill that lingers,  
Lifting me out from night  
Up toward the days outbreathing.

Yes, I will grow like a tree,  
Nothing shall keep me from growing:  
The sun that is calling me,  
Ever space with Time,  
Up through the earth rain fed,  
Nearer the glow I climb,  
Hearing above my head  
Laughter of life overflowing.

Up from the t-inge that creep,  
Nearer the rain, the slinging,  
April, what are you bringing  
After the winters sleep!  
Here will I climb, not tire;  
Oh, and the thist is mine  
Ever to the journey higher  
Unto the wide divine  
Air where the clouds go winging.

Bad, are you through the sod?  
Here, in a glory of meadow,  
Where all the shadows sink under  
The living garden of God?  
Ah, what a slight reluctance  
To all the trees that won  
To these thousandfold exaltations,—  
Toiling to find the sun  
Till they clove the dark sunder!

I will arise and climb,  
Higher to higher growing:  
Hail to the four winds blowing,  
And a good morning, Time,  
If I but grow, for speech,  
If I sing leaves, not words,  
Yet will I call and reach—  
Oh, I will shelter the birds!  
Yes, I am here, and growing.

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News of the Passing Week

Aguinaldo is studying English.  
Corea will borrow \$2,500,000 from France.

There is a glut of cheap wines at Lisbon.  
The Mad Mullah is at Lassidar with 40,000 followers.

The Baroness Bardett Coutts is reported to be dying.  
J. Pierpont Morgan, at Paris, denies that he has heart trouble.

Diplomatic relations between Mexico and Austria will soon be resumed.  
There will be a general strike of Socialists in Barcelona on May Day.

M. Dacrocq, veterinary surgeon of the French army, is dead, aged 80 years.  
In Portugal a decree has been passed ordering the secularization of religious orders.

The Glasgow census returns show a total of 740,429 population, an increase in a decade of 195,615.

Saturday afternoon eighteen persons were hurt by the overturning of a tramcar at Northampton, Eng.

Emperor William has ordered a new play, or an anti-Socialistic tenor, and it will be presented at Berlin Royal Theatre.

Advices from New Guinea say that the natives on Fly River recently murdered Rev James Chalmers and Rev Oliver Tomkins.

Dr. Menke, leader of a German scientific expedition in the South Sea Islands, has been murdered by natives of Macquarie Island.

Owing to the recent rains the Seine is running like a millrace through Paris and in some places overflowing the lower level quays.

The force under Commandant Boksburg, composed of 106 men with wagons and rifles, have surrendered near Middelburg, Transvaal colony.

There was a daring robbery of the mails at Moncton, N. B., Monday night between 8 and 9 o'clock. All registered matter from St. John and Halifax was taken.

Gov. Odell at Albany, Monday night signed the Greater New York charter amendment bill passed over Mayor Van Wyck's veto Monday by the legislature.

A despatch from Madrid to the London Daily Express says that the Canary Islands have been swept by a cyclone, killing 12 persons and doing great damage to property.

The continued drought has produced a water famine throughout the isthmus especially among the poorer classes. The railroads' free distribution daily helps to allay the suffering.

A Philadelphia doctor is suing the estate of the late State Senator Chris. L. Magee, on a bill for \$190,000 for professional services during the Senator's last illness, 21 months.

The Petit Bleu, Brussels, publishes a despatch saying that Dr. Leyds has sent to the German foreign office a formal protest against the supplying of arms and guns to England by Germany.

A Chicago paper says a systematic organization has been started in Indiana to make David B. Hill, of New York, the Democratic nominee for president at the next national convention.

A body found floating in the upper Cocheo river, near Dover, N. H., Monday forenoon has been identified as that of Bernard McGeough, about 38 years of age, a former employe of the Cocheo mills.

Sec. Hay and Lord Pauncefote, the British ambassador, Monday exchanged ratifications of the treaty ratified by the Senate last session amending the British extradition treaty by the addition of three articles.

An order issued by Sec. Root in Washington assigns Brig Gen James F. Wade to command the department of Southern Luzon in place of Gen Gates and Brig Gen Ludlow to command the department of the Visayas, in place of Gen Huges.

A cablegram was received at the War

department, Washington, Monday, from Havana, saying that Cuban commission now on its way there, consists of five delegates and one interpreter. The War department is making arrangements to care for the delegation.

It is understood in Rome that Monsignor Francois Tarnassi, the present internuncio at the Hague has been selected an apostolic delegate to the United States.

A strike on the new drydock at the Boston navy yard resulted in several strikers and a walking delegate of the hoisting engineers union being rounded up and thrown out of the yard by a detail of marines.

A despatch from Vienna to the London Express asserts that as an income of the violent agitation, Archduke Francis, the heir-apparent, has, at the command of the Emperor severed his connection with the Catholic union.

Owne and Arthur Smith, two boys were walking along the railroad track at Middletown, N. Y., when the fast express bore down on them. They were pulled from the track with a garden rake by Owne's father, just in time to save their lives.

The bill of Senator Slater prohibiting the shooting of live pigeons was killed in the assembly at Albany, Monday. The defeat of the measure was followed by charges and counter charges of lobbying and at one time it looked as if strong personalities would be indulged in.

Two Columbian officials arrived at Kingston, J. A., on the steamer Orinoco, last Sunday, from Colon on a secret mission, which, it is believed is to discover the source whence the Columbian rebels are getting supplies. The general situation in Columbia remains unchanged.

Men at work on a new factory on the bank of the Niagara Monday afternoon report that they saw a man in a rowboat swept over the falls. They saw the man evidently tried to cross the river, but the current was too strong. Up to a late hour Monday night the story could not be confirmed.

The army transport Rawlins, which sank at the government dock in Brooklyn on April 10, while on fire, was floated Tuesday. The cargo of grain will be removed and dried. The interior fitting will have to be replaced but in other respects the ship was not damaged very much. She will be dry-docked for repairs.

It is understood in Washington that a protocol has been signed between France and Venezuela by which the diplomatic relations long suspended between the countries is now to be resumed. It is expected in this connection that the Marquis Ja de Lojais, one of the most prominent Venezuelan statesmen will be the minister of France under the present readjustment.

Late Tuesday afternoon articles for the world's fair to be held in St. Louis in 1903 to celebrate the Louisiana purchase centennial were filed in the office of recorder of deeds, St. Louis, and Wednesday similar papers will be filed with the secretary of state at Jefferson city. The capital stock is \$8,000,000 of which \$5,000,000 is subscribed and \$500,000 paid up.

Strange Behavior.  
A mirth provoking scene took place in the palace of a former Duke of Hamilton. The duke had invited one of his neighbors, a plain spoken laird, to stop at the palace for luncheon after the conclusion of a business transaction.

The laird was not used to the luxuries of life, and watched with an impatient eye the flittings about of a liveried servant who seemed to be everywhere at once, anticipating the laird's wants in a way that struck the rustic as positively uncanny.

At last the guest turned deliberately about in his chair and addressed the servant in a tone of considerable irritation.

'What are ye dance, dance, dancing about the room for, man?' he demanded.

'Can ye no draw in your chair and sit down? I'm sure there's enough on the table for three.'

Much interest...  
Mrs. Lavinia...  
On Tuesday...  
Walker...  
Very day...  
The gu...  
Walker...  
conversat...  
Very day...  
served by...

BAKING POWDER

and wholesome

Week

Washington, Monday, from saying that Cuban commission way there, consists of five dele-

on the new drydock at the Board resulted in several strikers

from Vienna to the London Archduke Francis, the

and Arthur Smith, two boys were on the railroad track at Middle-

of live pigeons was killed in Albany, Monday. The measure was followed by

of Senator Slater prohibiting of live pigeons was killed in Albany, Monday. The measure was followed by

Columbian officials arrived at the steamer Orinoco, from Colon on a secret mis-

ny transport Rowlin, which sank government dock in Brooklyn

understood in Washington that a has been signed between France

uesday afternoon articles for the air to be held in St. Louis in 1903

Strange Behavior. Provoking scene took place in of a former Duke of Hamilton

bird was not used to the luxuries and watched with an impatient eye

are ye dance, dance, dancing room for, man? he demanded. no draw in your chair and sit



Much interest is centered in the Grand Spectacular production of Longfellow's Evangeline at the Mechanic's Institute on next Thursday and Friday

- Edwin Dean, Gordon Brown, Harold Macmichael, CHILDREN: Dorothy Brown, Marion Chapin, Gerald Pratt, Marion Caplan, Albert Brown, Emily Knowles, Jennie Roden, Annie Roden.

- Miss Lillian Adams, Miss Bertie Armstrong, Miss Madie Betts, Miss Hazel Rainie, Miss Beatrice Betts, Miss Beatrice Suherland, Miss Amy Smith, Miss Ethel Baird, Miss Mary Inchee, Miss George Scammell, Miss Nellie Irvine, Miss Minnie Allan, Miss Muriel Burton, Miss Martha Morton, Miss Louise Glynn, Miss Evelyn Stockton, Miss Nellie Macmichael, Miss Beatrice Frink, Miss Grace Hatheway, Miss Grace Estey, Miss M. Winslow, Miss Florence Bullock, Miss Miriam Hatheway, Miss Estelle Robinson, Miss Blossom Baird, Miss Della Vanwart, Miss Alice Lockhart, Miss May Sandill, Miss Florence Brown, Miss Muriel Lacey, Miss Lou Robertson, Miss Jessie Murdoch, Miss Maggie Vincent, Miss Edith Estey, Miss Ada Morrill, Miss Margaret Fowler, Miss Lulu Kimball, Miss Helen Fowler, Miss Ethel Fanjoy, Miss Grace Dick, Miss Gladys MacLanolin, Miss Gertrude Campbell, Miss Elsie Holden, Miss Nan Barnaby, Miss Edna Robertson, Miss Edna MacFarland, Mr. Charles McKelvie, Mr. Frank Likely, Mr. Cameron Bogart, Mr. Robert Gilmour, Mr. Geo. Hilyard, Mr. William Rising, Mr. Geo. DeForest, Mr. Geo. Blizard, Mr. Bert Hetherington, Mr. Brook Sandler, Mr. Harry Dunn, Mr. Gordon Sanderson, Mr. Bert Betts, Mr. Arthur Neale, Mr. Louie Brennan, Mr. Chester Gandy, Mr. Heber Yoom, Mr. Ralph Markham, Mr. Harold Allison, Mr. E. K. Allison, Mr. Horace Porter, Mr. Hai-y Frink, Mr. Douglas Clinch.

- Miss Hannah Lygan, Miss Hilda Peters, Miss Florence Fifield, Miss Hazel Fifield, Miss Frances Jenkins, Miss Nellie Shaw, Miss Constance Chimo, Miss Maud Magee, Miss Kathleen Holden, Miss Edith Doherty, Miss Daisy Sears, Miss May MacGregor, Miss Jean Macaulay, Miss Florrie Bowman.

- Miss G. MacLaughan, Miss M. J. Inchee, Miss M. Winslow, Miss Amy Smith, Miss Elsie Holden, Miss Alice Lockhart, Miss Nellie Macmichael, Miss Nan Barnaby.

Mrs. Lawson gave a most delightful tea on Tuesday afternoon at which quite a number of ladies were present. The table decorations were dainty and attractive. A number of young lady friends assisted the hostess in serving tea and waiting on the guests.

On Tuesday afternoon during the hours of four to six o'clock the residence of Dr. and Mrs. Thomas Walker Princess street, was the scene of a pleasant social function, when they tendered a reception to the members of St. George's society and their wives

The guests were received by Dr. and Mrs. Walker and the hours passed swiftly with pleasant conversation.

Very dainty and appetizing refreshments were served by the Misses Alice and Jessie Walker.

who were assisted in this pleasant duty by Miss Celia Armstrong, Miss Markham, Miss Lillian Markham, Miss Jarvis, Miss Vera Robinson, Miss Daisy Fairweather, Miss Allison Jones, Miss Mabel and Charlotte Sydney-Smith and Miss Helen Jack.

Among those who called on that day were: The Bishop of Fredericton, Mr. J. Roy Campbell, president of St. Andrew's Society.

- Dr. and Mrs. H. G. Addy, Dr. G. A. B. Addy, Mr. and Mrs. Anderson, Col. and Mrs. Armstrong, Mrs. Markham, Mr. Ralph Markham, Mr. William Jarvis, Mr. and Mrs. J. M. Robinson, His Worship the Mayor, and Mrs. Daniel, Mr. and Mrs. William Ebbson, Mr. E. C. Jones, Mr. and Mrs. Robert E. Coupe, Dr. and Mrs. Hodson, Mr. and Mrs. R. W. W. Frink, Mr. and Mrs. Shawwood Skinner, Mr. Beverly Armstrong, Mr. T. P. Bourne, Mr. and Mrs. F. R. Butcher, Hon. A. T. Dunn, Miss Dicker, Mrs. F. B. Huntington, Mr. J. Mills Keator, Mrs. Keator, Rev. Mr. and Mrs. Mathers, Mr. and Mrs. Alfred Porter, Rev. J. A. and Mrs. Richardson, Mr. and Mrs. F. P. Starr, Sheriff Sturdee, Mr. and Mrs. S. S. Thorne, Mr. and Mrs. J. L. Thorne, Mr. H. C. Tilley, Mrs. Leigh Harrison, Judge and Mrs. Barker, Mr. G. Sydney Smith.

The engagement of Lieut. Weldon McLean, son of Mr. H. H. McLean and Miss Constance A. Sand, daughter of Mr. F. H. Arnsand of the Royal Bank of Canada, has been formerly announced. The engagement is the subject of much pleasant discussion among the young society people and the happy principals are being over-whelmed with good wishes.

If fame rumor is to be relied upon, the coming months of May, June, and July bid fair to break the record of all previous years in the matrimonial ventures. Already many of our city maidens are deep in the discussions of the necessary trousseau and the truth of the old saying of "In the spring a young man's fancy lightly turns to thoughts of love" is much in evidence.

On Wednesday morning St. Paul's church was the scene of a very pretty wedding, the contracting parties being Miss Elizabeth Laura Rogers, sister of Mr. H. G. Rogers, and Mr. Percy Taylor Allbutt of the Bank of Montreal staff. The ceremony was performed by the Rev. A. G. H. Dicker in the presence of about twenty-five invited guests and a large number of friends.

The brides' dress was a delicately brocaded cream mousseline-de-silke trimmed with guipure lace, chiffon and velvet with a train of satin and lace ruff and a soft picture hat of rich lace and plumes all of cream.

She wore pearl ornaments, the gift of the groom, and carried a lovely shower bouquet of bride roses and lilies of the valley.

Her one bridesmaid, Miss May Winter was sweetly dressed in a costume white organdy over yellow tulle with a Mother Hubbard Leghorn hat trimmed with large bows of soft white silk and knots of narrow black velvet. She also carried a shower bouquet of daisies and maiden hair fern.

The groom was attended by Mr. Lionel Rogers, also of the bank of Montreal staff, a younger brother of the bride, and the ushers were, Mr. W. Beer and Mr. Aubrey Schofield.

The guests were the immediate friends of the bride. After the ceremony they returned to the residence of her brother, Mr. Harry G. Rogers, Elliott Row, where champagne cap and bride cake were partaken of and congratulations and good wishes extended to the young couple. Luncheon was beautifully decorated for the occasion with palms and cactus lilies, the taller ones forming an arch over the bridal pair as they stood to receive their friends.

The presents were arranged on small tables about the rooms giving a pretty effect between the greenery of the palms. They were numerous and among them some old family silver and jewelry of much value.

Mrs. and Mrs. Allbutt left amid the usual showers of rice and good wishes by the C. P. R. for Cape Breton, where they will spend their honeymoon.

The brides' travelling dress was a dark blue tailor made costume with hat to match and wrap of satin brocade lined with quilted white silk.

Another pretty wedding of the week was that of Miss Zola Frances Murray, daughter of Mrs. J. H. Murray of Orange street and Mr. David Wetmore Paddington, which took place on Wednesday morning at Centenary church, the pastor, Rev. John Read, D. D. officiating. The bride wore a travelling suit of blue camels' hair cloth and carried a shower bouquet of roses and lilies of the valley.

She was attended by little Miss Ruth Maaka, as maid of honor, who was attired in white serge with chiffon hat and also carried a handsome bouquet of roses. After the ceremony and a wedding breakfast at the bride's home the young couple left for a

short trip to Boston, New York and other American cities.

The marriage will take place early in June of a prominent north end physician well known and popular throughout the city as well as a young lady residing on Waterloo street. It is said that a dainty little home on Coburg street is being prepared for this June bride.

The Women's Art Association rooms were crowded all week with visitors eager to view the work of several Upper Canadian artists as well as the many excellent efforts of local talent.

On Thursday afternoon Mrs. Markham was "at home" to her friends at her residence on Germain street. The reception lasted from 4.30 until 6.00 o'clock and during that time fully one hundred ladies called to pay their respects, Mrs. Markham was assisted in receiving by Miss Markham and Miss Lillian Markham and also by their friend Miss Bailey of Fredericton. After a short but pleasant chat with the hostess and her daughters, the guests were escorted to the dining room by Miss Alice Walker and Miss Ada Dana and the delectable refreshments partaken of. The tables were decorated with large bunches of May flowers, the pretty and sweet smelling flowers presenting a charming effect. In this room a number of ladies were busily engaged in dispensing hospitality. Tea and coffee were poured by Mrs. P. B. Inches and Mrs. Frink and the waitresses were Miss Lou McMillan, Miss Lou McAvity, Miss Mary Inches, Miss Mello Vroom, Miss Georgie Scammell, Miss Allison Jones, Miss Alice Wedderburn, and Miss Nana Stone.

On the same evening the residence of Major and Mrs. Markham was again the scene of mirth and gaiety when the dance which was to have taken place early in the winter, but which had been postponed on account of the illness and death of the Queen, was given for the friends of the Misses Markham and Mr. Ralph Markham. Fully one hundred guests were present and with the excellent music furnished by Harrison's orchestra and with all the excellent opportunities afforded for dancing lost not an atom of the delights of the tea, piano and art. Supper was served about midnight and it was long past a. m. before the party of merry and happy young people broke up.

Both functions were most pleasant and successful.

Lady Tilley and Miss Howland are visiting in Toronto at present. They are expected home within a few weeks. Miss Howland will spend the summer here with Lady Tilley.

Mr. and Mrs. George DeYoeber of Gagetown are spending the week with friends in the city. Miss Alice Smith of Amherst who has been here for some weeks the guest of friends has returned home.

Mrs. Harry L. Coder, (nee Lilley) will receive her friends on Monday and Tuesday next at No. 5 Millidge Lane.

Miss Mollie Peters is home from Toronto, where she has been at school for some time.

Mr. Thomas Lunney, who has been studying at McGill Medical School, and Miss Helen Lunney, a pupil of the Sault Au Recollet Convent also in that city, arrived in the city this week to attend the funeral of their mother, whose death occurred on Wednesday, after an illness of several months.

Senator and Mrs. J. V. Ellis left her on Wednesday for Boston, whence they will sail direct to London. They will be absent several months, visiting the principal cities throughout Great Britain and probably spending a short time in France before returning.

Mr. and Mrs. George West Jones are still sojourning abroad and visiting places of interest in England. They will probably be home next month.

Mrs. Lena Kester is home from Moncton, where she had spent some weeks as the guest of Mrs. J. W. Y. Smith.

Mrs. J. S. McInis of Windsor, N. S. is here visiting her daughter, Mrs. W. S. Carter.

Miss Fairweather arrived home this week from a very pleasant trip to New York and Boston.

Mrs. A. W. McCrea is entertaining Mrs. Gregory of Fredericton.

Catechie W. Burton Morgan who has been studying the winter with Revs. Dr. Fraser, and T. F. Fotheringham preparatory to entering McGill college, left on Tuesday for his home at Harbord, where he is spending the summer.

Capt. and Mrs. Norman Leslie have returned from their wedding tour, which was most pleasantly spent in the Southern States and also in the West Indies. They will remain here several weeks with Mrs. Leslie's parents Senator and Mrs. Dever, Chipman Hill, before going to their future home in Kingston, Ontario.

Mrs. J. D. Landry has returned from a visit to her daughter Mrs. Brezoz at Boston.

Mrs. D. P. Chisholm has returned from a short trip to Boston and vicinity.

D. & A. Straight Front No. 297. The picture shows you the effect. Our reputation assures you that the workmanship, and durability cannot be excelled. D. & A. Genuine Straight Front From \$1.00 to \$2.00 a pair. Dominion Corset Mfg. Co. Quebec Montreal Toronto

Leave Your Orders Early for Spring Painting, etc. At ST. JOHN PAINT STORE, 158 PRINCESS ST. TEL. 697. H. L. & J. T. McGowan. We sell Paint in Small Tins, Glass, Oil, Turpentine, Whiting, Putty, etc. WHITE'S For Sale by all First-Class Dealers in Confectionery. Caramel Snowflakes. Don't take inferior goods; the best do not cost any more than inferior goods.

SILK THAT TANGLES. Knots and tangles, snarls and breaks, wastes itself and your time, makes you wish the sewing was "far enough." Such are the troubles of those who use common sewing silk. It's different when you use Corticelli full letter "A." Twisted on automatic machines which stop when the thread knots or flaws. Cannot twist a thread with a flaw in it. Costs no more than the troublesome kinds. Corticelli

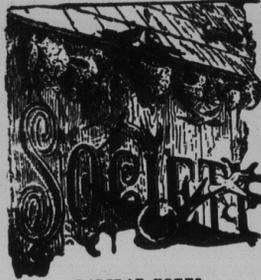
When You Want a Real Tonic 'ST. AGUSTINE' ask for (Registered Brand) of Pelee Wine. GAGETOWN, Sept. 21, 1899. E. G. SCOVIL, "Having used both we think the St. Augustine preferable to Vin Mariani as a tonic. JOHN C. CLOWES, JR.

FOR ARTISTS. Winsor & Newton's Oil Colors, Water Colors, Canvas, etc., etc., etc. Manufacturing Artists, Colormen to Her Majesty the Queen and Royal Family. FOR SALE AT ALL ART STORES. A. RAMSAY & SON, - MONTREAL - Wholesale Agents for Canada.

Bucouche Bar Oysters. Received this day, 10 Barrels No. 1 Bucouche Bar Oysters, the first of the Spring crop. At 19 and 23 King Square. J. D. TURNER. Pulp Wood Wanted. WANTED - Underwood saw logs, such as Red or Spilling. Parties having such for sale can send word to the St. John Sulphite Company, stating the quantity, price per thousand super foot, and the time of delivery. M. F. MOONEY

Cocoa Economy. Fry's pure, concentrated Cocoa is acknowledged everywhere to be "strongest and best." Its absolute purity gives it great strength, thus making a little of it yield most satisfactory results. It is more economical to use. A quarter pound tin of Fry's Cocoa costs but 25 cts. and makes fifty cups of rich, delicate, nutritious Cocoa. If you want to save money without sacrificing quality, ask your grocer for Fry's Pure Concentrated Cocoa. Fry's Cocoa. Sold everywhere.

FOR ADVERTISING SEE FIFTH AND SIXTH PAGES



HALIFAX NOTES.

PROGRESS is for sale in Halifax by the swabber and at the following news stands and counters.

APRIL 24.—The inclemency of the weather did not deter a large number of our citizens from accepting afternoon and Mrs Jones' hospitality on Thursday afternoon last.

The St Georges Dramatic Club give an entertainment in the St Georges Hall on Thursday evening which promises to be most successful.

Mrs G H Murray of North Sydney, C B is spending a short time with friends here.

The Misses Dixon of Wolfville have for some days been the guests of Miss Morrison Queen St.

Mrs Stewart McCawley from Glace Bay, is in the city visiting her sister, Mrs William Case, who has been ill for some weeks, but is now recovering.

APR. 23.—Mr and Mrs C K Ewell and family of Truro, have been visiting Mrs Eville's parents, Mr and Mrs J M Smith.

Mrs Lewis Rice of Truro, has been visiting her parents, Dr and Mrs J B Black.

TO CURB A GOLDEN ONE DAY. Take Laxative Broom Quinine Tablets. All druggists return the money if it fails to cure. See Dr. W. G. Mason's signature on each box.

Mrs A Paulson is spending a few days at Mt Denison.

Mrs W H Curry is visiting her parents, Mr and Mrs W V Brown of Berwick.

From Hutchins went to Halifax on Wednesday last week, to spend a day or two in that city.

A pretty home wedding took place at the residence of Dr J B Black, Stannus street, Wednesday April 17th, when his second daughter, Madeleine, was married to Rev Thomas Davies, curate of St John's Episcopal church, Truro, and son of Rev S Davies, rector of St Ann's church, Halifax county.

Mrs Joseph Scott, Halifax is in town, the guest of Mrs Burgess.

Miss Minnie Scott is in Windsor, the guest of Mr and Mrs Andrew.

Mr Robert Cutler was in town over Sunday the guest of Mr and Mrs Anslow.

Mr and Mrs George Starr, Starr's Point, came to Windsor on Friday evening and remained over Sunday with relatives.

Miss Ebel Shand, who had been absent several months visiting friends in Ontario, New York State and Boston has returned home.

Miss Rose M Gaseley of Windsor takes place here at Christ's Church on Tuesday, May 7th.

