

LYNCHING BEE SPOILED.

TOO MUCH ATTENTION PAID TO THE ETIQUETTE OF THE OCCASION.

Pete Lansing Wanted the Diamond Centre Vigilantes to Acquitt Themselves in Style When They Hanged Him and So Got off With a Bang for His Life.

'I don't take the personal interest in lynchings that I used to,' said Uncle Tom Athinson, as he sat on the veranda of his hotel talking over the recent lynchings in the South. 'It isn't entirely because I am getting old, but the last lynching party I took part in disgusted me with the whole business. You see, Pete Lansing stole a horse and we got a party together and started out after him. Pete gave us quite a chase, but at last we struck a hot trail near Pine Hills, and then we gained on him so fast that when our little party of Vigilantes swept around the curve at the foot of the hills Pete was only half a mile ahead and pushing his horse at a gallop across the prairie. We called to him to stop. Of course, he couldn't hear us at that distance, and as he knew we wanted to hang him for horse stealing, he wouldn't have stopped if he had heard, but it was the first time since we organized that the Diamond Centre Vigilantes had been called out, and we wanted to do things in proper style. So we formally summoned Pete to surrender. Dick Evans, our leader, wanted everything done exactly right, but I and some of the other boys think he was too particular on this occasion. A swell Boston society affair is one thing and a lynching bee is another, and there isn't any use trying to combine them.

'However that may be, after we had called upon Pete to stop we thought we had done all that etiquette,' as Dick called it, required, and we began to pump bullets at him. Pretty soon one of the bullets struck his horse and it tumbled over. Pete knew there wasn't any use running after that, so he lit a cigarette—he was a sort of a dude in some ways—and waited for us to come up.

'Guess we've got you this time, Pete,' says Dick.

'Looks that way,' replies Pete, [as calm and unconcerned as if he didn't have any part in the show. 'What is the next thing on the programme?'

'The nearest trees were about half way up the Pine Hills and we allowed the first thing to be done was to take Pete to where the trees were. 'After we reach a tree we won't have much trouble finding out what to do next, Mr. Pete Lansing,' said one of the boys in an ugly kind of a way. The man who spoke had lost three or four good horses that season and was feeling kind of sore over it, but Pete looked quite hurt at being talked to in that kind of fashion and Dick Evans spoke up:

'That'll do for you, Tom. That's no kind of a way to speak to a man who is almost dead.'

'But our trouble has only begun. Pete's horse was dead and he swore he wasn't going to walk to the Pine Hills. 'Nobody ever heard of a man tramping a mile to his own hanging. You fought me fair and square,' says Pete, 'and I don't kick on that, but I'll be darned if I am going to hoof it across this prairie. A man in any position ought to have a little politeness shown him.

'Jim Haly, who runs the Crescent saloon, happened to have a deck of cards in his pocket and he proposed that we throw around and the low man give up his horse to Pete. We all agreed to this, and Pete being in one way our guest we let him deal. That made a delay, for Pete dealt himself the low hand, and as he didn't have any horse we had to deal again. One of the boys got stuck this time, so Pete took his horse and we started out for the Pine Hills.

'It was pretty dark when we reached the Hills, but one of the party got out a rope and we thought the business would be over in a few minutes. But here Pete made an other kick. For a man who was going to be hanged he was the most particular, bothersome fool I ever ran across.

'I don't want to be hung right here alongside of the road where everybody will see me. Take me a little ways into the woods and do the job there.'

'But we want your body to be an example,' says Dick Evans, sort of doubtfully.

'That made Pete mad. 'Example be damned,' he snarled. 'I takes a horse, you boys catches me and strings me up. So far all right. But I don't want my body used as the tag end of a Sunday school lesson. Besides, what kind of a thing would that be to show strangers thinking to invest their money in the growing town of Diamond Centre? You fellows ain't got any patriotism. Example I example be hanged!' says Pete scornfully.

'There seemed to be a lot of sense in what Pete said, so we pushed on about a hundred yards into the woods. It was pretty dim outside by this time, and in among the

trees it was really dark, but Pete was riding in the middle of the party, and it didn't look as if there was any way in which he could escape. Pretty soon we reached a tree with big boughs hanging low down, just the tree for what we wanted.

'I guess this will do all right,' says Dick, who was riding ahead.

'We stopped and one of the boys threw the end of the rope over the bough of the tree, while I fixed the noose about Pete's neck. Pete had been riding with his head as if he was thinking pretty hard and not paying much attention to what was going on, but when he felt the rope about his neck he looked up, sorrowful and disgusted rather than angry.

'I guess this is the first time any of you boys have ever taken part in a festivity of this kind,' says he, sort of sarcastic like.

'We allowed it was.

'Well, it is a good thing you have me a resident of Diamond Centre, to try it on first, for you would make the camp a laughing stock if you acted this way with a stranger. I wish I had time to give you a rehearsal,' says Pete kind of regretfully, but it's growing too dark. Why, I actually believe you fellows would just a man over the pearly gates without giving him a chance to say a few words and speak a little prayer.

'We all were silent at this, for we had forgotten all about that part of the programme. So Pete dropped off his horse and went over to a little bush a few feet away from the tree we had thrown the rope over. Then he began to pray. I don't claim to be an authority on prayers, but I have always said that was no slouch of prayers. Peter began with the Diamond Centre camp and recommended every man, woman and child in it to the Lord. Most of them needed it, but it made a long prayer. Then

it was a good prayer and covered the ground but it took an awful long time.

'There didn't seem to be anything to interfere with the work we had assembled together to perform,' as Pete styled it in his prayer, when all of a sudden Pete cried out:

'My God, boys. The woods are on fire.'

'We all looked as hard as we could, but didn't see anything.

'Yes, they are,' said Pete. 'Look, you can just see the blaze away off to the northwest.'

'Now, Pete had sort of entered into the spirit of the occasion so cheerfully and seemed so anxious to have the first lynching of the Diamond Centre Vigilantes go off just right that none of us suspected him of being the treacherous bound he really was. We all looked off to the northwest as hard as we could for a minute or two.

'Your eyes are off, Pete,' says I turning around to where he had been. But there wasn't any Pete, only away down the gully we could hear some one tramping down the bushes and running for all he was worth.

'We all rushed into the underbrush, but it wasn't any place for horses, besides it was too dark to see much of anything. That thief of a Pete Lansing had run away from us in the first place until his horse was shot and then he had said he couldn't be hung anywhere except on the pine hills, and then, all the time pretending that he was anxious for the credit of the camp, he had prayed until it was too dark for us to see anything. He was nothing but a hypocrite and played it low down on the boys who had always treated him right and were trying to send him off in good style. What became of him I don't know and don't care. None of the Diamond Centre boys ever heard of him again.

'Two or three times since then the boys have wanted to get up lynching parties on appropriate occasions, but I have always said: 'No; if you catch a man cheating at cards or stealing a horse shoot him. If you don't catch him tell the sheriff. But as for lynching parties count me out. I am disgusted with them.'

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pink marble, and Diana, with her nymphs at a forest pool, appears on a ceiling canvas. Pink in the flowers and draperies prevails in the picture, and then about the marble tub are hung voluminous pink silk draperies. This tub itself is cut in the form of a huge shell and is set high on a base of marble, while the rosy curtains, lined with oiled silk, can be drawn about the tub to protect the rest of the room when the bather wishes to use the spray bath.

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Music and The Drama

—AND UNDERSTONES.

The annual engagement of W. S. Ellis is always an event of interest to theatre goers, and one that gives unalloyed pleasure to his patrons. On Monday evening there was a large audience present to extend to the popular manager and his company a warm welcome—and incidentally to find out why Smith Left Home.

This piece was written by Broadhurst the author of What Happened to Jones, but in no way does it come up to that imitatively funny comedy. While watching the "Smith" play you can't get rid of a sense of unreality and exaggeration, intensified throughout by the forced situations, the dialogue, which in some instances is heavy and stilted, and the very remarkable actions of some of the characters, notably one Lavinia Daly, a "cook lady" and an all around union woman. In real life this exponent of unionism, while she might hold undisputed sway over her own domain, her co-workers, and in a certain sense over her employers would hardly dare slap her master on the back, poke him in the ribs, march into the drawing-room on an equal footing with him, and indulge in other ridiculous actions. And then that Irish dialect! Was there ever anything like it heard on the Opera House stage—or anywhere else for that matter? I fear I have committed one of Lavinia's gaucheries in giving the servant precedences but I merely refer to the character as one of the out of joint incidents of the play. Miss Eaton still holds the warm place she won last season in the hearts of the people of St. John and her appearance on Monday was the signal for unbounded applause, her excellent work in the character of Mrs. Smith the lovely young wife, left nothing to be desired. Miss Eaton wears some lovely gowns this season all of which serve to enhance her wonderfully beautiful personal appearance. Mr. Farnum has only a small part in Why Smith Left Home, but he does it well. The work of Mr. Robert McWade as Smith, whose home was always inundated by visitors, was marked by thoroughness, and a naturalness that was most pleasing. There was a true ring about his work, a genuineness which made it a pleasure to witness his interpretation of the role. As Count Wilhelm von Guggenheim, who gets things somewhat twisted, Mr. Calvert was one of the most marked successes of the production. He was irresistibly funny, and praise of his really clever work is heard on every hand. Miss Olive Porter the aunt who knew how to train a husband was exceedingly good, and so excellent was her make up that one found it difficult to believe that off the stage she is a young and pretty woman. Miss Lottie Williams plays the part of the maid who manages to make considerable trouble for everybody during her stay in the Smith household. She is fairly acceptable in the character. The balance of the cast includes Miss Adeline Mann, Miss Harriet Aubrey, Mr. Powell, Mr. Weaver and others all of whom do justice to the roles assigned them. For the end of the week The Butterflies, made famous by John Drew, and What Happened to Jones are announced. The first mentioned will be the matinee and "Jones" will be played in the evening.

Next week the plays as announced are, for Monday, Tuesday and Wednesday the late New York success Brown's in Town, and for Thursday, Friday and Saturday The Wrong Mr. Wright.

Mme. Gadski will not be a member of the Ellis Opera company next season. Alvarez is said to be under contract with the company just as he was last season for the term of his furlough from the Paris opera. This extends over a period of only six weeks, and as last year leaves only

be her guest at Windsor during the opera season in July.

Verdi writes to a Milan paper, declaring that all reports of a new work from his pen are false. "Since 'Falstaff' I have written no operative work nor shall I write any. I have finished my task here. After 75 years of activity, I think I have acquired the right to pass peacefully the few years that remain to me. . . . Once for all, I declare I shall write nothing more. Repose, tranquillity, even on this earth, this is my sole inspiration, and I hope that this desire will not be taxed with pretension."

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BABY HUMORS

... CUTICURA SOAP

me for about nine performances. Mr. Ellis is now negotiating with the management of the New York Academy of Music for a season of grand opera there next season with Melba as the star attraction.

Foreign newspapers have it that Queen Victoria's latest musical favorite is Leoncavallo. During his recent sojourn in Nice, where he produced his opera 'La Boheme,' he devoted a whole evening, at her request, to playing selections from his operas for her at the Hotel Regina. He played till midnight, and received from the Queen a jewelled cigar case and an invitation to



after a retirement from the platform in which he attempted to devote himself to teaching. Later he returned to the concert stage, and his recent performances in London were highly praised. For a while the Berlin critics found that all his faults had grown worse, and his excellencies diminished. Later, the accounts of his work have been more flattering. His eccentricities never disappeared. When his affairs were at their worst, a well-known singer engaged him for a concert tour in Germany, as he was said to be in real need. He began by insisting that

from his long holiday in Italy, but will not resume his professional work till fall.

Maudie Adams is to appear in New York on Jan. 1, in a new Barrie play. She will probably undertake "As you Like it" or "Twelfth Night" next season.

It is intimated that Ed Sothorn and Nat Goodwin may make an alliance for a two star production next season. Mr. Goodwin was in Boston last week but no definite arrangements were made.

Maudie Adams played Juliet at the Hollis street theatre, Boston, the begin-

ning of this week. Manager Froham is said to have given this 'Romeo and Juliet' production a magnificent scenic setting and to have surrounded the young star with an excellent company, including William Faverham as Romeo and James K. Hackett as Mercutio.

It is reported that Ethel Tucker well known here is dying of consumption in a hospital in San Francisco.

Lola Hetherington says in this week's Boston Times: 'Julia Arthur is being patted on the back by every newspaper that I have seen, for stopping the performance of 'A Lady of Quality' in New Haven ten days ago, and requesting from the stage that an obstreperous collegian be removed by the ushers. To me it seemed making undue publicity of a common nuisance, which might have been as effectively stopped by sending word to one of the guards or ushers of the theatre to have the annoying intruder quietly removed, Miss Arthur seems to court newspaper notoriety, however, and her sensational procedure in this instance was only what was to be expected.'

With Sir Henry Irving's success in Sardou's 'Robespierre' interest in French history is sure to revive. Harper's Basar tells a pretty story of how Sardou's own interest in the character was first aroused by accident. He was at a party for children in 1845 or 1846, to which he came late. There was no partner for him, and seeing an old lady in black on the sofa he asked her to dance. Afterward they talked together, and he discovered her to be the widow of Lebas the Conventual. Nat-

Janusobek will star next season in a new version of "Meg Merriles."


Edie Ellsler has been engaged to play Glory Quayle next season in the second "Christian" company.

William Gillette has gone to London to consult with Conan Doyle about the dramatization of "Sherlock Holmes."

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ally they talked together of the revolution and of Robespierre. 'Finding me somewhat lukewarm in my admiration of her hero,' says Sardou, 'she did not miss this occasion of saying once more that he had been terrible calumniated by his enemies. I am quoting her word for word; I can still hear her say it: 'And you certainly have loved him! He was so kind and affectionate to young people.' How well this proves the impressibility of a child's mind!

John Hare is the latest addition to the list of stars promised to America next season. Daniel Froham has made arrangements for him to appear in A. W. Finero's latest success "The Gay Lord Quex."

One of the new songs which Andrew Mack sings in "The Last of The Rohans" is "Pat and his Pipes" and it has an accompaniment of 12 bag pipes. In the third act a series of Gregorian chants are introduced by a chorus of twenty monks.

The Empress Josephine is the character which Julia Arthur will portray next season in "Plus, Que Reine," the play now enjoying a successful run in Paris with Jane Hading as Josephine and Coquelin as Napoleon.

Says the New York Mirror: The mayor of New York decided last week that the children that had been employed in "The Man in the Moon" company at the New York, should not continue to appear unless the sale of liquor in the theatre was abandoned. So the children ceased to appear.

The furnishings of the residence of the late Alexander Hermann, including all the valuable gifts given him by foreign celebrities in many lands were auctioned at the New York Fifth Avenue Art Galleries one day last week.

Charles Froham will have seven theatres under his direct management next season and about 15 road companies, with chance of several more. His stars will include Maudie Adams, John Drew, William Gillette, Annie Russell, Henry Miller, Julia Marlowe and Mrs. Leslie Carter.

Viola Allen will sail for Europe with her mother on June 17, and will remain abroad until August 26. She will spend her time in London and Paris till the end of the theatrical season in those cities, witnessing the plays then being presented. She will then go on a coaching trip through the north of England, and end her vacation by spending two or three weeks in the mountains of Switzerland.

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SIXTEEN PAGES.

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

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

PERSONAL INFLUENCE.

The only responsibility that a man cannot evade in this life is the one he thinks of least,—his personal influence. Man's conscious influence, when he is on dress-parade, when he is posing to impress those around him,—is woefully small. But his unconscious influence, the silent, subtle radiation of his personality, the effect of his words and acts, the trifles he never considers,—is tremendous. Every moment of life he is changing to a degree the life of the whole world. Every man has an atmosphere which is affecting every other. So silent and unconsciously is this influence working, that man may forget that it exists.

All the forces of Nature,—heat, light, electricity and gravitation,—are silent and invisible. We never see them; we only know that they exist by seeing the effects they produce. In all nature the wonders of the "seen" are dwarfed into insignificance when compared with the majesty and glory of the "unseen." The great sun itself does not supply enough heat and light to sustain animal and vegetable life on the earth. We are dependent for nearly half of our light and heat upon the stars, and the greater part of this supply of life giving energy comes from invisible stars, millions of miles from the earth. In a thousand ways Nature constantly seeks to lead men to a keener and deeper realization of the power and wonder of the invisible.

Into the hands of every individual is given a marvelous power for good or for evil,—the silent, unconscious, unseen influence of his life. This is simply the constant radiation of what a man really is, not what he pretends to be. Every man, by his mere living, is radiating sympathy, or sorrow, or morbidness, or cynicism, or happiness, or hope, or any of a hundred other qualities. Life is a state of constant radiation and absorption; to exist is to radiate; to exist is to be the recipient of radiations.

There are men and women whose presence seems to radiate sunshine, cheer and optimism. We feel calmed and rested and restored in a moment to a new and stronger faith in humanity. There are others who focus in an instant all your latent distrust, morbidness and rebellion against life. Without knowing why, you chafe and fret in their presence. You lose your bearings on life and its problems. Your moral compass is disturbed and unsatisfactory. It is made untrue in an instant, as the magnetic needle of a ship is deflected when it passes near mountains of iron ore.

There are men who float down the stream of life like icebergs,—cold reserved, unapproachable and self-contained. In their presence you involuntarily draw your wraps closer around you, as you wonder who left the door open. These refrigerated human beings have a most depressing influence on all those who fall under the spell of their radiated chilliness. But there are other natures, warm, helpful, genial, who are like the Gulf Stream, following their own course flowing undaunted and undismayed in the ocean of colder waters. Their presence brings warmth and life and the glow of sunshine, the joyous stimulating breath of spring.

There are men who are like malarious swamps—poisonous, depressing, and weakening by their very presence. They make heavy, oppressive and gloomy the atmosphere of their own homes; the sound of their children's play is stifled, the ripples of laughter are frozen by their presence. They go through life as if each day were a big new funeral, and that they were always chief mourners. There are other men who seem like the ocean; they are constantly bracing, stimulating giving

new draughts of tonic, life and strength by their very presence.

There are men who are insincere in their heart, and that insincerity is radiated by their presence. They have a wondrous interest in your welfare,—when they need you. They put on a "property" smile so suddenly, when it serves their purpose that it seems the smile that must be connected with some electric button concealed in their clothes. Their voice has a simulated cordiality that long training may have made almost natural. But they never play their part absolutely true, the mask will slip sometimes; their cleverness cannot teach their eyes the look of sterling honesty; they may deceive some people, but they cannot deceive all. There is a subtle power of revelation which makes us say: "Well, I cannot explain now it is, but that man is not honest. Man cannot escape for one moment from this radiation of his character, this constant weakening or strengthening of others. He cannot evade the responsibility by saying it is an unconscious influence. He can select the qualities that he will permit to be radiated. He can cultivate sweetness, calmness, trust, generosity, truth, justice, loyalty, nobility,—make them vitally active in his character,—and by these qualities he will constantly affect the world.

Men and women have duties to others,—and duties to themselves. In justice to ourselves we should refuse to live in an atmosphere that keeps us from living our best. If the fault be in us we should master it. If it be the personal influence of others that, like a noxious vapor, kills our best impulses, we should remove from that influence,—if we can possibly move without forsaking duties. If it be wrong to move, then we should take strong doses of moral quinine to counteract the malaria of influence. It is not what those around us do for that counts,—it is what they are to us. We carry our house plants on one window to another to give them the proper heat, light, air and moisture. Should we not be at least as careful of ourself?

To make our influence felt we must live our faith, we must practice what we believe. A magnet does not attract iron as iron. It must first convert the iron into another magnet before it can attract it. It is useless for a parent to try to teach gentleness to her children when she herself is cross and irritable. The child who is told to be truthful and who hears a parent lie cleverly to escape some little social unpleasantness is not going to cling very zealously to truth. The parents' words say "don't lie," the influence of the parents' life says "do lie." No man can isolate himself to evade this influence as no single corpuscle can rebel and escape from the general course of the blood. No individual is so insignificant as to be without influence. The changes in our varying moods are all recorded in the delicate barometers in the lives of others. We should ever let our influence filter through human love and sympathy. We should not be merely an influence, we should be an inspiration. By our very presence we should be a source of strength to the hungering human souls around us.

An Experiment. Tremois lifted his chin from his chest and his eyes from the toe of his shoe and sighed dolefully. "I don't believe she'll have me," he said for the dozenth time. I smoked on. "Why should she?" she asked, argumentatively. "Why?" I asked reflectively. Tremois glanced at me. "What can she see in me?" he demanded. "True," I replied, "what?" Tremois regarded me doubtfully. "It's crass presumption in me to dare to love her," he asserted. I nodded an enthusiastic assent. Tremois glared at me for a full minute. "She is so lovely, and pure, and—and beautiful, that for a rough, crabbled, worldly fellow like myself to want to marry her seems almost like an insult," he said. "It is," I agreed. "Confound you!" cried Tremois, hotly. "I'm as good as you are." "Undoubtedly," I observed, in as sarcastic a tone as I could manage. "And I'll propose to her this very night, if you do think I'm too big a scoundrel to," Tremois announced, bitterly, as he hastily departed. Well I suppose I'm out a wedding present, but I've proved my theory, which is that the self-abnegating lovers indulge in simply unconscious hypocrisy.—Pack.

Snakes as Bat-Outhers. Snakes, twelve or fourteen feet and as thick as a fire-engine hose, do the work of cats in Manila. The only way to get rid of rats seems to be to buy these reptiles, and this is simple enough, for one often sees the natives carrying them about, the best curled round bamboo poles to which their heads are tied.

Umbrellas Made, Re-covered, Repaired. Duval, 17 Waterloo.

POEMS OF YESTERDAY AND TODAY.

There is no health however great, No scene however grand; No glided pinnacles of state, In which you may not stand. There is no golden note of fame, Her caution maketh true; Forbid to sound afar thy name, There still is room for you. There is no cloud wrapped steep of time, The sun lost in light and storm; No realm of lofty deeds sublime, That may not feel thy form. No path of glory in the past; Known only to a few; Wherein thy lot may not be cast, There still is room for you.

What they have gained whose will is strength Whose hearts are brave and strong; Await you: purpose crowned at length, Great deeds to art belong. There's no such double word as fall, Faith, noblest deeds can do; Though all the hosts of hate assail There still is room for you. Undaunted heart and soul and mind Can reach the topmost stone; Though not a footprint you can find, Climb that great steep alone, The gracedest slight man ever saw, Is still thine own to view; Eternal energy is law, There still is room for you.

The jeweled ladder still is reared, Where fate and glory rise; The great of earth have never feared, To climb it to the skies, The fame-lad I've beyond the night, In realms of softest bliss; And in that sweet celestial light, There still is room for you. CYPRIUS GOLDB.

Townfolk Train. In a vision that fell with the falling day, I tread the lanes and the paths of yore; And the village green where I used to play, And the village folk, I see once more. Ah, ye are there by those purple haze— My townfolk train, of those childhood hours! The tall professor who hunted a hare— And the little woman who tended flowers!

He lived in a big house up on the hill, A long way back from the village street; And she in a cot with a crumpled pillow, Not down in a tangle of meadow-sweet. There were morning-glories up to the eaves, There were purple roses down to the gate; There were honeysuckle routes among the leaves, That called for the four-o'clocks to late!

I met him at times on my schoolward route, And shivered a bit at his frosty brow; But he saw me at all I am much in doubt, Or thought me a sheep or a moody cow. But was there a man more before the bell? I stopped at the gate where the lilacs grew, For a sprig of her southern-wood to smell, Or a crimson rose with a heart of dew!

Butterflies, bumblebees, birds and boys, And the little girls in shakers quaint, Frolicked about her with revel and noise While she beamed on us all like a dear old saint. O portulaca and larkspur blue! O larch-leaf's buttons and hollyhocks— And pansies! How well I remember you!

I've heard he discovered some mislaid spheres, Some stellar magnets brought to bay; And a comet due in a thousand years, In the latter part of the month of May!

But he discovered a world of cheer For sorrowing souls that her path way crossed; That her heart was a garden where all the year Love's green plants flourish, untroubled by frost!

You'll read his name in the text-books writ, With a learned treatise on solar spots; But here! Ah! the children remember it! And when she beamed on us all like a dear old saint, They say when I mention my native town— "Why, that is the home of Professor J!"

