

MR. SPENCER WROTE IT. "ONE HUNDRED YEARS TO COME" AND ITS AUTHOR.

The Song Sung at the Hunter-Crossley Meetings—Attributed to Bryant—An Old Book Found Which Proves the Authorship—The Poem in its Original Form.

Boston, April 22.—The popularity of the verses entitled "One Hundred Years to Come" now and again brings up the question of their authorship. These verses are brought out every few years and after going the rounds of the press are lost sight of for a while, but they are always recognized and remembered. I noticed that one of the effects of the Hunter-Crossley campaign in St. John was a revival of "One Hundred Years to Come," with the fact that Mr. H. L. Spencer was the author.

It is something worth talking about, to write a poem that has stood the test of time, and while it is perhaps not pleasant to see it referred to in the public press as the work of somebody else, the wronged author may perhaps find some satisfaction in the statement, when the "somebody else," as in this instance, is one whose work is so well known and highly appreciated as that of William Cullen Bryant.

It is popularly supposed in this part of the world that Bryant wrote the verses, although all St. John people know that he did not. Mr. Spencer wrote them and all the credit should be given him.

His claim to their authorship was fully established by PROGRESS in 1888, on which occasion Mr. Spencer wrote a companion poem entitled "One Hundred Years Ago."

Mr. Walter L. Sawyer ran across a little volume recently which leaves no doubt as to the authorship of "One Hundred Years to Come." The book was published 45 years ago, by Phillips, Sampson & Co., of Boston, who were at that time bringing out some of the best works of the day. It is entitled "Poems by H. Ladd Spencer," and bears the imprint of G. A. Tuttle, printer, Rutland, Vt.

The volume appeared in the catalogue of a New Jersey bookseller, who deals in old and rare works. It was listed at 75 cents. Mr. Sawyer lost no time in securing it on account of his acquaintance with the author.

"One Hundred Years to Come" appears in the collection as it was originally written. It has since been revised and greatly improved, but the author has not diverged from the original idea.

The original is as follows:

The Years. Oh where will be the birds that sing, When a hundred years are flown? The sweet flowers that are blossoming, When a hundred years are gone? The happy child, The spirit wild, The silver tone Of some loved one; Oh where will be the spirit free, And the smile of love that now we see, When a hundred years are flown? And who will know where we have dwelt, What thrills of grief and joy we've felt, When a hundred years are gone? Our smiles and tears, Our hopes and fears, Our hours of grief, Of pleasures brief; Oh, who will note our smile and tears, Our joys and griefs, our hopes and fears, When a hundred years are flown? Our graves will all forgotten be, When a hundred years are flown; No one will think of you or me, When a hundred years are gone; And our bright dreams, Like summer beams, Will all decay And pass away; And this gay world will busy be, And give so thought to you or me, When a hundred years are flown.

In introducing the work to the public the publishers said:

"The publishers of this little volume think it may not be inappropriate for them to say that most of the poems were written in the days of the author's earliest boyhood. The poem with which the collection commences, was composed in his twelfth year, and many of the others at a period little less remote."

I do not know whether Mr. Spencer has a copy of this work, but even if he has the fact that his earlier efforts have reached the haunts of latter-day bookworms will be of interest to his provincial friends.

R. G. LARSEN.

AN N. B. MAN IN BOSTON.

He Thinks Our Soldiers March Better than the American Ones.

The following letter from a New Brunswicker in Boston will be read with interest: A few days ago I witnessed an impressive scene. It was the march of veterans of '61—the muster of patriot Americans, who just thirty-four years before were called to the front. It was truly an inspiring sight to see the sturdy step of those old soldiers who stood at "Uncle Abe's" back in his struggle to release the dark sons of the South from transmitted tyranny, and clothe them in the rights of citizenship.

An excellent band led the column through many of the finest streets, to such stirring airs as, "Down in Dixie," "Marching Through Georgia," etc. On blue silk banners, were inscribed in gilt letters the touching words; "What you have, they saved," words that, judging from the frequent outbursts of applause that greeted the morning columns, were appreciated in all their meaning by the vast assemblage that stood by.

Without suggesting the least reflection, however upon the military training of the

American soldier, I must advance the remark that I have seen New Brunswick red coated militiamen do finer marching, and prove themselves much more elastic from a tactical point of view, than any of the G. A. R. men whom I have as yet seen under arms.

Apropos to the interest that centres in the Newfoundland question, Boston people are naturally a bit loquacious.

Of course people must talk! The fact is we all more or less inclined to talk where the British lion lifts his head!

It is alleged that Boston, taken in connection with its environments, is unsurpassed from a scenic standpoint by any city on the continent. I am not prepared to take exception to this proud assertion, so let it stand. Whatever the truth of the settlement, the city and its precincts, now blushing in all the majestic charms of spring, certainly abound in many various and beautiful scenes. A ramble through the fens of Roxbury is something not easily obliterated from one's memory,—such a gay procession of budding shrubs and brambles as meets the eye, in sharp contrast with the seared and lonely ferns of chill October's blast! Spring's return is inscribed over all the landscape, and nature's beautiful and significant poetry is finding expression from branch and bird, and fen, and from every grove and mound and hillock that bounds the view, even, as Bryant said:

The rivulet late unseen Where bickering through shrubs its waters run, Seems to bear in the music of its rippling sounds that the ear loves to dwell upon.

The poet's "rivulet" however, has not nearly so genuine a fascination for Boston's business men, "et omne hoc genus" as the money-making facilities of the historic Charles River,—now glassing on the serene surface the hulls and spars and smokestacks of thousands of tons of shipping from all parts of the world.

Yet, notwithstanding the immense volume of trade that is being transacted each day through the agency of those busy wharves and warehouses and ships, still piercing the din of traffic, issue the plaintive stereotyped cries from every quarter of New England's metropolis, hard times, poverty, want!

Rich men, in responding, are more generous than those unacquainted with penury in its more appealing phases are led to suppose, while strangely enough, the ragged mob makes its presence known every Sunday on the common, lending its applause perchance to some overtaxed advocate of "Socialism."

Many Americans are beginning to ask themselves whether the so-called "common" is not becoming some what "too common" pro bono publico.

KILLED THE BOSS WILDCAT.

Hunters Followed the Beast Into Its Den and Shot It.

Two weeks ago, Nate Bowen, a quarryman, shot the largest wildcat that has been killed for years near Port Jervis, N. Y. It weighed thirty-five pounds, and was one of two cats that had for months carried off the chickens, turkeys and small lambs of the farmers in that region. This was the female cat. The male cat was known to be still lurking in the woods near Deposit, N. Y., and Bowen and W. O. Curtis resolved to run the animal down. Their efforts have just been rewarded by the capture of one of the largest and most ferocious of its species. They tramped through the woods for several days and finally drove the wildcat into its den, which was a cave in a ledge of rocks. They set several fox traps in the several passageways leading to the cave, but when they visited the cave to ascertain the results they found that the beast had sprung them and then smashed them as if they were toys. They then procured a bear trap and set it where the cat could not avoid it. One fine morning this week they missed the trap. Investigation showed that the cat had dragged it back into the darkest corner of its lair. Curtis volunteered to enter the cave. He had gone but a short distance when he caught sight of the eyes of the infuriated beast, and he hastily drew his rifle and fired. He was greeted by a savage snarl and a rattling of the trap as the animal retreated further back in the den. Curtis then came out, and Nate Bowen said he would "tackle the varmint." He tied a stout rope around his waist, and leaving Curtis at the other end of it entered the den. Creeping along with revolver in hand he heard the screech of the cat and the jingling of the trap, as the wounded beast flew at him. He was in very close quarters, but his courage did not forsake him. By a quick movement he fired his revolver, and the shot luckily took effect just as the animal reached him, and it fell dead at his feet. Curtis, becoming alarmed, pulled on the rope and hauled Nate to the surface, and with him the wild-cat, which he had seized by the ears. Bowen was none the worse for his venture, although he had a close call.

AN EDITOR'S ESCAPE.

Marshall Rynders' Attempt to Assassinate Parke Godwin.

Mr. Parke Godwin, who was some years ago one of the editors of the N. Y. "Evening Post," had been very outspoken in his newspaper writings and also in public speech, in denunciation of the political methods in common practice. Thereby Mr. Godwin had aroused the hatred of Isaiah Rynders and his associates. One afternoon, having left the office for his home, Mr. Godwin stopped, as was his custom, in Florence's restaurant for some oysters. As he stood at the oyster-stand, he saw in the remote part of the room

Rynders and some of his men. He suspected that they proposed to assault him before he could leave the building. He realized that it would not do for him to run, however; so he began to eat his oysters, while deliberating upon his course. Suddenly he noticed that a man stood beside him, and looking up he saw "Mike" Walsh, who said to him: "Go on eating your oysters, Mr. Godwin, but do it as quickly as you can, and then go away. Rynders and his men have been waiting here for you and intend to kill you, but they won't attack you as long as I am by your side."

The advice was followed. After Mr. Godwin, having finished his oysters, had gone out, Rynders stepped up to Walsh and said: "What do you mean by interfering in this matter? It is none of your affair."

"Well, Godwin did me a good turn once, and I don't propose to see him stabbed in the back. You were going to do a sneaking thing; you were going to assassinate him, and any man who will do that is a coward."

"No man ever called me a coward, Mike Walsh, and you can't."

"But I do, and I will prove that you are a coward. If you are not one, come upstairs with me now. We will lock ourselves into a room; I will take a knife and you take one; and the man who is alive after we have got through, will unlock the door and go out."

Rynders accepted the challenge. They went to an upper room. Walsh locked the door, gave Rynders a large loquacious look, and said: "You stand in that corner, and I'll stand in this. Then we will walk toward the centre of the room, and we won't stop until one or the other of us is finished."

Each took his corner. Then Walsh turned and approached the centre of the room. But Rynders did not stir. "Why don't you come out?" said Walsh. Rynders, turning in his corner, faced the antagonist, and said: "Mike, you and I are ways been friends; what is the use of our fighting now? If we get at it, we shall both be killed, and there is no good in that." Walsh for a moment said not a word; but his lip curled, and he looked upon Rynders with an expression of utter contempt. Then he said: "I told you you were a coward, and now I prove it. Never speak to me again."

AFTER MANY YEARS

A STRANGE TALE TOLD BY A WELL KNOWN MINSTREL.

The Painful Results of an Injury Received Many Years Ago—Was Tested in the Best Hospitals, and Continued, but Pronounced Incurable—A Fellow Patient Pointed Out the Road to Recovery.

From the Owen Sound Times.

The marvellous efficacy of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills has again been demonstrated in this town. The Times referred to the astonishing cure of Mr. Wm. Belrose, a well known citizen. This was followed a few weeks ago by the remarkable cure of Mrs. Maud, of Peel street, whose husband had been despaired of by herself and family and friends. A few days ago the Times reporter was passing along Division street, when it was noticed that a dick barber shop had been opened by Mr. Dick Couby, member of a family who have lived in Owen Sound for nearly half a century. Knowing that Mr. Couby had been seriously ailing when he came from England, a few months previous, and at that time had little hope or recovering his health, the Times reporter dropped in to have a chat, and before the conversation proceeded very far, it was evident that there had been another miracle performed by the wonder-working Pink Pills.

"Well, let us start at the beginning of my troubles," said Mr. Couby, when the Times began probing for particulars. "Twenty-one years ago I left school here and joined a minstrel company. Since that time I have had parts in many of the leading minstrel companies as comedian and dancer. In the spring of 1887 I thought I would try a summer engagement, for particular, with Hall & Bingley's circus, then playing in the Western States. One morning during the rush to put up the big three-pole tent, I was giving the men a hand, when the centre pole slipped out and in falling struck me across the small of the back. While I lay some for a time, I did not pay much attention to it. After working a week I began to feel a pain similar to that of sciatic rheumatism. For a year I gradually grew worse and finally was laid up. This was at Milwaukee. After some time I went to St. Paul and underwent an electric treatment, and thought I was cured. I then took an engagement with Lew Johnston's Minstrels and went as far west as Seattle. About three years ago I made an engagement with Jones and Farquharson to go on a tour through Europe in the great American Minstrels. Before sailing from New York I suffered from pains between the shoulders, but paid very little attention to it at the time, but when I reached Glasgow I was scarcely able to walk. I remained in this condition until we reached Manchester, where I obtained temporary relief from a doctor's prescription. For two years the only relief I had was by taking this medicine. In May 1893 while at Birmingham I was taken very bad and gradually got worse all summer. An engagement was offered me as stage manager for Onley's Minstrels and I went out with them, but in three months' time I was so bad that I had to quit. All this time I was consulting a physician who had been recommended as a specialist, but without any relief. Hydrostatic baths and other similar treatments were resorted to without avail. Finally there was no help for it and I went to Manchester, and on Dec. 12th, 1893, went into the Royal Hospital, where the physicians who diagnosed my case pronounced it transverse myelitis or chronic spinal disease. After being in the hospital for five months I grew worse, until my legs became paralyzed from the hips down. Dr. Newby, the house surgeon, showed me every attention and became quite friendly and regretfully informed me that it would be an invalid's life for me. For a change I was sent to Barnes Convalescent Hospital, Cheshire, having to be carried from the hospital to the carriage and then on to the train. After a week there, a patient told me to 'keep off my feet' by the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. Being

thoroughly discouraged, I asked for my discharge and I was sent back to Manchester, where I began taking Pink Pills. After the use of a few boxes I recovered the use of my legs sufficiently to walk several blocks. I then concluded to start for Canada and join my friends here. I continued taking the Pink Pills, constantly getting stronger. I have taken no other medicine since I began the use of the Pink Pills, and I have no doubt as to what cured me. I now feel as well as ever and I am able to take up the trade of barbering, at which I worked during the summer months. When I remember that the doctors told me I would be helpless all my life, I cannot help looking upon my cure as a miracle. As Mr. Couby told of the wonderful cure, his good-natured countenance fairly shone with gratitude. He is well known here as a straightforward respectable citizen, that the Times need say nothing in his behalf. His plain, unvarnished statement would go for a fact with everyone who knows him.

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A GOOD "NAPOLEON" STORY.

How France Managed to Recover Napoleon From England.

The following account of how France recovered Napoleon from England is from the May number of McClure's Magazine: O'Connell had warned Lord Palmerston. "Instead of pleasing the French government, you may embarrass it seriously."

"That is not the question," answered O'Connell. "The question for me is what I ought to do. Now my duty is to propose to the Commons to return the Emperor's bones. England's duty is to welcome the motion. I shall make my proposition, even, without disturbing myself about whom it will flatter or wound."

"So be it," said Lord Palmerston. "Only give me fifteen days."

"Very well," answered O'Connell. Immediately Lord Palmerston wrote to M. Thiers, then at the head of the French Ministry, that he was about to be forced to tell the country that England had never refused to return the remains of Napoleon to France, because France had never asked that they be returned. As the story goes, M. Thiers advised Louis Philippe to forestall O'Connell, and thus it came about that Napoleon's remains were returned to France.

The grande pensee, as the idea was immediately called, seems, however, to have originated with M. Thiers, who saw in it a means of reawakening the waning interest in Louis Philippe. He believed that the very audacity of the act would create admiration and applause. Then, too, it was in harmony with the claim of the regime; that is, that the government of 1830 united all that was best in all the past governments of France, and so was stronger than any one of them. The mania of both king and minister for collecting and restoring made them think still more favorably of the idea.

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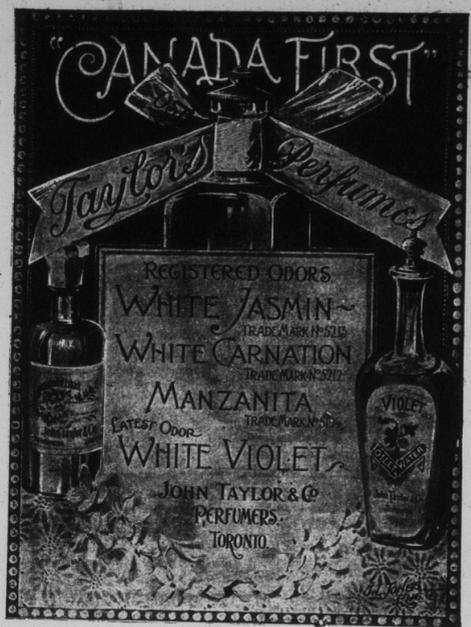
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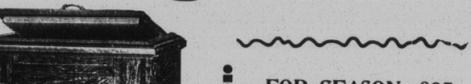
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57 WATER STREET - SAINT JOHN, N. B.

Quite last week L. W. ... to those our own as it were, the church of the crowded opinioning are themselves here with the music as one of something anticipatory of mucus Ages e melody and vol He sang not to as the did, his defect of lovers y was best most good in every (I thought the Su Spencer's Star of Mrs. S with the solo "Fl ally electible most ill, and they longed as the ulti her piece the "Jew are only with all the proprie I am fre rendering exception played by is assurac best piece my mind. By the quartette regret his be called has some but that it should en Mrs. Ina Lake, wh a bad att in violi that will This w Bell" and L. Lugi Institute. nouncement and the bers from the Cantat vitation p beautiful. His execu number s attendan pleasant the youn parts in a selves and all fresh a excellenc eveing, ag know loc Eichberg, Alcantara thirty-five has been success, which it is The constru made for used at hearing off with the solo of Clara Quiring as a sor ladies prevent par Raimie, P also fill in Godard w whole bein George Co out saying order at ea Manam on the stea 16. May. The crew of the Hor

Musical and Dramatic.

IN MUSICAL CIRCLES.

Quite as anticipated the concert given last week under the management of Mr. L. W. Titus, was an event of unusual interest to all our musical people as well as to those who are pleased whenever one of our own people, "one to the manner born" as it were, a success. Mr. Herbert Johnson, the first tenor of the famous Ruggles St. church quartette, was the great attraction of the evening, and he was greeted with a crowded house. Among musicians the opinions formed of this gentleman's singing are probably as varied as the musicians themselves differ as individuals. He came here with all the prestige, all the eclat, all the musical distinction that attached to him as one of the good Ruggles St. four and something akin to perfection was, therefore anticipated. He has a nice voice, a voice of much sweetness in the softer passages especially, a voice that has much melody in it and a voice of great power and volume, but he was not perfect. He sang out of time at times, 'tis true, yet not to any very disturbing extent. It may be that enjoying, as probably every one did, his rendition of all his selections, this defect escaped the notice of many music lovers yet he sang out of time. His work was heartily applauded and with the utmost good nature, response was accorded in every instance. Mr. Johnson's best work I thought was done in the duets, "Dews of the Summer Night" (sung with Mrs. Spencer) and in the sacred song "The Star of Bethlehem."

Mrs. Spencer more than shared the honors with the star, as one might say, and in her solo "Flower Song" from Faust, she literally electrified the audience and scored a veritable triumph. The lady appeared almost ill, but the audience was so delighted and they insisted with such loud and prolonged applause upon getting more, that she ultimately re-appeared and repeated her piece. I am one of those who hold that selections such as this "Flower Song" or the "Jewel Song" from the same opera, are only successful as a rule when given with all the accessories of stage setting and properties and proper scenic effect, but I am free to admit that Mrs. Spencer's rendering of her song at least proved an exception. The accompaniments were played by Miss Godard and that fact alone is assurance of their completeness. The best piece of the Mendelssohn quartette to my mind was "The Young Musicians." By the way while Mr. Ritchie of this quartette may be a success in quartette I regret his solos are rendered in what might be called a colorless manner. He has some very beautiful tones in his voice, but that is not enough for a soloist. He should endeavor to overcome this defect. Miss Ina S. Brown with recitations, Miss Lake, who appeared to be suffering from a bad attack of nervousness, and Miss Gibbs in violin solos, filled out a programme that will long be remembered.

This week the Cantata of "The Magic Bell" under the direction of Miss Annie L. Lugin was given at the Mechanic's Institute. Much regret was felt at the announcement of Miss Lugin's indisposition and the consequent omission of her numbers from the programme which preceded the Cantata. The pianoforte solo "L'Invitation pour la Valse" by Weber, was beautifully played by Mr. C. R. Fisher. His execution was just admirable and this number alone was ample compensation for attendance. The Cantata was quite a pleasant little thing in itself as given by the young ladies who did their several parts in a nice, girlish and lady-like manner and reflected much credit upon themselves and their teacher. The voices were all fresh and sweet and gave promise of excellence in the future.

Next week, Thursday and Friday evening and Saturday matinee—entertainment will be supplied by a number of well known local singers who have united to give Eichberg's comic opera "The Doctor of Alcantara." I learn the company numbers thirty-five persons, and that no expense has been spared to make the production a success. There are two acts in the opera which it is said will be elegantly staged. The costumes to be said to be specially made for this occasion and on the models used at the Boston production. I have heard that certain innovations will occur in setting off the second act, which will open with the song "Love will find a way" the solo of which will be given by Miss Clara Quinton, the chorus singing and dancing as a sort of interlude. In addition to the ladies previously mentioned as taking prominent parts, Messrs. A. Lindsay, Joseph Rainnie, Percy Thompson and Fred Smith also fill important roles. Miss Emma Godard will preside at the piano, the whole being under the direction of Mr. George Collinson. It goes almost without saying that large houses will be in order at each performance.

Tones and Under-tones. Manana Melba is booked as a passenger on the steamer Augusta Victoria, sailing on 16. May.

The twenty-fourth rehearsal and concert of the Boston Symphony orchestra was

given in Music hall yesterday afternoon, April 26, and at 2.30 this evening, April 27, at 8. When the following programmes were rendered:

Symphony No. 3 (Eroica) Beethoven
Overture, "Melusina" Mendelssohn
"Mensch des Feu-Follets" Berlioz
b. "Valse des sylphes"
From the "Damnation of Faust." Wagner
Overture "Tannhauser"

Patti, Emma, Calve, Sembrich, Albani, and MacIntyre have all been engaged by Sir Augustus Harris, for his London opera season. "Othello," with Tamagno and Albani, will open the season, and "Tristan and Isolde" will be given, with Jean de Reszke and Margaret MacIntyre.

Madame Lillian Nordica sang with much rare sweetness last week, at a concert given as a testimonial to her cousin, Mme. Hernandez, at Waltham, Mass.

Madame Antoinette Szumowska, who is Paderewski's only pupil, gave a piano recital in Music hall, Boston, last Saturday night. It is said of her work that "her generally faultless technique at once proved her claim to rank with Eschtopf, Sophie Meuter, Janotha and other pianists in the first category."

The new oratorio "The Life of Man" by Mr. J. C. D. Parker, was given Easter Sunday in Boston as previously mentioned in this department, and that work realized all the anticipations that had been formed of it. The overture is pronounced "profoundly impressive and it amply prepares the mind for what is to follow." In a critical notice of this work and its productions, the chorus of the Handel and Haydn society is highly praised as well as the singing of Mr. Geo. J. Parker, who "sang with his usual artistic form and purity of style."

