

# PROGRESS.

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ST. JOHN, N. B., SATURDAY, MARCH 5, 1898.

PRICE FIVE CENTS

## WON BACK ITS LAURELS.

ST. JOHN REGAINS ITS LOST PRESTIGE AT THE HOCKEY GAME.

And the Crescents of Halifax Suffer Their First Defeat of the Season—Two Great Games Played Amid the Wildest Excitement—The Victory Reception.

Halifax hockey players have come and gone.

They came flushed with victories in Halifax and Nova Scotia and wearing the laurels of their championship. They departed with the saddened spirits of defeat and clad in the craps of sorrow.

But they had two royal games and a splendid time. They had the best kind of a reception and the kindest of greetings. They had nothing but kind words for the champions of the maritime provinces, the Canada Winter Port team.

There were many who thought hockey had about died in St. John. The league teams this year were not evenly matched and the excitement that breeds enthusiasm was lacking. So the attendance was not up to the standard, but the crowds that gathered in the Up Town rink on Tuesday and Wednesday evenings proved that sport of an exciting nature still has its hold upon the lovers of all games in this city. The excitement was intense, the enthusiasm so infectious that it pervaded the whole audience and left nothing to be desired in the way of cheering.

Long before the hour of the game the crowd began to gather. Many of those who wanted to see the sport had some idea of what was to follow from what they saw in the afternoon when the Halifax teams arrived in the city and tried to get to their hotel—the Dufferin. They had hardly alighted from the train when the club yell of the Crescents began to sound in the station. And it was a furious fusillade. All of the players and their friends and companions were well trained in its use and when they one—two—three sounded they started on their short and sharp sentences with an effort and precision that awoke the echoes in the old station house. Those who heard it will not forget it soon.

Manager E. C. March met them and a warm greeting followed. Then with their club colors flying, and their "mascot" in the lead, the club and their friends started for the big sleigh that awaited them at the entrance. This in itself was a surprise to them for snow is scarce in Halifax. And so they found it was in St. John for when the Market Square was reached bare ground made the horses break the whipple trees and a short sharp walk as a result took them to the Dufferin.

Then the chaff and banter began and opinions regarding the result of the games were freely exchanged in a jovial spirit. The Halifax boys looked and felt in the pink of condition. They were confident of victory and did not hesitate to say so, and when the St. John promoters of sport looked them over they did not feel any too hopeful of the result. The record of the Canadian Winter Port team in Halifax—their three defeats there, made even their best wishers fear for a like result here. But still that did not discourage them altogether, and when the teams faced each other on the good ice all ready for the battle of skill, strength and endurance, the St. John boys with money to spare were not slow in accepting all the offers made them. This was by-play of course and yet it was of much interest to the spectators. A group of these had a chance to applaud when a cool Halifax man held up \$75 and asking for an even taker was accommodated on the instant. This encouraged other wagers though the young hockey player who accepted the offer did so out of allegiance to his friends rather than from any confidence in the result. Syndicates began to be made at once and all the money offered was accepted on the spot.

Meanwhile the game had begun and perhaps some of the Halifax sports who had been so free with their money began to regret the fact a little when they saw the great game that St. John was putting up.

Progress does not propose to attempt a description of the game from a technical standpoint. That has been done again and again. Suffice it to say that it was of the fairest nature and that no fault could be found with the rulings of the referee or the goal judges. There were close decisions but they were fair ones. So the 900 or 1000 people who were present said and they were right.

Talk about applause! St. John has seen nothing like it for years. The people were packed four deep about the rink and crowding each other to get a good glimpse of the ice and the players. And the puck started that great roar of applause, shouts of encouragement, shrieks of laughter at a player's mishap, whether friend or opponent, made one almost wish that he was deaf for the time being. There was no cessation of the noise. The players did not mind it but with a determination to win that was a revelation to the uninitiated scurried hither and thither chasing the puck, foiling their opponents at every possible moment, skating with an amazing swiftness and treating tumbles that threatened to break their necks or their bones with a carelessness that showed the tremendous excitement under which they were laboring. Rush after rush followed each other in quick succession at the start. Then when each captain found that no goal was scored, the teams settled down to a trial of skill and endurance. This lasted for half an hour with scarcely an intermission save for a broken tooth or some such slight mishap. Good nature prevailed on all sides and when the half hour was up and no one had any advantage there was an audible sigh of relief from the St. John support who had wavered in their faith when the C. W. P.'s faced the unconquered and redoubtable Crescents.

Then during half time the money began to fly again and St. John men grew very anxious to get up all the cash they could spare or could afford to get. They found the Halifax men willing and there was no lack of willingness to back their favorites.

With beating hearts and even greater excitement—it that was possible—the spectators watched the teams face off for the second half. How desperate were the efforts they made to score! How tumultuous the applause when St. John kept the puck bustling around the goal of the visitors, and who shall describe the uproar when the rubber was sent between the goal posts by a St. John man a few minutes after the second half began. Men and women who thought more of their dignity than anything else on ordinary occasions forgot that staid article and shouted and clapped, broke their hats and their voices in their enthusiasm. But the referee allowed no time to elapse and the puck was chased as rapidly as ever. Then truly Halifax played with an unparalleled energy and hurried the rubber to the St. John goal. Even there all would have been well had the St. John goal keeper imitated his Halifax opponent, Bishop, and remained at his post. But a pardonable excitement led him away from his post for a moment to hurry the puck away, and a keen Halifax player sent it through the unguarded space.

Then it was a tie—a tie that was as exciting for the Halifax men as the single score had been for St. John. And there were only seven minutes for the St. John men to gain another goal and win the game. They went all too quickly for the home enthusiasts and the puck kept near the centre all the time. Then when the small boys with their pasteboard megaphones began to call the time the pace grew faster and more furious. St. John was gaining but slowly, and as the puck neared the strangers goal the excitement became intense. One minute more to play and the strangers rushed the rubber to the centre. It was quickly returned and with a rush that was phenomenal and an unerring skill and swiftness a shot for goal was made. That great goal keeper, Bishop, was on deck and the rubber lay but a foot or so from him, directly in front of the goal, when a second St. John man following swiftly struck it through within 30 seconds of the going of the bell. And play was hardly started again before the game was ended.

What pandemonium reigned then! There were cheers for everybody—for the Halifax men, for the C. W. P.'s for individuals and the victory.

Next night there was a change in the Halifax team by the exchange of Crockett for Pickering. This constituted the All Halifax team, but was in reality the Crescents again with the exception of Pickering. A crowd larger than the first night attendance gathered to see this game. St. John was full of enthusiasm and confident of victory, Halifax on the contrary as doubtful as their opponents had been the preceding game. There was plenty of home cash but the visitor's friends wanted three to one and other odds such as no St. John

man could afford to give. One gentleman walked about the rink with a roll in his hand inquiring if there was any "foreign" capital for investment. There was none and it was lucky there was not for the game ended with the wildest enthusiasm in favor of St. John by five to one.

The Crescents and their friends took their defeat in a manly fashion. They were fairly beaten and were entertained in the best kind of style by the boys around the city. There was only one incident to mar the pleasure of the trip and that was the false and ridiculous report sent to the Halifax Chronicle by its representative Mr. Hickey. It is quoted below and speaks for itself.

"The Crescents were clearly robbed of the game, and many St. John people acknowledged they were a better team, though the decision was given against them. The game was one of the fastest ever seen in the city, and the large crowd was worked up to a high pitch of excitement, throughout. The Crescents were up against it from the outset. The rink was strange to them, the ice rough and soft, and the light very poor; besides the decisions of the C. W. P.'s goal judges were hard on them, and through this fact they lost the game. Some hoodlums accorded them unfair treatment and frequently urged the C. W. P. players to lay the Crescents out on the ice. The decisions of the referee were very sharp and the Crescents suffered thereby.

"The Crescents had to accept defeat gracefully, and leave the ice. The decision was freely commented upon, and several St. John men who were near the goal said the puck did not go through. The St. John team was bound to win by some means or other, and did so."

Mr. Hickey was present at the dinner after the game on Wednesday evening and he did not bear out his statement in the remarks he was called upon to make. His Halifax companions on the trip were most distressed over the regrettable incident.

The Dufferin hotel was the headquarters of the party and Mr. Willis did all that he could to make them happy and comfortable. The office was thronged at all times and was the scene of some amusing arguments. One of them was when a well-known Halifax hotel man offered to bet \$1,000 that the Crescents could beat the C. W. P.'s two out of three games on another rink. The St. John men gathered around and offered to bind the arrangement by placing \$100 or \$200 in Mr. Willis' hands at that moment to have one game in St. John one in Halifax and toss a cent to see whether the third game would be played at Moncton or Amherst. But the strangers were not prepared to see their offer taken up so quickly and retired.

Thursday saw the visitors off and a big crowd gathered at the station to bid them farewell, give them "Auld Lang Syne" and toss all who could be reached into the air as a send off.

## AN OLD RESIDENT GONE.

"Uncle" Garrett Vanwart Passes to His Rest After Many Years.

During the last week death has removed from this earthly scene an old resident of Wickham-on-the-river, one whose acquaintance was not by any means limited to the counties surrounding his native village, but in the city and throughout the province generally the familiar name of "Uncle" Garrett Vanwart was well-known and commanding of the sincerest respect. Especially to the touring public was Mr. Vanwart known. His home at Wickham has for years been the most beautiful of the pretty little hamlet opposite Hampstead, and whether stranger or friend this genial old gentleman never hesitated to extend the characteristic hospitality of the river people to those with whom he became acquainted. His lands were extensive and many heads of the finest breeds of live stock grazed upon them. It was always with the utmost courtesy and willingness that the deceased resident initiated the townspeople and visiting Americans into the mysteries of up-to-date farming.

"Uncle" Garrett was a direct descendant of pure Loyalist stock and was in the 88th year of his age at the time of his decease. He was one of the oldest residents along the river and in later days told many interesting incidents of the "good old times" of long ago when homesteads on the St. John were few and far between. He was one of the founders of the Baptist church at Wickham which he attended and ably supported all through his life.

## WILL HAVE A HOSPITAL.

MONCTON DECIDES TO HAVE A PLACE FOR ITS SICK POOR.

The New Institution Will be Inaugurated Upon a Model Scale First but as it is a Deserving Charity Will be Well Supported.—The Promoters Scheme.

MONCTON Mar. 3. The jubilee year having passed by in peaceful and unmarked obscurity like most of its predecessors, as far as the city of Moncton was concerned; and the evanescent attack of enthusiasm on the subject of a fitting memorial for the great occasion from which the citizens suffered for a while having passed with it, a number of more thoughtful and sober minded of the good burghers have put their heads together and decided that the city needs some kind of a hospital and must have one. As it so often happens the organized efforts of a few earnest people who mean what they say, and are prepared to back it up with deeds when necessary, having effected what all the magnificent castle building and "large" talk of last summer utterly failed to bring to pass, and Moncton is really to have a hospital at last. It will not be a ten thousand dollar structure, nor will the sum of three thousand dollars a year be required to keep it going, but all the same it will be a hospital, properly equipped in a small way, and capable of accommodating quite as many patients, as are ever likely to claim its good offices at one time.

There will be nothing in the shape of architectural beauty to fascinate the eye and charm the imagination about the new hospital; it will be plain but serviceable, as the promoters have no money to spend on useless ornamentation, all their funds being required for the necessary work of preparing the hospital for immediate occupation. The building will not be a new one, the upper flat of the almshouse being utilized for the purpose, as the primary object of those who have interested themselves in the matter was the provision of a place where the sick poor could be properly cared for, the present condition of that class being justly considered a disgrace to a city the size of Moncton.

The idea is to fit up a certain number of rooms which are not occupied, and are quite remote from the apartments occupied by the present inmates, with all the appliances required in a miniature edition of a first class hospital, and it is possible to obtain paying patients to assist in the maintenance of the institution; but in any case to provide for the suffering poor.

