

# PROGRESS.

VOL. VII., NO. 364.

ST. JOHN, N. B., SATURDAY, APRIL 27, 1895.

PRICE FIVE CENTS

## BUCHANAN'S BAD LIFE.

### HIS EARLY DAYS AND VARIOUS CAREERS IN HALIFAX.

His Bogus Doctor's Degree and How He Got to Edinburgh—His Wife Once Divorced From and Now His Wife Again—Other Halifax Men Charged With Murder.

HALIFAX, April 25.—It is not an desirable destination for a community, that one of its citizens should be executed. This city claims Dr. R. W. Buchanan, who will be electrocuted at Sing Sing next Wednesday for killing his wife, as a Haligonian. This undesirable distinction is added to by Angus D. Gilbert, who is held by the Boston police for the murder of an eight-year-old girl. Gilbert is a native of Meagher's Grant, a section of Musquodoboit, 38 miles east of this city.

Poor Buchanan! He is known to nearly everybody here. He wore those eyeglasses which have been so often commented on by newspaper reporters since his arrest in New York. Hundreds of young men remember him as their schoolmate of eighteen years ago at Albro street school, when J. T. Melish was principal. There was no cleverness about Buchanan then, and he developed since. But he had a species of smartness or cunning which partially served in its stead. He was not a model in morals, though while a revival was in progress at one of the churches he professed conversion. "Thank God, I'm a presbyterian," he often remarked while engaged in school-boy theological discussions. His good intentions were soon dispelled. He became a clerk in the book-store of A. & W. Mackinlay of this city, and because he saw no chance of a partnership, as he afterwards said, he left the place and began the study of medicine. He could do nothing with the subjects on the curriculum at the Halifax medical college, and passed no examinations there. He found a way to get a degree, however, and went to Chicago, where a medical college had recently started, and was anxious to add to its list of graduates. They gave Buchanan the parchment necessary to enable him to call himself "doctor." Back he came to Halifax and opened an office on Lockman street, where he hung out a showy "shingle" of immense proportions. The provincial medical board repudiated his "degree," or at least questioned his qualification, and prosecuted him for practicing medicine without registration. Buchanan had married the daughter of an esteemed resident of Brunswick street, and seeing he could not successfully fight the board he agreed to go to Edinburgh and study, so that he might pass the required examinations. It was with money received from the kind-hearted father-in-law that he and his wife crossed the Atlantic for Scotland's capital. Study there was a farce, but he was in earnest in drawing on his wife's father for large sums of money, and having "good time," he got to the end of his tether and came to New York. Not long after a divorce was obtained from his wife, and "Bucky," as he was called at school in Halifax, married a woman of questionable reputation possessed of a few thousand dollars. She died, and it is on the charge of murdering her that Buchanan was sentenced to death. Only a month later he was back in Halifax, and re-married his divorced wife. He forgot his cunning that time, for it was "his undue haste that proved his ruin. One of the newspapers of this city wrote of Buchanan's marriage adventure and the story was telegraphed to the New York World. That paper saw in the affair a possible sensation, and started on a detective case which soon landed Buchanan in prison, and has finally secured his execution.

Such in brief is the story of poor "Bab" Buchanan. His father-in-law is still in business here, but long ago repudiated the "doctor." Buchanan had a brother somewhere in Canada, and he had other connections who are highly respectable, as his father's family preeminently was.

A. D. Gilbert, the alleged child murderer, is on the way to pay the penalty of his crime with far greater swiftness than Buchanan. His family, too, is respectable. Gilbert's father is the son of a Scotchman who settled in Musquodoboit, and worked as a gardener for Dr. Harrison and others of the more wealthy people. They were regular church attendants, and that anything like this tragedy should have been enacted would have been imagined of almost any one else first than by a Gilbert.

Sympathy is with the relatives of both unfortunate, who are finding that "the way of transgressors is hard."

Yet another Halifax man charged with murder is in the toils of the police. W. H. Salter, chief engineer of the Quebec steamship company's boat the Orinoco, was arrested at Bermuda on a charge of killing William Seegar, the fireman on the same steamer. Seegar was lying in his berth while the vessel was ten hours distant from Bermuda on April 10th, and with cramps to work. Salter ordered him to the engine room. Seegar protested,

## A CAPTAIN'S DAUGHTER.

### THE MOTHER OF THE ADOPTED CHILD OF CAPT. PORTER.

In the City Court With a Suit Against the Captain and Certain Allegations Excitedly Damaging to the Character of Her Daughter.

Mr. Frederick Reid is the champion of his sister and when Mr. D. J. Purdy cast an aspersion upon her name he struck him. Now his own mother has abused his sister's reputation and more openly and strongly and it is not known yet what the young pugilist will do. He could hardly be so unfeeling as to treat her in the same way as he did Mr. Purdy.

Capt. Porter is a man of a decided aptitude for making money and of some eccentricities in the way of adopting people. He has adopted several others and his latest protegee is Gertrude Reid. It was also necessary to adopt along with her the whole family, including her mother and brother, of two. Capt. Porter has made considerable money on the river in steam-boating and in other ways but it cost considerable to look after his adopted family.

Even then they were not satisfied and Mrs. Reid out of resentment for moneys not paid her openly denounced Capt. Porter and her daughter Gertrude. She sued him in the city court on Tuesday for \$80 wages as housekeeper and in her evidence declared that though her daughter was supposed to be adopted she lived with the captain as man and wife.

They have lived together, it appears, at the residence of Capt. Porter on Douglas Avenue for two or three years. Miss Reid is rather a fine looking girl and is an accomplished musician. She was brought up about St. John and was always, even when very small, particular about her dress and appearance. Her residing with the well known steamboat man has for a long while been a subject of remark in the North end. It was only within the last year or so that Mrs. Reid only went there to live and events show that it had a disastrous result.

There are few people who know the veteran captain who have not also seen the fair companion of his drives about and around the city. It should rather be said her companion, for the "adopted daughter" has been generously treated by her loving and considerate "father" and drives a neat turnout. Almost any day she can be seen upon the streets and when the captain is not beside her to engage her attention and affection a pretty little dog answers the same purpose. It will be remembered that the captain was anxious to bind the gentle Gertrude to his household by the help of the legislature and he asked that body to pass a bill making her his adopted daughter. Some way or other the legislators got a false idea of the captain's purpose and they refused to interfere with the arrangements of his household. Now the surprise is that a member of the Reid family is suing the astute captain for wages. This surely savors of ingratitude when it is remembered how anxious he was in the recent assault case to defend the son of his servant and the brother of his "adopted" daughter. It is even said that Mr. Porter paid the costs upon that occasion and the \$100 fine. Be this as it may he was doubt willing to spend much more to defend the reputation of his "adopted daughter."

The case is not finished yet and at the time of this writing is booked to come before the court again. Whether it will do so or be settled, rather than have the full details of domestic affairs brought into public view, is a matter of some uncertainty.

## WHERE FLIES ARE CAST.

The City's Anglers Get Out Their Tackles and Prepare to go A-Fishing.

The trout season will soon open and the anglers of the city are busy getting ready their fishing kits, and planning expeditions. To the inveterate fisherman the season when the trout are biting is the best of the year and his anticipations of baskets-full to be are his most pleasurable ones. The twenty-fourth of May is the time when the season fully opens. Last year over a hundred got off at one station on the C. P. R., at Nerepis, and other places are proportionally popular. But there is considerable fishing indulged in before the 24th and already there have been parties at the lakes.

There are fifteen or more clubs in St. John which have fishing privileges, club houses, etc., at lakes within easy reach of the city. They vary in membership from a select half-dozen, to thirty or forty, and one of the most pleasant trips that can be taken is that to any of their club houses where comfort and absolute freedom from restraint are combined. The clubs are hospitable and have many visitors to their quarters during a season.

Out the Black River road about five miles is Beaver Lake, which is held by the Beaver Lake club. It has been organized about ten years and is composed of some

## MR. MCGONAGLE IS CLERK.

### HE HAD A CLOSE RACE FOR HIS APPOINTMENT.

Alderman Christie Wasted the Matter to Lie Over for the Next Council to Deal With—The T. R. A. Men Made it One of Their Last Acts and Made the Change.

The reform council concluded their labors on Thursday with a sweeping change. They dismissed an official and appointed another in his place. George Lynam, the clerk of the market, was replaced by a younger and more competent man, John P. McGonagle.