Camille d'Arville's new opera is called "Mlricion."

It is reported that Messrs. Abbey, Schoffel and Gran are out between \$75,000 and \$100,000 on the Lillian Russell engagement. They hope to recoup somewhat through a new opera called "Tzigane." It is written by Messrs. DeKoven and Smith.

It is said that Sembrich is coming to Boston next season.

Eleanor Mayo, leading singer of the "Princess Bonnie" opera company, was quietly married on the 16th inst. to James Elverson jr., of the Philadelphia Inquirer.

Rumor has it that Melba wants to come to the United States next season with her own opera company and tour the country a la Patti.

A recent Boston paper says: "It 'Trizigane," Lillian Russell's new opera, does not prove a winner, she "may as well retire for a while, for there is no money in her old repertoire."

Miss Anna O'Keefe of the "Rob Roy" company, with her mother will spend the summer in Montreal.

Meyerbeer's "Prophet" was enthusiastically received at the Metropolitan Opera House (N. Y.) last week, and much surprise is expressed that it is not given more frequently.

"Rob Roy" will close its six weeks' engagement at the Castle Square theatre, Boston, on May 4th.

The summer season of light opera will open at the Castle Square theatre in Boston on May 6th. The manager, Mr. E. E. Rose, promises that each presentation of a comic opera will be a brilliant production in itself.

Franz Betz, who had the honor of being the first Hans Sachs and the first Wotan in Wagner's opera celebrated his 60th birthday anniversary last month. He is still "one of the best singers at the Berlin opera, a living proof that Wagner's music does injure the voice."

TALK OF THE THEATRE.

Out on the Biddford, Me., Times they have a dramatic critic who beats Nym Crinkle or Henry A. Clapp all out of breath. Speaking of a recent affair given by a family calling themselves "The Lyric Bard" this keen quill-whittler remarks: "There was a large audience in attendance, the floor and balcony being well filled. The patrons who had ventured out this stormy evening received in return for their money about two hours of punishment, unrelenting and unbroken. To say that their concert was flat would be putting it in mild form. The best act of the entertainment was the omission of two selections on the programme. This the audience heartily endorsed."

Miss Maud Banks has adopted a play from the German called "Wild fire," or "Nature's Test," in which she will shortly be seen at the Fifth Avenue theatre New York. This play is said to be not unlike the "Amazons," although it is more serious in tone.

The Frohmans are said to be negotiating to secure Orrin Johnson, at present of W. H. Crane's company, to play leading parts with Olga Netherole, next season.

Joseph Arthur's next play, entitled "Laisey Woolsey," had its first production at McVicker's theatre, Chicago, last week.

It did not secure the favor accorded either "Bluejeans" or "The Still Alarm."

That clever and winsome young actress—Miss Percy Haswell—who is so well liked in this city, and who for some time past has been a member of Augustin Daly's Company, is in Boston this week. She is with Daly's Company at the Hollis theatre.

Chancey Olcott is credited with having made \$50,000 with "The Irish Artist" this season.

Sadie Martinot next Monday evening will begin a short engagement at the Park theatre, Boston. Her husband, Fred Stinson, died last week. There is no doubt about Sadie being divorced now.

Miss Adelaide Prince, the actress, was quietly married last week at the church of the Incarnation, New York, to Mr. Creston Clarke, grandson of Junius Brutus Booth. Mr. and Mrs. Clarke expect to star together next season in a Shakespearean repertoire.

Frederick Warde and Louis James will star separately next season, says a recent paper.

Coquelin, the celebrated French actor, has said he considered Agnes Booth Shofel "the cleverest American actress he saw in the United States."

Miss Ednorah Nahar, well and favorably known in this city as a dramatic reader proposes to go to Europe in the near future and study for the stage. She may begin her professional career abroad.

Mr. and Mrs. Beerboom Tree have altered the date of their return to the United States and have now fixed their next opening in America for some day in January 1896.

Rosa d'Erina in St. John.

Mme Rosa d'Erina the great Irish prima donna [after years of absence will favor St. John with a visit and will give the recitals in the Opera House on Monday and Tuesday April 29th and 30th. The press everywhere unite in saying that Rosa d'Erina is greater than ever. Her grand voice is now at its best and as an instrumentalist she has no superior. In Halifax last week her recitals created quite an excitement and every paper in that city without exception said the d'Erina recitals were the feature of the season. Rosa's last reception in St. John was regal and compatriots and music loving citizens have a rare treat in store for them next Monday and Tuesday, Mme. d'Erina is assisted by her husband Mr. Vouton a tenor and composer of some note, who moreover excels her as humorist.

AR-TIO NUNBURN.

Acute Sunburn is a Great Annoyance of the Frigid Zone.

To hear of suffering from heat in the Arctic regions sounds incredible to those who have never been there. Lieutenant Gilder relates the experience of his party from this cause while one summer in King William's Land, and declares that probably nowhere on earth is the traveller more annoyed by acute sunburn than in the frigid zone. The heat of ordinary exercise compels him to throw back the hood of his fur coat, and by thus exposing the head not only his entire head becomes blistered, but especially—if he is fashionable enough to wear his hair on the top of his head—his entire scalp is affected about as severely as if a bucket of scalding water had been poured upon him.

At a later period Lieutenant Schwatka's entire party, while upon a sledge journey from Marble Island to Camp Daly, were so severely burned that not only their faces but their entire heads were swollen to nearly twice their size. And a fine looking party they were. Some had faces so swollen that their eyes were completely closed on awakening from sleep. When one was fortunate enough to be able to see the others he could not refrain from laughing. All dignity was lost. Even the august commander of the party was a laughing stock, and though he knew why they laughed at each other he could not understand why he should excite such mirth. Pretty soon he saw his face in a mirror and found that when he tried to smile his lips were so thoroughly swollen that the effect was anything but happy. The contortion expressed sentiment, but hardly that of pleasure. He could readily have been taken for a grinning idiot, or a malicious imitator, according to the preference of the beholder.

KNOWS WHEREOF HE SPEAKS

Golden Words that Heads of Families Should Read.

President A. O. Skinner of the St. John A. A. speaks to the Point.

To praise the bridge that bears you safely is only fair and right. That is the view expressed by Mr. A. O. Skinner, president of the St. John, N. B. Opera House Co., and also president of the St. John Amateur Athletic Association. Mr. Skinner is one of the largest importers of and dealers in carpets in the lower provinces. He is a brother of C. N. Skinner, ex M. P., recorder of the city of St. John.

To use a current phrase, what Mr. Skinner says "goes." He says about Dr. Manning's German remedy, one of the list of famous remedies manufactured by The Hawker Medicine Co., St. John, N. B.

"As a general household medicine I know of nothing to equal Dr. Manning's German remedy. It seems to me there is almost nothing it is not good for. My family sometimes laugh at me for being so enthusiastic over it, but we would not think of being without it in the house. I find it good for cramps or sore throat, or cold or hoarseness. I am troubled a little with indigestion and distress at times after a hearty meal. The German remedy always relieves me. My daughter was so hoarse from cold only the other day that she could scarcely

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ADAMS' LIQUID ROOT BEER! 10c. THIS BOTTLE MAKES TWO GALLONS.

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It securely. Should the infant cry lustily during the ceremony, it is looked upon as a good omen, and its future life will not beset by the Evil One.



Know These Weaknesses "Ha, Dick—glad to see you! I've done the trick at last." "Tow's that, Poeticus, my boy?" "Road to riches sure this time." News paper run by women just started. "Well?" "Sent poetry in. Same old story—declined. Sent back: 'Worth \$20, special price during the holidays, \$10. to clear stock: It went with a rush and I've got a bargain day every week to dispose of a big supply."

In a district school the pupils were asked to define a bee line. A small boy answered: "I know. It's the line a feller makes for home when a bee's stung him."

GENOVA'S WATER FIREWORKS. The municipality of Genova has recently built a new reservoir on the Bessinges Height at an elevation of about 440 feet above the level of the lake. This reservoir is filled by motive power obtained from an artificial fall of the waters of the Rhone, where it leaves the lake. At the entrance to the harbor a waterspout is provided, which is turned on only Sunday and several evenings during the week. This spout is the biggest in Europe, rising to nearly three hundred feet in the air. In clear weather it can be seen from afar, and appears like a sail oscillating in the wind. On summer evenings other beautiful effects are shown, with several smaller fountains electrically illuminated in various colors. These water fireworks, as they style this entertainment, have become great favorites, and the natives and tourists are greatly admiring the innovation.

"Letting Out the Devil." A very strange and ancient custom, which is termed "the letting out of the devil," still prevails at the church of St. Margaret, Margaret Roding, in Essex. Over the vestry door is a small casement window, about four feet by three feet, and whenever the ceremony of christening is to be performed, this window is thrown wide open for the purpose of "letting out the devil" from the child. Directly the service begins, the old sexton—grown grey in the service of the church—climbs up to open the window, and with the concluding words he brings it back with a bang and listens

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PROGRESS.

EDWARD S. CARTER, EDITOR.

Progress is a sixteen page paper, published every Saturday, from its office at 20 to 31 East Front Street, St. John, N. B. Subscription price is Two Dollars per annum, in advance.

Advertisements are accepted at every known news stand in New Brunswick, and in every part of the city, towns and villages of Nova Scotia and Prince Edward Island every Saturday, for Five Cents each.

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SIXTEEN PAGES.

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

THEY WILL WRITE POLITICS.

The Weymouth Free Press does PROGRESS the honor of hereby endorsing its editorial of April 3, entitled "Let Them Write Politics." This article, alluding to the publication of an issue of the Toronto Globe solely the week of women, claimed that the publishers robbed the event of what would make it of unique interest by creating the provision that the woman's Globe be non-political. It was also suggested that it would be an entertaining journalistic event if the two leading papers of Toronto—the Globe and the Mail and Empire—would give their managements into the hands of women for a week, during which time the political issues of the day could be freely discussed from women's as well as from liberal and conservative standpoints.

The Free Press, in commenting upon PROGRESS' article seems to write itself on behalf of the ladies somewhat unnecessarily. It says: "Privileges granted with conditions imposed and reservations made are an ungracious sort of giving; and we doubt not that the women of Toronto who are thus hampered, feel the injustice. It may be that subscriptions to the Globe are falling off and it was to better advertise their paper that this unique departure was allowed, rather than the wish to give women an opportunity to show that they were capable of in the journalistic line. The Globe has probably a poor opinion of woman's intelligence and capability of looking at political questions with that fairness and impartiality that, as a matter of course, ordinarily characterizes the political utterances of that journal, and fears its standing would be injured by the crude opinions of women, in dealing with topics of that nature."

It does not seem to PROGRESS that the publishers of the Globe have been guilty of an ungracious sort of giving, nor that any great injustice has been done the women of Toronto. The Globe publishers probably thought that they were giving the women journalists of Toronto a privilege such as women in America never before had—as indeed they were. The women also seemed to consider the question in this light. It may have been that the desire to particularly interest women in all parts of Canada, whatever their politics might be, induced the publishers to make the paper for the time being non-political. It cannot be that the Globe thought that it was impossible to find a woman who could write intelligently upon the political topics of the day. It must know that some of the cleverest political writers in the United States are women, and the Globe is surely patriotic enough to believe that what the women of the United States can do, the women of Canada can likewise do. Believing this, and that the women had enough to do without writing politics, it seemed to be an instance of self-denial on the part of the Globe to lay aside political editorials for a day at a time when political editorials are of interest. As it was, some of the most interesting by-elections ever held in Canada took place on the day before the woman's Globe was issued.

The suggestion "that subscriptions to the Globe are falling off and it was to better advertise their paper that this unique departure was allowed" is not a very probable one. The venture is a good advertisement for the Globe, but the papers or the people who advertise the most are not likely to be the ones who most need advertising.

It seems that another bright upper Provincial paper, in getting out its woman's edition, intends take part of the suggestion made by PROGRESS, judging from the following rather ungalant paragraph in the Toronto Telegram: "Watch out for the Woman's Hamilton Spectator. It will be a corker. Two live business women will preside over the editorial page and write comments upon Hon. J. M. GINSON and

D'ALTON McCARTHY in the language of the fishmarket.

If the Hamilton Spectator is really going to have a women's political page, it would better make arrangements with its valued contemporary, the Hamilton Times, to run their papers for a week or so in the manner that has been respectfully suggested to the Toronto Globe and the Toronto Mail and Empire. The Spectator and the Times are two of the clearest exponents of political situations from conservative and liberal standpoints in all Canada, and it is far from improbable that the clever Hamilton women one hears so much about should not cause any deterioration of the editorial pages of these papers.

Hundreds of members of temperance societies and school children in the maritime provinces have heard with regret the news of the death of W. JENNINGS DEMOREST, the New York magazine publisher who has distributed education medals to many students in this part of the world. He was an ardent prohibitionist, and introduced his system of giving gold, silver and diamond-mounted medals in order not only to foster that very important and generally very much neglected study, elocution, but also to inculcate prohibition principles, as all the prescribed readings were on temperance subjects. It is said that Mr. DEMOREST furnished at his own expense forty-one thousand of these medals. The late philanthropist was prominently identified with the abolition reform, and was on most intimate terms with GREELEY, BRONSON and SUMNER. In 1885 he organized the National Prohibition Bureau, and later the Constitutional League, by means of which he hoped to carry to the United States supreme court a case attacking the constitutionality of liquor license laws.

It will be remembered that there was once a considerable agitation by colored people in the maritime provinces and some of their white friends because of a hotel proprietor's action in regard to a colored man who wished to dine at his restaurant. A similar question has come before the Alabama legislature, and the following decision has been rendered: The landlord in that state who does not care to entertain a negro guest has a right to make a contract in advance, putting such a price upon the entertainment as he pleases. If the would-be guest assents to the terms offered by the landlord, the latter must entertain him, but those terms to a negro are usually so exorbitant as to be prohibitive.

The Portland Transcript says: "That was both a kind and a wise man who, when about to marry for the second time, settled \$10,000 upon his unmarried daughter. 'I should like to have her go on living at home,' he said, 'but who can tell whether she and her step-mother will be harmonious and quite happy together? She shall feel that she is free to go or stay.' The consequence was mutually happy relations, since both women knew there was no dependence or necessity for them to live in closer relationship than might prove agreeable." The Transcript deserves to poll a large vote of thanks for its hint. All that any man, upon marrying a second wife, has to do in order to propitiate his unmarried daughter, is to settle ten thousand dollars upon her.

The California minister of the gospel who made some defamatory statements regarding a young lady in a public prayer, and was sued for slander, has had to pay damages. The court has decided that no prayer containing a slander, publicly uttered, can be exempt from the legal consequences, and that no communication made by a pastor to his congregation is privileged because of such relation. There can scarcely be a more cowardly way of attacking a person than from a pulpit, and it is pleasing to note that clerical slanderers are getting their due.

The Connecticut lower house has passed bills prohibiting the placing of advertisements on trees, rocks and structures without the owner's consent. If the people were not so slow to realize that the best place to advertise is in a good newspaper, there would be less of placing advertisements where they offend the taste of lovers of the beautiful, even though owners of the property they are placed upon do not object to their presence.

There are several female barbers in Nova Scotia and New Brunswick, and it is generally conceded here that at this business women are not a success. But it seems to be different in the States, judging from the popularity of the new college for barbers in Philadelphia, the president of which is a woman.

The most interesting person in connection with the CURSON-LATTER "international wedding" may not, if she is like some women, be pleased with this item concerning her, which appeared in many papers: "The bride has long been one of the reigning beauties of the American capital." Printer's Ink, in alluding to the statement that women read the advertisements with more interest than the general news-columns of a paper, says, "Why not? What's more interesting to the buying head of a family than news from the selling world?" In connection the question as to whether St. John will have a bath-house or not, it

is interesting to learn that in Tobio there are eight hundred public bath-houses, in which a person can take either a hot or a cold bath for a sum equal to one cent.

There are some parents and guardians in New Brunswick who would like to see a law in operation here like that of the State of New York which prohibits changes in school text-books oftener than once in three years.

A German medical paper informs its readers that an insured man in Germany can claim the whole of his insurance money on the ground that he has lost the means of maintaining himself.

The world is getting better. The wholesale grocers of Iowa have signed an agreement that they will not sell any more 'filled' cheese. The wooden nutmeg still holds the fort, however.

The women of Ohio are now far more backward in voting than in any other of the states where they are given that privilege. The novelty of the idea has worn off.

The practice of kissing the book has been abolished in Pennsylvania, on account of the ubiquity of the bacillus.

The latest place where WILKES BOOTH is living is South America. BILL DALTON is still dead.

It should be remembered that Spain controls the telegraph lines in Cuba.

THE BENO GANG.

One of the Most Daring Bands of Robbers Ever Known.

The first, and probably the most daring band of train robbers that ever operated in the United States was the notorious Reno gang, an association of desperate outlaws who in the years immediately following the war, committed crimes without number in Missouri and Indiana, and for several years terrorized several countries in the region about Seymour in the last named State. The leaders of this band were four brothers, John Reno, Frank Reno, "Sim" Reno, and William Reno, who rivalled each other in a spirit of lawlessness that must have been born in their blood, through the union of a hardy Swiss emigrant with a woman sprung from the Pennsylvania "Dutch." Of the six children from this marriage only one escaped the restless, law-despising taint that made the others desperate characters, this single white sheep being "Clint" Reno, familiarly known as "Honest" Reno, and much despised by the rest of the family for his peaceful ways. Even Laura Reno, the one daughter, famed throughout the West for her beauty, loved danger and adventure, was an expert horsewoman, an unerring shot, and as quick with her gun as any man. Laura fairly worshipped her desperate brothers, who she aided in more than one of their criminal undertakings, shielding them from justice when hard pressed, and swearing to avenge them when retribution overtook them after their day of triumph.

During the war the Renos had become notorious as "bounty-jumpers," and at its close, with a fine scorn for the ways of commonplace industry, these fierce-hearted dashing young fellows, all well-built, handsome men, cast about for further means of excitement and opportunity to make an easy living. Beginning their operations in a small way with house-breaking and store robberies, they soon proved themselves so reckless in their daring, so fertile in expedients, so successful in their coups, that they quickly extended their field until in the early part of 1866, they had placed a wide range under contribution, setting all forms of law at defiance.

The June Musical Festival. The grand musical festival to be given at St. John and Halifax the first week in June by Sousa's famous concert band, America's greatest band, will doubtless prove the grandest musical event in the history of the Maritime Provinces. Sousa's great band is too well known to require any extended introduction. Formed expressly to uphold the honor of America at the World's Fair in competition with the great visiting bands of Europe, such as Kaiser William's band of Germany, it proved one of the leading attractions and earned for itself the title of "America's Greatest Band." Since the Fair closed it has played in concert from ocean to ocean, last year giving over 500 concerts to upwards of a million people, and this year every night is engaged up to 31st December. With the band will appear Miss Marie Barnard, the eminent soprano, and Miss Currie Duke, violinist, a favorite pupil of Joachim, the king of violinists, both of whom will be accompanied by the full band. Sousa as a composer has a world wide reputation, his annual royalty from the J. Church Co. amounting to \$25,000. Very few excursions will be run from all points and the concert and railway tickets will be combined, so that at even less than half fare the public can attend the great festival. Full particulars will be advertised in this paper next week.

Stylish Dress Goods.

Forous to the air while perfectly rain proof, the Cravenette makes up into a stylish costume which ladies much appreciate in spring and summer, in which seasons it can be worn, as it is made in light and heavy weights. There is also a choice of colors, as it comes in Navy, Myrtle, Brown, Grey, Castor, and Black. Cravenette is used for wraps, cloaks, and all over garments. A stylish cloth making a stylish garment, while free from every objectionable feature of the old rubber waterproof goods.

VERSES OF YESTERDAY AND TODAY

Father of Lights, whose gifts exceed all measure, Accuse my poster; The license pure, drawn from a heart's best treasure, To Thee I raise. O God, my God, to Thee I would draw nigh, Most High art Thou, a worm of earth am I. Eternal Son, whose love beyond all telling Demands my song; My sobriest hymn, my voice forever swelling, To Thee belong. O Christ my Lord, who soothest every grief, Lord, I believe, help Thou mine unbelief. O Holy Ghost, from whom all wisdom flows, O'er all Thine awe; Thy Blessed Uction every grace bestoweth On Thine altar. O Thou Great Guide, attend my every hour, Source of all strength, I sorely need Thy power. O Triune God, O Father, Son and Spirit, I Thee adore; Receive my homage through a Saviour's merit, I Thee implore. Prorate in heart, while my eyes I own, Almighty God, I bow before Thy Throne. L. A. H.

Love's Land, O green leaf of the splendid spring, I hear your sweet voices say: The memories your love songs bring Come on the wings of May. O sweet red bud, bring me my rose, And love songs still unang; My answer is the post knows Love's leaf is always young. Pansy Poets, April, 1895. CHAS. GOLDB.

The Battle Flag at Shenandoah. The tented field wore a wrinkled frown, And the emptied church from the hill looked down On the emptied road and the emptied town. That summer Sunday in June. And here was the blue, and there was the grey, And a wide green valley rolled away, Between where the battling armies lay, That sacred Sunday morning.

Young Custer sat, with impatient will, His restless steed, 'mid his troopers still, As he watched with gaze from the o'ke set hill That slight Sunday morning. Then fast he began to chafe and fret; "There's a battle far on a bayonet, Too close to my own true soldiers yet, For ease this Sunday morning."

"Ride over, someone," he haughtily said, "And bring it to me! Why, in barn blood red, Will I flout it this Sunday morning!" Then a West-born lad, pale-faced and slim, Rode out, and touching his cap to him, Swept across, as swift as the swiftest swim That anxious Sunday morning.

On, on, through the valley! up, up, anywhere, That pale-faced lad like a bird through the air Kept on till he climbed the banner there, That bravest Sunday morning!

And he caught up the flag and coiled his waist He wound it tight, and he fled in haste, And his heart was glad, and his eyes were bright, That daring Sunday morning.

All honor and praise to the trusty steed, Ah! boy and banner, and tell Godspeed! With swift feet he bore the flag to the end, That deadly Sunday morning.

Oh, deadly shot! and oh, shower of lead! On iron rail on the brave, bare head! With swift feet he bore the flag to the end, That deadly Sunday morning.

But he gains the oaks! Men cheer in their night! Brave Custer is weeping in his delight! With swift feet he bore the flag to the end, That glorious Sunday morning.

But not! Not a word was the pale boy said, He winds the flag, it is stained and red, With his heart he bore the flag to the end, In God's still Sunday morning.