It is probable that the location of the hospital rooms will militate against the probability of obtaining private patients as few people have sufficient strength of mind to enter a hospital not only situated under the roof of an almshouse but maintained out of the almshouse appropriation. The consciousness of paying one's way would scarcely prove sufficient moral support under the circumstances. But at the same time in cases of necessity where young men are away from home and unable to obtain elsewhere the care required in serious illnesses, there is no doubt that such an institution will prove of the utmost value.

The chairman of the hospital committee Mr. George B. Willett, has obtained an addition of six hundred dollars to the annual almshouse appropriation to be devoted to the preparation of hospital rooms, and the maintenance of a nurse, so it is to be hoped that there will be no difficulty in keeping up so small an institution even without paying patients.

Of course this is but a beginning, as those who are interested in its success, and have worked so hard to obtain the desired result, hope to extend the work soon and having demonstrated the utility not only the need of a hospital but the feasibility of maintaining one on a modest scale, to secure before very long a more convenient site and build a properly equipped cottage hospital. The committee who have the work in charge are pushing it ahead with most commendable energy, and it is hoped that the building will be ready for occupation in a short time.

The site, if rather out of the way, is at least an especially desirable one as far as the healthy locality and the elevation of the land are concerned, and in case of contagious diseases its remoteness is far from being a disadvantage.

## A Too Zealous Officer.

Police Officer Johnson has a good deal to learn. He is so touchy that he cannot bear to hear a man talk like him. It is true that he has a peculiar English accent but that is no reason he should talk

offense and "run a man in" who bids him "good night" in his own vernacular. He should have a lecture on a policeman's duty and Progress is much mistaken if the chief or the police magistrate does not give him some wholesome advice in the near future. Men who are able to take care of themselves and yet not free from the ardent, are not supposed to be the property of an officer. There was an illustration of this a few days ago when officer Johnson arrested three men and drove them to the station in the team of one of them. They denied being drunk and the magistrate upheld their denial. This is not the first time that this officer has been too zealous. He will probably be more careful in the future.

## AGAINST OSTEOPATHY.

The Medical Fraternity Protest Against its Practice.

During the last two or three weeks allopathy and homeopathy have been ranged up against osteopathy and it looks as though the new pathy would have to succumb to the older sciences.

In committee of the local house three members of the government appeared favorably disposed to the bill placing osteopathy on a legal footing in this province. Messrs. Emmerson, Lablouis and Richard are in favor of such legislation, while the other four members are in opposition. Despite the prestige of having the support of such influential men it is extremely doubtful if the bill will be successful. The opposition of the medical profession of the province has been too determined and they have declared that passing this bill would be a virtual nullifying of The New Brunswick Medical act and opening the door for all sorts of quackery.

It does seem peculiar that men of such weight and prominence in affairs of state should set aside the results of decades of research and by thousands of men of the medical profession for the new, untried theory of one man; when it has proven itself then is the time to give it legislative support.

Osteopathy is not more than ten years old and was evolved by Dr. Still, of Kirksville, Missouri. His theory was that the bones were the seat of disease and in order to cure disease it was necessary to treat the bones. He proposed to go to the nerve centres in the spinal column and by massage stimulate them and induce a healthy condition; medicine, he claimed, upset the delicate mechanism of the body and was inimical to the natural state of things in the body. He would therefore discard its use; except antiseptics and also antidotes for poison, all diseases were to be cured by the massage treatment.

He got a certain number of followers and established a school of osteopathy at Kirksville, Mo., and they have extended into Kentucky, Ohio, and two or three other states.

Not long ago Dr. Backmaster came to Moncton at the request of City Clerk Patterson of that city. The latter's daughter had been treated by an osteopathist with, it is said, good results. Dr. Backmaster made a number of converts who testified in his behalf before the committee.

One of these was Mr. John McLeod M. P. Mr. McLeod had diabetes and he testified that the osteopathic treatment had helped him wonderfully when previously he had grown no better in the hands of the legitimate profession. The Osteopathist had told him that his disease was due to the fact that his backbone was pressing against his kidneys and by massage he got it back into its normal position.

It is, however, stated with considerable authority that Mr. McLeod was taking the medicine prescribed by his regular practitioner all the while he was undergoing treatment by the osteopathist, and that he had had his prescription refilled the day before he gave evidence at Fredericton. So this looks as though he had some faith in allopathy still.

It is also said that another member of Mr. Patterson's family or connection has been treated by osteopathy and that nothing could be done for her and a regular physician had to be summoned.

The word osteopathy was coined by Dr. Still and takes its origin from two Greek words meaning osteo, a bone, and patho suffering.

If the bill does not pass, the council of physicians and surgeons will not allow Dr. Backmaster to practice and he will have to seek other and greener pastures.

RETURNING WITH HIS DEAD.

Mauling the Bodies of Wife and Children from Kansas to Illinois.

John A. Cowden, drove through St. Joseph, says a dispatch from that city, on his way from Wallace county, Kan., to Winfield, Ill., and is probably making as sad a journey as ever was undertaken by mortal man.

The nature of the load which the ponies had dragged across the treeless State of Kansas was accidentally discovered when Cowden stopped before an undertaker's place to obtain some assistance.

He said he went West ten years ago and took a farm in the extreme western tier of Kansas counties. His wife made the journey with him, and their children were born on their new claim.

Lion Hunting in South Africa.

'I was coming round the base of a little rocky hill when I heard, as I thought, some pigs grunting up on a little 'bench' jutting out from this hill. I cocked the little gun, slapped Bess to keep her quiet, and climbed up on to this bench, expecting to see a big old boar, and all ready to take a snap shot if he ran.

The elderly inhabitant of a little New Hampshire town delight in stories of the ready wit of the old minister under whose preaching they sat as boys and girls, over sixty years ago.

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Most torturing and disfiguring of itching, burning, scaly skin and scalp eruptions is instantly relieved by a warm bath with CUTICURA SOAP, a single application of CUTICURA OINTMENT, the great skin cure, and a full dose of CUTICURA RESOLVENT, greatest of blood purifiers and humor cures, when all else fails.

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Some sound advice from one who has made the trip, and knows something of the hardships the gold seekers must undergo.

In the rush towards the golden fields of the Klondike, there are thousands who are ill-fitted to stand the strain of hardship and exposure, which are inseparable from that trip.

RELATIVES WANTED

of John Watkins, who died at Quebec, a musician. 500 other persons advertised for to claim money. Write to McFARLANE & CO. Truro, N. S.

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Advertisements under this heading not exceeding five lines (about 80 words) cost 25 cents each insertion. Five cents extra for every additional line.

WANTED By an Old Established House—High class, and in the growing town of Berwick, N. S., known as "Brown's dock" and contains three acres all water, also two tenements which can be easily converted into a Hotel.

WANTED Old established wholesale House wants one or two honest and energetic representatives for this section.

WANTED Young men and women to help in the Armenian cause. Good pay. Will send copy of my little book, "Your Place in Life," free, to any who write.

WANTED RELIABLE MERCHANTS in each town, to handle our water-proof Cold Water Paint. Five million pounds sold in United States last year.

RESIDENCE at Robbsey for sale or to rent. Each town, to handle our water-proof Cold Water Paint.

Wanted Mrs. A. Connelly, an Effingham widow annoyed by the village talk that she was bent on a second marriage.

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BEATING JULES VERNE'S HERO.

Time Table for Going Round the World in 28 Days.

Prince Khilkoff, the Russian Minister of Communications, is reported to have stated that, when the Siberian railway is opened throughout its entire length, the tour of the world may be made in thirty-three days. The various divisions of the journey are covered as follows: Bremen to St. Petersburg, one and a half days.

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or planing a change in your house. If so see our fine display of Wood and Slate Mantels.

Register Grates, Tile Hearths, and facings, Brass Andirons, and fenders, Frames, Gas Logs, etc.

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They are packed in 1/4 and 1 lb. packets, air tight, and sold all over America at 40c., 50c., 60c., 70c. and \$1.00 per lb. No matter which quality is selected, the purchaser gets good, pure tea.

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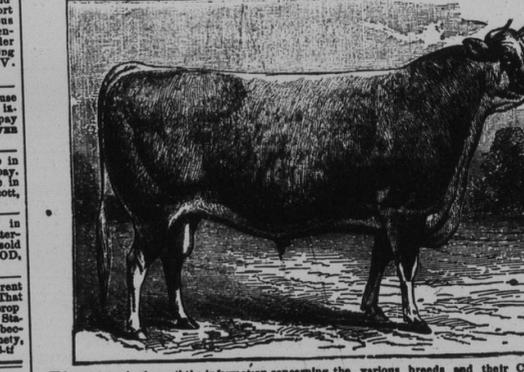
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**Music and  
The Drama**

IN MUSICAL CIRCLES.

The Jaxon Company began its second week with a production of "The Mikado," and later in the week gave such standard works as Fra Diavolo, Lucia di Lammermoor and The Bohemian Girl. Thus it will be seen that the company have had an excellent opportunity to display their versatility, and that they have succeeded in pleasing in the diversified repertoire is beyond a doubt. The audiences have not been quite so large this week as last, but the explanation is found in the very strong counter attractions beginning with Harrison's orchestra carnival on Monday, and followed by the hockey matches between Halifax and St. John teams. Whether familiarity with "The Mikado" has bred contempt for that opera or not, is a question, but certain it is that Monday night's production did not call forth any great enthusiasm. I am inclined to think, though that the fault was due to the way in which the opera was produced. There was however, no fault to be found with the work of some of the principals, particularly Mlle. Diard's Yum Yum which was indisputably charming, both histrionically and vocally. "The Moon and I" was one of the best things heard here in a long time and well merited the enthusiasm it provoked. On Tuesday evening "Fra Diavolo" was given with Mr. Payne Clark in the leading male role. Mlle Diard was cast for one of the prettiest and most graceful characters she has so far interpreted, and she filled it with a brightness and charm that won every heart in the audience. Mr. Delmotta added to his laurels as Lorenzo the brigadier lover, and his good work was enhanced not a little by his dignified soldierly bearing. As for Messrs Tredenick and Deahon, they looked after the comedy of the piece in a highly commendable manner, the audience giving them a reception on their appearance that was most flattering. The chorus work was very good and the pretty tuneful airs were rendered with dash and verve. Lucia di Lammermoor was sung on Wednesday and Thursday evening and The Bohemian Girl on Friday. This last is also to be given at the matinee on Saturday afternoon. In compliance with many requests Mr. Jaxon will give a sacred concert in the opera house on Sunday evening, at 8.30, after the usual services in the churches have closed. Selections from the best composers will make up the programme, and there is no doubt that lovers of good music will eagerly avail themselves of the exceptional opportunity of hearing the concert by the company.

The Williams-Clary concerts will engross popular attention for the next two weeks, the interest in the advent of these two famous people becoming more intense as the dates for their appearance draws near. Mr. Williams has consented to sing "The Holy City" and "The Star of Bethlehem," and though no other attractions were offered the possibility of hearing him in the first mentioned piece would be sufficient to ensure one of the largest audiences the opera house ever contained. Mr. Spencer has secured the services of a violinist and an accompanist both of whom are rapidly coming into prominence in the musical world. The sale of seats will open on Monday.

Tones and Undertones.

Madame Albani made her Australian debut last Friday in Sydney, upon which occasion she received a magnificent ovation.

Maud Powell, the violinist, denies the rumor that she has been engaged as a soloist to accompany Sousa on his European tour.

Says the Musical Courier of February 28: "Evan Williams sings this week in Chicago, Minneapolis and Pittsburg. He has also been engaged for all of the oratorio festival concerts which will be given in the middle of April in Carnegie Music Hall, New York, when the following works will be given: "Sulamith" by Dr. Damrosch; Berlioz's "Damnation of Faust;" Mendelssohn's "Elijah;" and a new work by Parker, "St. Cristoler."

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"I cannot speak too highly in praise of Ayer's Sarsaparilla. From experience, I can recommend it as the best spring medicine."  
ISAAC S. SPARKS, Patsey, Ky.