Miss Annie Bigney, who has been visiting her sister Mrs Jeffers, Parrboro, returned to Windsor on Monday and has resumed her duties at the Academy, Miss Lillie Luss substituted for Miss Bigney during her absence.

APRIL 24.—Miss May Hanford is at home again, after a long and pleasant visit of several months with her friends Mr and Mrs Campbell, in Belfast. She also spent a few weeks in London, G B.

After a few weeks with her sister, Mrs Freeman, Rupert St, Mrs Harrington has returned to her home in Sydney, C B.

tions of Mr C. M. Pyke, in the Opera House, last Monday evening, was first class, in every way, and deserved much more liberal patronage, than that accorded it.

YARBOURH. APRIL 23.—A great many Yarmouth people are taking advantage of the beautiful weather and pleasant excursions and are spending a few weeks in Uncle Sam's territory.

Miss Hilda Binney has returned from a visit to Windsor.

APR. 23.—Mrs Reginald Miller is in St John paying a short visit.

WHY GROUP IS FATAL. When croup attacks your child you must be ready for it. It comes as an accompaniment to an ordinary cough, or it may attack without warning.

ADVERTISEMENTS. Latest styles of Wedding invitations and announcements printed in any quantities and at moderate prices.

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APR. 24.—Mr J. J. Taylor's many friends will be glad and interested to know that he is expected home the last of this week from Western Ontario, when he will immediately undertake the final operations for completing the work of the Midland Bridge, over the St. Lawrence River.

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The Venezuelan Servant. The servant question takes on peculiar properties in Venezuela, according to W. E. Curtis, whose interesting account of that little written-about country is well worth reading.

The morning after our arrival at the hotel in Caracas I called for a glass of milk while dressing. On every subsequent morning during our stay a glass of milk was brought to me at precisely the same hour without instructions; and although the servant was told several times that it was not wanted, she did not appear to understand, and continued to bring it just the same.

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"Silver Plate that Wears."



For the Sideboard

We are showing a variety of pieces in Meriden Britannia Company's "Silver Plate that wears." This beautifully colored and decorated dish is fittingly enclosed in a handsome standard, the whole making a very attractive article.

"1847 Rogers Bros."

Knives, Forks, Spoons, etc., are always to our stock.

NOTICE.

Through the efforts of Mr. W. A. Hickman, Immigration Commissioner, who has been in England for some months past, it is expected that in the coming spring a considerable number of farmers with capital will arrive in the province, with a view to purchasing farms.

Dated St. John, N. B., Feb. 9th, A. D. 1901.

2-14 lm ROBERT MARSHALL.

Scribner's FOR 1900

(INCLUDES)

J. M. BARRIE'S "Tommy and Grisel" (serial).

THEODORE ROOSEVELT'S "Oliver Cromwell" (serial).

RICHARD HARDING DAVIS'S fiction and special articles.

HENRY NORMAN'S The Russia of To-day.

Articles by WALTER A. WYKOFF, author of "The Workers".

SHORT STORIES, by Thomas Nelson Page, Henry James, Henry van Dyke, Ernest Seton-Thompson, Edith Wharton, Octave Thanet, William Allen White.

SPECIAL ARTICLES The Paris Exposition.

FREDERICK IRLAND'S articles on sport and exploration.

"HARVARD FIFTY YEARS AGO," by Senator Hoar.

NOTABLE ART FEATURES THE CROMWELL ILLUSTRATIONS, by celebrated American and foreign artists.

Pavis de Chavannes, by JOHN LAFARGE, illustrations in color.

Special illustrative schemes (in color and in black and white) by WALTER APPLETON CLARK, H. C. PRIBETTO, HENRY MOCARTER, DWIGHT L. BELMONT and others.

Illustrated Prospectus sent free to any address.

CHARLES SCRIBNER'S SONS, Publishers, New York.

Exposure

To cold and stormy weather opens the way to an attack of bronchitis. The man on the wagon, be he farmer, milkman or truckman, needs to pay special heed to the first symptoms of weakness or disease of the organs of respiration.

The use of Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery will cure bronchitis, deep-seated coughs, bleeding of the lungs, and other conditions which if neglected terminate fatally in consumption.

There is no alcohol in the "Discovery," and it is entirely free from opium, cocaine and other narcotics.

For seven years I had been troubled with what the doctors called bronchitis," writes Mr. Arthur Maule (general merchant, of Niton, Middlesex Co., Ontario. "A year ago, after I had been taken sick with a severe attack, I began taking your Golden Medical Discovery," and I rapidly recovered from the attack and felt as if I had never been ill.

Dr. Pierce's Common Sense Medical Adviser, paper-bound, is sent free on receipt of 37 one-cent stamps, to pay expense of customs and mailing only; or 50 stamps for the book in cloth binding. Address Dr. R. V. Pierce, Buffalo, N. Y.

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A Brilliant Fast Color.

That is what you get from the Cotton, Silk, Satin and Woolen that you dye at home with these English Dyes of highest quality—Maypole Soap Dyes give a brilliant, fast color. They wash and dye at one operation. Quick, clean, easy, sure to please. They do not leave a "streaked" effect like Powder dyes.

Maypole Soap Dyes.

If your grocer or druggist doesn't have them, send 10 cents (in cents for black) to the Wholesale Dept., 4 Place Royal, Montreal, stating color you want.

Mrs Edward Welch and her small daughter, Margaret, Acadia, Minn., are in town today. The concert by Halifax talent, under the direction of Mr. C. M. Pyke, in the Opera House, last Monday evening, was first class, in every way, and deserved much more liberal patronage, than that accorded it.

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ate that wears."



Sideboard  
A variety of pieces in  
Company's "Silver Plate"  
beautifully colored and  
fittingly enclosed in a  
card, the whole making a  
complete set. Other pieces of like  
variety.

ogers Bros."  
oons, etc., are always in

NOTICE.  
efforts of Mr. W. A. Hick-  
in Commissioner, who has  
for some months past, it  
in the coming spring a  
number of farmers with capi-  
the province, with a view  
rms. All persons having  
to dispose of will please  
with the undersigned, when  
be sent, to be filled in  
ary particulars as to loca-  
of sale, etc. Quite a  
cultural laborers are also  
farmers desiring help will  
communicate with the under-

an, N. B., Feb. 9th, A. D.

ROBERT MARSHALL.

ibner's  
R 1900  
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ARRIE'S "Tommy and  
ial).

DRE ROOSEVELT'S  
omwell" (serial).

D HARDING DAVIS'S  
pecial articles.

NORMAN'S The Russia

by WALTER A. WY-  
hor of "The Workers".

STORIES by  
Nelson Page,  
James,  
van Dyke,  
Seton-Thompson,  
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Thanet,  
Allen White.

ALL ARTICLES  
aris Exposition.

IRLAND'S articles  
and exploration.

RVARD "FIFTY  
S AGO," by Sena-  
r.

BLE ART FEATURES  
OMWELL ILLUSTRA  
y celebrated American  
gn artists.

le Chavannes,  
HN LAFARGE, illus-  
in color.

al illustrative schemes (in  
d in black and white) by  
ER APPLETON CLARK,  
METTO, HENRY MC-  
R, DWIGHT L. ELMEN-  
and others.

Illustrated Prospectus  
e to any address.

S SCRIBNER'S SONS,  
ublishers, New York.



DIGBY.

APRIL 14.—Miss Kate Dakin of Dorchester, Mass. is the guest of her sister, Mrs. F. C. Shreve.  
Miss Catherine McDonald of Weymouth, is the guest of Mrs. H. W. Dakin, Mount street.  
Mr. Frank Bent, who has been ill at his home Water street, is able to go out and enjoy short walks.  
Rev. Robert McArthur at one time pastor of Grace Methodist church, was a passenger to St. John last week.  
Mr. Percy Saunders one of Digby's photo artists left yesterday for a business trip to Long and Briar Islands.  
Mr. and Mrs. J. B. Hunt of Smith's Cove, will move to Belleisle, Annapolis, Co., where they will reside in the future.  
Miss Angie James of Bridgetown, who has been visiting Mrs. McCormick, Queen street, returned home Saturday.  
Many weddings are reported for the early spring and a summer. Some to take place in May and many in June and July. Thus the old proverb of "In the spring a young man's fancy lightly turns to thoughts of love" is being amply fulfilled.

WOLFVILLE.

APRIL 24.—On Thursday evening of last week Dr. and Mrs. Trotter entertained the senior class of Acadia Seminary. The young people enjoyed themselves most thoroughly.  
Mrs. Cunningham of Halifax is in town visiting her daughter, who is ill, at Mrs. F. McKeezie's.  
Miss Minnie Fitch has returned after a few days visit at her uncle's Mr. J. W. Bars.  
Miss Sullivan, whose brother is attending the Academy, is staying with Mrs. Blackhouse.  
Mrs. C. B. Burgess and her daughter, Miss Lina, have gone to New York for a two weeks' trip.  
It is expected that an interesting event in the not distant future will be the sequel of this visit to the domains of Uncle Sam. Mrs. T. L. Harvey accompanied Mrs. Burgess to New York, where she will be the guest of her sister, Mrs. Sherwood.  
Mrs. Sophia H. Heckman of Halifax, who has taken the C. C. Burgess house for three years is moving in this week.

KENTVILLE.

APRIL 24.—Mrs. Lee Raymond of Woodstock, N. B., the guest of her father, Rev. Canon Brock.  
Mr. Ken Chipman of Halifax spent last week in town the guest of her mother, Mrs. F. W. Chipman.  
The many friends of Mrs. Inis of Coldbrook will regret to learn of her serious illness.  
Mrs. Goucher who has been spending some weeks at her home in Truro, has returned to Kentville.  
Mr. and Mrs. J. E. Burgess and family intend leaving in the latter part of the month for their home in Newfoundland. During the past three years, which they have been here they have made many friends in social and church, as well as business circles, and their departure is much regretted.  
Miss Sadie McKee's many friends sympathize with her in the loss of her brother, who died last week at Louisburg.

Latest styles of Wedding invitations and announcements printed in any quantities and at moderate prices. Will be sent to any address.  
Progress Job Print.

NEWCASTLE.

APRIL 24.—Mr. Wm. Johnston who has been attending college at Halifax arrived home last Thursday night.  
Mr. Frank Quinn left last week for Butte, Montana, to visit his brother, Moss, and to accept a position there.  
Miss McCurdy of Truro, is visiting her brother, Mr. A. E. McCurdy here.  
Miss Christina Lamont of Boston is visiting friends here.  
Mr. John Woods has returned to Douglas town from Boston, where he was spending the winter.  
Miss Stirling of New York was visiting Mrs. McCurdy at Nelson last week.  
Miss McGinley of Bathurst is visiting friends here.

MONCTON.

Progress is for sale in Moncton at Hattie Tweedie's Bookstore and M. B. Jones Bookstore.

APR. 26.—Miss Winnie Knight leaves this week for Sydney, where she has secured a position as operator.

A large number of friends assembled at the home of Mr. W. F. Humphrey, M. P. P., Tuesday night of last week to celebrate Mr. and Mrs. Humphrey's sixteenth wedding anniversary. The evening was very enjoyably spent socially and music and hostesses proved themselves to be royal entertainers. The usual social enjoyments at affairs of this kind were indulged in and the very excellent spread partaken of was not the least enjoyable. Mr. and Mrs. Humphrey, who are both very popular, were wished a continuance of a happy and prosperous voyage through life.  
Mrs. Keith of Harcourt is staying with friends in the city.  
Mr. J. G. Stockford and bride of St. John spent part of their honeymoon in the city.  
Mrs. T. J. Gallagher has returned from a month's visit to friends in Montreal.  
Mr. George McSweeney and daughter, Miss Florence have returned from their trip to Florida. Mr. McSweeney has been much benefited by the change.  
Miss Keeler of St. John who has been the guest of Mr. J. W. Smith for some weeks has returned home.  
Miss Winnie Stevens of Dorchester is spending some days in town.  
Miss Wilnot of Bellisary is the guest of Mrs. C. S. McCarthy, Weldon street.  
An interesting wedding event took place Tuesday evening at the residence of Mr. Edwin Stevens, Main street, when his brother-in-law, Mr. Geo. M. Wilson of the I. C. R., was wedded to Miss Jennie Bommer, of Harcourt, Kent Co. The ceremony, which was conducted by Rev. David Hutchinson, took place in the presence of a few intimate friends and acquaintances. The happy couple left on the

Moncton express on a wedding trip to the upper provinces. The bride was the recipient of many useful and costly presents.  
Mrs. A. C. M. Lawson and Miss McGorman of St. John, were in the city Saturday last.  
Mrs. G. N. Palmer and Miss Fannie Brown of Moncton are visiting friends in Sussex.  
A tea in aid of the hospital fund will be held in the Y. M. C. A. room on Tuesday next. The affair has been gotten up by a number of young ladies who are in sympathy with the work.

Health in Old Age.

Infancy and old age are frequently referred to as analogous states. In point of fact they are much more nearly opposites. Infancy is the expanding, rapidly developing period, while old age is a time when the tissues shrink as it were, to accommodate the lessening vital forces. It cannot be said that all persons reach old age at seventy, although by that time the majority of people find it necessary to curtail their activities.

The signals which indicate a need for lightening the load upon the vital organs as old age comes on are usually unmistakable. There is a decreased capacity for work. The heart beats weaker, the muscles and joints less flexible. Acute diseases are more to be feared. It is not uncommon for the aged to recover from serious injuries and from severe attacks of illness; but such recoveries are not the rule.

One of the important questions connected with the hygiene of old age relates to the degree to which one should modify one's previous habits of life. It may be said positively that all sudden or directly reversionary changes are to be shunned. For example, one who has always walked as fast as he could would be unwise to give up the custom completely because of having passed a certain birthday. In the same way it is seldom advisable to abandon even the cares of business entirely, lest the seeking for something else with which to fill the gap thus created should be unsuccessful.

Extremes of all sorts are so many dangers to be avoided. A certain elasticity of muscle, bone and blood vessel is lacking, and as a result the system is unfitted for sudden strain. A strenuous life can no longer be pursued with safety. Severe trials of muscular and mental energy, even severe trials of temper are out of place.

Nature's suggestions in regard to food must be heeded. A simple, easily digested diet should be the diet. To say that the aged require less food than at former periods would be unnecessary, only that a diminished appetite in old persons is some times regarded by them as a serious symptom, and one to be struggled against.

Not infrequently it is found advantageous in later life to take food in small amounts and at short intervals. It will be observed, also, that a lowered vitality calls for sleep as a means of preserving the brighter qualities of the mind.

While heavy cares are properly shifted from the shoulders of the aged, it must be remembered that interest in life is largely maintained by virtue of a helpful attitude toward others, and that to insist that the aged mother of the household shall do nothing is a mistaken kindness.

While the amount of work which may be done is curtailed by advanced age, instances are not lacking to show that the quality of mental labor performed is not necessarily lowered.

THINGS OF VALUE.

"Look here, sir," said the irate customer to the dry goods clerk, "you sold me this piece of goods warranted a fat color. It was green when I bought it, and now it has turned to a sticky blue in less than two weeks."

"Well, madam," expostulated the clerk, "you could hardly expect a color to go faster than that."

The Public should bear in mind that Dr. Thomas' Eucalypto Oil has nothing in common with the impure, deteriorating class of so-called medicinal oils. It is eminently pure and really efficacious in relieving pain and lameness, stiffness of the joints and muscles, and aches or burns, besides being an excellent specific for rheumatism, coughs and bronchial complaints.

First burglar—Wot's dat?  
Second burglar—Bunch o' dressmakers' bills.  
First burglar—Recipited?  
Second burglar—Recipited.  
First burglar—Come on; let's get out o' here!

Why will you allow a cough to lacerate your throat or lungs and run the risk of filling a consumptive's grave when by the timely use of Bickie's Anti-Consumptive Syrup the pain can be allayed and the danger avoided. This Syrup is pleasant to the taste, and unsurpassed for relieving, healing and curing all affections of the throat and lungs, coughs, colds, bronchitis, etc., etc.

Rev. Dr. Gollie—But how do you manage to interest so many in your charitable work?  
Mrs. Dursling—Well, doctor, I find that a card with "Dancing on the lower corner" seems almost as attractive as the promise of future bliss.

They Cleanse the System Thoroughly.—Farnell's Vegetable Pills clear the stomach and bowels of bilious matter, cause the excretory vessels to throw off impurities from the blood into the bowels and expel the deleterious mass from the body. They also speedily realize their good offices as soon as they begin to take effect. They have strong recommendations from all kinds of people.

The doctor—In your wife's present condition, sir she must have no sudden shocks.  
Then I'd better come home at 8 o'clock tomorrow morning as usual.

They Advertise Themselves.—Immediately they were offered to the public, Farnell's Vegetable Pills became popular because of the good report they made for themselves. That reputation has grown, and they now rank among the first medicines for use in attacks of dyspepsia and biliousness, or for the relief of the liver and kidneys, rheumatism, complaints of the liver and kidneys, rheumatism, and all the numerous complications to which these ailments give rise.

Oldhamme—Young man, have an ideal. Have an ideal, I say, and hug it to your bosom at all times and places. She won't allow me.

The superiority of Mother's Graves' Worm Expeller is shown by its good effects on the children. Purchase a bottle and give it a trial.

The laugh is on a well-known society fellow. His candid opinion is that he knows more than any other man in the city. He was so "wise" at a function the other evening that everybody became disgusted.

A young woman asked him a question as he started to leave.  
"O! I won't tell everything I know," he responded, first assuming a superior air.  
"You have plenty of time," she rejoined; "we're not going for a whole minute."

Corn causes intolerable pain. Holloway's Corn Cure removes the trouble. Try it, and see what amount of pain is saved.

"Did you hear about the poetical way in which the Billies announced the death of their pet dog?"  
"No. How was it?"  
"They said: 'We regret to announce that our little Ferlie has stored his bars for the other shore.'"

To Faith.  
Beside thy gracious hearth content I stay,  
Or with thee late's appointed journey go;  
I lean upon thee when my step is slow,  
I wrap me with thee in the naked day.

With thee, so loneliness, no pathless way,  
The wind is heaven's, to take as it shall blow;  
More than thy voice, thy hand I need not know,  
I may not stray, for I shall not stray.

The Monkey and the Match-Box.  
Monkeys are always happy if they have plenty to eat and something to play with. Prof. R. L. Garner, in his 'Apes and Monkeys,' says that he recalls no invest-

ment which ever yielded a greater return in pleasure than a certain little pocket match-safe, which cost twenty-five cents. He gave it to a little monkey, Nellie by name, after putting into it a small key to make it rattle, and some bits of candy.

She rattled the box and found much pleasure in the noise. I showed her how to press the spring in order to open the box, but her little black fingers were not strong enough to release the spring.

However, she caught the idea and knew that the spring was the secret which held the box closed. When she found that she could not open it with her fingers, she tried it with her teeth. Failing in this, she turned to the wall, and standing upright on the top of her cage, she took the box in both hands and struck the spring against the wall until the lid flew open.

She was perfectly delighted at the result, and for the hundredth time, at least, I closed the box for her to open it again.

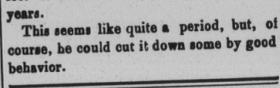
The next time Nellie received the match safe she was in her cage, and through it meshes she could not reach the wall. She had nothing against which to strike the spring to force it open.

After looking around and striking the box several times against the wires of the cage, she discovered a block of wood about six inches square. She took this and mounted her perch. Balancing the block on the perch, she held it with the left foot, while with the right foot she clung to the perch. With her tail wound around the meshes of the cage to steady herself, she carefully adjusted the match-box in such a manner as to protect her fingers from the blow. Then she struck against the block of wood, and the lid flew open.

She fairly screamed with delight as she held up the box.

Might Out of the 39.  
A Detroit street railway magnate has neglected to provide his street cars with a certain safety appliance, and for this neglect is liable to imprisonment for 3039 years.

This seems like quite a period, but, of course, he could cut it down some by good behavior.



The "Albert" Toilet Soap Co's Baby's Own Soap makes youngsters, clean, sweet, and fresh.

It keeps their delicate skins in good order. Made entirely from vegetable fats, it is an emollient as well as a cleanser, and is as useful on a lady's toilet as in the nursery. Faintly but exquisitely aromatic.

Beware of imitations.

APRIOL & STEEL PILLS  
for Ladies.

A REMEDY FOR IRREGULARITIES.  
Superseding Bitter Apple, Fil Coclis, PITS, Peanyroyal, &c.  
Order of all Chemists, or post free for \$1.50 from EVANS & SONS, LTD., Montreal and Toronto, Canada. Victoria, B. C., or Martin Pharmaceutical Chemist, Southampton Eng.

BRANDIES!  
Landing ex "Corean."  
100 Ct. Villed XXX  
100 " Tobit & Co.  
100 " Mori, Fresno.  
100 " Octave "

THOS. L. BOURKE  
25 WATER STREET.

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.

WANTED SALESMEN to travel with most complete line of Falmes, Colors and Varieties on the market. Jewel Binding Co., Patent Department, Cleveland, Ohio. S-18-01.

HUSTLING YOUNG MAN can make \$50.00 per month and expense, pass agent position, experience unnecessary. Write quick for particulars. Clark & Co., 414 & Locust Street, Philadelphia, Pa.

# The Mutual Life Insurance Company OF NEW YORK

RICHARD A. McCURDY, President.

STATEMENT FOR THE YEAR ENDING AUGUST 11, 1900.

Income,	\$ 58,890,077 21
Disbursements,	38,597,480 68
Assets,	304,844,637 52
Policy Reserves,	251,711,988 61
Guarantee Fund or Surplus,	50,132,548 91
Insurance and Annuities in Force,	1,052,665,211 64
Loans on Policies During the Year,	4,374,636 86

J. A. JOHNSON, General Agent for the Maritime Provinces and Newfoundland

ROBERT MARSHALL, Cashier and Agent, St. John, N. B.  
M. McDADE, Agent, St. John, N. B.  
C. E. SCAMMELL, Agent, St. John, N. B.

Job Printing Department.

## Job... Printing.

Are your Letter Heads, Bill Heads, Statements, or Envelopes running short? Do you consider that you could effect a saving in this part of your business? Why not secure quotations your work before placing an order?

Consult Us for Prices.

And you will find that you can get Printing of all kinds done in a manner and style that is bound to please you. We have lately added new type to our already well-equipped plant, and are prepared to furnish estimates on all classes of work at short notice.

Job Printing Department.

29 to 31 Canterbury Street.

## CAFE ROYAL

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

Retail dealer in...  
CROIC WINE, ALES and LIQUORS.  
OYSTERS always on hand. FISH and GAME in season.

MEALS AT ALL HOURS.  
DINNER A SPECIALTY.

QUEEN HOTEL,  
FREDERICTON, N. B.  
A. NEWLANDS, Proprietor.

## THE DUFFERIN

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

## Victoria Hotel,

81 to 87 King Street, St. John, N. B.  
Electric Passenger Elevator  
and all the latest improvements.  
D. W. McCORMACK, Proprietor

SOCIAL and PERSONAL.

(CONTINUED FROM FIFTH PAGE.)

A bad fall early Friday morning which gave her a severe shock. Mrs W A Murchie has been quite ill for several days. Miss Margaret Maxwell has been the guest recently of Miss Roberts Murchie. Mrs F P MacNichol recently sang a solo in the Union church and has received many pleasant encomiums in regard to it. Miss Vera Young has returned to her school duties at Quincy Mansion, Wollaston, Mass. Mrs John F Grant is rapidly recovering her health and is able to dispense with the services of her nurse, who returned to St John on Friday last. Miss Constance Chipman is expected to arrive home from Toronto on Saturday. Mr and Mrs Fred H Lowell will occupy the tenement on Germaine street, Calais, owned by Joseph Eaton. Mrs G D Grimmer of St Andrews is spending a day or two this week with Mrs V A Waterbury in Calais. The young peoples' whist club enjoyed a fine supper and a delightful game of whist at the residence of Mrs and Mr Clark, Calais, Milltown, on Tuesday evening. Miss Jocelyn of Boston is the guest of Mrs B B Murray. Mr and Mrs C F Pray will soon occupy the tenement on Church avenue recently vacated by Mrs A L Clapp. Mrs Lewis Dexter and her two daughters have gone to Boston. Lady Tilley and Miss Isabel Howland are visiting Toronto. Mr and Mrs Daniel McDonald and Mrs Fred Eastman leaves on Wednesday next for Vancouver B C, where they will make their future home.

GASTOWN.

APRIL 24—Mr and Mrs G DeVeber are visiting in St John. Mr Ernest Shields of Fredericton, visited his parents on Friday. Mr and Mrs W B Dingle are visiting friends in Houlton, Maine. Mrs Wm Brander returned on Wednesday from a lengthy visit to friends in St John. The many friends of Mrs Wm Cooper will be pleased to hear that she is recovering from a very serious illness. Mr L A Curry and sister Mrs T H Gilbert of St John were in town last week. Miss Bertha Belyea of St John spent Sunday at home. Mr J R Dunn went to the city on Monday. Mr Johnson Cooper of St John, spent Sunday with friends in Gastown. Mr Thomas Lee of St John, who has been here for a few days has returned home.

Noisy Clocks.

A London firm of clockmakers not long ago discovered that a rival German company was doing a large business in cheap clocks on the west coast of South Africa. After examining one of the clocks, and seeing that there was profit in the transaction, the London firm invested a large sum of money in the manufacture of clocks destined for Africa. They determined to give the native a better article than the German one, and felt sure of success.