So wrap his flag to his soldier's breast; Into stars and stripes it is stained and blest; And under the oaks his rest and rest, As he watches today Sunday morning. JOAQUIN MILLER.

Halving Thirty-Seconds. "Now, boys," said the teacher, "I have a few questions in fractions. Suppose I had a piece of beefsteak and cut it into two pieces; what would those pieces be called?"

"Halves!" shouted the class. "Correct. And if I cut each half into two pieces?"

"Quarters!" "That's right. And if the quarters are each cut in halves?"

"Eighths!" "Quite so. And if those were chopped in two?"

"Sixteenths!" "Very good. And when the sixteenths were cut, what would those pieces be called?"

Here there was some hesitation, but in a moment two boys said: "Thirty-seconds!"

"Just right, just right," said the teacher. "And now we will chop those in half. What have we now?"

Silence followed this question, while the boys shifted uneasily and the teacher held his breath. "Do none of you know?" inquired the young man. "Come—I'm sure someone can tell me."

There was a moment's pause, and then a hand was raised, and the smallest boy in the class piped out: "Please, sir, I think I know."

"Well, Johnnie, what?" "Mine," said the youngster; and there was a burst of laughter.

Severe. Some years ago a quondam brigand chief was raised to the presidency of Bolivia. He was noted for his long, shaggy hair and beard, on which he never bestowed the slightest pains. On the day of his election he had to attend mass, in obedience to the usual custom, and a barber was called in to comb and dress the matted hair and beard of his excellency. When the tedious and painful operation was over, an official came in to inform his excellency that there was a criminal sentenced to death, and awaiting execution but that it was customary for a newly-elected president to commute the sentence to a lighter one.

"Well, and what other punishment am I to give him?" inquired the president, still muttering from the recent operation. "Whatever your excellency may please." "Then let him have his hair combed, and have done with it," was the reply.

It is proposed to establish a school near London for the training and discipline of the insubordinate sons of the well-to-do, on the model of an institution which has been a success in France. Paper stockings are coming into extensive use in Germany. They are said to prevent colds.

WHO WILL BE PASTOR?

Why Should Not St. Andrew's Amalgamate With Fort Massey?

HALIFAX, April 25.—St. Andrew's Presbyterian church of this city has not yet made up its mind who its pastor shall be. Indeed the congregation seems very little nearer a chance than it was when Rev. D. M. Gordon was taken from its pulpit and designated to a professorship in Pine Hill college. They have had, and are yet getting, men to preach to them from the "north and the south; the east and the west," but the more preachers they hear the more difficult it seems to be to choose.

The variety of good men available renders a choice as hard to make, or harder, than if there were but one or two first-class men in sight and the remainder of men of smaller calibre. St. Andrew's church finds the "embarrassment of riches" not in their possession of preachers, but in the wealth from which they are called upon to select one to call their own. Make up your minds quickly, people of St. Andrew's, or far better, decide to amalgamate with Fort Massey church, only a stone's throw from your doors! The small amount of endowment you will lose is not worth counting.

In Blissful Ignorance.

The window of one of the leading hotels of the city was the cynosure of the eyes of a large crowd one day this week. There are several brides and bridegrooms staying at this hotel, and one of the brides and one of the grooms were seated by the window. Every five minutes the groom would slip his arm around the waist of the bride, and kiss her much to his satisfaction and to the amusement of the people on the other side of the street. The couple were blissfully ignorant of the fact that they were being watched, and that they disappointed a crowd when they moved away from the window.

Three Trips a Week.

The steamers of the International line begin to make three trips a week to Boston and St. John Monday, April 29. This will give many people the opportunity they have been looking for to make the trip to Boston by boat.

A Ready-Witted Ugly Man.

The Shah of Persia is a despot by virtue of his position. The life of any of his subjects is at his mercy; and it depends upon his temper how he exercises this prerogative. One of the present Shah's predecessors was hunting in the village of Nethes early in the morning, when he suddenly came face to face with an uncommonly ugly man, at the sight of whom his horse started. Being nearly dismounted, and deeming it a bad omen, he called out to have the man's head struck off. The attendants promptly seized the unfortunate peasant, who prayed that he might be informed of his crime.

"Your crime," said the angry Shah, "is your ugly countenance, which is the first object I saw this morning, and which has started my horse."

"Alas!" returned the peasant. "By this reasoning what must I call your Majesty's countenance, which was the first object I saw this morning, and which is now to cause my death?"

The Shah admired ready wit, as his courtiers generally do. He let the man keep his head, and supplemented the gift with a hundred coins.

Plants that are Dyspeptic.

"No, you don't!" would probably have been the exclamation of those remarkably wise and reasoning plants, the dionnea, if they had been attended with speech, when it was attempted to deceive them in respect of their food—an attempt which has never yet succeeded. The dionnea are a species of carnivorous plants which feed upon insects, their leaves closing upon any that come within their grasp, and retaining them until they are digested and absorbed. These plants cannot be deceived, and close only on digestible substances, rejecting without hesitation what is not so, as, for instance, pieces of wood or stone, or the like. The dionnea, too, are epicures in their way, though not teetotalers, for they take milk and wine, but not sugar or tea. Further, these insatiable plants show some curious resemblance to animals, for it is asserted that they both can and do suffer from indigestion, and are, further, apt to starve if animal food be persistently withheld from them.

Wanted to see "Tartarin."

One of the most popular of modern novels is Alphonse Daudet's famous "Tartarin of Tarascon," and as we reap with delight its ever fresh humor we wonder why Daudet has ever written such books as "Sappho" or "The Immortal." But "Tartarin" was not well received by the critics to begin with, and the first ten chapters almost ruined the paper which published them as a serial. It was only when the people found it transferred to the Figaro that they began to laugh over it.

Daudet says that the provencals, thinking themselves ridiculed in the person of Tartarin, cut his acquaintance after the publication of the story, until their thrifty minds discovered that it was actually bringing them trade. People would come to the inn at Tarascon, and ask to see M. Tartarin!

"But he has gone hunting," the innkeeper would say, "and will not return for a week."

The tourists, loth to leave without a glimpse of the famous lion hunter, would stay on week after week, only to be at last disappointed, after they had spent their money.

Would be Repeated.

Dean Church has told a very good story about the eclipse of the sun in 1864. It appears that at Whately—the dean's country parish—the eclipse was a failure. Some wag in the neighbouring county town sent the common crier round to announce that, in consequence of the disappointment, the eclipse would be repeated next day.

"I don't know," says the dean, "what effect the announcement had; I only know that the bellman took the fee and very solemnly went round crying the intelligence."

SOCIAL AND PERSONAL.

HARBOUR.

APRIL 24.—Rev. Fr. Hebert of St. Paul was the guest of Mr. James Buckley this week.

Mr. J. H. Abbott, late agent of the Merchants bank at Kingston, passed through here en route today to Moncton to assume the agency of said bank in that city.

Mr. John Stevenson of the Crown Lands department left here this morning for Bathurst.

Rev. J. B. Laidlaw was at St. John's on Monday evening and went to Chatham the following morning.

Mr. Beverly Smith, ex-conductor of the B. and M. Railway, was in Harcourt yesterday, as also was Mr. Oswald Smith of Kingston.

Mr. J. R. Ayer of Sackville was here today going north.

Mr. Allan McLellan of Newcastle has accepted a position in Mr. James Browdy's business house.

Mr. John W. Miller of Millerton was here on his semi-monthly visit yesterday.

Mrs. McDougall, who spent the winter in Chatham has returned to Harcourt.

Rev. Mr. Hamilton—not the Kingston clergyman—occupied the pulpit at the St. John's church here on last Sunday morning and evening, preaching to large congregations.

Mr. A. McIntosh, who represents the Crown Lands department in this neighborhood today, is Mr. Robert MacPherson, an I. C. B. officer, is away on a visit.

BATHURST.

[Progress is for sale in Bathurst by Master Joe Locke.]

APRIL 24.—On Tuesday evening our people had an opportunity of witnessing one of the prettiest operettas ("Tyrolean Queen") given in our town. The costumes of the thirty girls comprising the fair, mountain-girls and gnomes who took part were exceedingly pretty and effective, the voices were well chosen; particular mention is given to Miss Beattie Bishop as "Tyrolean Queen" who did her part beautifully. The children were taught and trained by Miss Emma Burns and much credit is due to that young lady; every one is praising her praises. The proceeds go to the Newfoundland sufferers.

On last Monday night the members of the Sacred Heart choir met at the Keary house for the purpose of presenting the organs, Mr. J. Keary, with an appropriate gift as recognition of the great services he has rendered the choir as organist for the past four years. Mr. Keary leaves on Saturday for Halifax where a position awaits him. He is a young gentleman who is liked and respected by all who know him; he is also a brilliant musician and a member of the Bathurst quartet; he will be missed very much, and all wish him every success in his new sphere. The Bathurst quartet presented him with a set of handsome cuff links.

Mrs. Deane and MacKenzie, of Dalhousie, have been in town for some days on business.

Miss E. Young, Carleton, is visiting friends in town.

Miss M. Burns, has returned after a pleasant trip to Amherst and Halifax.

Mrs. McMillan has returned to St. John to visit her daughter, Mrs. W. Lawler.

Hon. F. J. Ryan, Fredericton, is in town visiting friends.

Mrs. Flanagan, Chatham, is the guest of Mrs. T. F. Keary.

ADDITIONAL HALIFAX NOTES.

APRIL 24.—Sergeant Major and Mrs. Dorman moved across the Arm on Monday. They are the first to go of the many who intend spending the summer there. As yet it is rather cold for the country, and the cottages that have been shut up all winter, are most apt to be both cold and damp.

The "Numidia" which sails on Saturday takes away a few more of our Halifax people. Mrs. Jerry Keary is going home for two months, she will bring back her niece, Miss Nettie Hewitt with her.

Miss Noyes, after a year's visit, is also going on Saturday and her friend, Mrs. Hart is accompanying her.

Mrs. James Morrow left on Tuesday for Toronto, where she will stay a few weeks.

Miss Lena Henry 's also going to Toronto, in May, as secretary of the Woman's National council of Canada.

Mrs. Courtney returned on Saturday from Boston. She leaves almost immediately for England with Miss Courtney, who has been and is still very far from well. It is greatly hoped the sea voyage will be beneficial to her. The bishop is at present in Kingston, Ontario.

Mrs. George Fracklyn is on the high road to recovery and sails on Thursday from New York for Jamaica. Miss Fracklyn is going with her mother.

Mr. George Fracklyn left for South America again this week, stopping in New York on his way.

Mrs. S. Rigby and her sister-in-law, Miss Rigby have been spending a few days with Mrs. Jim Blair, on their way to Cape Breton.

Rumor says there are to be two dances, but alas! rumor often lies and I am afraid she does in this case. The result of the successful ball last week was four hundred dollars added to the funds of the woman's work exchange, which will pay off all the debt and give them something to the good.

Miss Ella Seaton is giving a tea on Saturday as a farewell to Miss Noyes, who is starting with her. Miss Seaton's sister, Mrs. Stewart is soon going away. Her husband has received an appointment in Glasgow, which will last for two years.

Mr. J. D. Ritchie has returned from his trip to Bermuda and New York. Dr. Wickwire did not come with him having gone on to Washington.

Mr. Hartley has recovered from his attack of quinsy and is again. His wife and husband have decided to stay on in Halifax for the few months that the regiment will remain in the city. That Halifax favorite, Miss Julia Arthur has been taken into Irving's company, and has been to hear her soon.

SYDNEY, N. B.

[Progress is for sale in Sydney by John McKean and G. J. McKinnon.]

APRIL 23.—Mr. Charles Burchell, who has been attending Dalhousie college, returned home on Wednesday last.

Mr. Arthur Mosely is at home for his vacation. Rev. John Falconer is spending a few days at home.

Miss Rigby, Miss H. Jean and Miss Milliken, of Glouce Bay, spent a few days in town last week.

Miss Johnstone is visiting at Sydney Mines. CHERRY BARR.

MAUGERYVILLE.

APRIL 22.—Mr. Harry F. DeVoeber has gone to Boston for optical treatment.

Miss Mamie Miles has returned to her home in Kingsclear.

Miss Eliza Miles is visiting in Gibson, York Co. Rev. B. E. Dibble went to St. John yesterday. Miss Frances B. Perley, of St. John, spent the Easter vacation at her home here.

Miss Mamie Magee, who is attending the Normal school, spent the Easter vacation at her home here. An Easter concert was given in the Baptist church by local talent assisted by Miss Miles, on Easter Sunday.

Services were held in Christ church on Easter Sunday at 8 o'clock and 7 p. m. The altar was beautifully decorated with cut flowers, and appropriate music was rendered. LITTLE LEAF.

Pupils' Recital This Afternoon.

The pupils recital of the St. John Conservatory of Music will be held this afternoon in the Market Building at the usual hour. There will be an entertainment given by the pupils and teachers of the conservatory, Monday evening, April 29th, in the Market Building, to begin at 8 o'clock. The programme will consist of readings, music and tableaux.

Social and Personal.

THE CELEBRATED WELCOME SOAP FOR SALE BY ALL GROCERS.

Fertilizers. Imperial Superphosphate, Potato Phosphate, Fruit Tree Fertilizer, Bone Meal.

Provincial Chemical Fertilizer Co., Ltd., St. John, N. B. Earnscliffe Gardens, CONTAINING TRIED AND APPROVED LIME.

Peach, Pear and Apple Stock for Spring Planting. PLUMS—2,000 young trees of best commercial varieties, chiefly on native stocks.

W. C. ARCHIBALD, Wolfville, N. B.

Priestley's BLACK DRESS FABRICS. Are they not exquisite in their soft rich texture? Is the constant remark of ladies touching Priestley's famous black dress goods.

The Warm Weather IS COMING. Be ready. We have just received a fine line of REFRIGERATORS for this season's trade.

SHERATON & WHITTAKER, 88 KING STREET. P. S. Heating Stoves taken down and stored for the season by competent workmen.

S. C. PORTER, Ladies' Shirt Waists, Chemsettes and Fronts. We opened today Ladies' Shirt Waists, Chemsettes and Fronts. in White and Colors, including many new and stylish makes.

St. John—South-End. Long will they, day after day, given by Lieut. Col. Tucker and the officers of the 2nd Fusiliers, linger in the minds of those who were fortunate enough to be present.

The reception committee included Col. Tucker, Major and Mrs. McLean, Sergt. Major and Mrs. Sturdee and others, who for a time were kept very busy receiving the numerous guests.

Between eleven and twelve o'clock the supper room was thrown open and the guests were admitted in a manner that kept down the crush until such places. The prevailing colors in the arrangement of this room were crimson and white; the center-piece was very elaborate and consisted of four sides twined with smilax, roses and mayflowers.

Among the Amherst ladies who were visitors in St. John lately are Mrs. E. M. Verret, Mrs. George Davis and her daughter, Miss Emma Davis, Miss Julia Whitley of Lincoln, N. B., spent the Easter holidays with friends in this city.

The death of Miss Lettie V. Golden, grand-daughter of the late W. H. Jones, occurred at Torbay last week and was heard with regret by many in St. John who knew Miss Golden. For some time she had attended the Kerr business college and was known as a particularly bright and clever young lady.

The reunion of the congregation of St. Mary's church on Tuesday evening was a very agreeable affair; the Orpheus orchestra was present and discoursed sweet music at various intervals during the evening; recitations and songs made the evening pass very quickly and pleasantly.

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WE Handle RELIABLE Lines such as The QUADRANT, ROYAL ENFIELD, &c., and understand our business.

F. H. TIPPET, & Co., IMPORTERS, ST. JOHN.

HOT or COLD, WHICH

If YOU want to keep warm this winter, come to our store and buy a HEATING STOVE, and your home will be warm. We have a great variety. Hard or Soft Coal or Wood; all sizes, all prices. It is worth your while to see our stock of RANGES and HEATING STOVES.

COLES & SHARP, 93 Charlotte Street

ASK YOUR DEALER FOR IMPERIAL SHADES.

MENZIE, TURNER & Co., Cheapest, Strongest, Best. Sold by all reliable dealers.

WANTED 1000 MEN'S FELT AND FUR HATS

To Re-dye a Finish Gents, you can save from \$1.00 to \$2.00 by not throwing away your HAT because it is soiled, faded and out of shape. See Specimen Samples at our office and be convinced.

American Dye Works Co., Works Elm Street, North End.

All-a-Samee Cheroots 4 FOR 10c

All Imported Tobacco. 10c. Better than most 5 Cent Cigars. As good as the ordinary 10 Cent Cigar. It is the manufacturer's profit that has to be cut down when hard times come. Every smoker should try these Cheroots. Assorted colors. For sale by tobacco dealers everywhere.

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Keep Your Feet Dry

If you catch cold now it will hang on all summer. Wear Granby Rubbers. They are the best and last longest. Perfect in Style, Fit and Finish. THEY WEAR LIKE IRON.

Use Only Pelee Island Wine Co's Wine

OUR BRANDS: DRY CATAWBA, SWEET CATAWBA, ISABELLA, ST. AUGUSTINE, (Registered), CLARET, MAISON 1868, 1869. E. C. SOOVIK, AGENT PELEE ISLAND GRAPE JUICE, ST. JOHN, N. B.

...mother's Milk. ...Montreal.

Wedding CAKES... Harry Webb Toronto

Royal Emulsion... World's Medicine.

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Word... the... dies.

...nasty, ill smelling... get better results...

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...DIAN... ONLY... CONTINENTAL... m. Daily, ...EXCEPTED, ...DETROIT, CHICAGO, ...m. Daily, ...FREE TEST OF K. D. C. AND PILLS, ...K. D. C. Co., Ltd., ...NEW ORLEANS, N. B., ...AND ST. JOHN, N. B.



Ayer's Pills For Stomach and Liver... Highest Awards at World's Fair.

ANNAPOLIS ROYAL... April 24.—Mr. Arthur Spiny, of Yarmouth, was the guest of Mrs. L. M. Johnson.

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PROGRESS, SATURDAY, APRIL 27 1895.

WHAT MAKES A LOVELY WOMAN?

Is it Form or Figure, Face or Feature, or Merely Character and True Womanhood Shining Out From the Soul?—A Question Most Difficult to Answer Partially Solved at Least by the Views of Twenty Notable People.

The "woman question" has become one of the questions of the day. The new generation of hysterical English novelists has magnified it into an importance far beyond its deserts. In its crises over the Tribllys and the Tesses of contemporary fiction, the old-fashioned woman seems to have gone to the wall. It has been with the hope of bringing her forward again that this query has been put to a few famous people as to what the charm of women is really due. However varied their answers may be, they show one thing, that the old-fashioned woman lives in the hearts of every one to-day, and that such as she is invariably wanted for guide, counsellor, mother and wife. It is a vindication of the "womanly woman."

Mrs. Kendall's Views.

We are all lovely in somebody's eyes. For instance, no matter how plain a child may be, in its mother's eyes it is a thing of beauty. Charles Dickens says "plain women always talk of their brains," and quite right that they should, if their brains are worth talking about. He also says in one of his works, "Eyes may fade, hair fall off, cheeks wither, and wrinkles come, but the touch of a beautiful hand never dies." The power of brain and the touch of a hand rise to my mind at this moment, when I think of that never to be forgotten woman, George Eliot. When people first saw her she struck them as being really plain, but when she began to talk, that opinion changed.

"Her voice was ever low and sweet, an exquisite thing in woman." And George Eliot's voice was low and sweet—a most exquisite voice. Her words were always well chosen. Whenever she wished to impress you very much, she would lay her hand on your arm or shoulder. Plainness vanished, and she became in the eyes of those who loved her, quite beautiful. It is not what we are, but the eyes of the people that regard us that makes us either beautiful or plain. If some one wishes to take out and view us through a pair of crystal spectacles, we shall appear precisely as they see us.

If, on the contrary, they use a pair of green spectacles, they shall see us from their own point of view, most of our disagreeable traits appearing, even to an exaggerated degree, before them.

Every woman at some time or other in her life has wished for a beautiful face, but many have had to be content without it. God has given us compensating measures for everything. I have met many beautiful women in my life, and I have only fault to find with them. They do not cross "the bridge of years" with proper equanimity. They get a little irritable, to put it mildly, when they first discover that the Gentleman with the Wings is bidding them "good evening" and that the Gentleman with the Scythe is most anxious to make their acquaintance. Now, the Gentleman with the Wings treats us all more or less alike—in a light-hearted and genial manner, touching us sometimes with his golden arrow, lightly and pleasantly and is more or less by our side all the days of our lives. But the Gentleman with the Scythe is a very different person altogether. He will make our acquaintance whether we like it or not, and he is a most peculiar person. Some women, when they know he is coming to knock at their door, hide themselves in the cellar—placing cosmetics on their faces and hands on their heads—they refuse to admit him, and tell their butler they are out. The weight of the scythe the gentleman carries is heavy, and he considers it his privilege to knock at everybody's door when he chooses. But the clever, bright woman, knowing he is coming, meets him on the threshold, saying, "Come in, Mr. Time; I am very pleased to see you! How do you do? Welcome! I was expecting you; pray come in and rest a little. Let me relieve you from some of your difficult duties." This gentleman expands immediately into a beautiful smile, and, seeing before him a sensible-minded woman, touches her forehead, her eyes, and her hair with a very gentle hand, and pays her only a short visit.

These are the women who go over "the bridge of years" easily, and this is the compensating measure that the Almighty Power has meted out. In every country youth and beauty is worshipped, but nowhere more than in America.

Some women tell us they wish to be beautiful for the sake of their own sex only. I do not believe them. Beauty is given us certainly to please all. But, nowadays, the young girl knows it will buy her title, position, or anything else she may most desire. To those who possess it, I give my hearty congratulations. Let them preserve it in purity and nobility. But the plain, homely women need not despair. They can still fall back upon the intelligence of their brains, and the respect of mankind, if they cannot gain their fervid admiration.

MADGE KENDALL.

One "Loveliest Woman." A lovely woman is always a beautiful woman. She may not be a beautiful woman outside; but inside—oh, my! isn't she an angel! No? Some think of call-

ing her beautiful. Eyes black or blue? Nobody ever noticed them. She suits us," they say. "She is just right."

My lovely woman is merry-hearted and fun-loving. She is bewitching, without a spark of envy or malice in her whole composition. She has always a kind word and a pleasant smile for the oldest man or woman. She is a perpetual sunbeam. Everybody loves her, from rich old Bunbury, who lives in the big house on the hill, to the negro hack driver. "She's just the right sort of a girl," they all say. "She'll do to tie to." The beaux of the town vie with each other in showing her attention. She does not flirt, but she is honest and loving to all. So the young men just adore her.

Do girls love her, too?