"I have used Ayer's Sarsaparilla in my family for years and highly recommend it. As a spring medicine, it has no equal."  
A. B. NICHOLS, Ellery St., Cambridge, Mass.

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DR. H. F. MERRILL, Augusta, Maine.

Cremoni, the young tenor who was with Grau last season, has contracted heavy consumption. While in America Cremoni was in great demand socially as well as professionally—too great demand for his health.

De Wolf Hopper will open on June 25 for six weeks at Manhattan beach, where he will present, besides 'El Capitan,' 'Wang,' 'Boccaccio' and 'The Bohemian Girl.'

Lillian Carlsmith is going to star next season in a new romantic opera which is being written for her. She sails for Europe in June, in search of a competent tenor.

Plancon is now studying German and will sing the Landgrave in 'Taubhauser' in that language in London, and next season in New York.

Rosenthal is to appear in London March 10 and after that will make a tour of the principal English cities.

Faderewski is reported as recovering from his recent severe attack of influenza which has delayed the completion of his long expected Polish opera.

Charles E. Cook has renamed his opera 'The Walking delegate.' He calls it 'The Koreans' now and it will be produced at the Fifth Avenue theatre in New York in April.

The repertory for the grand opera at the Boston theatre this week was 'Die Meistersinger,' Monday; 'Siegfried,' Wednesday; 'Romeo and Juliet,' Thursday, and 'Die Gotterdammerung,' Friday.

A new burlesque opera called the 'Klondike Syndicate, Limited,' libretto by Bernard Berne and music by Norman North, will soon be put on the boards.

Corinne has joined the Wilbur Opera Company.

Light opera at low prices will probably be given this spring at the New York Academy of music.

Victor Stevens' musical play, 'The Dandy Detective,' will shortly be given in London.

**TALK OF THE THEATRE.**

Irving is 60 years old. London is to have another theatre.

Bronson Howard is writing a war play. Beerbohm Tree will revive "King John." Camille De Arville will be seen in "King Dodo" next season.

Richard Mansfield will add 'Cyrano De Bergerac' to his list of plays.

A new English farcical comedy soon to be produced is called "The Pasha." Mrs. Aubrey Boucicault on Sunday presented her husband with a daughter.

Five actors are now travelling at the heads of companies in shakespearean plays.

**Pure Blood**

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Mis Ida Conquest will go to London to play in "Too Much Johnson" with William Gillette.

J K. Murray and Clara Lane will star in an opera by Victor Herbert and Charles Klein.

The Atlanta, Georgia, correspondence of the N. Y. Clipper of last week says: Lillian Tucker, supported by a company of merit, held the boards at the Alabama, 14 and week, at popular prices. Ethel Dyffryn, a little six year old child, by her singing, made the hit of the week. She possesses a strong, clear voice, and has it under perfect control.

'Madame Sans-Gene' is to be played in Madrid under the name of 'La Corte de Napoleon I.'

Novelist Morley Roberts has written a three-act farcical comedy called 'The Leading Lady.'

Next season Walter Jones is to star in 'The Filibusters,' by Clay M. Greene and Fred Justis.

Agnes Sorma, the German Duse, will begin a three weeks engagement in New York on March 10.

Irving is to wear modern clothes in his forthcoming production of the new Trail-Hichens play.

Polyehnia's drama, 'The Deadlock,' has been adapted from the Russian and performed in England.

Mr. Charles Wyndham intends to put a three-storied hydraulic stage into his new London theatre.

The Eden Musee, New York, is now



**Dr. Warner's  
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exhibiting a new wax figure of Capt. Sigbee, of the Maine.

Minnie Seligman and her husband, Robert L. Cutting, will probably go on a starring tour next season.

Frohman is endeavoring to secure Miss Evelyn Millard as leading lady for the Duke of York's Theatre, London.

The first act of 'La Poupee' was played twice in an English city recently. Many people did not secure admittance until the act was nearly over, and they demanded that the act be repeated.

Wilton Lackaye, Nance O'Neill, McKee Rankin and Rose Eyttinge produced 'East Lynne' at the Star Theatre, New York, last week.

Mr. Tom Terriss, the son of Mr. William Terriss, the murdered actor, is at work on a life of his father in collaboration with Mr. A. J. Smythe.

Sadie McIntosh was last week too ill to act, and her role in 'A Stranger in New York' was played by Maud Haslam.

Maurice Grau sailed for Europe last week.

Marie Burroughs is going abroad in April.

Now the rumor is that Stuart Robson will go into vaudeville.

Alexander Clarke has been engaged for E. E. Rice's Monte Carlo.

Richard Mansfield says he will produce 'Henry V.' next season.

Olga Netherese has secured two new plays for the next American tour.

Virginia Harned wears male attire in 'The Adventure of Lady Ursula,' and with comeliness too.

Nat Goodwin and Maxine Elliott, the leading lady of his company, were married in Cleveland lately.

James C. Hackett has recovered from his illness and rejoined the Lyceum company in his original part in 'The Tree of Knowledge.'

Frank L. Perley has fixed the date of the first production of 'Under the Bonnie Briar Bush' for April 18 at McVicker's theatre, Chicago.

Last week in Providence, R. I. Tragedian Thomas W. Keene gave his 2,500th performance of 'Richard III.'

Beatrice Cameron Mansfield's bad health compels her retirement from the stage. Her place in her husband's company is to be taken by Carrie Keeler.

**"77"**  
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LUNATIC ASYLUM AFFAIRS.

It is to the credit of the public accounts committee that they looked closely into the financial affairs of the provincial lunatic asylum and made a recommendation that will bear good fruit in the future. But the discussion in the house can hardly be called creditable to the principal persons who took part in it, Mr. PITTS and the provincial secretary. The statements made by the former were of a character that would challenge the attention of any member of the house but he was evidently not prepared with any proof and was using his position as a member of the house to circulate certain statements which are far better left unsaid unless some evidence can be produced to support them. It is unfair to discredit any official in the eyes of the public unless proof is produced to back up the assertions.

Mr. TWEEDIE could have replied to Mr. PITTS in a dignified manner, at least, instead of in his usual flippant fashion. It is no argument or reputation to insinuate that a member is a lunatic, even if it is said in a peculiar vein. But it seems to be a forte of Mr. TWEEDIE to divert attention from the main issue by raising a laugh. It would be out of place in an ordinary member if done so frequently, but it is certainly undignified coming from the provincial secretary.

Mr. PITTS's reference to Superintendent QUINTON as "BILLY" QUINTON, is perhaps the best measure of the nature of his remarks. His accusations were not of a serious nature but they were far better unsaid than made without any proof to support them. Mr. QUINTON is a hard working official—a man who is up with the sun and full of energy and life while daylight lasts. He has shown much executive ability in the management of the extensive farm connected with the institution and should not have been made a target for the insinuations of Mr. PITTS. It is noteworthy that Dr. STROCKTON took occasion to say that Mr. PITTS's attack was not made with his knowledge, but his statement that he would discuss the affairs of the asylum with the provincial secretary quietly was of equal significance.

THINK BEFORE YOU GO.

Every day we read of men starting for the region of the Klondike. They are going alone or in bands. They are sacrificing their business in many cases to take their chances of life and fortune in those northern regions of ice and snow. They have no real idea of what they will have to encounter but think that if others can stand the exposure and severity of the toil they can too and have a chance for a fortune at the same time. The newspaper pictures of a Klondike winter agree in at least one detail. They show us scores of ill-clad men, exposed to a temperature that ranges from thirty five to sixty degrees below zero, working long days to earn poor food and worse lodging—and glad of the chance to live at all. They put to flight the rosy accounts of big wages and great opportunities and depict in a true light the awful hardships of that region. These men are a part of the five thousand who succeeded in getting over the dangerous passes during 1897. The government estimates that during 1898 not less than two hundred thousand persons will be added to the present population of this region. It seems a question whether the majority will fare so well as the men who are toiling through the bitter winter for a bare living and in doubt of that even when they earn it, for had not the government sent prompt assistance and supplies it is doubtful what the result would have been. Indeed there is no reliable information as yet whether there was actual starvation or not. Undoubtedly there is gold in the Yukon country. Yet it must be remembered that

though expert prospectors have sought it for a dozen years, only two noteworthy placer deposits (Bonanza and El Dorado creeks) have been discovered. Along these creeks there are less than three hundred claims. Every claim was taken within a few weeks after the discovery. But the story of the great "finds" has been told so often and in so many different ways that every nugget has practically been magnified into many nuggets. Ignorant avarice seem anxious to forget that the gold lies under twenty feet of frozen earth—not readily to be found, or easily to be mined; and that in so desolate and barren a country, where necessities command the price we pay for luxuries, only the richest claims can be profitably worked. Reasoning from past experience, few men will find paying claims. These few will not be able to give employment to more than a fraction of the unsuccessful gold hunter. Admitting, then that it is possible to carry into the country sufficient food for a quarter of a million persons,—and the proposition severely taxes faith,—how will the unemployed and ill-provided thousands secure a share of it? The chances of failure are infinitely greater than those of success. How will the thousands of men who have staked all they possessed, left their friends and in many cases their wives and families bear the downfall of their hopes? Who can imagine what will happen if a middling mob of adventurers reckless of their own lives and regardless of the welfare of others are turned loose in such a country?

And so there is an intimation that the office of law clerk may be abolished! Considering why it was created and the fact that the beneficiary has no further use for it, the reason for this course is not so obscure. Mr. PUGSLEY is an astute politician and no doubt he is a lucky one. Like a cat he always alights on his feet. It has always been considered that the office of law clerk was a neat suggestion of his own. The fact that it was unnecessary made no difference. He has, no doubt, given valuable assistance in the framing of laws but \$1,000 for a month's work is a pretty generous salary for even such legal ability as Mr. PUGSLEY possesses.

New Brunswick legislators are making a record for themselves this winter in the way of talk. It is nothing but talk—talk—talk. So much so that some days ago the official reporter notified the provincial secretary that he telegraphed as many words to the newspapers up to that time as he had for whole sessions in previous years. And yet that simple statement provoked an hour's discussion! Get down to business gentlemen. There are too many of you in the assembly in any case. If each constituency sent one member there would be more good work and less wind.

The next time the Halifax Chronicle sends a representative to St. John to report a hockey match or anything else it is to be hoped that the editor will select a member of his staff who has a certain regard for truth and courtesy. Fairer treatment could not be accorded any company of athletes than was extended to the Halifax hockey team. They played a splendid game and were given the most generous applause. The fact that they were beaten did not warrant such a false and ridiculous account as was telegraphed to the Chronicle.

There is one regrettable feature to this Yukon business—the departure of so many of the best and sturdiest men of the older provinces to that unsettled and sterile district. Some of them may get rich but many will return—it they are able to do so—poorer than when they went. But the country generally will suffer by their absence. There will be less production and consequently less wealth all over Canada on account of this Yukon craze.

Police Magistrate RITCHIE is of the opinion that children should be kept off the streets after certain hours,—seven in winter and nine in summer—and that in order to effect this the church authorities might be persuaded to allow the church bells to be used as curfews! And a day or two afterwards the information is telegraphed from Ottawa that the curfew has been abolished there. How opinions differ.

Some of the aldermen have had a pleasant trip to Fredericton this week at the expense of the city. They are bill promoters or explainers. No doubt they kept up the reputation of the city for ability and good fellowship. But what a glorious time the old Portland Council used to have when they went to hobnob with the legislators!

"Go West, young man" were the oft quoted words of HORACE GREELEY. And a good many Canadians seem to be following the advice of the great American.