I think of my friend in the faded gown, Who planned roses to give away!

I remember he gave me some sage advice, The morning I left for my home afar; And the benediction of a smile precise, As warm as the beams of a polar star! But she! Ah! she broke with a tender hug On my frantic wriggle with a "s" and winks, And left on my lap for a railway rug, An armful of fragrant, feathery punks! —Emma Herrick weed.

Communion. Across the hill's moonlight trails Her slimy robe of snow, And clasp her pearls where rubies gleamed Scarce but an hour ago. Quiet shadows on the landscape lie, And quivering bars of light Fall extruded from the starry dome, And bridge the solemn night.

I sit alone—yet not alone, For down the lowly lane, And past the woodlands' haunted shade, They come—and sit by me: They come—saw and witness through, And closely round me press; I hear again the tender tones, And feel the soft caress.

The cool, sweet lips I used to love, Again to mine are pressed, And softly round my weakness Descends a holy rest.

They come from southern sun-kissed lanes, From prairie broad and free, From rugged lands of rock and pine, To keep their trust with me. Some come with tint of earth and sin, As warm as the beams of a polar star! But she! Ah! she broke with a tender hug On my frantic wriggle with a "s" and winks, And left on my lap for a railway rug, An armful of fragrant, feathery punks! —Emma Herrick weed.

A Songlet. When the early robin sings, And the buzzing bee is winged, When the happy yellow cleeth to the bleachers at the game; When the daily zeland droppeth, And the fee live furnace sputter, When the battens vermine toppeth every tree—a need; yon has come!

When the tray grasslet sprouteth, And the locusts gaily shouteth, When the pretty maiden pouteth and for shirt When the sweet pea seedlet groweth, And the Kansas crows bloweth, That's when every body knoweth that the balmy spring has come!

ROYAL BAKING POWDER. ABSOLUTELY PURE. Makes the food more delicious and wholesome. ROYAL BAKING POWDER CO., NEW YORK.

A THOUSAND HOMELESS.

(CONTINUED FROM FIRST PAGE.) made paupers, homesteads wiped out, cherished spots eliminated, and so many detailed sorrows and addressess that one was almost hardened by the overbearing numbers of unpleasant scenes. In the back streets where the hard-working men lived with their families the blow came very severely and it may be some time before new buildings will succeed those consumed.



MISS MABEL EATON, With the W. S. Harkins Co.

The above is a portrait of Mabel Eaton the beautiful and clever young actress who for two seasons has been W. S. Harkins leading lady. Miss Eaton, who in private life is Mrs. Wm. Farnum, is achieving quite a name for herself and gives promise of taking a leading place on the American stage. She has all things in her favor, youth, beauty and a most charming personality, which renders her a great favourite with all who have met her in a social way. Miss Eaton is thoroughly wrapped up in her profession, and her excellent work bears the impress of conscientious painstaking study.

During the progress of the fire falling buildings broke down telephone and electric wires, suspending communications both verbal and as far as the cars were concerned. The writer just finished talking over the M. & A. Co. phones when the building was enveloped in a scathing flame and later was driven from the telephone.

Inspector Waring's home by the close following flames. All St. John was on hand to aid the needy. Some Shyluck teamsters demanded unheard of prices before removing goods and they got them, but it can be said to the credit of hundreds of city merchants that they did nobly by their distressed fellow citizens by lending teams and assisting in other ways. The firemen with martyr like perseverance fought an up-hill fight from the start and once again demonstrated their bravery and endurance.

As distant Trinity in the distance rang out the midnight bell on Thursday, the writer stood on the ruins of Public Steps and viewed by moonlight the remains of India-town. It was a sight sadly beautiful, and if not sure of the spot on which standing one would be led to believe he or she was in an entirely strange country, a dug-out city, a Pompeii perhaps. Far to the south the bridges at the falls glistened in the silver sheen, across Indian town harbor all was natural, but confining the vision to the north towards Milledgeville and Pokiook and to the surrounding tracts of bare land, a new territory has been born, new in its aspect, and giving full scope to the eye for thousands of yards around.

TALKS ABOUT GLASS MAKING.

W. A. Willis, a St. John Boy in one of the Pittsburg factories. One of the many interesting spots in and around "Pittsburg" are its numerous "glass factories" which are situated on the south side and in a few of the surrounding towns. Few manufactured articles have more importance than glass. Without it

the sciences of chemistry, physics, astronomy, and botany, not to mention its domestic uses would be almost impossible. There are four principal kinds of glass manufactured here: Bohemian, used for chemical apparatus where high temperatures are required; window or plate glass; bottle glass, a variety which is impure and is given a greenish tinge by salts of iron; flint glass used for lenses in optical instruments, cut glass ware and for paste or imitation diamonds.

On entering a factory the visitor is just taken to the "mixing room" where the different ingredients are stored and are mixed in quantities that will make, when fused, the kind of glass desired. The mixture is then ready for the "tanks" which are made of the finest fire-clay and have small openings only at either end. After the fires have been started under the tanks, they are never allowed to go out but kept burning during the season, which is generally nine months. This is very easily done as nothing but gas is used in all the factories.

When the glass has become melted which is usually takes from twelve to sixteen hours it is worked out through one of the small openings by a skilled workman called "gatherer" who gathers the right quantity on the blow pipe—which is a hollow iron rod five or six feet long—and hands it to the blower, who rolls the hot mass on a smooth surface to get it near the shape required, then swings it around in the air, blowing mean while through the rod and thus fashions it as desired into bottles, flasks etc.

It is then handed to the "cutting off boy," who cuts the bottle or flask, from the tube with a pair of shears, it then passes to the "furnishing boy" who puts it into the "glory hole" until the glass becomes sufficiently melted to allow it to be worked or finished into the proper shape required it is now handed over to the "carrying in boy" who takes it to the "annealing oven" where the glass is allowed to cool for several days. After being taken out of the oven, it is stored in a packing room where each piece is tested for flaws, by a number of girls, before being packed ready for shipment.

For some wares such as common goblets the glass is run into moulds and stamped by machines which finish them all ready for the annealing oven, these machines generally finish 6000 goblets or fancy bottles in a day, while a blower averages only 2000 per day.

Cut glass is prepared at great expense by subsequent grinding. The preparation of optical glasses is a most intricate process and only one or two of the factories in the United States have success in that line. W. H. WILLIS.

He Travelled in a Cage.

A gentleman with a very singular episode in his life has just died in China. This was M. Piry, the father of the Chinese Customs service, which he entered when it was first formed by the consuls at Shanghai in 1854. M. Piry was a Frenchman by birth, and in his boyhood went to sea. Being shipwrecked on the Korean coast, he was taken by the natives and despatched to the king at Seoul as a great curiosity. The king possibly desiring to send a rare and strange present to his suzerain in Peking, but poor Piry in a cage and sent him overland to the Chinese capital to the emperor. The latter, after detaining him some time, sent him down to Shanghai to the foreign consuls, who gave him a post suited to his age in the newly established customs, and there he remained until his death.

To Prevent Tiring the Eyes.

People who complain that their eyes get tired while engaged in some close pursuit, such as writing or sewing, might try the ingenious invention of a journalist, and placed on the market by a Glasgow copyist. Finding that his eyes became so tired that he could write only with difficulty he hit upon the plan of having some stripes of colored papers pasted on his desk close to the inkstand, so that every time he wanted a dip of ink his eyes fell upon these colored stripes. The result was surprising, and the inventor claims by this simple device he not only avoided the use of glasses, but also improved his sight.

An American liner spends something like 25,000 a day when on a voyage—the income of a millionaire many times over.

Chairs Re-covered, Cane, Splint, Repaired. Duval, 17 Waterloo.

ROYAL BAKING POWDER
 PURE
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Chas. Bonaventura, Cane, Spinal, Perforated, Duval, 17 Water St.



The work in society was notable mainly for its absence of society functions, the two or three very small and very private picnics of the 24th standing alone in the chronicle of the week's doings. Even of minor affairs such as dinners teas and like affairs there was a plentiful scarcity. Nor does the programme for the coming seven day period promise much, the social world being apparently in preparation for the much talked of matrimonial events of the near future; little could be taken advantage of the long quiet winter and his activity has been beyond the ordinary.

An event of interest to society folk, and at which they appeared in full force on the opening night was the W. S. Haskins engagement at the Opera House. The opening piece was "Why Smith Left Home" a bright laughable little comedy with plenty of gay wholesome fun and hilarity. Mr. Haskins has a whole host of lovely women with him this season, and of this charming galaxy Miss Mabel Eaton is the bright particular star, more lovely and graceful if possible than last year when she won her way into the hearts of those who saw her play. Miss Eaton does not have much opportunity for wearing very many gowns in Smith but these she does wear carefully and with chic. The lovely young actress was warmly welcomed on Monday evening as well as the other members of the company who were known here. The other ladies of the company have good roles in the various plays, which they interpret very creditably as do also the gentlemen, particularly Mr. Robert McWade whose work is excellent in every detail.

The house on Monday evening was full to overflowing and looked exceedingly bright and pretty. Miss Gertrude Fenety of Fredericton is spending a week or two with her aunt Mrs. Miss Dixon. Miss May Connel has returned from a visit to Boston where she was the guest of her aunt Mrs. H. T. Waite.

The Misses Olive of Carleton spent two or three days in Kingston this week the guest of Miss Jessie Lyon.

Mr. Walter Goddard is making a ten days visit to St. Stephen.

Mr. Walter Fenety spent the holiday in Hamton. Miss Nellie Foxwell was the guest of Miss Pio Gorman at The Cedars for a few days this week.

The Queen's eightieth birthday anniversary was very generally observed everywhere, though the city during the day was unusually quiet. Large and merry picnic parties visited the Bay Shore and other points, and many took advantage of the excursions for a day out of town; the ball games were well patronized, and the two performances at the theatre drew packed houses. The small boy had things mostly his own way all day as most of the guardians of the peace were off on a trip across the bay, and the result was pleasant, with all the freedom he needed for the use of fire crackers etc. The day came this year at a time in the week when everybody feels the better of a day off, and that everyone, whether they stayed at home or went away thoroughly enjoyed themselves, goes without saying.

Mrs. Murray McLaren returned a week ago from a pleasant trip to Montreal. Bishop and Mrs. Kingdom spent last Saturday in the city.

Miss Minnie Mooney who came from Boston to attend the funeral of her sister Miss Alfred Martin, returned to her work this week.

Friends of Mr. James McPhee, who recently underwent a serious operation at the G. F. H. and has been dangerously ill, will be glad to learn that he is steadily, though somewhat slowly, improving.

Mr. A. W. Adams has returned from a trip which included a visit to New York, Washington and Ottawa.

Mrs. William McLaughlin has been paying a visit to her sister Mrs. J. T. Garden. Miss Nettie Coy of Upper Gardentown, is the guest of city friends.

Mrs. E. L. Rising went to Nova Scotia this week to attend the closing exercises of Horton Academy.

Mrs. J. E. Winslow of Chatham, spent part of this week in the city.

Miss Adams Gibson of Marvsville, is the guest of Miss Tapley Douglas Avenue, for a week or two.

Frederick La Forest, M. P. E., of Edmundston, spent part of this week in the city.

Rev. G. W. Fisher returned Monday from a successful lecturing trip to Bathurst and surrounding districts.

Mr. and Mrs. L. B. Wedin of Lake View, Mass., spent part of the week in the city.

Mr. R. W. Henderson spent this week in Bathurst, combining business and pleasure in a very pleasant and profitable way.

Mrs. (Rev.) Long was called to Apathic this week by the illness of her father Mr. D. M. Johnston.

Frank Hammond and family left the beginning of the week for Ansonia, Me., where they will reside, Mr. Hammond having secured an excellent position in a prominent firm there.

Mr. W. W. Clarke of St. Stephen spent Monday of this week in the city.

Dr. A. F. Emery got back the first of the week from a trip to Montreal and Ottawa.

Mr. M. Connelly returned the first of the week from a trip to Ottawa.

Mr. George Robertson M. P. F. has been enjoying a visit to Ottawa, with a day or two at Montreal thrown in.

Miss Annie Little left this week for a six weeks visit to Sydney, C. B.

Dr. Morris and Mr. Arthur Morris of Boston were called here to attend the funeral of their brother Mr. Daniel Morris of Marville.

Miss Alice Moore of Augusta Me. is visiting the Misses Robinson of Carleton Place.

The third in the series of entertainments given by the G. and A. Division took place on Monday evening which was most interesting, programme was rendered. Those who assisted in making the affair a success were: Miss Killan, Miss Blanch, Miss Rising, Miss E. Pooley, Walter Belding, Miss V. Smith.

Mr. M. A. Finn returned last Saturday from his visit to Europe. Mr. Finn reports a particularly pleasant time.

Mr. M. B. Edwards left last week on a short visit to New York.

Miss McKeeven left the first of the week to spend the summer with her sister Mrs. George Clarke of St. Stephen.

Miss Isabel Sidney-Smith is enjoying a visit to Ottawa as the guest of Mrs. Stratton.

Mr. and Mrs. J. H. B. Mason of Victoria, B. C., were in the city this week for a day or two.

Mr. W. A. Chesley formerly of this city, arrived this week from Nelson, B. C., on a visit to relatives and friends here.

Mr. and Mrs. D. McMillan of Charlottetown spent the holiday in the city.

Mrs. J. D. Oakes of Wolfville is visiting St. John; she is accompanied by Miss Helen B. Carson of the same town.

Mr. James Farrell came down from the capital to spend the holiday.

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Mrs. David Hudson went to St. John on Thursday for a brief stay with relatives.

Mrs. Wm. Fugley and Masters Willie and Jack Fugley arrived home this week from a three weeks visit to Montreal.

Mrs. Roberts of the North End left this week on a visit to Boston.

The engagement is announced of Miss May Walsh of Calais to Mr. Samuel Watt, editor of the Woodstock Sentinel. The young people have many friends in this city who will extend warm wishes for their future happiness.

Another recently announced event of a like nature is the engagement of Miss Mattie Prichard of this city to Mr. Fred Van der Veer of the city of Newbury.

The C. M. B. A. reunion on Monday evening was one of the pleasant events of the week, and was a delightfully charming and informal affair, the makers meeting in that social way which makes gatherings of this sort a real treat to those who are privileged to attend.

The evening was spent in music, conversation etc., and daily refreshments consisting of cake and ice cream were served. During the evening the following programme was rendered, all whose names appeared thereon doing themselves such credit.

Introductory address.....President T. Kitcham
 Address.....Hon. R. J. Ritchie
 Vocal solo.....Mr. John T. Kelly
 Vocal solo.....Miss Mary E. Foster
 Piano solo.....Mrs. Kate Greenway
 Vocal solo.....Miss McGrath
 Vocal solo.....Miss Coffey
 Speech.....Mr. T. Donovan

PART II.
 Cornet solo with piano accompaniment.....
 Vocal solo.....Mr. D. Gallagher
 Vocal solo.....Mr. T. Fitzgerald
 Address.....John L. Carleton
 Vocal solo.....Miss Duffy
 Trio.....Kane, Fitzgerald and Moore
 Reading.....Mrs. Kate Greenway
 Vocal solo.....Miss McGrath
 Song and dance.....Miss Kate McGrath
 Vocal solo.....Miss McGuire
 Vocal solo.....Mrs. A. T. Moore
 Song.....Mr. Jas. Leahy
 Vocal solo.....Mr. Jos. Stanton

God Save the Queen.
 Miss Dennison and Miss Clarke of Woodstock made a brief stay in the city this week.

Dr. A. E. Forté of Wainiping was here for a day or two the beginning of the week.

Miss Julia Keith of Petticoat spent Wednesday in the city.

Mr. and Mrs. George H. Marr of Brantford, Ont., were among the week's visitors to the city.

Mr. and Mrs. D. McLaughlin of Albert, N. B., were here for several days during the week.

Mrs. Robinson and little son were here this week on their way from Windsor, N. S., to Wainiping where they will permanently reside.

Mr. Harry Smith of Windsor spent several days here last week, and when he returned to his home was accompanied by Mr. E. B. Smith who is home from McGill for the holidays.

LAST MONTH.

The school children's competition for \$100.00 cash presents offered by The Welcome Soap Co., St. John, N. B., closes on the last day of May, and is causing quite a lively rivalry among the school girls and boys of the Maritime Provinces who have an ambition to earn some easy pocket money for the holidays.

This seems to be an excellent idea, as an incentive to those who have literary inclinations, to test their ability and style, as well as an effective method of increasing the publicity of the Famous and well liked Welcome Soap.

1 First present of.....	\$25.00
1 Second ".....	15.00
1 Third ".....	10.00
5 Presents of \$5.00 each.....	25.00
10 ".....	50.00
	\$100.00

The conditions seem very simple, and are:—For the best essays not to exceed 1000 words, subject "Soap" to be written by regular school attendants, either boys or girls under 16 years of age, all essays to be sent in before May 31st, when they will be submitted to a committee of three disinterested leading teachers upon whose decision the presents as above will be awarded. Essays to be written plainly with pen and ink, signed with name and address, also statement of age of the writer and that the essay is his (or her) unaided work, name and grade of school attended and name of teacher, this statement to be certified to by one parent or teacher.

All essays must be accompanied by 50 Welcome Soap wrappers.

Free Instructions in Artistic Embroidery,
 With Salter's High Art Wash Silks

Mr. J. D. MacMaster one of the most expert Embroidery Teachers in the United States, has arrived in St. John and is located at the Ladies' Art Needlework Store, 89 Germain Street, where she will for the next week or two give instructions in Embroidery, to introduce the Salter's Art Wash Silks into this city. AT THE

Ladies' Art Needlework Store, 89 Germain St.
Harrison Kinnear, Proprietor.

THE BEST READING
 —AT A BARGAIN—

The Offer of Progress
 To send New Subscribers to it

—THE—

Cosmopolitan, Munsey and McClure's Magazines,
 All for Four Dollars.

It is being taken advantage of by hundreds.

When You Order.....

Pelee Island Wines
 BE SURE YOU GET OUR BRAND.

Four Crown Scotch Whiskey
 will soon be the Leading Brand on the market. As it is 15 Years Old one trial will convince you.

E. G. SCOVIL | Commission Merchant | 62 Union Street.



This choice Cocoa makes a most delightful beverage for Breakfast or Supper.

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SINGER SEWING MACHINES

Are so simple that the youngest can understand them. So easy that the oldest can work them.



106 years old. (Taken from Life.) 5 years old.

Such easy terms that anybody can purchase one. THE SINGER MANUFACTURING CO. CANADIAN FACTORY: MONTREAL, P. Q.

Thought It an Enchanted Stone.

To the department of minerals in the Natural History Museum at South Kensington, says the Westminster Gazette, have just been added some meteoric stones picked up in British Central Africa. At one of the villages natives were found by the scientific officer sent to make an investigation squatting around the stone, discussing the 'miracle,' as they called it. No one would touch or approach it, and it was still lying where it fell when the official arrived. He was told that the stone was enchanted, and each of the natives who sat at a distance round it gave a version of its probable origin and meaning. The largest of the fragments sent to London weighs 29 ounces, but one of the stones which was picked up near Chiropa's village weighs 3 pounds 5 ounces.

government a necklace composed of twelve medals bearing the heads of the twelve most famous women of French history. The subject was inspired by Queen Margherita, of Italy, and it is to be presented to an august personage—believed to be the empress of Russia.

MARCONI'S SYSTEM BELITTED.

London Scientists Declare It Useless for Commercial Purposes. Marconi's system of wireless telegraphy and its achievements and prospects are beginning to be pooh-poohed by scientific authorities here, says a London correspondent of the New York World. Nature, a scientific publication of high standing, frankly depreciates Marconi and all his works. It says: 'Nothing whatever about wireless telegraphy has given the smallest indication that it is going to supplant wires. It simply fills a want. Wireless telegraphy may maintain communications with outlying islands when cables break down. It is so by the post office with the Island of Mull in 1895, before Marconi was heard of, but is not going to replace one single cable between Great Britain and the Continent. Marconi's system has now been before the public nearly two years, but we have not heard anything new from a scientific point of view since first published. The last report is that it is possible to direct signals to one selected point. Two years ago it was said to be able to do the same thing by tuning. The fact is, we have in these repeated sensational experiments a pure scientific apparatus boomed by energetic financial speculators for their own individual gain, and not for the benefit of the public.'

The Pangs of Sciatica.

MRS. PALMER OF FENLON FALLS, TELLS HOW SHE SUFFERED.

Confined to Her Bed for Weeks—Her Limbs Became so Numb That a Red Hot Iron Could be Placed Upon it Without Her Knowledge.

Only those who have felt the agonizing pains of sciatica can form any conception of the torture which the victim undergoes. The case of Mrs. Job Palmer, of Fenlon Falls, was one of unusual obstinacy and severity, and she makes the following affidavit in reference to her cure, for the good of humanity. 'I am 29 years of age and have lived in this vicinity all my life. I had always enjoyed the best of health until November 1897, when I took a stinging pain in my right hip which seemed to be in my very marrow as it affected every muscle and joint.

I kept up for several weeks although suffering the most intense pain, freely using liniments and many other internal and external preparations that sympathizing friends would suggest. I was then compelled to stay in bed as I got so weak and run down that I could sit up no longer. I received several courses of medical treatment such as electric batteries, poulticing, etc., but got no ease from the excruciating pains which would shoot down through my leg into the very heel where it caused a bursting feeling. Often I prayed that my heel would burst thinking this might give relief. The limb at last became so numb that a hot iron could be placed upon it without my having any knowledge of it. The closing or opening of a door or anyone entering or moving about in my room, seemed to increase the pain. For weeks I could not move any part of my body and had to lie in one position all the time. My brother was cured of rheumatism after every other remedy had failed, by taking Dr. Williams' Pink Pills so I thought as a last resort I would try them. As the direction said that in severe cases three pills could safely be taken at a dose, I took this number three times a day for about a week although I got the relief I so long had prayed for in three days after taking the first dose. Then I kept on taking the pills two at a dose. In a week after commencing the pills I was able to get out of bed and dress myself and a few weeks later when I gained strength enough, I was able to attend to all my household duties and I have ever since enjoyed the best of health. Friends and neighbors who were conversant with my case can also tell you of my terrible suffering and the remarkable cure effected by Dr. Williams' Pink Pills.'

Mrs. SURE PALMER Taken and declared before me, at Fenlon Falls, in the County of Victoria, this 11th day of May, A. D. 1898. JAMES DICKSON, J. P.

Twelve Thousand French Women. The London Morning Post Paris correspondent says Madame Lancelotti-Oreco, the French artist, has just made for the French

MAIDSERVANTS IN LIVERY.

Success of a new English Idea That has Been Brought Here.

A year ago a number of English housekeepers took council together with regard to their grievances against the typical manservant. The result was that an impressive number of women declared that they would employ male butlers, &c., no longer, but substitute liveried women. The idea was at first cheerfully laughed at, but these housekeepers had their way, and the result is a goodly showing of liveried women. Very recently an English housemaid, hearing of the discontent and despair that have seized on the American housekeeper with regard to her masculine employees, packed a trunk of nice liveries, imported herself and sought a place with a New York family. She had not the least difficulty in persuading the head of a fine house to give her a place as a butler, and a butler in livery at that. Furthermore, she made so smart an appearance that her mistress was easily induced to put her other first floor maids in livery, and from this beginning the liveried woman servant in New York is becoming a recognized institution.

So far, tall, slender rosy English and Scotch girls monopolize this branch of the business, and one woman who has tried the liveried maid warmly advocates them for three distinct reasons. First, because they are much more faithful and respectful than the men; secondly, because they are vastly cleaner and more honest and less expensive; and thirdly, because their tidy liveries lend a distinction to their appearance that the regulation cap and apron can never give to domestics serving in dining room and hall.

In the New York homes where women in these special costumes serve the butler wears a black coat and skirt made of fine French lace cloth, excepting the ground all about, measuring about three and a half yards in circumference at the hem, and

with a strap of black silk running from hip to foot on either side. This is all the trimming. Her coat is an Eton, cut in a point behind and turning back with medium sized silk face revers in front from an immaculate white Eton shirt front.

DANGER IN DISTILLED WATER.

A German Scientist Asserts That Such is the Case.