Why, yes. She never says spiteful things behind their backs. She gives pleasure only. The girls all come to her for help and advice. When Jennie comes to her with her eyes all red and says, "I hate Willie Peters," my lovely girl says, "Tut, tut, Jenny, don't cry any more," and she manages to meet Willie and talks so sweetly about Jennie that Willie's eyes are all tears too. Then when Jennie and Willie meet, the trouble is settled, and Willie squeezes Jennie's hand, and the old love is all on fire again.

Old ladies say: "She is simply delightful!" My lovely girl knows just how to manage them. She listens to their tales of rheumatism and neuralgia until they feel cured, and when they meet the doctor they forget their sickness, and exclaim only, "Isn't Mamie Gardner sweet?"

But by-and-by my lovely girl gets married. The young and elegant clergyman from the neighboring town hears about her and falls in love with her character before he meets her. But his marriage my lovely girl, and then the villagers crowd around and tell him what a prize he has won. The handsome preacher's parsonage is a haven of love. Mamie's music and embroidery come to where. The young christians come to her with their love troubles, and the deacons with their doctrinal disputes. She settles them all, and even the tenor and the alto in the choir kiss and make up. Clapping Mamie round the neck, they say: "You are the loveliest creature in this world."

ELI PECKINS.

A lovely woman? How shall we define her? Is she not beyond definition, a being not "too wise and good for human nature's daily food," a person tranquil, self-possessed, piquant, beautiful, amiable, firm, gentle, willful perhaps, yet reasonable, strong yet tender, with wide sympathies, with loyal home loves, from youth to age responsive to all high influences in her intercourse with others essentially and always a lady, and always interesting?

MARGARET E. SANGSTER.

"Beauty Without Grace."

If Emerson may be quoted, every spirit makes its house. Comeliness of form and of face is not uncommon; but "beauty without grace is the hook without the bait." As a man thinketh in his heart, so is he. The inner pattern must express itself outwardly. All high beauty has a moral element in it, which assures attractiveness and endurance. "Character gives splendor to youth, and awe to wrinkled skin and grey hairs." It is related that an actress of high renown in early youth was too plain in her own estimation for success on the stage. So she determined to become beautiful; surrounded herself with beautiful things, read beautiful books, compelled her thoughts towards the beautiful, until in the lapse of time, the miracle was wrought, and she became noted for personal beauty as well as for histrionic ability. Beauty is a development; a progression. To again quote Emerson: "A woman may speak, vote, argue cases, legislate, drive a coach, if it only comes by degrees." The "Caring Woman" may, therefore, take heart of hope; and every woman may be beautiful in the degree that she plans for it, as the reflex of character rather than of a mirror; a thing of the spirit, rather than of paste and powder.

ELLIAN W. HALPORD.

From New England.

You are quite right in considering that sweetness and strength of character constitute the truest loveliness of woman.

MARY E. WILKINS.

Says Mrs. Dahlgren.

The loveliest woman is she whose large-heartedness makes her forget herself. She is magnetic because she is unselfish.

She is refined because she considers others.

She has a pleasing expression because she is good.

When in addition she is intelligent she becomes a leading force without knowing it.

If God has given her talent, if she is an original thinker, she is a factor in the world's progress, without being as-

Thus men lean upon her for sympathetic aid, where they might refuse her leadership if she claimed it.

The inner soul alone can give that grace and sweetness and indefinable charm that make women womanly.

MADREINE VINTON DAHLGREN.

A Voice From The Church.

A lovely woman is a woman who without artifice wins the love of those who know her best; the woman who has strength and symmetry of personal character: who follows a true and lofty ideal with a firm will, and who adjusts herself with grace to the sphere which becomes her. She may be required to do what we call outside work for her living and for the support of those dependent upon her, but the womanly quality is so manifest in all her movement and spirit that the demands of business, the firmness, the purity which are always associated in the mind of wise men with the true ideal of womanhood.

JOHN H. VINCENT, B.ishop.

Mrs. Lease's Ideal.

That rare unselfishness, which, leaving no thought for effect or result, prompts the thoroughly natural bestowal of gracious acts kind words and pleasant looks, which sweeten the giver and strengthen the receiver. Such a character brightens and blesses the world, and all who come within the radius of her presence exclaim involuntarily, "She is a lovely woman!"

MARY ELIZABETH LEASE.

They are Angels.

When I was a boy I thought that women were angels. Now that I have been married nineteen years, I know they are. That is the sum of my life's experience, and I ask of my husband no better assurance that they will never go far astray than that they shall enter upon life with that conviction. Strong and beautiful angels they are to me, better, gentler, wiser in all their innocent of business and business ways than the rest of us. A woman wrote the story book I love best of all I ever read—which I read yet whenever I can lay my hands upon it. Women undo with their hearts nine-tenths of the wrongs done in this world with their head. Woman knows how to comfort without a word where men waste—worse than waste—long sermons.

A woman was my mother, is my sister, my wife. And two little women, as yet with baby bangs, are winding themselves about my heart-roots closer every day. What have I got to do with the "new woman," the woman of the newspapers? She does not exist. She is masquerading there. Put her in the home and see how she looks. Ten to one—yes, a hundred to one—she turns out what she ever is to the man who looks into her—and woe to the one who does not—his good and guardian angel, truly and always his better half.

JACOB A. RISS.

Lovely Women.

A lovely woman is womanly in all things, self-sacrificing, gentle, tender, true, full of sympathy, ready to listen, and to do little acts of kindness, as well as great, brave and decided in the right, yet yielding in matters of slight importance. "Home-maker" could be applied to such a woman, for a sense of home comes with her presence, little children are attracted to her, old people love her, and even the animals feel her magnetism. Sisterhood in its broad sense is understood by her, and she appreciates and understands the girls and women with whom she comes in touch, even if they are in different social circles. Heartly, sympathetic, loving smiles are visible signs of the lovely or lovable woman, and what strength, cheer and encouragement these smile sunbeams develop!

With the above in mind it is delightful to realize that lovely women are found everywhere, in hospital wards, in dreary tenement house surroundings, in crowded school rooms, in the busy rush of store life in dressing establishments, in the noisy din of factory life, in the way-side cottages, in the large city homes. Dress and surroundings make little difference, and age does not count; sweetness, sympathy, love, with tactful common sense are the common property, and when they are found a lovely woman or her influence has been found. Above all, homes reveal them, for the loveliest of women are the true-mothers, tender, charming, self-sacrificing. They should be honored and revered, for so many follow out in their lives these beautifully expressed lines:

"A partnership with God is motherhood; What strength, what purity, what self-control, What love, what wisdom, should belong to her Who helps God fashion an immortal soul!"

GRACE H. DODGE.

In A Nutshell.

"What constitutes a lovely woman?" you ask. Why charm, surely. What is charm? Who knows? Can you analyze the perfume of a flower?

LOUISE CHANDLER MOULTON.

A Famous New York Doctor.

Woman's loveliness is effected through, first, her body; second, her mind, and third, her heart. When any of these three are beautiful, she is near perfection as anything on earth can be. Mere beauty of body, however, constitutes the least of her attractions. Though its power to attract is very great, it is short-lived, soon fades, and man's love for it scarcely outlasts the hour of possession. Beauty of mind—intel-

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tual brilliancy—in time proves tiresome, its charms pass away; then, too, the very seeds of discord lie ready sown, and the spring into life and choke the flowers of friendship and love as soon as a man discovers her mental superiority.

Beauty of heart "endureth forever." It has been aptly said the most beautiful thing in the world is Charity—charity in its broad sense. Sympathy, tenderness and love in the heart of woman illumine every line of her face with their halo of beauty. They shine in her eyes and are reflected in the sweet tones of her voice. More than this, the woman who is beautiful in heart is generally healthy and is always gifted with a well-balanced mind. The calming effect of such temperament on the bodily functions of its possessor results in healthfulness, and good health underlies real corporal beauty. The well-balanced mind recognizes and avoids dangers that threaten the body, and adopts a rational, wholesome mode of living.

Those loveliest women are those who are tender, sympathetic, unselfish, noble and good. Thank God for it. The world and especially America, with many such one a blessing, or life would not be worth the living.

CYRUS EDSON.

Marie Jansen Very Serious.

Lovableness is the test of loveliness. Qualities of nature and elements of character are its essential components. "Heart on her lips, and soul within her eyes, Soft as her climate and sunny as her skies." I think Byron's couplet suggests three prime attributes: Sincerity, gentleness and good-nature.

Sincerity is essentially to loveliness, for it is necessary to love. It is the bulwark of all true friendship. This noblest of virtues find the limit of its worth when incarnate in woman, and lifts her high towards the summit of human loveliness. The many absurd limitations of "polite society" may account for the silly affectations and petty deceptions peculiar to our sex. Naturalness is the highest art on the stage—in the real life of woman a quality of peculiar and refreshing fascination.

At a time when "woman's rights" have come to mean man's as well, and also the assumption of his occupations and attire, it may be well to remember that gentleness is woman's inborn and distinctive charm. Its absence weakens and unsexes her; its presence is essential to her power and loveliness. Gentleness and modesty seem ten forgotten or despised by the shrill-tongued clamorers for woman's "emancipation"—accent on the "man"—who appeal to man's chivalry in one breath and deny its existence in the next. The age of chivalry is past—for them. No cavalier of old would break a lance to win the trouting of independence of that twentieth century freak "The New Woman"; but for her "pentil ladye" (not even yet, absolute) there are knights to-day as brave and ready to enter the lists as were their armored ancestors.

Good nature creates loveliness and compels love. It is a source of soft and enduring than physical charms or intellectual attainments, it can transform ugliness into beauty and make dullness impossible. At some time and to some extent it is found in every one. We may cultivate, neglect or kill it. These are even come to command it. These are they who have come to make life worth the living and who have learned the secret of its happiness. Without disparaging any of the attributes that compose the infinite charms of feminine loveliness, it is my motion that the sufficient possessions of the qualities mentioned bestow it upon every woman. My ideas are not original, perhaps, not even "up to date"—but is feminine loveliness really fin de siècle?

MARIE JANSEN.

Said My Fanny Davenport.

I am almost distrust with work, and responsibility, and if asked what "woman" really was at this moment, I should say something nigh a dry horse, but a truce to badinage. "Woman," real, true, sweet woman, is one who lives for others, who lives to make her dear ones happy, not altogether by bestowing, but in a thousand little kind and thoughtful acts; who lives to find the sensitive points, and not wound them, to find the weak ones, and consider them. I know two women who are my ideals of womanhood. One has long since passed

to the bright beyond, a gentle and child-like soul, who was so beautiful in spirit that when she was brought into contact with the world its roughness rolled off like water, who was as pure as the new fallen snow, whose character as a wife was an example to all—my mother. Her children could, indeed, rise up and call her blessed.

Some women are made for homelife, some for workers in the busy world, and the latter in braving its bustle and temptations long for but never reach the restful goal.

But even in the world there are a thousand opportunities for the impress of woman's gentleness, and woman's proud est gifts—content and the giving of pleasure to her sisters who are less blessed in worldly possessions, though rich in God's. That constitutes a lovely woman. So let us accept our lot—whatever it be—let us try to be content, to contrast our lives with the lives of others, and see how much we have that they have not. This will make womanliness, and raise us to that height all women aim for—loveliness, and to be the respected, honored, worshipped companion of man.

FANNY DAVENPORT.

A Question of the Soul.

I have seen numberless women of unclassical form, irregular features, and complexion other than that of the milkwhite do," who were beautiful, charming and lovely. I have known such women, whose physical appearance entered not the mind of any one in their presence.

Again, I have seen women with the figure and the face of the Milonian Venus, who were unlovely, or even repellent by reason of their vanity, selfishness, flippancy, venality, or other vile traits. The soul! the soul! the visible soul, is beauty and divinity.

JOHN SWINTON.

A Famous Reformer.

The auld lang syne "lady-woman" is comparatively extinct with the present generation. Earnest, thoughtful, prepossessing womanhood has been in fact much the same from beginning, as it will be to the end, yet we can truthfully assert that the Sister is not a step behind her Brother in making truly valuable progress for the human family. "Lovely woman" is in truth not alone, by any means, to be found in the "New Woman," or in the "Past Woman." Lovely womanhood has been lovely in all conditions of the past, present, and will be in the future. I am sure no greater perfection of loveliness was attained in the sweet, chaste girlhood of our own New England, or any other spot on earth, than can be found among the average sweet girlhood that is earnestly studying along the various lines in our colleges of to-day. These girls are truly lovely in character and mind. There is a frankness of manner, a self poise, a beauty of personality that affects every man and woman. God never created more companionable woman for wives, mothers, and wise counselors with men, than these very girls give promise of becoming. There are examples of foolish weakness, displayed by flippant girls of this generation, but even they will compare favorably with the New England Seminary girls, who laced themselves to the bed-posts, and slept in their corsets in our mother's or grand-mother's time.

Let any one give a glance at the organizations and representative women which have just formed the Convention held by the National Council of Women in Washington. The grand, eloquent, intellectual women who made their mark, and possibly lasting impression, did well, for which the whole nation has reason to be proud; but what of the earnest, plodding, aggressive workers who compose these organizations, and wield mighty power in work and prayer behind the scenes of the grandest public see women who render the greatest public service to the race, generally represent the most attractive, companionable home-makers, wives and mothers. A diversity of gifts is usually preferable in women, as in men, to having one quality amount to genius to the exclusion of most others. We cannot have too much of a good thing in mother-love, but we can have too much upon any special gospel truth to the exclusion of others of equal importance.

The attractions of the sweet, chaste virgin, sung by the rone, coupled with a trumpet-ting of the importance of increased mother-love and home training, have become wearisome. It is time for women to dilate upon the duties and privileges of father-love toward their own offspring, as fathers and bachelors have assumed, for so long a period the privileges of teaching and preaching at length concerning the duties and privileges of womanhood.

The time is fully ripe for women to cease their humiliations of man, by assigning to him his general mission of money-earner and financial provider for himself and family.

We want the inalienable right of every child satisfied with a reasonable amount of companionship with the father.

Woman's loveliness of character, and development in personality is just as dependent upon the wisest and best development of man, as man is for the most perfect development upon womanhood.

ELIZABETH B. GRANNIS.

From Bill Nye.

It is not possible for me to describe exactly in cold type what constitutes a lovely woman, but I have no difficulty whatever in detecting the same, and if any of your readers are so helpless that they need printed instructions to aid them in discovering a lovely woman the Fool Killer is not earning his salary.

BILL NYE.

Lovable and Lovely.

I think the loveliest quality that a woman can have is sympathy. One who is honestly interested in other people, and who has dainty ways and looks, however plain the Lord may have made her face, will please those who meet her; and make those who know her love her; and she is surely a lovely woman if not a lovely one. The loveliest charm that a woman can have is not beauty, but grace. I think I should say that a woman who had grace and sympathy was a lovely woman.

OCTAVIE THANET.

A War Horse's Thoughts.

As this question must be answered according to each one's tastes, it must result in anything but exact definition.

As woman must be loved for some leading and many minor qualities, as her physical beauty, her intellectual powers and her character, or sentiment, it would be enough to say that the most beautiful, the most intellectual and best cultured woman, would be the "most lovable woman."

But as your correspondence must result in individual preferences,—"Chacun a son gout"—I can only speak for myself. I draw a distinction between love and passion.

I speak of the love between the sexes. Love is of the soul, passion of the body. Love elevates and is immortal, passion may degrade and dies.

Nature forbids us to love a monster, a marked deformed man, or a genus or species—but I think love depends more on the sentimental qualities than physical beauty. Therefore beauty is not the prime force in a "lovely woman." Hence the aptothen—"Pretty is she who prettily does." Having said this much of positive constituents of a "lovely woman," I conclude that she must follow Nature's laws, must be passive, not aggressive, not a leader, but the supplement to the man; filling separate but equally glorious and necessary spheres. She is the angel sent by God from the unknown past and future, the first and last of spiritual creation, crowning his works of a beneficent and everlasting Cosmos.

CASSIUS MARCELLUS CLAY.

Daniel Frohman's Epigram.

The most delightful traits of character in women are in my mind epitomized in the word character. DANIEL FROHMAN.

Blackie as a Magician.

Many years ago, says the London Daily News, "the Wizard of the North" gave some performances in Edinburgh, and Professor Blackie was one of the crowd who went to see them. As he was making his way in he felt something at his coat-tail, and putting his hand in his pocket, he found an egg. This he took out, and most strictly transferred it to the pocket of a young man just in front of him—a person as unlike himself as can well be imagined. Arrived in the hall, he remarked where this young man placed himself, and chose his own seat in a corner as remote as possible. When the time came for "Wizard" Blackie to "trouble" him for the egg, he said and explained that he had nothing of the sort in his pocket, but that he believed "this gentleman" could produce it, holding to the established view, "man, whose surprise, however, by no means equalled that of the "Wizard."

THE MAN AND THE BAG.

When I was a youngster I was a foolish harem-scrambler, always getting into scrapes; and one of them led to the loss of my situation. I had been a clerk in a cotton-broker's office in Liverpool, and as I could not find another berth, I sank lower and lower till I got to my last half-crown. One winter's day I went over to Birkenhead in quest of work, and having failed to get any, I was returning to Liverpool a little before nightfall, hungry and miserable.

You know those big ferry-boats that ply between Liverpool and Woodside, with the lower glass houses on deck? Well, I was sitting in one of them during the crossing, when I noticed a slim young man, in a brown overcoat that looked too big for him, sitting near me.

Beside him on the seat was a black shiny bag, such as lawyers carry papers in. He seemed rather nervous, and I noticed that he threw distrustful, apprehensive glances at a big, bushy-whiskered, red-faced man who was standing just outside the doorway and looking at the little man beside me from time to time.

As the boat moved off, the man in the brown overcoat sidled along a little nearer to me, and after a good look at my face—reassured, I suppose, by what he saw there—he said, with a half-smile—

"I beg your pardon, sir, but would you be willing to do me a favor?"

"That depends," said I, also smiling.

"What is it?"

"Only, if you wouldn't mind going home with me."

"What are you afraid of?"

"To tell the truth, I am."

I laughed, rather impudently, I confess; but the little man was not offended.

"Afraid of that red-faced man out there?"

"It's this way," said he. "I am a clerk in Paignton, Hughes, Paignton's, solicitors, in Castle Street. You may have heard of them."

I said I thought I knew the name of the firm.

"I have been attending a settlement over in Birkenhead—a settlement of a very difficult business, that we have had on hand for some months."

"That big man out there, Barlow, is our client's opponent. After a long correspondence, we got him to promise to sign the deeds we wanted him to sign, and a meeting was fixed for this afternoon."

"It's been an awful job! Barlow raved, and swore he would be revenged on some of us; and at one time I really thought he was going to murder our client. I was as nearly as possible rushing out and crying for the police."

"However, he gave in, and signed the deeds; but it had been known that he knew five minutes later, he never would have done it."

"The papers were safe in my bag by that time, or I am certain he would have snatched them up and buried them. It would be all right—I dare say a thousand pounds in his pocket, if he could get hold of them now."

"You see, he has followed me down to the boat, and I don't know what he may do to me when get ashore."

"Why not take a cab?" said I.

"I have to take the deeds to Mr. Paignton's house, in Somerville Square. It is a good long way, and really I am afraid to go alone."

"It's the distance between the landing stage and the street I am thinking of."

"Why not apply to the police?"

"They would only laugh at me. The man has done nothing I can charge him with."

"Oh all right," said I, contemptuously.

"I'll see you into a cab."

"Look here," he said, a moment later. "You are a strong fellow, and have no call to be afraid of any man. What would you say to take the bag with the deeds to Mr. Paignton's yourself? I'll pay your cab fare and give you five shillings for yourself out of the office's petty cash for expenses. What do you say?"

"I have no objection," said I—for the five shillings would treble my capital; and besides, I thought I would walk, and save the cab fare.

By this time we were nearing the Liverpool side of the river.

"By the way," said my new acquaintance, "there are one or two papers in the bag which I shall want in the office to-morrow morning; I had better take them out. There's some money, too."

"Take that out as well," said I, sharply. But I thought none the worse of the young man for being careful of his employers' money in dealing with a stranger.

"All right," he said; "I'll be back in a moment."

So saying he disappeared into a lower cabin, and in a minute or two came back.

"I'll be along the gangway first," he said; "take no notice of me, but grasp the handle of my bag when I put it into your hand, and don't you let it go till you give it to Mr. Paignton himself. Remember the address—33, Somerville Square."

"Trust me," I said.

He squeezed my hand, leaving three half-crowns in my palm; and I passed out of the glass deck-house, opposite the gangway.

As I was putting my foot on the gangway to go ashore, I felt the stiff handle of a brief bag pushed against my hand, without looking around I grasped it, and pushed my way through the crowd to the landing-stage.

When I reached it, I glanced back and saw the bushy-whiskered, irascible-looking fellow, with an expression of angry ill-humor on his face, close behind me, exchanging a word or two with a friend.

Big as he was, I felt that I was a match for him, so I walked on without heeding him, past the dock gates, across the lock railway, and up Water Street, Lord Street, and Church Street.

Now that I had reached a quieter part of the town, I thought a sudden assault from behind might possibly be made, so I displayed more caution; and it was not long before I found out that I was followed by the very man who had been pointed out to me by the lawyer's clerk.

I quickened my pace. The man behind did the same; he did not offer to molest me until I had my hand on the door-bell of the lawyer's house. Then, it seemed to me, he screwed his courage to the sticking point, and springing forward, he gripped the handle of the bag with one hand and seized my arm with the other.

I let out from my shoulder, but he drew

back with wonderful agility, considering his size, and made another grab at me. In five seconds more the combat was at its height, but it did not last long. A policeman turned up as if by magic, and my antagonist had the audacity to give me in charge!

I wanted to deliver the bag to Paignton, but that they would not allow. We were taken to the nearest police-station, and there, in tones as dignified as I could command, I charged my late assailant with attempted highway robbery.

My words were followed by a perfect roar of laughter, in which the bushy-whiskered man himself, who was trying to staunch a bleeding nose with his pocket-handkerchief, heartily joined.

"The young cock lights well, don't he?" said one of the constables.

And, to my amazement, I was there and then charged with being an accessory to a burglary that had been committed on the previous night at Monkwood Hall, a large country house on the Cheshire side. The bag I carried was opened. It was found to be packed full of jewel cases all empty!

It was now my turn to laugh; and the woe-begone expression on the face of the big detective—as I now knew him to be—was enough to make a camel smile. He rushed out of the room, crying out, "He can't have gone far off! He must have followed him!" and I was led below and put into a cell.

I was not seriously alarmed, for my character was good enough, and I could prove that I had been seeking work that very day; but I was anxious to avoid, if possible, an appearance at the police-court; and more than once during the evening I inquired whether there was any news of my friend in the brown overcoat.