VERSE OF YESTERDAY AND TODAY

Retrospection. Together in the summer ways, When you and I were friends; When sweet-faced roses filled the days With all that true love sends. When smiling skies were pearl and gold, With violets fully blown; In Arcady our feet were held, The birds in us all our own. Together then, you must recall, The boy, the sylvan stream; As sliding where life's splendours fall, We lived a boy's dream. You sang me songs and on your lute, You charmed the time away; The very woods and waves were mute, You won my heart that day. Thenceforth my life was all for you, My very soul had wings; To follow you in truest love, Though warned of danger things. I would have yielded every claim, To love and life and heaven, And suffered death to shield your name, Had chance to me been given. And still I sail the waters clear, Where silvered lilies lie; Their golden hearts of love yet dear, As when we drifted by. The one you caught and gave to me, With kisses sweet it led up; On my true heart its place shall be Till sorrow drains my cup. I know that never here again, We two as then shall meet; I feel the hope was all in vain, To love and life so sweet. For still your voice is ever near, Your hand still clasps my own; I only live to hold more dear, The truth that never has flown. A silent sadness over all, The glory seems to rest; I hear your spirit softly call, From green hills of the west. Then let the blackest darkness come, If it but bear me on; Until I reach that distant home Where my true love has gone. CYPRIUS GOLDIE.

Under The Arch, Feb., 1898.

A Foggy Morning on the Farm. The mist hung heavy on the barn, It looked a-kinder. An' the fish above the ridge, pole said the day would sure be showerin'. We'd say above in the upper field, corn needed second hoist. An' the new ground in pastures into weeds an' clover was growin'.

Uncle on the foot-stone raised his hand up, silent, Fog fuzzy on his coat sleeve, as it darkened, heart a-sinkin'. "Wid' me east'ard, Jake," he said; "our man J. cob Gough; Jake he turned an' twisted, said he thought it might be a bluff."

But one's thought different, still he didn't feel quite sure, He saw, about that auction grass he'd bought of Barretts, that twelve years old, a boy, I earnestly was prayin'. A day he come, a day to rest two tired legs in hay.

I listened to them talkin' all the time in silence An' at last I just suggested that 'twould be good day for fishin'. Two eyes above the door stone, an' two above the path, Looked down on me in scorn to see the subject of their wrath.

"Fishin'!" snarled out one, shakin' rain-drops from his collar, "If ye live's ole's Mithuselah, ye'll not be with a dollar!" Work all behind, an' shinin'! Don't ye know there's a day a-p'p'in'!

An' that's the best work, an' work to keep the pot a-billin'?

He turned from me to Jacob; as he did there came a sprinkle; It pattered on my old straw hat and gave my eyes a twinkle. But they lost some of their brightness, when uncle now said, "Well, If 'tain't a day for hayin', I s'pose there's corn to shill."

The White Lady. The white stone lady on the grass Beneath the walnut-tree, She never smiles to see me pass, Or blows a kiss to me. She holds a cup with both her hands With doves upon its brink; And, oh, so very still she stands, The cherubs came to drink.

She will not listen when I speak— She never seemed to know When once I climbed to kiss her cheek And brush away the snow. She never took the daisy-ring I gave her yesterday; She never cares to hear me sing Or watch me at my play.

But still she looks through sun or rain To watch the garden-door, As though some child would come again, Who often came before. Some little child who went away Before they knew of me— Another child who used to play Beneath the wall to me. —Rosalind Marriott Watson.

"My Mamma Says So." A little maiden six years old, With curling hair of fine spun gold, Stood swinging on a garden gate And chattering to a tiny maid Of marvellous happenings of life In some far distant foreign state. "My dear," said I, "how do you know These things without my telling you?" Slowly she raised her rare eyes, Filled with unshakable surprise. Then said with childish dignity Most quaint and beautiful to see, "My mamma says so!"

Dear little girl, in future years, When those eyes are dimmed with tears, And when haunting doubts obscure your view And trusted teachers prove untrue, And 'till the lore of sage old men, In many an ancient tome unrolled, Not all the dreams of prophets new, Faded in eyes of dazzling hue, Shall have such weight in time of need, As had thy childhood's simple creed: "My mamma says so." —Mary Marshall Parks.

Eve. Outside the half-closed gates of her lost home Leaned the old Eve; And in her new, unequalled agony She moaned, "Behold, O God, this pain! Have pity on my lot!" The great God heeded not. The sun shone on in heaven's brilliancy; The weedy day dragged itself slowly by; But in the evening, hark! A feeble cry! God's care hath been forgot, And past all arms, Eye glances in her lot— Her child is in her arms, Elizabeth Harmer, in Godey's Magazine

A USEFUL INSTITUTION.

St. John's Millinery College—How it is Managed by Those in Charge. A Millinery College is an institution of recent date in St. John but that it is an extremely popular one is evidenced by the fact that since it came into existence just two months ago it has been obliged to seek enlarged apartments, the room in which the first class of two pupils began work being entirely too small to accommodate the twenty three ladies now under the principal, Mrs. McDonough's instructions. The college is located at 85 Germain street and the bright airy work rooms are daily filled with ladies anxious to become their own milliners, and the list is daily increasing.

A thoroughly practical and complete course of instruction in high grade work can be obtained and everything that may be learned in a first class millinery establishment is here taught, and partial courses or special lessons for those who desire them or who cannot take the full course may be arranged for with the principal. Everything necessary to the student in learning is supplied free for use during instruction hours, the learner practising at first on the cheapest fabrics and working gradually up to the more attractive damies used in the manufacture of head wear.

No classes are formed in the school and the pupils can therefore enter with equal advantage at any time. The instruction is personal and as every student is taught individually her advance is neither retarded nor unduly hastened by others. Mrs. McDonough pays every attention to her patrons and the progress made by those under her care is most encouraging. Already the pupils are becoming proficient in the fascinating work and some very pretty and stylish creations are the result of their efforts in this line.

Instruction hours are from 10 a. m. to 5 p. m. every day, with the exception of Saturday, and Monday Wednesday and Friday evenings from 7 to 9 o'clock.

An institution of this kind is certainly a great convenience to the ladies and are not slow to appreciate the fact, and to take advantage of the privileges it affords. On application to the principal at 85 Germain street further particulars may be obtained.

The Delineator for March.

The March number of the Delineator is called the early spring number, and is an important one, as it contains the first announcement of spring fashions and is admirable in its literary features. The rapid growth of the Audubon societies, and the interest taken in the preservation of song birds, make extremely opportune the article on "The Audubon Societies and Their Work," by Frank M. Chapman, Assistant Curator in the American Museum of Natural History. Lady Currie, the wife of the British Ambassador to Turkey, contributes a sprightly paper on Country-House Life in England. Dr. Murray gives valuable advice in Fevers and Febrilness in her series on the Common Ills of Life. Mrs. Meynell's article on Children will touch a sympathetic chord on the breast of every mother who reads it, and the contribution by Emma Churchman Hewitt on Indoor Interests makes a direct appeal to parents to increase the attractiveness of the home life of boys and girls. The housekeeper will find something new in "Almonds in the Kitchen," and a decidedly practical paper is entitled "Whence Ices Come," by Mrs. Elizabeth C. Winter (wife of William Winter, the famous dramatic critic) contributes a story, "The Mystery of Bebe Claribel," and "The Adventures of Clive Rayner" are brought to a satisfactory conclusion. As necessarily only a few of the subjects can be touched on here, we recommend a careful study of the contents of the magazine. Order from the local agent for the Butterick Patterns, or address The Delineator Publishing Co. of Toronto, Limited, 83 Richmond St. West, Toronto, Ont. Subscription price of the Delineator, \$1.00 per year, 15 cts. per single copy.

Business Success.

PROGRESS is informed by Messrs. S. Kerr & Son that eleven of their students have been placed in good positions: since the beginning of the year. This is a very good showing when the dullness of this season of the year is considered. The fact is, business men want to get hold of persons having a thorough knowledge of their profession and knowing that the St. John Business College gives the best course of instruction obtainable, they are the more anxious to obtain the services of graduates from this college. Another secret of the success of St. John Business College graduates, lies in the fact that they have brains and ambition, and refuse to be led away by tempting offers to an inferior college, where there are lots of students to spend their precious time in a college that imparts instruction and business training from start to finish.

There are too many people with prematurely gray hair, when they might avoid it by applying that reliable and effective preparation, Hall's Hair Renewer.



Cause No. 1. Boston.

(A correspondent sends the following) Boston, Mass., Feb. 28.—The eighth meeting of the Canadian White Club, held in Arcade Hall, 7 Park Square, Boston, on Tuesday evening, Feb. 22nd, at 8 p. m. was an exceptionally brilliant affair. Thinking that a description of the same might prove interesting to your many readers, I forward you a list of those present. The fifty-five guests were received by the chaperones, Mrs. J. D. McBeath, Mrs. F. A. McInnes and Mrs. Humphrey. Whist playing was abandoned at ten o'clock, when a recheche supper was served. The members and their friends then adjourned to the ball room where dancing was indulged in till midnight. The floor and music were all that could be desired, and the evening was voted an especially successful one. The following is a list of those present: Mrs. J. D. McBeath, Mr. and Mrs. F. A. McInnes, Mr. and Mrs. E. G. Hottel, Mr. and Mrs. Charles Manuel, Mrs. Wiggins, Miss Amy Diney, Miss Margaret Rainford, Miss Basile Botford, Miss Margaret Allen, Miss Mabel Murray, Miss Ada Tabor, Miss Josephine Wood, Miss Harriet Norton, Miss Deane, Miss Violet Street, Miss Annie Sherrin, Miss Russell, Miss E. H. Ashby, Miss Schenck, Miss Rogers, the Misses Harrington, Miss Jamieson. Mr. A. C. Tabor, Mr. G. S. Oliver, Hampton, Mr. D. B. Donaldson, Mr. G. R. McCurdy, Mr. Norton, Mr. Fred S. Clements, Mr. Bangs, Mr. Curtis, Mr. High, Mr. Buchanan, Mr. George Botford, Mr. E. Botford Peter, Mr. Victor Street, Mr. LeB. Shireff, Mr. George Hensley and Mr. W. H. Reicher. It is proposed to have the very pleasant one with a ball to be held on or about Easter Monday.

A Liberal Premium Offer.

No uncertainty or element of chance in this offer. The readers notice is directed to the Advertisement of The Welcome Soap Co., in this issue. A stylish 1898 well constructed Bicycle, which carries the guarantee of this reliable firm, for \$35.50 cash and 200 "Welcome" Soap wrappers, is surely making good their announcement of a very extraordinary and liberal Premium offer. Every household uses Soap. There is no better Soap than the old original "Welcome", the consumer can save money by getting two boxes, instead of by the cake, save the wrappers, and in this way you can obtain a first class new guaranteed Wheel for \$35.20.

To get a Hog Back into a Pen.

A Denver man has discovered a plan to get a hog back into a pen through the aperture through which it passed out. His recipe in substance is: Get the nose at the hole in the pen then pass around behind the hog carefully, get hold of its tail and pull back as hard as you can. The animal will think you want to prevent it from going in and make a leap to its old place.

Tuttle's Pills.

St. John, N. B., Oct. 8th, 1897. Dr. S. A. Tuttle, Dear Sir:—I have much pleasure in recommending your Horse Elixir to all interested in horses. I have used it for several years and have found it to be all it is represented. I have used it on my running horses and also on my trotting Stallion "Special Bond," with the desired effect. It is undoubtedly a first-class article. I remain yours respectfully, E. LE ROI WILLIS, Prop. Hotel Dufferin.

Of Dante's Love.

Dante, whose heart had fainter for the want Of one fair face, the Queen-heart Beatrice, Stood in his hunger, by the city wall When, as by pre-ordainment, Beatrice passed— Beatrice, who was his first love and his last, And all the music that thereafter he Could make was made of dreams of Beatrice. Thence from his song, a vision in the world That millions have beheld and, sighing cried: "Alas! were but my love like his for Beatrice." —E. W. B. Champlin.

How to Get a Hog Back into a Pen.

A Denver man has discovered a plan to get a hog back into a pen through the aperture through which it passed out. His recipe in substance is: Get the nose at the hole in the pen then pass around behind the hog carefully, get hold of its tail and pull back as hard as you can. The animal will think you want to prevent it from going in and make a leap to its old place.