Incredible from Dr. Koppe gives an account in the Deutsche Medicinische Wochenschrift of his investigations of distilled water, which article he pronounces a dangerous protoplasmic poison. His studies show that it withdraws the salts from the animal tissues and causes the latter to swell or infuse; isolated living organic elements, cells and all unicellular organisms are destroyed in such water, dying since they become engorged therein; that is, they lose the faculty, upon which life depends, of retaining their salts and other soluble cell constituents, and consequently these are allowed to diffuse throughout the water. Similarly, the same poisonous effects must occur whenever distilled water is used as a drink, the sense of taste being the first to protest against the local poisonous effect of using the water making itself known by symptoms of catarrh of the stomach on a slight scale. The ordinary distilled water, even when freshly distilled, is not in fact, absolutely pure, while that used in laboratories and clinics is, of course, generally stale—has been kept standing in open vessels, mostly in rooms where chemicals of every sort abound, and whose gases and effluvia are taken up by the water.

An Eloquent Appeal.

The last session of the Hawville Debating Society, at which time the subject for debate was: 'Resolved, that the fact that a lady has been presented at Court in England is prima facie evidence of her complete qualification to enter the most exclusive of Oklahoma's social circles,' was an occasion of pleasure and profit to the participants.

There was no shooting, and the harmonious flow of the debate was but once interrupted, which was by an interpolation by the able editor of the Weekly Clarion, who rose in his place and begged leave to give utterance to a few remarks which, though not exactly apropos of the subject under discussion, had a vital bearing on a matter lying very near to his heart. Having secured the floor, the editor went on to say that he had arrived at a period in his career which promised to prove a full stop if certain of his fellow-citizens did not speedily adopt the never dying tenets of the Golden Rule in their intercourse with him.

He proceeded to state that, after several years spent in laboring unceasingly, in season and out, for the advancement and upbuilding of the community, he now found himself in the position of the late Zacheus at the time when he made his first appearance in Biblical lore—namely, up a tree—and if his delinquent subscribers did not step forward and do their duty he would undoubtedly be compelled to remain in that unenviable situation until he died of starvation.

He explained that prices of patronage were both so reduced that there was no longer any money in cutting hair. He had not cried an auction for more than eight weeks. There were no 'poussans' left in the timber along the creek. He had lost heavily on his last shipment of old bones, rags and iron, and was forced to decline to take any more of them on subscription. He

declared that in his capacity as Justice of the Peace he had married only three couples during the past two months. In one case the groom paid him a bogus dollar; in another, a call which died before morning; and the third groom presented him with an inch of his life because the bride had fit.

He concluded by requesting his delinquent subscribers in the audience to pay up while yet the lamp held out to burn, and added that he hoped they would not say they did not have the money, as he was able to prove by incontrovertible statistics that the wealth of this country amounts to over \$7,000,000. Somebody undoubtedly had his share and he wanted it.—Pack.

Wellington and "Blucher." A. V. Kaye sends this story to the London Spectator: 'During the time that the Duke of Wellington, as Warden of the Cinque Ports, resided at Walmer Castle, a maiden aunt of mine occasionally stayed in the then small watering place of Walmer. This lady had a French poodle called Blucher. One day, when passing the castle, the dog ran into the grounds. My aunt remained quite calling in an aggrieved voice, 'Blucher, Blucher!' The old Duke looked over the wall and remarked, 'Madame, time was when I should have been extremely glad to see Blucher.'

Mr. Dunn (unpaid bill in his hand): 'When shall I call again, Mr. Owens?' Mr. Owens: 'Well, it would hardly be proper for you to call again until I have returned the present call.'

Friend: 'Really, Colonel?' Colonel: 'Yes; he kicked me in the weikst so that I couldn't fight, and the other chaps got shot while I was in the hospital.'

THINGS OF VALUE.

There contains an essential oil which is an active poison. So well known are its deleterious effects that the natives of China do not use tea until the leaves are a year old. The source one to his cause stomach derangements, palpitation of the heart, nervousness, and irritability.

Dr. J. D. Kellogg's Dysentery Curd is a speedy cure for dysentery, diarrhoea, summer complaint, sea sickness and complaints incidental to children's health. It gives immediate relief to those suffering from the effects of indigestion in eating unripe fruit, cucumbers, etc. It acts with wonderful rapidity and never fails to conquer the disease. No one need fear cholera if they have a bottle of this medicine convenient.

Fluores are to be illuminated from within by a clever combination of a lamp and a mirror in such a way that the sun's rays may be easily read by the player. The light from the lamp will be reflected by the mirror on the music and the keyboard.

These two desirable qualifications, pleasant to the taste and at the same time effectual, are to be found in Mother Graves' Worm Exterminator. Children like it.

Clot of a pink that is used in Russia to cover the coffin of a child or young person, crimson for a woman, and brown for a widow. In no case is black used.

When all other orem preparations fail, try Hollo's Pain Expeller. No pain whatever, and no inconvenience in using it.

The East Goodwin Lightship and the South Foreland Lightship, twelve miles apart, are now in constant communication by means of wireless telegraph instruments.

Six Oils—The most conclusive testimony, repeatedly laid before the public in the columns of the Daily Press, proves that Dr. THOMAS' EMULSION OIL—an absolutely pure combination of six of the finest remedial oils in existence—remedies rheumatic pain, eradicates abscesses of the throat and lungs, and cures piles, wounds, sores, lacerations, tumors, burns, and injuries of horses and cattle.

A statistician says that out of a thousand unmarried men 50 were criminals and out of a thousand married men only 18 were criminals.

A PAINFUL MEDICINE—There are some pills which have no other purpose evidently than to beguile the patient's attention from the disease rather than to cure it. Dr. FARMER'S Vegetable Pills have not this disagreeable and hurtful property. They are easy to take, and are not unpleasant to the taste, and their action is mild, and soiling. A trial of them will prove this. They offer a peace to the dyspeptic.

At a ball given some little time since in a small country town in Ireland, for which the tickets were not transferable, the inscription on the latter ran as follows: 'Admit this gentleman to ball in Assembly Room; Tickets, 3s. 6d. each. No gentleman admitted unless he comes himself.'

Great Things From Little Causes Grow—It takes very little to derange the stomach. The cause may be slight, a cold, something eaten or drunk, anxiety, worry, or some other simple cause. But if precautions be not taken, this simple cause may have most serious consequences. Many a chronically debilitated constitution to day owes its distress to simple causes not dealt with in time. Keep the digestive apparatus in healthy condition and it will be well. Farme's Vegetable Pills are better than any other for the purpose.

Great Britain is the only one of the great European countries in which a career and fair treatment are open to a Hebrew.

ACME SWINGING HAMMOCK CHAIR. Adjust automatically to any position by simple movement of the body without leaving the chair. The swing construction gives a perfect balance in any position—best seat firmly braced, enameled back, strong fancy striped canvas. \$4.00. Will hold a person weighing 250 lbs.— folds to occupy a space only 4 1/2 x 31 inches. No more broken backs. Agents Wanted for COIN TEN DOLLARS A DAY OR given away with SCOTT'S STOMACH AND NERVE FOOD which fills the body with new life and vigor. 50 cents a box. ADDRESS: The Scott Medicine Co., KINGSTON, ONT.

Baby's Own Soap. I Recommend Baby's Own Soap. To all mothers who want their babies to have pink, clean, clear, and healthy skin. Made of the finest materials. No soap, wherever made, is better. THE ALBERT TOILET SOAP CO. MONTREAL. MANUFACTURERS OF THE CELEBRATED ALBERT TOILET SOAPS.

Printing! Do you need any, or are you satisfied with what you already have? Our printing is always satisfactory—what we do, we do well—we give good paper, good ink, good presswork and strive to have it suitable to your particular business and we give good measure too. No matter what printing you need. See us first. PROGRESS JOB PRINT. We will send you estimates and samples.

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

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

OYSTERS, FISH and GAME always on hand. MEALS AT ALL HOURS. DINNER A SPECIALTY.

CAFE ROYAL. BANK OF MONTREAL BUILDING, 56 Prince Wm. St., - - St. John, N. B. WM. CLARK, Proprietor. Retail dealer in CHOICE WINES, ALBS and LIQUORS.

Victoria Hotel, 81 to 87 King Street, St. John, N. B. Electric Passenger Elevator and all Modern Improvements. D. W. McCORMACK, Proprietor.

Spring Lamb and Mutton. Kingston Kings Co., N. B. Veal. Cumberland Co., N. S. Beef. Turkeys, Fowls and Geese. Ham, Bacon and Lard. Lettuce, Radish, and all Vegetable &c.

THOS. DEAN, City Market.

Miss Jessie Campbell Whitlock. TEACHER OF PIANOFORTE. ST. JOHN, N. B. Apply at the residence of Mrs. T. WHITLOCK.

Rheumatism Cured. Sufferers from Rheumatism have found great benefit from using Putner's Emulsion. the Cod Liver Oil contained in it being one of the most effective remedies in this disease. Always get PUTNER'S. It is the original and best.

Use Perfection Tooth Powder. For Sale at all Druggists.

Dunn's Ham. Dunn's Bacon. Just received—Dunn's Ham, Bacon, Canned Ham, Canned Bacon, Devilled Ham, Pickled Pigs Feet and Spare Ribs. Fresh every day, Sausage, Bologna and Henery Egge. Lard in casks and Tins.

R. F. J. PARKIN, 107 Union Street.

BOURBON. ON HAND 75 Bbls. Aged Belle of Anderson Co., Kentucky.

THOS. L. BOURKE. Buctouche Bar Oysters. Received this day, 10 Barrels No. 1 Buctouche Bar Oysters, the first of the Spring catch. At 19 and 23 King Square.

J. D. TURNER.

O'Rourke's Lucky Mule.
Found a Rich Mine and Elected in Clever
Threatener.

Phil O'Rourke's lucky mule derived more benefit from the Bunker Hill and Sullivan mines than any of the men who have found it. Says a Spokane Washington letter. Ever since its discovery a long chain of events, including the distraction of the mill by dynamites a few days ago, have destroyed the profits of operating what should be one of the richest mines in Coeur d'Alene district.

Wild as the Kootenai country is now, it has undergone many changes since Sullivan and O'Rourke went prospecting over it less than twenty years ago. At that time Chief Saltee and his Coeur d'Alene Indians did not take kindly to the white trespassers and warlike Sioux were not infrequent visitors to the regions. Now and then a wandering band of Crees were encountered and thieving Gros Ventres stole many a prospector's outfit. The Indians have given way to white men not less dangerous, but there are no prospects in the Coeur d'Alene district now. All the country has been carefully examined and it is seldom that new bodies of ore are found.

Not far from Knobknoster, Mo., O'Rourke was brought up on a farm. His generous disposition gained for him the reputation of a spendthrift. It was predicted that he would "never have nothin'" and this prediction was confirmed when he traded a valuable gold watch for an undersized bulky mule. Indeed, it was this transaction as much as anything else that induced him to convert all his worldly goods into cash and set out, leading the mule, for the far West, where the reputation of neither himself nor the mule was known. Irish sensitiveness caused him to leave at night. It was a week before the neighborhood knew he had gone. Years afterward, when he went back with good enough to buy any ten farms in that part of Missouri, he and the younger generation had many a laugh over the comments his departure had caused.

The trail to the West was a main travel road in those days, and before long O'Rourke fell in with another Irishman, named Sullivan, who had spent a number of years at mining in Colorado. With only a vague conception of his destination, O'Rourke agreed to accompany Sullivan to the Coeur d'Alenes, which country was just beginning to be heard of. The two men met with many misfortunes. Sullivan's horses died. They harnessed the little mule and tried to make him take the place of one of the horses, but he would not pull. He would carry a pack on his back quite cheerfully, but when hitched to a vehicle he would not pull a pound. Sullivan wanted the satisfaction of killing him, and O'Rourke at one time consented, but changed his mind before the execution took place. When they reached Walla Walla, all that was left of their possessions was the mule and one team. They sold the horses and tried to sell the mule, but no one would buy him; but they bought some provisions and loaded them on his back. Then they set out for the Kootenai hills.

The mule soon learned to follow them like a dog. He needed no driving or leading, and the patient, unobtrusive manner in which he plodded along bearing the beans, coffee and bacon soon made the men forget his former shortcomings. It was early in the spring when they started. All summer they tramped over the hills. Now and then they would find traces of silver, but nothing to warrant any work. O'Rourke, after the first month, learned to pass by a piece of mica without picking it up and abouting that he had found a silver mine. The first snow of the year had fallen, and the two men were slowly making their way out of the hills. All of their provisions except salt and coffee had run out and they were living on venison, coffee and salt. Lack of food and constant companionship made the men querulous. Every suggestion made by one was promptly vetoed by the other. In this way each began to think more of the mule. He was generally only a short distance away from the campfire hunting patiently for the tufts of grass that sprang up between the rocks. After a quarrel one of the men always hunted up the mule and made a confidant of him while the other moodily stirred the campfire and made a mental survey of the shortest route back to civilization.

Late in September one evening the men went into camp on a hillside. The mule was relieved of his pack saddle and turned loose. (There was no venison. Two rabbits, food which every plainsman despises, were all they had for supper. In their hurry to get out of the hills before a snowstorm should imprison them the men had not stopped since morning. They were tired and hungry. Not far away a mountain stream flowed swiftly down the hillside and Sullivan after supper was trying to catch a fish. O'Rourke was lying

FACTS ABOUT HEALTH

It is Easy to Keep Well if We Know How—Some of the Conditions Necessary to Perfect Health.

The importance of maintaining good health is easily understood, and it is really a simple matter if we take a correct view of the conditions required. In perfect health the stomach promptly digests food, and thus prepares nourishment. The blood is employed to carry this nourishment to the organs, nerves, muscles and tissues which need it. The first great essential for good health, therefore, is pure, rich blood. Now it is certainly a fact that no medicine has such a record of cures as Hood's Sarsaparilla. It is literally true that there are hundreds of people alive and well today who would have been in their graves had they not taken Hood's Sarsaparilla. It is depended upon as a family medicine and general regulator of the system by tens of thousands of people. This is because Hood's Sarsaparilla makes the blood pure. This is the secret of its great success. Keep your system in good health by keeping your blood pure with Hood's Sarsaparilla, which absolutely cures when other medicines fail to do any good whatever.

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

by the fire smoking his pipe, and wondering how a man could be so foolish as to try to catch the wariest of all the finny tribe when he had only a piece of twine and a grasshopper for bait. Out of the recesses of one of his waistcoat pockets Sullivan had extracted a fishhook which had been there so long he could not remember where he got it.

O'Rourke was watching the mule and wishing he had the same stoical temperament. He felt as though he would give an arm for a piece of the hock and bacon they were having back in old Missouri that night. He could see the luscious Concord grapes on the arbor of the cabin porch. He remembered the big juicy yellow peaches and wondered if the first husking bee had been held yet. Right before his eyes was the mule and his thoughts reverted to him at intervals. He fell to wishing most emphatically that he had been born a mule and had not been bought by a fool man who had not sense enough to stay where there was plenty to eat. Something of this sort must also have been passing through the mule's reflections, for he pawed the ground in a discontented way that only aggravated O'Rourke's discontent. O'Rourke threw a stone at him and accompanied the action with an exclamation that made Sullivan reembrace:

"Don't swear or I'll never catch fish." The mule kept on pawing and O'Rourke incensed, went to where he was displacing the rock and earth. The first piece of rock he picked up was heavy and it

glittered in the twilight. He ran over for his pick and in a few minutes had uncovered a ledge that showed silver and galena so plainly that even a trident could not help knowing he had found something that was valuable.

Suddenly a shout from Sullivan was heard. He had hooked a four pound salmon trout and was calling to O'Rourke to stir up the fire and put on the skillet. O'Rourke paid no attention, and Sullivan as he came running to the camp fire thundered out: "Where the devil are you? Don't you hear what I say?" Then he saw O'Rourke, and ran over to him, holding up the fish by the gills. In answer to his excited description of how he caught the fish O'Rourke handed him a piece of rock. Sullivan had prospected for years. The instant he took the rock in his hand he let the trout fall on the ground. Then seeing the hole O'Rourke had dug, Sullivan dropped on his knees and looked into it. He tugged at the jagged edges of the rock with his finger nails until the blood started from them, but he did not feel the pain. By this time it was getting dark, and O'Rourke came with a torch from the campfire. He stepped on the fish as he returned, and then gave it a kick which knocked it some distance away.

"We've struck it at last," said Sullivan. It was midnight before the two men could think of anything else than their discovery. There was no more grass to be had and the mule stood idly by watching his masters work. Suddenly O'Rourke seemed to remember that the mule had first attracted him to the spot. Then and there the two men took an oath that if the mine turned out what seemed to be the mule should never have to work any more. Then they hunted up their trout and had the most enjoyable supper they ever ate before or after.

It was only sixty miles to Spokane Falls, now Spokane, and after they staked out their claim Sullivan stayed to guard it, while O'Rourke went to Spokane for provisions and to raise money on the mine. A few pounds of samples were packed on the mule's back, and in less than a week O'Rourke returned with plenty to eat and men who represented money to look at the mine. Sullivan had been living on fish and deer he had killed. The two prospectors received \$150,000 apiece for their claim, which has been sold since for three times that amount.

Down in the Potlach country O'Rourke purchased a ranch. He took the mule down there and hired a man to look after his wants. The man received a salary for seeing that the mule was curried, fed and pastured. The man was made to realize that it was a serious matter and that any neglect of the mule would stop his pay. Thus it came about that the little scrawny animal got to be fat and sleek and impudent. He lived to be 18 years old, dying only a year and a half ago.

Soap Economy

SURPRISE Soap is the cheapest. You buy a large cake for only 5 cents. It makes a free, heavy lather but lasts a long time. All the dirt comes out of the clothes without scalding, boiling, or hard rubbing. SURPRISE won't injure or fade the most delicate fabric. It will save you money, time and temper. Remember the name—**"Surprise" Soap.**



O'Rourke when he returned to his Missouri home found everything just as he left it, only his father was a little deeper in debt and the mortgage was a little nearer due. The neighbors said it was such a pity, because all of his family were such workers; that is, all except the one that had traded for the mule and disappeared. When the scrap-grass came back and not only paid off the mortgage, but also added 100 acres to the paternal possessions, and then got out of the country as soon as possible the neighbors marvelled greatly. O'Rourke and Sullivan were never poverty-stricken again, although they lost some of their money. Both of them have said time and again that they never derived so much benefit out of the discovery as the mule did. To this day the trademark on every sack of ore from the Bunker Hill and Sullivan mine is a mule, and in the office that was blown up a few days ago there hung a life-size picture of the mule that was lazy but found a mine.

Manna is Still Found.
In Australia, tropical Asia, and Africa, true manna is found on a kind of blue grass. It appears in masses as large as a marble on the stems. Nearly three parts consist of mannite, which, though sweet, is not sugar. The manna also has a ferment which has the power to decompose cane sugar without evolving carbonic acid or any kind of gas.

The Sultan of Turkey spends more for his tab than any other human being of modern or ancient times—\$1,000,000.

Whooping Cough and Asthma
ARE ALWAYS RELIEVED BY
Dr. Harvey's Southern RED PINE
25 cts. Everywhere.
THE HARVEY MEDICINE CO., MFGS., Montreal.

NOTICE.

NOTICE is hereby given that under and by virtue of the power of sale contained in a certain Indenture of mortgage bearing date the twenty-third day of January in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and ninety four, and registered in the office of the Registrar of Deeds in and for the City and County of St. John as number 6537, in Book 56 of Registry pages 20, 21, 22 and 23, on the seventh day of February A. D. 1894, and made between William Thompson of the City of Saint John N. B. the City and County of St. John and Province of New Brunswick and Mary Cook of the same place, widow of the late James Knox of the one part, and George E. Fenerty of the City of Fredericton in the County of York and Province aforesaid, Queen's Printer of the other part, there will for the purpose of satisfying the moneys secured and made payable in and by the said Indenture of mortgage default, having been made in the payments thereof, be sold at public auction at Chamber's Corner, so called, in the said City of St. John, on SATURDAY, THE TWENTY-SECOND DAY OF JUNE NEXT, at the hour of twelve of the clock in the afternoon of that day, the lands and premises in the said Indenture of mortgage described as following:—

That it is to say:—
"ALL THAT CERTAIN LOT, FIVE OR SIX PARCELS of land situated lying and being in the City of Saint John aforesaid and bounded and described as follows:—Beginning at the South West Corner of Duke Street, Westwardly thence running along the Southern side of Duke Street forty feet in a Westerly direction thence Southwardly and parallel to Westworth Street one hundred and five feet thence Easterly parallel to Duke Street, forty feet to Westworth Street thence Northwardly along Westworth Street to the place of beginning."

ALSO, "All that certain other piece or parcel of land situated on said Westworth Street, described as follows:—Beginning at a point on the Westwardly side of Westworth Street Northwardly one hundred and five feet from Duke Street thence Southwardly twenty one feet on Westworth Street thence Westwardly at right angle to Westworth Street eighty feet thence Northwardly parallel to Westworth Street twenty one feet thence Easterly eighty feet to the place of beginning."

Together with all buildings erections and improvements thereon
Dated the eighteenth day of May A. D. 1899.
GEORGE E. FENERTY,
Mortgagee.
MACRAE & SINCLAIR,
Solicitors to Mortgagee.

FOUR 4 DOLLARS
—YOU CAN HAVE—
Progress,
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ST. JOHN, N. B., SATURDAY, MAY 27, 1899.

OF FRENCH POISONERS.

HOW SOME OF THEM USED TO GET RID OF BODILIES.

Relation Between La Voisin and Mme. de Montepan—French Details From Unpublished State Papers—Revelations That Shocked King Louis XIV.

M. Paul Brontano, the French architect, has just published in the Revue de Paris the results of his latest delving among unpublished French State papers. They relate to the epidemic of poisoning in France in the reign of Louis XIV., and especially to Mme. de Montepan's dealings with poisoners. The account given here is an abridgement of his articles.

The most celebrated of all the women of the seventeenth century who practiced palmaristry, sorcery, divination or fortune telling, was Catherine Deshayes, the wife of a man named Monvoisin, but commonly known as "La Voisin." During her trial she confessed to Nicholas de la Reynie, Chief of the Paris police, that some of the women who consulted her asked at once how soon they could be made widows and marry the men of their choice, and that almost came for no other purpose. The Parisians of that day flocked to the house of this woman to consult her and made up parties for that purpose. The garden around her small house in the outskirts of Paris was always crowded with a joyous throng of patrons.

The Voisin woman's income at one time amounted to 150,000 francs of to-day, but she spent it all. She had many friends, whom she treated with princely liberality. Among them were the public executioners of Paris, who was fated to cut off their heads, the alchemist Blais and Lesage, who practiced magic. A good deal of her money was spent by the two last named in searching for the secret of the transmutation of metal for she was a firm believer in the alchemy and the existence of the philosopher's stone. She received her customers, who came from the highest ranks of society dressed in a mantle and a gown, woven especially for her use, a costume whose cost was equivalent 75,000 modern francs. The mantle was made of crimson velvet embroidered with 205 double-headed golden eagles, and was lined with precious furs. The skirt was of sea-green velvet, trimmed with priceless point-of-France lace. The bills for this costume are still in existence.

This fortune teller always insisted that she owned success to her knowledge of physiognomy, for she read her patrons' character and fate more easily in the expression and lines of their faces than in those of their hands. She confessed to crimes of all kinds especially to sacrilege and infanticide, and made La Reynie, who had heard the confessions of all the most criminals of his time, shudder by her revelations. Yet she is described by contemporaries as a plump, pretty little woman, with extraordinarily quick and penetrating eyes. Mme. de Sevigne, who had a mania for seeing executions and saw this culprit ascend the scaffold, said: 'The Voisin woman resigned her soul to the devil very prettily.' Her confessor spoke of her end as 'very edifying.'

Louis XIV., his Ministers and his Chief of Police were astounded when the crimes of this fortune teller and others like her first came to light, for in those days chemists and physicians were unable to detect traces of poisoning after the death of the victim. A special commission, whose members were selected from the King's Privy Council, was appointed to deal with the matter. This tribunal was called that of the 'Lighted Chamber,' because formerly similar trials were held in a room hung with black and lighted by torches or candles. It sat from April, 1679, until July, 1682, during which time it tried 367 persons. Of these 36 were convicted and sentenced to death, 5 were sent to the galleys and 23 were banished. The most guilty were found to have accomplices in quarters so high and powerful that their prosecution was decided to be wise and impolitic.