The clocks were shipped to the market where the Germans had reaped a rich harvest. The sales were very slow, while the inferior German article went off freely. At last the puzzle was explained. The new clocks were too quiet. Those supplied by the Germans had a particularly aggressive tick that satisfied the savage's love of noise. The noiseless clock might be, and was, a better timekeeper, but the natives would have none of it.

At the next shipment this was charged. Worth gave place to sound, and clocks went to Africa that ticked loudly enough to satisfy the most noise-loving native. The people were delighted, and the clocks sold.

Sensible Conclusion.

Two doctors once had a disagreement—as the best of doctors sometime will have—and lost their tempers.

'I hesitate to say just what I think of you,' angrily exclaimed one of the two, 'for you have not many years to live! Consumption has marked you for a victim.'

'Oh, it has, has it? How do you know?' 'By the clubbing of your fingers,' referring to the swelling away of the fingers near where they join the hands. 'Do I need to call your attention to that?'

'Perhaps not,' retorted the other. 'But do you know you bear the unmistakable indication of an early death yourself?'

'Where, sir?' 'In those hollows at the back of your neck near the head, where you can't see them. They denote a fatal lack of vitality.'

'In that case,' rejoined the one who had spoken first, extending his hand, 'we are foolish to quarrel. Let us prescribe for each other.'

They are still alive, and apparently in excellent health.

Naming the Weather.

In a New Hampshire hill town there is one man who has provided his contemporaries with a good many phrases and sayings which they regard as valuable additions to knowledge.

One raw afternoon in February a citizen of the town entered Uncle Ephraim's paint shop and proceeded to find fault with the weather.

'Don't see how a body's going to know how to contrive, such weather as this,' he grumbled. 'Go without an umbrella, and you come a snow-fly, and here you can

say a word like as not you're all wet and left in shape to catch cold. And if you mind the folks and take an umbrella along, more'n likely there's sech gusts you can't hold the peaky thing up.'

'Um-m,' said Uncle Ephraim, with a nod of sympathy, 'I know just what you mean. Real cat-weather, 'tis; lots o' squall an' spit to it.'

WORLD'S END NEAR, THEY THINK.

Maine Adventists Expect Mrs. Ellen White to Reveal the Day of Judgment.

Again, with renewed confidence, the adventists of Maine are preparing for the end of the world and the second coming of Christ. They believe that at the great conference of their church at Battle Creek, Mich., which closed on April 23, the exact date of the day of judgment would be revealed by Mrs. Ellen White, the prophetess of the faith. Mrs. White has already announced that the end of the world is very near, and in Maine the adventists take this to mean that the dissolution of all things earthly will occur in the present year.

The adventists of Maine, like the prohibitionists of the state, are famed for their tenacity of belief. Through all sorts of disappointments they cling to what they think to be the truth. Since the great disappointment of 1844, when the world failed to stop on Oct. 1 the day appointed by William Miller, the Maine adventists have on several occasions gathered upon hills and by rivers, clad in white robes, and confidently awaited the final collapse.

Repeated disappointments seem to have had little power to discourage them or to weaken their faith, and to day they are, if anything, firmer than before in their belief that the end of the world is near, and that 'this time their prophets will read the book of Daniel aight and announce the day when the Saviour shall reappear on earth.

Not only do the adventists of Maine feel confidence in the prophecies of the approaching end, but they are joined in this belief by other strange sects, including all manner of dissenters from commonly accepted beliefs, and some day this year it is expected that there will be another and numerous gathering of enthusiasts in white robes, awaiting the judgment.

In times past strange scenes have been enacted hereabout on such occasions. Well-to-do people have given away all their earthly belongings to others, thus overlooking the obvious fact that should the world come to an end, the property would be of no use to any one. In the town of Orrington several of the most prosperous farmers disposed of their property and worse than that, one of them in the excess of his zeal mounted to his barn roof, expecting to be taken up therefrom into heaven, and treading too blindly in the support of providence fell to the ground and suffered mortal injuries.

Why the Whistle Blew

A leading railroad lawyer, who has had much to do with human nature, says to a Detroit reporter: 'Never cross-ques' on an Irishman on the old sod.' And he gave an illustration from his own experience.

A section-hand had been killed by an express train, and his widow was suing for damages. The main witness swore positively the locomotive whistle had not sounded until after the whole train had passed over his departed friend.

'See here, McGinnis,' said I, 'you admit that the whistle blew?'

'Yes, sir, it blowed, sor.'

'Now if that whistle sounded in time to give Michael warning, the fact would be in favor of the company, wouldn't it?'

'Yes, sor, and M'ke would be tistifyin' here this day.' The jury giggled.

'Very well. Now what earthly purpose could there be for the engine to blow his whistle after M'ke had been struck?'

'I presume that the whistle wor for the first mon on 'e track, sor.'

I quit, and the widow got all she asked,

Fact and Fiction

Mr. Jenkins, on returning home in the evening, was pleased to find that the heavy snow which had fallen during the day had been carefully shoveled from the front walk.

'Who did it, Lucy?' he asked.

'I was about to tell you,' replied his wife. 'I never put in such a day in my life. I've been besieged by a whole army of men, all wanting to clean 'at walk.'

They drove me absolutely crazy. The snow was falling like great guns all the time, too. As soon as it quit, though, I gave the job to a poor man who was a perfect living skeleton. There wasn't a thing of him but 'is and bones.'

'Lucy, interrupted Mr. Jenkins, with a roar, 'you're reading these popular historical novels again!'

'Why do you say that?'

'Because you've contracted the historical novel disease. I can't tell where your fact leaves off and your fiction begins.'

"Seeing is Believing."

When you see people cured by a remedy, you must believe in its power. Look around you. Friends, relatives, neighbors all say that Hood's Sarsaparilla, America's Greatest Medicine, cleansed the blood of their dear ones and they rise en masse to sing its praises. There's nothing like it in the world to purify the blood.

Sores—"My health was poor and I had a sore on one of my limbs. My father thought I better try Hood's Sarsaparilla, and I did so and the sores are now all better. Whenever I do not feel well I take Hood's." Miss Nellie Ed. Law, Richmond, Quebec.



WENT BRAVELY TO DEATH.

A Confederate Captain Who Deserted to See His Dying Mother.

'In the four years I served in the Army of Northern Virginia,' said the old Confederate, in a reminiscent mood, 'I saw more men killed than I'd care to count. In the course of the war, three out of the four men who were tent-mates with me were killed. Each one went down within ten feet of me, one with his head torn away by a shell, the second with a rife ball that tore a great hole in his jugular vein and the third from an overdose of bayonet, when we got at close quarters with the Yankees one afternoon at Seven Pines. My command lost 53 per cent. in one battle, and as we usually came pretty near evening things up with the other fellows, I have been a witness at a pretty fair share of violent deaths.

'In battle, after the man gets over his first scare at going into the line of fire, the brute in him usually makes him forget that he is a coward. When he sees the fellow next to him fall, he sorter feels sorry and has a pretty strong desire to come to close quarters with the man that did it and let a little daylight into him. Fighting as we had to, I got so that I could see a man killed in battle with as little worry as if he had been a partridge.

'But there is one incident that happened near the end of the war that keeps coming back to memory, and every time I think of it I wish I had been somewhere else on the morning it happened.

'You know, near the close of the war the poor, half-starved devils got to deserting pretty frequently. It was war and there was but one way to remedy it—a wooden cross, the deserter and the firing squad.

'One morning I led my command and started over to talk to some old friends in a Mississippi regiment. I got about half of the distance, when I ran into a little body of men. Two of them had their eyes blindfolded and their hands tied behind them. The first fellow couldn't have been more than 25. He was tall, straight as an arrow, with dark, curly brown hair, and his face was the handsomest and the saddest I ever saw. He was walking quietly and steadily. I couldn't see his eyes, but not a muscle of his face was twitching, and his feet were planted fairly and squarely on the ground. I noticed that he wore the uniform of a captain.

'The second fellow had to be held up by four men. Every few steps he would fall to the ground perfectly limp and it seemed, lifeless. When the men would get him up he would scream and cry like a scared child. He was a great, big, raw-boned North Carolinian, and his terror would have been disgusting if it hadn't been so pitiable.

'I followed the little procession for a hundred yards to where the line of crosses stood. The captain was to be shot first.

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As they placed him with his back to the cross he said: 'Man, you know me. I've led you in thirty fights, and you've never seen me shy from a gun muzzle yet, have you? I just want you to take this bandage off my eyes, and as long as I've got to die let me die like a man. I've give you the order to fire many a time, and I'd like to give my last order, if you'll let me; The Lieutenant hesitated, and then he said: 'Jack, I'll do it, if I get shot for it.'

'They unbound his eyes. He straightened himself for a minute, took a long look all about him, then facing his men in as steady a voice as ever I listened to, 'Ready! Aim! Fire!'

'They fired, and he pitched straight forward his full length, dead before he struck the ground. Then they tried to bind the Tar-heel to the cross, but he writhed and moaned and twisted away from it like a snake with a broken back. They gave it up, and he was shot while he was crawling along the ground, screaming out prayers for mercy.

'I heard afterward that the Captain, hearing that his old mother was dying, had asked leave to go to his old home, which was only twelve miles away. We needed every man, then, and the permit was refused. He slipped away, but before he got back Grant made one of his attacks on our lines. The captain's company went into action for the first time without him at the head of it. He returned for a court-martial. Deserting had become too common for any excuse to be taken for it, and he was ordered to be shot the next morning. By some chance a detail of his own company was selected for the work. By another chance I happened to see him shot, I wish I hadn't.

Training the Puppy.

Forest and stream has given some wise talk to boys in regard to bringing up dogs from puppyhood, and turning them into good citizens of the canine world. The writer says:

There are two or three things which you must try to remember in connection with the little animal for which you have taken the responsibility.

You must remember, in the first place, that it is like any other young creature, full of spirits, thinking only about itself, and determined to do those things which seem pleasant to it. Your business is to undertake its education. You must begin by making it fond of you; and that means that you must treat it kindly, play with it more or less, feed it yourself, and, in short, cause it to look to you for all the things that make its life pleasant.

Very patiently, very firmly you must instruct it, little by little, in good manners. You must teach it that some things may be done, and that other things are not permitted.

You must remember that this little animal has no knowledge of the English language, and that your words in a new command, are meaningless sounds. One of your first duties is, therefore, to teach it what these sounds are intended to convey, and the lesson is effectual only by enforcing obedience to the command as soon as it is uttered. Thus if you are teaching the pup to charge, which means to lie down, whenever you use the word place your hands on him and gently force him to the ground, his legs all under him and his head flat between his paws; but do not be in haste about it. You may easily confuse and bewilder a puppy, and it is much better to let his education proceed slowly than to make him suffer from unreasonable demands.

One reason why boys, and men also, lose patience with the dogs they are training is that they forget how hard it is for the dog to understand what they mean. Sometimes it does happen that a dog is headstrong and obstinate, but this is very rarely true of a puppy. If he fails to 'mind,' the failure is good evidence that he is not yet familiar with the English language.

"Stadium" and Doctors.

Deba, or southern imporation, was at her duties when I went into the kitchen. A married friend living in New York had invited our cook to pay her a visit. She accosted me with a shrug of her woolly head. So says a writer in Harper's Magazine, who goes on to tell how the conversation proceeded.

'Miss Rule, while Ah'm in Noo Yawk, Ma'y, she wants Ah should go t' a doctah 'bout mah teeth.'

'Well, Della,' said I, 'why not? You've been planning to have them pulled.'

Suddenly a gloomy black face was turned upon me. 'Ah don' know.' She gazed across the table, unconscious as to whether she should proceed.

'Ah don' know.' Ye see, Miss Rule, another pause and an appealing glance,—

'The doctahs 'n' they's stadiums. Ah might git in a stadium's office!'

'A stadium?' I repeated.

'Yass'm. Donche know? Ye has to be



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a studium 'fore ye k'n be a doctah.' 'Oh! I asented.

'An' ye can't tell 'em. Looks jes' like doctahs, acts jes' like doctahs. Got bottles round, 'n' chairs 'n' tables, jes' like doctahs. But, Miss Rule,—in a burst of honor,—'of they's stadiums they kills ye.'

'Oh, no! I teebly gasped.

'Yass'm. Why, Miss Rule, they has to kill some one, or less they can't be a doctah. They has to kill one, shuah.'

'Oh, no! I foolishly insisted. 'Why, no, if they did, Della, they would be hanged.'

'Not down t' my home; not down t' 'Gusta,' said she. 'Less they kills some one, they can't be a doctah,' she insisted. I was dumb. I had no powers of persuasion, no arguments that could convince her that she was wrong.

Scrubbing for Pleasure.

A school of domestic economy at Bethnal Green, London, is said to carry off the palm for enthusiasm among its pupils. The school is built and finished in imitation of an English working man's cottage, and the poor little girls of the district are taken in and trained to be capable housewives.

The school has been a great success and is always crowded to its full capacity, but either the ordinary routine must be dull or the pupils' zeal monumental, for the records show that scrubbing and stone-cleaning are dealt out as rewards to deserving little women. When a pupil has been extraordinarily good she is allowed to scrub a floor or blacken a stove for a treat.

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Although a writer in The for diplomati to do before various Europ in Africa have the two agree concluded in French Govern agreement w unpublished and Spain w country and River, have, the particio scramble am protectorate Africa, which ago, develo years into episodes of century not profound int greater part played by politics of E tioned out Europe, wit selves to the once a tribu guided the C last two dec the future. With the ion of a cor concern our may be use century, to territorial a some sort have been speak with connection a paper than a resting p invention i may be tak present ter tent. St only be a r ities differ, many year of the vari tent can particulari mates of p ities; differ pose can b guesses wh of the Congo Sir H. M. authority f King Lee 30,000,000 tin gives t another at about eigh crepancies is to wait before act of the pop The to figures, t square m included islands an are left o Although ed by the is not yet have been tive areas the Frenc as an ditions h colonies Coast, a of the old been divi although tion, are general cupied b er part t been ma either c is at th subjecti lies to t Sahara. passed Chad to

ST. JOHN, N. B., SATURDAY, APRIL 27, 1901.

## The Partition of Africa.

Although there still remains, says a writer in The London Times, much work for diplomats and boundary commissions to do before the territorial limits of the various European powers and native States in Africa have been accurately determined, the two agreements which Lord Salisbury concluded in 1898 and 1899 with the French Government, the still more recent agreement with Germany, and the as yet unpublished agreement between France and Spain with reference to the Adrar country and the settlements on the Muni River, have, broadly speaking, completed the partition of the continent. The scramble among the European powers for protectorates and spheres of influence in Africa, which began fifteen or twenty years ago, developed during the intervening years into one of the most remarkable episodes of the nineteenth century, a century not wanting in events of the most profound interest to humanity. That the greater part of a continent which so recently played but an insignificant part in the politics of Europe should have been partitioned out among the great powers of Europe, without any recourse among themselves to the rude arbitrament of war, is at once a tribute to the statesmen who have guided the destinies of Europe during the last two decades, and a good augury for the future.

With the fascination story of the partition of a continent we do not propose to concern ourselves for the moment, but it may be useful, at the beginning of a new century, to attempt a brief survey of the territorial results of the scramble, now that some sort of modified finality appears to have been reached. It is necessary to speak with caution of 'finality' in such a connection. The partition is still largely a paper partition. It is cartographical rather than actual. But it marks, at least a resting place in the history of European invention in Africa of which advantage may be taken to attempt a survey of the present territorial distribution of the continent. Such a survey can, of necessity, only be a rough approximation. Authorities differ, estimates vary, and it will be many years before the area and population of the various divisions of the African continent can be stated with any degree of particularity. Indeed so far as the estimates of population are concerned, authorities differ so widely that no practical purpose can be served by tabulating the rough guesses which have been made. To take the Congo Free State as a single example; Sir H. M. Stanley is still quoted as the authority for estimating the population of King Leopold's African kingdom at 30,000,000 while M. Vivien de Saint Martin gives the population as 14,000,000 and another authority places it at somewhere about eight millions. In face of such discrepancies, it is plain that the wisest course is to wait for more trustworthy information before attempting to arrive at any estimate of the population of the African continent.

The total area of Africa is, in round figures, some eleven and a half million square miles. Except that Madagascar is included in French Africa, the various islands around the coast of the continent are left out of account in this calculation. Although the whole of the territory affected by the Anglo-French agreement of 1899 is not yet allocated, very material changes have been introduced into the administrative areas in the French Sudan. Indeed the French Sudan has entirely disappeared as an administrative unit. Large additions have been made to the existing colonies of Senegal, Guinea, the Ivory Coast, and Dabomey, and the remainder of the old Sudan administrative area has been divided into military districts, which, although, under direct military administration, are yet dependent on the governor-general of French West Africa, a post occupied by a civil official. Over the greater part of the Sahara no attempt has yet been made to extend French jurisdiction, either civil or military, but an expedition is at this moment engaged in reducing to submission the Twat group of oases, which lies to the south of Morocco in the western Sahara. Recent expeditions, which have passed round the northern end of Lake Chad to the Shari region are reported to

have concluded treaties with the chiefs in Kanem, but for practical purposes the group of Central African states around Lake Chad may be dealt with separately. Certainly, the powerful state, Wadai, which is included within the French sphere of influence by the agreement of 1899, has not been even nominally reduced into possession. The Sahara is also dealt with separately, except that the comparatively small portion attached to Algeria has been retained under the head of Algerian Sahara. The vexed question where British East Africa ends and the Egyptian Sudan begins has not yet received an authoritative answer, but the tenth parallel of northern latitude has been taken for the present purpose as roughly indicating the line of division between the British and the Anglo-Egyptian spheres of influence.

The following table must be taken as a rough approximation only, (except in the more settled regions to the north and south of the continent:—

British.	Square miles.
Cape Colony.....	277 151
Natal and Zululand.....	29,434
Basutoland.....	10 293
Bechuanaland.....	386 200
Transvaal Colony.....	119 139
Orange River Colony.....	48 826
Rhodesia.....	600,000
British Central Africa Protectorate.....	42,217
British East Africa, including Nile Basin to 10 deg. N.....	670 000
Somaliland.....	68 000
Northern Nigeria.....	310 000
Niger Coast (S. Nigeria).....	21 500
Lagos and Yorubs.....	20 500
Gold Coast and Hinterland.....	74 500
Sierra Leone.....	38 100
Gambia.....	3 500
<b>Total.....</b>	<b>2,719,910</b>
<b>French.</b>	
Algeria proper.....	184 474
Algerian Sahara.....	123 500
Tunis.....	51 090
Senegal.....	182,000
Guinea.....	92 000
Ivory Coast.....	119 500
Dabomey.....	59 600
Sudan Military District.....	183 000
Congo and Gabon.....	550 000
Bagirmi Wadai, Kanem.....	126 000
Sahara (including Tibesti).....	1,892 000
Somaliland.....	14 000
Madagascar.....	228 500
<b>Total.....</b>	<b>3,804,974</b>
<b>German.</b>	
East Africa.....	385 000
Southwest Africa.....	322 450
Cameroons.....	191 130
Togoland.....	34 800
<b>Total.....</b>	<b>933 380</b>
<b>Italian.</b>	
Eritrea.....	88 500
Somaliland.....	100,000
<b>Total.....</b>	<b>188,500</b>
<b>Portuguese.</b>	
Guinea.....	4 394
Angola.....	484 730
East Africa.....	301,000
<b>Total.....</b>	<b>790,124</b>
<b>Spanish.</b>	
Rio de Oro.....	167 400
Muni River.....	1 750
<b>Total.....</b>	<b>169,150</b>
<b>Turkish.</b>	
Tripoli and Benghazi.....	398 900
<b>Egypt.</b>	
Egypt proper.....	400,000
Anglo-Egyptian Sudan.....	610 000
<b>Total.....</b>	<b>1,010,000</b>
<b>Separate States.</b>	
Congo Free State.....	900 000
Liberia.....	52 000
Morocco.....	219 000
Abyssinia.....	320 000
<b>Total.....</b>	<b>1,491,000</b>
<b>Nominally under Turkish suzerainty.</b>	
Summarizing the totals thus obtained, we arrive at the following result:—	
<b>Square miles.</b>	
British.....	2 719 974
French.....	3 804 974
German.....	938 580
Italian.....	188 500
Portuguese.....	790 124
Spanish.....	169 150
Turkish.....	398 900
Egyptian.....	1,010,000
Separate States.....	491,000
<b>Total.....</b>	<b>11,499,988</b>

It is probable that as regards the areas

in the above table, they are over rather than underestimated, for the natural tendency is to exaggerate rather than to diminish the extent of one's possessions. But taking the figures for what they are worth it is apparent that the three principal participants in the scramble have not done at all badly. Germany, a comparative late comer in the field, has secured close on a million square miles in four "Estates," three of which at least are well populated, and afford abundant opportunity for the exercise of the traditional qualities of her people. In the matter of the superficial extent of her possessions, France is an essay first, though we should run her close if Egypt and the Egyptian Sudan were added to Great Britain's African possessions. It is true that the sands of the Sahara give as yet little promise of commercial advantage to France, but both on the Mediterranean and on the West Coast France has colonies which, if properly administered, should prove a source of permanent prosperity to the republic. If the number of actual or prospective customers were taken as the test, it is certain that Great Britain would be ahead of all competitors, while in the thickly-populated basin of the Congo the Sovereign of the Free State has command of markets which should at some future time prove of great value to the commerce of Europe.

**West 1d and Vicinity.**  
The Passenger Department of the Canadian Pacific Railway announce that arrangements have been made whereby the suburban train service of that Company, to points between St. John and Welsford this season, commencing June 10th, will be very much superior to anything yet offered.

In the first place there will be a local suburban express leaving Lingley at 6 40 A. M., arriving in St. John 7 20 A. M. The Fredericton express, making all stops Welsford to St. John, will, as usual, reach St. John at 8 20 A. M.

For the benefit of Sunday School Picnics and small excursion parties, and others who wish to spend a day in the country, there will be a local express leaving St. John at 9 10 A. M., making all intermediate stops as far as Welsford. This train will return to St. John behind the Montreal and Boston expresses, reaching St. John at 12 35 P. M.

On Wednesdays and Saturdays there will be a special trip of the suburban train, leaving St. John at 1 00 p. m. and returning leave Welsford at 2 10 p. m., arriving at St. John 3 10 p. m.

The outward service for the suburban residents will be, leaving St. John 4 30 p. m. by local express, making all stops, and the 5 35 p. m. Boston express, making Fairville, Grand Bay, Westfield and Welsford stops, and the 7 30 p. m. Fredericton express, making all local stops.

On Saturday night the accommodation train due to leave at 5 55 p. m. will be held until 10 00 p. m. for the accommodation of suburban residents as far as Welsford.

For the return of picnic parties and excursionists there will be a trip of the suburban train leaving Welsford at 5 55 p. m. arriving at St. John at 7 00 p. m. making all local stops; and in addition to this there will be the regular eastbound express from Welsford passing Welsford at 9 40 p. m., stopping on flag at Lingley, Westfield, Rivertank, Grand Bay, Ingleisle and Fairville, due at St. John 10 30 p. m.

The time used above in each case is Eastern Standard.

The Passenger Department propose to issue in the course of a few days a folder giving complete time of each of the above trains and showing local, commutation and family ticket rates from St. John to all points as far as Welsford; also information regarding picnics, Saturday—Monday excursions, etc.

**The Fly Settled the Question.**

At a recent meeting of the Entomological Society in London the president, Mr. G. H. Verrill, told an amusing story to prove that a knowledge of insects may even be useful in settling questions in literary history. Commentators on the works of Robert Louis Stevenson were trying in vain to discover whether the notes made by him in a certain book were written before or after he took up his residence in Samoa. It happened that a fly had been squashed between the pages, and when Mr. Verrill saw it, he instantly recognized it as belonging to a species peculiar to the Polynesian islands. That settled the question.

## Plague's Hold on India.

Some figures of the Indian census cabled from London have already shown the ravages of plague and famine in India. Letters written from Simla on March 7 show that matters have been even worse than those figures indicated, and that though the famine is now nearly at an end, the plague is almost as bad as ever.

The following passages reveal a state of affairs which surprises persons who have thought for some time that all was well again.

The Viceroy, toward the end of last year, estimated that the total mortality through the famine of 1899-1900 would amount to about 750,000. It is almost certain that this computation will prove far too low. Many experts are of the opinion that at least double that number died, directly or indirectly. The census figures for Marwar alone are significant enough. Here we find a decrease of 600,000 souls. It is not unlikely that the northern portions of Bombay may show a decrease of a round million, most of which must be directly due to the terribly severe famine of last year. In the central provinces, the majority of the districts so far show heavy decreases. Thus Jubbulpore district is 67,000 to the bad, Narsingpur 53,000, Seoni 44,000, and so on.

During the last ten years the central provinces have had at least five years of either acute scarcity or downright famine, and a decrease in the rural population was therefore, to some extent inevitable. In the northwest provinces, which have been more favored in the matter of good seasons, things are somewhat better; but even here the tendency is, on the whole, toward a decrease. Mirzapur district shows a decrease of 78,000, Ghazipur one of 110,000, Benares 38,000, Benares City 16,000 and so on. The important town and provincial capital of Allahabad shows increase of only 336 persons in ten years. Elsewhere in India we find Bangalore, one of the principal cantonments in the south, exhibiting a decrease of no less than 23 per cent as compared with 1891. In this case plague is held to account for the deficiency.