The difference between ancient and modern slang was amusingly illustrated at the Chautauque Assembly, when the teacher of English Literature asked, "What is the meaning of the Shakespearean phrase, 'Go to P?' and a member of the class replied, "Oh, that is only the sixteenth century way of saying, 'Come off!'"

Listen to Reason.

We are doing beautiful work; one trial will convince you. Raised figures on table linen. Ungar's Laundry & Dye Works, Phone 68.



Though the usual intense calm is supposed to have settled down upon social circles there is still considerable gaiety of a subdued kind—afternoon whist, small teas and other events which though small are none the less enjoyable. The opera too has served to help while away the time and theatre parties have been frequent. There was quite a large party on Thursday evening when Lucia di Lammermoor was the opera sung. This was one of the best things the company have yet given, and that the large and extremely fashionable audience thoroughly enjoyed it was evidenced by the storm of applause that burst forth from time to time. Miss Dillard sang the title role in a powerful manner. It is a difficult part, calling for exceptional emotional histrionic ability, but she sang it in a manner that won for her the triumph of the week as it is fact of the entire engagement. Her songs were also exceedingly lovely, and the universal opinion was that she looked a dream in her wedding gown. Mr. Belmont gave a splendid interpretation of his role of Lord Edgar and the breathless silence with which his last scenes were watched, and the will appear as that was showered upon him at the close was a most fitting recognition of his excellent work. Mr. Goff in the part of Lord Henry was also a delight to the audience. Mr. Tredwell was cast for a small part but he filled it in a most acceptable manner as did all in fact whose names appeared in the cast. This afternoon the company give "The Bohemian Girl" and the engagement closes this evening with a grand triple bill.

On Sunday evening a grand sacred concert will be given in the opera house, beginning at 8:30 o'clock. At the solicitation of a large number of persons Mr. Payne Clarke has consented to sing "The Holy City." As the hour is a convenient one and as the program is in every way of preparation is of exceptional merit there is every reason to believe that the concert will be a great success.

The fortnightly whist club met with Miss Tuck on Wednesday evening when a very pleasant time was spent.

A large afternoon reception by Mrs. G. Wetmore Merritt was one of the interesting functions of the week and was followed in the evening with whist of which there were twelve tables.

Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Robinson arrived home Thursday from their wedding trip, and yesterday and today Mrs. Robinson received her St. John friends. They leave on Friday for their future home in Amherst.

St. Andrew's society celebrates its centenary next Tuesday and the event will be duly observed by the loyal Scots in this city. The celebration will begin with a special service in St. Stephen's church on Sunday at four o'clock, at which the preacher will be Rev. James Barclay, D. D. of Montreal. A meeting will be held in the Institute on Tuesday afternoon when prominent men from various parts of the Dominion will give addresses, and on the same evening a banquet will be held in the assembly room of the Institute, the last event closing the festivities. The official list of guests is as follows:

- His Excellency the Governor General.
His Honor the Lieutenant Governor of New Brunswick.
His Honor the Lieutenant Governor of Nova Scotia.
His Honor the Lieutenant Governor of Prince Edward Island.
The Rt. Hon. The Premier of Canada.
The Hon. The Premier of New Brunswick.
The Hon. The Premier of Nova Scotia.
The Hon. The Premier of Prince Edward Island.
The Hon. The Minister of Railways and Canals.
His Honor the Chief Justice of New Brunswick.
John V. Hill, M. P.
J. J. Tuckey, M. P.
His Worship the Mayor of St. John.
The High Sheriff of the City and County of St. John.
D. C. Fraser, M. P.
His Honor Judge Stevens.
His Honor Judge Wedderburn.
The United States Consul.
The President of St. George's Society.
The President of the Irish Literary and Benevolent Society.
The Chief of Clan MacKerzie, No. 90 O. S. C.
Rev. George C. Lorrimer, D. D.
The Rt. Rev. John Cameron, Bishop of Antigonish.
Rev. James Barclay, D. D. Montreal.
Rev. George M. Grant, D. D., Principal of Queens College.
Rev. D. Macrae, D. D., Principal of Morin College.
Rev. D. M. Gordon, D. D., of Pinehill College.
Professor John Davidson of the University of New Brunswick.
Rev. J. Roy Campbell, Dorchester, N. B.
The President of the North British Society, Halifax, N. B.
The President of St. Andrew's Society, Fredericton, N. B.
The President of the Highland Society, Newcastle N. B.
The President of the Caledonian Society, Charlottetown, P. E. I.
President St. Andrew's Society, Quebec.
President St. Andrew's Society, Toronto.
President St. Andrew's Society, Ottawa.
President St. Andrew's Society, Vancouver.
President St. Andrew's Society, Montreal.
President St. Andrew's Society, Hamilton.
President of St. Andrew's Society, Boston.
President of St. Andrew's Society, Charleston, S. C.
President of St. Andrew's Society, Milwaukee, U. S. A.

Harrison's Orchestra carnival which took place on Monday evening was recorded a liberal patronage, and was just as successful as their festive events have ever been. A large number of skaters were on the ice and spectators filled the balconies and promenades, the ever moving throng making the scene a very gay one. There was not the usual intermission between bands, the Orchestra and Artillery band stationed at opposite ends of the building supplying twenty two continuous numbers. The Loomis lantern, of which there was ten or twelve sets on the ice at once were a pretty feature of the evening amuse-

ment. Among the pretty costumes worn were the following:

- Miss Annie E. Rodgers, Miss Mayme Rodgers, Over the Bounding Wave.
Miss Laura Murray, Sailor Girl.
Miss Tillie McDade, Red Bird.
Miss Ella Alchorn, Greek Dauling.
Miss Maud Cameron, Japanese Maid.
Miss Lizette Bartos, Queen of Hearts.
Miss May Green, My Queen.
Miss Nelie Dunlop, Summer Girl.
Miss Sadie Tucker, Summer Girl.
Miss Edna Munro, Starlight.
Miss May Cowman, Sun.
Miss Maud Kirkpatrick, Sweet Sixteen.
Miss Edith McLeod, Village Belle.
Miss Jessie Logan, Of Yacht Britannia.
Miss Mary Scott, Japanese Lady.
Miss Maud Beville, Miss Lizzie Beville, Miss May Bell, Play Mates.
Miss Agnes Boyce, Swiss Girl.
Miss Maggie Tall, Old Time.
Miss Fannie Cairns, Pansy.
Mrs. Walter Fleming, Fairy.
Miss Helen Little, A Game of Poker.
Miss Mattie Roxborough, Five o'clock Tea.
Miss Rosa, Sailor Girl.
Miss M. Miller, Chrysanthemum.
Miss Fannie Smith, Miss Mattie Case, Two Little Girls in Blue.
Miss Gusie White, Peasant Girl.
Miss L. M. White, Up to Date.
Miss F. B. Clark, Twins.
Miss Evelyn Clark, Painting.
Miss Belle Harrigan, Dancer.
Miss Paul McCusker, Crimson Rose.
Miss Gertie Tower, Night.
Miss Marion Laelachour, A Good Fairy.
Miss Susie Fraser, Venetian Flower Girl.
Miss Martha Fraser, Italian Girl.
Miss Fanny Robinson, Pansy Blossom.
Miss Belle Miller, Winter.
Miss Ada Gaskin, Fancy Dress.
Miss Fannie Marsh, Peak Sister.
Miss Maud Weymar, Rose Girl.
Miss Lyla P. Lett, Pop Corn Girl.
Miss Clara Cline, Royal Mail, Beaver line.
Miss F. King, Sailor Girl.
Mrs. King, Folly.
Miss Nesbit, Night.
Mrs. Murphy, Queen of Fairies.
Miss Mamie Jackson, Sailor.
Miss G. Robertson, Jingle Bells.
Miss Mary Keleker, Canada's Winter Port.
Miss Fannie Bredon, Red, White and Blue.
Miss M. E. L's, Broom Girl.
Miss Bessie Arnold, Teat Cake.
Miss Jennie Taggart, Dutch Girl.
Miss Nellie Shaw, Funch of Daisies.
Miss Bessie Palmer, Winter.
Miss Bessie Colwell, Star of Winter.
Miss Belle Ross, I Don't Want to Play in Your Yard.
Miss Lockhart, Daughter of the Regiment.
Miss LePace Quinn, Good Luck.
Miss Allie McKen, Tambourine Girl.
Miss Lizzie McKechnie, Pride of Killarney.
Miss Grace Coles, Sweet Sixteen.
Miss Helen Reed, Troubadour.
Miss Fannie Bona, Night.
Mrs. D. B. Stevens, German Peasant.
Miss Edna Lawson, Hunter.
Miss Mary Smyth, Statue of Liberty.
Miss Jennie Maxwell, Sailor Girl.
Miss Lizzie Rolley, Summer Girl.
Charles N. Britain, Soldier.
W. Raymond, Kentucky Politician.
Chas. McConnell, Shakespeare.
John Murphy, Red Rose.
E. Ramsey, Yellow Kid.
F. F. Mullin, Clown.
F. McMan, Domino.
Berton Waring, Firman.
R. D. Marlin, Fancy Dress.
George Marshall, Tramp.
F. Barton, Fred C. Lakey, Chas. Bridges, Arthur Woodley, Wm. Nagle, Wm. Hatfield, Crew of the Yukon Brig.
H. Tule, American Dude.
Frederick Sinclair, Duke of Leicester.
Harry A. Shaw, Fancy Dress.
Wm. R. Triton, Romeo.
Wm. Dorman, Midshipman.
Robt. Forbe, Mayor of Bugtown.
W. W. Manson, Page George III.
Fred King, Red Browne.
Fred Lawson, November Dude.
Harry D. Breen, Italian Com. t.
W. Masters, Balder.
J. A. Foddington, Spanish Bull Fighter.
W. Crawford, Sailor.
E. W. Cortet, Sailor.
Roy Watson, Sailor.
H. J. Wilson, Domino.
A. W. Rankin, Darkie.
Fred Holder, Dude.
Fred Blizard, News Boy.
Evan Cameron, Mikado.
Hiram Ramse, Indian.
Jack Armour, Laborer.
W. Gillespie, Black Prince.
Fred Jones, Country Dude.
J. McMillan, Tramp.
Harry Murphy, March 15th.
W. Vincent, Indian Chief.
Walter Bray, Irish Gent.
A. Jordan, Musketeer.
Geo. Dixon, Musketeer.
F. Duffell, Sailor.
J. Allan, Irishman.
Geo. Coupe, Our Next Mayor.
A. M. Murdoch, Robinhood.
Robt. Grant, Beef Eater.
Frank Coleman, Chinaman.
H. Wetmore, U. S. Abe.
H. Dodd, Fancy Dress.
Fred Murray, Balder.
Ed. Beck, Robin Hood.
H. S. Crawford, Red Cross Crusader.
M. L. Harrison, Mamma's Boy.
J. Dalry, Base Ball.
J. Sparks, Court Jester.
L. Patchell, Greeney.
J. Rodgers, Bowery Girl.
LeB. Sharp, Clown.
F. Strais, Farmer Jones.
R. A. E. Mitchell, Italian Peasant.
S. Jewett, Jumbo.
W. H. Golding, Saniter a Long.
Fred Patterson, A Kaffer.
A. Carless, Page.
J. W. Fros, Irish Bridgroom of 1700.
F. C. McLean, Connors Rope Walk.
Chester Jones, Cupid.
Geo. A. Buckley, Page.
W. Parker, Lancer.
J. N. Scovill, Prisoner of Zenda.
Chas. E. Cunard, Lord Nelson.
John H. Erb, French Grenadier.
Fred Kee, 20 Century Gant.
Alfred Carless, Shakespeare.
W. C. Peters, Fancy Dress.
F. K. Cowan, Osteopathist.
C. K. H. Firmans.
Warren White, Toboggan Boy.
Miss M. Cameron, Red Bird.
Fred A. Linton, King Charles II.
B. Patchell, Jude.