As it became evident that the former incumbent became too old to cope with the multifarious details of his position a number of the butchers and meat men of the city began to look for the place. When the association council came in it became quite evident this would be one of the positions that would be looked into, so a dozen or more office seekers began to look after it. John McGonagle was early in the field and he succeeded in obtaining pledges from the majority of aldermen, including the T. R. A. leaders, to support his candidature.

His chief opponent was Wm. C. Dunham, who has a meat store on Main street, north end. He had the support of Ald. Christie and a couple of others. McGonagle is a south end man, his shop being in Lower Cove, but he had several north end men among his supporters. Being a Roman catholic, Ald. McGoldrick was on his side, while some of the others were pledged to him.

This was the way matters stood when the question of the position came before the council on Thursday and Ald. Christie sought to help the interests of his man by having the matter postponed until the new men came in, hoping in this way to be able to elect his man. But he did not succeed.

He arose and said that it was too late in the day to take up the position, it should be left in the new council. This was their last meeting and it was too important a matter to be dealt with offhand. He therefore moved postponement of action. The council, however, did not agree with him, and when this motion came up in opposition to a motion of Ald. Seaton, chairman of safety, that Mr. Lynam be dismissed, it did not carry. There were only four supporters of the motion. These were Ald. Christie, Baxter, Lockhart and Blizard. Ald. Seaton's motion was then carried.

After that the thing went smoothly. Mr. McGonagle's name was put forward and carried. Mr. Dunham's name was not brought up at all. The appointee is a young man of about thirty-five and it is believed that with his experience he will make a good officer.

Ald. Blizard voted with the forlorn hope. It is stated that the general alderman proposes to vindicate himself on the charge of voting with the majority all the time.

Another official's name was before the council today. It was that of Mr. Clarence Ward, clerk of the mayor's office. His salary is only \$400, and Ald. Shaw was the last set probably of his civic career moved that it be increased to \$600. There seemed to be a disposition on the part of the board to consider the proposition favorably, for Mr. Ward is recognized as an obliging gentleman and one who, handling all the license business of the city, has important and responsible duties to perform. Ald. Millidge arose and said that they could find lots of young fellows around who would be willing to do the business for that amount. On the strength of this the matter was referred to the treasury board. If he had not objected the increase might have been passed. One prominent T. R. A. man said he would have voted for the increase.

The chief thing of interest was the reading of the election return from Brooks. It was found that the figures contained in the return were different from those on the endorsement and the discrepancy which appeared outside was wanting inside. Instead of it being Elkin 103, McMullin 95—it was Elkin 85, McMullin 95. Elkin appears to have run under his north end confreres in this ward, for McGoldrick received 102, Christie 105, and Millidge 98. No doubt Ald. McMullin feels quite well satisfied over the result, for even though his majority is a narrow one of fifteen it is as good as if it was a thousand.

## AN HISTORICAL "GRACE."

After Sir William Pepperell captured Louisbourg he gave a banquet to his officers in honor of the event so important in the history of Canada. Of all the chaplains present the oldest was the uncle of Mistress Pepperell—the celebrated Samuel Moody—who was noted far and wide for his prolixity of prayer. Because of his seniority, he was called upon to ask the blessing. His friends were greatly alarmed that he should weary the guests by his much speaking, but he was of such a choleric temperament that no one dared to give him a hint to be briefer than usual. The friends were delighted upon hearing the following short and pithy blessing: "Good Lord, we have so many things to thank Thee for that

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Three miles further out, the Ball's Lake club hold forth. Mr. Geo. McAvity is president of the club and Mr. W. A. Ewing secretary, and among the members are Mr. Rankine, Mr. Murray, Judge Palmer and Dr. Holder. The roll contains about the same number of names as on that of Beaver Lake club. They have a very fine club house built a couple of years ago. The lake is a couple of miles long and the fishing is very good.

On the Loch Lomond road the Log Cabin club are located. Their club house is at the upper end of Loch Lomond, fourteen miles from town and a mile and a half above the Ben Lomond House. They have a club house, once a farm house, and 400 acres from lands. They have been in three quarters three years. Formerly they were at the foot of the lake in a log cabin, whence the club's name in a way.

They also have a club house and a large boat house with five or six boats. The club several times stocked their waters with Lake Superior salmon trout, and the fishing is good. The club numbers about twenty-five. Jos. W. Hazelhurst being president, Chas. A. Gurney, vice-president and E. W. Reid, secretary-treasurer.

On the Golden Grove road is Ray's lake at one end of which the Ray's lake club have their fishing waters. This club is a small one of eight or ten members and includes S. S. Hall and other prominent merchants. They have the best club house among all about St. John and the shares cost at the start about \$200 each.

A club of citizens, of whom Mr. T. A. Goddard, Thos. White and Mr. DeForest are prominent members, have a long lake, on the same road. They have a club house, boats, etc. The fish are small but one is always sure of a good catch.

Further out the same road is the little Ben Lomond lake leased by W. S. Baxter, Chas. Scammell, Fred Sancton, Arthur Lovitt and two or three more.

Two or three miles from the city is Ashburn [Lake], formerly known as Peter's Lake. It is on a road turning off to the left from nearly opposite the cemetery, and there is a very fine clubhouse on it with pretty grounds about. There are about twenty-five members, including Messrs. Samuel Hayward, C. De Forest, H. Smith and J. H. Pullen. It was stocked with bass brought from Maine, and the fishing is very good.

Uptic Kings county the Chisholm Lake club claim to have the finest fishing grounds of all and the records of catches there substantiate their claim. They have caught trout as large as six or seven pounds in their lakes and the average of a catch is frequently two pounds. Their lakes are located on the Hammond road some fourteen miles from Sussex and the privileges which they control are extensive. This spring they made arrangements with Messrs. C. W. Bostwick & Co. whereby they have obtained a lease for twenty-one years of the exclusive right to all the fishing privileges owned by Messrs. Bostwick on the northeast branch of Big Salmon River.

This includes Grassy, Echo, Elbow, White Pine, Dark Lakes and the Little Dam, the different dead waters on the river and about nine miles of the stream itself. They also hold Chisholm's lake and Dick's. The club was organized in 1889 and includes nine Sussex gentlemen and five St. John men. They have a fine clubhouse, known as Squirrel Cot, an icehouse and boathouse.

There are several clubs on the line of the C. P. R. At Nerepis there is Wedderburn lake owned by Sam Hayward, J. Ferguson and others. At Welsford is Caribou lake, leased by the Tapleys and others of the north end and there is a boat house on it.

The Ormoceto waters afford some good fishing. The privileges of South Branch lake are held from the government by a club of prominent men including Mr. Thomson, Jas. F. Robinson and Mr. Barnaby. They have not a clubhouse but stop at the farmhouses on the lake. The fishing here is a good rival of that of the Chisholm lake club. The lake is five miles long and is ten miles from Gaspereaux.

Disappointment Lake is on the south branch of the Ormoceto, and is leased by Dr. Smith, D. J. Purdy and other north end men. It is well stocked and the fishing is good. It is not distant very far from the South Branch Lake.

Rocky Lake is reached from Clarendon and is leased by H. Gilbert, T. Flood, Keiths, Barbour and others.

Skiff Lake at Clarendon is owned by an incorporated club, composed of railway men. The club was organized by F. W. Oram and the lake is stocked with landlocked salmon, which have by this time attained quite a size.

The lakes of the Musquash are held by an American club, and they have an elegant club house, a steam yacht, etc. Mr. Cobb, the Boston banker, is the president, and the only St. John member is Mr. Geo. Barnhill.

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time will be infinitely too short to do it in; we must, therefore, leave it for the work of eternity. Bless our good and fellowship upon this joyful occasion, for the sake of Christ our Lord, Amen."

## MCPHERSON'S GREAT WORKERS.

They Conquered the Temperance and Church Elements.

HALIFAX, April 25.—David McPherson is once more mayor of Halifax. After the hardest mayoralty contest for many years he succeeded in defeating J. C. Mackintosh by 150 votes. The victory for Mr. McPherson is a signal one, but it is not so decisive as his friends' anti-election predictions would have led the impartial onlooker to expect. McPherson's election shows one thing more clearly than any other, and that is that the allied temperance and church forces in Halifax are no match for any candidate who has what is known as "the liquor vote" behind him. Ward 1 rather disappointed the Mackintosh men, while Ward 5 gave an unexpected majority to Mackintosh. It was therefore by no means a "solid south" against a "solid north." The friends of Mackintosh hoped for great things from the women's vote. They were disappointed. It was demonstrated that as many women, and more, could be got to the polls on behalf of a candidate who is openly an anti-temperance man as would vote for the nominee of the cold water ad church people. Most of the temperance women had to be urged and coaxed to vote. Mr. McPherson's canvassers had little of that kind of trouble. The election proves that cries of retrenchment and economy, of temperance and law enforcement, will not win an election in this city when opposed to good organization and keen methods on the other side. Fourteen out of the eighteen aldermen in the city council were working their hardest for McPherson, a fact that meant as many votes as the majority of 150 given to the successful man.