Perhaps at no time since its first appearance in Bombay, in the autumn of 1896, has the plague been more serious in India than at the present moment. If one hears less about it this is simply because everybody has got so used to its continued presence, which is taken very much as a matter of course. In Bombay city the people have grown absolutely callous. There is no longer a scare, no longer a precipitate flight to the country districts. The disease has established its right to a permanent residence in the western capital, and this right has been tacitly conceded by the inhabitants. Nothing could be more marked than the positive indifference of the natives of Bombay to the ravages of the pestilence. The lower orders, profiting by the policy of laissez faire which the authorities, for political motives, felt compelled to adopt last year, have ceased either to take the most elementary precautions themselves or to allow other people to do this for them. The more enlightened native citizens not only make no attempt to combat the ignorant prejudices and bigoted opinions of their humble fellows, but positively encourage them in their passive resistance to the simplest sanitary laws.

Yet in Poona cantonment, not much more than a hundred miles away, excellent results have been obtained by adopting precautions. Last year, when another outbreak seemed imminent, the military authorities did what they could to encourage the people to submit to inoculation. In a few months upward of 14,000 persons, out of a population of some 35,000, had undergone the operation. The results were almost immediately apparent, and triumphantly vindicated the merits of the plague prophylactic. In Poona city, which adjoins the cantonment, plague was raging furiously. There the accepted policy of the day, a policy forced on Lord Curzon by the blind fanaticism of the people of India, held full sway. In a short time there were upward of 5,000 plague cases, with 4,311 deaths out of a population of not much more than 100,000. The cantonment as stated, ad-

joins the city. Communication between the two is as incessant as between Fleet street and the Strand; yet thanks to the precautions adopted by Gen. Burnett and the military authorities the cases in the cantonment only numbered 210, with 143 deaths, out of a population of upward of 30,000. The native soldiers, who mix freely in the bazaars, were inoculated. Only one case occurred among them, and that proved mild, the patient recovering.

Calcutta has never shaken off the plague, but somehow or other it does not seem a very favorable place for the spread of the epidemic. Elsewhere in Bengal, however, the outlook is more disquieting. Patna, Monghyr, Gya and other towns and districts are now absolutely in the grip of the pestilence. The mortality in these places has for weeks past been of an alarming character. The plague is spreading. From Patna it has crossed the Ganges into the planting districts of Behar. Thence it has gone to Ballia, a somewhat fanatical place in the northwest provinces.

From Ballia the plague has lately spread to Benares. It could hardly have taken a more fatal course. Benares is the sacred city of the Hindoos. Thither flock, from every part of India, hundreds of thousands of devotees, of both sexes and of every age, eager to worship at the sacred shrines and bathe in the holy Ganges. Thus from Benares infection is carried to every portion, however remote, of India. An outbreak of plague in such a centre is therefore, one of the most serious calamities which has so far occurred in the history of that pestilence in India. It is rendered more serious by the character of the population. All that is most bigoted, most fanatical, most opposed to British rule and the spread of Western science and civilization is concentrated at Benares. There are to be found in hundreds the fakirs, jogis, sanyasis and other mendicants, and ascetics, the majority of whom are the bitter enemies of our rule in India. There the flame of religious fervor burns at its brightest. To attempt in such a place to check the pestilence by ordinary and common-sense measures of sanitation would mean an immediate tumult and bloodshed. The disinfection of houses is regarded as wholesale defilement; the segregation of the sick as a preliminary to their murder.

Sir Antony MacDonnell, the Lieutenant-Governor, has just visited the place, and has spoken to the people on the necessity of adopting such precautions as the vaccination of houses, disinfection and inoculation. After him there got up a retired Judge, an intelligent gentleman, well acquainted with the prejudices of the people. He declared that they would have neither house vaccination nor inoculation, though the more enlightened amongst them might perhaps allow disinfection. With prejudices such as these to contend with, it may be imagined how great are the difficulties of the local authorities in dealing with the plague.

The Government of India has estimated that for the first three months of the current year a sum of 36 lakhs in excess of their previous estimates will be required for famine relief in Bombay, while a further sum of 106 lakhs has been estimated for the period after April 1, next. There is no longer any doubt that the situation in a large portion of Bombay is past saving, and is, in fact, very serious indeed. The Bombay Deccan never had any rain worth mentioning last season, and the result is that crops were either not sown or withered for want of moisture. Water and fodder for cattle, even drinking water for human beings, are extremely scarce, and acute famine will exist for several months to come. In Gujerat, once the garden of India, things are worse. The hardy peasant of the Deccan is more or less inured to famine. He is accustomed to a scarcity of rain in his stony wastes on the average every third year. With the Gujerati, however, the conditions are entirely different. Both he and his cattle are incapable of successfully meeting the wear and tear of famine. The Government is understood to be already organizing measures of relief on a large scale, and it is hoped that these will comprise village works, and not huge camps 20,000 strong.



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# Taken for Granted.

IN TWO INSTALLMENTS—PART I.

A flush rose to his face. "Good heavens! You here, Miss Fortescue?" he exclaimed, as he went hastily towards her.

"That was Mrs. Rothsay, was it not?" Honour was almost startled to hear herself uttering these words. They seemed to fall from her lips without any volition of her own.

Clive stared at her for a moment. "You have heard of her, then?" he said, in a low, constrained voice. "You are acquainted with our miserable story?"

"Yes." Honour did not doubt that he referred to the fact of his being the husband of a mad wife.

"But—how—?" He broke off suddenly. "It does not matter," he muttered under his breath.

"I heard of it quite by accident, Mr. Rothsay," Honour said; she divined what his unspoken words would have been. "I hope you do not think I would wilfully pry into your secrets."

"Indeed I do not, Miss Fortescue." He hesitated a moment. Then he said: "May I ask you not to mention what you have just witnessed? It is not that I wish to make a secret of Mrs. Rothsay's existence; indeed, the fact of its having come to your knowledge proves that I could not do so; but, as you may suppose, we do not wish the matter to be talked about more than necessary; and besides that, I should like to keep this outbreak of hers from my mother and Githa, as it would make them very nervous and uneasy."

"You may rest assured that no one will hear of it from me, Mr. Rothsay. But has she been like this long?"

"For some years; though, when I first knew her, she was apparently as sane as you or I; she had been a wife some months before she showed symptoms of the dreadful disease we then learnt was hereditary in her father's family. For generations insanity had shown itself in some of its members; he himself committed suicide, and two of his brothers are now in an asylum—hopeless homicidal maniacs."

"But how cruel—how wicked of her friends to conceal such a thing!" exclaimed Honour indignantly.

"It was indeed, and the consequences have been terrible," answered Clive, with a deep sigh. "I must, however, in justice, tell you that Valerie was ignorant of the awful doom which was probably hanging over her, and her mother was firmly convinced that she would escape it altogether. She died a few weeks after her daughter's marriage, and so she never knew the evil her duplicity had wrought. The first symptom Valerie exhibited of the disease was the murder of her child—"

"Oh, Mr. Rothsay! Do you actually mean that she killed her own child?" interrupted Honour in horrified accents.

"She did, indeed. She took advantage of the nurse's absence, and strangled the poor little thing. After that we could not keep her with us, and she was taken to an asylum."

"But I suppose she got bitter before you took her away?"

Clive shook his head.

"She has never been better, and there is no hope that she ever will be," he said sadly. "But after our reverses, I found it impossible to keep up at the establishment where she had been placed; and then, as neither my mother nor I could bear the idea of sending her to an interior one, where, perhaps, she might not have been well treated, we decided to engage a nurse, and bring her here with us."

"But is it not rather dangerous to have her here, Mr. Rothsay?"

"We take every precaution. The nurse is thoroughly experienced, and it is seldom that Valerie has these violent attacks without warning; besides, I am always careful to be within call."

"I suppose you have more influence over her than anyone else?" observed Honour.

"I? Clive looked distinctly surprised. "I have none—except that of superior strength. In fact, she hates me," he said. "I believe she never liked me in her heart, and now the sight of me rouses her to fury. I always keep away from her as much as possible."

"If she disliked you, why did she marry you?" was the question that rose to Honour's lips.

But she restrained it. She thought she understood—Clive had loved Valerie, but she had only married him for his money.

"It is very sad—very terrible for both of you," she said; though, in her heart, she thought that Clive only was deserving of pity.

Then she went indoors to see Githa. Her visit was, however, a brief one, for she found it impossible to keep up conversation on indifferent subjects while her thoughts were all running on one which she must conceal from everybody.

Poor Honour!

She had given her heart to Clive Rothsay. His image was indelibly impressed in the inmost recesses of her soul, and he was a married man!

She was angry and ashamed—the more so because she could find no shadow of excuse for having permitted her heart to go out of her own keeping.

He had never said one word which she

most ordinary friendship would not warrant. But she would conquer this foolish passion.

It was degrading. She would tear it from her heart, and, for the future, see as little as possible of Clive Rothsay.

She adhered to this resolution, and, after that day, avoided him as much as she could without attracting general attention.

Clive, who loved her as deeply as she loved him, though he would never have thought of telling her of it, was much pained by the change in her manner towards him.

"She has guessed my folly, and is taking this method to show her resentment," he thought bitterly. "For the future, I must remember that she is Miss Fortescue of Braydon Hall, while I am only Clive Rothsay, the farmer."

"Is Rothsay in any trouble, or is he ill?" Roy Fortescue asked his sister, one afternoon, about a later, as he came in from a visit to the farm.

"Neither, that I am aware of; but I have not seen him for some time—nearly a week; I think; what makes you suppose that anything is the matter with him?"

Honour spoke quietly enough, but her heart was throbbing painfully.

"Anyone can see that there is. I never saw a man alter as he has done lately—he does not seem to have any life in him; I told him so just now, but he denied that there was anything wrong, and laughed it off. He seems to me as if he had something on his mind."

"Neither Mrs. Rothsay nor Githa has said anything to me about him," Honour answered.

In her own mind she had little doubt that Clive was worried about his wife, but as Roy knew nothing of Valerie, she could not suggest that explanation.

"Are you going up to town, as you talk of doing, Roy?" she asked, a minute or two afterwards.

"Oh, yes; I don't want to miss Vernon—and he sails tomorrow. I shall get a head at Sinclair's, and return some time in the afternoon—most likely by the six-thirty; at any rate, Foster had better meet that."

"And what train are you going up by?" "The four fifteen," Roy replied. "And, by Jove! I have none too much time," he added, as he looked at his watch. "Just ring the bell and tell them to bring the dogcart round at once, will you, dear?"

## CHAPTER VII.

"Oh, miss, such an awful thing has happened at the farm! Mrs. Rothsay has stabbed Mr. Rothsay and killed herself!" Honour's maid told her, when she took up her mistress's hot water the next morning.

Honour sprang up with an exclamation of horror.

"Jenner, are you sure it is true?" she asked hoarsely.

"Quite certain, miss. The groom had it from the man who goes round with the milk from the farm. They say she's been mad for a long time, but it's been kept quiet. I'm sure no one would ever have thought it, such a nice lady as she has always seemed."

"Is Mr. Rothsay much injured?" "As far as she would, Honour could not keep her voice quite steady.

"The doctor don't give much hope of him," Jenner said. "Whatever poor Miss Githa and those dear little children will do all alone, I can't think, it does seem awful—their own mother too!"

Honour, of course, knew that it must be Clive's mad wife who had done this deed, but she did not feel disposed to enlighten the maid just then.

"What she had heard were true, every one would know all there was to know about the wretched maniac soon."

"I will go to the farm; perhaps I can be of help," she said. "Get me a cup of cocoa, Jenner; I will drink it while I am dressing."

As the maid left the room, Honour threw herself on her knees and prayed with all her heart that Clive's life might be spared.

An unnatural stillness seemed brooding over the farm when she reached it.

The men in the yard were doing their work in silence, instead of whistling and singing over it as usual; and even the animals appeared to be less noisy than ordinarily.

"Yes, miss, it's quite true," the girl who opened the door said in answer to Honour's enquiry. "Master's still alive, but the doctor don't seem to think as he'll get over it."

"And Mrs. Rothsay?" "The missus is as well as can be expected after the shock as she's had, but the other one's dead; pity she wasn't before she did all this mischief. But won't you please to come in, miss? The missus is in master's room, but it'll do Miss Githa good to see someone, poor young lady."

Honour went upstairs at once. Githa, who was standing near the window, turned round immediately she entered.

"Oh, Honour, have you heard? Isn't it what she kissed her. "How did it all happen? But first tell me how your brother is." Githa burst into tears.

"I'm afraid to think," she sobbed. "The

doctor says he is so weak from loss of blood that there is only the barest chance for him. He must keep perfectly quiet; but how can he, with all this to worry him? That wretched woman was my sister-in-law. I may tell you that now, for everyone must know it soon. She has been mad for years."

"I have known all about her for some time," Honour told her. "I learned in quite accidentally. Your brother asked me not to mention that I had seen her; otherwise I should have told you."

"Yes, it is like him to keep all unpleasantness to himself. I suppose she had escaped then, as she did now. No one can imagine how she contrived to open her door this morning, but she did it somehow; and then she took a knife from the kitchen, and hid in the passage till Clive came along. She must have known that he usually went out at that little side door. She ought never to have been in the house at all."

"Let me always feel she would do mischief of some kind, and I have told Clive so, but he has always said I was unnecessarily nervous."

"It is indeed a pity that she was ever brought to live here, though it was only natural that your brother should wish to do what would be most for her comfort. How does your mother bear up under this trouble, dear?"

"Bravely, as she always does. She has not left her since it happened, except for a moment to see to the children, who are nearly ill with grief."

"Poor darling!" said Honour compassionately. "Would it not be better for them to be away, Githa? I could take them back with me if your mother would consent; I would take good care of them."

"I know you would, dear; but I don't think they ought to be away, in case Clive's Githa stopped and choked down a sob. "He might ask to see them," she concluded.

Honour understood quite well that she was thinking of the possibility of his wishing to bid them farewell ere he drew his last breath.

"Honour pray that he may be spared to us," Githa went on excitedly. "Pray as you never prayed before. Your prayers should aid him, for you love him, don't you, dear?"

"This question, so utterly unexpected, brought the blood in a hot crimson tide to Honour's pale face."

"—he is one of my most valued friends, and—"

She stopped in confusion, and Githa broke in—

"I don't mean that! I mean you love him—not as a friend, but as a woman loves the man who is all in all to her. It is so, is it not?"

"Hush, hush, dear! you must not say such a thing," cried Honour painfully. "You do not understand."

"But I do understand only too well," persisted Githa. "You think, perhaps, because I am only a useless cripple, that I cannot know what love is; but I do know, to my great sorrow, and that is why I can read your heart so easily."

Honour listened to these impassioned words with amazement, half doubting if the speaker could know what she was saying.

"Who could there be for her to love like this?"

Githa laughed bitterly.

"You deem it impossible," she said; "but do you think my heart must necessarily be maimed and useless because my body is so? Better for me, perhaps, if it had been! But listen, and I will tell you who I love; only, you must promise never to reveal my secret to anyone."

Honour gave the required promise, and then Githa went on in a low voice—

"I love your brother. Of course, I know it is pure madness on my part, since no man could ever think of me as a wife; but I love him all the same. The mere touch of his hand or the sound of his voice thrills me to the heart. He is dearer to me than Clive himself. I never thought such love could be possible."

Honour threw her arms round the girl and kissed her pitifully.

"Oh, Githa, my darling, I am so grieved! I am sure Roy—"

"Does not dream that I am such a fool," broke in the girl in tones of passionate self-contempt. "I know I am nothing to him, but I have told you my secret, that you may know that love means more to me than a mere word. And now you will not refuse to own that you love Clive?"

No, I will no longer attempt to deceive you. But, Githa, darling, you must never tell anyone—indeed, we had better not refer to it again ourselves, for it is shameful of me to think of him like that, with the barrier there is between us—"

"Barrier?" Githa repeated the word in astonishment.

"Well, perhaps there is none now, but—"

"Honour broke off suddenly, and then added entreatingly: "Don't let us talk of it any more dear; we each have our secret, and we must keep it, no matter how it hurts our hearts."

"Mother, I have been thinking over what we were talking of last night," Clive said in the evening of the day of the funeral of the woman who had so nearly been his murderer.

"Valerie's death should be sent at once. But only give such particulars as are absolutely necessary, and don't mention anything about me now—it will be hard enough without that."

"But, my dear boy, how is a letter to be sent?" asked Mrs. Rothsay, with a troubled look. "It would never do to post it here."

"No, but there is no reason it should not be posted at Westnaboe as usual—Margaret could take it."

"But I should not like her to be away from the house just now, objected Mrs. Rothsay. "I can do so little for you myself, and neither Ellen nor Janeis anything of a nurse."

"I shall not be likely to want anything for the short time she will be gone; the journey to Westnaboe and back would be a matter of three hours at the most," urged the invalid, in a weak, but insistent voice.

Mrs. Rothsay, however, still seemed doubtful.

"Would it not be wiser to wait till you are better?" she said.

"No; perhaps I shall never be better. I scarcely desire it, I think. I feel as if it would be a good thing to be out of it all."

Clive sighed wearily as he spoke. His step-mother looked at him inquiringly.

"Are you worrying about Valerie?" she asked.

"No; I was not thinking specially of her. But, please, don't ask me any more. I cannot tell you, and you could not help me if I did. The only thing you can do for me is to send that letter."

Mrs. Rothsay fetched some writing materials and began the letter about which he was so anxious.

"Will that do, dear?" she asked a little later, when she had read aloud what she had written.

"Yes; I do not think anything better could be said. Margaret go at once."

A look of relief came into his eyes as Mrs. Rothsay left the room to comply with his wishes.

## CHAPTER VIII.

Clive did not return to Braydon Hall till the summer was nearly over, and then, almost in the first hour of their arrival, Honour started to go to the farm.

Mrs. Rothsay's last letter had told her that Githa had been ailing, and she wanted to see her, she told Roy; that she was even more anxious to see Clive she scarcely realized herself.

She went in at the garden entrance, and when she got within sight of the house, she was surprised to find the whole family in the lawn.

She was still more surprised to see that they had a stranger with them—a tall, dark, handsome man, evidently an invalid, as he was reclining on a couch, and looked terribly worn and emaciated.

He closely resembled Clive, but he appeared to be many years older.

Honour wondered who he could be, as she had always understood that he had no relatives.

She was annoyed with herself for having come upon them unannounced; the more so that they seemed to be embarrassed.

The children rushed at her and almost overwhelmed her with the boisterousness of their greeting, and Mrs. Rothsay and Githa welcomed her warmly, in spite of their evident embarrassment.

Clive was the last to come forward.

"Will you allow me to introduce my brother to you, Miss Fortescue?" he said, as she shook hands. Then, to Honour's astonishment, he added, almost in the same breath, and in an undertone—"For Heaven's sake be merciful!"

She asked inquiringly at him.

She could, however, read nothing in his face, save a mixture of entreaty and apprehension, and she offered her hand to the stranger, who bewildered her still more by the hesitating manner in which he took it—almost as if he were afraid, she thought.

She felt there was some mystery in all this, and wished she could find some excuse to withdraw.

"I did not know that you had returned, my dear," Mrs. Rothsay said quickly, evidently to draw Honour's attention away from him.

"We only arrived this morning. We came rather sooner than we had intended, because Roy wished to travel with a friend to Boulogne," Honour replied.

The conversation now became general, or, at least, partly so, for the stranger took no share in it.

"Isn't it funny that we should have another big brother, Honour?" Truda asked presently. "He says he has never seen Eric and me before, and that Githa was a little girl when he knew her. It's nice to have him, though; I like big brothers. But we don't know where he comes from. Do you?"

Mrs. Rothsay saved Honour from having to reply to this embarrassing question, by telling the child she must not be such a chatterbox.

"But I'm not a chatterbox, mamma; I only like to talk," Truda answered quaintly.

"So it seems, but it is a liking you cannot indulge now; Miss Fortescue is not to be bothered," Clive said, in sterner accents than he had ever before used to the children.

After this, Truda was silent, till Honour, who could not bear to see the cloud on her face, asked her how her rabbits were getting on.

"Oh, beautifully! Eric's white doe has got some young ones. Won't you come and see them?"

Honour accepted the invitation gladly. One corner of the garden had been given up to the children and their pets, and thither they now conducted her.

Each rabbit was taken from its hutch to be admired, and she was just about to be carried off to visit a guinea pig, which, having broken a leg, was located in the tool-shed, when Clive appeared on the scene.

"I think you youngsters have monopolized Miss Fortescue long enough, and it is my turn to show her something," he said, "so you run off and play."

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"I want to apologise to you for what you must have thought very strange conduct on my part, Miss Fortescue," he said gravely, as soon as the children were gone.

"But, in truth, I scarcely know what to do. I was anxious to spare my unhappy brother, and—and I feared you might resent being introduced to him."

"Why should I?" Honour's tone was one of genuine surprise.

"Many, considering his past history, would do so."

"But I know nothing of his history, Mr. Rothsay. How could I, when I did not even know you had a brother?"

"You did not know I had a brother?" Clive looked as if he could hardly believe he had heard aright. "I understood you to say, at the time you saw Valerie, that you were acquainted with our secret."

"I meant that I had heard of her," explained Honour.

"I wish to Heaven I had known that then!"

Clive stopped, as if doubting what he should say.

"Never mind, Mr. Rothsay, Honour put in kindly. "Don't tell me anything more, if you had rat'er not."

"But I should much prefer you knowing everything. Indeed, under the circumstances, I think it is right you should."

Clive paused a moment, then he said abruptly—

"How old do you take Rolf to be, Miss Fortescue?"

"I should think he was about fifty," Clive laughed sadly.

"And he is only thirty three, just three years my senior," he said. "It is trouble and sorrow that have aged him."

He paused again.

"What will you say if I tell you that he is a convict, Miss Fortescue?" he asked a moment after, with a sharp drawing of the breath, as if it gave him physical pain to put the question.

"A convict?" Honour could scarcely credit her ears.

"It is only too true. Yet, when you have heard all, Miss Fortescue, I think—I hope—you will pity rather than blame him. Poor Rolf! Being the eldest son, he had been allowed to have his own way a good deal; in fact, if he had not been naturally very good tempered and unselfish he would have been utterly spoiled. As it was, it quite unfitted him to bear trouble, and when his great sorrow came it almost drove him mad."

"He threw himself into all sorts of excesses, and was frequently absent from home for weeks at a time. At last, one day we were horrified to hear that he had been arrested for forgery! We thought at first that it was but a mistake, which would soon be cleared up, as we knew he had no motive for such a crime. But the waiter at the club swore that he had seen him sign the prosecutor's name, and after that it was only we, who knew he would not tell a lie, who believed him when he said he knew nothing about it."

"Do you believe in hypnotism, Miss Fortescue? I do, for it was by his devilish skill that my brother was ruined. The man who would have benefited by that bill if it had been cleared up, as we know he had no motive for such a crime. But the waiter at the club swore that he had seen him sign the prosecutor's name, and after that it was only we, who knew he would not tell a lie, who believed him when he said he knew nothing about it."

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How He Was

In one of the there lived, not as a workman, community. No pipe better or a though his heart was sharp. Honour

fiancee to him—his faith, he had He believed in For years he had church except to gas-pipes.

There had been suburb a young small children, "troublesome" never ceasing to While struggling the doctor took with their atten

his income. The and outside pr steady drain patience.

During a colic burst in the doctor was called. A

persive accident of ill fortune, at the family. Re cated, and near

fin

Sunday Reading.

How He Conquered the Plumber. In one of the suburbs of New York there lived, not long ago, a plumber who as a workman, enjoyed the respect of his community.

He believed neither in God nor man. For years he had not been seen to enter a church except to repair the furnace or the gas-pipes.

There had recently moved into this same suburb a young doctor. He had two small children, just at the age to be "troublesome comers," never still, and never ceasing to want time and attention.

During a cold winter the water-pipes burst in the doctor's house, and the plumber was called. This troublesome and expensive accident seemed almost the climax of ill fortune, and weighed heavily upon the family.

The plumber, wise in the ways of house holds and sardonic in his knowledge of the failings of people,—failings that are often not apparent to the outer world, although freely and constantly betrayed in the seclusion of home,—entered upon his work with his accustomed dexterity and rudeness.

Gentle in manner and speech, of unruffled temper,—soothing and yet cheerful,—the physician refused to become exasperated under these trying conditions. He met the plumber with a smile that gave no hint of his inward trouble, or of the emptiness of his purse.

When, with uncomfutable anticipations, the doctor asked for his bill, the plumber put out his black hand and took the doctor's sensitive fingers in it.

'I ain't got a bill against you, doctor. I've enjoyed this job, and I don't want to be paid for it.'

'Why, what do you mean?' gasped the doctor. The Mechanic was silent for a few seconds.

'Well,' he said, slowly, 'I've been in almost every house around here, and I know 'em all. And yours is the first place I've been in where I learned what Christ means. You've taught me more religion than any minister I ever saw. I ain't going to be a worse man for this job. If you're sensitive about the bill, you can take it out when my children have the measles. I've seen folks enough that try to get the better of their plumbers, but you've got the best of me.'