- C. Ramsey, Clown.
W. Flewett, Clown.
G. W. Howard, Officer.
N. Bridges, Coming New Fellow.
F. Jenkins, Darkie.
E. McG Fraser, Fancy Dress.
D. McKenny, Spot.
F. Silvester, Spaniard.
Harry McCarthy, Clown.
J. Bawling, Vigilante.
P. Harrigan, French Soldier.
W. Hanington, St. John.
E. Lee, Yacht Club.
G. Farren, Clown.
Chas. Rigby, George Washington.
C. Vawart, Summer Boy.
J. B. Dunham, Sport.
N. E. Hopper, Armoured Knight.
Wm. Nic.
R. S. Pince, Honey Boy.
J. D. Parry, Balder.
H. F. Davidson, Dude.
W. H. Maxwell, City Guard.
T. Boly, Armoured Knight.
W. Broochy, Bowing Minstrel.
W. Dunlavy, Dude.
Robt. Britain, Robber Chief.
W. C. Brown, Silver Thaw.
W. Willis, One of Jubilee Contingent.
A. H. Waters, Private.
H. E. Price, Pirate Chief.
Jack S. Linn, Wandering Willie.
A. Elyea, Broken Down Sport.
Fred Graham, Sepoy.
A. G. Howard, Looking Backwards.
H. Brennan, Irish Gen'l mar.
H. Damery, Ghl.
J. McMurry, Indian Chief.
Fred Thorne, Fancy Dress.
F. Foley, Santa Claus.
Ebert Boyce, Dandy Jim.
W. Garrett, Clown.
Jack Kelly, Armoured Knight.
B. Cunningham, Cholly.
C. Nelson, Cholly.
E. L. Hammond, Turk.
J. Myers, Soldier.
W. P. Pitman, Clown.
W. F. Fleming, Bushman.
Palmer Waterbury, Balder.
Jas. Craigie, Winter Port Elevator.
A. Haslowood, Beaver Line.
E. A. McCall, Fancy Dress.
J. McCholrick, Boy Scout.
Fred C. Thomson, Law Professor.
Wm. Corbett, Fisherman.
F. Mallory, Shakespear.
E. Webb, Sailor.
Chas. Gibbon, Page.
Edw. Sears, Viking.
A. Gorman, Dude.
Olivier Rand, Hunter Guide.
Sydney Kaye, Hindoo Snake Charmer.
Mrs. W. B. Ganong who spent some time with city friends recently has returned to her home in St. Stephen.
Miss Alice Graham has also returned to the St. Croix after an exceedingly pleasant visit with friends here.
Miss Ida Berryman of St. Stephen is spending a little while with friends in the city.
Miss Pullen spent a day or two in Anagnago during the week.
Miss Ella Turner of Evanston Pa. is paying a visit to her aunt Mrs. James Douglas of Waterloo street.
Miss Gaumontay has returned to Halifax after a very pleasant stay with Mrs. M. Barry of Carleton street.
In a brief referring to a sleighing party last week a typographical error made the item say that the party drove out to the home of Miss Fannie Sutton of Sutton. Miss Fannie Bonnell of Sutton was the hospitable hostess of the occasion and that she filled the role gracefully and well the guests are all agreed. Among those who attended the drive, which was chaperoned by Mrs. F. S. Bonnell were:
Miss Frederica Powers, Miss Mattie Case, Miss May Case, Miss Millie Patchell, Miss Nina Case, Miss Mamie Craig, Miss Jessie Craig, Miss Estie Thompson, Miss Laura Murray, Miss Maggie Taylor, Miss Sadie Lawson, Miss Alice Henderson, Miss Edna Lawson, Miss Bessie Husk, Miss Gussie White, Miss Nellie White, Mrs. Nagle, Mrs. Dora Sharp, Miss Dillie Golding, G. Dismore, G. Walker, W. Hopper, F. Bustin, O. Rand, W. Golding, F. Best, E. Bonnell, F. Bonnell, L. Bonnell, R. Row, W. Bonnell, L. Munr, R. Bonnell, E. Case.
The members of the Hiawatha club and a few of their friends enjoyed a merry drive on Wednesday evening. On their return from the drive the party went to the house of Mrs. B. Stevens, Union Street, where the remainder of the evening was spent pleasantly with music and games as amusements. Supper was served about midnight; among those present were, Mr. and Mrs. R. Stevens, Mr. and Mrs. J. Dean, Mr. and Mrs. V. E. Gowland, Mr. and Mrs. A. H. Chipman, Dr. and Mrs. Baxter, Mrs. McIntyre, Miss Risin, Miss Rand, Miss Lester, Miss Hoyt, Miss Carrie, Miss Allan, Miss Tina, Messrs. Rebye, and Mr. L. Huestis.
Mrs. A. L. Goodwin and Master Germain Goodwin left last week to visit friends in Boston.
Mr. and Mrs. T. A. Titus of Campbellton spent a day or two here during the week.
Mrs. Victor Gowland returned Saturday last from a pleasant three weeks visit to friends in Moncton.
Mrs. W. H. Merritt left the first of the week for Nova Scotia with her two daughters Hazel and Ada who are going South to the River Plate in the Deerhill. As Capt. Burns is taking his daughter also, the prospect for a charming trip for the young ladies are very bright.
Mr. A. E. Massey of Fredericton spent a little while in the city the first of the week.
Miss Elliot returned this week from a trip to Moncton, Salisbury and Sussex having spent two week pleasantly with friends in the localities mentioned.
Miss Kate Sewell who has been visiting Mr. and Mrs. Manning of Dorchester street left this week on a visit to New York and Boston. On her return she will spend a few days here before leaving for her home in London.
There is something especially fascinating about a combination of millinery work and fire o'clock tea, and the ladies who attend the millinery college derived all the pleasure possible from it this week when for an hour or two on Wednesday afternoon ribbons, flowers, feathers, needles, thread and all the paraphernalia of work were laid aside while the ladies prepared a tempting tea in the college rooms in honor of the first graduate of the institution Mrs. B. Patchell, Jude.

Guaranteed BICYCLES CHEAP...
We have contracted for a large number of Bicycles at a very fine Spot Cash price, and we are giving to give the public the benefit of it to us as in increasing the out-put of "WELCOME" SOAP.
Price \$35.50 Cash and 200 "Welcome" Soap Wrappers
For an 1898 Stylish First Class Guaranteed Wheel, that has been thoroughly tested and highly recommended by distinguished experts. There is nothing better of its kind than "WELCOME" SOAP. The "WELCOME" BICYCLE will be found equally reliable and satisfactory. We could not afford to put out a poor or cheaply constructed wheel. Ladies or Gents Wheels all sizes, write for particulars or ask your grocer for "WELCOME" SOAP and specifications of the "WELCOME" WHEEL.
The Welcome Soap Co., St. John, N. B.

Home Jelly Making is made easy—quick—sure—satisfying with those pure fruit flavored Jelly Tablets made by E. Lazenby & Son of London. Nine-tenths of the work is already done for you. Drop one in hot water—stir for a moment—set away to cool. It hardens quickly. Lazenby's Progressive grocers sell 15 varieties of Jelly Tablets.

The St. John Millinery College .. .. . 85 Germain Street, SAINT JOHN, N. B. Offers a thorough, Practical, Scientific and Complete course of High grade work. LADIES DESIRING TO LEARN THE ART OF MILLINERY for a personal accomplishment or as a means of livelihood, will do well to call on, or address, for full particulars. Write for circular. THE ST. JOHN MILLINERY COLLEGE.

The Patent Felt Mattress, \$15.00 is equal to the best \$40.00 Hair Mattress in cleanliness, durability and comfort. The best homes and thousands of institutions in the United States have adopted the felt mattress in preference to hair on account of its being more sanitary, verminproof, more durable as it never loses its shape, packs, or gets lumpy; and cheaper. If you wish to try one write us the exact size of your bed (inside measure), and the name of your furniture dealer; and the mattress will be delivered at your door free of transportation charge and if not satisfactory in every respect at the end of thirty days free trial, we shall refund your money. References: The Merchants' Bank of Halifax or any wholesale Dry Goods House in Canada. THE ALASKA FEATHER & DOWN COMPANY, Limited, 290 Guy St., Montreal, Que. Samples at Mr. W. A. Cookson's St. John.

Robb-Armstrong Automatic Engines Sizes up to 700 H P Centre or Side Crank Interchangeable Parts. Large Bearings, Simplest and Best Governor. ROBB ENGINEERING CO., LTD., - - AMHERST.

When You Order..... PELLEE ISLAND WINES .....BE SURE YOU GET OUR BRAND. "Wine as a restorative, as a means of refreshment in Debility and Sickness is surpassed by no Product of nature or art."—PROFESSOR LIEBIG. "Pure Wine is incomparably superior to every other stimulating beverage for diet or medicine."—DR. DEWITT. Ask for Our Brand and See You Get It E. G. SOOVIK, Tea and Commission Merchant, 62 Union Street.

FOR ADDITIONAL SOCIETY NEWS, SEE FIFTH AND EIGHTH PAGES.



HALIFAX NOTES.

Progress is for sale in Halifax by the newsboys and at the following news stands and creases. C. S. DeFuria, Brunswick street...

Mrs. (Colonel) Collard gave two pleasant teas lately that were attended by a number of her friends who greatly enjoyed the function.

The following gentlemen were invited to Thursday's dinner at Government house, the second dinner given there during the week.

Preparations go on apace for the children's carnival to be given after Lent, and in which about fifty children will take part.

Mrs. Allison Smith and her nephew Allison Smith, and Miss Minnie Payant have gone to Philadelphia. The two last named will spend two months there with friends...

FREE EXAMINATIONS

And Cut Prices continued for a short time longer. Solid Gold Frames, \$2 85. Best Gold Filled Frames, 1 60.

We are permanently located here but our cut prices and free examinations will only last a short time. A regu at graduate makes all tests free for a short time.

OPEN TILL 9 O'CLOCK NIGHTS. BOSTON OPTICAL CO., 25 King Street, St. John, N. B.

- Dr. and Mrs. Hattie. Mrs. Huggins. Mr. Hervey. Mr. Hallourton. Hon. A. G. and Mrs. Jones. Miss Jones. Hon. Thomas Johnston. Mr. and Mrs. Alex. Johnston. Mr. and Mrs. H. W. Johnston. Mr. and Mrs. Geo. Jones. The Misses Jones. Mr. and Mrs. Jost. Mr. Joy, M. P. P. Dr. and Mrs. Kirkpatrick. Mrs. and Miss Kerr. Mr. and Mrs. D. Keith. Mr. and Mrs. A. Keith. Mr. and Mrs. Geo. Kyle. Dr. Kendall. Mr. Keilley, M. P. P. Mr. and Mrs. L. N. H. J. W. Longley. Hon. I. LeBlanc. Hon. Mr. and Mrs. Lawrence. Mr. Law, M. P. P. Mr. and Mrs. T. C. Allen. Mr. and Mrs. Chas. Archibald. Miss Arch. Mr. and Mrs. C. W. Anderson. Mr. and Mrs. Austen. Hon. T. R. Black. Hon. Robert and Mrs. Boak. Miss Boak. Mr. and Mrs. A. Boak. The Misses Boak. Mr. Stanley Boak. Mr. and Mrs. F. H. Bell. Mr. and Mrs. W. Baud. Mr. and Mrs. W. C. Baud. Mr. and Mrs. A. Baud. Rev. Dr. and Mrs. Black. Miss Black. Mr. and Miss Bligh. Mr. and Mrs. Baker. Mr. and Mrs. W. Barnstead. Mr. and Mrs. C. C. Blackadar. Hon. L. E. and Mrs. Baker. Mr. and Mrs. S. M. Brookfield. Mr. and Mrs. H. Brookfield. Mr. and Mrs. Bay r. Mr. and Mrs. Burien. Mr. Bancroft, M. P. P. Hon. C. E. and Mrs. Church. Hon. Mr. Cummings. Hon. Mr. Comenau. Hon. Mr. and Mrs. Corbett. Mr. Chisholm, M. P. P. Mr. and Mrs. J. A. Chisholm. Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Chisholm. Miss Chisholm. Dr. and Mrs. Curry. Prof. and Mrs. Curie. Mr. and Mrs. F. Osgood. Mr. and Mrs. W. Crampton. The Misses Crampton.