## THE COMMITTEE RESIGNED.

The Fullers' Invitation Committee Indignant at Outside Interference.

The ball committee of the 62nd Fusiliers found that their lot was not a happy one and a day or two before the great event came off they handed in their resignations to Colonel Tucker. They tried to do their duty and sent out invitations to all the names handed in to them, but it appears that the name of a certain young lady was not handed in and some of her friends were indignant that she did not receive an invitation. The committee it is said was not approached upon the subject up to last Saturday evening when the invitation list was closed. Their contention is that the invitation could have been issued readily had any request been made to that effect but as none was made the invitation did not issue. When then there was a general meeting Monday evening the matter was brought up but the committee had closed the list and refused to open it again for anybody. There was quite a discussion over this and when the meeting adjourned and the members gathered around in the club-room some of the critical members who had joined issue with the invitation committee found invitation cards of last year, altered the date and filled them out for a few young ladies, who had not got upon the committee list. This came to the ears of the committee and occasioned their resignation to the colonel. More than this, their indignation prompted them to remain away from the ball. Of course those who went had a good time but it is not probable that in the future invitation committees will be interfered with.

## THE STREET CARS AND THE EAST END.

The residents of the east end of St. John think that they should not have to pay two fares on the street railway from any point without the lately opened east end line to their homes on King St. East, Crown or Union streets. Cars run from Indian town to the South End, and passengers ride to the head of King street by way of the "south-east route for the cars five cents. It is the same way on Paradise Row line—it costs only five cents to ride from the North End to King Square or further, transferring at the foot of Main street. The people of the East End have, however, to transfer at Market Square, paying a second fare to their homes on the yellow line. The east-enders think that their grievance should receive the attention of the street railway company.

## AGENTS FOR THE "STEARNS" BICYCLE.

Messrs. Sheraton & Whitaker are agents for the Stearns bicycle and the records made by the wonderful cyclist Johnson upon it show that it is a wonderful wheel. This firm can show any one an array of figures that is as interesting as it is surprising. Call and see the wheel and look at the records.

## A GREAT VARIETY OF NEW DESIGNS IN WALL PAPER AND WINDOW SHADES AT MR. SPURRY'S.

50, King St.

Go to Mr. Arthur 90 King St. An Elegant Design in Wall Paper

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 loogie-knut took one himself, 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 recovered his health, the Times reporter inquired 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 for life. 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 limbs' 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.

These Pills are a positive cure for all troubles arising from a vitiated condition of the blood, or a shattered nervous system. Sold by all druggists or by mail, Brockville, Ont., or Schenectady, N. Y., at 50 cents a box, or six boxes for \$2.50. There are numerous imitations and substitutions against which the public is cautioned.

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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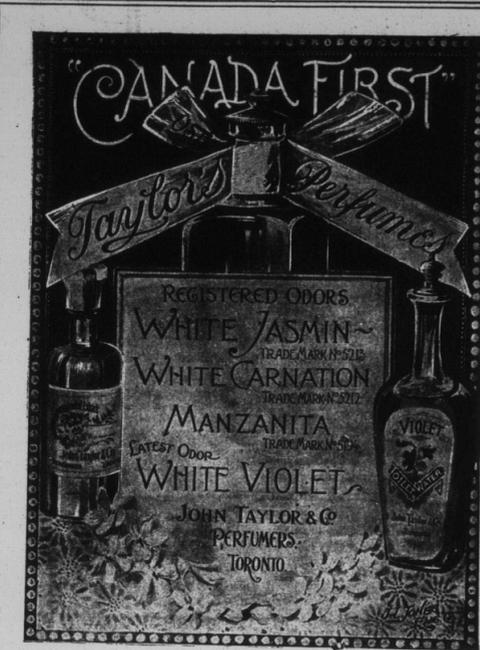
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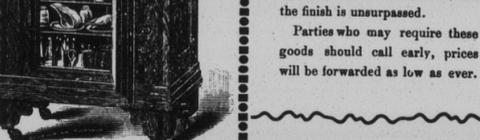
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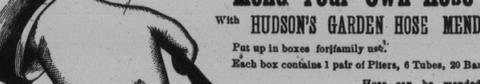
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J. S. CURRIE

57 WATER STREET - SAINT JOHN, N. B.

Quite last week L. W. I. terent to those our own as it were son, the church of the crowd opinioning are themselves here with the music as one of something anticipa of muc Ages e melody and vol He sang not to as he did, his defect of lovers y was best most goo in every (I though the Su Spencer's Star of Mrs. S with the solo "Fl ally elect 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 By the quartette regret his be called has some but that it should en Mrs. Ina Lake, wh a bad atta in violat that will This w Bell" und L. Lugi Institute. nouncement and the bers from the Canta vitation p beautiful His exce number a attendan pleasant the youn parts in a selves and all fresh a excellenc eveing, ag know loc Eichberg, Alcantara thirty-five has been a 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 Undertones.

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 programs 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 Eschopf, 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."

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 head thin 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.

## 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."

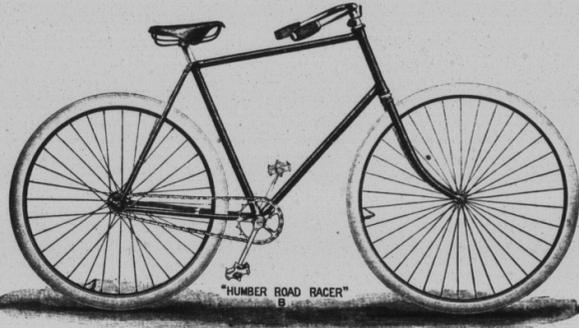
A very strange and ancient custom, which is termed "the letting out of the devil," still prevails at the church of St. Margaret, Margaret Roding, in Essex. Over the vestry door is a small casement window, about four feet by three feet, and whenever the ceremony of christening is to be performed, this 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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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."

USE If afflicted write direct for full particulars and get relief. Our new Columbia Wire Hoop will cure you in a few months. CHAS. CLUTON, 184 King St. West, Toronto, Ont.



An elegant display of all the latest novelties in TRIMMED and UNTRIMMED

Hats, Toques and Bonnets. Direct from Paris, London and New York. CHAS. K. CAMERON & CO., 77 King St.

Dr. J. R. McLEAN confers his practice to Eye, Ear, Throat, and all kinds of Ocular Diseases. Will be in Toronto, April 10th.

All Ladies Love Sweet Perfumes. Then let your next gift be a bottle of Piesse & Lubin's English Perfume. The acme of excellence is OPOPONAX.

PROGRESS.

EDWARD S. CARTER, EDITOR.

Progress is a sixteen page paper, published every Saturday, from its office at 20 to 31 East Weymouth 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.

AVERAGE CIRCULATION 13,641.

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 try 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 the 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 I bring. 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. GOLDS.

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 banner, as he rode, he raised, 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 banner all dead, 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 banner all dead, 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 banner all dead, 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 hands he bears the banner all dead, 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 hand rest, As he watches his banner there, That bravest 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?" "Mince," 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 Nethzee 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 handful of 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 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 Millbrook 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. Mr. Robert MacFarlane, 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 organist, 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. McNeil 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, Peach, Pear and Apple Stock for Spring Planting.

PLUMS—2,000 young trees of best commercial varieties, chiefly on native stocks; 2,000 by leading orchardists in New York. Last year they began to fruit and in year gave me a full crop.

PEACHES—1,000 trees. The first and only Peach Nursery in the province. Stocks buried with choice varieties, tested on ground.

GRAPE—Vines in early varieties only. PEARS—Trees three years old some grown leading kinds.

APPLES—A specialty made in Grosvenor, Bolton Pippin and Russets. THE ABOVE STOCK IS GOOD. ALSO EXCELLENT SITUATION FOR BUILDING.

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 them, day night ball, given by Lieut. Col. Tucker and the officers of the 2nd Fusiliers.

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 and a universal favorite.

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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DON'T be misled BY GLARING ADVERTISEMENTS OF

CYCLES

offered by inexperienced Dealers and Agents. 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. 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. Creme de la Creme Cigar Co., Montreal.