And so he had. The better nature of a rough and godless man had been awakened and won by a Christian gentleman.

But for the energy and national pride of Guzman Blanco, 'The Regenerator of Venezuela,' the city of Caracas and the country at large would never have reached their present stage of progress. The manner in which he learned the English language affords an excellent illustration of his remarkable industry and determination.

While he was president he made up his mind to master English thoroughly, and one evening summoned Doctor Ernst, of the university faculty, to the palace. It was ten o'clock before he was at leisure. Then he hustled into the library to see Doctor Ernst.

'Doctor,' he said, 'I want you to teach me English.'

'I have been through this by myself,' he said, 'and understand it. Ask me about it and see.'

The professor took the book and put the dictator through such an examination as he would have given to a child.

'Very good,' he said, an hour later. 'Tomorrow we will take the next higher book and have another lesson.'

'But I prefer, if you are not weary, to go on tonight,' was the reply. 'I have some English books here, and going to the shelf he took down a 'Life of John C. Calhoun.'

The two men, sitting side by side, commenced with the first line, the professor pronouncing and explaining, word by word, sentence by sentence, and the dictator repeating everything after him until each point was impressed on his mind.

They kept at work thus until two o'clock in the morning, when Guzman Blanco yawned and looked at his watch.

'I was up at five o'clock this morning,' he said, and have been working hard all day. I think we had better stop here.'

'When shall I come again?' asked the doctor. 'At ten o'clock tomorrow night,' was the reply.

And for several months the two men, both of them mature and famous, sat down in the library at ten o'clock every night and read the 'Life of Calhoun,' often keeping up the lesson until two or three o'clock in the morning. When the bulky volume was finished the general could not only read but speak English very well.

Chinese Martyrs. We have noted the heroic constancy of Protestant Christians in China, many of whom have been faithful even unto death. It is worthy of remark that native Catholics have manifested the same loyalty to christianity. We call from the 'Missions catholiques' of Lyons the following instances:

The catechist of Lienchow, after being scourged and offered the choice of apostasy or death, thus replied: 'Four-and-sixty years I have served the Lord in heaven. At any age apostasy is cowardice, but in my case it would be still more odious. I must show my Christians how to die. Do with me what you will, but know that I will never apostatize!'

Two Christian girls followed his example, and all died with heroic fortitude. At Taingho, in southeast Chihli, a Christian of Sikachang was captured by the 'Big Knives' and invited to apostatize. 'I will not apostatize,' was his reply, and you may not only behead me, but cut my body in pieces. Every portion, if you should ask it, would answer that it was Christian!'

Another Christian, U-Wen-Yin, who was 'tiang' or manager of his village, was arrested and summoned before the mandarin. Before leaving he threw himself on his knees before his aged mother to bid her a last farewell. The heroic mother exclaimed: 'If thou diest for the faith, God will take care of us; do not trouble about me or thy children. If thou deniest the faith I will no longer recognize thee for my son.'

'Mother,' he replied, 'be at ease; by God's grace I will never apostatize.' On his being summoned to deny his faith and refusing to do so the mandarin ordered him to be bastinadoed till he lost consciousness. On his coming to himself, the mandarin again offered him the same choice, with the same result, and the same cruel punishment. He was then hung up in a wooden cage, upon which he said to the judge: 'When I shall be no longer able to speak on account of the pain, and you see my lips moving, don't think I am pronouncing the words of apostasy; they will be prayers.'

A few minutes later his features altered, he was out down and found to be already dead. Are these not scenes worthy of the days of the early Christians?—'Christian Intelligencer.'

Protestantism in Italy. The old Waldensian Church in the Piedmontese valleys is carrying on a mission work of vast importance for Italy. The mother church is not only self-sustaining, but contributes freely for her sons and daughters whom she seeks to carry good tidings to all Italy as far south as Sicily. These ministers enjoy the best training the valley church can afford, they all speak French and Italian, and then they generally spend a year or two in Scotland. Thus they enter upon their work with fitting intellectual training, and have the great advantage of the splendid Italian traditions and noble martyr history of their church. They are in touch with national feeling, and with national need. The church in the valleys is, however, too poor to carry on this great work alone. In this connection, Dr. Prochet, president of the evangelization committee of the Waldensian church, writes: 'I have told you of the remarkable religious movement that has taken place of late at S. Lucia. In a few months seventy-three men and women have abandoned the Church of Rome and con-

stituted themselves into an Evangelical Church under the leadership of one of our evangelists. S. Lucia is a village, and those seventy-three members are poor villagers, unable to provide for themselves a place of worship. They are now meeting in a shed, surrounded with rural implements. They are willing to do all in their power to build a plain chapel, and a school where their children could get instruction, but alone cannot raise the necessary money. Any one who would lend at once a thousand dollars would enable us to build a chapel, and would furnish a basis of operations that might influence a large portion of the province of Mantua.'

Author Of One Hymn. The late Rev. Samuel W. Duffield, a conceded authority on English and Latin hymns, said that to compose a good and Catholic and permanent hymn, is to be a poet of no mean standing. This is the honor that belongs to Canon Twells (1823-1900), who died on January 19. He composed five hymns all of which were published in the late editions of 'Hymns Ancient and Modern,' by Sir Henry Williams Baker (1821-1877). They were originally published in 'The Supplement' to it in 1889. Their themes are 'The Name of God,' 'The Ascension of Jesus, a Plea for Divine Mercy,' 'The Word of God, a Light and 'An Evening Hymn.' Their first lines are as follows:—

Glorious is Thy Name, O Lord, Know ye the Lord hath borne away. Not for our sins alone, The voice of God's Creation found us. At even ere the sun was set.

The fact that all these hymns were adopted by Sir Henry Baker is something to their credit; but the fact that four of the five failed to be adopted by other compilers, English and American, is against their popularity. Four of the five proved ephemeral are obsolete. But the fifth,

'At even ere the sun was set,' has had a history that is unique in the history of hymnology, and places the author in the front rank of hymnists under the characteristics and test enumerated by Dr. Duffield. Its origin and history are interesting and furnish the materials for submitting it to the tests which he designated.

It was written in 1868, by request of Sir Henry Baker who wanted a new evening hymn for his hymnal. Canon Twells was then headmaster of the Godolphin Grammar School, Hammersmith. He wrote it in the afternoon while the boys were passing in a written examination and the headmaster was supposed to be on guard in the interests of truthfulness and honesty in writing the answers to the questions. He said: 'I am afraid I could not have been very energetic or lynx-eyed in my duties that day.' Certainly the conditions were not favorable for writing poetry or hymns. Yet under such circumstances a hymn was written which leaped into extraordinary popularity, and has held its place for a generation and will out live the author. He was asked for permission to insert it in one hundred and fifty-seven hymnals in common use among English-speaking Christians. It has been widely translated into Greek, Latin, German, French, Welsh and Irish—Rev. Jas. Ross, in New York Observer.'

The Neglected Continent. Mr. Smith, a missionary in the Argentine Republic, writes to 'The Regions Beyond': 'I wonder what the Christians at home would say if they knew of a district with a population of say six or seven thousand, where was granted perfect liberty to visit the home, distribute tracts, handbills, put up posters, open a place for meetings and preach the gospel freely and un molested, and yet no one attempting to work the said district. They would scarcely believe that such a thing could be. And yet here we have places on every hand where such opportunities occur, and where one finds willing and interested listeners. Take for instance, Ensenada—a port of La Plata, thirty miles from Buenos Ayres. This town suddenly sprang into existence when the port was made, about 1854. The city of La Plata, which rose into prominence at the same time, was built with a view to make it the federal capital instead of Buenos Ayres, by certain people whose interests were considerably furthered by the good stroke of business. It grew from an insignificant little town to this fine city in an amazingly short time, with the same result as many other enterprises out here—failure!'

How Wellington Was Whipped. Many a military hero would dread to have told the story of how he was taught to win his battles. Especially would he dislike the reminder if the lesson had come in the form of a sound drubbing at the hands of a girl. A recent English visitor to Wales picked up the following story of Arthur Wellesley at the Trevor household, upon the Welsh frontier.

Memoirs of the great Duke of Wellington hang about the place, for his grandmother was a Trevor. Lady Dunganon, and here the future conqueror of Napoleon was wont to spend his holidays when a boy at Eton.

Here, too, he experienced the most serious defeat of his memorable career; for, falling into a quarrel with a farmer's son over a game of marbles, he became engaged in a hand-to-hand fight. The future duke was doing well, and was about to hoist the flag of victory, when the farmer boy's big sister came running out with a wet towel.

The advent of the Prussians at Waterloo was scarcely more fortunate for the duke and his friends than the arrival of this stalwart girl was for his boyish enemy. Nor, according to all accounts, was the defeat of the French more crushing than the utter discomfiture of young Wellesley upon this occasion.

Spanish Politeness. In a recent book of Spanish travel—"Spanish Highways and Byways"—the writer speaks appreciatively of the courtesy extended to her at a time when the remembrance of the war between her own country and Spain were still recent and acute.

No insults were offered her, nor even a rude word uttered against her. On the contrary, she was the recipient of constant courtesies and kindnesses, and sometimes a solicitude for her comfort and welfare was displayed which embarrassed her.

At San Lucar a pleasing incident occurred. To prove to you that Dr. Chase's Ointment is a certain and absolute cure for each and every form of itching, bleeding and protruding piles, the manufacturers have graciously consented to let the daily press and our readers know what they think of it. You can use it as long as you wish, and get your money back if you are not satisfied. Write to Dr. Chase, 111 Broadway, New York, N. Y., for a free trial.

Every style had its beginning in utility chirped the Inconceivable Idiot. 'Nor for instance, the style of not wearing a watch chain with a full dress suit.' 'Well, why did that come from?' 'Just this: A poor many slaps had to pass their watches to pay for the rent of the dress suits and safety soon it was considered the proper thing not to wear watch chains.'

Friction is what wears out your clothes—a month of ordinary wear is less than one dose of wash-board wear. PEARLINE does away with the deadly wash-board rubbing—thus it saves wear, work, worry, and money. Can you doubt it's economy? Millions use PEARLINE—bright people.

red. She entered a small shop to make a necessary purchase. The proprietor declined to sell, deeming his wares unsuited to her requirements, and bade his son conduct her to a more fashionable store. He had guided her thither, as well as to more important points of interest, and on her proffering a requital in money, he bowed with smiling ease and said: 'I do not take pay for pleasure, madam!'

Dining in China. A writer in Blackwood says that when the guests arrive at a Chinese dinner, there is due presentation, with a constant interchange of courtesies. This is the formula usually observed at first meetings: 'Your honorable name?' 'My obscure patronymic is Hu. You have not honored me with yours.'

'My insignificant appellation is Ma. Your palace is situated—?' 'My wretched hovel is in the Bamboo Bough Alley.'

If the other man wears a mustache, a token of maturity, the next question is: 'What may be your honorable old age?' But if the stranger is clean shaven, and therefore below forty, another formula is used.

'Alas!' he replies, 'I have wasted thirty nine years.'

When the number of guests is complete there ensues a tremendous encounter of good manners. Although the question of precedence is all settled beforehand, each man must stimulate an immovable determination to accept only the lowest place until he is promoted by the host's friend, go up higher.'

The table is already laid with an imposing show. There is the regulation number of regulation dishes, marshalled in regulation order; quaint porcelain stands filled with slices of oranges, pears or cold goose; towers of purple quince jelly, grapes, or shredded chicken breast; saucers of shrimps salted in their skins, and the famous eggs, preserved for years in lime served, sliced, in beds of brown jelly. Hot wine of various brands is offered throughout, in small cups.

When all are seated and ready for the fray, the host raises his cup and says: 'Let us drink!'

The guests reply: 'Thanks! Thanks!'

Then they fall to, with chop sticks, picking now from one dish, now from another, in piquant contrast of sweet, sour and salt.

Wages of Monarchs. The Czar of Russia's income is £1,800,000 a year. Next to the czar is the Sultan of Turkey, whose 'appropriations' come to £1,250,000.

Next in order in the list comes the aged Emperor Francis Joseph of Austria, who has £900,000 per annum paid to him, and the kaiser is given £700,000 by the fatherland. The king of Italy receives a trifle under £600,000 and £100,000 less is the shah's salary.

It is at this point that Great Britain comes in, seventh on the list. If countries were ruled at so much a head, the calculate results would be very striking.

Reckoned to the nearest penny, the shah gets \$4 from each of his subjects per year for himself, and the Sultan of Turkey as in the other list, comes second, his figure working out at ninepence per Turk.

A dignified clergyman had a parishener addicted to drink and one night met him coming home in such a condition that he remonstrated with him on the spot. By way of clinching his argument he asked, 'What would you say if you were to see me reeling down the street in a state of hopeless intoxication?' The offender appeared to be deeply impressed, and answered fervently, 'I wouldn't tell a soul, sir.'



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Advertisement for Parson's Pills, featuring a circular logo and text describing the medicine's benefits for various ailments.

Continuation of the main text from the left side of the page, including the 'Sunday Reading' section and the 'CHAPTER VIII' section.

Advertisement for Dr. Chase's Ointment, featuring a circular logo and text describing its effectiveness for various conditions.

# A FUEL BUSINESS.

## Some of the Features of a Modern Equipment for Handling Coal, Wood and Kindling.

One of the most interesting questions in the public mind for some time past has been the fuel question and as a large number of the people have had to pay much higher prices than usual for fuel during the winter season just closing, they will now be doubly interested in every suggestion that may be given them to save money on further purchases of coal and wood.

It has been the experience of those who



No. 8—Pouring Coal From the Hoppers.

have watched the matter closely for years, that it pays best to buy in coal as early as possible during the summer months for during the spring and summer the miners and shippers have to make coal rates low in order to move the coal, and lower freights are also obtainable from the vessels which bring the coal to this port.

The coal firm owning a large delivery

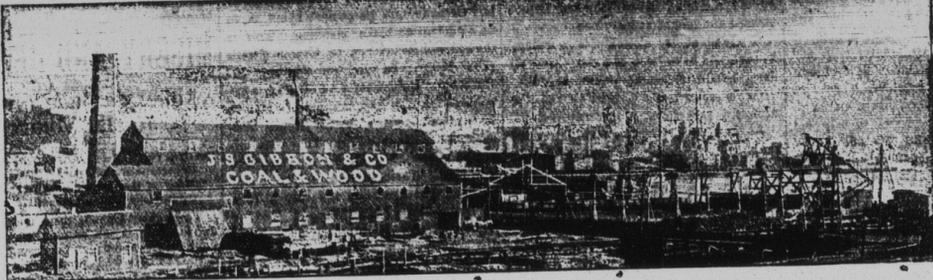
### Much of the Heavy, Dirty and Costly Labor Saved by the Use of Patent Automatic Machinery.

import only the best grades of hard and soft coals from mines which have become celebrated by the quality of their products. Their hard coals are all specially prepared in the "Breaker," the "Breaker"

handling of the coals so that consumers may be served promptly and with satisfaction. Ever since they took the old Mill building on the Long wharf and fitted it up as a

trestle on which the firm's huge sign stands out towards the harbor so prominently is the Steam Shovel tower containing the hoisting engine and other equipment, necessary to operate the steam shovel for

aid of hand labor. An entirely new device is now being arranged, by which the coal can be picked up again out of the sheds with the steam shovel, and put into hoppers at the front of the sheds, from which it can be poured out over a screen to load the carts, as shown in the following picture of cut No. 8. It will pay any one who is interested in the labour saving devices, to call at Gibbon & Co's new coal docks, Smythe St., and see their machinery in operation. And no less interesting than the coal handling machinery is the equipment for preparing the wood and kindling ready for use. Here are bunching machines with boys employed to put up bunches of kind-



No. 4—Gibbon & Co's. Old Long Wharf Coal Depot.

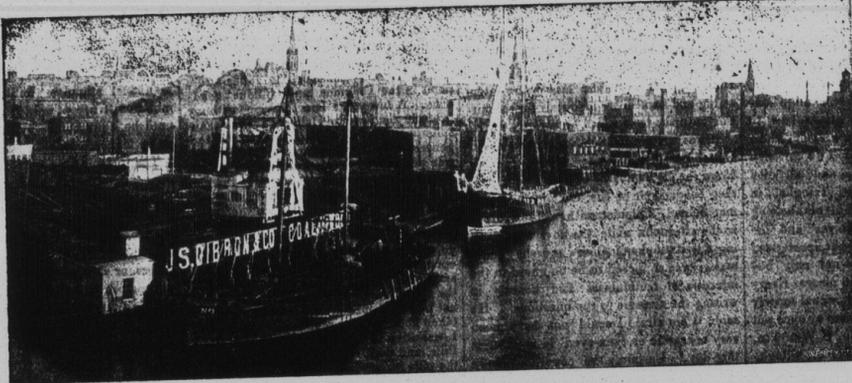
being the name given to the huge black misshapen building shown in the accompanying cut, No. 3. This building is located at the pithead, the coal being elevated from the mine to the top of the "Breaker" where it is crushed into the chestnut, nut, egg and other sizes and separated by revolving screens,

modern coal and wood handling depot a few years ago the business of this firm has been steadily increasing. Their property on the Long wharf a view of which is here given in cut No. 4, having been expropriated by the government to make room for the new I. C. R. terminal facilities, Gibbon & Co., had to look for

discharging coal from vessels. This shovel is shown in the cut No. 6, and is capable, in vessels with large hatches, of taking out a ton at a time and making a trip every minute.

For vessels in which the steam shovel cannot be used owing to the hatches being small, patent automatic self dumping tubs

ling in the shape it is sold in the stores in Boston and New York. A chain belt conveyor carries the wood from the sawing machine and deposits in the different bins ready for delivering, and the hard wood is split up ready for use by means of a large double wood splitting machine at which two



No. 5—New Coal Dock With Barge Discharging by Steam Shovel.

equipment of horses and wagons and having a discharging equipment with foremen, engineers and yardmen to keep employed, as only Messrs. Gibbon & Co in this city are situated, are also during the spring and summer willing to make sales to everybody who can buy coal for cash at the lowest possible rates, and the saving which they are enabled to make in the handling of the fuel business by use of their improved machinery and facilities they are willing to share with or often to give altogether to those who favor them with cash orders early in the season.

Below cut No. 1, shows their uptown office which is open all day up to ten o'clock in the evening, solely for accommodating those who find it more convenient

each size sliding down through separate chutes where it is inspected by rows of

other quarters to carry on their business and after a considerable amount of inconvenience

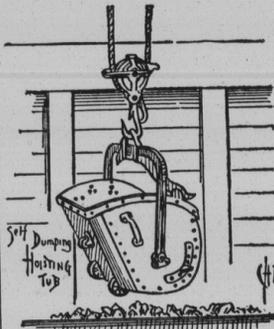


No. 9—Three Ton Cart.

and they were enabled to secure the Robertson Upper Wharf, a splendidly situated deep water wharf next to North wharf and fronting on Smythe street.

On this wharf were the sheds occupied in former years by the late R. P. McGivern, R. B. Humphrey and several other dealers; in addition to this wharf they also

containing a half ton each are used. These tubs, as shown in cut No. 7, are shaped so that they can be pushed up



No. 7—Self-Dumping One-Half Ton Tub.

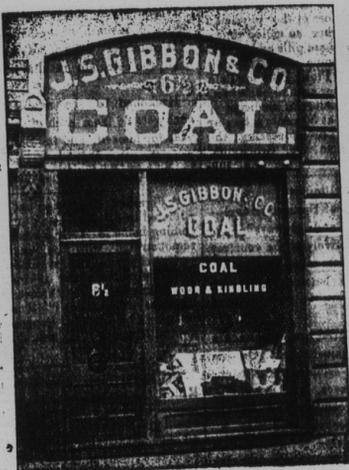
small boys can split more wood in a day than ten men working with axes in the old fashioned way. In this department are prepared their fine specialties in the shape of the best hard woods, rock maple, yellow birch, etc. Sawed to any length required.



No. 6—Steam Shovel at Work.

against the pile of coal, so that the shovelers can almost fill them by rolling the heap into the tub, and then complete the operation by throwing in a few scooptles from

The firm are continually making additions to their delivery equipment. The latest thing in this line is an immense four wheel dump cart large enough to carry



No. 1—Uptown Office.

or wood than to go down about the dirty wharves. While handling the larger variety of fuels of any firm in this city Gibbon & Co. to drop into the central office to order coal

boys who stand on each side of the chutes and pick out the slate. The continued growth of Messrs Gibbon & Co's business is due largely to the care which is exercised in the screening and

which is exercised in the screening and

secured the sheds of Mr. John F. Morrison adjoining and took over his coal business. These premises a partial view of which is given in cut No. 5. Herewith have been equipped with the best modern coal and wood handling outfit in the Maritime Provinces and in many respects equal to the best in Boston.

At the end of the wharf, upon the high

the floor. The tubs are hoisted rapidly by the steam shovel engine, and as they go up they strike an attachment in the tower by which they are dumped automatically into the hopper. The coal is conveyed back and deposited in the different sheds on the wharf, by means of an automatic railway, the car carrying about two tons, running swiftly down the track to the shed required, dumping its load and returning to the hopper for another load, without the

three tons, as seen in cut No. 9. With their ton carts, two ton wagons and this new three ton outfit with a steam shovel in operation Gibbon & Co. will be able to deliver hard coal this summer at a smaller cost for discharging, screening and delivering than has ever been done in St. John before, and their patrons who buy early in the season will be sure to receive the benefit.

## Chat

A hint which worth, comes which tells us in the leading hair low at the it fortells an hair-dressing seen.

The new g both in style advances. L most decided textures inter thicken some reverse the o name, for we taffeta chiffon de chine fini meusselines, where.

Lightness the first poin purchase you or any fabric in the season tendency of and pictures tures more s predecessors the market. batiste, and are very mu ous modes every way of effect.

Some of that tucks a good eviden In fact there among the s on elaborati

Velvet rit into use as plified on a very sheer tucked down breadth, the a few inches again in the hem, with covering f Each hand braid. Th narrow row and the de cream lace

Embroid crepe de c sometimes old-fashion however, form, in b key design for all sort narrowst ly is the in tabs and dice finish various len gold ferre ment has naturally which re success, b

Another wane in F Eton or b is sold re fered in the caste wit and this s with this have the quarter le approved

One en the open that com two year any of th and gaus de chine for summa egs with fabric v may be ing gow or in c model, t of the s

The h the mos possess summer silk mu this s elabora fall flou short of the high transpa A bl in its tr silk, wi

Chat of the Boudoir.

A hint which may be taken for all it is worth, comes in a foreign fashion budget which tells us that these fashion models in the leading houses in Paris, wear the hair low at the nape of the neck. At least it fortells an effort to change the style of hair-dressing and the result remains to be seen.

The new gowns show greater beauty, both in style and materials, as the season advances. Light transparent fabrics are most decidedly the rule, with weaves and textures intermingled in such a way as to thicken some of the thinnest materials and reverse the order in others, at least in name, for we have mousseline cloth and tulle chifon, Louise silk with a crepe de chine finish, and a panne foulard, while mousselines, gauzes and nets are everywhere.

Lightness both in effect and weight is the first point to be considered when you purchase your material. Heavy materials, or any fabrics which are stiff, have no part in the season's scheme of dress. The whole tendency of fashion is toward the dainty and picturesque, and new weaves and textures more sheer and pliable than their predecessors are continually coming into the market. All the sheer cotton fabrics, batiste, and thin silk and wool materials are very much in demand, while the various modes of making them up illustrate every way of adding to the diaphanous effect.

Some of the fashion prophets predict that tucks are going out, but there is no good evidence for such a prophecy as yet. In fact there are more tucks than ever among the summer models, just as there is on elaboration of every style of decoration.

Velvet ribbon is brought more and more into use as a trimming, as is prettily exemplified on a gown of white wool material very sheer and silky in finish. The skirt is tucked down either side of a narrow front breadth, the tucks graduating in length to a few inches on the hips and lengthening again in the back. Five rows of grey velvet ribbon in graduated widths trim the hem, with spaces between the rows and covering fully eighteen inches in depth. Each band is headed with a narrow silver braid. The blouse bodice is striped with narrow rows of velvet, belted in with gray, and the deep yoke and elbow sleeves are of cream lace.

Embroidery on the evening and white crepe de chine gowns is very elegant and sometimes resembles the kind seen on the old-fashioned crepe shawls. Velvet ribbon however, is used in every conceivable form, in battlement squares, lattice and key designs straight and curved lines, and for all sorts of bows and rosettes from the narrowest to the medium widths. Especially in tabs and pointed ends, for many a bodice finish, and again in flowing ends of various lengths with the ubiquitous little gold ferret for a finish. This little ornament has become so common that it must naturally meet the fate of other things which reach that particular pinnacle of success, but it is still flourishing here.

Another thing which is said to be on the wane in Paris is the black taffeta jacket, Eton or bolero in shape. Anything which is sold ready made by the hundred and offered in the shops to the masses soon loses caste with the ultra fashionable women, and this seems to be the condition of things with this popular garment. If you would have the latest taffeta coat get the three quarter length, tucked and trimmed in the approved manner.

One encouraging feature of fashion which the openings establish beyond a doubt is that some of the old gowns made one or two years ago are quite as good style as any of the new ones. Barege, more sheer and gauzy than ever before, figured crepes de chine and batistes are in great demand for summer gowns and then there is a barege with a poplin weave, whatever it may be called, which makes some charming gowns. Raspberry red in this material or in crepe de chine, makes one stylish model, trimmed with stitched bands of silk of the same color.