There was no news of him. The hotels and lodging houses had been searched, and telegrams had been dispatched along all the lines of railway leaving Liverpool, but in vain. The man had got clear away; and it was evident that the police regarded my capture as a very poor equivalent for the disappearance of the jewels.

Suddenly a thought occurred to me. I rapped at the door of my cell till a policeman came to tell me to be quiet.

"Tell me!" I cried, "what your man, Bell, wears. Is it a rough, brown tweed suit and a deer-stalker cap? That was the dress worn by the man whom I had seen speaking to a friend on the landing-stage."

"I see you know him well enough," said the man, with a laugh.

"Was he on the look-out at the landing-stage this afternoon?" I asked.

"He didn't see anything of your pal, if he was."

"Oh, he didn't?—I say, policeman, I'll give you a sovereign when I get out if you will send off a telegram for me."

He laughed in my face.

"Why, the offices are all shut up long ago. Besides, it's against the rules."

"That's why I said I would give you a sovereign," said I. "You must have communication with all the large towns all night long, and your inspector will pass my telegram if he sees it. Get me a bit of paper, quick, man."

I got the bit of paper and in five minutes I had scribbled off a long "wire" to the Oxford police, telling them to search the four tweed suits from Birkenhead for a young man in a light-brown overcoat, with a pale face rather pimply, sandy mustache, shiny eyes, white hands.

You see, it was plain to me that the reason Bell had not "spotted" his man was that the rope had stayed quietly on board the ferry-boat and, having started his run, was on a false scent, doubled back. The chances were, I considered, that he would try to make his way to London by a round-about (Great Western route, as the official) on the direct lines would be certainly warned.

So I telegraphed to Oxford, fervently hoping that he would not take it into his head to leave the train at any town between Oxford and Chester.

The telegram was sent off; and some time in the middle of the night word came that my friend had been arrested at Oxford. The pockets of his brown overcoat were regular little diamond mines. He had simply emptied the jewel cases into his pockets when he was in the lower cabin, and passed it on to me, in the hope that the detective would follow the man who, he thought, held the "swag."

The burglar's assistant—that was the little man's calling—grinned in my face when we met in the police-court. But he was good enough to admit that I was a perfect stranger to him—he did not then know who had caused his arrest—and I was discharged.

There was a reward of two hundred pounds offered for the recovery of the jewels, and the greater part of it came to me. I stood a champagne supper to my bushy-whiskered friend, and he fell to talking about the "force," as they call it, and advising me to join it.

So I applied, and on the strength of my sharpness in causing the arrest of the Monkwood Hall burglar, was admitted. Since that I have risen by degrees, till now I am a fairly well satisfied man.

Those Awful Gothamites.

"There is a freedom of manner and action among ocean steamship acquaintances which almost takes the breath away from a person who has never made a long journey on one of the big palace passenger boats," said a Philadelphian just back from a delightful Mediterranean trip. "Let me relate a little incident. When I was sitting in the saloon cabin one morning. There were four others in the handsome apartment, among them the president of a well known local insurance company, and a right good looking young society woman from New York. The insurance man was about forty-five or fifty years old, hale and hearty. He was sitting on a long couch, a short distance from the young lady. They had met for the first time on the trip. We were all given an amusing surprise by the gentleman referred to loudly exclaiming: 'How I would like to kiss a pretty girl!' Oh, do kiss me!" was the prompt rejoinder of the New York girl. And he did it, in such a thorough way that we all saw and heard it. Then he went on in the most matter-of-fact style to say: 'Now I would like to have a good hug!' And at the same time the young lady scooped up to him, and he hugged her in a manner that was evidently entirely satisfactory to both. Everybody laughed heartily; but that seemed the strangest part to me, there was not a word of comment about the strange occurrence."

DRY DOCKED ON AN ICEBERG.

The Mountains of Ice Rolled Over and Lined a Schooner High and Dry.

Strange stories of thrilling encounters with icebergs have been brought back from the Arctic by skippers from time to time, and they must all take a back seat now and bow low to Capt. Chester of the schooner Elwood. There have been tales of shipwrecked crews floating away with the tide on mountain lumps of ice; of polar bears and, in fact, of whole menageries being frozen in the centres of great ice floes, and of the sinking of the steam-heat craft afloat through coming in contact with the razor-like rams which form the jagged edges of icebergs. Being gored and tossed into the air by a berg as if by a maddened bull is a new tale, on the truth of which Capt. Chester says he is willing to risk his chances of reaching heaven.

The Elwood has just returned from her first halibut fishing cruise in the northern waters. She left New York on Jan. 24 in ballast but in order to pick up an honest dollar on the voyage put into Departure Bay and took on a cargo of coal for Jancaev, Alaska. After discharging at the latter place, she headed for the Muir glacier, the purpose being to load with ice with which to preserve the fish to be caught later on. The vessel was passing through the icy straits, and was just off Hoonia, Capt. Chester says. It is fully ten times the size of a schooner, and appeared to be fast to a reef, which was known to exist at that place. The captain considered this a lucky find, for he could not get all the ice he wanted without having to go to the glacier, fully a day's sailing distant. The Elwood was headed for the berg, and when the vessel was within a few yards of it the anchor dropped. The schooner was then permitted to swing around until she came alongside the icebergs, to which she was made fast with lines.

The tide was at the full at the time and all appearances the vessel was perfectly safe. A gangplank was thrown over to a ledge in the ice and the men went to work to break off huge chunks of the berg and hoist them aboard the vessel. All went well until long toward evening. About thirty tons had been deposited in the hold, and Chester encouraged his men to work a little faster, as he desired to get the cargo loaded and leave as soon as possible. Meanwhile the tide had been falling, which caused the icebergs to settle heavily upon the reef beneath and then to gradually tip over toward the side opposite the vessel. The gangplank connecting the schooner and the icebergs began to rise in the air and had to be made fast to a ledge in order to keep it horizontal.

The icebergs continued to careen, and Capt. Chester began to suspect that all was not going to be well for him. He ordered his men to get aboard and was about to set sail when, with a grinding roar, the icebergs rolled off the reef and started to revolve. Immediately there arose on the starboard side of the vessel and beneath it a jagged spur of ice which, until then, had formed the bottom of the icebergs. With a crash the ice struck the keel. The next instant the astonished crew found themselves and their vessel lifted out of the water and resting in a sort of groove or cradle at the south end of the ice mountain. It was a panic-inspiring moment, to say the least, and all hands began to pray for their lives.

The weight of the vessel arrested the revolution of the berg, but did not have the effect of turning it back again to its original position. The reef presented this.

Chester ordered his men into the boats, with instructions to get out of harm's way as fast as they could. Before abandoning the vessel the mate cut the lines which held her to the icebergs. The men then pulled away to a safe distance and anxiously awaited the fate of the Elwood. The anchor held fast, and the schooner, as if realizing her plight and desiring to escape, tugged at the chain. The tide dropped a few more inches, the icebergs careened still further, and the Elwood rose still higher into the air. Although at first thought this seemed to render her condition even more desperate, it really proved the schooner's salvation. The tendency of the icebergs to roll and raise the vessel brought such an enormous strain to bear upon the anchor chain that something had to give away. "Something did, and to the joy of the fishermen it was not the anchor or the chain. The icebergs lurched and the schooner was seen to slide several feet along the crevice it rested in. There was another lurch and another slide. Then the vessel reached a downward grade and the next instant shot off the icebergs and into the sea bows on, like a rocket. She shipped a heavy sea as the result of plunging her nose beneath the surface, but quickly righted, and, after stumbling over her anchor chain and tugging viciously to get away, settled down to her original state of tranquility, to all appearance unharmed.

"So I have been to sea a great many years, and have had some queer experiences, but this one beats them all hollow," declared Capt. Chester this week. "I thought the vessel was doomed, and never looked for such a happy termination of our troubles. When the schooner started to slide there was no stopping her, and she bounded off like a thing of life. She looked just as if she were gliding down the ways of a shipyard on her launching day. I never saw anything prettier. The icebergs turned half over after Elwood left it, and the spur which had hoisted us into the air rose until it became the apex of the big frozen chunk."

"During the afternoon, while we were loading on ice, this spur was submerged, and we had no idea that we had anchored directly over it. You can rest assured that no happier mortals ever climbed aboard ship than were we when we pulled over to the Elwood. We hoisted our anchor, and the straits that night and when we took on the remainder of our ice cargo we took care not to approach too near the icebergs. We carried the chunks over in our small boats, keeping the schooner at a respectful distance."

Capt. Wyman, the owner of the Elwood, accompanied the vessel on her recent voyage and corroborates Capt. Chester's nar-

WASPS AS PETS.

A young woman residing near Monroe, La., has a pair of pet wasps, which are as interesting as they are antique in their way. She has trained them to perform a great many wonderful tricks, and it is indeed marvellous to what degree of intelligence and agility her kindly care and patient perseverance have brought them. As the young lady is an invalid, she manages to get a great deal of profitable diversion from her queer little pets.

Among other things, she has taught them to drink water from a thimble and to perform the skirt dance, as she calls it, by fluttering their wings as they rest in the palm of her hand. They will sing at her bidding, making a faint, almost inaudible "cheep," and seem to be passionately fond of music. The young lady is quite a musician, and when she plays a piano the wasps take up their positions on the music rack and never budge until the performance is over.

The wasps would seem to have quite a good deal of vanity, and nothing delights them more than to be allowed to walk about and inspect themselves in the little hand mirror which is kept for their exclusive use. Strange to say, the wasps have never been known to sting anybody, although they have free access to all parts of the house, and are seldom confined, even at night.

She Doesn't Like Flowers.

The Empress of Austria dislikes to sit in a room where there are flowers. When she last visited England, some few years back, the managers of her hotel thoughtfully decorated her apartments with the choicest blooms and plants obtainable. When, however, the royal steward came upon the scene, he was horrified. "Pray take these things away at once, madam," said he, "and do not let the Empress see a single petal. She cannot endure flowers!" So the entire staff of the establishment had to set work to remove the adornments before the royal lady arrived.

PRESIDENT CLEVELAND IN THE STORM.

How much exposure can a person endure and not take cold?

It depends on circumstances. No, it doesn't either; it depends on the person. Here is an illustration that will make you open your eyes and put on your thinking cap.

On Saturday, March 4th, 1893, Hon. Grover Cleveland was inaugurated President of the United States of America, at the City of Washington. The weather was bad as bad could be. Snow, sleet, rain, with a cold biting wind, were some of its elements. The streets of the city were deep with mud and slush. No more abominable or beastly weather can be imagined. Yet Mr. Cleveland exposed himself to it bare-headed for five hours; half an hour in delivering his inaugural address, and the remainder of the time standing without head covering of any kind, on and open platform reviewing an immense procession. People watched him in wonder and amazement. "He will catch his death," "He will need the doctor to-night," they said. They saw his face and his bald crown turn blue in the wintry gale. Rheumatism, pneumonia, and gout seemed to try their black wings over him, like death angels.

Yet he braved it out, hat in hand, went to a ball that night, arose next morning fresh and chipper as a schoolboy, and never suffered at all—not even from a common cough of the commonest kind. What on earth protected him? Good luck? Special providence? Not a bit. Still he was protected; as anybody else might be, but usually isn't.

We all remember the epidemic of influenza in the autumn and winter of 1891-92. How it did mow people down, like a scythe swishing through the tall grass! Yet it prostrated, or killed, only those who were its natural victims. Take a case, in January, 1892, Miss Mary Jones, of Towers Buildings, Llandrinio, near Oswestry, had an attack of influenza. After this she never got up her strength. She remained languid and feeble. Palpitation of the heart, pain in chest, sour risings in the throat, dry and discoloured skin, loss of appetite, and distress after eating, were among the symptoms of her complaints. She grew weaker and weaker until she could walk only with great effort. Medical treatment brought no relief. After months of apparently hopeless illness, Miss Jones was at last entirely cured by a medicine recommended by a friend in Manchester. She states these facts in a letter dated January 26th, 1893.

"For over ten years," says Mr. Thomas Allford, of 1, Bedwardine Cottages, Quest Hill, Malvern Link, "I was ill. I always felt tired and weary, and had no life or energy. My mouth tasted foul, I constantly spit up a thick phlegm. After eating I had intense pain and oppression in the chest and sides, and a gnawing sensation in the stomach. Nothing that was done relieved me, until I used a medicine of which I heard by accident. Having taken this for a few weeks all pain and discomfort left me, and I was like a new man newly created." Mr. Allford's letter is dated January 13th, 1893.

Now, one moment, please, while we quote the words of a leading English physician. He says: "Unless a person already has the poison of disease in him, damp and exposure no more lead to illness than do the stars in heaven."

"The English people," says an American author, "can do anything when once they set their jaw and try." Quite so; and they can understand this illuminating truth from one of their medical lights.

We see the point, don't we? We see what protected President Cleveland from harm during his five hours' exposure on that dreadful day. It was pure blood. His bodily organs were sound and healthy. There were in him the seeds of disease for the cold to develop into illness and death. He was a live man all the way through, and could defy the snow, sleet, and wind. What would you give for that sort of insurance on your own life? A million—if you had it. Yes, you so much. The medicine that cured the writers of the letters above named will do the same for anybody—Mother Seigel's Curative Syrup. It expels the poison formed by indigestion and dyspepsia, and lifts between you and danger the cloud of pure blood, enabling you to stand unscathed when others are falling like brown leaves in the blast.

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ARE MEN MORE VAIN?

"ASTRA" IS ALMOST CONVINCED THAT THEY ARE.

A Young Man who Thought That the Girls Were Fond of Him—How It Was That He Came to be Outraged—Other Vain People and Their Folly.

Someone, who is evidently interested in the answer, asks if it is "true that men are more vain than women?" Well I hardly like to say it, but I am afraid I must confess experience and observation, have gone a long way towards convincing me that they are, and curiously enough it would seem that those who have the least to recommend them display the most astonishing conceit.

I have sometimes been tempted to think this was true of our sex also, but I am not sure, because I have known very plain women who were painfully conscious of their shortcomings and inclined to exaggerate rather than make light of their lack of attractions. On the other hand, I have known men who were so repulsive in appearance, that pity made people try to be especially kind to them, so inordinately conceited that they were positively unendurable. I remember one instance in particular, where the man was not only revoltingly ugly of features, but badly deformed, stunted in stature, and afflicted with a peculiar wheezing when he breathed, which was most trying to those whose unkind fate threw them into his society. He was far from clever, occupied a very ordinary position in society and had no money! In fact I cannot think of one solitary advantage, or one most ordinary attraction which the poor soul possessed, and yet I never expect to meet any member of the human family again who is endowed with the same amount of sanity and conceit as that man rejoiced in. He would explain confidentially that none of the other fellows cared for him, and the reason was that they were so jealous of his attractions, they could not bring themselves to do him plain justice. "You see," he would say in all seriousness, "The fellows in this town want to get rid of me, they would like to make me leave the place, drive me out you know; and it's just because I get ahead of the us with the girls. I don't know why the girls should think such a lot of me, I'm sure, I don't suppose I'm any better than most other fellows, but somehow they are fond of me, and when I'm round they won't look at anyone else! Funny, ain't it?"

I wish I could do justice in print to the inexpressible conceit of that last clause, the conscious smirk which accompanied it, and the settled conviction that he was the most irresistible of men which exuded from every pore of his thick skin, and shone like oil from his self satisfied face.

Unfortunately a few of the more unselfish and kind hearted girls, pitying his misfortunes, and fancying he needed encouragement, tried to be especially kind to him, and make him forget the terrible disadvantages under which he labored; but if the good souls had but known it, they need not have troubled themselves, and the only reward they obtained was the approval of their consciences, since no good action is utterly wasted, and the firm conviction in the mind of the object of their kindness that they were one and all setting their caps for him. "But I'm not so easily caught I can tell you: I'm onto their little schemes, and I don't intend to sell myself cheap either!" he would say, swelling out his chest, and looking like a very plain pascock, which had been shorn of all its best feathers.

Perhaps those good hearted girls did not have to pay dearly for their consideration for his feelings! He became such a nuisance that they were glad to flee at the first intimation of his approach. He grew to feel certain that no other man had a ghost of a chance when he was present, and openly boasted of his easy conquests, asserting that he had only to ask any girl in town to accompany him to an entertainment and she would jump at the chance. He could not dance any more than a cow, but he worried the lives out of all the girls he knew trying to engage them for dances, and their enjoyment of a party would be ruined by the constant vigilance they were obliged to exercise in avoiding him, and if a girl spoke at all pleasantly to him, he was sure to spend at least three evenings a week in order to try to reward her. Naturally, it was not long before he was dropped entirely, and the last state of that man was worse than the first.

We, at least those amongst us whom a merciful Providence has spared any personal affliction, and who are blessed with ordinarily symmetrical bodies, and faces about which there is nothing repulsive, are apt to feel a very deep sympathy for those to whom nature has been unkind, and we have a deeply rooted belief that the victims of such misfortunes as a misshapen form, or a repulsively ugly face must be sensitive to a morbid degree. Therefore we are so careful of their feelings, that we make allowances for them such as we should never dream of making for ordinary people and the result is they come to consider themselves superior beings, and specially set apart to receive the homage of the rest of humanity. They may be dimly conscious that nature has not endowed them liberally with personal charms—having mirrors, I scarcely say how they can avoid some such sus-

picion—but they console themselves with the reflection that they must have some peculiar charm of their own which more than makes up for any slight deficiencies in mere personal beauty, also why should everyone be so attentive to them. People are not usually given to being disinterested in this world, they argue, and therefore the cause of their popularity must lie in their own gifts, their mental qualities, or that mysterious charm called fascination which is only another name for personal magnetism.

I remember reading once, that the plainest woman will walk calmly along beside a friend who is conspicuously beautiful, and serenely accept all the admiring glances cast in their direction, as her just due, fully convinced that however lovely the friend may be, there is "a something" about herself, which completely casts more beauty into the shade, and is a far more valuable possession. I don't quite believe this, though I have seen enough of the power which vanity exercises over poor humanity, to make me credit some very extraordinary statements, but I must exonerate woman from the accusation of not knowing that the world was made for beauty, and that the woman who possesses the royal gift has little need of any lesser attraction.

With men it is different, they have no lack of precedent for the success of the most repulsively ugly men, with the fairest of women; history teems with such instances, if one wants to go so far back, and real life can show quite enough to justify the ugliest of men in preserving a goodly share of vanity.

We cannot help being amused at them poor souls, because there is something too absurd for human gravity in the spectacle of a bald-headed widower of fifty, who is extremely fat, and decidedly cross-eyed trying to rival some handsome youth of twenty, in the affections of a pretty girl: or a dried up, lanky bachelor of sixty insisting on walking with the youngest and prettiest debutante in the room. But probably their vanity is the greatest blessing they enjoy, enabling them to ward off the stings and arrows of misfortune better than trip's lead armor, and saving them from many of the mortifications that more sensitive people have to endure.

I am afraid I have not thrown much light on the vexed question, "Are men more vain than women?" but I have answered it to the best of my ability, according to the light which has been given me. ASTRA.

A FAMOUS ASCONAUT.

A Man Who Has Made Forty-Five Balloon Ascensions.

It was at the age of twenty five that Tissandier began to make the balloon ascensions which have rendered his name famous. His first was undertaken at Calais, on the 10th of August, 1868, in company with the aeronaut, Darnot. The result of it was that Tissandier was encouraged to hope that, by the use of the various air currents, it might be possible, after all, to solve the problem of the direction of balloons. By rising and falling in their balloon the two aeronauts, on that occasion, were able to proceed in a given direction a distance of twenty-eight kilometres, and, if this otherwise unremarkable ascension was so greatly discussed at the time, it was because it seemed that at last—that is to say, by a proper application of the natural forces—the problem referred to might be considered to be capable of solution. It may be remarked here that, although M. Tissandier has since that time made no less than forty-five ascensions, he does not pay consideration the problem any nearer solution than it was a quarter of a century ago. In the fine drawing-room, into which the visitor is shown, are to be remarked a series of drawings representing the various episodes of the terrible ascension of 1875, which nearly cost M. Tissandier his life. This was the ascension of the balloon "Zenith" on the 15th of April, following closely upon the inaugural ascension undertaken in that balloon on March the 29th, when M. Tissandier, in company with his brother Albert, a M. Jobert, and MM. Croce-Spinelli and Sivel remained over twenty-three hours in the air, thus beating the record of the world in the matter of length of balloon voyage. Starting at noon on its second voyage, the "Zenith," manned by MM. Gaston Tissandier, Croce-Spinelli, and Sivel, soon reached an altitude of twenty-eight thousand two hundred and fifteen feet. Before this height had been reached M. Tissandier lost consciousness and did not recover until the balloon had descended to an altitude of twenty-two thousand nine hundred and sixty-five feet. Then he had the horror to discover that his two companions, less fortunate than himself, had passed from the swoon to death.

What Makes a Good Reporter.

This is the idea of Charles A. Dana, editor of the New York Sun, as to what constitutes a good reporter. One of the best reporters I ever knew was a man who could not spell four words correctly to save his life, and his verb did not always agree with the subject in person and number; but he always got the fact so exactly, and he saw the picturesque, the interesting, and important aspect of it so vividly, that it was worth another man's while, who possessed the knowledge of grammar and spelling, to go over the report and write it out. Now, that was a man who had genius; he had a talent the most indubitable, and he got handsomely paid

in spite of his lack of grammar, because after his work had been done over by a scholar, it was really beautiful. But any man who is sincere and earnest, and not always thinking about himself, can learn to be a good reporter. He can learn to ascertain the truth; he can acquire the habit of seeing. When he looks at a fire, what is the most important thing about this fire? Here, let us say, are five houses burning; which is the greatest? Whose store is that with the greatest loss? Has any individual perished in the conflagration? Are there any very interesting circumstances about the fire? How did it occur? Was it in Chicago, where a cow kicked over a spirit lamp and burned up the city? All these things the reporter has to judge about. He is the eye of the paper, and he is there to see which is the vital fact in the story, and to produce it, tell it, write it out.

STRANGE DANCING PARTIES.

Some of the Remarkable Dances of these and Other Days.

Although at the present day the majority of balls and dancing-parties are conducted upon general lines, and show but little that is novel, there have been at all times a few enterprising hostesses who have broken through the thick hide of convention, and given their guests something original in the dancing-party line. Such, for instance, must have been the host or hostess who, during the time of the great plague of London, first brought into fashion the Dance of Death. At these dances, which became very popular amongst a certain class during that terrible period, the dancers, both male and female, who were invited to these gruesome evenings, were disguised as skeletons, and so utterly reckless had the plague mad people, that in many cases they left the ball-room, and, in the dead of night, finished their dance in the open streets.