In the old days of the Christian martyrs it was not unusual for the savage Pagans to cast innocent women into a den of lions, to suffer horrible agony and fear before death finally came to their relief. In this Christian age, and this land of civilization, tens of thousands of women daily suffer the slow torture of the agony and fear before death finally came to their relief.

AMHERST.

Progress is for sale at Amherst by W. P. Smith & Co. MAR. 1.—The Lenten season is passing along very gaily and one might readily conclude from present appearances that Amherst had a delightful form of Lenten penance, especially when charmingly varied with card parties now and then.

On Wednesday afternoon of last week Mrs. E. L. Fuller gave a large tea at her pretty home on Spring street which was unusually pleasant.

Mrs. Dr. Black served tea on Thursday evening at her residence on Victoria street. A large number of guests were present who enjoyed the evening greatly. It being given for her niece, Miss Helen Chipman.

Mrs. James Moffatt Church street also gave a tea on Friday afternoon which numbered many guests friends of Miss Chipman for whom the tea was specially given.

Mrs. Nat Curry has gone on a business trip to Montreal. Miss Bessie Curry is in Boston where she will remain visiting friends for several weeks.

Mrs. William Reid gave a very pleasant afternoon tea on Tuesday to many of her married friends. This is the third tea she has given lately which were all most enjoyable.

Mrs. N. Curry gave one of her delightful card parties on Monday evening. There were eight tables and progressive euchre was played with a result of first prize for ladies going to Miss Helen Phipps, Mr. McKean securing first prize for gentlemen.

Miss Stephen of Sackville is the guest of Miss Clarke. Mrs. Handford's numerous friends will learn with regret that she is dangerously ill at her home at the Dock. Miss Handford who was visiting friends in Ottawa was summoned home and arrived on Saturday evening.



Whoooping Cough, Croup, Colic, Coughs, Asthma, Catarrh.

Items from physicians' statements in our Descriptive Booklet. Send for! "Have found it of such great value in Whooping Cough, Croup and other spasmodic coughs, that I have instructed every family 'for my direction in some cases.' 'It is of great value in Whooping Cough, Croup and Asthma. The apparatus is simple and inexpensive.' Sole by all druggists.

Mrs. Creighton, blue silk, pearl trimming. Mrs. T. W. Murphy, black crepon, blue trimmings. Mrs. C. A. Berpee, cream silk and lace. Mrs. Vivian Howe, white bengaline and lace.

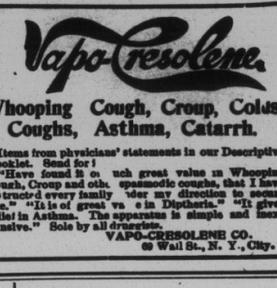
Mrs. B. H. Smith, pale blue and gold changeable silk, lace and pearl trimming. Mrs. W. V. Hay, grey silk, lace trimming. Mrs. Towanshead, changeable cardinal and silver silk, lace trimming.

Mrs. Skillen, cream crepon, ribbons and lace. Mrs. Vawant, cream cashmere, cardinal satin. Mrs. Henry Smith, black satin and lace. Mrs. Beardsley, black silk, chiffon. Mrs. Clarke, cream cashmere and silk. Mrs. Ethel Bourne, cream silk, brocaded in pink, pink chiffon, pink roses and smilax.

Mrs. Lillian Jordan, pale blue crepon, lace and ribbons. Mrs. Goodard, pink silk, chiffon and ribbon trimmings. Mrs. Jenner, cream cashmere and lace. Mrs. L. Bull, cream and green organdie, ribbons and lace. Mrs. C. Smith, rose crepon, white chiffon trimming.

Mrs. L. Leighton, silver grey silk and chiffon. Mrs. Tapley, white muslin, red caruations and smilax. Mrs. Tompkins, yellow muslin and ribbons. Mrs. Hilda Bourne, white muslin, blue ribbons and lace. Mrs. Edith Jordan, cream delaine, satin and lace. Mrs. F. Phillips, blue organdie muslin ribbons and lace.

Mrs. L. Augherton, pink silk crepon. Mrs. Collins, cream cashmere and satin. Mrs. N. Bull, cream and pink organdy muslin, pink ribbons. Mrs. Bessie Noles, rose silk, pale blue chiffon. Mrs. Mand Wright, white muslin, blue ribbons. Mrs. Blanche Dobbles, yellow crepon and silk. Mrs. Truham, black and white silk, white lace. Mrs. E. Ross, yellow silk and chiffon. Mrs. B. Peabody, black silk, white chiffon. Mrs. J. Towanshead, white muslin, lace and ribbon.



Flowers Spring 1898

Everything new. Violets 5c. per bunch and Velvet Violets 5c per doz. up to \$1.50 per bunch of 144. Roses in all colors and at all prices.

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Tongues and Sounds. Received this day—3 bbls. Oodfish Tongues and Sounds. Wholesale and Retail at 19 and 23 King Square. J. D. TURNER. Miss Jessie Campbell Whitlock. TEACHER OF PIANOFORTE. ST. STEPHEN, N. B.

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Vertical text on the far right edge of the page, partially cut off, containing names and dates.





ST. JOHN, N. B., SATURDAY, MARCH 5, 1898.

AN ECLIPSE IN INDIA.

THE JANUARY POLAR ECLIPSE GRAPHICALLY DESCRIBED

By an English Officer in India who Tells a St. John Friend of the Many Interesting Scenes Accompanying it—What the Natives Thought of the Eclipse.

The following extract is from a letter received by a lady in St. John from Ranikhet, N. W. P. in India, in regard to the eclipse of the sun on January 22nd. The writer is a young English officer. Progress is also indebted to the same source for the Indian Pioneer, which contains valuable astronomical information concerning the eclipse:

"We shall get a good view of the eclipse from here at Ranikhet, although we shall not be fortunate enough to see the total eclipse, which is only visible in one or two places in India. A party of English astronomers have been in this country for some time making preparations for this event, and an observatory has been temporarily erected at Buxar, where the Viceroy his wife and staff have gone to witness the eclipse. I will, if possible, send you a paper with full accounts of observations taken, and I will also try in the later portion of this letter to give you my account of what I saw.

In this connection, some native astrologers have been frightening the poor superstitious Hindus with prophecies of a terrible nature. One of the dreadful things that is predicted by these wise fools is a terrible earthquake lasting 1 hour, 9 hours, or 1 day (accounts differ), which is going to destroy at least 2/3 of the population both white and black, cause wholesale destruction among houses, shake the very foundations of the Himalays and play havoc with the whole country.

The fakirs (priests) are aiding and abetting these men in their attempts to cause a panic among the ignorant natives, by saying that all these calamities are the result of their own (the people) short-comings. Had they all risen in one mass when the signal was given by the tribes in the Hills, and combined with them in their efforts to drive the accursed invaders from the sacred shores of India the gods would have smiled upon them and instead of sending earthquakes etc. they would have blessed them and would have showered down beautiful gifts on them; (this is not exactly the way they put it, but as near as I can remember, and will serve to show you that the bitter feeling against the English is still extant.)

The people are in a dreadful state of funk, and things have come to such a pitch that the authorities have issued instructions to all those in charge of districts, both military and civil, to keep a watchful eye on the natives in case they should be disposed to try and avert the threatened evil by a determined effort to throw off the yoke, and a reward has been offered for the apprehension, or for information which shall lead to such, of the astrologers and others who are busily spreading this sort of thing among the people.

If these prophecies don't come to pass (and there can be no doubt in any sensible persons mind on the subject) these miserable wretches can easily be gulled into believing that it is simply because the fakirs have been able to intercede favorably with Buddha, Vishnu, Kali, or some others of the numerous gods which these people worship.

22nd: What a day this has been! I don't suppose I should ever witness such a scene as has been enacted here today, were I to remain in the country 50 years. As I have remarked in a preceding page the natives were looking forward to the eclipse with fear and trembling, and as the time drew near for the phenomenon to make its appearance, it could be noticed by even the most casual observer that they were almost frantic.

At 12.15 p. m., the shadow began to creep on to the sun at the right side, near the bottom—about 5 on dial of clock,—and immediately this was noticed the natives who were assembled within the Hospital compound prostrated themselves at full length on the ground at the same time uttering loud cries of "Ohurdo swiajke budmash." (Let! Let the sun go, rascal) and "Sab adme marega piche" (all men will die after); some of them then commenced tearing off their scanty clothing, whilst others picked up handfuls of dust which they scattered around them on every side; others commenced to pray aloud,

each seeming to strive to outvie the others in making the loudest noise; and two fakirs in a small temple just below the Hospital,—who had evidently been drinking arrack and thus made themselves mad-drunk—suddenly leapt to their feet and started to dance and sing, at the same time slashing their bodies and limbs with small knives, until they were obliged to give in from sheer exhaustion and loss of blood. Of course we were powerless to put an end to such proceedings as these, however much we may have disapproved of them. It would have been more than our lives were worth to have ventured into the midst of this crowd of yelling fanatics, as they all believed that we were the cause (all Europeans I mean) of the calamities which were to follow the eclipse (Aindi-giron). As the shadow began to get larger, and as the surface of the sun got smaller their cries increased, until they were almost deafening, and when at 1.30 the climax was reached, and only about one-fifth of the face of the sun could be seen, I really thought they meant to attack us as they gathered together and kept pointing to us, and shaking their fists at us, but they evidently thought better of it. It was very trying to us, as we were but a small party in comparison to them, and there is no doubt that had we shown any signs of fear they would have made an attempt upon our lives, so frantic were they.

When, however, the shadow began to leave, and more of the sun made its appearance they speedily changed from woe to glee and began to dance and sing, and exhibit every sign of joy, and when at 2.45 the last vestige of shadow had disappeared their hilarity knew no bounds.

All, irrespective of caste, rushed down to the nearest river bed (there are several small ones near, but at this time of year very little water is to be seen in them) and began to bathe, some of them bathing as often as ten times—evidently to make up for lost time—and, as I don't suppose they will bathe again for years, in this respect the eclipse was a good thing for them.

Some of them even went so far as to shave face and head completely bare, although for what reasons I have been unable to ascertain.

The Brahmins distributed alms among their poor brethren, the Hindoos fasted all day, while the only difference it made to the Mahomedans was that they had to pray once extra.

Having described the goings on of the natives I will proceed with the eclipse as it appeared to us. As I have before stated we were unable to witness the total eclipse as that was only visible from certain places, but what we did see of it was very fine.

Commencing at 12.15, the shadow gradually darkened the face of the sun bit by bit, until about 1.30, when at least four-fifths of the entire surface was darkened; the effect was beautiful, the sky gradually fading from a deep azure to a dull leaden gray, and shedding a lovely soft light around. Distant objects appeared to draw gradually nearer, and the snows standing out wonderfully clear against the leaden background afforded by the sky, seemed to have come within a stone's throw of us. During the latter half of the period taken up by the eclipse they seemed to be slowly receding, until just as the sun shone forth in full splendor again, they had regained their original position. The sky also was once more of a rich azure, and everything appeared exactly as before the eclipse commenced. It was noticed that during the whole of the time the shadow was passing, a strong breeze was blowing, and as soon as it (the shadow) was gone the wind ceased.

Whether this was noticed on the plains I am unable to say, but all to whom I have mentioned the matter say they noticed this. The natives watched the different phases by looking at the reflection of the sun in bowls of water; but we used for the most part spoiled photo negatives, (of which I have a lot, left by my friend Mr. Burns) which answer the purpose as well as smoked glass. It is possible that had our attention not been so fully attracted by the natives I might have seen more of the eclipse, but I think the proceedings of these poor superstitious fools are equally as interesting as any thing that I could have gathered from a more close scrutiny of the various phases of the eclipse."

Another Account.