TAYLOR, DOCKRILL & CO., ST. JOHN, N. B. Sole Agents for New Brunswick.

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. THEY ARE PURE JUICE OF THE GRAPE.

E. C. SOOVIK, Tea and Wine Merchants, 20 Union Street, St. John. Telephone 425. Sole Agent for Maritime Provinces.



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Word... the... dies.

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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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NOT HEART DISEASE BUT INDIGESTION. Rev. J. BALL

Fullerton, Ont.—The K. D. C. sent to me was taken by my wife. She had been in the doctor's hands for seven weeks for stomach trouble...

...in St. John, returned on Monday to remain here for the summer. Miss Lena Fenwick spent Tuesday in St. John.

WOODSFOOK. [Progress is for sale in Woodstock by Mr. Lewis & Co.]

...April 24.—Miss Eliza May Morehouse died at the residence of Mr. B. B. Manzer on Tuesday morning at 8 a. m., after a very painful illness of some weeks.

...April 24.—Rev. Mr. Street, spent Tuesday in St. John. Miss Boyle, of Annapolis, is visiting her cousin, Mrs. H. H. Dryden.

...April 24.—Mrs. C. P. Purdy gave a most enjoyable party last Friday evening, in honor of her guests Miss Johnson and Miss Young.

...April 24.—Mr. H. A. Peck and Mr. J. M. Anderson spent a few days here last week.

...April 24.—Mr. H. A. Peck and Mr. J. M. Anderson spent a few days here last week.

...April 24.—Miss Nellie and Miss Bull, of Woodstock, are visiting Mrs. Manzer at the parsonage.

...Lewis Fickett. The ceremony was performed by Rev. Scott Fisher. The church was greatly decorated for the occasion, and a large number of persons were present.

...The readers of Progress will be interested in many of the handsome costumes worn at the opening of the house in Ottawa.

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...were present, also a large number of people from adjacent districts. The strangers were hospitably entertained by the citizens of this village.

...April 24.—The children of St. Paul's church Sunday school gave a very pretty concert Tuesday evening.

...April 24.—Mr. Lewis Bliss spent a few days last week in Woodstock.

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Cosmo Buttermilk Soap Co. CHICAGO. J. HUNTER WHITE, Agent for New Brunswick.

ELICATE FEMALES. WHO ARE SUFFERING FROM General Debility, Anemia, And all Diseases of their Sex.

Consumption. Valuable treatise and two bottles of medicine sent Free by mail on receipt of Post Office address.

COUGHING YET? BEWARE! Take heed before too late. CAMPBELL'S WINE OF BEECH TREE CREOSOTE

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HOUSEHOLD REQUISITES. Telephone 289 for a Bottle of Allan's Household Ammonia, Chickering's Furniture Polish, Polishing Paste, Silver Soap, Silver Polish, Shapely's Chamoin Skins, Sponges, Camphor, Moth Balls.

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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 crazes over the Triblys 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 today, 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 paragon is a haven of love. Mamie's music and embroidery are everywhere. 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 PERKINS.

Cleverly Defined.

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 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.

ELIJAH 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 believes in 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 wayside 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-

EXTREME NOVELTIES IN OUR

Cloak Department.

The Latest Idea in Fashionable Shoulder Capes, 22 1/2 inches, 25 inches and 27 inches deep, made very full, with great Circular sweep.

Black and Fawn Cloth Capes, Perforated, showing the Silk Lining through the perforations. at \$14.50, \$17.50 and \$21.75.

Black Broadcloth and Camel's Hair Capes. lined throughout with Silk and beautifully trimmed in scroll designs with Soutache braid, at \$11.75, \$17.75 and \$19.50.

Fawn and Tan Broadcloth Capes, Strapped and Appliqued, in scroll designs, etc., at \$5.25, \$7.50, \$9.00, \$11.75 and \$17.50.

Cardinal and Myrtle Green Broadcloth Capes, trimmed solid Applique Design in Black at \$15.25 and \$19.00.

Manchester Robertson & Allison, St. John

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 loveableness, 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 lady" (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 potent sunlight, joy and laughter. More potent 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 the things 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 a 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.

How few of the supreme women of the earth have borne any resemblance, at any time of their life, to the feminine models in Greek sculpture!

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 bear 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.

Lovely 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 deformity from the 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."



Sunday Reading.

THE SERMON THIS WEEK

As preached by Rev. Robert S. McArthur, a Baptist.

My soul is exceeding sorrowful, even unto death. Matt. xxvi. 38.

To assume even for a time the character of a felon is to a holy soul painful in the extreme. Actors of high reputation find it opposed to their taste to represent a character famous only for villainous. Christ's shrinking was natural and proper. It is a mark of honor and glory befitting the God-man. I give due weight to all these considerations. But I affirm that they do not themselves account for his deep and awful sorrow. He must have known—he foretold it many times—that he was to rise from the dead on the third day. The grave could not hold him. His physical sufferings at the worst would be short. The victory was near. It was to be a brief darkness followed by a never-ending brightness. Who can believe this was more than an element—and, compared with other elements, an important one—in his sorrow? Martyrs in Christ's name and for His sake have gone joyfully to the stake. They have shouted amid fagots and flames. The pages of history contain the names of many such. Much more was willing to suffer for Christ been seen. What glorious names come to us as we speak? There are thousands who are suffering a daily martyrdom for His sake. There are women told to drunken and godless husbands and sweetly living for Christ, dying a thousand deaths, while they live a single life. Upheld by the blessed hopes of the Gospel, they never utter a murmur. At this hour there are, believe it, friends, thousands who would gladly lay down their lives for the Master, rather than deny him. Think you, then, that simple fare of physical death could have so burdened and crushed the Son of God—the Lord of life and glory? A thousand times no! There was that; there was far more than that.

Another consideration is that Satan was permitted at this time to tempt Christ with peculiar power. Satan tempted Jesus in the wilderness and was repulsed. He left him "for a season." He now returned. It was the last—the death struggle. It was the world's crisis. The old conflict is to be settled forever. "It is the hour and the power of darkness. In one garden truth was crushed and error triumphed. The first Adam was overthrown: shall the second be overturned? If so, the knell of humanity must be rung. On the result of this conflict in this garden depends the possibility of entering paradise. If Satan triumph now God is no more God. Hell appreciates the struggle. Its artillery is hurled against the bowler's defender. An hour! What a conflict! Here let our hearts break in sympathy with our broken-hearted Lord. Oh, be not indifferent when for you Christ is meeting the temptations of Satan! Christ is warring off eternal death and hell; behold, behold Him in His great agony! Never was there sorrow like that of Jesus.

But the true explanation of the mysterious sorrow in the garden and the awful agony on the cross—as seen in the cries of God offered in both places—is that Christ, the God-man, the divine substitute, was bearing in some way the iniquities of a lost world. This is a holy of holies. It seems almost irreverent to judge with a critic's coolness these awful experiences. But such is the teaching of Scripture, alike in the Old and New Testaments. "He was bruised for our iniquities." "The Lord hath laid on him the iniquity of us all." "It pleased the Lord to bruise him." Oh, no, the cup could not pass from him! He drained it to the dregs. "He hath made Him to be sin for us who knew no sin." He was "made a curse for us." "Who His own self bore our sins in His own body on the tree." He consented to have our sins laid upon Him. He is treated as the transgressor. Oh matchless love! Oh transcendent and sovereign grace! Blessed doctrine of divine substitution! God has found a way to save the lost. Heaven is opened to the vilest. With Paul we can say, "Oh, the depths of the riches both of the wisdom and knowledge of God!"

There is a practical application of these truths. First, we see the exceeding sinfulness of sin. How lost was man when nothing short of such a sacrifice could save him! Christ cried out in tears and agony when he stood before God; the sinner's place. How terrible must it be for a sinner, on his own behalf, to attempt to stand before God! Christ sank for a time under the weight of sins not his own. How shall we meet God with sins upon us which are our own? Second, we see here as no where else, the love of God in Christ. Marvellous love! No mind can conceive, no heart can feel, no tongue declare its greatness. The world is full of evidence of God's love. It is whispered in the wind, it flashes in the sunlight, but there is its grandest display, "God so loved the world." Third, the duty of immediate submission to Christ is manifest. It is folly in the extreme to refuse the great salvation, and dare the wrath of your soul. Look to that cross on which today, in God's name I admonish you today, come and give yourselves to this great Saviour.