Somewhat curious, too, were the Victim Balls, which became the rage in France at the close of the Reign of Terror. The dancers, dressed in the costliest costumes, had one and all a band of crape round the left arm, for no one could be invited to one of these balls unless he or she had lost, during the Reign of Terror, at least one relation by the guillotine. Considering the wholesale butchery that was indulged in under Robespierre, most people, we should imagine, amongst the upper classes were qualified for an invitation.

Fancy dress balls, in which the guests are dressed in costumes representing the pieces in a set of chessmen, are by no means uncommon; but a short time ago a certain hostess went one better than this, and gave a card-dance, at which the invited guests were requested to appear in the character of the particular playing-card allotted to them. The dresses of the majority of the guests were most elaborate, particularly those of the court-cards, but the dress of a gentleman to whose lot had fallen the character of ace of diamonds was simplicity itself. He appeared in ordinary evening-dress, but a magnificent diamond sparkled in the middle of his dress shirt-front. This idea was likewise followed by the gentleman representing the five of the same suit, who, in addition to a diamond in his shirt-front, wore a pair of diamond links.

A dance, which occurred after a banquet given to twenty-four arctic workers at the Royal Tree Inn, Dartmouth, must have been a curiosity in its way. Unfortunately we are not told how it was managed, but, doubtless, the dances were confined to jigs and hornpipes, as a waltz performed by a couple without arms would be a somewhat difficult feat to accomplish. Blind people, provided they have been blind for a sufficiently long time, and the apartment in which they are is one well known to them, can move about as quickly as people with their eyesight. At a certain blind asylum in London, dances often take place amongst the inmates, and it is not a little curious to see couples who are totally blind waltzing round a room never as gracefully as their seeing brethren. In fact, unless one knows that the dancers were blind, one would never guess it from their manner of dancing.

That the inmates of many mad asylums not only dance, but dance well, is within the knowledge of everyone who has been present at a dance given by such an establishment. When in Germany, the writer once attended a ball given by a mad asylum in Hesse, and could hardly believe that many of his charming partners were otherwise than clothed in their right mind. It was only after the doctor had assured him that his last partner had thrown her two-year-old daughter out of the window, and that the one before that had been found promanaging one of the principal thoroughfares of Hesse in a state of Nature, that the general unreasonableness of the dance was directly brought home to him.

A Clever Dog.

A story is told of a farmer's dog which had been found guilty of obtaining goods by false pretences. He is extremely fond

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of sausages, and] has been] taught by his owner to go after them for himself, carrying a written order in his mouth. Day after day he appeared at the butcher's shop, bringing his master's order, and by-and-by the butcher became careless about reading the paper. When settlement day came, the farmer complained that he was charged with more sausages than he had ordered. The butcher was surprised, and the next time Lion came in with a bit of paper between his teeth he took the trouble to look at it. The paper was blank, and further investigation showed that whenever the dog felt a craving for sausages he looked round for a piece of paper and trotted off to the butcher's. The farmer is something out of pocket, but, squares the account by boasting of his dogs intelligence.

Too Smart For John Chinaman.

It is generally acknowledged that the Red Indian cannot claim honesty as one of his special characteristics; it is also believed that he is not clever, but this, at any rate, is open to question. The State Government used to impose a direct monthly tax on all miners working in the gold mines California, and this levy required numerous collectors. The Chinese swarmed throughout the mines, and were notorious for skulking into the mountains while the official was going his rounds, and could only be taken by trickery or surprise. On one occasion the Chinamen in a certain district were apprised of the near approach of the collector, and soon there was a general stampede. A crafty digger Indian was on the ground, and immediately offered to show a large number of the Celestials a cave that would afford them a safe retreat, if they would pay him fifteen dollars between them. The bargain was made, and after the Indian had led them to the cave, he received the money. "Now," said the Red-skin, "you stop here; me go watch tax man; when he gone me come tell you." The cunning schemer at once came down hunted out the collector, and proposed for the sum of ten dollars to take him to the spot where no fewer than one hundred yellow faces were in hiding. The offer was readily accepted, and, when the official was shown to the mouth of the cave, the cash was paid. The poor Chinamen soon discovered that they had been duped, and were forced to submit to an exit fee of two and a half dollars each, which cleared their dues to the Government for a month.

How Trees Vary in Size.

Perhaps it is more interesting than strictly useful to know that the diameter of trees not only varies from summer to winter, but from day to day. They are larger from noon until twilight next morning than from twilight to noon; they are smaller in winter than in summer. Low temperatures, as well as high, promote evaporation. The trees evaporate from their branches in winter, and so, the colder the weather, the more they shrink.



The Stone that Keeps Rolling!.... That's an old story about the stone, but it has nothing to do with the snowball that GROWS with the rolling. Has it? Shoe thoughts are like snowballs. The more you roll them and turn over in your mind, the bigger and better they grow. Out of such rolling grew "The SLATER \$3.00 SHOE for Men."

The idea wasn't born in a minute—it was hatched out of calculation. Skilled labor is help trained to certain limited duties. The more shoes a man makes of one particular kind, the better and faster can he make them. The more we concentrate our energies, attention and machinery on the production of one article, the better will be the result. Other factories make fifty kinds of shoes—we make Three for men. These three represent our best effort. A \$3.00 boot with all the elegance, ease, fit and finish of a \$6.00 article. The highest priced shoes are only leather after all. We put the best American Wax Calfskin in these \$3.00 shoes, and money can't buy better lasts than they are moulded upon. The famous Goodvear Welt contributes ease and durability to the soles. Ask your dealer for "The Slater \$3.00 Shoe for Men."

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Ladies. What Interlining Will Stand Such Usage as this except Fibre Chamolis. A Handsome Putt Sleeve supported by Fibre Chamolis, may be twisted and wrung like a wet cloth and then with a light shake only, will stand out as stylish and as graceful as ever. Some materials may not stand this but the lining always will—and that is harder usage than a gown will get in a lifetime. It has a Soft Smooth Finish, and will not wear the finest fabric. At all the leading stores—in three weights, 44 in. wide, 36c. per yard. Every yard of Genuine Fibre Chamolis is Labeled. Beware of inferior imitations. The wholesale trade only supplied by The Canadian Fibre Chamolis Co., Montreal.

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WO If science the microscopist most characteristic art, I am sure will be dying off and its extinction, because population of the earth is increasing so rapidly that the goods of the earth are becoming scarce. I remarked the age of the world that the riding individuals, and even science afflicted with an actual fact today need most irritation enough to come. From time would have either sudden commonest staples of existence as we absorbed it. For instance fresh bread is perfectly wholesome as ever, the scientific fermentation of the bread, which is extremely system, and bread is two think that it is dead, as alive, and like St. Paul. This staff of life list of dangerous fore sensible bread. Then in its most that hearty ever or sex was su pleuro-pneumonia unlike the hu disease. The perfectly ignor she might enjoy with regularity up an interest engage in her without once on her feet; an filled to love She might have and died a peace for the ever-comes along paratus and the inoculate the o the calls virus, a system in a cer into feverish symptoms meter comes in perature is taken in horror: is injected with has probably he likely before she her laughter has brought into years!" "But," says had that cow a fond of her, she have always kept table and raised it was so good a you would not fit country." "No science." "The were not all pois probably die of a cow must be kill So the cow is faddism, and pro fession until the healthy young culation fails to phantly demonst ence, and promot only cow of the saint. I wonder man—that there the cow until he blood himself, pe anyone ever va either without the "Oh, do be car the baby!" says war vaccinated and it is taking feverish and ill the any sleep with his She does not parlor and excus just getting the he had him vaco he is developi want to take it in the way." It is exceeding world b other, but so of pleuro-pneumonia

May 25, 1895 -

WOMAN and HER WORK.

If science makes many more strides, and the microscope goes on wresting their most cherished secrets from both nature and art, I am afraid the problem of existence will soon be solved by the gradual dying off of the human race, from deliberate starvation! I say the problem of existence, because as the majority of the population die off, there will be plenty left for the survivors to live upon, and consequently those who are blessed with a healthy appetite and freedom from fads, can riot on the fat of the land, and take the goods the gods send, with untroubled consciences.

I remarked some time ago that this was the age of fads, and lately I begin to think that the riding of hobbies is not confined to individuals, but that classes, professions and even science itself would seem to be afflicted with the general weakness. It is an actual fact that the wildest faddist of today need not lack confirmation for his most irrational theory, and support in his most extreme views if he only knows enough to consult the medical journals.

From time to time the cranks of the world have been given to discovering either sudden death or slow poison in the commonest articles of food, the ordinary staples of daily consumption which we have always regarded just as necessary to existence as the air we breathe, and which we absorbed just as naturally and unthinkingly.

For instance, a few years ago a slice of fresh bread was considered not only a perfectly harmless luxury, but absolutely wholesome as an article of diet! Now however, the scientist has discovered that the fermentation of the yeast, used in raising the bread, generates a poisonous fungus which is extremely dangerous to the human system, and which does not die, until the bread is two or three days old. I should think that it would be almost as dangerous dead, as alive, but there I am not a scientist and like St. Paul speak merely as a fool. This discovery of course gave the staff of life a foremost place on the list of dangerous articles of food. Therefore sensible people must not eat fresh bread. Then another researcher after truth in its most disseminable form, found out that nearly every cow, regardless of age or sex was suffering from some form of pleuro-pneumonia, latent, or otherwise unlike the human victim of this dread disease. The cow in question might be perfectly ignorant of her state of health, she might enjoy sound sleep, take her meals with regularity and relish, marry and bring up an interesting family, and in short engage in her accustomed associations without once suspecting that she was dying on her feet; and at the same time absolutely filled to overflowing with "germs."

She might have lived to a green old age, and died a peaceful death had it not been for the ever-active man of science, who comes along with little inoculating apparatus and thermometer, and proceed to inoculate the cow with something which he calls virus, and which permeates the cow system in a certain time and irritates it into feverish symptoms. Then the thermometer comes into play, the victim's temperature is taken, and the man of science yells in horror:—"My dear sir, your cow is infected with pleuro-pneumonia! She has probably had it all her life and very likely before she was born! You must have her slaughtered at once, and every calf she has brought into the world for the last ten years!"

"But," says the cow's owner, "we have had that cow a long time and we are very fond of her, she is in perfect health and we have always kept her milk for our own table and raised our babies on it, because it was so good and pure, and I am sure you would not find a healthier family in the country." "No matter," says the man of science. "The only wonder is that you were not all poisoned long ago, and that you probably die of consumption as it is. That cow must be killed."

So the cow is sacrificed on the altar of faddism, and probably half a dozen more follow until the experimenter reaches some healthy young bovine on whom the inoculation fails to "take" and then he triumphantly demonstrates the wonders of science, and pronounces the last patent the only cow of the entire herd free from the taint. I wonder if it ever strikes that gifted man that there was nothing wrong with the cow until he put the fever into her blood himself, poisoned her, in fact? Was anyone ever vaccinated or inoculated either without their temperature rising?

"Oh, do be careful, please, you will wake the baby!" says the anxious mother. He was vaccinated a week ago, poor darling, and it is taking beautifully, but he is so feverish and ill that none of us have had any sleep with him."

She does not say "please step into the parlor and excuse me a moment, we are just getting the baby off to the larderette, we had him vaccinated, and now we think he is developing small pox, so of course we want to take it in time, and get him out of the way." It seems to me that one proceeding would be quite sensible as the other, but no one thinks of that, and pleuro-pneumonia, scale is inaugurated at

once; timid people give up eating beef feeling sure that they might as well take a diet of arsenic, or strychnine at once, and best goes on the condemned list as a deleterious article of food!

The exigencies of space prevent me from enumerating at length all the poisonous articles which the human race has been hilariously consuming from time immemorial, and which we should undoubtedly be still partaking of in happy ignorance, had it not been for the intervention of science. Suffice it to say that science has turned the searchlight of her microscope—if I may be allowed to mix my metaphors a little—on the innocent milk jug and found death lurking in its depths. She has chased the king of terrors into another of his favorite lairs, the comforting teapot, and she has corralled him in the tobacco pipe, the beer jug and the wine bottle. She has discovered that the once highly-prized, but low-priced water cress has a decided affinity for sewage; that the most toothsome and expensive ham ever imported from "the western city with the Roman name"—Cincinnati—or cured by our own justly celebrated Dunn, may be swarming with the deathless trichina; and she has not been satisfied to let the delicate mushroom rest under the vague suspicion which has always pursued him, that he may be a toadstool in disguise, but has clearly demonstrated that even when he can prove his right to the title of a mushroom of the purest blood he is highly poisonous and should be avoided as a pestilence.

All this was bad enough, of course; it aroused unpleasant suspicions in our minds, and made us disposed to quarrel with our bread and butter; but a worse show was in store when science donned a diving suit, and after bearding the retiring and exclusive oyster in his native village, announced that he was composed of little else but typhoid fever germs, of the most virulent type. This is indeed the last straw that a patient public can bear upon its long suffering back! The oyster has always been such an expensive luxury that we felt certain he must be genuine, if not "hand made" then at least "hand picked" and therefore reliable. But if he too is to be placed on the list marked dangerous, then indeed is life no longer worth living, and the only remedy I can see is to go back to first principles, and eat and drink our poison with the cheerful indifference, though not, alas! the happy ignorance of our forefathers. They ate, drank and enjoyed themselves, and they must have thriven on their unwholesome fare since so many of them lived to a great age.

It is just as well to die of mushrooms or oysters, or one imprudent indulgence in water cress, as of slow starvation; so let us, "my dear friends," as Mr. Chadband would say, partake of the good things in this world, with thankfulness and moderation, not torturing ourselves too much over the possibility that they may not agree with us. Dyspepsia is bad enough when it comes, so why anticipate evils which may never exist?

Here are a few miscellaneous recipes which are guaranteed to be harmless.

Good Kitchen Utensils.
As fast as you can, acquire good kitchen utensils. Nothing so much expedites work as plenty of the proper kind of tools. The best vessels to cook in are earthenware. For cereals and fruit nothing else should be used. So much of the tin made nowadays is poor and the tin cooks off in acid fruits, and scrapes off when you are stirring things. Iron pots and pans will darken almost everything that is cooked in them. Granite ware—the best—costs a great deal and wears out in time, but good earthenware lasts forever, unless you are careless and break it.

Baked Hominy.
Baked hominy is often a good dish to serve at dinner with meat in place of potatoes. To keep it from being dry or heavy it is improved by adding an egg and milk. Use that which is already cooked, and to each cupful add a tablespoonful of melted butter, a tablespoonful of salt, one of two eggs and a cupful of milk. Add the beaten yolks to the milk, add the salt and mix with the hominy. Beat the whites of the eggs stiff, stir it lightly and brown a light color in a pudding dish that is well rubbed with butter.

Hominy Croquettes.
To a cupful of cold boiled hominy add a tablespoonful of melted butter and stir hard, moistening by degrees with a cupful of milk, beating to a soft light paste. Put in a teaspoonful of white sugar, and last, a well-beaten egg. Roll into oval balls with floured hands, dip in beaten egg, thin cracker crumbs, and fry in hot lard.

Put a piece of butter the size of an egg into a pint of water, let it boil a few minutes, thicken it very smoothly with a pint of flour. Let it remain a short time on the fire, stirring constantly that it may stick to the pan. Then pour it into a bowl and let it get cold. Add six eggs, breaking one at a time, and beating it in till all are broken and the dough is quite light. Put a pint of lard in a pan and let it boil,

and then drop the butter in. When the fritters are brown and crisp serve them up hot and sprinkle with sugar.

Little Lovens.
Take a quarter-pound of fresh butter and beat it to a cream. Add four table-spoonfuls of fine flour, two ounces of loaf sugar, one ounce of candied peel, cut into thick slices, six sweet and six bitter almonds, blanched and cut lengthwise. Mix these ingredients together, form them into rounds and bake them in six pattypans.

Banana Shortcake.
Cream one-half cup butter and a wine glass of rose water stirred to a cream. Dredge in a tablespoonful of flour, and add a teaspoon of boiling water, stirring well for two or three minutes; grate in half a nutmeg; use the moment it is done. It is a delicious French dessert, although the title is so very homespun.

Banana Blancmange.
Into a quart of boiling milk stir four tablespoonfuls of corn starch wet with a little milk and a quarter of a cupful of sugar. When it thickens set aside to cool. When properly cold stir in a small teaspoonful of extract of vanilla and two or three thinly sliced bananas.

Bavarian Buns.
Four ounces butter, four eggs, two ounces of sugar, one half pint milk, one spoonful of brewer's yeast, or one teaspoonful of a good baking powder, two pounds flour. Mix the yeast with a little of the milk, which should be warmed, add the sugar, pour it into the centre of the flour in a deep pudding basin, and let it stand to rise for one hour, add the remainder of the milk and the eggs, beating the whole well with a wooden spoon, then put in a buttered tin, leave to rise for another hour, bake in a moderate oven, and, when cold, cut the cakes in thin slices, dry in a quick oven, having previously wrinkled them thickly with sugar.

Veal Cakes.
Stew the meat tender, chop and season; mix raw egg with mashed potato and sprinkle with flour; cut into cakes; lay on each a spoonful of meat, cover with another cake, press edges together and fry in deep lard.

Veal Cream.
Stew veal tender, add one slice of onion, one-third of a cupful of raw rice; simmer one hour. Add seasoning, one cupful of hot cream, and serve.

Veal Sandwiches.
These are almost as good as chicken, and much cheaper, and the water in which the veal is stewed may go towards the next day's soup. Boil the veal until tender, and when cold chop fine. Mix with it a good mayonnaise dressing and spread between slices of bread.

Beefsteak and Mushrooms.
Boil the mushrooms in milk for eight minutes, then season, add a tablespoonful of butter, and thicken with a little browned flour. Lay the broiled beefsteak, which has been boiling meanwhile, on a platter and pour the mushrooms and sauce over it. Canned mushrooms will do as well as fresh.

Fried Bananas.
Cut in two lengthwise, dip in paste composed of two eggs, one level cupful of flour, one-half cupful of water, one-half teaspoonful of soda dissolved in hot water. Fry in boiling lard to a delicate brown.

Orange Marmalade.
Take a dozen and a half of fine ripe oranges. Grate the peel lightly off four of these, or scrape them with a very fine knife. The rinds of the other may be rejected. Pare the fruit carefully, removing the inner white skin as well as the yellow. Cut the oranges into the thinnest slices; remove the seeds. Put the fruit and grated peel into the kettle, and boil steadily until the pulp is reduced to a smooth mass. Take from the fire, press through a colander and stir in six pounds of best white sugar. Return to the fire, boil rapidly, and stir constantly for 30 minutes or until thick. Put in tumblers, and when cold store away covered in the usual manner.

Fashion's Fads.
"As well be out of the world as out of the fashion," says Colley Cibber and that we mostly all agree with him is shown by the agility with which we turn from one extreme to another in order to keep up with the race set by Dame Fashion. "What an ugly hat, or gown" we say, on being confronted by some novelty, but inside of a month, we are wearing a similar hat or gown with that complacent expression which is the result of knowing we are up-to-date, and have completely forgotten that we did not always consider it beautiful. Fashion dictates and we all bow down and submit to her decrees. A change in style brings change to every one. Special fabrics and patterns are manufactured to suit prevailing styles, so that a leader in fashion yields a destiny she may not always realize. For instance, with the increasing volume demanded in a fashionable sleeve, came the want of stiff lining which would hold the sleeve out gracefully, without adding much to the weight. Various materials were used without perfect satisfaction, and it looked almost as if we would have

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OUR enormous sales of these goods prove that the public appreciates the scrupulous care we have used for many years in selecting our Oxford shoes. We strive with pleasure and absolute tenderness to make our goods better, cheaper, more representative than ever before of the skill of our shoemakers, and are satisfied that the style and prices will do the rest.

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Purchasers should ask specially for Fry's Pure Concentrated Cocoa, to distinguish it from other varieties manufactured by the Firm.

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Baby's Own Soap

PRIZE COMPETITION

FOR BRIGHT CHILDREN...

A handsomely framed oleograph, one which will be prized in any drawing room (it has no advertising matter on it) will be given each week by the proprietors of Baby's Own Soap to the boy or girl under sixteen years of age, who will have sent during the current week the best advertisement, illustrated or not, suitable for publication in the newspapers for advertising Baby's Own Soap.

The prize winning advertisements will be our property and no others will be returned unless they will be accompanied by postage stamps for the purpose.

CONDITIONS!—1st. That competitors be under sixteen years of age.
2nd. That the wrapper of a cake of Baby's Own Soap accompany the advertisement.
REMEMBER: One prize is given every week and if not successful at first, try again.
N. B. Two or more advertisements may be submitted at the same time by any competitor.
Address, E. D., Account, Albert Toilet Soap Co., McCord and William Street, Montreal.

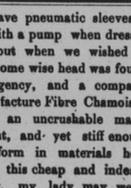


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If you wish a beautiful complexion you may have it by using

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which is guaranteed to cure the worst case of freckles, etc.

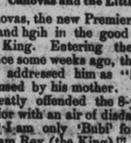
If your skin is already perfect and you want some thing softening and cleansing try *Jessie's Kisses* 75c. by mail.

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RAILWAYS

Intercolonial Railway.

On and after MONDAY, the 1st October, 1894, the trains of this Railway will run daily (Sunday excepted) as follows:

TRAINS WILL LEAVE ST. JOHN:

Express for Campbellton, Pictou, Pictou and Halifax	7.00
Express for Halifax (daily)	12.00
Express for Quebec and Montreal	12.00
Express for Sussex	12.00

A Parlor Car runs each way on Express trains leaving St. John at 7.00 o'clock and Halifax at 7.30 o'clock.

Passengers from St. John for Quebec and Montreal take through Sleeping Cars at Montreal, at 12.30 o'clock.

TRAINS WILL ARRIVE AT ST. JOHN:

Express from Sussex	6.30
Express from Montreal and Quebec (Monday excepted)	10.30
Express from Montreal (daily)	10.30
Express from Halifax, Pictou and Campbellton	12.30
Accommodation from Montreal	24.00

The trains of the Intercolonial Railway are heated by steam from the locomotive, and those between Halifax and Montreal, via Lewis, are lighted by electricity.

All trains are run by Eastern Standard Time.

D. POTTINGER, General Manager.

Railway Office, Montreal, N. B., 27th Sept., 1894.

Dominion Atlantic Ry

LAND OF EVANGELINE ROUFFE.

THE POPULAR AND SHORT LINE BETWEEN ST. JOHN AND HALIFAX.

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On and after WEDNESDAY, October 3rd, 1894, trains will run (Sunday excepted) as follows:

EXPRESS TRAINS, DAILY:

Leave Yarmouth, 5.10 a. m. Arrive Halifax, 6.25 p. m.
Leave Halifax, 6.40 a. m. Arrive Yarmouth, 4.50 p. m.
Leave Kentville, 5.30 a. m. Arrive Halifax, 6.45 a. m.
Leave Halifax, 5.10 p. m. Arrive Kentville, 6.15 p. m.