One or two accounts of crimes tried in the Court of the Lighted Chamber will serve as types for almost all the others. Thus: Mme. de Dreux, wife of a Parliamentary Magistrate, was 80 years old, graceful, delicately pretty and of very distinguished appearance and bearing. A woman named Joly, one of the fortune tellers on trial, testified that Mme. de Dreux was so much in love with the Duke of Richelieu that if he only looked at another woman she wanted to put that person out of

the way; that she had poisoned two gentlemen and one of her lovers to avoid the bother of a personal rupture, and that she had tried to poison her husband and get rid of the Duke's wife by the practice of sorcery. When the confession of the woman Joly became known, Parisian society was immensely amused, and the lady's husband was made ridiculous by a shower of epigrams which Mme. de Sevigne declares were 'divinely diverting.' Mme. de Dreux was really too interesting to be condemned, and besides she was a cousin of one of her judges. So finally it was decided to admonish her and let her go free. As soon as she got out of prison she went back to the clairvoyants and sorceresses and received from them certain powders 'to poison some one whom the Duke of Richelieu was fond of.' A fresh order for her arrest was issued. This time she was warned and fled. In January, 1682, she was finally condemned to banishment, but this sentence was commuted into confinement in Paris in the same house with her husband.

While people of rank were applauding the virtual acquittal of Mme. de Dreux, the burghers and their wives were murmuring because the Widow Brunet, one of their own class who had poisoned her husband, had been condemned and executed, although no more guilty than Mme. de Dreux.

In the course of the judicial proceedings in the court of the Lighted Chamber, and especially during the prosecution of La Voisin, a world of crime, almost inconceivable, was brought to light. 'Human life is for sale like any article of commerce and murder seems to be the usual remedy for all family perplexities; ungodliness, sacrilege and all sorts of abominations prevail in Paris and throughout France,' wrote La Reynie.

As the investigation went on it was found to take in an ever-widening circle of defendants from the highest ranks of the nobility. A peculiar apprehension soon made itself universally felt, a curious uneasiness, not fear of the poisoner, but of their Judges. Mme. de Sevigne, speaking of the Chief of Police, said: 'That he still exists is proof enough that there are no poisoners.'

The King summoned La Reynie, the president of the court of the Lighted Chamber and its Prosecuting attorney to Versailles and personally impressed upon them the necessity of doing summary justice, and he desired them to examine into the matter of the dreadful trade in poisons as thoroughly as possible in order to extirpate it, root and branch. He ended by telling them to mete out equal punishment to all found guilty, without distinction of sex or rank. La Reynie needed all his courage and resolution to execute these orders in face of the hideous revelations which were to follow. Did these revelations suddenly cause the court of Versailles to modify its orders? The Voisin woman was ordered for examination on the rack, but the manner of inflicting the tortures made the performance a farce.

'She was not racked!' writes the indignant La Reynie. Some one evidently feared that the fortune teller, who had hitherto been very discreet in her admission, might, under the stress of the rack, confess too much, and, unknown to La Reynie, the executioners had received certain instructions. The judges of the court had themselves also received certain orders, and their questioning of the prisoner was so cautious that before her execution she confessed of her own accord that an immense number of persons of all conditions and ranks had come to her for the means of poisoning many and that debauchery was the incentive to most of these crimes.

After the execution of the Voisin woman the magician Lesage, his accomplice the priest Guibourg, and a daughter of the first named were examined. Louis XIV. then wrote to La Reynie: 'Having seen the statements made by Margaret Monvoisin I write to inform you that my desire is that you use due diligence to bring to light all the facts contained in the said statements, and that you take down in writing and retain as separate records all the minutes thereof, and that you do not hand over to my court of the Arsenal—namely the Lighted Chamber—the testimony taken at the examination of the prisoners Romani and Bertrand.' Of these latter more hereafter. Levois, the Secretary of State and friend of Mme. de Montepan, had promised Lesage, the magician, that his life should be spared if he made full confession. Accordingly Lesage testified to a series of the most horrible happenings, the truth of which was established by another confession

made on the rack by a sorceress and fortune teller, Frances Filastro by name. Filastro's disclosures came upon Louis XIV like a clan of thunder. Orders were at once given to suppress certain parts of her testimony, and a minute to that effect was made in the official register of the King's Privy Council. Having been a second time compelled to suppress testimony which should have gone on record, the King saw that if the examination of prisoners should continue in the regular way he would be unable to suppress their testimony, and he therefore directed that all proceedings in the Lighted Chamber court should be at once suspended. Louis XIV had received a dreadful shock. His strongest personal affections had not only been wounded, but his power as a monarch had been set at naught, and that, too, by obscure and infamous criminals on trial before his own Judges; his throne itself had been shaken. His all powerful occupant hoped with the aid of his two great Ministers, Louvois and Colbert, to put the evidence of his shame and sorrow away for ever. On July 13 1709, all the secret papers were brought into the King's study and by him personally burned in the presence of the Chancellor of France, Ponchartrian.

SINKERS HARRAS ABOUT GOLF

And Tell Sarasparrilla Reilly About a Game Like it in Germany.

When Sarasparrilla Reilly entered the little restaurant on Park row the sinker man poked his head out of the kitchen door, and, shaking hands with him, said: 'Ach, Reilly, why didn't you come around for der last several weeks? I vere so lonesomeness, I believed you vere dead. I'm awful glad, howsomever, to meet you anyhow.'

'And it's pleased Oi am ter meet ye,' answered Reilly. 'The reason O've been away was because O've been ter Van Cortland's Park watching thim golf games.'

'You mean der gouch game?' remarked Sinkers.

'No,' said Reilly, 'O'i mean golf game. It's the owd game av shinnu on your own side, an' yer play it wid shiny sticks an' a little ball that yer knock along th' ground ter get into little holes wid the least number of hits. D'yer understand what Oi mean?'

'For sure,' replied the Sinkers. 'Every week sometimes when I go on Staten Islands I see mens play gouch on der Richmond County Country Club, corrected Reilly.'

'Dot's what I mean,' said Sinkers. 'I see der people v'iking mebbe fifty miles mit crutches in der hand to hit my der crutch der ball that push der ground over.'

'Sure, they des't push no ground over,' explained Reilly. 'An if yer mean to call them things crutches, you don't know what you're talking about. In golf games we call the wooden clubs brassie sticks. Then we have what we call oddies to carry the brassies in and we have bafias and bafis and putters and stimes and whims and scruffs and goos necks.'

'I didn't swan no gooses on der Staten Islands blinks,' said the sinker man.

'Links, not blinks,' corrected Reilly.

'Vell,' said Sinkers, 'dat dey are, but I didn't swan no gooses over dera. I saw only a coupler coos mit some chickens, but dey didn't play in der gouch games mit der mens which did. Dot gouch game is like I played when I vere such a little boy in Dresden, on Saxony by Germany. Ve played der mit Boston bears 'suh a roley boley game after ve digged holes under de grass in der ground. Ve had always one which ven between four der middle on der outside which vere in between. Dot middle hole between der four vere to put Boston beans in, and den ve commenced again by pushing a little ban roley-boley der ground over to der middle hole. Which boy first won got der bean in dot middle where he took out what was in. Understand?'

'Oi understand,' said Reilly, 'but yer can't tell me that Boston beans come from Germany.'

'No,' said Sinkers, 'dot is not it. I mean der bean vere der Boston vat come from der same kind of beans. Oh, such fun ve used ter had playing gouch!'

'Golf! Golf!' corrected Reilly. 'It's a Scotch word because it's th' name of a Scotch game.'

'Vell,' said Sinkers, 'dot game vere taken to Scotchland first from Germany. It vere a lovely game to play when you didn't had no vading to fall in a coupler weeks und wanted exerciseenness. It remembers me to der time when I worked on der canal und had ter walk snob's much.'

'Well,' it reminds me of hunting for a

piece of home-made pie on an Indian reservation,' said Reilly. 'But a Dutchman never could learn the golf game.'

'Now you're commencing again,' remarked Sinkers. 'Why don't yer say it vas a Irish game?'

'Well, it it's Scotch it can't be Dutch, and that's one good thing in its favor. A Dutchman couldn't learn it unless he vas born in the time of Althaus and practiced playing every day until Gabriel sounded the trumpet for kingdom come.'

'Vell,' said Sinkers, 'I could learn it only I got too much time.'

'Sure, you kudn't tell a straight-faced bulger from a cross-eyed cat,' remarked Reilly.

'Are dey, too, in der game?' asked Sinkers.

'Sartinly,' said Reilly. 'Everything's in the game. There's tees an' rubs on the green an' hanging irons an' strichmine pills an' mashing sticks an' cayenne pepper an' blngy bogie bulger taffy bifferinos, too.'

'I didn't heard all der names yet,' explained Sinkers, 'but I saw one gouch player who vere playing und he told somebody to send der ink eraser to der missing link, or something like dot. Reilly, dot gouch language sounds like nobody could learn it, after dey speak it. Vant?'

'You foreigners never kud learn it,' said Reilly. 'It's an easy game, though, an' all ye have to do when you're playing is to hit th' brassamattins wid one crack of the brassie-massie an' the octomorgorus ships along until it comes to a dead stop at the bruddle-skeddadle.'

'I understand what you mean,' said Sinkers, 'but I don't comprehension what you spoken when you speak. A friend from me, Mr. Scheffler, who plays mit Staten Island on der game, told me dot he vere half shot when he vants to address der ball.'

'Oim feeling like getting half shot now,' said Reilly. 'Oim jist dying to address a ball. It ye've a bone about yer O'll permit ye to stop at Red Jerry's for the purpose of scruffing a few whiskysiums.'

'You mean ve vill play gouch?' inquired Sinkers.

'Yes, on Jerry's sawdust link,' answered Reilly.

And while the gollers scruff'd whiskysiums, Red Jerry, the bartender kept the score.

VISITING HOUSEKEEPERS.

Novel Occupation Discovered by a Young Woman with Musical Talents.

Miss Dorothy Higgins is the old-fashioned name of a young woman who last summer discovered a new occupation for women. That is if the adjective 'new' can ever be used connecting women with housekeeping. But Miss Higgins' method has many novel features and she speaks of her experience very pleasantly.

'I came from my home in the West winter before last to study the violin,' she says. Like many other girls of limited means, I have an unlimited ambition, and some day hope to become an artist. At the end of the season, as my funds were low, I admit I was 'disheartened. Just at this time I chanced to meet on the cars a woman whom I had known during the winter, and she inquired about my summer plans.

'Dear me!' she exclaimed, 'why don't some of you girls try to do housekeeping that way? That is, divide your time around among several houses. If you would only come in for a few hours, order the meal, direct the servants and do all that sort of thing, there would be no difficulty about getting employment. I have just been calling on a friend who has a cottage near my own in Newport. We are neither of us wealthy women, but we have no end of social obligations. We don't feel that we can afford a housekeeper, and yet we are actually dreading our summer move because we know how much extra exertion it will require. Now, if we could only get some one between us who understands how to do such things, to take them off our hands, we would gladly employ them for the summer, at least.'

'That remark was an inspiration, and before I left the car I had engaged to call on my friend and seriously discuss the matter. To make a long story short, I engaged to divide my time between four homes in Newport for the summer acting as visiting housekeeper. Now, I had a good head and considerable knowledge about the keeping of a small house: these were my stock in trade and I meant to succeed.

'After the moving was over and each household settled down and running smoothly, I made out a regular programme embracing my duties for every day in the week. At a stated time each morning I held consultations with the mistress of each house. I learned their plans for the day, and when possible had them give me an idea how they wished their ideas carried out. Then I made an inspection of the china closets, storerooms, cellars, &c., gave out the necessary supplies to the cooks, butlers and chambermaids, took an inventory of things to be purchased and then went to market.

'Of course, I mean I did all these things in each house before going to market, because one visit had to suffice, and you can easily see how prompt I had to be in the performance of my other duties to finish my marketing at the proper time.

'The purchasing over, I made my second round of inspection. It was this visit the servants dressed, for I required that they have their morning's work completed, and went through each room and closet in every house. I had written out my orders for the servants on my first call. On my second call I required them to repeat those orders and tell me how they proposed to carry them out. This was the time when all my tact, good humor and firmness was required, for all errors and difficulties with the servants had to be settled in the manner least calculated to interrupt the smooth running of the house-machinery. Once a month I paid all wages and outstanding bills, went over and balanced my accounts, then turned over my books to my employers for inspection.

'Those were my regular duties, but it was my irregular duties which gave me the greatest amount of work and, I must admit, sometimes annoyance. Under the head of irregular duties I place the various entertainments given by my employers. Of course, in four houses, during a season at Newport, there were of necessity many entertainments each week, sometimes luncheons, sometimes dinners and not quite so frequently a breakfast. All these required extra work, to say nothing of the extra amount of thought about the plans, &c. On all extra occasions I made it a point to be present and personally superintend and direct the servants.

'It was a lot of trouble, perhaps, you will think, but it paid, for I had the satisfaction of knowing that all my plans were well carried out, and that my employers had no reason to blush for the way in which everything was conducted. The most substantial proof of their satisfaction with my work came only the other day, when they all wrote urging me to continue with them on their return to their homes in New York. I was really sorry to say no, for I had enjoyed the work and been much benefited by the change, but as I said at the beginning, I hope some day to become a great artist. I cannot give up my violin. I have earned enough money to take me comfortably through the winter and complete my course under my present teacher. But there is one thing of which I am certain—I am giving up a very comfortable salary and pleasant duties which I hope some other girl will drop into and follow up the occupation of visiting housekeeper.'

Grows of Thorns.

M. du Mely, a distinguished French scientist, has been making inquiries as to the whereabouts of certain fragments known to exist, of the crown of thorns worn by the Saviour at His crucifixion. M. du Mely, in reporting the results of his investigations to the Academy of Inscriptions at Paris mentioned that he could trace the history of 560 thorns, and that the most likely places in which to find them now would be the cities of Jerusalem, Paris and Constantinople. In 1299 large pieces of the crown of thorns were sent to France and in 1247 they became the property of St. Louis, who built a costly shrine in which they were securely guarded. At that time the number of thorns in the shrine was 72, but this number must have been increased within a few years, for we are assured that Louis and his immediate successors presented sixty thorns to various princes, churches and cloisters throughout Europe, and yet that after this distribution had been made, 23 thorns remained as the property of the French King. M. du Mely thinks that there is much more to be learned on this subject, and he proposes to continue his investigation until he arrives at the exact truth.

The Coalfields of the World.

It appears from the estimates of the most reliable authorities that the coalfields of the world cover an area of about a million and a quarter square miles. The United States, China, Australia and India are the countries in which the area of coalfields is greatest, but the output of the United Kingdom is far larger than that of any other country. We also consume far more coal than any other people. On an average every inhabitant of Great Britain uses 740wt. of coal annually. The Belgians come next to us in this respect with an average annual consumption of 440wt. per inhabitant.



Manna is still found. In Australia, tropical Asia, and Africa, true manna is found on a kind of blue grass. It appears in masses as large as a marble on the stems. Nearly three parts consist of mannite, which, though sweet, is not sugar. The manna also has a ferment which has the power to decompose one sugar without evolving carbonic acid or any kind of gas.

The Sultan of Turkey spends more for his tobacco than any other human being of modern or ancient times—£1,000.

Whooping Cough and Asthma ARE ALWAYS RELIEVED BY Dr. Harvey's Southern RED PINE 25 cts. Everywhere. THE HARVEY MEDICINE CO., Mfrs., Montreal.

NOTICE.

NOTICE is hereby given that under and by virtue of the power of sale contained in a certain Indenture of mortgage bearing date the twenty-third day of January in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and ninety four, and registered in the office of the Registrar of Deeds in and for the City and County of St. John as number 6387, in Book 50 of Registers pages 20, 21, 22 and 23, on the seventh day of February A. D. 1894, and made between William Thompson of the City of Saint John of the City and County of St. John and Province of New Brunswick and Mary Knox of the same place, widow of the late James Knox of the one part, and George E. Fenety of the City of Fredericton in the County of York and Province aforesaid, Queen's Printer of the other part, there will for the purpose of satisfying the moneys secured and made payable by and by the said Indenture of mortgage default having been made in the payment thereof, be sold at public auction at Chubb's Corner, so called, in the said City of St. John, on SATURDAY, THE TWENTY-SECOND DAY OF JULY NEXT, at the hour of twelve of the clock in the forenoon, the lands and premises in the said Indenture of mortgage described as follows:—That is to say:—

1. A LOT THAT CERTAIN LOT FIVE OR parcel of land situated being and being in the city of Saint John as aforesaid and bounded and described as follows:—Beginning at the South-east Corner of Duke and Westworth Streets once running along the Southern side of Duke Street forty feet in a Westerly direction thence southerly and then Westworth Street one hundred and five feet thence Easterly parallel to the Street forty feet. In Westworth Street thence Northerly along Westworth Street to the place of beginning.

GEORGE E. FENETY, Mortgagee.

The Mystery of Redcliffe Manor.

By the Author of "Married, But Not Mated," "A Woman of the World," etc.

CHAPTER IV.

The days passed rapidly at the Manor in so calm and uneventful a manner that Adela sometimes wondered whether she had dreamed the strange events of Gardner's Hotel.

Her post was almost a sinecure. The housekeeping gave her little trouble. Dr. Barrington getting in all stores from London, Adela's duty being confined to giving out what was required, and ordering the meals.

The patients were docile, and well looked after by their attendants and Dr. Ives, Dr. Barrington's assistant.

He was a shy, retiring young fellow, about twenty-seven, with vague features, weak eyes, and a high forehead, from which he wore his lanky sandy hair carefully combed back.

A pair of blue spectacles completed the tout-ensemble, which he flattered himself was that of a man of culture and science. Dr. Barrington he considered the best and wisest of mankind.

Vapid and narrow minded, easily influenced, a nonentity whom the doctor found plastic material in his clever hands—such was the character of the assistant, supposedly chosen.

When she came to know him better, Adela speedily relinquished the faint hope she had formed, that he might stand her friend in emergency, and resolve not to trust him, though he soon became her devoted slave, and would follow her about the grounds, or expensive boxes of chocolates, for which he had bicycled to Netherwood.

His silent adoration—which he never went the length of putting into words—bored Adela intensely, though she thought it better policy not to offend him by showing this, and was always civil to him.

She little suspected that this had gained her a dangerous enemy in Mrs. Arabin, the widow, who cherished a delusion that Dr. Ives—whose Christian name happened to be Charles Edward—was a Stuart prince in disguise, and had fallen violently in love with him.

Mrs. Arabin was a small, dark woman, with sharp, bird-like face, large, restless, light-blue eyes, and a fresh complexion. She was middle-aged, but had been a spoilt beauty in her day.

Her chief qualities were overweening pride and self-importance, and when, at a stroke, she lost both husband and fortune, her brain—never very strong—had given away.

Enough was saved from the wreck of her property for her friends to place her with Dr. Barrington, who had succeeded to his father's high class private asylum at Redcliffe.

Here, as it was to his interest, she was well treated and cared for.

Poor Cordelia Joy was a patient of a different type—good humored, harmless, and docile. A terrifying adventure with brigands in her younger days, while traveling with friends in a wild part of Turkey, had unbent her mind, and, though the party were ransomed and safely brought back to England, she remained hopelessly insane.

Her relations were rich, and paid a handsome sum for her to be kept out of their way, seldom troubling their heads about her otherwise.

She loved Nurse Deane with a dog-like affection, for Adela pitied her profoundly, and was always kind to her.

A word as to Mr. Millicham and the professor, who completed the list of Paul Barrington's guests.

Adela thought it strange that Paul Barrington left so much in her hands; in fact, she seldom saw him, except at meal times. He expressed himself as quite satisfied with the way she filled her somewhat dilapidated post, adding that he was glad to have more time to himself, as he was perfecting some medical investigations.

He was generally absent about up in his study, though sometimes she thought she heard his voice in muffled tones in the rooms she now knew were Miss Barrington's.

Old Solomon Drax, a crabbed, morose old man, acted as valet to Lord Erceldoune, and waited upon him generally. Adela mistrusted him as much as his wife.

He had the same evil, furtive expression, and always eyed her in a treacherous manner, she fancied, though he was cringing civility itself to Lord Erceldoune.

And what of Lord Erceldoune, her principal patient and charge? Adela hardly dared ask her own heart. They had been thrown together much, and each other a lifetime.

What was this man? His richly-stored mind was every day a revelation to her, his delicate kindness and warm friendliness balm to her solitude.

The hot blood rose to her face as she felt how much he already was to her. What a blank life would seem but for the hours spent with Lord Erceldoune.

It seems as though I had never really lived till now. Is this love, to feel as though one person were the whole world to you—that you thrill at his touch, hang on his slightest word? Ah, Heaven! I would die to save him a single pang, and I am powerless. The net is tightening slowly, and yet I cannot see from what side the danger menaces him.

These were her thoughts as she sat one day in Erceldoune's room, trying over a cantata of Sullivan's in which he had asked her to accompany him.

It was three o'clock, the hour he had appointed, but he had not made his appearance. Perhaps he was not well. The day before, when playing with his violin, he had suddenly been seized with faintness and vertigo.

Looking round the room, she saw a small porcelain box on the writing-table, with the label, 'To be taken after meals.' It contained the capsules of which Dr. Barrington had spoken, small oval tablets, covered with white sugar.

A strange dread seized her, which she dared not formulate, even in her thoughts, but, quickly possessing herself of one of the small oval pellets, she slipped it into her purse.

She had scarcely done so, when Lord Erceldoune entered the room with halting steps.

His face was livid, and he breathed with difficulty. His eyes stared wildly. He did not see Adela, who was partially concealed by a Japanese screen near the writing-table, but went straight to the draped easel, from which he tore the curtain.

A picture was disclosed, which Adela had not, till that moment seen uncovered. It was the portrait of a young and lovely woman, dressed in pale green drapery, with a trailing wreath of feathery seaweed garlanding her red-gold hair, which streamed against a background of blue waves.

The picture was marvellously painted, and bore under it the inscription—'A Spirit of the Sea.'

Lord Erceldoune threw himself on his knees before it. 'Bella, my own, my best beloved,' he cried, the scalding tears coursing down his cheeks, 'why do you revisit this earth only to torment me with vain hopes—no wrath, but your living, breathing self. I saw you to-day, when I wandered on the shore spirit, you flitter by, the folds of your white dress touching me as you passed. I tried to grasp them, but in vain. Oh, Bella, I conjure you, speak but a few words across the gulf which separates us! Tell me why you will not stay with me.'

Adela Deane, torn by the sight of his anguished, stepped forward from her post behind the screen.

It was the first sign Lord Erceldoune had shown in her presence of the delusion mentioned by Paul Barrington.

She loved him deeply—hopelessly. Yet, with true woman's unselfishness, she would fain have cast on his troubled heart the balm for which he yearned.

'Dear friend,' he comforted, she said, laying her firm, cool hand on his brow. 'The one you love is not lost, and, though on this earth you may see her no more, she is still with you—a guardian angel to guide you to a blessed meeting in a happier world. Try to think of this, will you not?'

Lord Erceldoune took her hand with courtly gesture, and pressed it gently to his lips.

They were dry and burning, and his eyes had a strange, far-away expression.

'You are good and kind. But you do not know,' he said, sadly, as he rose from his knees. 'I tell you the dead ones can come again—they do. Bella often appears to me, but she will not speak, or let me touch her, though she listens to what I say, and seems to understand. Why should she not? If you read those books—pointing to the shelves—'you would be convinced that, under certain conditions, spirits can materialize. It has been done

in America and elsewhere. Paul Barrington says so.' Then, lowering his voice to a hoarse whisper: 'I will tell you a secret. He believes about Bella—I am a medium, he says, and, one day, if I can exert the necessary great force of will, she will, perhaps, speak to me, and let me touch her. Ah, Heaven! what would I give to hold her once again in my arms—to kiss her living, breathing lips? What a triumph that I, Ralph Erceldoune, should have opened the barred gates of death for thousands, millions of sorrowing, suffering human beings!'

The light of madness glittered in his eyes, his voice trembled.