Turn now from the cold ground beneath the olive shade, where on that Thursday night Jesus began to give the ransom for your soul. Look to that cross on which on Friday he completed the purchase price. See him bowing his head in death. Hear his triumphant cry, "It is finished!" That cross is at once the proof of God's great love and man's great sin. I lift it before you. Stop, travelers, to see that it is something to you that Jesus dies! Is there any sorrow like Christ's? But I ask no maudlin sympathy and sentimental pity for Jesus. It is not for him, but for you that I plead. Look

for the garden of agony and the cross of shame to the throne of glory on which he now sits. Cast yourselves as helpless sinners at His feet, exclaiming with adoring Thomas, "My Lord and my God," and then shall you be able joyously to say, "Therefore, being justified by faith, we have peace with God through our Lord Jesus Christ."

CONVICT JIM.

How a Dear Little Girl Managed to Soften His Heart.

In a prison there now is a man whom we will call Jim. He is in on a life sentence. Up to last spring he was regarded as a desperate character, ready for mischief and rebellion at any hour. He planned, not long ago, a general outbreak, and was "given away" by one of the conspirators. He next plotted a general rebellion, but was again betrayed. He then kept his own counsel; and, while never refusing to obey orders, he obeyed them like a man who only needed backing to make him refuse to. One day in June a party of strangers came to the institution. One was an old gentleman, the others ladies, and two of the ladies had small children. The guide took one of the children on his arm, and the other walked until the party began climbing stairs. Jim was working near by, sulky and morose as ever, when the guide said to him: "Jim, won't you help this little girl up stairs?"

The convict heaved, a scowl on his face; and the little girl held out her hand and said: "If you will I guess I'll kiss you."

His scowl vanished in an instant, and he lifted the child as tenderly as a father. Half-way up the stairs she said: "Now you've got to kiss me, too."

He blushed like a woman, looked into her innocent face and then kissed her cheek, and before he reached the foot of the stairs again that wicked man had tears in his eyes. Ever since that day he has been a different man, and no one in the place gives less trouble. Maybe in his far away western home he has a little child of his own. Or he may be that kiss of the little girl called back to him the scenes of his own happy home and innocent childhood. No one knows, for he never reveals his inner life. But does not the change in the man's life furnish evidence that those remarkable and sudden changes which church people call conversion may be the means of leading people from darkness to light, and, indeed, of doing an untold amount of good?

ODD MOMENTS.

They Have Helped in the Success of Many Men and Women.

"Oh, it's only five minutes or ten minutes till mealtime; there is no time to do anything now," is one of the commonest expressions heard in the family. But what moments have been built up by poor boys with no chance out of broken fragments of time which many of us throw away. The very hours you have wasted, if improved, might have insured your success.

"While the students of Andover were waiting for breakfast at the boarding-house," said a lady, "the rest of the young men would stand chaffing each other; but Joseph Cook, if there were only a half minute to spare, would turn to the big dictionary in the corner of the room and learn the synonyms of a word or search out its derivation."

It is a cheap thing to say that Joseph Cook has evidently swallowed the dictionary, and cheap people often make the remark; but our age has not produced many nobler geniuses of true self-culture.

Marion Harland has accomplished wonders, and she has been able to do this by economizing the minutes to shape her novels and newspaper articles, when her children were in bed and whenever she could get a spare moment. Though she has done so much, yet all her life has been subject to interruptions which would have discouraged most women from attempting anything outside their regular family duties. She has glorified the commonplace as few other women have done. Harriet Beecher Stowe, too, wrote her great masterpiece, "Uncle Tom's Cabin," in the midst of pressing household cares. Beecher read Frodo's "England," a little each day that he had to wait for dinner. Longfellow translated the "Inferno" by snatches of ten minutes a day, while waiting for his coffee to boil, persisting for years until the work was done.

Hugh Miller, while working hard as a stone mason, found time to read scientific books, and write the lessons learned from the blocks of stone he handled. Mme. de Genlis, when companion of the future Queen of France, composed several of her charming volumes while waiting for the princess, to whom she gave daily lessons.

Burns wrote many of his most beautiful poems while working on a farm. The author of "Paradise Lost" was a teacher, secretary of the commonwealth, secretary of the lord protector, and had to write his sublime poetry whenever he could snatch a few minutes from a busy life. John Stuart Mill did much of the best work as a writer while a clerk in the East India House. Galileo was a surgeon, yet to the improvement of his spare moments the world owes some of its greatest discoveries.

A genius like Gladstone carries through life a little book in his pocket, lest an unexpected spare moment slip from his grasp, what should we of common abilities not resort to, to save the precious moments from oblivion? What a rebuke is such a life to thousands of young men and women who throw away whole months, and even years, of that which the "Grand Old Man" hoards up, even to the smallest fragments. Many a great man has snatched his reputation

from odd bits of time, which others, who prosper at their failure to get on, throw away.

A Federation of Churches.

A movement is on foot to form a federation of all the churches in New York for the purpose of work in the lower part of the city. A large committee of clergymen has been appointed, representing the different evangelical denominations, to draft a plan with perfected details, and to enlist if possible the co-operation of all the churches. The Rev. E. B. Coe, D. D., who represented the Reformed church on the committee, in speaking of the scheme says: "If this idea is carried out it will be the first union of churches or religious work ever attempted in this country. We wish to effect a federation for work throughout the city below Fourteenth street and along the city's eastern and western borders above Fourteenth street. This work is not the establishment of churches, but rather to better the condition of the poor through discriminating charity; to lift up the depraved by bringing them into social clubs, which will be formed for men and boys, and to let a little sunshine into the outcast's life. There are two objects to be accomplished. One is to prove the falsity of the statements sometimes made that the church in New York, irrespective of denominations, is only for the rich. The other is to give those persons of large wealth who are charitably inclined, but who have not denominational affiliations, an opportunity to do great good to a great number. Bishop Potter has already spoken in favor of the plan for the episcopal church, and it is hoped that he will be followed by the leaders of all other denominations."

Messages of Help for the Week.

"Every one that keepeth the Sabbath from polluting it, and taketh hold of my covenant; even them will I bring to my holy mountain, and make them joyful in my house of prayer."—Isaiah 56: 6, 7.

"Hear my prayer, O Lord, and give ear unto my cry. . . . Spare me, that I may recover my strength."—Psalm 129: 12, 13.

"I waited patiently for the Lord; and he inclined unto me, and heard my cry."—Psalm 40: 1.

"The Lord cannot praise thee, death cannot celebrate thee: they that go down into the pit cannot hope for thy truth. The living, the living, he shall praise thee, as I do this day."—Isaiah 38: 18, 19.

"If ye be Christ's, then are ye Abraham's seed, and heirs according to the promise."—Galatians 3: 29.

"You who are troubled rest with us. . . . And God, even our Father, which hath loved us, and hath given us everlasting consolation and good hope through grace, comfort your heart, and establish you in every good work."—Thess. 1: 7; 2: 16, 17.

"The Lord is faithful who shall establish you and keep you from evil, and we have confidence in the Lord touching you."—2 Thes. 3: 3, 4.

THE MEDIUM WAS ILL.

The Apparent Reason for her Illness is Here Told.

An American lady recently related an amusing experience of hers that happened shortly before she left the States for England. She said that the incident took place at a town in Arizona called Boulder, and that she had not many amusements or excitements in those days, excepting shooting matches, which the town people soon became accustomed to.

So, when a Mrs. Somebody, who stated that she came from London, strewed the town with hand-bills stating that she would shortly give a spiritual seance in a hotel drawing-room, everybody was excited about it.

"I was a very good pianist," said the lady, "so when the medium offered me five dollars to furnish the music for the evening I jumped for joy, though I was rather nervous about the spirits. My parents gave their consent, and tickets sold rapidly."

"On the day of the seance I met a young Englishman who had emigrated from the old country and settled in Arizona, where he gained a reputation as a dead shot. I asked him if he was going that night."

"Haven't heard anything about it," he said. "Then I explained it to him. 'Those things are frauds,' he exclaimed. 'I've seen any number of them in England. I'll go, and the first spirit that shows up I'll shoot at it. If it's only a spirit it can't be injured and if it isn't, why, serve 'em right.' And away he went whistling merrily."

"I knew he would keep his word, and I made up my mind that I'd not be there for the music. So I went to the hotel and explained to the medium that I had changed my mind, and would not perform for my reasons. At last I told her, and she turned as white as a sheet. 'Do you think he'll keep his word?' she queried."