ACCOMMODATION TRAINS:

Leave Annapolis Monday, Wednesday and Friday at 5.50 a. m. Arrive Halifax, 4.30 p. m.
Leave Halifax, Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday at 6.00 a. m. Arrive Annapolis, 4.50 p. m.
Leave Yarmouth, Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday at 5.45 a. m. Arrive Kentville, 7.50 p. m.
Leave Kentville, Monday, Wednesday and Friday, 6.40 a. m. Arrive Yarmouth, 6.00 p. m.
Leave Kentville Daily, 6.00 a. m. Arrive Annapolis, 11.15 a. m.
Leave Richmond Daily, 2.30 p. m. Arrive Kentville, 8.10 p. m.

Connections made at Annapolis with the Bay of Fundy Steamship Company; at Yarmouth, where close connection is made with the Yarmouth Steamship Company for Boston; at Middleton with the trains of the Nova Scotia Central Railway for the Valley Branch for Canning and Kingsport; at W. Junction and Halifax with Intercolonial and Canadian Pacific trains for points West.

For Tickets, Time Tables, etc., apply to Station Agents, 124 Prince William Street, St. John, N. B., or W. B. Campbell, General Manager, K. B. Island, Superior Station.

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A boy said of the donkey engine: "It steamed like a locomotive, whistled like the steam-cars, but it didn't go anywhere."

The great secret of Napoleon's power lay in his marvellous ability to concentrate his forces upon a single point.

When Napoleon had anything to say, he always went straight to his mark. He had a purpose in everything he did; there was no dilly-dallying nor shilly-shallying; he knew what he wanted to say, and said it.

The sun's rays scattered do no execution, but concentrated, in a burning glass, they melt solid granite; yea, a diamond even.

St. James Mackintosh was a man of marvellous ability. He excelled in every body who knew him great expectations, but there was no purpose in his life to act as a burning glass to collect the brilliant rays of his intellect, by which he might have dazzled the world.

If I were asked to state in a word the great secret of so many failures in life, so much mediocre work, I should say it was a lack of purpose.

We all know plenty of men who seem to have great resources; they are alert and active, they excite great promise, and we look for great things from them.

One talent concentrated will do indefinitely more than ten talents scattered; a thin layer of powder behind a ball in a rifle will do indefinitely more execution than a carload of powder unconcentrated.

The poorest scholar in school or college seldom outstrips the class leader or the senior wrangler in practical life, simply because what little ability he has brings to a focus in a definite aim.

A grey African parrot is the hero of one of the best parrot stories ever told. It was usually kept in the nursery with its owners children, and its greatest delight in life was to see the baby bathed.

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45-47 WATERLOO STREET. Horses Boarded on reasonable terms.

A GOOD LOVE STORY

Which shows that True Love's Faith is never Smooth.

There is more romance in uneventful lives than many would suppose. The love stories of some are replete with interest, and would ensure the fiction-writer a huge success were he able to grasp the outlines of such histories.

The love story of a young lady of wealth is extremely interesting, and reveals what true affection will sacrifice. Her suitor was poor but respectable, and no sooner were their attachment discovered than her parents endeavored by all possible means to turn her attention elsewhere.

She declined to reciprocate the attention of more wealthy suitors, so the father threatened young Romeo, though without avail. The two were kept apart, but proved true in spite of these drawbacks.

Once the youth was settled in his far-away home, the parents withdrew from the contract, and the young man was thrown on his own resources. Letters were forbidden by the love-lorn twin; but, by pre-arrangement, he sent his love-letters by despatch and received his own in return.

By this means she learned that her lover had obtained a good position in another quarter, and being assured of his sincerity she secretly set about preparing to go out to him, without the consent of her parents if they remained refractory.

In course of time she joined him, and so fortified were the old folk that the girl's plan for forgiveness was utterly ignored.

This hero and heroine met amiable and respectable relations, and so secure the approval of harsh parents, but led a happy uneventful career, and were respectively rich, without prospect of enriching themselves.

The girl's father died, leaving his widow great wealth, but owing to inability to manage the business, the wife was soon in a deplorable state, writing agonized letters to her daughter, who eventually persuaded her to join them.

In New York there exists an association of Germans, which enjoys the grotesque name of the Pirates' Club. The name is, however, worse than the thing; for the pirates are very peaceful citizens, and their pirating is restricted to the edible denizens of the deep, which are caught in the common way of angling on the Romer shoals of the Bay of New York.

Not very long back a very active and worthy member of the club passed to another world; but in his will he asked his fellow pirates to cremate his body, and throw his ashes into the sea at the scene of their exploits.

The will was faithfully executed. One fine morning the members turned out with a band, the president carrying the ashes in an urn. The club party out upon the beach, carried the urn with a flag half-mast high. With them went six casks of beer and plenty of provisions, for which the defunct pirate had left an ample amount in his will.

At the band played a funeral march, and the president, in a well-set speech, praised the virtues of the deceased. Then four members took the ashes on small shovels, the captain fired a gun, and the ashes flew into the sea, while the band struck up a lively tune. The remains of the pirate had soon mingled with the ocean.

Thereupon the mourners set to drinking and singing, whilst the sun smiled upon them from a deep-blue sky. To finish the day, they moored the boat by an old hand sticking out of the water, and threw out the lines. Whether or not the ashes had attracted the fish cannot be known, but they certainly made a good catch that day.

Our Opinions of Others. As the years go by let us grow more lenient. When we hear things adverse to anyone, let us remember there is another side. How often we are compelled to change our opinions of men and things.

Female Politics. "Have you been able to catch the Speaker's eye?" asked the first lady legislator.

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and all mothers who are nursing babies derive great benefit from Scott's Emulsion.

Scott's Emulsion

is a constructive food that promotes the making of healthy tissue and bone. It is a wonderful remedy for Emaciation, General Debility, Throat and Lung Complaints, Coughs, Colds, Anemia, Scrofula and Wasting Diseases of Children.

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Turkeys, Chickens, Geese and Ducks, Dean's Sausages.

Ham, Bacon, Clear Pork and Lard, Cider, Squash and all Vegetables.

The Sun

The first of American Newspapers, CHARLES A. DANA Editor.

The Sunday Sun

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SOOD-BAND DRESSER

What Becomes of Some Ladies' Finest Art Once Wearing.

"The idea is, I know, a very popular one that the maids of so-called, ladies of fashion, earn quite a considerable addition to their regular incomes by the sale of articles of clothing, which, having been discarded by their mistresses, are inherited by them almost as a matter of right; but I can assure you that, nowadays at any rate, there are not a few establishments among the 'upper ten' wherein the lady's maids never get a single chance of securing such perquisites from one year's end to another."

"I can speak with authority and not a little feeling on this subject," went on the lady manufacturer of fashionable gowns who, as she spoke, to furnish evidence of the accuracy of her assertions, took down from a little cupboard in her workroom "a dream of a dress" that was there hanging.

"Here, for instance, is a gown supplied to a well-known society beauty, which was made for her on the special understanding that when it had been worn, say, half-a-dozen times, I should buy it back of her—of course, at a reduced price. She is a very good customer of mine, and her husband being somewhat pressed for money at the time, I did it to oblige her; but there is not much fun making up stuff to special design only, as it were, to let it out on hire."

"How do I get rid of these second-hand dresses that are in this way returned to me? Ah! A very interesting chapter might be written on that subject, and it is a list we publish of ladies who buy and wear such gowns, the public would be opened. Some of the names that would be included."

"Of course, they are nearly always altered in some way, trimmed differently, for instance, before being again disposed of; but we never alter a dress before submitting it to a fresh customer, showing it always just as it has come back to us, so the lady may satisfy herself that the proposed alterations will ensure the garments not being recognized by its original owner."

Too Hot For Full Dress. A punctilious care for the niceties of official dress is sometimes a laughable folly. General Grant knew this, and on one occasion told Abraham Lincoln an illustrative story.

When the army under General Taylor was in Mexico, there was a visit from the Commodore of the fleet. Taylor judged it necessary in spite of climatic conditions, to receive in full state rig.

He spent time in preparing to look imposing. The Commodore did the same; and at bottom both men had a contempt for fine dressing. They were profoundly ill at ease. By-and-by, however, it was still worse. The sailor had white gloves, blue cloth, and gold lace. The soldier was in a great uniform coat. Over them was the broiling southern sun.

They soon began to look like boiled lobsters, perspiration pouring down their faces. But they went indoors and sat at table opposite each other and tried to transact business. Young Grant was watching them—grinning. At last a smile broke out simultaneously on their countenances.

"This is nonsense!" cried Taylor. And off went his coat. "Nonsense! it is," echoed the Commodore, and he jerked away everything but his shirt and trousers.

"Then," said Grant, "they lighted their pipes, and had a good talk over the military situation."

A Change in Government. It is deemed to be, by some, the great need of the country, while others, equally positive, assert that the present government, and the present policy, is the only one under which Canada can prosper.

However this may be as to politics, there can be no doubt that the change from the old rubber waterproof, which held the figure in a clammy embrace, to the new scientific idea as expressed in the Rigby Porous Waterproofs was greatly needed, as many of them, who have been benefited therefrom, Rigby is now acknowledged to be the only waterproof garment which cannot be distinguished from an ordinary garment.

The process leaves no mark; makes no impairment of the porosity of the material. Everybody asks for Rigby now. Others may experiment. Rigby is the last word of science. Wear only Rigby Waterproofs.

"Differ With" is All Right. A week or two back, writes Mr. Labouchere in London Truth, I made a confession in these columns. It was that I differ with Lord Rosebery on certain points. I have been severely taken to task by one of my readers, not for differing, but for differing "with" his lordship, when I should have differed "from" him.

A Curious Fact. The Count of Montespucchi, a wealthy and splendid French nobleman, inhabits Paris, chiefly remarkable for its magnificent conservatory, which is used as a banqueting hall. Creeping among the plants in this winter garden are to be seen a number of little tortoises, which their eccentric owner has had enamelled and studded with precious stones.

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TRAINING

It is a hard... Anybody Intelligent

Of the... any of the... when a great... there are few... worry and... and patience... didates for a... perfect con... see nothing... horse, the ad... which adorn... of pleasure... an outing of... the trained... at a glance... months of ca... of the train... It is so... can train... fallacious, an... nothing mo... their claims... phenomenal... men who... who after... and made... become a tra... quires no u... thorough kn... uals, and the... would be su... would kill an... make fine dis... acteristic of... men who ha... and abroad... much work... show in the... A horse that... relish four... will stand, i... much drilling... ration is still... vigorous stall... weary mares... by some m... all of his ho... few races, and... to be found... their profes... It is with m... that a man tak... in the fall t... for the camp... 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May 25, 1895 -

TRAINING RACE HORSES.

IT IS A TASK REQUIRING SKILL AND PATIENCE.

It is a Hard Thing to Bring a Horse to Just the Condition Required—The Idea that "Anybody Can Train a Horse" is False—Intelligence Necessary.

Of the thousands of persons who attend any of the race courses on any of the days when a great stake is down for decision, there are few who know anything of the worry and labor, the great amount of skill and patience, it requires to bring the candidates for such an event to the post in perfect condition. The average spectator sees nothing but the shining coat of the horse, the gay jackets of silk and satin which adorn the jockey, and the thousands of pleasure seekers who, like himself, take an outing on such occasions. It is only the trained eye of the horseman, backed by years of experience which ripen the judgment and make it sound, that absorbs at a glance all the work that represents months of careful preparation on the part of the trainer.

It is in some quarters held that anybody can train race horses, but this idea is most fallacious, and those who advance it have nothing more sound on which to base their claims than the fact that one or two phenomenal horses made reputations for men who had in their employ helpers who afterward came to the front and made reputations for themselves as horsemen. It stands to reason that to become a trainer of the highest grade requires no uncommon amount of skill, a thorough knowledge of horses as individuals, and the ability to discriminate. What would be sufficient work for one horse would kill another, and it is this ability to make fine distinctions that has been characteristic of most, if not indeed of all, the men who have taken foremost rank as trainers of thoroughbreds in this country and abroad. Some horses require as much work as others, and they will not show in their best form unless they get it. A horse that is capable of eating with a relish fourteen quarts of oats each day, will stand, and even demand, twice as much drilling as a poor feeder whose daily ration is only eight quarts. The gross, vigorous stallions and colts and the weak, weedy mares and fillies are treated alike by some men, but a trainer that prepares all of his horses by the same formula wins few races, and there are none of this stamp to be found at the top of the ladder in their profession.

It is with many doubts and misgivings that a man takes a dozen or fifteen horses in the fall to winter them and prepare them for the campaign of the following year. The labors during the winter are comparatively light, but there is always something to do, something calling for the exercise of care and judgment. A colt may have a bunch on one of his ankles, or there may be a suspicion of a splint or a ringbone that will demand attention, or one of the older divisions may have an ailing tendon or a diseased foot. The necessity of blistering or firing may arise, and the best thing under the circumstances must be done, as delays may only aggravate the trouble and render it incurable. Again his charges may be put away for the night as sound and well as at any time since he took them under his care, and in the morning one of the best of the youngsters may be lame in the shoulder or in the stifle. He may have wrenched himself while at play, or perhaps, as is often the case when stalls are not properly made, he may have become "cast" in rolling, and in striving to get out of the trouble strained one of the muscles of shoulder or quarter. This all means labor and the closest study on the part of the trainer. There is always the regular amount of work under cover of the sheds, on the tanbank, or straw ride to be done in order that the flesh accumulated during the winter months may be hard and compact, for when the real work outside on the track comes the flesh must not melt away like snow before a July sun.

With the coming of the robins—if there are no early engagements, no races to be got ready for—the real trials of the trainer begin, for while he may have carefully nursed some speedy cripple through the winter, it is when the actual work of preparing to get the money begins that the turfman is face to face with doubt and anxiety every day. The work at first upon nobody but a sportsman would dream of asking his horse for anything approaching their best speed until the muscles and the lungs have been prepared to withstand the strain upon them. Slow work at the trot and canter is then the watchword for the first two or three weeks, and even a month, and then the pace is gradually increased until, with the races only a few weeks away, there is something like racing in the speedy branches of the two-year-olds through the stretch, or the longer gallop of the older horses.

Out of bed at 5 or 6 o'clock, if the morning is very raw, too cold for his horses—the trainer must not consider himself or his comforts, for it is a life of sacrifice—the first thing is trotting and cantering shortly after the break of day. This is especially true of some trainers in the summer time, as the one endeavor then is to escape the glare and heat of the sun, which is too wasting to thoroughbreds. The two-year-olds are marshalled in line and trotted and cantered before being prepared for the faster work in pairs. The exercising leads receive their instructions, and, with in hand, the trainer stands to take their time when they break away from a point designated. If the pace is too fast he must caution them by holding up his hat or his hand; if too slow a wave of the hand sends the two-year-olds bounding more swiftly than before over the soft, level surface, and when the trial is over the helpers must receive their instructions as to bandaging,

cooling out, and the half-dozen other assistants, of the art. Perhaps one of the youngsters pulls up lame, and in some cases out of tea it will surely be the best one in the string. The seat of the trouble must be located, and it is not unlikely a small stone picked up at flying speed and pressed into the tender portion of the frog is responsible for the lameness. The rest are carefully washed out, and the crevices of the frog cleaned by the foot hook. It may be something more serious, however; a stone may have been trodden upon in that last gallop and the ankle may have been wrenched. The owner of that colt may have had aspirations of winning the Futurity or some other great prize with him, and the trainer, having the best interests of his employer at heart, was undoubtedly bending every energy to get the two-year-old in the best possible condition for his engagements, taking care to have him right, but not overdone, trained to the hour without a chance of staleness. Now came days or weeks, and perhaps months, of the nursing wherein skill is demonstrated and when the fallacy of anybody being able to train race horses is unmistakable. The skeptic may say: "Why not call in a veterinarian and hold him responsible for the future condition of the horse?" Any veterinarian who knows his business will tell you that more than half the success of any treatment is in the application and care of the patient and the injured parts. It may happen that half a dozen of the horses in the same string are ailing or lame. Some were on the point of breaking down the previous autumn, but they hobbled into winter quarters, and the trainer is expected to get them ready for a race in the spring. Perhaps the horse may be pointed for one special event where the value of the stake would repay the thousand-fold for the care and expense of preparation or perhaps the returns from an expected raid on the setting ring in case of success, would be far more than enough to reimburse owner and trainer for anything they might do to get the horse to the post. There are instances on record where horses spent the greater portion of their time for weeks before a race in the soaking tub, the sore tendons being laved with warm water to keep down inflammation, or treated to a douch of cold water to tighten the ligaments that had been injured and gave the poor brute such torture when they were strained by racing at speed. Horses have had their tendons and ankles frozen by applications of ice piled round about their legs as they stood in the tubs, and it was this treatment which kept the speedy old gelding Walcott on the turf and capable of winning good races for more than two years. Salt water is a famous cure for the gouty and ailing legs of thoroughbreds, and any day the casual visitor to Coney Island may see a score or more of horses standing contentedly in the surf, with the waves breaking over their legs and dashing high upon the beach. Thousands of horses have been brought to the post by this and the other means at the command of men of intelligence.

WORK UP IN THE MORNING

And Found Themselves at the Summit of Fame's Ladder.

This is an age of sudden successes. In the last few years, many men—and women—have experienced Byron's delicious sensation of waking upon morning to find themselves famous.

By one striking event, notable achievement, or daring deed they have stormed the Temple of Fame, astonishing rivals and friends.

Mr. Du Maurier, Punch's dainty delineator of society manners, is a typical instance of this. Formerly he confined himself to artistic work; but recently he burst on the world with that curiously interesting work "Triby," which caused some English critics to hail him as a new Thackeray, and created a perfect furor throughout America. People talked of little else, the subject prevailed the entire press, sales attained vast figures, and the "boom" extended from New York to San Francisco. Mr. Du Maurier's literary fortune was made.

The late General Boulanger was a striking example of sudden popularity attained in the political world. Whilst Minister of War he was fortunate enough to touch the French patriotic chord by his bold attitude towards Germany. Immediately his popularity assumed such proportions that he became a danger to the Government. Those who had set up this idol immediately pulled it down again. Boulanger was relegated to a provincial command. He had arrived in Paris almost in disgrace. But his departure was the signal for the most formidable, disquieting, popular demonstrations witnessed in that city since the 1870 war. Placed on the retired list by the 1870 war, he entered political life. His popularity increased tenfold. For fifty years he was the central figure of French politics, the idol of the people, the hope of the aristocracy, who rallied to his standard. It was confidently expected that he would ultimately overthrow the Government and obtain supreme control of the nation's destinies—especially after his triumphant election as Deputy for Paris.

But unfortunate infatuation for a beautiful woman led to his flight from France and subsequent downfall. His tragic death terminated one of the most remarkable careers of modern times.

Masogni, the composer, was a young man who seemed destined to wage a bitter war against poverty, and to have to work his way upward step by step. But every body knows how, by the composition of his Cavalier's Rusticiana, he suddenly achieved a popularity that was accorded to such eminent composers as Massenet, Berlioz, and others after a protracted struggle with poverty, neglect, and opposition.

Alexandre Dumas the younger was wasting his golden youth in pursuit of pleasure; but, finding himself saddled with a debt of £2,000, he went to his father for advice. "Work, and earn the money," promptly responded the author of "The Three Musketeers." Renouncing his idle life, young Dumas plunged into literature, wrote "La Dame aux Camellias," and contracted for other novels. But he made no substantial progress. Then the idea of dramatizing "La Dame aux Camellias" was suggested to him by Bernard. After an attempted collaboration, Dumas resolved to write the piece alone. His

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father strongly advised him against this step; but when the young man proceeded to read his piece to the veteran dramatist, the latter was greatly affected, fell on his neck, shed tears of joy, and predicted a brilliant success.

The drama was produced after endless difficulties, and placed young Dumas in the front rank of dramatic authors. He has since fully maintained the reputation of an honored name, proving that the son is sometimes worthy of his sire. These are only a few cases that will serve to suggest others: Colonel North, of nitrate fame; Mr. Rudyard Kipling, Sarah Grand, and others in literature; Stanley as a traveler; Edison as an inventor; Archibald Forbes as a war correspondent.

Rapid fortunes have been made by such pieces as "The New Boy" and "Charles's Aunt." The serpentine dance craze, "The Re-bonnet-day," and other productions that have hit the popular taste have brought instant fame and fortune to their lucky originators. Perhaps the most striking and instructive feature about these sudden successes is the comparative youth of the majority of those who have achieved them. Formerly, ambitious men and women had to serve an apprenticeship before they could hope to penetrate the charmed circles of consecrated celebrity. But nowadays

talent matures young, and, by dint of sheer pluck and ability, rapidly conquers its place amongst the veterans, who are frequently bewildered by such astonishing precocity.

THE KENT CASE.

Physicians Universally Admit the Diagnosis to have been Correct.

OTTAWA, April 23.—The diagnosis in the case of Mr. G. H. Kent, of this city, whose recovery from Bright's disease by the use of Dodd's Kidney Pills has been so extensively chronicled, appears to have been a very correct one. The swelling of the body and extremities to an abnormal size, the fearful convulsions and consequent insensibility, the racking pains, the formation of the bare ridges across the pit of the stomach and the great loss of albumen are all symptoms of this terrible disease, and it is universally admitted by all who have been approached on the subject that the case was unmistakable in its character. This also is universally admitted, that he owes his restored health to the above mentioned remedy.

Scenery in The Reeling Men. Sailing southwesterly along the shore of that haunt of the waters and polar bear-

St. Matthew's Island, in the Berling sea," said a navigator of those waters, "one is impressed by the mingling of the grotesque and the terrible in the character of the scenery. The northwest point of the island is split up into a collection of large rocks of most fantastic shapes. Houses, spires, cathedrals and figures of men and beasts are some of the forms assumed by these volcanic fragments, which, rising above the white seething foam of the sea that breaks against their base, give a weird aspect to the grim and desolate region. One rock resembling a large saddle suggested to me the thought that some antediluvian giant might in his time astraddle it, and, perhaps, fished for reptilians over the besting cliffs which it surmounts.

DANGEROUS CONSOLATION.

All right in a Day or Two. But the Day Never Comes.

"All right in a day or two" is the thought that consoles every one who is suffering from any indisposition that does not prove fatal. In the case of a person bed-ridden for months with disease of the Kidneys being asked, "Did you not have any warning of this condition you are now in?" "Yes, I was bothered at first with back-

ache, with occasional head-aches, but did not consider myself sick or the necessity of medicine further than a plaster on my back or rubbing with my favorite liniment. It was months before I began to realize that it was useless to further force myself to ignore my condition. The back-ache had become a pain in the back and sides; weak and tired feeling, high-colored urine with obstructions and stoppage, pain in the bladder, palpitation of the heart, poor appetite, indigestion, and a dull, languid feeling, with entire lack of energy." Had this first signal of distress from the Kidneys—Back-ache—received the assistance of Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills, the after state of misery and suffering would have been avoided. A few doses dispel first symptoms; delay results in liver, heart and stomach becoming affected. It is useless to expect to overcome this complication without a persistent and regular use of Chase's K. & L. Pills.