He continued—'Ay! my name will be handed down to posterity as the greatest benefactor the world has known. Death will have no terrors—for what one person has done, so my fellow men—ah, you will see—no one will disbelieve me then!'

Adela appalled at the feverish intensity of his manner.

She tried to soothe him, in vain. He paced the chamber, talking and laughing wildly.

As she watched him, a conjecture, veiling, if true, an unheard-of depth of inquiry, began to take shape in her brain. 'Do not argue the point, but humour him,' these words of Paul Barrington's returned to her with vivid force.

That some wicked scheme was on foot between the doctor and Cosmo Villiers to deprive Erceldoune of his inheritance, she knew, but till now she had failed to discover what it was.

A light seemed to dawn on her. The bookshelves were full of works on spiritualism—the very worst of reading for a sane person; and Adela gleaned from Ralph's disconnected phrases that Paul Barrington professedly believed in these ghostly appearances.

What could it all mean? At this instant a step was heard outside, and the doctor himself entered the room.

He betrayed no surprise at Lord Erceldoune's excited manner, and carried a white card.

'I thought this would be the result of walking too long in the sun,' he said, calmly. 'My dear fellow, I watched you your hat in your hand. I have brought you a cooling draught, which you must take, and then lie down quietly.'

His rather stern manner appeared to calm Lord Erceldoune somewhat.

'Leave it there, then. The things you give me always make me feel worse—fretfully. Perhaps, for the moment. This is often the effect of medicines which benefit greatly afterwards.'

'Give it to me; I will see that Lord Erceldoune takes it,' said Adela, in a low voice. 'Perhaps, if you leave the room, he will be more inclined to do so.'

Her heart beat strangely, though her voice was even and expressionless.

'Very well; I know I can trust to you. Wash the glass after, as I have put a little laudanum in it, to make him sleep,' said Paul Barrington, as he left the apartment. Nurse Deane had played her role so well hitherto that he had not the faintest distrust of her motives.

Moreover, she had proved an excellent coadjutor so far, popular with the patients, clever in her work, and reticent in her conversation.

Lord Erceldoune sat motionless on a lounge by the window, one hand over his eyes.

Adela's quick glance at him showed he had not taken in what had passed between her and the doctor.

Hastily turning her back towards him, she poured the medicine into gaping mouth of a blue-and-white Japanese fish on a cabinet.

Then she filled the glass again with water from the carafe on the sideboard, putting a tiny bit of sugar into it from a silver basket which also stood there.

'Drink this—I promise it will do you no harm—and try to rest. You will believe me?'

'I do—yes, I do,' he muttered, looking at her with a strained, pathetic gaze. 'But how lower let me whisper something. Paul's medicines always—always makes me ill. Don't tell him—but do you know what Nurse Cecily said once? It was not true, of course; but I sometimes think of it. She hated Paul, you know, incoherently.'

'Nurse Cecily! Who was she? Tell me—you need fear nothing.'

'Oh, well, if that is the case—but I shall expect you to reward me, you know,' with a clumsy attempt at gallantry. 'Give me that rose you are wearing, it shall be a badge of obedience to my lady's will.'

'Certainly, if you like,' said Adela, presenting it to him with a smile. 'It is rather battered. I'm afraid,' as some of the leaves fell from it.

'Like my heart. Oh! if you only knew—'

'Nonsense! I am too busy to listen to compliments. Let me see, chicken and ham pie, strawberries, tucking off the list on her fingers. 'I think that will do,' she said, when she had finished enumerating the delicacies.

'Fate de fois gras sandwiches, if you've got any,' interpolated Mr. Millicham, a greedy expression in his pale, prominent eyes. 'But the cotton-wool, you know,' wagging his head, meaningly. 'Let there be plenty of it, and lots of soft cushions; the jolting of the brake might crack me if we are not very careful.'

'The only thing I complain of,' said Mrs. Arabin, peevishly, 'is that the people will have had no time to prepare the triumphal arches and decorations. An address, too. There ought to be one at Netherwood. Couldn't we wire and let the mayor know?'

'No, no!' cried Cordelia Joy, imploringly.

'That would not do at all. It would attract too much attention, and we should be followed by the spies from Constantinople. They are everywhere, in a mysterious whisper. I saw one last night—she glided before me up the passage, dressed

in a floating white gown, with a garland of something red and feathery on her hair. I had forgotten my knitting, and went down for it, very late, to the drawing-room, because the moon shone—and then I saw you do not mind?'

Nurse Jane said I might have done a child's at night, or not wonder about the corridors during Adela's jesting conversation with Dr. Ives. Mrs. Arabin had stood apart, her bird-like head on one side, straining to catch each word, and dire malignancy in her glance.

But Nurse Deane noticed nothing, so startled was she by Cordelia's last words. It was a curious coincidence that the figure described by Cordelia Joy should resemble the ghostly appearance to Lord Erceldoune, and also the picture, painted by himself, in his room.

Revolving this strange incident in her mind, she went slowly back to the house. That two patients who had barely seen each other—for Lord Erceldoune never mixed with the rest—should be possessed of exactly the same delusion, was incredible.

She went to Ralph's room and peeped cautiously in. He was sleeping on the couch, and looked perhaps a shade less ghastly than on the previous day.

The tablets she had on one side, some small white sweets she fortunately chanced to have by her.

They were so like in shape and size, that no one would notice the difference. The brake drove off with its motley party. Cordelia Joy was gorgeous in a green sash of antiquarian cut, and a girlish Leghorn hat, trimmed with pink rosettes.

Mrs. Arabin had arranged her bonnet, with a widow's long black veil and dragged white feathers, to look her regal character as far as possible.

Mr. Millicham and the Professor were comic objects, in mushroom-like solar hats with muslin round them, while Dr. Ives, in his loose black lustrous coat and blue spectacles, sat on the box with Drax.

The attendants, in their severe grey dresses and close bonnets, completed the strange company.

Their grim hard faces had relaxed somewhat, in anticipation of the day out, and Adela impressed upon Dr. Ives that he need not return too soon.

Nurse Jane one of the attendants had asked to stay at home, not feeling—as she said—very well.

She was a sleepy, good-tempered woman rather slack about her duty, and therefore was told off to take charge of Cordelia Joy, who was perfectly harmless and docile. Paul Barrington had rebuked her more than once, for careless oversight.

It was very difficult to get nurses to stay in so wild and out-of-the-way spot, or her tenure at Redcliffe Manor would have been short.

Mrs. Drax and this attendant were the only two left at home, with the exception of Adela Deane.

The domestic servants employed at the Manor kept to their own offices in a remote part of the building, and never entered the patient's quarters unless specially summoned by speaking-tube or electric-bell.

Mrs. Drax met Adela in the panelled hall. A little brassy, she thought, would do Nurse Jane good. This she spelt out on her fingers.

The old woman's face was grim as she preferred the request.

She had a secret weakness for a dram, and Paul, knowing this, did not trust her with the keys of the cellars.

A sudden inspiration seized Adela. 'Certainly I will give out to you, too. You look poorly yourself, Mrs. Drax, and I will give you some tumbler!'

Mrs. Drax's sour visage relaxed somewhat as she obeyed.

When she had gone, Adela quietly un-

Continued on Fifteenth Page.

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Laxo-Liver Pills cure constipation without any griping, weakening or sickening. Price 25c., all druggists.

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SICK HEADACHE
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Best Laxo-Liver Pills, Sick Headache, Dizziness, Torpid Liver, Constipation. Price 25c. 17.

Sunday Reading

A Hospital Incident.

The recollections of thirty years have taught us something of the sacrifices of the Civil War, but much of the glorious history of those peaceful heroines, the hospital nurses, remains to be written. It would be hard to find a more touching incident than one which was witnessed by Mrs. Barron, an army nurse, in the College Hospital at Georgetown.

A young soldier, not more than nineteen years old, was brought in, wounded in the shoulder. Although he had been tightly bandaged, he was already pale from loss of blood. To the surgeon it was evident at a glance that the wound was mortal. The bullet had severed an important artery, and the lad would die in a few minutes if the blood were allowed to flow. That he was not already dead was due only to the fact that a nurse was holding back the life-stream with her thumb.

About his cot stood the surgeon and several nurses, full of pity, but helpless before his hurrying fate. Only the steady pressure of that thumb kept him from immediate death.

'How long can I last, doctor?' he asked in a feeble whisper. 'Only a few minutes,' the doctor replied with grave solemnity.

'I cannot die yet,' wailed the boy. 'I—I have never been baptized.—I—must give myself to Christ first.'

The last words were almost inaudible, but the eyes searched pitilessly for something which he wanted and could not see. The surgeon looked at the nurse who was holding the blood in check. She was faint from weariness and sympathy.

'Another nurse should be here at once,' he said. 'Carefully' as she made a transfer of hands upon the gaping wound. Then he hurried out of the room.

In a few minutes he returned with the army chaplain. Another nurse had now taken her place. The dying lad glanced up with wan happiness at the minister, who immediately began to read the service, abridging it as much as possible. To the necessary questions of faith the soldier answered as freely as he could, but every one could see that the excitement was telling on him fearfully. When at last the water touched his forehead, his look of anxiety gave way to one of ineffable peace.

As the chaplain, after the Lord's prayer, ended with the exhortation: 'So should we who are baptized, die from sin, and rise again unto righteousness,' the lad opened his eyes. The white-faced nurses were kneeling about his cot, and every face was wet. With a last breath he looked up at her who had his life in her keeping. His face shone with hope and anticipation.

'I am ready now,' he said, with great distinctness. 'You may take away your hand.'

He closed his eyes. In a few minutes he was dead.

A soul is not saved merely by a ceremony, nor does the seed of the religious faith which sanctifies the ceremony always spring at once to life. It may have been sown years before, in the boyhood home; it may have lain deep hidden in the nature, half-consciously preserved, perhaps; but it will show vitality in the great emergencies of life and in the greater emergency of death. Only God, then, will meet the soul's needs. Only faith will reveal Him.

The Silent Example. It is an education to come in personal contact with a good man. He may not utter a precept, but his example is an efficient teacher. The Rev. Robert Balgarnie, an English clergyman who preached at Scarborough, once rendered unknown to

himself, a great service to a young man by the influence of his silent example by the Rev. Newman Hall, in this 'Autobiography.'

A lady wrote to Mr. Balgarnie, saying that she owed him more gratitude than she could express. She had a son who was struggling against the habit of drinking. She dreaded his going to Scarborough lest the customs of society might lead him away. She dreaded the example, not of the worldly, but of Christian professor, who took wine.

Her son had written to say that he had been at an evening party where wine was handed round. He was about to take it, following the example of some respectable and good people, when he saw that Mr. Balgarnie refused it. This fortified him to resist the temptation, which with him might have led to ruin.

Mr. Balgarnie's silent example not only saved the mother's boy, but expressed the rule of the great apostle: 'If meat make my brother to offend [to stumble], I will eat no fish while the world standeth, lest I make my brother to offend.'

Beginning a Business Career. No problem confronting a young man on the threshold of a business career is of such vital importance as his choice of the kind and class of trade toward the mastery of which he is prepared to direct his mental and physical energies.

Upon his decision in this matter rests, to a greater extent than is commonly credited his future failure or success in the world commercial. In the very act of deciding his special bent he will have shown his character (or his lack of it), and a wise decision will prove him a person of sound judgment and self-reliance; and these are primal qualifications in the business life.

Every young man who has not been especially trained for a profession has a latent talent for some particular branch of trade, and it is for the professors of this talent to discover its character and quality, and then apply it where it will do the greatest good to himself and others.

The shores of traffic are strewn with the wrecks of those who have tried to make the round peg of their qualifications fit the square hole in their occupation. There is neither fun nor money in the following a business that is distasteful. The salt-water fish in a fresh-water pond is not a happy or a long-lived creature, and commands but little respect from his fellow-fishes. Just so is the position of the man who has mistaken the purpose for which Mother Nature has set him down in the bustling world.

Having decided upon the business he is to compass, it behooves the sagacious young man to cultivate modesty. In other words he must be content at the outset to accept a small salary and fill an unimportant place in the enterprise upon which he is embarked.

It is not easy to hold ambition in check, for a ambition belongs to youth, and is a reckless steed which, given free rein, will throw its rider at the first ditch. Though the initial position which a young man is given to fill may seem to him altogether undignified and unworthy of his calibre, he should not take the matter to heart; it is the way of all things. A man is unrecognized until he proves himself, no matter what his work.

First must come the bud and then the flower: the acorn precedes the oak, the alphabet the written book, and nothing that is worth while springs into existence without a prior state of comparative insignificance. The commercial history of the world is filled with the names of kings who started literally barefooted in the race for the wealth and position that they hold to-day. Andrew Carnegie, John D. Rockefeller, Roswell P. Flower, Russell Sage, John Wanamaker, D. O. Mills,—hundreds of other men famed in finance and in trade—began their careers in places that were humble almost to degradation. These men knew that time as a factor in their development was something to be utilized, not ignored.

In the testimony of men who have 'arrived,' there is but one guarantee against failure, and that is work,—hard work,—and again, work. The world is still doling out set-backs to the over-zealous, and administering hard knocks to the worthy and unworthy alike. Only the worker survives and is happy.

Fame and fortune in any pursuit is given grudgingly to the newcomer. The youth who wins his way even to moderate success must be callous to misfortune, and learn to fight for himself single-handed and alone.

One thing is to be remembered, and it is not so pleasant as true,—the business world will permit no trifling on our part, no carelessness in the way we manage the affairs with which we are entrusted. Friends may condone our blindness and excuse our

shortcomings, but the big, cold world will make us suffer for them. Our lesson of life must be learned from the book of hardships in the school of experience, and there are few favorites and no exemptions in the great primary class. We cannot look to our friends for much help, and it were better in the end for us to refuse all friendly aid. One must be strong to stand alone, but he will like himself the better for it some day.

Unpleasant experiences may be avoided by starting low down the ladder and climbing very gradually to the top. This will enable a young man to gain a firm grip on the rungs, and what he learns will be his 'for keeps.'

If you want to be a banker, take a clerkship and learn the alphabet of that business; if your inclination points to the manufacturing business, begin as low as your pride and pocket will permit, and don't let a detail escape you. A publisher should begin a printer's apprentice; an editor as a reporter; a dry-goods merchant as a clerk; a railroad president as an office boy; and so on.

Even if your father is a multi-millionaire or your mother supplies you with unlimited pocket-money, you will make no mistake in starting at the very bottom of a business. That man is master of his trade who can perform as much work or more than any one of his employees.

If it were possible to name the qualities which contribute most largely to the success of every business man they would surely be a quick mind, attention to details, promptness, absolute honesty, and that never-say-die spirit which holds to a task until it is finished. Endowed with these qualities and good health no young man worth the name of an American can fail utterly. The extent and brilliancy of every man's success is of course regulated by his personal strength of character, his mentality and his industry.

A comprehensive guide-book to success has not yet been compiled, and that is one printed lie we have all been spared. People who know men and conditions as they really are rebel against the smug complacency of advice peddlers; every man with warm blood in his veins must refuse to be led on the dilute pap of 'don't do this,' and 'always do that.'

However, a few little hints from the life-leaves of great business men, taken for what they are worth, may not be without some helpfulness to the commercial tyro. The cream of these hints from a hundred sources seems to be that it is best to be honest, best to keep cheerfully busy, best to be economical, and to eschew even the milder vices.

Doing one thing well, working not more than ten hours a day, taking advantage of present opportunities, paying attention to manners, moral and health,—these are the requisites for business success upon which all who should know base their own achievements and pin their faith in the rising generation of commerce conquerors.

Not Quite so. 'There's a rather funny circumstance connected with the elopement here last week,' remarked the loquacious landlord of the tavern in a remote Sussex village, addressing a cyclist who had stopped for refreshment.

'A young man who hadn't known her so very long ran away with the Squire's eldest daughter, and a day or two later the old gentleman sent this message by letter to his new son-in-law:—

'All is forgiven. Come home.' 'To this the young fellow telegraphed the reply:—

'All won't be forgiven till I have kicked you well for letting me elope with your daughter. You'd better not be at home when I come that's all.'

Women Need Not Suffer

From those terrible aches, back aches, headaches, and the thousand and one other ills which make life full of misery. Most of these troubles are due to impure, imperfectly filtered blood—the kidneys are not acting right and in consequence the system is being poisoned with impurities.

DOAN'S KIDNEY PILLS

are daily proving themselves woman's greatest friend and benefactor. Here is an instance: Mrs. Harry Fleming, St. Mary's, N.B., says: 'The use of Doan's Kidney Pills restored me to complete health. The first symptoms I noticed in my case were severe pains in the small of my back and around the joints, together with general weakness and loss of appetite. I gradually became worse, until, hearing of Doan's Kidney Pills, I got a box from our drug list. I am pleased to testify to their effectiveness in correcting the troubles from which I suffered.'

THE SAUCER GAME BACK.

A Woman was Overlaid that she had been Tricked by her Grocer. 'There are tricks in all trades but ours, remarked one member of a group seated in the lobby of a hotel last night, and I might add there are a few in ours.'

The speaker is the head of a well-known firm of wholesale grocers. 'Not so long ago,' he continued, 'when I was still in the retail trade, we had a shrewd Irish woman as a customer. One day she ordered a barrel of a certain brand of flour. We happened to be out of the brand, but I told her we could send her a barrel of another brand equally as good.'

A week or so afterward she came into the store and declared that she didn't like the flour and insisted on having it taken back and the brand she wanted sent instead. Well, we hauled the flour back to the store, and, being still out of the brand wanted, filled up the returned barrel, put in a new head and carted it back to the woman again.

'We heard nothing more about the matter for three weeks when one day she came into the store in a highly indignant frame of mind. 'I want you to send up to my house and haul that flour away,' she exclaimed. 'I told you it was no good.'

'No good,' I replied. 'Why, you know it is the brand you ordered.' 'The woman glared at me. 'It is no such thing!' she blurted out. 'You sent me back the same barrel I had.'

'Of course I denied it, laying particular stress on her value to us as a customer and how we would not risk losing her trade on account of a measly barrel of flour. 'Why, madam,' I ejaculated eloquently, 'how could you think of such a thing? Ours is too honorable a house to cheat its customers or to ask them to accept a substitute for something they liked!'

'Then the woman grinned at me. 'Huh!' she retorted, 'that's all very fine. But I had two bakin's out of the first barrel before I sent it back.'

'Yes,' I assented, and you got a full barrel in return. Doem't that prove?—' 'Prove nothing,' she interrupted. 'The first two bakin's out of the barrel I got the second time were all right. But I want you to know that I always take my flour out of the barrel with a saucer. When I got down to the third bakin' out of the second barrel!—

'Yes,' I interposed: 'what did you do?' 'I found my saucer,' was the answer. 'Then she swept out: and it was well she did, for I came near falling in a faint. It was months before that woman would condescend to trade with us again.'

TWO YEARS AHEAD.

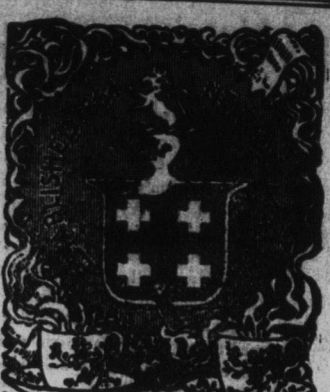
Eight Years of Rheumatic Torment—South American Rheumatic Cure Drives out the Torment in a Day. Mrs. John Cook, of 287 Clinton street, Toronto, says: 'For eight years I suffered as no one ever did with rheumatism. For two years I lay on my bed and could not so much as feed myself—I was so helpless. The torture was indescribable. I doctored and tried every remedy I could hear of but received no lasting benefit. I am grateful for the day when a lady friend recommended South American Rheumatic Cure. After three doses I was able to sit up in bed. I continued its use and to-day—look at me—I am as strong and active as ever in my life.' For sale E. C. Brown and all druggists.

A Voluntary Target.

James Collis was a gunner of the 66th regiment in the Afghan War of 1880. During the retreat from Maiwand the troops toiled on through the black night, the Afghans continually charging upon them. The gunners were frequently obliged to unlimber the guns and stand them to check these furious assaults, which they did so coolly as if at drill on Woolwich Common. Many of the guns had been turned into temporary ambulances, and were loaded with wounded and dying men. Collis had all day been carrying water to the wounded through the sharpest of the deadly firing, and came up to his gun just as a hot fire opened upon it from two sides. With one glance he saw that unless this fire could be diverted, there was no possibility of saving the lives of the wounded men. Collis was unwounded, and borrowing a rifle, he deliberately opened fire on the enemy, making himself the target for their guns. There he stood until he had fired thirty-two rounds, the bullets falling thick and fast around him, but not a hair of his head was harmed. The tired horses made an extra effort, the gun thundered out of range, the ranks closed up and the weary march went on.

Railways Sixty Years Ago.

The oldest railway guide is 'Bradshaw's,' which has been in existence now for sixty years. When it first started eighty-two pages sufficed to contain all the requisite railroad information, while the present number of the popular guide has more than 1,000 pages. In those days there were only 1,100 miles of railways, whereas now they have extended to 31,000, and while in 1841 the average weekly takings for traffic were £20,000, the total now is somewhere about £1,600,000. The third-class carriages in the first trains were merely open trucks, more often without than with seats, and, of course, the occu-



It is impossible for money or position to procure a Coffee superior to that which bears this seal. Chase & Sanborn's Seal Brand Coffee is sold in one and two-pound cans, and is guaranteed to be the best coffee grown.

Wants were altogether exposed to suns wind, rain, or snow. Even second-class compartments, though covered at the top, were open at the sides, and there were no cushions to the seats.

Would Have Stopped it.

Some time ago the wife of an old inhabitant of a Durham village died, leaving a grown-up family behind her. The father remained a widower for about eighteen months; then he entered the matrimonial state again. The youngest daughter aged about twenty, on the day of the wedding went to the village butcher's. After the usual courtesies the butcher asked her, 'Is it true your father got married agyen?' 'Ay, its over true!' said the girl. 'Didn't yer want him to get married agyen?' 'No; we wor all agyen it, but the ald fytel wad bey his an way. But Ah back if ma muther had been living she'd ha' put a stop tiv't!

The Queen's Fruit Gardens.

Most of the fruit consumed in the Queen's household is grown in the Royal gardens at Windsor. Some statistics published not long since show that the Queen's gardens supply in one year no fewer than 50,000 dessert apples, besides 400 bushels of eating apples of a commoner kind. The grapes produced in one season weigh two tons and a half, the strawberries a ton and a quarter, the red and white currants a ton, and the cherries half a ton. Of the rarer fruits about 250 pine-apples, 400 melons, and between 6,000 and 7,000 peaches are gathered each year.

A CARD.

We, the undersigned, do hereby agree to refund the money on a twenty-five cent bottle of Dr. Willis' English Pills, if, after using three-fourths of contents of bottle, they do not relieve Constipation and Headache. We also warrant that four bottles will permanently cure the most obstinate case of Constipation. Satisfaction or no pay when Willis' English Pills are used.

- A. Chipman Smith & Co., Druggists, Charlotte St., St. John, N. B. W. Hawker & Son, Druggists, 104 Prince William St., St. John, N. B. Chas. McGregor, Druggist, 187 Charlotte St., St. John, N. B. W. C. E. Allan, Druggist, King St., St. John, N. B. E. J. Mahony, Druggist, Main St., St. John, N. B. G. W. Hoben, Chemist, 357 Main St., St. John, N. B. R. B. Travis, Chemist, St. John, N. B. S. Watterson, Druggist, St. John, West, N. B. Wm. C. Wilson, Druggist, Cor. Union & Rodney Sts., St. John, N. B. C. P. Clarke, Druggist, 100 King St., St. John, N. B. S. H. Hawker, Druggist, Mill St., St. John, N. B. N. B. Smith, Druggist, 24 Dock St., St. John, N. B. G. A. Moore, Chemist, 109 Brussels St., St. John, N. B. C. Fairweather, Druggist, 109 Union St., St. John, N. B. Hastings & Pines, Druggists, 68 Charlotte St., St. John, N. B.

A little girl sat on the floor crying. After a while she stopped and seemed buried in thought. Looking up suddenly, she said, 'Mamma, what was I crying about?' 'Because I wouldn't let you go down town.' 'Oh, yes,' and she set up another howl. Doctor: 'I would advise you to take a walk every morning before breakfast.' Sappy: 'But, doctor, I—ah—never get up until after breakfast y'know.'

CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS. Effectively cured by these Little Pills. Also relieve Distress from Dyspepsia, Indigestion and Too Hearty Eating. A perfect Remedy for Biliousness, Nausea, Drowsiness, Headache, Stomach Pain, Sour Stomach, Torpid Liver, and Bowels. Purely Vegetable. Small Dose. Small Price. Beware of cheap imitations. You get Carter's Little Liver Pills.

EVERY MOTHER SHOULD Have it in the House. For common ailments which may occur in every family. For internal as well as external use. Dropped on sugar it is pleasant to take for colds, coughs, croup, colic, cramps and pains. I have used your Anodyne Liniment in treating my infant (only six months old) for colic, and our little three year old daughter for summer complaint and bowel disease generally, and found it to be excellent. JOHN L. HAZELL, American, Ga.

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Parsons' Pills. 'Best Liver Pill made.' Positively cure Biliousness, Sick Headache, all Liver and Bowel complaints. They expel impurities from the blood. Delicate women find relief from using them. Price 50c. L. S. JOHNSON & CO., Boston, Mass.

Notches on The Stick

In the afternoon they came unto a land, and the place which they should inhabit; they saw, but dimly, the soil named Pemaquid, and the sky which, wherever it bends, loses not its aspect of friendliness and familiarity.

They will drink our healths at dinner—those who tell us how they love us. And forget us when another year is gone!

For to be precipitated from sea sickness to homesickness is as much as mortal can endure. Yet shall they learn to call this new found region Home, and to welcome the airs and voices of the sea, and find consolation in the kindly faces they move amidst.

Not so fast, Sir Cynic! In the manifold offices of life, you say, one dollar fast behind another, is man's surest friend. Where we looked for a favor comes an exaction. Unto him who hath shall be given, and for him there shall be an abundance; but to the impetuous Fa'e is inexorable. A measure of truth, Sir Cynic, and not Truth's whole face and value.

"I've heard of hearts unkind, kind deeds With coldness still returning; Alas! the gratitude of men Hath oftener left me mourning."

Let this be confessed, in justice to our kind. Certainly our company who journeyed to Pemaquid have on this score no cause for complaint. In a strange country they were surrounded by gentle hearts and by hands swift to minister. They talked of the day's sunshiny side, and gave the vocal ring to make to-morrow look bright.

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tumbling over the fence together, been left on the hill at Hampden? Is that a privilege of childhood—to feel no pang of regret?

In a new land they sleep, and they dream. Again their belated steamer is within the glimmer of the lights of Rockland, and the rattle of trucks, the tramp of feet, and cries of hackmen are heard. Again their care is lightened by a friendly appearance, and the reassurance of a voice that any weary traveller loves to hear at his journey's end.

Again, at half past six in the morning, they board the little steamer, Merryconag, [Does that name result from an abortive attempt to pronounce—American Eagle?] destined to sea-sickness to chilliness, to the odor of smoke from frying varnish when steam is at last turned into the pipes,—but, finally, to New Harbor and Pemaquid. Again they see their household gods treated roughly, by the deck-hands, who are furious at the sight of a whole Pantheon, which they are expected, but did not expect, to handle.

Though heavy with armed justice, do not lean their thunders that way." As the poet of the Season will tell us, it is as likely to be "young Caladon and his Amelia" as any one else. The goodwill gazes out of the window at the far-away, and seeing what the eye cannot discern, quivers at the chin and moistens at the eyelid. Maysie is locked in her room, with tears for her meat at high noon, for this home is so unlike the old. The youngest maiden of their house, young Gracie, sorrowed most on the evening of their arrival; and was kissed and consoled by their neighbor Bessie. Bessie is also a maiden, not without bloom outwardly, but with a heart radiant and fragrant of forgotten and other old-fashioned sweetness.

Among the greetings from afar which have found us here none are more fit to share with our readers than the following:

O Friend! the morning skies were fair, And breath of bloom was in the air, And birds were singing everywhere,— The roving and the robin tame, The oriole like a bit of flame,— That morn' your welcome letter came From Pemaquid. I'musing tread each gar'en row And watch how weeds an onium grow, But how I cannot say or know; For faith to tell my thoughts still strays To tide-washed coasts, to land-locked bays, Where his nets the fisher lays In Pemaquid. Or if beneath my orchard trees I hear the hum of golden bees, It seems an echo of the sea That you may see in twilight dim, When angry storms with visage grim Have sobbed into a low, soft hymn, In Pemaquid: 'Tis I might only look away, Across the ocean old and gray, At sunrise, or at sunset dim,— On sea-gull sailing wild and free, And breathe the salt air from the sea,— Two dreamers toasmine—ye and me, In Pemaquid.— What would I give?—A dish of greens! My longest row of garden beans! If I could greet you, wife and wains—

Tonight

If your liver is out of order, causing Biliousness, Sick Headache, Heartburn, or Constipation, take a dose of

Hood's Pills

On retiring, and tomorrow your digestive organs will be regulated and you will be bright, active and ready for any kind of work. This has been the experience of others; it will be yours. HOOD'S PILLS are sold by all medicine dealers. 25 cts.

Just clamp you warmly by the hand, Or with you roam along the strand, Or watch the sea-light from the land, In Pemaquid.

Our friend, the High School Teacher, to whom we read these lines, suggests a facile descensus, or something of that kind—omitting the naughty word that usually goes in this connection—the semi-humorous. It is, indeed, an easy descent; but it should be borne in mind that there is every difference between coming down because one wishes to and because one must. Dr. Leggett is a bird who has folded his wings unexpectedly in dropping to the nest.

"A Ken of Kipling," by Will M. Clemens, [New Amsterdam Book Company, 156 Fifth Avenue, New York] is a biographical, critical, and anecdotal handbook, from which he who runs and reads may get a comprehensive view of the most lauded and admired of modern writers. It deals with "Kipling the Man," concerns its reader with "His work in Prose and Verse," calls special attention to his "Poems For A Purpose," deals with Kipling's Religion; and reveals in anecdotes and instances concerning him, some of which are worthy the extensive reproduction accorded him. Kipling was lost; Kipling is found; Kipling [was neglected, turned down by the publishers, unrecognized by the public. Kipling was discovered by Edmund Yates, who told the learned critics how great he is, when eyes were generally opened to receive it; Kipling was suddenly lifted to his pedestal, and now the carriers of income inform all poets of the study and the cloister that "The day of the r destiny's over, the star of their has declined."

Kipling is worthy, we know; and under these circumstances what a temptation for all the rest to imitate Mr. Kipling,—as some are doing! The book is concluded with a chapter on "Kipling and Mark Twain," which consists principally of Kipling's report of an interview with the great humorist.

There occurs in the New Brunswick Magazine for May, an amusing article on "An Old Time Ponster," the Rev. Dr. Mather Byles, wit and poet, who was in his day rector of Trinity Church in St. John. This forms an agreeable alternative from the graver and more instructive historical papers with which this magazine abounds. Lieut. Col. Mansell has furnished a third article in his "New Brunswick Militia series. Rev. W. O. has two papers in this number; one is on "The City Mills," and the other his eleventh article entitled, "At Portland Point," "Our First Families" (Seventh Paper), by James Hannay, together with "A Relic of Olden Times," "Some Old Advertisements," "Provincial Chronology," and "Notes and Queries," make up a very interesting addition to a work that will grow still more valuable with the passage of time.

The Centenary of the great French novelist, Honore de Balzac is at hand,—occurring, May 20, 1899. The author of

Asthma Cured.

After Twelve Years Suffering—Toronto Physicians Advised Leaving Her Home to go to Manitoba—Clarke's Kola Compound Cured. Mrs. McTaggart, 80 Vananley St. Toronto, writes: "I have been troubled with asthma and bronchitis for twelve years, which gradually grew worse each year in spite of the hundreds of dollars my husband has spent with several doctors, and almost every remedy we could procure, which only afforded temporary relief. For the past two years I could not lie on my left side, and during the past year previous to taking Clarke's Kola Compound the asthma became so severe that I had not had a full night's sleep, and during most of that time we had a doctor in attendance. We gave up several times, and after about two months' treatment, told me to go to Manitoba or some dry climate. I had heard of Clarke's Kola Compound being a cure for asthma, and before taking this remedy made several inquiries from those who had taken it, and in each case found the result so satisfactory that we resolved to try it. After taking the first bottle, I became much better and began to sleep well at night. Since taking the third bottle I have not felt the slightest symptoms of my former trouble. I have during the past six months gained nearly 20 pounds in flesh and feel perfectly healthy in every way. I can assure you that I will do all in my power to induce any sufferer from this terrible disease to try it." Certified correct by Peter McTaggart, Proprietor of Toronto Dispensary Co. Sold by all Druggists—bottle free, address The Graham & Macpherson Co., 121 O'Connell Street, Toronto.

the "Comedie Humaine," is now the recipient of dual honors from the lips of poet and orator, and the chief of sculptor. M. Falguiere has obtained the prize for a statue of Balzac, made, as says M. Arseno Alexandre "for the Societe des Gens de Lettres, after that organization had won the glory of rejecting M. Rodin." This work, it is declared, reproduces the form and features of the actual Balzac;—"the famous pout, the blubber lip, the eyes emphasized by shadow the enormous mass of hair." M. Falguiere's work will be placed on the Place du Palais-Royal.

The rehabilitation of Edgar A. Poe's memory and character goes on, and this year will lend especial lustre. The society in New York for the collection and preservation of memorials of him carries on its work. In the university of Virginia a book of the new library in the rotunda has been set apart to his writings, portraits, etc., and to all literature concerning him; and in the autumn (October seventh, the fiftieth anniversary of his death) Zolnay's noble presentation of his death will be unveiled. The Outlook for May 6th, has an illustrated article by Hamilton W. Mabie, with which a portrait and the Zolnay's bust are given. Here are some appropriate verses on Poe, by John B. Tabb, the Southern poet.

A certain tyrant to disgrace The more a rebel's hiding place, Compelled his people every one To hurl, in passing there a stone. This done, behold, the pile became A monument to keep the name, And thus it is with Edgar Poe; Each passing critic has his throw, Nor sees defeating his intent, How lofty grows his monument.

PASTOR FELIX. SOME VIEWS OF MARRIAGE. A Philosophical Drummer's Opinion and a Shopgirl's Experience.

The frank talk heard on railroad cars is conducted generally on the principle that every one in the immediate vicinity is stone deaf. On a suburban train a few days ago a young woman who had entered at one station was joined at the next by a young man, a drummer and old acquaintance. Without delay both plunged into intimate personal reminiscences. Said the girl:

"You heard Jim was married, didn't you?" "So a feller told me." "Say, now, that feller ran into a great clinch. He went West to Uncle George's and got back into partnership on the ranch and then married a girl with \$9,000. They lived perfectly elegant. She's only 16, too—they marry real young out there. I wish I'd got married at 16." "What makes you wish that?" "Oh, guss I'd be a sight better off now if I'd got a feller with plenty of money." "Well, I don't know about that. You ain't always better off."

"Why? Don't you get along with your wife?" "Oh yes, but then I ain't home much. I go back on Saturday night and leave on Monday morning: so we don't have much time to scrap. I tell you it you marry a travelling man you get along pretty well; but it ain't in human nature for two people to live together without gettin' to naggin' and jabbin at one another, and if you want a peaceful home you'd better be on the road. I tell you, there's been times when she's been jabbin' at me that I felt like flyin'."

"Well, I guess it's better than being to work, anyhow, I suppose you know I'd been working didn't you?" "You don't say." "Well, now, that's what every one said. I was workin' in a dry goods store, and no one would believe it. People just came in to see if it was really so. Why, sometimes there'd be four or five fellers to see how I was gettin' along, and if it hadn't been for that I'd never have stood it. The manager was awful mean about it, too. It seemed to make him mad to see me say a word to any one, and after awhile I made up my mind that I wouldn't stand his sass any longer. 'Twas this way. Some gen'tl'm'n friends of mine came in and wanted me to go to the theatre with them, and as it was the busy season the girls was made to stay till 8 o'clock, and if I was goin' I'd have to leave at 6, so I spoke to the door walker—a real pleasant gen'tl'm'n—and he said he'd try and fix it. At noon I went up to the desk and he was talkin to the manager."

"This is the young lady I was talkin' about," he says. "Oh," says the manager, "and doesn't she know that we are takin' on girls to work overtime and are rushed at that?" "Well," says the floorwalker, "she's got an engagement and wants to go at 6." "All right," says the manager, "she can go at 6, but she needn't trouble to come back."

"I wasn't going to take none of his sass, so I says: 'I'll not wait till 6, and you can give me my time and I'll go this minute, for I won't work in a place where we're

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will view with double satisfaction any gift of plated table wear, bearing on it this well known mark,



Plated Knives, forks and spoons thus stamped are warranted the Kind. That last,

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drove like slaves from mornin' till night, with never a chance to talk to a feller that comes in to see you and kept in over hours out of spite." So I came away.

"Well," said the drummer, "maybe you're right. It's better to be married, for then you can boss things yourself and your husband foots the bills; and if you never see him you can enjoy life your own way." The train at this moment stopped at a station and the couple parted.

He was a justice of peace, but that did not prevent him from falling in love with a pretty widow and asking her to marry him. "But this is so sudden," she said; "you must give me time."

He was afraid of a rejection, and it upset him so that he answered hurriedly, in a judicial voice:—"Fourteen days and costs. Next case."

The old man sighed as he took the golden haired, laughing little boy upon his knee, and, stroking his shining tresses said, "Ah, how much I should like to, feel like a child again!"

Little Johnny ceased his laughter, and, looking up at his grandfather's face, remarked, "Then why don't you get mamma to spank you?"

Rachel: "Oh, Isaac, I know I'm going to be these-think." Isaac: "Yat, after that th'plendid 'arf-crown dinner you've jist had? Rachel, Rachel, your extravagance will bring me to beggary."

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

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cursewell to models early, will for the next 25 days, ship a sample of the best dress up to a receipt of \$1.00. We offer splendid chance to a good agent in each town. You have your choice of Cash, or credit of 10% on more orders, according to nature of work done for us.

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FLYER—14 in. Tubing, Flush Joints, 1 Piece Crank, 100 ft. with Dunlop Tires, \$5.00; fitted with M. & W. Tires, \$2.50; fitted with Burlington Tires, \$2.00. M. & W. Ladies, Green and Maroon, 22 in. x 24 in. Frame, 67 per cent. Wheels slightly used, modern types, \$3.00 to \$5.00. Price List Free. Secure Agency at once. T. W. BROWN & SON, Montreal.

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will view with double satisfaction any gift of plated table wear, bearing on it this well known mark,

W. ROGERS

Plated Knives, forks and spoons thus stamped are warranted the Kind. That last,

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

Frills of Fashion.

A new canvas of silk and linen comes in lively colors, electric blue being especially desirable when trimmed with appliques of guipure lace. White muslin and lace insertion run through with narrow black velvet ribbon from the very effective vest, with tiny gold buttons down the front.

Manilla hats are the swell thing for morning wear in midsummer. They come in white and colors, and are trimmed with dotted white gauze and quills.

The very latest thing in dress trimmings are the fringes which decorate the sun's veiling gowns with especial grace. Arranged in shawl drapery, with fringe on the edge matching the veiling in color, the effect is charming. Tom Thumb fringes are more and more in evidence, and a novel use of them is seen in veiling gown trimmed around the overdress with a deep band of taffeta silk of the same color as the veiling. On this band there are tiny bands of velvet, a shade darker, on the lower edge of which is sewn a row of this narrow fringe. Several rows of the fringe sewn close together on the edge of the bodice where it falls over the vest make a very soft, effective trimming.

Toile, which is a new kind of linen very popular in Paris, makes pretty summer gowns, hyacinth blue and ecor being the favorite colors. It is made up over a silk foundation and trimmed elaborately with yellow Chiny lace insertions, the linen being out away underneath to show the silk through.

Taffeta silk gowns trimmed with cloth bands are one of the early spring novelties and seem to be gaining in favor. Incrustations of cloth on the silk are also seen, and foulards, too, are combined with the cloth decoration.

White batiste, patterned with a design in Cashmere colors and trimmed with Brussels lace insertion and edging, makes one of the smartest gowns of the season. It is made over white taffeta, and the skirt is ruffled at the feet with white batiste edged with lace.

Narrow bias folds of Persian foulard trim some of the batiste gowns.

All the shades of the primrose are a pretty note in the fashionable scale of colors. Primroses trim our hats and primrose chiffon sashes add a quaint effect to our simple muslin gowns.

A pretty novelty is the feather boa, made of plumes delicately tinted with all the colors of an opal.

Blue in every shade is the leading color in millinery, and the special novelties are the combinations of violet and for get-me-not blue and brown with blue.

Tailor-made gowns of taffeta silk are the latest novelty.

Lowering the waist line to bring it down to a point in front is one of the new features of the latest modes.

Buckles and clasps in dull gold and platinum mixed are very much worn. Steel buckles, too, in a very open pattern decorate the belts of the lace gowns. In the long diamond shape the belt has one at the back as well as the front.

Automobile red, trimmed with cream lace is a fashionable combination for the Parisian gown.

Hydrangeas blossoms trim the summer hats, and when the pale blue tint is combined with the pink lilac shades the effect is charming.

They are a sort of redingote, sometimes trailing a quarter of a yard on the ground,

and made of taffeta silk, cloth or pongee. They cross surplice fashion, fastening at the left side of the belt and rows of stitching are the popular trimming. Broche fabrics, half wool and half silk, are used by the English for these garments, and later in the season they will be made of silk muslin.

Racing coats, dust cloaks, or a long garment of some sort are the modish thing in Paris for coaching and travelling about.

A pretty tan for summer is made of fancy plaited chiffon, giving almost the effect of feathers.

Foulard gowns are trimmed with ruffings and plaitings of mousseline de soie in combination with lace insertions, and a pretty mixture of materials is a plain foulard skirt ruffled with silk muslin and worn with a crepe de chine tunic.

Dame Fashion's distinctive caprice this season is a decorated surface, and while there are various ways of accomplishing this much desired effect it is something dainty and refined in almost all cases. There is decoration of some sort from the crown of her pretty head to the tips of her slippers, and quite the prettiest most luxurious illustration of this fancy comes in the lace gowns, which are the height of elegance just at the moment.

Never in the history of fashion has there been anything else quite so enduring as the use of lace. It is the most feminine of all the trimmings, most elegant if it is real and it is always worn in some degree: but it is only within the past year that it has assumed so dominant a position in the world of dress. Every costume has some touch of it, and for those to whom real lace is an impossibility there is an endless variety of pretty imitations.

For Home, Evening or Athletic Use

The only corset which is designed to meet the varied needs of so diverse occupation is the

Dr. Crest Corset

In constructing this corset, we have successfully overcome point by point each objectionable feature as it arose.

In variety of lengths, styles and shapes for every occupation, they are unsurpassed.

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shoulders, and this, with a little drapery of lace underneath, is sufficient for the fashionable evening sleeve. Then, as mentioned before, the lace gowns made up without lining to wear over different slips are very useful costumes, varying in tone with each color.

Perhaps the black and cream lace gowns are most favored, but the latest thing in Paris is a sort of heaver color. It is a pale tint, to be sure, but it is very effective in guipure over silk of the same color. The latest novelty in trimming this sort of gown is the use of glass silk bands, forming the lower portion of the skirt, and trimming the bodice. Three different shades of silk are used, the lightest matching the lace and forming the upper bands, and its darkest shade being used at the bottom. A cape collar of shaded bands is the feature of the bodice, and it is well to study this collar, as the model is copied in gowns of other materials, such as foulard, with taffeta trimmings.

Guipure lace dyed a pale shade of gray and made over gray silk with gray glass silk bands is another variation of this model which is also carried out in black lace with black taffeta. A third gown of Luxeuil lace, which is an applique very soft and clinging, shows a double skirt and a chemise vest of tucked chiffon, the lace edges falling over, this being finished with a chiffon ruche.

The use of cloth bands on lace gowns is another seemingly incongruous combination which is approved by fashion, and commended as a very desirable effect when the cloth matches the lace in color, and is ornamented with rows of stitching.

The lace evening gowns of this season are altogether charming and quite different from the diurnal costumes of Spanish lace worn some years ago. Many of them are in princess form, moulded to the figure, except directly in front of the bodice, where there is a little fullness, and the skirt portion, ending in puffed points, falls over an underskirt of chiffon ruffles. The combination of white chiffon with cream lace is lovely. Other gowns all of lace, are arranged with a deep flounce curving upward in the back. Very elegant are the lace evening gowns over chiffon, which in turn covers a white satin skirt, embroidered with silver sequins. The shoulder straps are of colored velvet, yellow, blue or pink, as you like, drawn through small rhinestone buckles; the belt is of velvet, and the odd feature is the mitten sleeve of lace beginning half way between the shoulder and the elbow. Silver sequins scattered over the lace make it very effective for evening wear.

One very stylish model in Venetian point forming a sort of Directoire coat has an underskirt of accordion plaited Liberty gauze finished with two narrow ruche, around the feet, falling over a foundation of pale green silk. The lace is divided in the middle of the back and at the sides like panels, showing the gauze skirt between. Folds of green velvet outline the square cut neck and form the belt.

The revival of point d'esprit as a fashionable dress material helps out the scheme for transparent effects, and when it is decorated with real lace applique designs it makes charming gowns. Without the lace applique it is very pretty trimmed with insertions and lace edged plaitings on trills of satin ribbon, and is especially desirable for young girls.

The fancy for a decorated surface is exemplified again in the robe gowns of jeweled net and black mousseline de soie, well covered a Renaissance lace design. White satin, cut out in various patterns and applied to lace with embroidery stitches, is another mode of decoration, and again we see handsome, soft broadened silks made transparent by an applique of lace forming the centre of each flower. Taffeta silks,

embroidered in small but open conventional designs, have blossomed out among the latest importations in the most up-to-date manner.

The use of lace as a trimming on all kinds and conditions of gowns is so universal that at anything novel in the disposition of it seems hardly possible.

A black and white foulard model shows a decoration of Maltese lace insertion, frillings of narrow black Valenciennes and plaitings of black chiffon and lace are among the very latest of the season, and here is a pretty model with chiffon ruffles edged with a ruche on the skirt, chiffon sleeves and vest, with a lace bodice made with a bolero effect in front. A wide band of lace encircles the sleeves, caught together with straps of black velvet, which appear again on the shoulders.

Another very elaborate model in pale yellow grenadine has rows upon rows of cream lace insertion, edged with a bowknot design in mauve and white gathered baby ribbons, which trim the sleeves and yoke. White guipure over black silk forms the under bodice, skirt and sleeves of another very striking costume, made with a tunic veiling striped with bands of bright red silk. Large crystal buttons fastens the bodice.

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No other binding has half its

Wear

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It must fit—the famous original Natural Curve is produced by the brush edge being woven with a double heading, the S.H. & M. velveteen cut on bias and inserted between sides of bias.

No other binding can fit, and no other has its everlasting durability and magnificent, soft, beautiful richness.

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S. H. & M. stamped on back of every yard. If your dealer will not supply you, we will. The S. H. & M. Co., 11 Front St. W., Toronto, Ont.

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IRISH LINEN & DAMASK MANUFACTURERS,
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H. M. THE QUEEN, EMPRESS FREDERICK,
Members of the Royal Family, and the
Courts of Europe.
Supply Palaces, Mansions, Villas, Cottages, Hotels,
Railways, Steamships, Institutions, Regiments and the
General Public, direct with every description of

Household Linens,

From the Least Expensive to the FINEST in the WORLD.

Which being woven by Hand, wear longer and retain the Rich Satin appearance to the last. By choosing direct, all intermediate profits are saved, and the cost is no more than that usually charged for common-power looms goods.

Irish Linens: Best Irish Linen Sheetting, fully bleached, two yards wide, 46cts. per yard; 2 1/2 yards wide, 57cts. per yard, Bolter Towelling, 18 in. wide, 6 in. per yard; Purple Linen, 46cts. per yard. Du-dars from 70cts. per doz. Linen, 61 as Cloths, \$1.14 per doz. Fine Linens and Linen Drap., 70cts. per yard. Our Special Soft Finished Long Cloth from 60cts. per yard.