"Certainly; and he's a dead shot. So good a shot, in fact, that they've barred him at all the pigeon matches."

"She thanked me, and I went away. That afternoon the town was again flooded with handbills, which stated that there would be no seance on account of the illness of the medium. She profited by my information."

A Chinaman's First Amibition.

The first ambition of every Chinaman is to have a splendid coffin. A poor man will starve himself for years to buy one. It is always received with great ceremony at its arrival at the house, and is regarded as the most valuable piece of furniture in the establishment. It is kept in the place of honor. There are many strange customs connected with the funeral rites. One of these is the burning at the tomb of paper horses, idols, umbrellas, and clothes.

BUY

CHOCOLATES G.B. See that G.B. MARK Stamped on every G.B. Chocolate.

EDISON'S LATEST PATENT.

A NEW INVENTION BY THE GREAT T. A. EDISON. Having been appointed General Agent for the

NEW EDISON Mimeograph Typewriter, ALSO THE New Automatic Mimeograph.

For Reproduction, I shall have much pleasure in showing users of duplicating apparatus these new machines. Users of HAND MIMEOGRAPHS, NEOSTYLES, etc., should be among the first to investigate. Others not using any duplicating apparatus need it more. If it is desirable to save money and lessen labor, it will pay you to call and examine these machines.

Ira Cornwall, Gen'l. Agent.

Board of Trade Building, Canterbury St., St. John, N. B.

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Because their clothes look new and neat. An old frock or suit can be changed into a new one by a ten-cent package of

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and they come in more than forty colors, and are made for home use. The method is easy and the result permanent. Sold everywhere. Instruction Book and forty samples of dyed cloth sent free.

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These are supposed to be necessary and useful to the man when he gets to heaven. By being burned they undergo some material resurrection and meet him there.

THE PEOPLE SPEAK!

They Spread the Glad News.

PAINE'S CELERY COMPOUND MAKES THEM WELL.

After Suffering For 18 Years The Great Spring Medicine Cures Mrs. G. H. Parker.

Eighteen years of intense suffering, disappointment and anxiety!

Failure after failure with doctors and worthless medicines made life sad and dreary for Mrs. G. H. Parker, Winona, Ont.

After some persuasion, Mrs. Parker was induced to give Paine's Celery Compound a fair and honest trial.

What happy grand results! Such victory over suffering! Complete cure and renewed health!

The following is Mrs. Parker's unsolicited testimony:— "I have been a great sufferer from neuralgia for nearly eighteen years; these sufferings at times were so bad that words would fail to describe them. After having tried every known remedy, and different physicians, and receiving no help, I was persuaded to try your Paine's Celery Compound, which I have been using for the past four months. I am happy to say that I am now a different woman and completely cured. I can recommend your Paine's Celery Compound to all my friends, for it has been worth hundreds of dollars to me."

Solitary confinement is calculated, doctors maintain, to produce melancholia, suicidal mania, and loss of reason. Nine months of absolutely solitary confinement are almost certain to result in the mental ruin of the convict.

PROBATE COURT.

City and County of Saint John, Province of New Brunswick.

To the Sheriff of the City and County of Saint John, or any Constable of the said City and County: Whereas, William B. Russell, of the City of Saint John, in the City and County of Saint John, aforesaid, executor named in the last Will and Testament of John Logan, late of the said City of Saint John, aforesaid, deceased, and a legatee under said last Will and Testament, hath by his petitions dated the eighteenth of June, A. D. 1894, and the thirty-first day of December, A. D. 1894, and presented to this Court, and now filed with the Registrar of this Court, prayed that the said last Will and Testament may be proved in solemn form; and an order of this Court having been made that such prayer be complied with, YOU ARE THEREFORE REQUIRED to cite the following next of kin of the said John Logan, deceased, namely:—

William Duncan, aged 68 years, Car Inspector, resident in the City of Saint John and Province of New Brunswick. Mary Ann Duncan, aged 61 years, Spinster, now resident in the said City of Saint John. Charles H. Duncan, aged 55 years, Clerk, resident in the City of New York, in the State of New York, one of the United States of America. Hunter Duncan, aged 53 years, Medical Doctor, resident in the said City of New York. Walcott Duncan, aged 28 years, Clergyman, resident in the said City of New York. Susan Duncan, aged 30 years, Spinster, resident in the said City of New York. Robert Hunter, aged 24 years, Laborer, resident in the said City of Saint John. Sophia McManus, aged 62 years, wife of Charles McManus, resident in the said City of Saint John. Mary Hunter, aged 60 years, Spinster, resident in the Parish of Simonds, in the City and County of Saint John, in the said Province of New Brunswick. Lydia Arnold, infant, aged 11 years, Spinster, resident in the Parish of Simonds, aforesaid. Laura Louise Arnold, infant, aged 11 years, Spinster, resident in the said Parish of Simonds. Frederick John Arnold, aged 8 years, resident in said Parish of Simonds. Leonard Hunter Moore, aged 27 years, Bachelor, resident in the said City of Saint John. John D. Moore, aged 24 years, Laborer, resident in the said City of Saint John. Robert Moore, aged 21 years, Machinist, resident in the said City of Saint John. Elizabeth McConnell, aged 8 years, Widow, Housekeeper, resident at Charlottetown in the State of Massachusetts, one of the United States of America. Jane Lacey, aged 49 years, wife of George Lacey, resident in the Parish of Lancaster, in the said City and County of Saint John. Dora Boyd Grant, aged 34 years, wife of Frank Grant, resident at Machinist, in the State of Maine, one of the United States of America. George Henry Hunter, aged 31 years, Spinster, resident at Long Beach, in the said State of Maine. Eva Maud Eaton, aged 17 years, Housekeeper, resident at Onslow, aforesaid. Ann Osborn, aged 72 years, widow of Samuel Osborn, resident in said City of St. John. Sarah Hilditch, aged 70 years, widow, resident in the City of Providence, in the State of Rhode Island, one of the United States of America. Margaret Birchborough, aged 68 years, widow of Jasper Birchborough, resident in the City of Boston, in the said State of Massachusetts. Elizabeth Lynch, aged 60 years, widow of James Lynch, resident in the said City of Boston. William Lynch, aged 58 years, Farmer, resident at Bouria, in the Province of Prince Edward Island, Canada. McKenna, aged 58 years, wife of Archibald McKenna, Farmer, resident at San Diego, in the State of California, one of the United States of America. James Burke, aged 54 years, a Member of the Mounted Police, in the Northwest Territories, in the Dominion of Canada. Mary Burke, aged 53 years, Spinster, resident at Bay Fortune, aforesaid. Edward Island. Martha Davison, aged 30 years, wife of John Davison, Farmer, of Bay Fortune, aforesaid. Alfred Burke, aged 28 years, Farmer, resident at Bay Fortune, aforesaid. Jane Giggly, aged 26 years, wife of William Giggly, resident at Long Beach, in the Province of New Brunswick. Ship Carpenter, James Rodgers, aged 24 years, Carpenter, resident at Cambridgeport, in the State of Massachusetts, aforesaid. Margaret Spearin, aged 23 years, wife of Freeman Spearin, Millman, resident at Campbellton, in the Province of New Brunswick. Sarah Ann Sallinger, aged 20 years, wife of John Sallinger, Car Builder, resident in the City of Boston, aforesaid. Isabelle Halse, aged 4 years, wife of John J. Halse, Clergyman, resident in the City of St. John, aforesaid. Alexander Rodgers, aged 4 years, son of Alexander Rodgers, Landing, Bellisle, in the said Province of New Brunswick. David Rodgers, aged 4 years, Farmer, resident at Cranville's Landing, Bellisle, aforesaid. Clara Halse, aged 4 years, wife of Alexander Halse, brass-maker, resident at Reading, in the State of Massachusetts, aforesaid. Hannah LeCain, aged 29 years, wife of Geo. LeCain, baker, resident at Lexington, in the State of Massachusetts, aforesaid. George Flower, aged 29 years, painter, resident at Stoneham, in the State of Massachusetts, aforesaid. Edwin G. Hunt, aged 28 years, Ironman, resident of Boston, in the State of Wisconsin, one of the United States of America. Augustus B. Wheaton, aged 24 years, wife of L. W. Wheaton, of Kingston, in the county of Kings, in the said Province of New Brunswick. John T. Hunter, aged 23 years, barber, resident at St. Martin, in the city and county of Saint John, aforesaid. George A. Wheaton, aged 22 years, wife of Gordon Wheaton, of Kingston, aforesaid. James H. Hunter, aged 22 years, married of said Province of New Brunswick. Amanda Hunter, aged 20 years, Spinster, resident of Kingston, aforesaid. John W. Hunter, aged 18 years, carpenter, resident at Somerville, in the State of Massachusetts, aforesaid. Herman G. Hunter, aged 18 years, Master Mariner, resident at the City of Saint John, aforesaid. Ernest Hunter, aged 18 years, carpenter, resident at Somerville, aforesaid. Maggie M. Hunter, aged 18 years, spinster, seamstress, resident at Somerville, aforesaid. Louise Hunter, aged 17 years, Spinster, Dressmaker, resident at Somerville, aforesaid. Annie F. Worden, aged 18 years, wife of George A. Worden, Farmer, resident at Kingston, in the County of Saint John, in the Province of New Brunswick, and the following devisees and legatees of the said John Logan, deceased:— Mary Jane Dalsell, aged 35 years, Spinster, resident at the City of St. John, aforesaid, devisee and legatee and the said William B. Russell, aged 61 years, Clothier, resident at the City of Saint John, aforesaid, legatee, and other next of kin of the said John Logan, deceased, if any and all persons interested and all others whom it may concern, to appear before me at a Court of Probate to be held in the Equity and Probate Court Room in Papeley's Buildings in the City of Saint John, within and for the said City and County of Saint John, on Monday, the thirty-first day of May next at the hour of two o'clock, in the afternoon, to attend and take such other part with regard to the proving of said last Will and Testament in solemn form as they may see fit, with full power to oppose said last Will and Testament being so proved or otherwise as they shall think proper, and to be sworn to, and the said petitioner having made it appear to this Court that he has given the names, ages, occupations and places of residence of all of the said next of kin, heirs, devisees and legatees, so far as the same is in his power so to do. Given under my hand and the Seal of the said Probate Court, this thirty-first day of January, A. D. 1895.