Given Away.

Wiggs: "And who gave the bride away?" Waggs: "Her little brother. Because they wouldn't let him eat all the wedding-cake he wanted, he told the groom that she was ten years older than he'd ever thought she was."

THE CAVE OF THE DEAD.

That August evening last year so well remembered in the Midland town of Standon, Mrs. Clark was late in starting for home. She had been spending the day with an old friend in the town, and it was between nine and ten before she said "good-bye" and set out on her solitary walk to Abbey Cottage.

As Mrs. Clark drew near her door the night was pitch dark and without a sound, save the ripple of the river which washed the rear wall of Abbey Cottage. The widow was pleased to see the light in her kitchen. No other habitation stood within half a mile, and she felt relieved to think of getting in out of this blind darkness and this weird silence.

Mr. Harding's light she could not see, for his sitting-room and studio, both in one, was at the back, directly over the deep Black Pool.

Mrs. Clark opened her door with a latch-key, and found old dead Jane dozing over the kitchen fire.

"Any one been here?" the mistress asked loudly in the servant's ear. She glanced at the door, but saw no one.

"Only young Mr. Wilson that's now with Mr. Harding."

"Young Mr. Wilson to see Mr. Harding?" she asked. "I don't know. I thought he had made it up. I thought they were sworn enemies over Nellie Reynolds. Hark! Here he is going, and there is no light in the passage. I'll show him out."

She hurried off with the lamp, and was just reaching the passage as Wilson came abreast the kitchen.

"Mrs. Clark," he cried in a voice of surprise and alarm; "I thought there was no one but the old servant in the place."

"And you took me for a ghost?" said she, smiling at his confusion and startled air.

"Ghost!" cried he, starting forward and looking over his shoulder with a glance of terror, which, however, the widow did not catch. "What nonsense you talk!" he said hastily, with a sickly smile.

"And how did you leave Mr. Harding? I have been waiting all day. I feel that I have been neglecting him."

"Oh! he's all right. Busy on some work for one of the illustrated papers. By the way, he turned me out, and said he hadn't a minute to spare, and wouldn't trouble you or the servant for anything to-night. Yes, he said he was in such a hurry that he'd fasten his door."

"And having rattled out this speech in a breathless, gasping manner, Wilson opened the door and darted away."

"What on earth is the matter with that young man?" thought the widow as she stood in the passage with the lamp in her hand. "He's full enough usually; to-night he's as pale as death. Mr. Harding locking his door! And sending word that he is not to be disturbed! Mr. Harding is too polite not to come himself with such a message. I don't understand it all, and I don't like any of it, and I'll go see for myself."

She walked down to the end of the passage with the lamp in her hand, and knocked at the sitting-room door. There was no answer.

She knocked again, and more loudly. "Mr. Harding, it is I! May I come in?" She rattled the handle, turned it and pushed. The door moved inward, but she was not fastened on the inside! She opened it. The room was in darkness.

"The lamp is in darkness?" she thought. The roof was deserted. By the open window lay an overshawl, a chair on its back, and fragments of glass.

"There has been a fight," thought Mrs. Clark, "and Wilson has flung him into the Black Pool! Mercy!" she cried. "He is drowned—drowned in the Black Pool, which never gives up its dead!"

Between eight and nine o'clock that evening John Wilson had called on Tom Harding, Wilson was a large, powerful, red-faced, bluffing man of nine-and-twenty. Harding was of the middle height, slight, olive-complexioned, quiet in manner, and two years the junior of Wilson.

Up to a month ago they had been friends during Harding's summer visit to Standon, whether he came to paint some of the picturesque scenes on the river. In July they quarrelled about Nellie Reynolds, daughter of old Reynolds the bookseller, and the prettiest girl in the town.

"This is quite unexpected," said Harding coldly when Wilson walked into his room that evening.

you amateur dauber. I suppose you count on making enough to keep your pot boiling by hiring her out as a model to real artists?"

Harding grew deadly pale. He said slowly and quietly, "If I meet any artist who is in need of a model of a real gentleman I shall be glad to hand him your card, if you will supply me with one."

Lamp futility, and crept to the window with stealthy tread. He lay down on the floor, and leaning his chest on the sill, held the light above his head. He heard nothing but the murmur of the stream, saw nothing but the gleam of the light on the water.

"Harding!" he called; "I say, Harding!" All was silence. The lamp shook loose in his grasp. It slipped from his hand and plunged into the water. Then all was dark.

He wriggled back into the room and sat on the floor benumbed with horror. After a while he muttered, "I came intending to give him a drubbing; but this is—murder!"

In time arose in him the supreme and last passion of life, the passion of self-preservation. He knew they could not hang him if they did not find the body, and he knew that the body of no one drowned in the Black Pool was ever recovered.

The hole was deep, with steep, rocky sides, and it was believed that there was leakage, which sucked down any substance which sank.

No sooner did this reflection arise to sustain him than he turned sick and cold with a new dread. There was a drought in all that part of the country. The river was three feet shallower than it had ever been before. Could the extraordinary loss of depth destroy the consuming power of the place, and would the awful thing be cast up by the waters to bear witness against him, to give him to the gallows?

With a groan he rose to his feet, fumbled about until he found the door, and went into the passage to find Mrs. Clark waiting to light him out.

That evening had been one of the happiest in Sam Harding's life. He had thrown down his palette and brushes at five o'clock, put on his boating-damels, got into his skiff, and pulled a mile up the river to where Mr. Reynolds' little garden sloped up from the water. Here he took Nellie aboard, and they spent a couple of enchanting hours, he pulling up stream and she pulling down; for she was as handy with sculls as he.

When the time came for his getting back to his work he said, "It's a pity I have to go soon. This is the loveliest evening I have ever been afloat, and this is the loveliest companion I ever was with anywhere—ashore or afloat."

"That is such a pretty speech, you deserve some reward. Suppose I row you down to Abbey Point and land you there?"

"And walk home? Ah, that would never do; for when I saw you walking along the road, I thought you would give me a hair-pin to clear my pipe, or if you could tell me what o'clock it was, or if you had the most trifling kiss—next to no kiss at all—to spare."

"That would be serious," said she gravely as she rested a moment on her oars, "for hair-pins are expensive, and I do not wear a watch, and I have made up my mind from this moment to save up all the other things you speak of, for a rainy day."

He stopped forward, "Just one more, before you begin that richest of all banking accounts."

She laughed, raised her chin for a moment, and resumed her oars. After a little pause she said, "Well, here's a second programme. Suppose I now put you ashore at Abbey Point, pull back home alone, and drift down for you in the morning."

"Splendid! Only you must come very early, for I shall not be happy until I see my boat."

It was arranged that she was to be under his window at half-past seven.

It is now half-past seven, and Harding's skiff, with Nellie Reynolds in it, glides into the Black Pool. Over the bank he looks stand up sheer twenty or thirty feet out of the water.

She pulls in close under the window and calls softly, "Tom! Tom!" She is beginning to feel annoyed, angry at his want of punctuality.

She calls out "Tom! Tom!" again. She stands up in the boat. Why is his window broken? Why is he not here at the appointed time? She is beginning to feel afraid now.

She is still standing, and has made up her mind to wait no longer, when with a shriek of terror she falls sitting on the thwart, and covers her face with her hands.

Out of the water, within an oar's length of the boat, has risen the head of a man!

Is that man dead or alive? He asks her quaking heart. Does she know him, or is he a stranger?

son. He went abroad, and has remained abroad ever since.

FAMILY ODDITIES.

The Remarkable Family Gathering of the Smiths.

One of the most remarkable family gatherings ever held was that of, at particular branch of the great and widely spread Smiths. In the early days of the seventeenth century a certain Peter Smith left Holland and settled in New Jersey, where he prospered and became the ancestor of a flourishing colony of Smiths. Every year, for the last 250 years, his descendants have held at the old homestead, where the head of the family resides, an ever larger union.

On the last recorded occasion of this "meet" no fewer than 5,647 Smiths put in an appearance, every one of whom was a descendant of "Old Peter."

At ten o'clock in the morning the order was given for "every Smith to shake hands with every other Smith," and, considering the numbers, it may well be supposed that there was some pretty lively action until the process of salutation was over and done with. It took until one o'clock, and even then, no doubt, there were a good many of the possible combinations left over uncompleted, when the dinner-hour was sounded and the active party sat down to dinner at long tables set up in the apple-orchard. Everybody had to call his neighbor by his first name, seeing all possessed the same world-famous surname. The oldest Smith was ninety-six, and the youngest four months, and all, young and old, made a point of passing, through the old home and pausing for a moment by "Old Peter's" chair, still kept in its place by the corner of the great fireplace.

A very curious bit of family history is that told of the daughter of Sir Stephen Fox, grandfather of the famous Charles James Fox, involving the fact at first impossible statement that two sisters should die at a distance of 170 years from each other, neither of whom lived to an incredible age. Yet this statement contains no catch in figures, but is literally true of the ladies in question. Sir Stephen married first in 1654, and the following year a little girl was born, who died in the same year, 1655. He had other children, who grew up and married, but most of these unions proving childless, and Sir Stephen being unwilling that his great estate should pass out of his family, he married again, and his last daughter was born in 1727. She lived to the age of ninety-eight, and died in 1825, no fewer than 170 years after the death of her eldest sister. That a lady who may have seen Queen Victoria should have had a sister who might have been looked at by Oliver Cromwell, who is one of those curiosities of the register office which, though an actual fact, would seem far too marvellous for the boldest romancer to venture to make use of.

It is stated that, in Vienna, twins were once registered as having been born on different years. The first was born on 31st December, 1892, and the second on 1st January, 1893. A curious result is that, as they both happened to be boys, they will have to do their military service in two different years, as the one will be considered to have reached the age of twenty in 1912, and the other in 1913.

The migration of a Spanish gentleman who having made his fortune in America, recently returned to Barcelona to spend the evening of his days in his native land, resembled nothing so much as the setting out of Jacob and all his family for Egypt, for this modern patriarch, aged ninety-three, having made his fortune to spend his days in the land of the Pharaohs, and his last daughter was born in 1727. She lived to the age of ninety-eight, and died in 1825, no fewer than 170 years after the death of her eldest sister. That a lady who may have seen Queen Victoria should have had a sister who might have been looked at by Oliver Cromwell, who is one of those curiosities of the register office which, though an actual fact, would seem far too marvellous for the boldest romancer to venture to make use of.

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first wedding. Since his divorce from her he has been the husband of two Canadian and two Ohio women.

DOES ITS WORK IN SIX HOURS.

A Medicine That Will Relieve Distressing Kidney and Bladder Diseases in Six Hours Deserves Your Attention.

Those who suffer from kidney trouble suffer acutely. Where some kinds of sickness can be borne with fortitude, it is no easy matter to exercise this virtue when one is a sufferer from kidney trouble. Hope may sustain a person when a medicine is being used that doctors say will eventually effect a cure. But who wants to continue an agonizing course of treatment when a medicine like South American Kidney Cure is within the reach of everyone and that is so speedy as well as certain in its effects? This new remedy has been thoroughly tested by learned physicians, and stands to-day ahead of any medicine used for this purpose. It does not pretend to cure anything else, but it does cure kidney disease.

Phabetic Telephone Incident

It was a young lady who rung up. She wanted to communicate with the family physician, as her mother had been taken suddenly ill. After several attempts I informed her that I could raise the physician. "Never mind, now," came the reply in a voice choked with sobs, "she is dead." I will never forget the pain and sorrow there was in that young voice.

A New Hamburg Citizen Released From Four Months' Imprisonment.

Mr. John Koch, Hotel-keeper, New Hamburg, Ont., "I have been a great sufferer from rheumatism. The last attack commenced last October, and kept me in the house for four months, when two bottles of South American Rheumatic Cure completely cured me. Had I secured the remedy when I first contracted rheumatism it would have saved me months of pain and suffering."

Was it a Proposal?

"Well, Johnson, I'm sorry you are going to leave us, but you're very fortunate in having this money left you." (Calmly) "I suppose you're looking out for a wife?"

Johnson (the putter): "Well, really, ma'am, I feel very much honored by what you propose, but I'm engaged to a young woman already."

Heart Disease of Five Years' Standing Absolutely Cured by Dr. Agnew's Cure for the Heart—The Great Life-Saving Remedy Gives Relief in 30 Minutes.

Thomas Pety, Esq., Aymer, Que. "I have been troubled for about five years with severe heart complaint. At times the pain was so severe that I was unable to attend to business. The slightest exertion proved fatiguing and necessitated taking rest. I tried Dr. Agnew's Cure for the Heart, and obtained immediate relief. I have now taken four bottles of the remedy, and am entirely free from every symptom of heart disease. I hope this statement may induce others who are troubled as I was to give this most valuable remedy a trial."

MARRIED.

Truro, April 10, by Rev. H. F. Adams, James A. Milne to Maggie Watson. Andover, April 15, by Rev. Scovell Neal, David Wetmore to Bertha Eder. Berwick, April 4, by Rev. J. L. Read, John W. Robinson to Rose A. Parkes. Berwick, April 15, by Rev. J. L. Read, John W. Robinson to Rose A. Parkes. Campbellton, April 15, by Rev. A. F. Carr, William Campbell to Mary A. Damann. St. John, N. B., April 15, by Rev. D. Fraser, Albert Smith to Lizzie A. Aiton. Windsor, April 16, by Rev. J. L. Dawson, Albert Money to Blanche Davis. Kentville, April 17, by Rev. F. O. Weeks, Thomas L. Smith to Bessie E. Sanford. Hebron, April 11, by Rev. P. H. Beal, Stephen Greedy to Lorena Grace Bell. St. John, April 15, by Rev. George Bruce, D. D., Rev. L. G. MacNeil to Mary Grace Kennedy. St. John, April 15, by Rev. J. Shanton, Byron E. Wood to Sarah daughter of Andrew Bradley. Cambridge Mass., April 16, Ernest Blair, formerly of St. John, N. B., to Cassie Kate of Centerville. Kingston, March 29, by Rev. Ryan, Norman J. Graves to Alma J. daughter of Wallace J. Graves. St. John, April 17, by Rev. L. G. MacNeil, A. F. Leitch to Woodstock, to Lizzie S. Read, of St. John. Wicklow, N. B., April 10, Clarence Estey to Mary Wilson, April 5, by Rev. J. A. Mosher, Wm. Ayer, of Parrboro, to Mattie Armstrong, of Cape Breton. Bale Verte, April 17, by Rev. W. B. Thomas, Walter F. Donell of Charlottetown, to Amy C. Thompson. Margareville, April 10, by Rev. J. L. Tagley, H. Barker, of St. John, to Maud Harris, of Bale Verte. Woodstock, April 12, by Rev. G. F. Currie, Samuel Gibson of Wicklow, to Mrs. Mary A. Weaver of Blackville. Blackville, N. B., April 9, by the Rev. G. G. Johnson, Herman Hovey of Ludlow, to Cora A. Weaver of Blackville. Campbellton, April 17, by Rev. Wm. A. Thompson, Mary Jane Court of Fergusons Point, to John W. Smith of St. John, N. B. Auburn, N. B., April 13, by Rev. J. S. Coffin, James D. Jacques to Emma E. daughter of the late Benjamin Palmer, of Auburn. Dixie, April 11, by Rev. J. W. Frostwood, Samuel Edgar Wilson to Lucy Blanche, daughter of Capt. Wm. Ellis, of Point St. Ignace. Gregg Settlement, N. B., April 13, by Rev. G. F. Currie, Charles Wigams of Tracy Mills, to Mabel F. Leitch of Carleton Co., N. B. St. John, April 17, by Rev. Dr. Macrae D. D., George M. Robertson to Gertrude Alice young daughter of the late Bladford Holly. Oakford, April 4, by Rev. W. Scott Walker, Theodore A. Smith formerly of Halifax, to Adelle May Robertson formerly of Cape Breton.

THE WORLD'S DEBT TO CONGREGATIONALISM.

This Church Gave the World a Beecher—Hear Also What the Rev. S. Nichols, a Prominent Toronto Congregational Minister, Has to Say on an Important Subject.

Henry Ward Beecher believed man's religious faith was colored largely by the condition of his health. He has said from the pulpit that no man could hold right views on religion when his stomach was out of order. It is quite certain that no preacher can preach with effect if his head is stuffed up with cold, or if he is a sufferer from catarrh. It is not surprising, therefore, that we find the leading clergymen of Canada speaking so highly of Dr. Agnew's Catarrh Powder, for cold in the head or catarrh. They know the necessity better than anyone else of being relieved of this trouble. Rev. S. Nichols of Olivet Congregational Church, Toronto, is one who has used this medicine, and over his own signature has borne testimony to its beneficial character.

An short puff of the breath through the Blower, supplied with each bottle of Dr. Agnew's Catarrh Powder, diffuses this powder over the surface of the nasal passages. Painless and delightful to use, it relieves in ten minutes and permanently cures catarrh, hay fever, colds, headache, sore throat, tonsillitis and deafness. Sixty cents.

Sample free for two 3 cent stamps.

S. G. DETCHON, 44 Church St., Toronto.

BORN.

Halifax, April 20, to the wife of A. N. Byrnes, a son. Lakeside, April, to the wife of Fred Wood, a son. Mt. Denon, April 9, to the wife of J. Worden, a son. Hillsboro, April 19, to the wife of Gilbert Josiah, a son. Harvey, N. B., April 12, to the wife of E. F. West, a son. Hampton, April 23, to the wife of T. W. Barnes, a son. Amnapolis, April 9, to the wife of Griffin O'Dell, a son. Oxford, April 10, to the wife of Joseph Thornwaite, a son. Halifax, April 14, to the wife of Charles H. Melvin, a son. Halifax, April 14, to the wife of H. H. Hinkley, a son. Mt. Denon, March 29, to the wife of Robert Stairs, a son. St. John, April 19, to the wife of John F. Morrison, a son. Carleton, April 17, to the wife of William J. Watson, a son.

Seasonable Goods!

Bicycles, Fishing Tackle, Dog Collars, Golf, Cricket, Tennis and Football Supplies.

These are suitable for presents at all Seasons.

Send for descriptive catalogue and address to nearest dealer handling our goods.

The H. P. DAVIES Co., 81 Yonge St., Toronto.

BEST POLISH IN THE WORLD.

DO NOT BE DECEIVED. Rising Sun Stove Polish. DO NOT BE DECEIVED. With Pastes, Enamels, and Paints which stain the hands, injure the iron, and burn red. The Rising Sun Stove Polish is Brilliant, Odorless, and Durable. Each package contains six ounces; when moistened will make several boxes of Paste Polish.

HAS AN ANNUAL SALE OF 3,000 TONS.

DEARBORN & CO., WHOLESALE AGENTS.

St. John, April 16, Mary, wife of John Schoultz. St. John, April 13, Hannah, wife of Peter Brittain. Rockland Road, N. B., April 21, John F. Patterson, 55. Gardner's Creek, N. B., April 20, Wm. H. Benjamin, 81. New Glasgow, April 5, W. P. son of Thomas Carrigan, 17. Bear Point, April 13, Sarah J., wife of Isaac Stoddard, 45. Milton, April 6, Melvin, son of John A. and Annie Cook, 3. Harvey Bank, N. B., April 8, Frank, son of Judson Bishop, 15. Truro, April 17, Isabella Hunter, wife of Rev. J. D. MacLachlan. Upper Stewiacke, April 18, Eliza, widow of the late Hugh G. Coe. St. John, April 21, Denis, son of Ellen and the late Daniel Connolly. Hillsboro, April 1, Chester, son of Manassah and Samuel Corkum, 4. Old Gulf Road, N. B., April 5, Gertrude, daughter of D. C. Campbell, 11. Arcadia, April 16, Mrs. Lydia E. Treary, wife of Thomas C. Treary, 75. St. Martin, April 3, Ann B. Tins, widow of the late Jonathan Tins, 50. St. John, April 10, Nellie, daughter of William and Margaret Maloney, 15. Halifax, April 20, James J. eldest son of George and Frances Finlay, 22. Upper Salem, April 10, Elizabeth Douglas, widow of Hugh Thompson, 92. Fredericton, April 13, Lizzie, daughter of Samuel and Martha Beattie, 18. Truro, April 19, Benjamin, only child of William B. and Robena Simons, 3. Centerville, N. B., April 1, Whitford, son of M. and Mrs. Isaac Prior, 21. Middle Stewiacke, April 16, Roy Rutherford, son of Edward Rutherford, 20. Dartmouth, April 11, Margaret, daughter of Edward and Mary Goss, 15. Woodstock, April 15, Lotie, only daughter of George and Mary Sutton, 15. New York, April 10, John, son of James T. Brown, formerly of St. John. Moncton, April 11, John Richard McLaughlin, son of George and Lizzie McLaughlin, 15. St. John, April 23, John L. second son of John L. and the late Glendella Bond, 16. Greenwick, N. B., April 2, Mary Belyea, widow of the late Benjamin Belyea, 78. Lake Umbagog, C. B., April 2, Mary, widow of the late Alexander McKinnon, 61. Dartmouth, April 10, James Spur, only son of Walter and Sarah Creighton, 15. St. John, April 12, Helen, daughter of Benjamin and Alice E. Knowles, 5 months. Kingston, April 16, Thomas A. Faddock, son of the late Ellen and Thomas Faddock, 43. Kempton, April 12, John E., only child of Kenneth and Rosanna McLean, 15 months. Portage Cove, April 15, by drowning, William Smith, leaving a wife and ten children. Chatham, April 25, Mrs. E. Springate, of St. Stephen, widow of the late Edward Springate. Dunbrin Lodge Road, April 9, George L. J. son of George and Laura J. Brown, 11. Boston, April 11, Augusta, wife of Stephen Fulton, of Nova Scotia. Torribon, N. B., April 20, Lottie, eldest daughter of Theodore and the late J. H. Golden of London, England, 15. Liverpool, April 9, Jane Maria, widow of the late Tyrrell Wilcox, and mother of Mrs. Charles Masters of this city.

WARNING \$100 Reward

We are informed that unscrupulous dealers are in the habit of selling plugs and pairs of plugs of inferior Tobacco, representing them to be the genuine "T. & B." in bronze.

T. & B. MYRTLE NAVY.

The genuine plug is stamped with the letters "T. & B." in bronze. Purchasers will confer a favor by looking for the trade mark when purchasing.

OUR NEW PLUG "T. & B." COMBINATION