Irish Damask Table Linen: Fish Markets, 70cts. per doz. Dinner Napkins, 2 1/2 yards by 3 yards, \$1.25 each. Kitchen Table Cloths, 24cts. each. Strong Heckbacked Towels, \$1.25 per doz. Monogram, One to Coat of Arms, Initials, etc., woven or embroidered. (Special attention to Clubs, Hotels or Mass Orders).

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Irish Linen Collars and Cuffs: Cellars—Ladies', from 80c. per doz.; Gentlemen's—4-fold, all newest shape, \$1.15 per doz. Curra—For Ladies or Gentlemen, from \$1.45 per doz. "Surrey Masses to Westminster Abbey," and the Cathedral and Churches in the Kingdom. "Their Irish Linen Collars, Cuffs, Shirts, &c., have the merits of excellence and cheapness."—Court Circular.

Irish Underclothing: A luxury now within the reach of all. Ladies' Gaiters, trimmed Embroidery, 45cts. Nighties—84cts. Combinations, 94cts. Ind's or Colonial Outfits, \$4.32 Bridal Trousseaus, \$25.50 Tailors' Layettes \$12.00 (see list).

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embroidered in small but open conventional designs, have blossomed out among the latest importations in the most up-to-date manner.

The use of lace as a trimming on all kinds and conditions of gowns is so universal that at anything novel in the disposition of it seems hardly possible.

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BOOK FOR WOMEN

No woman who cares to retain or to regain health and attractiveness can afford to miss this opportunity to procure a copy of Julia C. Richard's latest book entitled "Woman's Health." Full of new and important facts which every woman should know. Tells how to restore girlish vigor and how to escape the ill which wreck so many women's lives. A plain, common-sense book written by a woman who has made a life study of these problems.

FREE TO LADY READERS OF THIS PAPER

While this edition lasts a copy will be sent postpaid in sealed envelope to any lady who applies for it.

Mrs. JULIA C. RICHARD, Box 296, Montreal

HUNTING A GREAT FROG.
Down East French Gals was engaged to a Scientist's Queen.

East Orlington, Me., May 19.—Dr. Francis L. Harvey, professor of zoology at the University of Maine, will admit there are frogs in Brewer's Pond that weigh from twenty to forty pounds, the French Canadian of Old Town and Orono will agree to send four boys to the university and have them educated as civil engineers, otherwise the school will lose the French Canadian support, and any statements which Prof. Harvey shall make about history, particularly the natural history and lives and habits of batrachians, will be discredited. The trouble arose two years ago, when Jimmy St. Peters asked Dr. Harvey if he had ever seen a frog that weighed forty pounds.

'No,' said the doctor, 'and nobody else ever saw such a frog.'

'Ai bin seen been. Deeg—so beeg'—said Jimmy, measuring off three feet between his hands—'ex beeg es on un garcon tree year ol.' Heen weigh forty, may be 'inty pounds.'

'Where is this monstrous frog?' asked the professor. 'Bring him to me dead or alive and I'll give you \$100 for him.'

Everybody who lives in Southeastern Penobscot County has heard about Joe, the gigantic bullfrog that has lived in Brewer's Pond for more than fifty years, although nobody but a few Frenchman have been able to set eyes on him. After Dr. Harvey had made his \$100 offer the hunt began in earnest. As soon as the ice was out of the pond St. Peters and his two boys took spears and baited hooks and searched the pond for days. Tom Beapre, whose dog had swallowed by the frog in 1892, came out and offered advice. Tim Thibideau, whose croak of pickeral had lately gone down the frog's throat, appeared a day later, and afterward came a swarm of idlers and news-mongers to help in the good cause. A week after the party had assembled David King found the tracks of a giant frog in the soft mud on the north shore. He told of his discovery, whereunto the whole party took rules and tapelines to get the exact measurements. The tracks were 4 3/4 inches long by 3 3/4 inches wide. As the track of an average bullfrog is not more than 1 inch long by 3/4 of an inch wide, and the volumes of solid bodies are to one another as the cubes of their diameters, a little figuring convinced these Frenchman that the frog which made these particular tracks were fully a hundred times bigger than the ordinary bullfrog. They conveyed the information to Dr. Harvey, who admitted the accuracy of the figures and added:

'Very well; the tracks are all right; Now bring me the frog.'

Two days later, while Alphonse King was warily following some of the big tracks along the muddy shore, he turned a point of bushes and came upon a wild gander waddling along in the mud. He shot the bird, and when he found that its webbed feet fitted the tracks he had been chasing up he called a council of war, which decided that there was no need of telling Dr. Harvey anything about this discovery.

The hunters were badly disappointed because the frog which they sought refused to croak. The shores of the pond were alive with great and little frogs that sang and screeched and gargled their throats in muddy water all night, but the big fellow, whose bellows in former years had led many to seek shelter in the belief that a thunderbolt was coming up, was silent save for a few dismal croaks that came from different parts of the pond at intervals. His vocal organs were evidently out of order. After two weeks of almost continuous silence he was heard again away at the south side of the pond. His voice had changed greatly with age. In former years he had let out a series of explosive gutturals that sounded like the firing of mortars. Now the notes were longer, showing greater lung power, and were full of quavers and cracks. After padding up the pond for two miles in silence they stopped to listen. It came again in a short time, short, heavy, and rapping.

'Mejex!' cried Eli King in real anguish. 'Heem no crapaud. Heem atembat.'

Eli was right. The sounds which they had taken for the voice of the great frog were made by an oil tank steamer feeling its way into Bucksport harbor in a dense fog.

The frog eluded them for days and nights. Tales of salmon caught in drift nets, and of shad and smelts caught along the river, came to them from the towns below. The men left one by one until St. Peters and his two boys were alone. A dapper French lad came out from Brewer one night and said, 'Poisons—Steam's mill,' to the two St. Peters boys. They looked at their father and winked at the new boy.

'Oai, crapaud,' they replied. 'Aves vouille crapaud?'

'Oai,' said the new boy and smiled again. The three took the flat-bottomed punt and rowed, out of sight. They didn't come

back that night or the next night or the next day after the next night. Jim walked ten miles to the river and found his two boys and the strange boy, catching smelts and pouring them into the punt they had carried away.

'What for you do avec le crapaud you bin heif?' asked Jim of the new boy.

'Ai spear beem,' said the boy.

'What place you bin spear beem?'

'In been back,' replied the youth. 'Ai bin do oot an' hole on for the beem out. Heen swim an' swim, an' Ai bin hole on ten-ft hours, maybe. Bimeby Ai come out an' se frog been pull: se spear out an' go back been heem. Ai stay here an' catch leeb. Bimeby Ai bin came and catch heem some more.'

St. Peters looked at the boy in silent admiration for fully five minutes. Then he said:

'If you bin be my garcon Ai send you home for tell beem lie. Now Ai leek you lak Ai want to fer steel beem boat.'

The boy slept on his face that night, because the mattress hurt the sore place on his back. Meantime Jimmy St. Peters and his two boys are back at the pond, working day and night to win the \$100 reward.

Without a Rival
Paine's Celery Compound as a Blood Purifier and Health Giver Ranks First in Every Civilized Land.

Professional men, members of parliament, bankers, business men, mechanics and our farmers, after happy results and experiences with Paine's Celery Compound, emphatically assert the great medicine has no rival.

As a blood purifier, disease banisher and health giver, it has won the admiration and praise of those in position and affluence, and people in humbler circumstances have largely added to its extended reputation.

The vast army of sick and weakly people restored to health and vigor by Paine's Celery Compound have done more for the present world-wide sale of the great health builder than all the press notices ever published.

Under such happy auspices, the proprietors of Paine's Celery Compound with full and honest confidence urge the use of this noblest and best of medicines at this present season.

The work of purifying the blood, cleansing the system, regulating the nerves, is an imperative one, and should not be delayed a moment, it ailing people would have perfect health.

Men and women distressed by headache, nervousness, sleeplessness, dyspepsia, neuralgia, rheumatism and liver and kidney complaints, cannot afford to treat their troubles with indifference. Serious and fatal results follow delays. This is the time for the taking of the new strength and true vitality, and Paine's Celery Compound will never disappoint the sick and the afflicted.

The old motto of Paine's Celery Compound 'Makes sick people well,' is as true to-day as it was years ago.

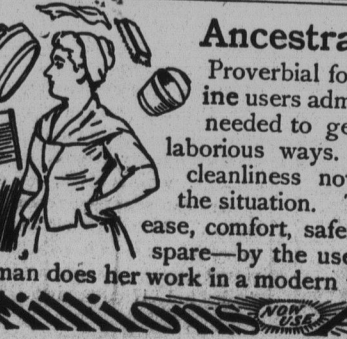
Took the Bit.
A bishop once rose to address the House of Lords, and began by saying that he intended to divide his speech into twelve heads. Lord Durham thereupon got up and begged leave to interpose for a few minutes to tell the House a little anecdote:—

'He was returning home,' he said, 'a few nights before, and passed St. Paul's just before midnight. As he did so there was a drunken man trying to see the time. Just then the clock began to strike the hour, and slowly tolled out twelve. The drunk man listened, looking hard at the clock, and said: "Curse you, why couldn't you have said that all at once?"'

After this the bishop condensed his remarks.

Pleasure's Penalty.
When the doctor gives one up, most people lose heart, but it was not this way with the young society woman in a western Ontario city who had contracted kidney trouble through lack of care in "wrapping up" after an evening's round of pleasure. She heard of South American Kidney Cure and pinned her faith to it to cure her and in an incredibly short time felt her health returning. Her suffering abated, and three months from the day her physician hinted her case was hopeless she presented herself to him a cured woman. For sale by E. C. Brown and all druggists.

From a Small Beginning.
In 1842 a farmer in Russia conceived the idea of extracting oil from the seed of the sunflower. His neighbors told him it was a visionary idea, and that he would have his labor for his pains. He persevered, however, and from that humble be-



A woman does her work in a modern way—with Pearlina.

ginning the industry has extended to enormous proportions. To-day more than 7,000,000 acres of land in Russia are devoted to the cultivation of the sunflower. Two kinds are grown—one with small seeds, which are crushed for oil, and the other with large seeds, that are consumed by the poorer people in enormous quantities.

Dr. Von Sion's Fleasopple Tablets.
A gentle tonic that increases the gastric juices, regulates the bowels, assists Nature in digesting the food, which gives the nutriment that makes good rich blood and nerve force, builds up the broken walls that disease has bombarded, ferrets the enemies of health to capitulate and sue for a truce. 35 cents.

To Restore Reason.
As the result of a number of experiments with X rays in a certain institution for the insane, it is asserted that the rays are to become a medium through which reason may be restored to insane persons. It has been found that by the rays brain tumors, responsible for many cases of alienation of mind, can be located. Preparations are being made by several eminent physicians for a test operation in what has been considered an incurable case. The patient will be a wealthy young man who for several years has been confined in the asylum. He has already been examined by the X ray process, and those who conducted the experiment say that the radiographs show a tumour pressing on the brain. The physicians claim that the removal of the tumour will not be dangerous, and they expect the young man's mind will be fully restored.

'Hopin' He Will'
A certain farmer owns a field which is much sought after by youthful cricketers. Not long ago he was approached by the secretaries of two different clubs at the same time, each of whom wanted to secure the field for the coming season. He got rid of his visitors with a promise to think it over. Ultimately he let the field to the club with the best local record, and received a grateful letter from the secretary of the successful one. He also received another letter, of which this is a copy—the names only being altered:—

'Mr. Farmer.
'Dere Sir,—Your a idyt to let that feeld o' yours to the Puddlehole Albion Cricket Club, an' not to let us have it. Us is gentlemen, an' the Albion ain't gentilmans. Billy Brown, their capin, as got a huncle in the 'Sylum, an' he's he's gat a capitul an' all. Beside he's a deemin bowler, is Brown an' he's sure an' sarvin to kill some of your cows afore the season's up. Hopin' he will, I remain, not a bit yours. SAMUEL SMILER, 'Seek of the Kangars C. C.'

Where Geese are Shod.
It is not generally known that in Prague there exists a goose 'bourse,' where yearly some 3,000,000 geese change hands. Its most active time lasts generally from about six to eight weeks, from the middle of September to the first days of November. As the geese are driven in from long distances they are 'shod,' that is to say walked repeatedly over patches of tar mixed with fine sand. This forms a hard crust on the feet of the geese, and thus 'shod' they are able to cover immense distances without fatigue.

Remember.
We don't advertise for mere effect, but for business. We know that, if you are subject to cramps, that you should have a prompt, efficient remedy on hand. Nerve-line—nerve-pain cure—has a wonderful and immediate curative power. It relieves in one minute; it cures in five. Pleasant to the taste and the best known remedy for pain.

At a football match in Glasgow, an old lady and her son were among the spectators, when the following conversation took place between them:—
Old Lady: 'I canna un'derstan that fit'ba ava.'
Her son explained about the opposing teams trying to kick the ball through the goals.
Old Lady: 'The stupid gowks, that wadna be ill to dae if they wad hand out o' ane anither's road.'

Stranger: 'Well, boys, and how did the game go to-day?'
Boys: 'We lost.'
Stranger: 'What have you got in that bundle?'
Boys: 'The umpire.'
If your dealer has ever tried them himself he will certainly recommend Magnetic Dyes for home use.

'I declare Mr. Squillidg is as pretty as a picture,' remarked Mr. M'Squilligen.
'No wonder,' replied his wife, 'she's hand-painted.'

FLASHES OF FUN.

Colonel: 'Ah, my boy, that faithful old horse there was the means of saving my life.'
The New Cook: 'Ah, this is a splendid kitchen; why, there's room here for a whole regiment!'
Tutor: 'Just look, Henry, at those magnificent ruins.'
Henry: 'I wonder why, in olden times, they built ruins instead of castles!'
Customer: 'Haven't you made those trousers too short?'
Tailor: 'The trousers are all right; but—excuse me, sir—your legs are too long!'
In the visitor's book at a Swiss hotel we find the following entry under the heading 'Profession': 'Young lady in search of a husband.'

Anna: 'They say I have my mother's mouth and nose.'
Hannah: 'Well, your mother was lucky to get rid of 'em.'
A short man was asked if he had fallen in love with a certain tall woman.
'Do you call it falling in love?' replied he; 'it's more like climbing to it.'
First Ingenious Maiden: 'How do you like my engagement ring?'
Second Ingenious Maiden: 'Oh, it is the prettiest one you have had!'
'Few people,' said the wife, as she proceeded to investigate her husband's pockets after he had gone to sleep, 'few people are aware of what a wife has to go through.'

'General, an overpowering force of the enemy on bikes has attacked our left!'
General: 'Sound the retreat, and order the tank brigade to protect our rear.'
Boarder: 'Really, madam, I cannot wipe myself dry with such a small towel.'
Landlady: 'Very well; I'll tell the chambermaid to bring you less water.'
'How to raise a boy' is the leading article in a magazine for family reading. The best way known is to show the boy a telegraph-pole that overlooks a circus.

Helen: 'Maud has caught the bicycle fever.'
Molly: 'How d'ye know?'
Helen: 'She's put a cyclometer on her baby, to see how far it crawls.'
Mrs. Youngish: 'Oh, Bob, what shall I do? Baby is crying because I won't let him pull all the fur off my new muff.'
Mr. Youngish: 'Well, that's all right. Give him the cat.'
Dolly: 'I told Mr. Nicolfellow that I bet Reggie twenty kisses that our club would win the race at Brighton.'
Daisy: 'Well, wasn't he shocked?'
'No; I let him hold the stakes.'

'It's a very happy little family, isn't it?'
'Oh, dear no! Her husband is jealous of her poodle, and her poodle is jealous of her baby, and the baby cries for its father all the time.'
'I'm a plain blunt man, Margaret, and can frame no honeyed speeches. Will you marry me?'
'I'm a little on the plain blunt order myself. No!'
Hostess: 'Dear me, the conversation is flagging. What can we do to amuse our guests?'
Host: 'I don't know, unless we leave the drawing-room for a few minutes and give them a chance to talk about us.'

Husband: 'Oh! there's that confounded rheumatism again!'
Wife: 'I'm so sorry. I wanted to go shopping to-morrow, and your rheumatism is always a sign of rain. Isn't it provoking?'
Bilkins: 'How do you do? Had the influenza yet?'
Wilkins: 'No.'
Bilkins: 'I'm sorry for you, old fellow. What on earth do you talk about when you meet people?'
Chappie: 'Averted terrible twagedy just now.'
Chappie: 'No! How?'
Chappie: 'Man said he would pound me to mince-meat if I did not give him half a crown, and I gave him half a crown.'

Greedy grocer to farmer's wife, who is supplying him with butter: 'This pun o' butter is over light, gudewife.'
Gudewife blame yerse! then; I weighed it wi' the pun o' sugar I gat frae ye yesterday.
A raw Scotch lad had joined the local Volunteer, and on the first parade his sister came, together with his mother, to see them. When they were marching past Jock was out of step. 'Look, mither, said his sister, 'they're a' of 'em out o' step but oor Jock.'

Young Mr. Bliss (just married): 'I'm going to start housekeeping, and you can give me a hint or two, can't you? I sup-pose the biggest item of expense will be the house rent, eh?'
Mr. Childers: 'For the first few years, yes.'
Bliss: 'And then?'
Childers: 'Boots and shoes.'

'They say Greatbrance's new tragedy received an ovation on its first presentation. Is it a fact?'
'Yes. Couldn't very well have been otherwise.'
'How's that?'
'He gave free tickets to every undertaker in town, and they were all there. As they sat and new men, women and children killed by the score in each act, their professional instinct caused their enthusiasm to become boundless, and their applause almost lifted the roof off. Greatbrance is all right if his tragedy isn't.'

'Probably no single drug is employed in nervous diseases with effects so markedly beneficial as those of cod-liver oil.'

These are the words of an eminent medical teacher. Another says: "The hypophosphites are generally acknowledged as valuable nerve tonics." Both these remedies are combined in Scott's Emulsion. Therefore, take it for nervousness, neuralgia, sciatica, insomnia and brain exhaustion.

PRESERVE YOUR TEETH
and teach the children to do so by using CALVERT'S CARBOLIC TOOTH POWDER CARBOLIC TOOTH PASTE
ed., 1s. 1s-6d. and 1s 6s. Tins, or ed., 1s. and 1s-6d. Pots.
They Have the Largest sale of Dentifrices.
Avoid imitations, which are numerous and unreliable.
F. C. CALVERT & CO., Manchester

MUSIC SONG AND STORY
is the magazine for you, if you care for good music. Every issue contains 6 to 10 pieces of brand new sheet music—both vocal and instrumental of every variety, but only the best quality. A complete illustrated literary magazine besides, containing the best of stories, poems, recitations, mythic, folk-, and fairy-tales, musical and dramatic instruction, etc., etc., and the most beautiful illustrations.
THERE IS NO HANDSOME MAGAZINE IN EXISTENCE.
It all costs but 10 cents a month or \$1 a year.
If not at your dealer's send 10 cents for a trial copy with 8 pieces of new music.
S. W. SIMPSON, PUBLISHER, 70 FIFTH AVE., NEW YORK.

Permanent Cure of Chronic Constipation.
Perhaps you've suffered with constipation for years, tried all the pills and purgatives you ever heard of or read of, without getting any more relief than the one dose of the medicine afforded.
Then you were left worse than before, bowels bound harder than ever, the constipation aggravated instead of cured. All the miseries of constipation—Headache, Sick Stomach, Biliousness, Pimples, Eruptions, Blood Humors, Blistches, Piles, and a thousand and one other ills crowded back on you again with redoubled severity. Wouldn't you consider it a blessing to be cured of your constipation so that it would stay cured? So that a repetition of all the suffering you have endured would never come again? Burdock Blood Bitters can cure you—cure so that the cure will be permanent.
That's where it differs from all other remedies. It makes a thorough renovation of the whole intestinal tract, tones the bowel wall, acts on the liver and stomach, and causes all the digestive and secretory organs to so work harmoniously and perform their functions properly and perfectly that constipation, with all its attendant sickness, suffering and ill health, becomes a thing of the past.
Miss Arabella Jolie, living at 99 Carrière Street, Montreal, Que., bears out all we say in regard to the efficacy of Burdock Blood Bitters in curing constipation permanently. This is her statement: 'For over a year I suffered a great deal from persistent constipation and could only get temporary relief from the various remedies I tried until I started using Burdock Blood Bitters. I am thankful to say that this remedy has completely and permanently cured me and I have had no return of the constipation.'

STAINED GLASS Memorials, Interior Decorations.
CASTLE & SON, 30 University St., Montreal Write for catalogue.

SO YOU WEAR
Not I've been
I do them every week is a
TRY A
NOTHING ORDINARY ABOUT IT.

BBB
I have had no return of the constipation.

"Probably no single drug employed in nervous diseases with effects so markedly beneficial as those of Liver Oil." These are the words of eminent medical teacher. Another says: "The hypophosphites are generally acknowledged as valuable tonic."

Both these remedies are combined in Scott's Emulsion. Therefore, take it for nervousness, neuralgia, hysteria, insomnia and brain exhaustion.

ESERVE YOUR TEETH CALVERT'S POLIC TOOTH POWDER POLIC TOOTH PASTE Largest sale of Dentifrices.

Permanent cure of Chronic Constipation. As her nervous fingers played with the fastening it gave way, for the key turned hurriedly, and had not caught in the lock.

SO YOU ARE WEARING PATENT LEATHER SHOES EH? No! I've been using Packard's Leather Dressing

Memorials, Interior Decorations. CASTLE & SON, 30 University St., Montreal

locked the collar and took from it a decanter half full of brandy. She slipped some of the small tablets she had taken from Lord Erceldoune, and which she carried about in a tin box in her pocket for safety.

She knew they contained a powerful narcotic, and one which acted quickly. The two women, if they fell into her trap, would be safe for some hours to come. When Mrs. Drax returned, Adela made a feint as if to measure the brandy into the glass; then, suddenly appearing to change her mind, she said: "After all, you had better take the decanter and finish up what is in it; there is not much."

The old hag nodded, with a guttural sound of delight, and disappeared. An hour afterwards Adela listened at the door of her room, which was at the end of passage, out of which Lord Erceldoune's and the mysterious invalid's apartments opened.

The sound of snoring, loud and regular as the noise of a saw cutting wood, showed that her ruse had proved successful. Nurse Jane also did not leave, for she was so obtuse, that it would be easy to satisfy her with some excuse, if she shook off the effects of the brandy, and appeared on the scene.

Adela's scheme was nothing less than to make an exhaustive search in Paul Barrington's rooms for some evidence which would convince Lord Erceldoune of the doctor's treachery. It would be impossible to make him credit it otherwise.

Noble, loyal, and generous to a fault, he believed with implicit faith in all about him. Even of his brother, Cosmo, he spoke kindly and gently, though it was evident that there was little sympathy between them.

One thing seemed to hurt him: that his sister, Constance, of whom he talked often to Adela, never came to see him, for he loved her dearly. She wrote constrained short letters, at long intervals, which he would throw aside with a sigh, saying they were unlike her true self.

But Adela knew well what Constance's letters guessed—the truth—that all letters to and from the Manor were overlooked by Dr. Barrington, who kept the keys of the mail-bag.

The post-office was some way off, the coachman riding in and out with the locked leather wallet. There was no way for her to communicate with Constance, and could she have done so, there was always the chance of Cosmo getting hold of the letter.

Dr. Ives had fitted up a small outbuilding at his quarters as a photographic studio, photography being one of his hobbies. He lent Adela a small camera, and taught her how to develop the picture she could soon take very cleverly; but after she had done once, under the friendly cover of the "dark room," attempted to press a kiss on her smiling lips, she relinquished the fascinating pursuit.

She still had the camera, however, and photographic materials, and remembering this, an idea flashed through her brain. Meanwhile, she hastened to secure the diary, putting another volume from the writing table, which somewhat resembled it, in its place.

If Paul Barrington came back suddenly, and looked into the small secret cupboard, he would think the substitution of the volume his own mistake, and she could thus gain time. She did not wait to read the journal then, though some words which raised her curiosity to the keenest point, had met her eye when she opened it.

There was other work to do. For one thing, Adela intended thoroughly to examine the cliff at the back of the house. Paul's careless words as to the possibility of escape that way had thrilled her with keen hope. They showed also, that, so far as she was absolutely unsuspecting of her motives.