ARTHUR I. TRUEMAN, Judge of Probates

J. S. JOHN McMILLAN, Registrar of Probates for said City and County

A. P. BARNHILL, Proctor.

STEAMERS.

INTERNATIONAL S. S. CO.

TWO TRIPS A WEEK For Boston.

UNTIL FURTHER NOTICE the steamers of this company will leave St. John for Boston, Halifax, Portland and Boston, every Monday and Thursday.

Monday and Thursday sailings as above (except) on days when the Boston mail leaves Boston on days 2, 4, 6, 8, 10, 12, 14, 16, 18, 20, 22, 24, 26, 28, 30, 31, 32, 34, 36, 38, 40, 42, 44, 46, 48, 50, 52, 54, 56, 58, 60, 62, 64, 66, 68, 70, 72, 74, 76, 78, 80, 82, 84, 86, 88, 90, 92, 94, 96, 98, 100.

Connections made at Newport with steamer for St. John and St. Stephen's. Freight received daily up to 4 p. m.

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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 ASCENT.

A Man Who Has Made Forty-Five Balloon Ascents.

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.

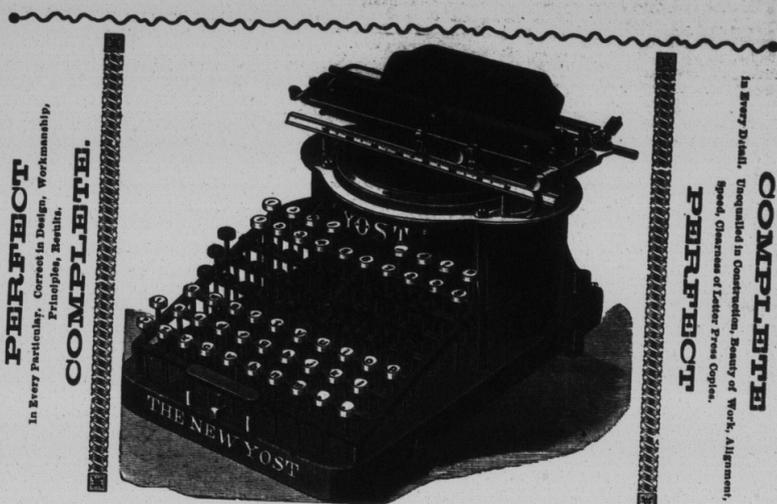
Fancy dress balls, in which the guests are dressed in costumes representing the pieces in a set of chessmen, are by no means uncommon; but a short time ago a certain hostess went one better than this, and gave a card-dance, at which the invited guests were requested to appear in the character of the 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

THE NUMBER 4 YOST



YOST WRITING MACHINE CO. IRA CORNWALL, General Agent for the Maritime Provinces, BOARD OF TRADE BUILDING, St. John, or the following Agents.

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.

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. 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 durability to the soles. Ask your dealer for "The Slater \$3.00 Shoe for Men."

Geo. T. Slater & Sons, Montreal.

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.

Sea Foam Soap. A Pure White Soap. Made from vegetable oil it possesses all the qualities of the finest white Castile Soap. The Best Soap for Toilet & Bath Purposes, it leaves the skin soft, smooth and healthy. It Floats.

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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.**

Sauce—Half a bowl of brown sugar, two tablespoonfuls of 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.**

Cream one-half cup butter, one cup of sugar stir in one beaten egg, half a cup of milk, two cups of flour, and two teaspoonfuls of baking powder. Bake in round or oblong tins. Over one cake spread a pint of whipped cream. Sweeten to taste into which has been stirred one large banana sliced thin. Lay the other over it and serve very hot.

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

## Ladies', Misses and Children's OXFORDS. OXFORDS.

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 affirm with pleasure and absolute confidence that this season's stock is better, cheaper, more representative than ever before of the ideas of our shoes, and are satisfied that the style and prices will do the rest.

## Waterbury & Rising,

61 KING STREET and 212 UNION STREET.

"Strongest and Best."—Dr. Andrew Wilson, F. R. S. E., Editor of "Health."

# Fry's PURE CONCENTRATED COCOA

100 PRIZE MEDALS AWARDED TO THE FIRM.  
Purchasers should ask specially for Fry's Pure Concentrated Cocoa, to distinguish it from other varieties manufactured by the Firm.

# RIPANS

ONE GIVES RELIEF.

## 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.

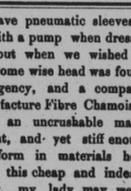


## FEATHERBONE

Corsets are now recognized to be the Standard Corset of Canada.

Satisfaction guaranteed or money refunded.

SEEK YOUR DRY GOODS DEALER FOR THEM.



## A Complexion Like a Baby's

Free from Freckles, Tan, Liver Spots, Pimples, Blackheads, Blotches, Roughness, Eczema, Under Redness, etc., etc.

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

**The Princess Complexion Purifier**

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.

**IS YOUR HAIR TURNING GRAY?**

Mrs. Graham's Hair Restorer will turn it to its natural color in six to twelve days. It is naturally harmless and neither greasy or sticky. Price 50c. Send stamp for booklet, containing information and the name of your dealer.

## I CURE FITS!

Valuable booklet and bottle of medicine sent free to any address. Write to: M. G. RUEL, 38 de la Sablerie St., Montreal.

## BICYCLES

Warranted, repaired, cleaned, and put in perfect order. Write to: T. W. DODD & SON, 100 St. John St., Montreal.

## 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 ROUPE.

THE POPULAR AND SHORT LINE BETWEEN St. John and Halifax.

(Trains run on Eastern Standard Time.)

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, 5.45 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, 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, at 124 Hollis Street, Halifax, or to the City Office, 114 Prince William Street, St. John, N. B.

W. B. Campbell, General Manager.

## EPILEPSY

Fits, Nervous Debility.

Causes, Symptoms, Results and How to Cure. Treatise free on application to M. G. RUEL, 38 de la Sablerie St., Montreal.

## GERARD G. RUEL, BARRISTER, &c.

Walker's Building, Canterbury Street, St. John, N. B.



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 tanbark, 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.

cooling out, and the half-dozen other sayings, of the art. Perhaps one of the youngsters pulls up lame, and in some cases out of ten 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 hundred-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 Cavalieri Rusticani, 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.

PROGRESS' Great Offer.



PROGRESS will give to every yearly subscriber a beautiful CRAYON PORTRAIT, enclosed in a 26 x 30 Gilt and oak frame. The engraving given above is a fac simile of our SAMPLE PORTRAITS, that will be shown you by our Agents. We would draw special attention to the fact that every Portrait will be enclosed in a FRAME that sells in this city for Five to Seven Dollars. There have been several offers, in the way of enlarging Pictures, but we stand prepared to give you the best yet offered, and guarantee First Class Work and prompt attention. The artists in charge of our work have been selected from the foremost in their line in Boston.