The high-necked evening gown is one of the most useful costumes a woman can possess in these days, both for winter and summer use. All the thin fabrics, with the silk muslins included, are turned out in this special variety of dress, which is elaborate enough in all its details to be a full fledged evening gown, yet falls just short of that style of costume because of the high neck and sleeves, which are often transparent.

A black point d'esprit gown quite novel in its treatment shows a lining of flowered silk, with large pink flowers on a pale pink

ground. The point d'esprit in small plaits over this, falls in a plaited loose bolero over a wide flowered silk belt, and is finished with a wide lace collar decorated with flowers of cretonne, finished around with gold.

Cretonne applications have been mentioned many times before in these columns, but since they are such a special fact, it is well to emphasize their importance by repetition. The brighter and more gauzy the material is to which they are applied, the more effective and modish is the result. A coarse black net gown made over a soft black satin foundation shows a decoration of this sort, the flowers in mauve and gray green being applied to the edges of two deep flounces, scalloped to fit the flower forms. A tiny gold cord finishes the edges of the designs, which with net, form a pretty bolero bodice over a blouse of mauve silk mousseline.

The tendency to lengthen the shoulder line is evident on many of the new gowns, but it is also evident that the dressmakers are trying to do this as prettily as possible, otherwise their time would be wasted, since usually features of any sort find no followers among the best dressed women in these days of carefully studied lines.

A feature of dress trimming which blossoms out more and more as the season advances is the motif of white taffeta silk in set on the thin white fabrics. Another feature is the application of white peau de soie on dark blue voile. The silk is cut in arabesque designs and stitched on, or if inset it is sometimes finely tucked, and the edges of the material lapping over these designs are either embroidered with white silk and gold thread, or finished around with silk braid or lace.

Rather an odd effect in trimming is shown on one gown of blue and white foulard whose short bolero is composed of black taffeta applique, Cluny lace in cream white and small designs in blue satin covered with gold embroidery. The sleeves are of this combination and end a little above the elbow over a full undersleeve of plaited blue mousseline which also forms the blouse.

The sleeve, ending in the bell flare both above and below the elbow over the full pouchy undersleeve, is one of the special varieties too numerous for detailed description. This sleeve is sometimes slashed up two, three or four inches at the back, showing more of the undersleeve and giving a greater scope for trimming. This variety of sleeve usually embodies as many as three different materials, one of which is like the blouse or the bolero, while the undersleeve is formed of lace and chiffon.

One pretty sleeve model for thin fabrics pouches a little at the elbow in a small puff made by cutting the upper sleeve longer than the lining and banding it in with lace or embroidery just below the elbow. Between this and the wristband the sleeve forms another puff. Neither of these puffs, however, is large, and if rightly proportioned the sleeve is really very pretty.

Elbow puff may not be especially popular, yet they appear in some of the new gowns. There are usually two, the upper one much smaller than the one below, which is gathered into an embroidered band a little below the elbow. Another sleeve for very thin materials is gathered into the arm hole with two or three inch wide shirred tucks, shirred again three times, without the tucks, above the elbow and allowed to fall in a soft puff to the wristband, into which it is shirred. Soft lace net and chiffon are the materials most suitable for this sleeve, which is cut fuller at the wrist than anywhere above and is not much longer than the arm, so that while it is full around it does not puff at all except directly at the wrist.

Elbow sleeves with a close fitting lace sleeve below are very pretty and becoming to a plump arm and usually extends in a little point over the hand. A similar sleeve is seen in some of the muslin gowns, the upper part banded in just below and covered from the shoulder down half way to the elbow with an all over lace sleeve like the yoke.

Many of the Swiss and dimity gowns are made with a circular skirt either with or without a circular flounce, and trimmed from the knees down with rows of lace insertion edged with a heading run through with satin baby ribbon of some color in the flowered design. Four or five rows of insertion with a frill of lace at the hem trim the skirt and the bodice may be encircled in the same way below a deep yoke of tucked white organdie.

Another style of muslin gown with a circular skirt shows three circular flounces covering the skirt entirely, below a hip yoke of lace. These flounces are edged with two rows of black velvet baby ribbon and cut so as to gather very slightly at the top. When the hip yoke is used it is well to extend the lace into the bodice in corselet form, a narrow belt of ribbon covering the dividing line.

Bridal gowns are in greater demand,

this season than at any other perhaps, and there is a wider range of materials from which to choose than ever before. Satin, always at the head of the list in the winter season, is supplanted now by net, chiffon, crepe de chine and lace of which entire gowns are made. Point d'esprit and India silk are also used, and any of the materials are more becoming than satin which is more trying than any other material. Accordion plaited chiffon gowns with insertions of lace are very charming, and so are chiffon gowns partially covered with lace flounces. A plaited chiffon bodice with tucked sleeves, and a short lace bolero with a short sleeve, is especially pretty and simple in effect.

One of the bridal gowns illustrated is of crepe de chine trimmed with lace, the skirt bodice and sleeves being tucked in groups of three. The under bodice is of plaited white mousseline de soie. White chiffon forms another bridal gown trimmed with tiny ruffles and lace arranged in a flibu.

Two pretty models for the bridesmaids' gowns can be carried out in crepe de chine or veiling with tucks and lace for trimming. Pale blue voile forms another costume entirely tucked and trimmed with lace insertion. The draped belt is of gold galloon.

A pretty gown for the bride's trousseau is of blue and white satin foulard made with four flounces, the top one forming part of the bodice and fitted into the waist by narrow tucks. Blue silk muslin forms the frill around the shoulders below the lace yoke.

A novel design for white cloth shows slashes, through which a white lace under-dress is seen, and long strans of black velvet ribbon are caught down either side of the bodice. Another model for pale tinted cloth is trimmed with narrow bands of taffeta silk of the same color, lace and velvet bands on the bodice.

Veiling in the new shade of blue known as angelique forms another pretty frock, trimmed as usual, with tucks which head and finish the hem of a circular flounce. The chemise is in tucked India silk, with braces of the material trimmed with white buttons. Black crepe de chine and cream Cluny lace form another gown.

Something in a fancy coat bodice is carried out in brocaded silk, lace, and velvet, with a finish of handsome buttons. A pretty bolero of cloth trimmed with velvet and buttons is worn over a lace bodice, and here is a pretty model for a silk or veiling bodice tucked around and between wide bands of lace insertion. Another pretty bodice model shows a shirred yoke, a shirred corselet, below the box plaits and a finish of lace. Still another design for a taffeta waist has stitched silk bands, and a lace vest with tucked mousseline medallions down the front.

FRILLS OF FASHION.

The linen gown will have an extensive following this season, if preparations indicate accurately a garment's success. First, the linens are soft and glossy and lively in coloring, and then the models are charming in design. Irish guipure lace trims some of the most elaborate linen gowns, while others are trimmed with embroidery and stitched bands of white linen.

Liberty muslins in flowered designs make very picturesque little summer frocks, with narrow ruffles or broad tucks around the hem, edged with narrow velvet ribbon. Flowered muslin should be made up over white for a fresh dainty effect.

Panne mousseline in colors, with black satin polka dots, makes pretty house waists.

Parasols in plain white and tinted silks show two groups of narrow tucks with a bands of gold embroidery between.

Black, white and blue make one of the most fashionable combinations. Thus, white muslins spotted with black, are trimmed with blue embroidery.

Muslin well covered with velvet flowers is predicted as one of the favorite dress materials.

White bicycling costumes promise to be most popular for summer wear and they are made of ribbed linen, duck and canvas, while the only trimming is stitched bands. Golf gowns are also made of the same materials in blue and red, as well as white and are trimmed with colored bands. But the golf costume for real service is a tweed skirt, a silk or linen shirt waist and a red or green cloth coat. The stock to be smart must match the skirt waist.

A pretty combination for a stylish summer hat is a white fancy straw trimmed with three or four shades of yellow, either in tulle or chiffon and flowers, and a black velvet bow at one side.

You can prevent your long evening

gloves from slipping down by cutting slits in the top, running ribbon through and tying it in a bow at the back of the arm. One, two or three rows may be used.

Flowers carefully wired are made into bow effect for the side and back of hats.

Gauze ribbon in narrow widths is much used for ruchings on summer gowns, and other very pretty effects in trimming are made with some of the narrow fancy ribbons which come in pretty combinations of color, and also with little jewels through the centre. The latter style is more of a braid in effect, but braids of all sorts are in use, especially the lace braids marked with gold threads.

Tiny Dresden roses are very much used in millinery.

Tulle which is patterned in the form of fish scales over a shimmering foundation of gold tissue is one of the millinery novelties.

A very stunning parasol is made of turquoise blue taffeta made to imitate the effect of the turquoise matrix, while the handle of ivory is decorated with turquoise.

Lace coats in cream tint made over silk of the same color are one of the elegancies of fashion in the way of wraps. They are three-quarter length and the sleeves are bell shapes.

Nun's veilings with shiny colored silk borders are among the new materials.

One must be blessed with a fine discrimination in these days in order to choose the latest and most fashionable tint of white which is called champagne, or wine white as you prefer, and is especially attractive because of its warm tinge.

The latest evening coiffure shows a soft puff around the face, broken by a few little puffs at the side and loose knots arranged low at the nape of the neck. A large rose is worn at one side of the front.

In table linen plain satin damask with a striped border is very popular and so are the watered effects.

Roam-filled flower hatpins have come in for a fresh share of attention now that flowers dominate the millinery department, and then there are the insect pins, with jewelled beetles and spiders attached to a spring which gives the a very realistic appearance.

Philippine Cloths.

A newspaper correspondent says that in the Philippine factories and home weaving shops he has seen some of the most exquisite cloths ever produced on hand or power loom. They are manufactured from yarns made of cotton, wool, hemp, silk, cocoon fiber, pineapple fiber and split bamboo stock.

The fabrics woven from pineapple fiber are probably worthy of classification with the highest grades of cloths in the market. They are delicately soft, fine in texture, possess a high gloss, hold their color well, and are worn by the richest classes. The pineapple fiber cloth—known as 'jasi'—is very popular among the foreigners in the islands. They purchase large quantities and send it home. The best weavers of the country are employed in preparing the yarns and warps for the making of this cloth, and in weaving it for the markets.

The fiber, having been procured from the pineapple districts, is sent to all portions of the islands. Its preparation is a science. The dried stock must be first trimmed down to sizes convenient for handling, after which the material is dried in the sun. In the preparation of white goods sun-bleaching is also resorted to. If the goods are to be colored, the fabric is not exposed to the sun longer than is necessary to effect a full drying out. The writer saw dull looking pineapple fiber brought out of the softening kettles and exposed to the rays of the sun. A gloss appeared upon it as it became dry. The silky shine on the fibre is imparted to the finish fabric, and makes the brilliancy of just cloth notable. It is this brilliancy, in great part, which makes the goods popular.

The spinning processes of the islands are primitive in the extreme. They are all carried out on hand wheels, one thread only being spun at a time. In some places the people do not even use a spinning wheel, but impart the twist to the strands by rolling the thread between the palms of the hands. The amount of labor thus expended in spinning a small quantity of thread is wonderful.

The dyeing is chiefly done by the wo-

TO THE DEAF.—A rich lady, cured of her Deafness and Noise in the Head by Dr. Nichol's Artificial Ear Drums, has sent \$1,000 to his Institute, so that deaf people unable to procure the Ear Drums may have them free. Apply to The Institute, 700, Eighth Avenue, New York.

One Dose Hood's Pills. Tells the story. When your head aches, and you feel bilious, constipated, and out of tune, with your stomach sour and no appetite, just buy a package of Hood's Pills. And take a dose, from 1 to 4 pills. You will be surprised at how easily they will do their work, cure your headache and biliousness, rouse the liver and make you feel happy again. 25 cents. Sold by all medicine dealers.

men. They are better judges of dyes and colors than the men, and are less lazy. The men go the hills and forests for the dyes, there being no lack of dyestuffs.

Exact data lacking: 'Big pardon,' said the mild-mannered passenger, 'but you've got my seat.' 'Your seat?' retorted the over-dressed interloper. 'Huh! I could buy you and your seat a thousand times. Do you know how much I am worth?' 'No. Having no knowledge of your exact weight or at the market price of pork at present, I can't say.'

Catarrh and Colds Relieved in 10 to 60 Minutes.—One short puff of the breath through the blower supplied with each bottle of Dr. Agnew's Catarrhal Powder diffuses this powder over the surface of the nasal passages. Painless and delightful to use. It relieves instantly, and permanently cures catarrh, hay fever, colds, headache, sore throat, tonsillitis and deafness. 50 cents.—41

'It appears it was the gift of seven cigars (the) revealed the hiding place of Arnaldo. 'I smoked one of the same sort the other night.' 'What sort?' 'The sort that is mean enough to make a man betray his grandmother.'

The Governor's Wife a Prisoner.—Mrs. Z. A. Van Loven is the wife of the governor of the county jail, Napanee, Ont., and was a great sufferer from rheumatism. When the best doctors in the community and "specialists" failed to help her, she buried her scepticism of proprietary remedies and purchased South American Rheumatic Cure. 4 bottles cured her.—42

'I don't believe there's a single man in all this town,' said the lecturer, 'who can give a reasonable excuse for the existence of the present divorce laws.' 'Perhaps not,' cried a voice from the rear; 'but lots of married men can.'

Speechless and Paralyzed.—'I had valvular disease of the heart,' writes Mrs. J. S. Goodie, of Truro, N.S. 'I suffered terribly and was often speechless and partially paralyzed. One dose of Dr. Agnew's Cure for the Heart gave me relief, and before I finished one bottle I was able to go about. To-day I am a well woman.'—43

'Have you in contemplation any enterprise involving great personal risk or danger?' asked the life insurance man. 'I am going to discharge our cook tomorrow,' filtered the unhappy applicant.

Twitchy Muscles and Sleeplessness.—The hopeless heart sickness that settles on a man or woman whose nerves are shattered by disease can best be pictured in contrast with a patient who has been in the "depths" and has been dragged from them by South American Nervine. George Webster, of Forest, Ont., says: "I love my life to it. Everything else failed to cure."—44

Hoax.—'It was Hamlet, wasn't it, who said: "Borrowing dulle the edge of hub-and-braury?"

Joax.—'I don't know, but it certainly dulls the edge of memory.'

Pill-osophy.—There are pills and pills—but Dr. Agnew's Liver Pills at 10 cents a vial lead in demand. The sale borders on the phenomenal. Sluggish liver, constipation, or irregular bowels are the precursors of many physical disorders. These little wonders remove the cause. 40 in a vial for 10 cents.—45

In the future state: Miss Antek—Marriages, they say are made in heaven. Miss Sharpe—That must be comforting to you. If you only lead an upright life there's hope for you yet.

Manly Strength and Womanly Beauty depend on purity of the blood, and much of that purity depends on perfect kidney filtering. If these organs are diseased and will not perform their functions, man will seek in vain for strength and woman for beauty. South American Kidney Cure drives out all impurities through the body's "filters"—repairs weak spots.—46

Another lady—Have you read 'An Englishwoman's Love Letters?' 'No; the only girl I ever corresponded with regularly was born in Indiana.'

Itching, Burning, Skin Diseases Cured for Thirty-Five Cents.—Dr. Agnew's Ointment relieves in one day, and cures Tetter, Salt Rheum, Scald Head, Eczema, Barber's Itch, Ulcers, Blisters and all eruptions of the skin. It is soothing and quieting and acts like magic in the cure of all baby humors. 35c.—47

'Say, I had a great snap last night.' 'What was it?' 'Dressed I was sellin' steam radiators at de Nort' Pole, and dey went like hot cakes.'

Better without a Stomach than with one that's got a constant "hurt" to it. Dr. Von Stan's Pineapple Tablets stimulate the digestive organs. Let one enjoy the good things of life and leave no bad effects—carry them with you in your vest pocket.—50 in bot., 35 cents.—48

Advertisement for a coal delivery device. It includes an illustration of a mechanical device and text describing its benefits for coal delivery, such as being a 'wonder device' and 'the most useful' for coal delivery.

# The Brutal Bender Family.

Twenty eight years ago Kansas, indeed the whole country, was shocked by the discovery of the Bender murders. The Bender murders have few if any parallels in history.

The series of monstrous crimes was committed in the midst of a peaceful, happy and prosperous country neighborhood. Human blood was spilled like water for a few paltry dollars or even for so small a price as the poor clothing worn by the murdered travellers.

The Benders drifted into Labette county, from whither no one ever knew, early in the spring of 1872 and at once sought and entered a government homestead a few miles out from the town of Cherryvale. They chose a level bit of prairie land in a narrow valley, along which ran the main traveled road leading from Fort Scott, Osage Mission and other points to Independence, the seat of the United States land office.

This house was divided by a thin board partition, and underneath the rear part was dug a cellar about four feet deep, which had no stairway, but which could be entered by a trapdoor in the floor of the rear room. The front room was fitted with rough shelves and contained a small stock of supplies, while across the front of the outside a straggling sign announced that groceries were for sale within and that entertainment could be had for man or beast. The road ran within a few feet of the front door, and it was understood that the Benders did quite a thriving business with the many wayfarers who were constantly passing to and fro.

There were four persons in the family of murderers, two men and two women. Old man Bender was a German and could not speak a word of English. He was a morose and savage visaged man, who seldom spoke, even in his own tongue. His wife was also German, but she had mastered enough of English to attend the store. Next came Kate Bender, the only daughter of the old couple. She spoke fairly good English, which indicated that the family had long been residents of America despite the inability of the parents to talk English. Kate was anywhere from 25 to 30 and in appearance was not unattractive. She had good features, steel gray eyes, a full head of wavy, yellow hair and stood about 5 feet 6 inches in height.

The circumstances which resulted in the discovery of these crimes were:

In April, 1873, Dr. York, a prominent physician of Fort Scott, started to visit his brother, Hon. A. M. York, at Independence. Dr. York reached Osage Mission in the afternoon, called on some acquaintances and then rode out three miles and spent the night with a farmer friend. The next morning he was met on the road not a great way from the Bender farm, and that was the last seen of him alive. When his brother was reported missing, Senator York commenced to move heaven and earth to find him. Day after day he searched for a clew, but learned no more of him than the fact that his brother had been seen at a certain spot in the road and that he had then disappeared as completely as though the earth had opened and swallowed him.

About this time four people, two men and two women, drove into Thayer, Neosho county, with a two horse wagon. They unhitched the team, tied the horses to the back of the wagon, in which there was some hay, and then went to the depot and took a north bound train, buying tickets for Humboldt. No further notice was taken of the event until the team was nearly starved, when it was taken care of.

A week or more after this occurrence a neighbor noticed the deserted appearance of the Bender farm. He made an examination of the premises and found a dead call in the barn tied with a rope, and it was evident that the animal had perished from hunger.

The dead call aroused curiosity, then suspicion, and finally Senator York was notified. He came at once, and a crowd of more than 200 people quickly assembled about the Bender house. A farmer happened to be walking about the small plot of plowed ground at the rear of the house with the red from the end gate of a wagon in his hand, which he was using as a walking stick. It struck a soft spot and sank in easily. Spades were at once procured, and a short time spent in rapid digging opened a deep grave, and revealed the body of Dr. York. A thorough search of the plowed and harrowed ground revealed other soft spots, and be-

fore the work ceased nine bodies were taken from the wet and sticky clay. The surface soil was black loam, and it was evident that the murderers had removed this before digging in the clay and then carefully replaced the soil upon the grave. There was nothing upon Dr. York but an undershirt.

John R. Brunt, then a deputy sheriff in Labette county, was an eyewitness of the scene, and he thus described it:

'A great stench arose from the cellar, so the house was pried up and rolled from over it, but no bodies were found. The stench arose from the blood that had accumulated during the winter. With but two exceptions the description of the wounds on the bodies was the same. All were naked except an undershirt. A hole about an inch in diameter was crushed through into the brain on the right temple, and the throat was cut two-thirds around and to the neck bone. In the back room was found a small hammer with an octagon face and a long, tough hickory handle. This had been the instrument of death. Everything indicated that the manner of killing had been about as follows:

'When a victim entered the front room, he was invited to take a seat. A chair was placed for him at the back of the stove. Thus he was facing north with the back of his head against the thin partition, and flush with the west side of the door in the partition. Then the murderer would step to the back door and look up and down the road a mile either way. Finding the coast clear, he would step back, take the hammer and from behind the partition administer through the doorway a terrible blow on the victim's temple a little above and in front of the right ear. As the victim sank in a heap the body was pulled back until the head came over the aperture; then the throat was cut, the blood flowing into the cellar hole.'

Many of the immediate neighbors and residents of adjacent towns had almost miraculous escapes from death at the hands of this fiendish family, but perhaps the most remarkable escape was that of a young man named Reed, or, more familiarly, 'Happy Jack,' who lived in Cherryvale. Passing the Bender place one day, he caught a vision of the handsome Kate on the porch, and after a moment's pause he turned back and entered. She soon engaged him in conversation and enticed him to a seat on the fatal bench. A few moments later he heard a shrill, peculiar cough from the doorstep, and two travelers rode up and dismounted. Simultaneously he felt a peculiar, undulous motion as of something lightly and swiftly brushing past behind the curtain. This was the fatal hammer already started on its murderous mission when arrested by the old woman's signal.

Reed accompanied the two men on their way, promising to stop and spend the night on his return. He arrived at Bender place the following evening, and soon after two of his friends en route to Independence drew up to the door. He announced that he wished to send a message home by them, which Kate by every means in her power endeavored to prevent him from doing. He insisted, however, and thus again his life was saved. Soon after Kate became strangely cold and distant, and he retired to sleep in the rear room. About midnight a wagon drove up to the door. The old man went out and conducted the owner and his team to the barn, and soon after Reed heard a heavy blow followed by a scream, then a rain of blows in rapid succession. Kate arose and came to his bedside, but he feigned sleep. At breakfast next morning she asked him if he had slept well, and he replied in the affirmative, saying he had not awakened once during the night. A moment later he heard the noise of some heavy instrument striking the floor, and old man Bender came from behind the screen and joined him at table. Thus a third time his life was saved by his prudent replies.

What became of the Benders was never discovered, but it is probable that they returned to Germany or went to some South American country.

### A Monkey Ceremony.

The author of 'Sands of Sahara,' when visiting the Gorge of Chiffa, came upon a strange ceremonial which a native assured him, was an unusual one. The gorge itself is like a grand sanctuary, concealed by trees and lighted delicately by the sun filtering through foliage. A remarkable assemblage was there that day, a congregation of monkeys apparently holding some

kind of service to which the birds of the forest gave music.

The monkeys sat in rows upon the broad, outreaching branching of the virgin trees. They were in parties of two, three or four, although one fellow sat alone, like a decorous bachelor. While most of them remained stationary, certain patriarchal fellows passed about the area of assemblage, sitting down for a few minutes on the branches beside different families of the parish, seeming to give them counsel.

The ceremonies were conducted with the greatest propriety. The monkeys seemed to be taking part in a service in which they were deeply interested. When it was over, and they were about to go out into the world, the rulers could be seen running about, passing from tree to tree on the interlacing branches; nor did the assembly break up until those evidently respected officials had visited and saluted the entire convocation. Even their departure was made most decorously.

Then, after that serious council had adjourned, the monkeys fell to enjoying themselves. They scampered from tree to tree. They swung from branch to branch. Some hung by their tails, and others, in little coteries, hand in hand enjoyed their mid-air frolic. But the old bachelor did not clasp hands with anybody.

### WHITE LADY OF BERLIN.

Specter That Foretells Disaster to the Royal House of Germany.

Rumor in Berlin says that the 'white lady,' the mysterious ghost that foretells disaster to the house of Hohenzollern, has once again walked in the long halls of the imperial palace in Berlin. What does the appearance portend? ask the people.

There are nods, winks, mutterings, significant looks, eloquent silences, when the apparition is mentioned.

'She has walked, poor lady? Ah, I say nothing—nothing—you understand! And yet—what hearest thou of the Empress Frederick today?'

The Empress Frederick! The dowager lady of the dead Kaiser Fritz! The English mother of the German emperor.

Is it she whom the 'white lady' menaces? Does the ghost mean that Victoria's eldest daughter, the mother of the German emperor, must follow so soon to the grave the Queen of Great Britain?

The members of the royal family are said to have themselves too much faith in the authority of the 'white lady's' messages to be quite comfortable after her reported appearance.

And who is or who was the 'white lady'? All sorts of stories are told of her, one of the latest and most curious coming from Dr. Theodore Hansman of Washington.

Dr. Hansman is famous as the taker of so called 'spirit photographs.' He avers that the 'white lady' appeared to him and stood for a picture probably the only one of its kind in the world.

Dr. Hansman says the 'white lady' told him she was the sweetheart of a noble by whom she had several children, though his real wife was living. At the death of the wife the woman, angered that the margrave would not marry her, killed her children, thinking that they stood in her way. She was buried alive, in the pleasing manner of those days, and swore to haunt the deathbeds of all generations of Hohenzollerns, an oath she is believed by many to have kept.

The royal house of Prussia dates from the tenth century, when a baron of Wurtemberg fortified 'High Zollern,' a hill from which comes the Hohenzollern name.

From Conrad of that ilk has descended the long line of electors of Brandenburg, of one of whom the more usual legend of the 'white lady' is related.