It was not a very easy task, for the handwriting was close and crabbed, and many passages were in German, a language which she did not understand. Nurse Jane further at that moment, to the withdrawal into her room, and looking herself in, proceeding to read Paul Barrington's journal.

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A knock at the door made her start. It was Nurse Jane, whose sunny, exuberant face told no tales of her little escapade. She came to say that Mrs. Drax, having had often a bad headache, had found it necessary to retire again, after setting Miss Barrington for the night. If that lady's bell rang, no one was to go into the room, but to call Mrs. Drax up at once.

"As it anyone wanted to" with an indignant sniff. "It's my belief she's madder than anyone else in the house, that's the reason old Mother Drax is set to wait on her, as she'll tell no tales. It's one thing to earn your living out of taking care of folks who are queer in the upper story, but another to have a sister with a bee in her bonnet."

"Why should you think Miss Barrington is mad?" queried Adela. "Have you ever seen her?" "Never. No one who comes here ever sees her but Mrs. Drax. There's more in that than meets the eye, or my name isn't Jane Summers, mysteriously."

Adela did not think it politic to question Nurse Jane further at that moment, to the withdrawal into her room, and looking herself in, proceeding to read Paul Barrington's journal.

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A panel, which had been pushed out of place, closed after her, apparently becoming part of the solid wall again. By this time Adela saw that what she had often suspected was true—that the extraordinary thickness of the walls of the old house concealed a series of secret passages, just wide enough to allow of one person passing from room to room.

She composed herself with a powerful effort and went into Lord Erceldoune's room. "You saw her! She has just been here. My Bella—my darling loved one! She spoke to me at last. Ah! if you could only have heard you would have believed indeed."

His voice was tremulous with excitement, his eyes wild and eager. "Lord Erceldoune, control yourself and play the man, I entreat—I implore you, said he, in concentrated tones. "What you have seen no spirit. I will prove it to you." Then, as she saw the gathering cloud of distrust in his eyes: "You know I am your friend. I would do nothing to hurt or pain you. Oh, believe I mean well by you, and hear me!"

She knelt by him, clasping her hands upon his weak, cold ones. The magnetic warmth of her touch seemed to reassure him; the frightened, dazed look died out of his face. "I do believe you," he answered, looking into her frank, beautiful eyes with a dawning expression she had never seen in his own before. "You are good and true. Tell me what you wish, I will listen."

"I begin by asking you a question, Lord Erceldoune. Dr. Barrington's sister—what is she like? Did you ever see her?" "Never," replied Lord Erceldoune, passing his hand wearily over his brow. "I ought not perhaps to say—Paul would not like it—but—"

"Do not fear, I will betray nothing to Doctor Barrington. Tell me what you know, I implore you," said Adela, earnestly. "Well, I will then; but wait. I seem to have a cloud here," pressing his hand to his forehead. "I cannot recollect or put things together as I used. My Bella had a twin sister, yes; but she was not quite the same as other people—her mind did not grow with her body. Paul told me. When she was a child of three, one of the people her father had hired—she was a doctor, like Paul, you know,—frightened her by letting her fall from a height; but it only hurt her brain. She lived to grow up, and is here now; but nobody sees her except Paul and Mrs. Drax. Yes, Hilda is mad—in a whisper—quite mad. That was what made my father angry when I married Bella. But she is not like that—oh, no. She is beautiful as an angel, and good as one. But what has poor Hilda to do with her?"

"Everything," Lord Erceldoune. I firmly believe that your mad sister-in-law is being made, by Paul Barrington, to personate the spirit of the one you have loved and lost. As you know, he has strong mesmeristic influence, and he has used this to dominate the mind of Hilda Barrington. He is not here now; but the girl has acted involuntarily the part so often rehearsed.

"There are many persons, mentally unsound, who are yet capable of playing a part and repeating a given form of words. The flowing white dress and other adornments would appeal to the childish vanity of an insane woman, and hypnotic power would do the rest. You think me cruel, brutal, to dispel your illusion; but believe me, after all, we do not lose those we love, and we shall see them again one day—if not on this side the Dark River, then on the other."

The tears streamed down her face, as she spoke with impassioned fervour. Lord Erceldoune was silent, as if stunned by a bolt from the heavens. He gazed wildly at Adela, and held out his hand, which she clasped.

"It seems as if something has broken—here," he muttered, putting the other hand to his brow. "Let me think, let me try to collect my thoughts. What happened before—just like this? Who said it was not Bella? Ah, Cecily, poor Cecily, she thought the same. She watched at night, and said she saw—what was it? What was it?" piteously. "Help me to remember."

never attempted to get away—wonderingly. "Never!"—in hopeless tones. "I did not care what became of me when Bella died. I got ill and Cosmo did not like the idea of looking after me, I think. He suggested that I should stay altogether with Paul; and I did not mind much, for one place was as good as another to me then, so long as I had my books and music. Here, too, I seemed nearer Bella, and I could talk of her to Paul. Once or twice I fancied I should like to see Cosmo—my sister, you know—but Paul would not let me. He often felt ill and weak, and thus my head is not clear."

"Who told you you were mad? It is a wicked falsehood," said Adela angrily. "You are as sane as any man on this earth, Lord Erceldoune; and because I think so, I will warn you that you must give way no longer to these morbid fancies, or you may end by losing in reality. Doctor Barrington and your brother have tried to effect this object, so as to keep you imprisoned here, for the vile ends of their own. I do not ask you to believe me, but I can prove every word I say; and there has been even worse wickedness on their part—as an explanation of startled incredulity passed his lips.

"But you must be patient for a short time," she continued, rapidly, "and trust me. Remember, no whisper to anyone, or all will be lost. For my sake again I pray you, be careful. Doctor Barrington's vengeance on those who offend him is terrible and far-reaching. Under the velvet glove is the iron hand of a relentless tyrant. I promise faithfully all you ask," said Lord Erceldoune. "It seems as though I was awakening from some long, troubled dream; as yet, I understand little or nothing. But this I know—you would serve me and I am grateful."

With a courtly gesture, he pressed her hand to his lips. With a throbbing gladness at her heart, Adela noted the quietness of his tone, the calm light in his sun face. The reason which had bothered on its throne was regaining its balance, and her haunting fears that she had come too late to the Manor to fulfil Constance Villiers' behest, were needless.

The sound of wheels grinding on gravel in the distance told her the picnic-party had returned. Adela hurried downstairs to meet them, though, after all that had transpired, it was hard to discuss trivialities with Dr. Ives, and listened to the rhapsodies, vapourings, or grumbings of the patients. This was why she did not notice that Mrs. Ababin, generally the most valuable of them all, regarded here in silence, with a peculiarly malevolent expression.

To be Continued.

A SIMPLE SOLUTION.

Why Dodd's Kidney Pills Always Cure Kidney Diseases.

Want a Prince Edward Island Doctor Says on the Subject—Dodd's Kidney Pills are the Only Cure for all Kidney Complaints.

GARBERHAUX, P. E. I., May.—The startling story that comes from Murray Harbour South, concerning the rescue of Mr. William Sharam, of that town, from the deadly clutches of Kidney Disease, has set the people throughout the Island talking. Many other persons have been cured of Kidney Disease on this Island, by Dodd's Kidney Pills, but Mr. Sharam is so well-known that his case excites more than ordinary interest.

One of our cleverest and most successful physicians was asked to-day, how he accounted for the enormous number of Kidney Disease cases that have been cured by Dodd's Kidney Pills.

"It can be accounted for in only one way," he answered, "Dodd's Kidney Pills possess the power of curing disordered Kidneys. No other preparation known to man possesses this power."

"Bright's Disease, Diabetes, Dropsy, Gout, Stone in the Bladder, Gravel, Lumbago, Rheumatism, Heart Failure, Paralysis, Nephritis, Diseases of Women, etc., all spring from disordered Kidneys. The blood of these is all marked by retention in the blood of certain dead matter, that healthy Kidney's extract from the blood, and throw out of the body."

"New Dodd's Kidney Pills restore the Kidneys to health. Then the blood is properly purified, all poisons being drained out of it, and thrown out of the system. There can then be none of the diseases named. It's very simple you see."

Dodd's Kidney Pills are sold by all druggists, at fifty cents a box, six boxes \$2.50, or sent, on receipt of price, by The Dodd's Medicine Co., Limited, Toronto, Ont.

Are You Weak?

There's a Remedy that will make you strong; give you vitality and energy; invigorate the heart; enrich the blood; make the pale cheek rosy.

It's Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills. Mrs. Mehlbacher, who lives at 29 Ann St., Berlin, Ont., made the following statement: "I have suffered from nervous prostration and general debility for the past four years, often despairing of a cure."

CHAPTER VI. THROUGH THE SECRET PASSAGE. Nurse Deane ascertained that Lord Erceldoune was still sleeping calmly; his colour was more healthy, his breathing lighter.

No doubt his naturally fine constitution would rally from the effects of the insidious poison; but, at best, it was only a respite. She understood now the doctor's devilish cunning in shielding himself by making her the hand to administer the fatal doses. Paul Barrington would be back in a few days, and then—

Advertisement for Packard's Leather Dressing, featuring an image of the product bottle and text describing its benefits for leather shoes.

Advertisement for Patents, mentioning a firm that provides patent services and legal assistance.

A Woman's Blandishments.

Kept on the keen edge of hourly expectation, weeks and months may yet pass without any summons from the Foreign Office...

The duty is one of great and pressing moment, that official explained. 'We thought it well not to use the telegraph, as we have reason for believing that our cipher code is not the safe guard it once was.'

The hansom was still waiting for me in the quadrangle, and, jumping in, I whisked off to Charing Cross with all the speed a patriotic London hack could be made to exert on behalf of a bearer of weighty secrets of State.

Almost the first sight that met my gaze, when I stepped on board the Calais boat, was the tall, shapely figure of Miss Great-Eyes, as, in ignorance of her real name, I had irreverently dubbed her.

Yet, strangely enough, I was ultimately brought to bless the unstable feet of that child. In the course of his peregrinations round the saloon skylight, he stumbled over the leg of a deck chair and woman.

My solicitude for the injured forehead of my lovely fellow passenger paved the way to our informal introduction. She was not English—that much I had at once gathered from her slight accent.

So fascinated was I with her guileless prattle, with the coquettish naivete which exhibited no suspicion of art, that Calais was reached all too soon for my liking.

Owing to Madlle. Balard's lack of impediments, and to my immunity, as Queen's messenger, from the usual Customs-house examination, we suffered no delay at examination.

Calais—dark and chill. But I gave no heed to the oncoming of night: I had eyes, ears, thoughts, only for the bewitching girl before me.

We were close on English now; after that, Hal would be the next stoppage. Hal—and good-bye!

'You are not smoking, Cecile said, in an interval of our chat. 'Do not let me deprive you of that.'

Thanking her for the permission, I pleaded a disinclination for tobacco just then.

'But I shall think that you deny yourself on my account,' she went on. 'I like the smell of cigar smoke. You travelled from Charing Cross to Dover in a smoking-compartment, was it not? And you were smoking on board the boat till I—till then.'

So she has observed me more narrowly than I had imagined. The discovery was pleasant.

'Well, if you insist upon it, I replied, 'I submit.'

I took out my cigar-case. It was empty I showed it to her, open.

'In looking after my comfort you have neglected your own,' she said smiling.

'And most men, however they may feel, have an air of loneliness and misery if they are not smoking.'

'I could not stand that.'

'You over-rate my self-forgetfulness,' I hastened to say; 'I omitted to fill my case, but I've plenty of cigars in my bag.'

With that I unstrapped and unlocked the portmanteau, rummaging in it for the box of Havanas which I had brought with me.

The better to get at it, I was compelled to disembogue some of the contents and lay them on the seat. With the rest I took out the Foreign Office despatches.

'What a strange package!' Cecile exclaimed quickly. 'Something to do with your business, monsieur—with the business of the company whose agent you are?'

'Yes—yes,' I replied, hastily shovelling the cigars into my case.

The misapprehension under which she laboured stood me in a good stead. I never said I was a company's agent; yet in a certain sense, it was the fact.

A company is an aggregate of individuals working together for the welfare of each and all; the English nation is I trust, such an aggregate; ergo I, as an emissary of England, was the servant of a company.

Thus as the train slowed into English, I soothed my conscience. While putting my bag to rights again, I mentally prayed that Cecile would not resume the topic.

My bubble of hope burst as soon as the engine's snort announced our departure.

'Are they what you call samples?' she asked quickly.

'Oh! these papers! Yes, they're what we deal in—samples.'

'I should so like to see them,' Cecile added in soft tones. 'May I?'

'Impossible!' I exclaimed. 'They are strictly private—a sort of patents, you know. I have to deliver them intact. It would mean ruin to me if I broke the seals.'

'So leaved over and let her hand drop lightly on mine. A stray coil of fluffy hair brushed my brow, her breath fanned my cheek like a warm perfume, her mouth came temptingly close to mine.

'Need it be known?' she whispered. Look!

In her right hand she held out a duplicate of the Foreign Office seal.

For a moment I wavered. Then my reason came back with a great brain throb.

The murder was out! Instinctively my hand went to the revolver in the pocket of my coat. What—against a woman?!

I let the weapon rest where it lay. Catching up the precious papers, I tossed them hurriedly into the bag and snapped the catch.

'I will see what it is in them!'

'You cannot, mademoiselle! I answered firmly.

The mobile, Madonna-like face turned hard and rigid as marble—her lips tightened in bloodless pressure.

'My life! her voice rose shrilly, 'my life, the life of one who is the light of mine depends on it. You shall not cross me!'

Swift as sight, she flashed a silver-bilted poniard from under her wraps, and sprang upon me. Throwing up my hand to ward off the blow, I received the blade in the fleshy part of my arm. I gripped tight hold of her upturned wrist. She dropped the weapon, and with the deftness of a juggler caught it again with her other hand on its descent through the air.

A sudden twinge—no acute pain—shot across my shoulders. I reeled, and fell back unconscious.

It was dawn-break when I opened my eyes again. I lay on a broad four-poster in the station master's house, whither I had been carried, well-nigh dead from loss of blood, when the train entered Hal. The station master's wife and the doctor who had attended to my wounds stood at the side of the bed.

'Mademoiselle—my bag!' I murmured, as soon as I could piece together my senses. 'Have you got my bag?'

'They did not understand. No, there was neither bag nor woman in the carriage. I had been discovered there alone. Oh, the shame and disgrace of it! I suppose I must have faintered away at this junction, for I recollect nothing more until the moonday sun chequered the floor with gold. The stationmaster was in the room.

'They have both been found on the line,' he said; 'four miles this side of Eoghien. The woman is dead.'

'Dead?'

'She must have been killed in leaping from the train when it slowed at this junction. It seems, from letters in her possession—

more than the child in age—had doubtless followed me from the Foreign Office. How she came to know that I was the bearer of despatches to St. Petersburg I cannot for the life of me hazard the wild-goose guess.

The papers themselves had been taken charge of by the British Minister at Brussels; by him, on receipt of instructions from home, they were forwarded to their destination before I could set foot on ground.

Yes, I lost my berth. I deserved to do so, I know. I was blind, infuriated fool; but let the term be applied to me only by him who has never felt the power of a pretty woman's blandishments.

Furthermore, I must cry guilty to the folly of ransacking on premises largely conjectural. It is no longer a secret that the papers I carried with me had no reference to Nihilism at all, but dealt with a matter at that time sorely exercising the public mind—the Russo-Aighan question.

Koladermic Skin Food

'For a Pure Skin.'

Cures impurities of the skin, dissolves freckles, moth patches and other discolorations, brings blackheads and fleshworms to the surface where they dry and fall off.

Koladermic Skin Food builds up the wasted and worn places, removes the facial defects caused by indigestion and stomach troubles, and imparts a baby-like softness and delicacy to the complexion.

Let us send you particulars of the skin-tonic properties of Koladermic for your complexion's sake.

For Sale at all Druggists, price 25c.

BORN.

- Moncton, May 14, to the wife of C. H. Acherson, a son. Annapolis, May 13, to the wife of F. W. Fickel, a son. Spr'n Hill, May 14, to the wife of Samuel Terris, a son. Springhill, May 14, to the wife of Edward Wilson, a son. Campbell, May 9, to the wife of Wilmore Chute, a son. Madras, Mass., April 14, to the wife of M. M. Corbin, a son. Harville, May 1, to Mr. and Mrs. Connors, a daughter. Spr'n Hill, May 14, to the wife of Arthur Paul, a daughter. St. John, May 12, to the wife of William E. Corbett, a daughter. Bridgetown, May 16, to the wife of Arthur Cornish, a daughter. Vancoeur, B. C., May 7, to the wife of J. Thorne, a daughter. Lower Bay de Vin, April 26, to the wife of Robert Gregan, a son. Shelburne, May 10, to the wife of William Gooden, a son. Windsor, April 21, to the wife of Sergeant Cunningham, a son. Campbell, May 11, to the wife of Edgar Hines, a daughter. Campbell, May 7, to the wife of Robert McKinlay, a daughter. Et. Stephen, May 9, to the wife of Earle McLaughlin, a daughter. Port Saxon, May 13, to the wife of Louis A. McLean, a daughter. Brockton, Mass., May 8, to the wife of Arthur M. Wood, a daughter. Leamington, Camb. Co., May 11, to the wife of Herbert Hunter, a daughter.

MARRIED.

- Sydney Mines, May 10, John T. McLean to Catherine McDonald. Fenwick, by Rev. J. A. Robertson, William S. Best to Susan Dunbar. St. John, May 16, by Rev. G. O. Galt, James Brickley to Clara Johnson. Halifax, May 17, by Rev. Geo. E. Ross, John Kidston to Bertha J. Geizer. Newport, May 10, by Rev. W. W. Rees, Arthur Gooden to Maggie L. Eizer. Deer Island, May 3, by Rev. A. D. Paul, George E. Ford to Edna M. Lambert. Sussex, May 17, by Rev. H. H. Nobles, William A. Watson to Corrie M. Jenner. Moncton, May 11, by Rev. R. P. Crisp, B. Frank McKinnon to Annie May Tucker. Princeton, May 6, by Rev. C. E. McElhiney, Samuel A. Wood to Clara McLoughlin. Young's Cove, May 14, by Rev. J. N. Parker, Charles A. Wilton to L. M. Fanjoy. Lawrenceton, May 10, by Rev. T. Anthony, Emeline A. Stevenson to Wallace E. Halsey. New York, May 16, by Rev. Francis Edgar Mason, Yvonne Louise Montgomery to Annie B. McLaughlin. Oromocto, Sanbury Co., May 8, by Rev. N. McLaughlin Parker, A. McLean to Annie McKinnon. Chatham, May 13, by Rev. Geo. G. M. Campbell, Frederick Gibson Jones to Emma Amelia Best.

DEAD.

- St. John, Christian Hope: 74. Windsor, May 16, Gilbert Foster 65. Fairville, May 16, Jas. Griffith 74. Windsor, May 17, D. P. Allison 74. St. John, May 17, John Hardie 64. Digby, May 9, Mrs. Jennie Craig 68. Pausaid, May 9, Mrs. L. Davis 64. April 26, Mrs. J. H. Stewart 67. Berwick, May 21, Daniel Morris 48. St. George, May 15, James Maxwell 80.

Made to be Walked On THE SHERWIN-WILLIAMS SPECIAL FLOOR PAINT Made to paint floors with—nothing else. The guarantee of the company is back of every can sold.

- Cherryfield, May 19, Laura E. Brewster. Tower Hill, May 8, Mrs. Jane Doore 65. Salem, Mass., May 11, John Huxtable 65. Yarmouth, May 14, Capt. W. H. Cook 65. Oxford, N. S., May 17, Mrs. Helen Brown. Digby, May 5, Mrs. Deborah Sinclair 65. Digby, May 14, Angus W. Fisher 65. Beaver Harbor, May 16, Clarence But 17. Campbell, May 2, Z. Nelson Mitchell 16. Phoenix, Arizona, May 13, Chas. Bowers 28. Charlottetown, Mass., Alexander Donnell 69. Deep Brook, May 16, Mrs. Margaret Ross 64. Musquash, May 16, J. E. Woolford Smith 63. Eastport, May 6, Mrs. Catherine H. Ghies 65. Digby, May 17, infant child of Capt. J. Sprout. Sussex, May 13, Mary, wife of Thomas Brady 42. Digby, May 13, Hattie, wife of Thomas O'Neill 38. Berwick, May 13, May A., wife of W. B. Congdon. St. Stephen, May 14, Sarah, wife of W. S. Douglas 34. Boston, Mass., Dec. 23, Stella, wife of Rev. H. J. Shaw. Milltown, Me., May 16, April 26, Sarah M. Courtney 67. Red Head, May 21, Arthur W., son of Joseph Dal- 11 23. Calais, May 13, Matilda, widow of the late Samuel Pike 62. St. Stephen, May 11, Lucilla, wife of Henry Dismore 16. Windsor, May 14, May E., daughter of George E. Fallon 19. Bridgetown, May 9, James A., son of Woodworth Bowles 16. St. John, May 30, Ethel M., daughter of Samuel W. Johnston 4. Milltown, N. B., May 6, Mary A., wife of James Armstrong 63. Lynn, Mass., April 28, Beatrice, daughter of Frederick Dillon 2. Blackville, N. B., May 8, Annie M., daughter of John Corney 20. St. John, May 17, Elizabeth J., beloved wife of L. Donald Allen 50. Eastport, May 4, Fannie, infant child of George Lasky 7 months. Clarke's Harbor, May 16, Maude, daughter of Joseph Hopkins 15. St. John, May 19, Lizzie, infant child of John McDermott 11 months. Somerville, Mass., May 12, Elsie A., widow of the late James C. Watson. St. John, May 13, Gladys W., infant child of Edward Shaw 15 months.

Star Line Steamers For Fredericton and Woodstock. On and after Saturday 29th inst., and until further notice, the Steamer Clifton will leave wharf at Hampton Monday, Wednesday and Saturday mornings at 6.30 (local). Returning will leave Monday same days at 7 p. m. local. CAPT. R. G. EARLE, Manager.

MANHATTAN STEAMSHIP CO'Y New York, Eastport, and St. John, N. B., Line.

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CANADIAN PACIFIC RY. A TOURIST CAR. What it is. open interior with so obstructing berth supports by day, and insure perfect seclusion to each berth by night.

Dominion Atlantic Ry. On and after Monday, Jan. 2nd, 1899, the Steamship and Train service of this railway will be as follows:

EXPRESS TRAINS Daily (Sunday excepted). Lvs. Halifax 6.30 a. m., arr in Digby 12.30 p. m. Lvs. Digby 1.00 p. m., arr Yarmouth 3.30 p. m. Lvs. Yarmouth 5.00 a. m., arr Digby 11.30 a. m. Lvs. Digby 11.30 a. m., arr. Halifax 1.45 p. m. Lvs. Annapolis 7.30 a. m., Monday, Thursday and Saturday. Lvs. Digby 8.30 p. m., Monday, Thursday and Saturday.

S. S. Prince George. By far the finest and fastest steamer plying out of Boston. Leaves Yarmouth N. B. every Monday and Thursday, immediately on arrival of the Express train arriving in Boston early next morning.

Intercolonial Railway and after Monday, the 3rd October 1899 the trains of this railway will run daily, Sunday excepted, as follows:

TRAINS WILL ARRIVE AT ST. JOHN Express from Campbellton, Peggibush, Pictou and Halifax, New Glasgow, and Pictou, 11.00 a. m. Express for Quebec, Montreal, 11.00 a. m. Express for Lunenburg, 11.00 a. m. Accommodation from Moncton, Truro, Halifax and Sydney, 11.00 a. m. A sleeping car will be attached to the train leaving St. John at 11.30 o'clock for Quebec and Montreal. A sleeping car will be attached to the train leaving St. John at 2.15 for Truro. Dining and Buffet cars on Quebec and Montreal express.

TRAINS WILL ARRIVE AT ST. JOHN Express from Moncton, 11.00 a. m. Express from Halifax, 11.00 a. m. Express from Pictou, 11.00 a. m. Accommodation from Moncton, Truro, Halifax and Sydney, 11.00 a. m. All trains are run by Eastern Standard time. CITY TICKET OFFICE, 11 Prince Wm. Street, St. John, N. B.