We want your name on our subscription list, and will make you the following offer: "Progress," for one year, with PORTRAIT AND FRAME. Will Only COST \$4.00, and these are the terms we will give you, Pay the Agent \$1.00 when he takes your order and when the Picture is delivered \$3.00. We will have "Progress" delivered to you by our carriers, or by mail free of charge.

Mr. D. L. ASPINWALL having charge of this department, will secure all orders, and any communication addressed to him, care of PROGRESS, will receive prompt attention. Send in your Photographs at once, accompanied by \$1.00, sent either by Post Office or Express Money Order.

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 to 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 Charlie's Aunt. The serpentine dance craze, "The ribbon-dance," 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. Society in The Morning. 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 the 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. Wiggins: "And who gave the bride away?" Waggon: "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 Mrs. Clark in surprise. "I didn't know they 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 door was ajar, and she entered. The room was deserted. By the open window lay an ashore and 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.

"Half-an-hour ago I heard Mrs. C. was in town, and I thought I'd come and have a talk with you when there was no chance of being interrupted or overheard by that gossiping woman."

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 so 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 she 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, had seven daughters, twenty-three sons, thirty-four grand-children, seven grandsons, forty-five great-grandchildren, thirty-nine great-grandsons, three great-great-grandsons, and seventy-two step sons and daughters, and the whole family, totalling 280 persons, took their departure for Barcelona to spend travelling in a steamer service, either for the great occasion, and commanded by one of the grandsons.

The total number of the descendants of a woman in Lewistown, Illinois, who has just celebrated her 105th birthday, is not far from 2,000, but so far the figures, which are taken to be approximately correct, certainly deserve a brief record. She has thirteen children, 102 grandchildren, 228 great-grandchildren, and twenty-six great-great-grandchildren—making up the remarkable total of 369 persons.

At a marriage in Elizabeth, New Jersey, recently, the friends of the bridegroom present included his father and mother, grandfather and grandmother, and great-grandfather and great-grandmother, while a little niece, daughter of the third lord, sister, represented the fifth generation.

An extraordinary chain of relationship was that of Harriet Viscountess Middleton, who recently died at the age of eighty-nine. She had been nearly related to no fewer than six Lords Middleton. She was grand-daughter of the third lord, daughter of the fourth, sister of the fifth, first cousin of the sixth, first cousin and wife of the seventh, and mother of the eighth and present holder of the title.

It would be difficult to beat the family complications of a case reported from Glamorgan, when a married woman, the fourth wife of her husband, was stated to have been previously the widow of three married men, and has issue from each marriage. Result—in one house the children are of seven different parentages.

From Indianapolis there comes a story of a remarkable matrimonial career. A farmer and his wife were lovers in youth, were early married, but failing to agree, were divorced. After a few years they came together and were re-married. Again they were divorced, and re-married, and once again secured a divorce, to be once more re-married at New Albany, this time, they declared, finally and with fixed intent to separate no more. An American paper tells of a gentleman who has just been married for the sixth time. On this occasion he married against the wishes of his first married, just forty-one years from the 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 formed the girl 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'll be 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."

Witty and Wise.

In a school the other day a class of little girls was asked by the teacher to write a short composition on the North Pole.

Many of the statements made by the young writers were highly amusing.

The one that provoked the broadest smile on the part of the schoolmistress was contained in a very precocious dissertation by a little miss, which ran as follows:—

The Arctic regions are used exclusively for exploring purposes."

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 painful 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.

Amherst, April 2, to the wife of A. N. Byrne, a son. Lakeridge, April, to the wife of Fred Wood, a son. Mt. Denon, April 9, to the wife of J. Worden, a son. Hillsboro, April 10, to the wife of Gilbert Josiah, a son. Harvey, N. B., April 11, to the wife of E. F. West, a son. Hampton, April 20, to the wife of E. W. Barnes, a son. Amherst, April 21, 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 20, to the wife of Robert Stairs, a son. St. John, April 10, 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.

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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.

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

MARRIED.

Truro, April 10, by Rev. H. F. Adams, James A. Milne to Maggie Watson. Andover, April 15, by Rev. Scotti Neale, David Wetmore to Bertha Eder. Berwick, April 4, by Rev. J. L. Read, John W. Robinson to Rose A. Parkes. Berwick, April 4, by Rev. J. L. Read, John W. Robinson to Rose A. Parkes. Campbellton, April 18, by Rev. A. F. Carr, William Campbell to Mary A. Damann. St. John, N. B., April 1, 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 Leiby 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. Shannon, Bryon E. Wood, to Sarah daughter of Andrew Stradley. Cambridge Mass., April 16, Ernest Blair, formerly of St. John, N. B., to Cassie Kate of Centerville. Kingston, March 29, by Rev. W. 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, a daughter. Windsor, April 5, by Rev. J. A. Mosher, Wm. Ayrt, of Farrabro, to Hattie 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 Stroudmont, Mt. to Maud Harris, of East Margareville. Woodstock, April 12, by Rev. G. F. Currie, Samuel Giberson 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 Pt., to John W. Smith of St. John, N. B. Auburn, N. B., April 8, by Rev. J. S. Coffin, James D. Jacques to Ermias 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's daughter of the late Shadrach Holly. Oakland, April 4, by Rev. W. Scott Walker, Theodore A. Smith formerly of Halifax, to Adelle May Robertson formerly of Cape Breton.

DIED.

Amherst, April 1, Mrs. Ward, 84. Frieson, April 13, Colin Ferguson, 69. Waterloo, April 6, Michael Wile, 67. Newwood, April 14, Siles Drake, 64. Brighton, April 14, John H. Gare, 61. Truro, April 17, Raymond White, 26. St. John, April 18, John J. Forrest, 64. St. John, April 18, David Brewster, 62. St. John, April 23, John Johnston, 62. St. John, April 21, Susanna McCreedy, 62. Truro, April 17, Ellen Hamilton, 70. Campbellton, April 4, William Lyons, 58. St. John, April 16, Mrs. Flora Walcott, 62. Cole Harbor, April 17, David MacIntosh, 62. Bowdell N. B., April 4, Wm. W. Snow, 67. Upper Wicklow, March 31, Ashet Smith, 44. Halifax, April 17, William A. Halling, 42. Bear Point, April 7, Milledge Chisholm, 58. Loch Lomond, April 11, Valentine Watson, 57. Uthman Station, April 13, Charles Stewart, 52. St. John, April 14, Mrs. Susannah Golding, 52. West New Amun, April 6, Peter McInloch, 51. Advance Harbor, April 8, John E. Buthergreen, 48. Woodfield, N. B., April 12, Nancy A. Dickman, 52. Greenburg, April 16, Sarah A., wife of John Ward, 56. Hiramston, N. B., April, Thomas McDonough, 57. Central Grove, April 5, Elie B. wife of John Shaw, 52. Monaghan, April 9, Cyr...

VOL. MAY SET

THE BRID

An Impassioned Settle Bath. Publicity. Into the Press.

Just now present of the Re- eagerly soon to judgment of these papers to them on the m instances they are. Thru is was those Ribbie would right side of the file the public formation and week. Probab round his lips. The fact of is practically a Porter has com eleventh hour, from a business point to let his serious charge. He is the owner has other busi not well to inju \$88. Therefo to compromise an amount to is not yet state ever, not to be. He did not, to clusion until the. The evidence he week the couns. ments. They especially that Mrs. Reid, who lations of Capl had been very lowed by a statu out in evidence aging to Miss L. Mr. Carleton prepared to pr the meantime private inform found its way lished in the ne his argument, a. A. G. Blair, ju suit.

The heroine sought seclusion of her fair. She still drives turnout and stive yet possessed car. The reason o from her daught stood. She migh not obtain the due her, and in the business manion and the daughter now long up river Clark. She and it is even a other family en canized vendett ters.

Mention was Porter's eccentric everybody's lively called. His co happiest desire have been separ would like to sought for grow find any. She but is taking her him free by a adoption bill be future, it was of the m from adopting. During the tress can go went on the st and nuptial R Capt. After but a littl have her own had the manag. This is just wh ed, for it tend was responsible cured by her i.

How He is it amusing takes to excite that is the ma that the intere the feminine was quite clear pensed to be of hour the other to work was th friend ahead of was running. ness in that ponied for the seemed intent.

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 genuine.

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