It was Joachim I who, wishing to enlarge his castle, found himself blocked by the jay hut of a widow which stood just where one of the walls of his keep was planned to rise. So he gave orders to tear down the cottage.

The widow did not believe that the injustice was done by Joachim's order, so she went to throw herself at his feet to ask justice.

But when he saw her he directed that she be thrown out by his guards, and this was done with unnecessary brutality. Then the widow turned upon the elector.

'Prince Joachim,' she said, 'you have taken all that I possess, and now you refuse me justice and order your people to drive me away.'

'But, remember, you must die as other men, and in thy last hour thou shalt see me again to announce my fate, and not thine only, but that of all thy successors to the remotest posterity.'

And the story goes that she has done it. The great Elector William saw the ghost. His son, Frederick, first king of Prussia, saw the 'white lady' in very truth, though in his case it was his young wife, his third, wandering about the palace in her night robes two days before her death.

There are many famous cases where the

# Dr. Chase's Help To the Workers.

When the Brain Lags the Body Weakens and Physical Bankruptcy Threatens, Dr. Chase's Nerve Food Seeks Out the Weak Spots and Builds Them Up.

Canadians are workers. Some from necessity, others from ambition. Some to provide for self, others for the daily bread of those dependent on them. All alike fall when the system weakens and health gives way to disease. The strain of work is on the minds of some on the bodies of others, but the nourishing of both is in the nerves and blood.

When the mind refuses to concentrate in thought, when the brain tires and aches, when sleepless nights are followed by days of languor and discouragement, when the heart palpitates, the stomach weakens and there are pains and aches of heart and body, Dr. Chase will help you by means of his Nerve Food, the greatest blood builder and nerve restorative of the age.

Without deadening the nerves, without stimulating the heart to over-action, Dr. Chase's Nerve Food gradually and certainly reconstructs the tissues wasted by over-work and disease. The quality of the blood is enriched, the nerves are revitalized, and the new and strengthening tide communicates itself to every muscle of the body.

Mrs. D. W. Cronsberry, 198 Richmond street west, Toronto, Ont., states: 'My daughter, who sews in a white goods manufactory, got completely run down by the steady confinement and close attention required at her work. Her nerves were so exhausted, and she was so weak and debilitated, that she had to give up work entirely, and was almost a victim of nervous prostration.'

'Hearing of Dr. Chase's Nerve Food, she began to use it, and was benefited from the very first. It proved an excellent remedy in restoring her to health and strength. After having used four boxes, she is now at work again, healthy and happy, and attributes her recovery to the use of Dr. Chase's Nerve Food.'

The strengthening and building power of Dr. Chase's Nerve Food is now extraordinary. From weak to weak new vigor and energy are added to the system, until health and vitality is again fully restored. 50 cents a box, at all dealers, of Edmanston, Bates & Co., Toronto.

'white lady' is said to have pertended misfortune. On the night before Saalfeld Prince Louis of Prussia and his adjutant, Count Nostitz, were chatting in the Schloss Schwarzburg-Rudolstadt when a white robed figure glided before them.

The prince turned pale. He had been confidently talking of victory, but after that he despaired.

Neither he nor Nostitz was surprised when next day the 'white lady' again appeared just as the Germans fell back defeated.

Nostitz's own son told this story to Kaiser Fritz, father of the present emperor. Curiously enough, Kaiser Fritz's death also was foretold by the specter.

When the French officers of Napoleon were quartered in the castle at Bairath, the 'white lady' appeared to them, and General Espagne cried out that he was doomed. Shortly afterward he died.

Napoleon, who had all a Corsican's superstition, wouldn't sleep in the castle. Later, when he was to build in Paris a splendid palace for the king of Rome, a poor man's house stood in the way. Napoleon did not demolish it, like Count Joachim, or even apply to it the right of eminent domain, but bought it, though the owner raised his price several times and in the end got about ten times its value.

He then expected to found through the Eaglet a dynasty of long renown, and he didn't want his successors pestered by ghosts.

### In the Grasp of a Tiger.

The Wide World Magazine prints the experiences of a hunter who had a most unpleasant encounter with a man-eating tiger in Assam. He and his companions were watching upon the veranda of their bungalow for this same tiger, and had grown sleepy. The hunter, in despair of a visit from the tiger that night, leaned his rifle against the wall, and put hand and arm, as far as the elbow, round the veranda wall in order to bend forward and take a final look outside.

At that moment he felt his wrist seized in the jaws of the tiger with such a grip that he was powerless to resist. With a shout, 'Help! The tiger has got me!' he stepped backward off the veranda to the ground, yielding himself to the animal, as he knew that a struggle would result in instant death. The pain was excruciating for the great teeth of the tiger were crushing through the flesh and bones of the wrist.

As for the rest of the party, they had been dazing in long cane chairs, with their guns beside them. In the confusion of their hasty awakening fear seized them, and they rushed into the bungalow, closing the doors.

Meanwhile the victim of the tiger's cunning was walking at the side of the man-eater, every depression in the ground causing him intense pain as the brute's teeth jarred and wrenched the bones of his wrist. He says:

'We had proceeded in this manner for some fifty yards when we neared a nullah, or dry water-course, which formed a boundary between the bungalow compound and the tea bushes on the other side. In a moment I realized that if the monster got me into his nullah, I was doomed. I gave one great, heartrending shout for help.'

'This was enough for young Radcliffe. Without a moment's hesitation he burst through the back door, rifle in hand,—to which, by the way, he had affixed the bayonet,—and hurried to my rescue.'

'The tiger had brought me to the brink of the nullah, and I, knowing that help was at hand,—for Radcliffe had shouted, 'Hold on! I'm coming!'—drew back as my strength would permit. Upon this

the tiger turned deliberately round, facing me, and rising on his hind legs, placed his enormous front paws on my shoulders, never for one instant losing the grip he had on my wrist.

'I exerted my whole strength—and I am a powerful man—to withstand the forward pressure of this heavy beast, throwing one leg back to act as a stay, and wondering how soon I should be overcome by the tiger's superior weight.'

'Then came a flash and a loud report, and the tiger fell over backward, loosening his grip on me as he fell. 'Run for your life, man!' shouted Radcliffe, and I needed no second warning.'

'I was weak from pain and loss of blood and Radcliffe had gained the bungalow some seconds before I reached it. The tiger, meanwhile, had partially recovered himself and was on his legs again, and once more chasing me. As I placed my foot on the step I was hurried forward into the center of the room, the door giving way with my weight, and the tiger fell across my body, dead.'

### Tender Corns.

Soft corns, corns of all kinds removed without pain or sore spots by Putnam's Painless Corn and Wart Extractor. Thousands testify that it is certain, painless, and prompt. Beware of substitutes offered for the genuine 'Putnam's' Extractor. Sure, safe, harmless. At all druggists or sent by mail upon receipt of twenty-five cents. N. C. Polson & Co., Kingston, Ont.

### In the Palace of the Czar.

'Is my suit of armor ready, Ivan?'

'I would advise you against going out to get a breath of fresh air this morning, your majesty. I will turn on the electric fans.'

'And my mail, Ivan?'

'I would not open it, your highness. The nihilists are saturating letters to high officials with deadly poison, a touch of which means instant death.'

'Was that a bomb that just exploded, Ivan?'

'Three bombs, your majesty. Will you have your breakfast, your highness?'

'Has the food been analyzed to determine whether or not it was poisoned, Ivan?'

'It has been found to contain no poison, your majesty.'

'Can you vouch for the loyalty of the chemist who analyzed it, Ivan?'

'I can, your majesty.'

'And can anyone vouch for you, Ivan?'

'You must judge for yourself, your majesty.'

'And you will not assassinate me, Ivan?'

'No, your highness.'

### They Never Get Disheartened.

'I have just graduated from a school of journalism! queth the young man, with pardonable haughtiness.

The editor laughed mockingly in his face.

'Only graduates of divinity schools know how to run a newspaper!' he said.

But the young man was by no means disheartened. He was far from being the first to have started wrong.

### FOUL, LOATHSOME, DISGUSTING CATARRH!

Secure Relief in 10 Minutes And a Radical Cure.

Does your head ache? Have you pains over your eyes? Is there a constant dripping in the throat? Is the breath offensive? These are certain symptoms of Catarrh. Dr. Agnew's Catarrhal Powder will cure most stubborn cases in a marvellously short time. If you've had catarrh a week it's a sure cure. If it's of fifty years' standing it's just as effective. 6

(Continued)

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Workers.

Bankruptcy Threat—Weak Spots

erry, 198 Richmond Ont., states: "My white goods manly run down by the close attention re- Her nerves were so weak and de- to give up work en- at a victim of nervous

ase's Nerve Food, and was benefited from proved an excellent her to health and ng used four boxes. again, healthy and her recovery to the Nerve Food."

and building power Food is now extra- k to weak new vigor to the system, until again fully restored. dealers, of Edman- Toronto.

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(CONTINUED FROM TENTH PAGE.)

ent man from what he had been when Honour first saw him.

He said she, were now on almost sisterly terms; though at first, in his sensitiveness, he had done his utmost to avoid her, he had, at length, been obliged to yield to her gentle advances, till at last he felt nearly as much at ease with her as did Githa.

He stood looking at his half sister for some moments, and then sank into a chair by Honour's side.

"You don't know how gladly I would change places with that poor child," he said with a deep sigh. "She is going to rest and peace—everyone must see that—while I must face the world again, and I dread it more than I can say."

"I know it must seem hard, but you must be brave, Mr. Rothsay," Honour said encouragingly.

"Yes; but I am a coward, Miss Fortescue. If it had not happened that, at the time of my release drew near, I was too ill and weak to leave the infirmary, I should never have left Dartmoor alive. To some the thought of approaching liberty brought joy, but to me it was torture. I had become numb to the life inside, and the thought of what might await me without was awful. If Clive had not come to fetch me, my intention was to throw myself into the first water I came to as soon as I was free."

"Oh! you must never think of doing that," cried Honour. "Consider what a grief it would be to your brother and the others."

"There is no fear now, Miss Fortescue. Clive somehow divined my intention, and made me promise never to do such a thing. But after a man has gone through such experiences as mine, death seems sweeter than life."

"You must have suffered awfully, I know," Honour said compassionately.

"How much did I suffer, only one who had gone through the same could imagine. Picture to yourself the degradation, the Picture to yourself the degradation, the crooked head, the hideous dress, the awful silence, and the utter absence of anything which might help one to forget one's misery for even a moment. Think what it is to lose one's very identity—to be known no longer by name, but only by a number; to have no control over one's simplest actions, to be a mere machine, to be—let me beg your pardon, Miss Fortescue, I am boring you my wretched recollections."

"Nothing that concerns my friends ever bores me," Honour replied gently.

"Roll looked at her gratefully. "It is like you to say that," he said. "I always feel able to talk more freely to you than to anyone else except Clive, and, dear old chap, has troubles enough of his own, without having to listen to mine."

"I wish I could do better than listen," Honour said, putting a sympathetic hand on his arm. "That alone is a poor thing."

"It is a far greater help to me sometimes than you can imagine," Roll's voice was husky with emotion, and a tear fell on Honour's hand as he raised it to his lips.

Clive, who was on his way from the farmyard to the back of the house, crossed the lawn just time enough to see this action and he felt as if a hand of ice had gripped his very heart strings.

"What does it mean?" he asked himself. "Is it possible those two are getting to care for each other?"

"I shall soon be strong enough to get some employment, I hope," Roll went on, quite unconscious of the pain his simple act was causing, and then I shall be able to lend Clive a helping hand with the general expenses, I trust, as well as repay him what he has had to spend on account of my poor, unhappy wife."

"Your wife?" Honour echoed the words in the greatest astonishment.

"Yes, my poor Valerie. You saw her once, I think—Clive told me of it."

"Was she your wife? I thought she was your brother's!"

"Clive! Oh, no! Clive never had a wife. Valerie—ah! Githa is waking, and she is apt to get excited if she hears her name; she never liked her," Roll concluded warningly, as his half-sister stirred in her chair.

Honour understood it all now. She had made an awful mistake!

When Clive had spoken of his brother's great trouble, he had referred to his wife's insanity, no doubt.

Why had she allowed herself to be influenced by scandal loving Miss Leblanc Jones's gossip?

Why had she taken everything for granted, when she might so easily ascertained the truth?

She deserved all the heartache she had suffered.

In her folly, she had treated Clive with a coldness he would not be likely to pardon.

CHAPTER IX.

Githa, however, had not forgotten Honour's confession, and as she could read also Clive's heart, it was her great desire to bring them together.

How to accomplish it was a subject that very often occupied her mind.

One Sunday afternoon, a few weeks before the New Year, she was lying on the couch in the drawing room, with Clive as her companion, Mrs. Rothsay having accompanied the children to church.

She had been very quiet for some time and her brother, thinking she was asleep, had been keeping perfectly still.

But his mind was active. For some time past he had been thinking seriously of leaving Great Braydon, as he felt he could not remain to see Honour become his brother's wife—for that she would soon be so, he had no doubt.

This project was now the subject of his thoughts. There was so much to be considered and arranged before he could leave his step-mother and the children.

Presently his thoughts were interrupted by Githa saying suddenly—

"Clive, come here; I want to talk to you."

"I did not know you were awake," he

said, as he drew his chair nearer to her side.

"I have not been asleep; I have been watching you and wondering why you looked so grave. I have been thinking a great deal of the future, and I want to speak to you of the time when I shall be gone."

"Hush, dear! I can't bear it," whispered her half-brother hoarsely.

"But, Clive, it must be; so why not face it at once dear?" reasoned Githa gently. "And you must not grieve too much, for it does not trouble me at all; indeed, I shall be glad to go. Don't ask me why," she went on quickly, as he was about to speak;

"I cannot tell you now, but you shall know some day. You will not feel hurt if I keep my poor little secret a while longer, will you?"

She put out her hand, and drew him nearer to her.

"No, darling. You shall tell me when like," he answered, as he stooped and kissed her.

"That is right. And now you will let me tell you what I have been thinking about; I may never have another opportunity, as we are so seldom alone together. I want you to ask Honour to marry you. I want you to tell her that you will be happy. Promise me that you will."

Clive reddened to the roots of his hair. "Ask Honour to marry me! That is impossible," he said, in a low, pained voice. He had hoped that no one would ever guess his secret. "She would refuse me, even if I were mad enough to do such a thing."

"She would not; she loves you, Clive," Githa asserted positively.

Her brother shook his head. "That is fancy, darling. It is Roll she loves," he said.

"She loves Roll! Honour loves him!" Githa raised herself on her elbow, and stared open eyed at him.

"Yes, I wonder you have not noticed it. You absurd boy! How could anyone notice what has no existence?"

"But their love for each other does exist, dear," Clive persisted.

Then, as she still looked incredulous, he told her of the scene he had witnessed between Honour and his brother.

"I do not care if he kissed her hand fifty times!" Githa exclaimed. "It had no meaning—at least, not of the kind you think. He never loved anyone but Valerie, and he never will. His heart is as much hers now as she is dead as it was the day he married her."

"But, Githa—Clive began. She would not, however, allow him to proceed.

"There is no 'but,' she said decidedly. "I know I am right. Honour no more loves him than she does the man in the moon. You have discovered a mare's nest! And this is why you have been looking so wretched lately?" she asked.

Clive left this question unanswered. "I darsay you are right in thinking he does not regard her quite as he did Valerie," he said. "No man could feel such passionate love more than once; but I am convinced he is very fond of Honour."

"And I am convinced that you are a simpleton," retorted Githa, with a touch of her old impatience. "He only thinks of her as a friend," she went on. "I should be very sorry if it were otherwise, for Roll has had trouble enough, and she would certainly not listen to him. She thinks more of you than she would of a dozen Rolfs."

"Don't say any more about it, dear. It is all imagination on your part. You are so fond of me yourself that you think everyone else must be the same. I am certain that Honour cares nothing for me, and, under any circumstances, I could never ask her to marry me—the difference in our positions is too great. I have no desire to be thought a fortune hunter."

"Clive! surely you are not going to wreek your happiness for such an absurd scruple? Even if you are willing to sacrifice yourself, you cannot intend to be so cruel to her."

Githa spoke in accents of passionate remonstrance.

"If you know how you are hurting me, you would not talk like that," Clive said wearily. "Don't you say any more if you love me—I can't bear it."

"It is because I love you that I must speak, Clive darling. You have only to say one word, and Honour will be yours. I know it. You must speak to her; it is not like you to be a coward. She is only waiting."

Clive shook his head. "You are torturing me," he said in a hoarse whisper, while his face looked as if he were suffering acute physical pain.

"You will not believe me?" cried Githa. "Then I must tell you why I speak so confidently. It is betraying Honour's confidence, but it is as much for her sake as yours. She told me she loved you!"

For an instant the light of hope flashed in Clive's eyes; but it faded away immediately—he dared not believe.

"You misunderstood her," he said. "I did not; he told me as plainly as I tell you. Clive dear, promise me to speak to her."

"There were tears in Githa's eyes as she urged this request.

"I will think of it."

Clive knew this promise was one he was bound to fulfil, for was not Honour's image constantly before him, and was he not in fancy asking her a dozen times a day to be his?

CHAPTER X.

Days lengthened into weeks, yet Clive said no word to Honour of the subject which haunted him both day and night.

He could not persuade himself that Githa had not been mistaken, and he hoped as she had not mentioned the matter again, that she had forgotten it.

He was reading to her one afternoon, little thinking that, instead of listening, she was busy elaborating a plan for bringing him and Honour together, when the latter herself came in.

Clive thought she looked lovelier than ever in her dark purple velvet costume, with its rich sable trimmings.

But it was painful to him to be where she was, and in a little while he rose to leave the two girls together.

Githa, however, saw the opportunity for which she had been longing, and she did not mean to lose it.

"Don't go away, Clive," she said hastily. "I know you have nothing particular to do; and we want you here; don't we, Honour?"

"Perhaps Mr. Rothsay or some other going to discuss the fashions or some other subject abhorred of his sex," Honour suggested, with a smile.

"Indeed I am not, Miss Fortescue," returned Clive; "I only thought you could do without me."

"But we cannot," Githa assured him; "we—Honour wants you always."

Then, before either of her hearers could recover from the confusion into which this speech had thrown them, she continued—

"Honour, I have something to tell you—something that he will never tell you, though he is breaking his heart over it. He loves you. Will you make him happy? Will you be his wife?"

Honour glanced swiftly and shyly at Clive's face; then, as she encountered his appealing eyes, she averted her own, and said in a whisper—

"If he wants me."

"Honour! Do you mean it?" Clive's voice was broken by emotion. "Do you love me? Heaven alone knows what happiness it would be to call you mine! But don't sacrifice yourself because Githa, in her love for me, asks you to do so; don't let me have the misery of knowing, when it is too late, that you have spoiled your life."

"But I love you! The only thing that can spoil my life will be if you send me from you. It will—"

What more she would have said was never uttered, for Clive caught her in his arms, and his kisses stifled her words.

Both in that moment of ecstasy forgot that they were not alone.

Honour was the first to remember it, and, slipping from his arms, she hid her burning face among Githa's cushions.

"Heaven bless you, darling!" murmured Clive, as he bent over his half-sister and kissed her.

"May it bless you, too, dearest of brothers! May you both have all the happiness you deserve!"

Githa's tone was one of supreme content as she said this.

"And now I want to know how soon you will be married," she said, after a moment's silence. "You will let it be as quickly as possible, to please me, will you not?"

"Honour, my dearest, what may I say?" asked Clive, once more drawing her to him. "It is for you to decide. How soon will you come to me?"

"Whenever you wish, Clive," she answered, as she nestled in his arms.

"I know what his wish will be, and I shall have the joy of seeing you both quite happily before I leave you," cried Githa triumphantly. "Now go and arrange everything, and send mamma to me; but please don't tell her anything—I want to be the first to give her the good news."

Ready for Emergencies.

It is always best to be prepared for any thing that may happen. This seems to be the creed of the Ameer of Afghanistan, for in his book, 'The Life of Abdur Rahman, Amir of Afghanistan,' he says;

"I am always as ready as a soldier on the march to a battle, in such a manner that I could start without delay in case of emergency. The pockets of my coats and trousers are always filled with loaded revolvers, and one or two loaves of bread for one day's food. This bread is changed every day."

"Several guns and swords are always lying by the side of my bed, or the chair on which I am seated, within reach of my hand and saddled horses are always kept ready in front of my office, not only for myself but for all my couriers and personal attendants."

"I have also ordered that a considerable number of gold coins should be seen into the saddles of my horses when required for a journey, and on both sides of the saddles are two revolvers. I think it is necessary in such a warlike country that the sovereign, and especially a sovereign who is a soldier himself, should always be as well prepared for an emergency as a soldier on the field of battle. Although my country is, perhaps, more peaceful and safe than many other countries, one can never be too cautious or too well prepared."

The Professor's Wooing.

The experience known as 'popping the question' is the bugbear of every man, however confident of his charms or fluent of speech. Many original ways of asking young women to marry them have been resorted to by bashful men, but perhaps the most brilliant suggestion came to a learned German professor, who, having remained a bachelor till middle life, at last tumbled head over ears in love with a little flaxen-haired maiden many years his junior.

One day, after vainly endeavoring to screw his courage to the sticking-point, the learned man came upon his Gretchen as she sat alone, darning a stocking, with a huge pile of the family hosiery on the table.

The professor aimlessly talked on general topics, wondering how he could lead up to the subject nearest his heart, when all at once a happy thought came to him.

Leaning forward, he put his big hand on the little fist doubled up inside the stocking and said, hesitatingly:

"You darn very beautifully, frauin."

Seal Brand Coffee

(1 lb. and 2 lb. cans.)

is selected from the very highest grades grown. It is HIGH GRADE PURITY—its fragrance proclaims its excellence.

ALL GOOD GROCERS.

CHASE & SANBORN, MONTREAL AND BOSTON.

Would you like to darn my stockings only?

Fortunately the frauin was not so simple as she appeared. She grasped the significance of the question immediately, and lost no time in answering. "Yes."

The Druggists are Busy.

Druggists report great demand for the new 25 cent size of Catarthozone, and today's sales almost cleared out their stock. They explain this rapid run on Catarthozone by the fact that it gives a better satisfaction than any other remedy on the market. Druggists say that Catarthozone is the only remedy that really does cure Catarrh, Bronchitis and Asthma. It relieves quickly, is pleasant and convenient to use, and guaranteed to cure, or your money back. Readers suffering from Irritable Throat, Bronchitis, Catarrh, &c., are strongly advised to try Catarthozone; it never fails to cure even the worst cases.

Prevention and Cure of Baldness.

Nowhere is the comparative superiority of the ounce of prevention more strikingly shown than in the case of baldness. It is easy enough as a rule, to prevent baldness if the hair receives proper care from childhood; but in the great majority of cases it is impossible to coax back a satisfactory growth of hair on a shining pate.

The life of a hair is estimated to be from two to four or five years, at the end of which time it falls out and, if the scalp is healthy, is replaced in time by a new one, which grows out from the old hair follicle.

As long as this process of growth keeps pace with the falling out of hair, there is no danger of baldness, no matter how plentifully the hairs are shed; but if the loss exceeds the new growth, as it does when the scalp is unhealthy, thinness of the hair and eventual baldness are sure to follow.

We have seen, in a former article, that the hat is mainly responsible for the unavoidable distinction of the male sex as the bald one. The hat may cause baldness directly, by diminishing the blood-supply and consequently the nourishment of the hair, or it may produce it indirectly, by causing an unhealthy condition of the scalp leading to dandruff.

This affection, known scientifically as seborrhea, is thought to be due to the presence of a special microbe, which finds a favorable soil for its growth in the poorly ventilated scalp.

The prevention of baldness calls first for a reform in the matter of head-gear. Stiff hats—the derby, the straw or the silk hat—should be laid aside, and soft felt hats or caps worn.

Then the scalp must be kept absolutely clean. Many people seem to be afraid to wash the hair, or to brush it vigorously, but this fear is unfounded. The head should be shampooed at least once a week, with soap of the best quality, which should be not strong and alkaline, but neutral. If this makes the hair too dry, a little olive oil can then be rubbed into the scalp.

If dandruff still persists, in spite of frequent washing, it will be well to get advice from a physician as to the occasional use of an appropriate lotion in addition to the regular shampooing.

Thorough brushing of the hair morning and night will help to keep the scalp in good condition, and massage with the finger tips, moving the scalp in all directions over the skull, will promote its health and that of the hair growing in it.

Remarkable Power.

A dear old lady was taken one day to a musical service in a Boston church. She had heard much about the fine voice of the soprano, and was prepared for a treat.

She sat in rapt enjoyment until the service was over, and then turned a radiant face toward her escort, who was a young grandson.

"Dear boy," she said, "you've given me a great treat. Her voice is perfectly beautiful. It made cold chills run all up and down my spine."

"It's too bad, grandmamma," said the boy, "but she didn't sing today, though she was there. The gentleman next me says she's been suffering from a bad cold,

and one of the chorus had to sing the solos for her."

"What, dear?" said the old lady, looking momentarily distressed. Then her face cleared, and she patted his arm reassuringly.

"Never you mind," she said. "We can come again some time; but after all, if she can make me feel that way without singing, I don't know as 'twould be wise for me to hear her, now would it?"

A Piscatorial Fun.

It is delightful to be able to quote what is perhaps a new fish story from the New York Times Saturday Review. It is one which Mr. Frank Stockton tried on 'John Paul.'

A gentleman asked a question of a boy who was fishing. The boy mumbled an indistinct response.

"Why can't you speak plainer?" said the gentleman. "What have you in your mouth?"

"Wums, wums, fur bait," answered the boy.

How a Sprain Does Hurt!

But it isn't the pain alone that is dreaded, just think of the loss of time and wages. Sprains without number have been cured by rubbing Polson's Nerviline well into the pores of the skin surrounding the joint. No matter whether it is a sprained wrist, ankle, knee or back, just try Nerviline on it, and see how quickly it will cure. There is only one liniment that can be depended upon to cure sprains, strains and swellings, and that is Polson's Nerviline. Large bottles 25 cents.

A Mystery of the Sun's Corona.

One of the things to be studied by the astronomers who go to Sumatra to observe the eclipse of the sun visible there on May 17th, will be the question whether the corona emits any perceptible heat. During the eclipse observed in our Southern States last year it was found that the light of the corona appeared to be "cold light," for even so delicately sensitive an instrument as the bolometer failed to detect any heat in it. The luminosity seemed to resemble that of a vacuum tube through which electric discharges are passing.

The Sturdy Pinetree.

The New England pine, which Emerson so loved, appears, according to the recent investigations of Prof. G. E. Stone, to be holding its own in the forests of central Massachusetts, while some of its old competitors, like the hemlock, the beech and the canoe birch, have decreased, other species taking their place. 'The pine,' says Professor Stone, "can adapt itself to a great variety of conditions."

ABSOLUTE SECURITY! Genuine Carter's Little Liver Pills!

Must Bear Signature of

W. D. Wood

See Fac-Simile Wrapper Below.

Very small and so easy to take as sugar.



CURE SICK HEADACHE.

A Narrow Escape.

One day after dinner, while I was playing with Buster, the brindle pup, father came to the porch to get his saddle, and said: 'I'm going up the creek to look for cotton pickers. I can't get into the field this week; but if you boys want to start in, I'll give you six bits a hundred.'

We are living on a combined cattle-ranch and farm in northern Texas. I was eleven years old, could pick a hundred pounds of cotton a day and was eager to earn money. My brother Charley, five years younger, readily consented to help me.

In those days baskets were used for picking cotton. Father had made several during the summer, and when Charley and I started to the field we each took a new one.

These baskets were round flat bottomed, without handles, the same size all the way up, and as high as my arms. Their weight and size made them awkward to carry. Charley had so much trouble with his that I pushed it into mine, the two being a tight fit, and rolled them. When we came to a high, steep hill overlooking a valley at the farther side of which was the farm, I let them go. Down they rushed, with Buster in wild pursuit. Half way down he, too, took to rolling, and rolled to the bottom.

On overtaking the baskets I gave them a push, and kept them rolling through high grass till we came to the field-gate. While I was getting them apart, the pup was biting at my legs. I dropped him into the smaller basket, then inverted the larger one and slipped it down over the smaller one, shutting him in. Now we kept still, and he howled dismally at being deserted, as he supposed. Finally we rolled the baskets around till he was in a rage; and then we let the pup out and took turns at being shut in ourselves and rolled about over the grass.

When at last we went to work, the larger basket was left near the gate, to empty into. The other one we set between our rows to pick into. The cotton here was as high as the basket, and out toward the creek, which bordered the field on the north, it was much higher.

When we had picked about seventy-five yards, I heard Charley exclaim: 'What big dog-tracks!' Parting the cotton, I looked over between his rows. 'Guess they're panther tracks,' I remarked.

Beyond the creek was a tree covered hill. Under its rocks and ledges, and wildcat's back their dens, and panthers had often been seen over there. A creepy sensation ran over me. In the dry soil, I could not tell whether these tracks that I saw had been made a week or an hour before; and the cotton was so thick that we couldn't see far.

'What would we do if a panther was to come?' Charley asked in awed tones. 'We'd—we'd—I don't know,' I answered, tiptoeing and looking around cautiously. Buster had left us. Soon we heard a frightened yelp, and he came rushing back. This was startling. Although only a little fellow and part hound, Buster was also part bulldog, and usually brave to recklessness. I was alarmed. The cotton was as high as my head, and I laid the basket on its side and stood upon it, holding to the stalks. Now I could see over the cotton, but not down into it.

Finally I jumped down. While I was stooping to pick up some split cotton, Charley startled me: 'I saw something!' 'Where? what?' I straightened up instantly. We were but little boys, with good reason to fear attack if a panther were near. The creature is bold against children.

Charley pointed toward the creek. He had caught a glimpse of some grayish animal as it crossed the cotton-rows, only a few yards away. 'It might have been a coyote,' I remarked as carelessly as I could. 'We'll go and empty now, and then we'll go up to the spring.' I was glad of an excuse to get away.

Throwing the split cotton in, trash and all, I seized the basket, which contained twenty or thirty pounds, and started toward the gate. I had reached the larger basket, which stood in the edge of the cotton, and was about to empty it, when the other into it when the pup yelped behind me, and before I could turn Charley uttered a frightened cry.

Looking up the fence, I saw, hardly a dozen yards away, a large animal, not quite so grey, emerging from between two cotton-rows. Its head was turned toward us, and its attitude reminded me of a cat stealing upon a lizard.

Charley was crying and the pup whining. I was too badly scared to cry. After a few moments of helpless terror, I caught Charley by the hand and started to run. But at the first step I stopped suddenly; for on the other side, and a little nearer, was a still larger beast!

The panthers were stealing upon us from opposite sides. Both had stopped, and stood watching us. I glanced around. My first impulse was to climb the fence; but instantly I recalled what I had heard many times; that if you turned your back to a panther it would leap upon you. To get away from one, you should walk backward, looking the animal in the eye. What you should do when there was one panther in front of you and another behind you, I had never heard anybody say. But a plan, suggested by our playing, flashed into my mind. I grasped it eagerly, as the only chance of escaping from our terrible situation.

Lifting Charley, I dropped him into the smaller basket, on the cotton. Then, laying the other basket, down, I stepped upon it and over into the basket that Charley was in. Now I seized the larger basket,

and raising it, was about to let it down over us, when Buster's piteous whining caught my attention.

Terrified at being deserted, he was reaching up his paws, while his mouth, eyes and ears were working in such expressive entreaty that I could almost hear him say: 'For mercy's sake, don't leave your poor little puppy out here for the panthers to eat!'

Catching him by the paw, I jerked him up and inside. Then I hastily pulled the upper basket down over the lower one. I could get a pretty good hold with fingers and hands pressing and clutching at opposite sides. But about half way down it stuck fast.

While still pulling at it, I heard a sniffling against the basket, and then a growl which froze my blood. Charley began to whimper, and I dropped down by him. There was just room for us.

'Hush!' I whispered. 'Maybe they'll go away.' After that he was very quiet. The panther waddled round the baskets several times, smelling and growling. Then he began to utter peculiar sounds, some like purring. Perhaps he was saying to his mate, in the panther language: 'My dear, just come and see what a nice mess of boys and pups we've found for dinner! All so young and tender, too! My, don't they smell good?' and he began to sniff around the baskets again.

Presently we heard the female panther smelling and growling. My heart was beating so loudly that it seemed the animal must hear it. They evidently had no intention of going away.

Soon there was sniffling and growling overhead. The male panther—I could distinguish his hoarser tones—had put his paws on the upper basket. Suddenly it slipped down under their weight, scaring us, and starting him till he leaped away. That was just what I wanted. The upper basket now completely covered the lower one, the two being practically one basket, with double sides and both ends closed.

My courage revived. These baskets were heavy and strong, for they were made of the toughest oak, which had since become well seasoned. The splits running round them were as thick as they could be to bend, and those running up and down were still thicker; and all were so woven that they could be torn apart only by tearing the whole basket to pieces. But how long would they withstand teeth and claws?

Tied to the rim of the inner basket were two buckskin strings, to be hoisted on the steylards in weighing. One string I slipped under several splits in the bottom of the outer basket, where I tied the up and down splits crossed, and then I tied the two strings together. Now the baskets could not come apart by mere shaking or rolling, and I felt still more hopeful.

Finding no openings in the baskets, one panther upon them. After smelling and scratching a little the animal jumped down. Charley was keeping as still as a young partridge under a leaf, but Buster soon grew restless. Feeling safe between us he growled; and when I put my hand on him he barked loudly.

Irritated by the barking, the big panther leaped at the baskets, and over we all went. Frightened yelps and angry growls filled the baskets, as boys, cotton and pup rolled over and over together. The hound part of Buster was yelping and the bulldog part growling, I suppose.

When the bumping and rolling ceased, I was lying on my back, with Charley and the pup and most of the cotton on me. By bare squirming I got the cotton under us, Charley at my side and Buster at our feet. I was surprised to find myself alive and unharmed.

Fearing another attack, I made the pup keep still. I was afraid the panthers would try to tear open the baskets; but there was something else they preferred to do first. And now began for us such an experience as two boys and a pup probably never underwent before.

The panthers would leap upon the baskets, setting them to rolling and then they would leap off. Hardly could we adjust ourselves to one position before we would find ourselves in another. Buster, at our feet, had a worse time than we did.

'What are they doing?' whispered Charley. 'I don't know.' 'Being unable to see through both baskets, I put my eye to the end of one, and peeped out between the splits. The moment I saw the panthers I understood their performance. Having discovered that the baskets would roll, and being in a playful mood, they were amusing themselves rolling us about as a kitten rolls a ball of yarn. This ball had three mice in it, which the big cats doubtless believed they could secure easily whenever they were ready to eat us. As the sequel proved, it wasn't so easy, after all.

While we were being rolled about, like three unhatched chickens in one shell, the baskets rolled against the gate, which, being fastened with a piece of rotten rope, broke loose and swung open. I was glad when I heard it creak, and I myself kept the baskets rolling till they were out on the grass. Cowboys passed through the valley frequently, and they would be more likely to see us here.

The big cats went on playing. Charley and I bore our rolling and tumbling stoically at first. The cotton protected us somewhat from the rough splits, but in spite of that we had a hard time. My nose was skinned, and the bumps on our heads would have started a phrenologist. I set my teeth together hard every time those playful brutes started us to rolling.

When pa gets home, he'll come down here and plug the nasty old panthers full of lead, won't he?' whimpered Charley, resentfully, after one of our worst experiences.

'Yes, he will that!' I answered heartily. 'And we'll skin 'em, and stretch their old skins up to dry, won't we?' 'Guess we will,' I answered, less heartily. It wasn't the skins of the panthers

that I was concerned about preserving just then.

After playing till they had worked up good appetites, the brutes were ready for a meal and began clawing at the baskets. But these rolled too easily to get a hold on, and I aided the rolling. The moving of the baskets seemed to enrage the hungry pair. The big panther sprang upon them savagely, and holding them with his claws, tried to tear them with his teeth. Although badly frightened, I knew that our lives depended upon keeping the animals off.

I was naturally timid, but even a mouse will fight when it can't do anything else. And besides, the head-bruising and nose-bleeding had roused my temper. I took out my knife. It had only one blade, but that was strong, sharp edged and sharp pointed. The panther's paw was pressed against the end of the basket. I could see its outline. Fating the knife-point thrust between the splits, I gave a wengeful thrust.

The panther growled and sprang away. Peeping out, I saw him licking the blood from his wounded paw.

Perhaps the taste of blood sharpened his appetite, for he was soon tearing at the baskets again. Both paws were on top now, and his body, although visible, was not in reach of my knife. I could hear him and his mate ceased venting his fury on the baskets, and I on our heads. The cotton was around us and on us. Up among our feet I could feel Buster squirming.

The cotton was about our faces, and aside from the discomfort of our inverted position, we were likely to smother. I struggled and kicked desperately, in an effort to throw the baskets over, but had it not been for Buster, we might have remained in our wretched position till we became unconscious.

The pup, squirming about, barked angrily. The already furious panther sprang at the baskets again, throwing them on their sides; and when the animal finally desisted from the attack we were more comfortable.

Buster kept quiet, and for some minutes the panthers did not trouble us. Peeping out, I saw the big panther lying down, watching the baskets, and his mate standing near. She was waiting for him to open the baskets and get out the dinner; but he was reluctant to attack that round thing which stung furiously whenever he touched it.

Soon the she panther, becoming impatient, started to open the dinner-basket for herself. I had just found my knife under the cotton,—it had been lost while we were tumbling about,—and when she came smelling close to my head, I jabbed her nose. She drew back, but stood snarling. Seeing me through the splits, she sprang at the end of the basket. Although badly frightened, I slipped my knife blade through a mesh.

She must have hurt herself biting or clawing at the sharp steel, for she suddenly sprang upon the baskets, growling and biting at them. The under part of her body was against the end of the basket, and I stuck her severely before she could get away.

When I peeped out she had gone back to her mate, to whom she whined complainingly while licking her wounds. He purred around her sympathetically, then started, growling, toward the baskets. But prudent overcame his anger, and he went back.

After this the panthers lay near the baskets, watching them as a cat watches a mouse-hole. I peeped out frequently, but they showed no signs of going away.

Only some cattle appeared, grazing on the valley. I watched eagerly to see if they would turn up along the fence. There is no beast of prey that Texas longhorns hesitate to attack.

But they grazed toward the hill. I was much disappointed, for there was no telling how soon hunger might drive the panthers to make a more determined attack upon us.

But presently it occurred to me that we could easily roll to where the cattle would pass. They were grazing slowly.

After explaining my plan to Charley, I worked the baskets around till they would roll in the right direction. The panthers growled, and when we began to roll they growled louder and came nearer.

We kept rolling slowly. First Charley went over me, and then I over him. It was rather hard on the little fellow, but he bore it without complaining. Not so Buster. Only by vigorous kicks could we keep him quiet.

The panthers walked round the baskets, sometimes circling round them. Now and then one would spring upon the baskets savagely, hold them a few moments, and then leap away. I managed to give each of the animals a cut, which made them more cautious.

I could not see where we were going, but we kept rolling through grass. To where the cattle would pass was about three hundred yards, but I was sure we should only have to get near enough to attract their attention.

At last both panthers began to growl. 'The cattle are coming!' I exclaimed. 'We heard trampling and bellowing. Peeping out I saw the panthers making off. Buster saw them too, and barked with all his might. We were frightened as the cattle went plunging by; but they shielded away from the baskets, and kept on after the panthers.

loudly, then came back, evidently proud of what he had done. The cattle now far up the valley, had gone to grazing again. The panthers were not to be seen; but there were thickets between us and the hill and we were afraid they might be hiding somewhere.

Employing the cotton on the grass, we started to the house, each of us rolling a basket. We went at a trot, and kept away from the tickets and out of the high cut grass.

But we saw nothing dangerous. The pup trotted before us, with his head held high and his tail sticking up proudly. I have no doubt that the last day of his life Buster believed that his barking had frightened the panthers away, and that if we hadn't kept him still he could have frightened them away sooner.

Father was unsmiling as he saw we rolled our baskets to the house. He saw from our excited manner that something had happened, but was almost incredulous when we breathlessly described the frightful experience we had been through. But when we showed him holes clawed or bitten in the outer basket, and bloody prints which the big panther's wounded paw had left on it, he hung another six-shooter on his belt, caught up his gun and hurried away to the field. We boys went as far as the hill, to look down.

Father found the tracks made by the panthers when they had stolen up on us, but I regret to say that his hunt for the animals was vain.

The preacher's theme was 'Daniel.' After the benediction one of the strangers in the congregation asked an usher what the pastor's name was.

'His name is King,' said the usher. 'Will you introduce me to him?' 'With pleasure. What is your name?' 'Daniel.'

The usher introduced him. 'I am glad to meet you, Mr. King,' said the stranger. 'I'm your subject.'

They claim that women are trying to dominate the entire species,' remarked Mr. Meekton. 'Well, femininity is becoming very aggressive.'

'It seems so. But when I am at home and Henrietta is out lecturing I get out my book of choice selections and read 'The hand that rocks the cradle is the hand that rules the world.' And then I feel perfectly content.'

'It seems to me,' remarked the observant man, 'that your church is losing ground. I notice you didn't enroll a single convert last month.'

'My friend,' replied the Mormon elder, who had received his own millinery bill that morning, 'it's almost impossible to get any man to join our church around Easter time.'

Patience—Do you know when Will went to put the engagement ring on my finger, he really didn't know which finger it should go on.

Patrice—Well, he must have very poor memory.

Yellow will dye a splendid red. Try it with Magnetic Dyes—costs 10 cents a package and gives fine results.

BORN.

- Agwash, April 15, to the wife of S P Borden, a son.
Napier, April 14, to the wife of Peter Gould, a son.
Shediac, April 16, to the wife of Albert Hebert, a son.
Windsor, April 6, to the wife of Rufus Curry, a son.
Mt Denison, April 14, to the wife of Aswald Lake, a son.
Windsor, April 10, to the wife of Bretton Marsters, a son.
Fort George, April 6, to the wife of Frank Mosher, a son.
Hantsport, April 14, to the wife of Stockwell Alley, a son.
Moncton, April 21, to the wife of A J Cook, a daughter.
Boiestown, April 8, to the wife of Dr W H L Rice, a daughter.
Truro, April 4, to the wife of John Kennedy, a daughter.
Truro, April 15, to the wife of Paul Peterson, a daughter.
Parraboro, April 17, to the wife of W B Mahoney, a daughter.
Bridgetown, April 16, to the wife of O T Daniels, a daughter.
Amherst, April 14, to the wife of Aaron Palmer, a daughter.
Boston, April 10, to the wife of Clarence Cook, a daughter.
Riverside, N S April 10, to the wife of J E Roberts, a daughter.
Hantsport, April 7, to the wife of James Faukner, a daughter.
Bridgewater, Apr 12, to the wife of Philip Rafuse, a daughter.
North Kingston, April 1, to the wife of Tom Freeman, a son.
Hantsport, April 16, to the wife of Sergt G H Walter, a son.
Hantsport, April 10, to the wife of E Churchill Parker, a daughter.
Parraboro, April 12, to the wife of Tremaine Black, a daughter.
Baker's Settlement, April 13, to the wife of Edward Meisner, a son.
Gloucester, April 12, to the wife of Rev A J Archibald, a daughter.
Ipswich, April 15, to the wife of Rufus McPhee, a son.
Margaretville, April 8, to the wife of Blachard Stronach, a daughter.
Coqueseville, April 12, to the wife of Joseph Weagie, a daughter.
West Hamarville, Mass April 6, to the wife of Emery L Stum, a son.

MARRIED.

- Pictou, April 9, Daniel Rae, to Ida Jane Crow.
Halifax, April 10, John O'Toole, to Emma Carty.
Dartmouth, April 10, B. Bowser, to J. K. Andrews.
Halifax, April 17, M H Goudge, to Caroline Stimpson.
Moncton, April 20, Wm. H. Harris, to Mary E White.
Charlottetown, April 15, Patrick Blake, to Gertrude Quirk.

- Pictou, April 10, John A. McEchtra, to Georgina Fraser.
Windsor River, April 10, Watson Smith, to Katie Macrae.
Brookside, April 10, Malcolm Russell to Elizabeth Macdon.
Albert Co., April 8, Stephen E. Morrel to Etta L. Osborn.
Amherst, April 16, Malcolm McKinnon, to Mary Gouche.
Amherst, April 17, Wm. W. Walker to Miss Ida A. Shipley.
Charlottetown, April 10, Wm A. Johnson, to Alma M. Poole.
Boston, Mass., April 10, Robert Derris, to Annie Roberts.
Milford, April 16, Alex Murphy, to Helen M. Roberts.
Ryer John, April 17, George Jollymore to Jessie Carrisburgh.
Perthshire, N. B., April 9, Nelson McKeznie, to Grace K. Ith.
Windsor, April 10, Rev Thomas Davies, to Madeline Black.
Tatamagouche, April 18, Wm. C. Bonnyman, to Mary Pat Quinn.
Colchester Co., April 17, Alvin W. Ramsey, to Ella Ramsey.

DIED.

- Digby, April 16, T C Shreve, 52.
Hope River, April 15, John Reid.
Halifax, April 20, Mary E Clancy.
Halifax, April 15, John Barrett 19.
Elmdale, April 15, Alfred Gardes.
Lockhartville, April 13, H H Reid.
Parraboro, April 16, Ralph Clay, 8.
Amherst, April 15, Ress Lundry, 49.
Halifax, March 30, Wm H Hunt, 44.
Cumberland, April 6, Mary Mills, 64.
Beverly, Mass, Frank E Wyman, 51.
Gaspereaux, April 7, Delma McSayer.
Halifax, April 15, John D Musgrave.
Yarmouth, April 7, Annie Baker, 59.
Truro, April 10, Richard Christie, 81.
Hants, April 3rd, Eunice Dimock, 72.
Hants, April 9th, Margaret Brown, 65.
Halifax, April 16, Josie M Clarke, 81.
Yarmouth, April 4, James F Scott, 63.
Yarmouth, April 14, Francis Stokes, 16.
Halifax, April 10, Joseph B Bennett, 74.
Minnedie, April 17, Edward Seaman, 83.
Hants, April 15, Hannah McDonald, 73.
Melbourne, April 18, Israel Hersey, 63.
Colborne, April 16, W Clarence Dunphy, 61.
Milroy, April 17, Capt Hugh D Cans, 74.
Dorchester, April 14, Emily E Emerson.
New Jersey, April 16, James J Kehoe, 40.
Monst Stewart, April 10, Sarah J Lee Jay.
Victoria, B. C., April 6, Thomas Steele, 83.
Cumberland, April 15, Lola Thompson, 13.
Boston, Mass, April 13, Rev G F Currie, 42.
Summerside, April 15, Thomas Furrow, 59.
Gaspereaux, April 9, Leonard Schroeder, 83.
Sydney, C.B., April 11, Arthur McWilliam.
Glen Rose, April 1, Valentine Chisholm, 78.
Spring Valley, April 4, Chester Bryanton, 6.
Long Creek, April 13, Mianle Robertson, 29.
Fort Massey, April 13, Elizabeth Ann Odell.
Sabb's Cove, April 13, Sarah Goswami, 63.
Halifax, April 14, Mary Ann Fitzpatrick, 54.
Halifax, April 11, Daniel James Dowling, 41.
Louisburg, C. B., April 17, Arthur Fenwick, 37.
Salmon Bay, March 30, Samuel R Munroe, 62.
Grand View, April 10, Alexander McDonald, 77.
Nine Mile Creek, March 26, John Macdonald, 79.
Bradford, Mass, April 11, Mrs Byron Churchill, 38.
Jostville, Mass, April 17, Harriet Catherine Campbell, 39.
Robinson's Point, Queens Co, April 6, Alexander McLean, 63.

RAILROADS.

CANADIAN PACIFIC

Pan-American EXPOSITION

BUFFALO, N. Y.
May 1st to November 1st.
One Fare for the Round Trip.

Going May 1st to June 30th. Return 15 days from date of sale.
All Ticket Agents in the Maritime Provinces can sell via Canadian Pacific Short Line.
For rates from any station. Time Tables, Sleeping Car rates, etc., write to
A. J. BEATH,
D. F. A., C. F. R.,
St. John, N. B.
Or apply to W. H. C. MACKAY,
City Passenger Agent, C. P. R.

SUBURBAN SERVICE.

ST. JOHN AND WELSFORD.
Commencing June 10th, there will be a greatly improved train service between the above points, including an early morning train from Lingley at 6:40 a. m. due at St. John at 7:30 a. m. standard.
For particulars apply to
A. J. BEATH,
D. F. A., C. P. R.,
St. John, N. B.
Or to N. H. C. MACKAY,
C. P. A., C. F. R.,
St. John, N. B.

Intercolonial Railway

On and after MONDAY Mar. 11th, 1901, trains will run daily (Sundays excepted) as follows:—

TRAINS WILL LEAVE ST. JOHN

Table with 2 columns: Train Name and Time. Includes Express for Point du Chene, Campbellton and Halifax, Express for Halifax and Pictou, Express for Sussex, Express for Quebec and Montreal, Accommodation for Halifax and Sydney.

TRAINS WILL ARRIVE AT ST. JOHN

Table with 2 columns: Train Name and Time. Includes Express from Sussex, Express from Quebec and Montreal, Express from Halifax, Pictou and Point du Chene, Accommodation from P. du Chene and Moncton, Daily, except Monday.

All trains are run by Eastern Standard time Twenty-four hours notation.
D. FOTTINGER,
Genl. Manager
Moncton, N. B., March 5, 1901.
CITY TICKET OFFICE,
7 King Street St. John, N. B.

VOL. 2

SUB

Halifax

Suicides, 1 ly. On Thur ed the info became tired same means their eternal events took Halifax. T greatest mys is unknown. one who co sane, whet not, it m every case rounding it create atten the greatest manner poss evidence the best wes object. The fax on Wed his life her Connor wh go, all use ment of tra gions. Mar necessary. called the

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Then who question the name I for granted, never have to all letters clothing. I that at this Harvard profes man, [is unde of his] brothe advanced the best takin est in this the Eastma mind to such became unb fact that per frequently be hearing of his supposed Mi of those char misfortune the average mysterious.

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It is prob Eastman will short time. solved soon points very lady came in On Saturday Dufferin Ho Mary W. C ferin until P. R. fo