The following account of the eclipses as seen from the Orient steamship Orotava has been communicated by a lad to his father: and printed in the London graphic. 'The eventual 22nd of January dawned beautifully. Except for fleecy clouds the

sky was perfectly clear. The ship had been slowing down considerably during the last twenty-four hours, and, to insure being on the central line of totality, had gone some way out of its course; in fact, it seemed almost at our disposal. A private yacht could not have suited us better.

"The general excitement was considerably heightened when, on sitting down to breakfast, we found on each plate a bit of smoked glass; and to insure our getting a good view all the awnings were taken down, so we had nothing to complain of, not even the weather. The sun was shining serenely as ever, and the sea was calm as we could have wished.

"At about 10 o'clock a clergyman was asked to give a few words of explanation concerning the phenomenon, but he had scarcely commenced when the alarm was given that the eclipse had begun. This took us completely by surprise, for we had been officially told that morning that the eclipse would begin at 11.58, but it was evidently totality that was meant. It was most amusing to see how that meeting broke up, lecturer and audience, rushed away, and sure enough when we looked through our smoked glass there was a part of the sun's circumference obscured.

"The progress of the moon was scarcely perceptible, but gradually the sun blotted out, the temperature fell considerably and the light began to show less. About five minutes before totality a most uncanny light prevailed, there was a kind of dull grayish hue over everything, and the general appearance of the sea was like that dead calm which marks the approach of a great storm; and then, as we watched, we could see a silvery light suddenly appear all around the moon. A moment later the sun was entirely blotted out.

"The sky overhead was dark blue fading into gray, and finally into lilac near the horizon. The whole effect was not unlike a sunset, only the same colors were visible all around the horizon. A few stars could be seen in the neighborhood of the eclipsed luminary, but at the darkest it was not necessary to have any artificial light to read or write.

"The corona itself was a magnificent sight. All around the moon beams of silvery light shone out, reaching in some places to about twice the moon's diameter. The 2 minutes 9 1/2 seconds of totality was all too short to admire the beautiful sight and almost before we had taken it all in a beam of light shot out from the other side of the moon and seemed to chase away the darkness immediately. The sky and sea soon assumed their natural colors, and the eclipse was over.

SMOCK MARRIAGES.

Instances in Maine that Prevailed in England a Century Ago.

A Bangor lawyer attending court in the ancient town of Wiscasset went rummaging recently in the colonial court records of the place, and in the course of his reading ran across the official registration of a 'smock marriage.' Not knowing what sort of a marriage that was he looked further, and got considerable light upon a custom that prevailed in England a century or two ago, and also to some extent in the American colonies.

Smock marriages were weddings where the bride appeared dressed in a white sheet or chemise. The reason of such a garb was the belief that if a man married a woman who was in debt he could be held liable for her indebtedness if he received her with any of her property; and, also, that if a woman married a man who was in debt his creditors could not take her property to satisfy their claims if he received nothing from her. In England, says an antiquarian, there was at least one case where the bride was clothed puris naturalibus while the ceremony was being performed at Birmingham. The minister at first refused to perform the ceremony, but finding nothing in the rubric that would excuse him he married the pair.

To carry out the law fully, as the people understood it, the ceremony should always have been performed as it was in the Birmingham church. But modesty forbidding, various expedients were used to accomplish the desired purpose and yet avoid the undesirable features. Sometimes the bride stood in a closet and put her head through a hole in the door; sometimes she stood behind a cloth screen and put her hand out at one side; again, she wound about her a white sheet furnished for the purpose by the bridegroom, and sometimes she stood in her chemise, or smock. Eventually, in Essex county at least, all immo-

desty was avoided by the bridegroom's furnishing to the bride all the clothes she wore, retaining title to the same in himself. This he did in the presence of witnesses, that he might prove the fact in case he was sued for any debts she might have contracted. A marriage of this kind occurred in Bradford in 1733, and the following is a true copy of the record of the same:

BRADFORD, Dec. ye 24, 1733.

This may certify whomsoever it may concern that James Bradford who was married to the widow Mary Bacon Nov. 22 last past by me ye subscriber then declared that he took the said person without anything of estate and that Lydia the wife of Eliazer Burbank & Mary the wife of Thomas Stickney & Margaret the wife of Caleb Burbank all of Bradford were witnesses that the clothes she then had on were of his providing & bestowing upon her.

WILLIAM BALCH, Minister of ye Gospel.

It is noted by the same writer that in all cases of smock marriages that have come to his knowledge, the brides have been widows. It is thought that during the reign of George III. there were many smock marriages in Maine, then a part of the province of Massachusetts Bay—chiefly in Lincoln and York counties, or in the territory which is now so known. There is nothing to show that the practice outlived the Revolution. In Maine, up to 1852, a husband was liable for debts of his wife contracted before marriage, and no such subterfuge as the smock marriages could relieve him.

FREED FROM JAIL BY DICE.

Prisoner Won Jailer's \$400, Then Played Him with \$900 and Liberty at Stake.

"Getting out of jail with a good file seems easy enough," said an ex-Sheriff to a New York Sun correspondent the other day, "but I don't think I ever heard of but one case where a prisoner made his escape with a handful of dice. It happened years ago in my county after I had arrested a crack gambler from the West for shooting a farmer. The farmer was not killed and the Westerner was shut up in jail until court convened. The chances were that he would be sent to the penitentiary for half a dozen years at least. He went under the name of Mike Hunkler. That, however, was an alias.

"While I was going over the building one morning a stranger came up and asked to see Hunkler. He said that Hunkler was an acquaintance of his and he wanted to talk with him about securing the services of a lawyer to defend him. I let the man in, but told Robinson the jailer, to watch them.

"The following morning while I was at breakfast a boy rushed in and told me that Hunkler had escaped. When I made an investigation I discovered that Robinson had also disappeared. Later in the day I found a note from Robertson addressed to me. He asked me to forgive him, said it was an affair of honor and could not be helped. The escape was investigated by the Grand Jury and after a long wrangle I was completely exonerated as a trusted employee had played me false.

"The years rolled on and the escape had ceased to cause any comment. Some time afterward I got a telegram from Tennessee saying that Robinson was dead, and that he had made a request that I be notified. Five days later, I received a letter written by Robinson, previous to his death, in which he told me the whole story of the escape.

"It seems the man who went to see Hun-

kler as his friend was a noted crook. He carried the prisoner a set of poker dice and a roll of bills amounting to about \$500. That night while patrolling the jail, Hunkler, who got to talking with him asked if he did not want to shoot a few hands. The cubes were brought out, and Robinson said he was the luckiest man with them in town. The jailer got \$50 out of his wallet to start on, and despite his luck he lost. He went back for another wad and in due time that drifted over to Hunkler. Robinson had \$400 in all, and he promptly brought it out. In an hour's time the last of his three years' savings was gone. Noticing his dejection, Hunkler after a while said:

"'Robinson, I will make this proposition. I will give you a chance to win your money back and mine, too, on one throw. I'll put up \$900, and if you win, you get all. If I win, you let me escape to-night.'

"Robinson thought over the matter for fifteen minutes, and finally agreed to play one poker hand to the fill. Robinson won the toss, and had to play first. He pitched out the dice and then looked down on two pairs, queens and jacks. He kept the queens and then took the three other cubes for the second throw. He got another pair of jacks and an ace. 'He cursed his luck, but threw again to the queens. He turned another queen and a pair of aces.

"Hunkler took the dice to beat the full. He rattled them long and careful, and when they hit the jail floor he smiled as he saw three tens. Another ten would set him free, with \$900 in his pockets. On the second throw he made a pair of jacks, but they did not free him. Robinson held his breath on the third toss, and to his sorrow he saw the lucky ten turn. He told Hunkler he was free, but that he had made himself an outcast. At 1 o'clock the next morning the two slipped away, Robinson refusing to accept a dollar from Hunkler."

Barbed Dogs Not Fit For Alaska.

Archdeacon Phair, who has spent many years in the remote Northwest as a missionary for the Church of England, and is at present in Montreal, states that intending Klondikers who think of taking dogs with them are making a very serious mistake. Mr. Phair says that the "huskies," or Esquimaux dogs, are well protected with a growth of hair between their toes which prevents their feet from being frozen. Imported dogs have not this necessary pedicel extremity protection, and every dog taken into the Klondike during this winter is sure to suffer and be rendered quite useless. Dozens of noble-looking mastiffs have been leaving Montreal almost daily for the Alaska territory. It seems deplorable that all these animals should have to come to such an untimely end.

A Kansas widow whose husband lost caste and fortune through strong drink and who finally died with delirium tremens, had a marble monument erected over his grave upon which a snake of many coils has been chiseled, and also this inscription upon the pedestal, and just beneath the fiery eye and forked tongue of the serpent: "At last it biteth like a serpent and stingeth like an adder."

Mary, Ida, and Nettie Ward of Phillips county are sisters, but their family relationship has become very much entangled. Mary married a widower named Wilson and Ida became the wife of his son Charles. Nettie married a nephew of the elder Wilson, named William Benton. All have children.

A FRIEND'S ADVICE.

And what it led to.

It is not a common occurrence that a friendly word should be the means of giving nearly forty years of happiness and health to the person heeding the advice it carried. This was the case with Mary Lingard. At twenty-five she was dragging out her days in misery. At sixty-one she finds herself so active and strong she can do work that would shame many a younger woman, and looks back on thirty-six happy, healthful years of industry. But let her tell her story:

"Thirty-six years ago I had great trouble with my liver. The doctors allowed that there were tumors growing on it, and they blistered my side in an effort to give me relief. I was at that time earning my living as a tailoress, but for five years, between the pain in my side and the blisters I was in constant misery, and work was a drag to me, with no prospect of relief; fortunately for me, however, a friend advised me to take Dr. Ayer's Sarsaparilla, and finally persuaded me to take a regular course of it. When I first commenced taking the Sarsaparilla my side was so painful that I could not fasten my dress, and for a time I did not get any relief, but my friend advised me to persevere, and relief was sure to come, and come it did. This happened, as I say, thirty-six years ago. My liver has never troubled me since, and during these years I have passed through the most critical period of a woman's life without any particular trouble, and to-day, at sixty-one years of age, I am active and strong, and able to do a day's work that would upset

many a younger woman. Ever since my recovery I have taken a couple of bottles of Dr. Ayer's Sarsaparilla each spring, and am quite satisfied that I owe my good health to this treatment. I give this testimonial purely in the hope that it may meet the eye of some poor sufferer."

MARY LINGARD, Woodstock, Ont.  
Dr. Ayer's Sarsaparilla has won its way to every corner of the world by the praise of its friends; those who have tried it and who know they were cured by the use of the remedy. There is nothing so strong as this personal testimony. It throws all theories and fancies to the winds and stands solidly upon the rock of experience, challenging every skeptic with a positive "I know." Ayer's Sarsaparilla with its purifying and vitalizing action on the blood is a radical remedy for every form of disease that begins in tainted or impure blood. Hence tumors, sores, ulcers, boils, eruptions and similar diseases yield promptly to this medicine. Some cases are more stubborn than others, but perseverance with Dr. Ayer's Sarsaparilla usually results in a complete cure. Mary Lingard began with a bottle, and went on to a course of Dr. Ayer's Sarsaparilla. When she was cured she realized that a medicine that could cure disease could also prevent it. So she took a couple of bottles each spring and kept in perfect health. There are thousands of similar cases on record. Some of these are gathered into Dr. Ayer's Carebook, a little book of 100 pages which is sent free by J. C. Ayer Co., Lowell, Mass. Write for it.

PRINCESS BEATRICE'S ART STUDY.

She Worked Hard With Her Instructor and Dawdled Only on One Day.

Mrs. Park-Smith, an English water colorist, who has a wide reputation among the fashionable people of England, was summoned to Buckingham palace some years ago as instructor to the Queen's youngest daughter. Mrs. Park-Smith gossiped entertainingly about her royal pupil, of whom she was and is very fond.

'It was only upon one occasion,' said the artist, 'that the Princess Beatrice dawdled, and that was the day Baroness Burdett Courts was married. As a rule the Princess worked away as busy as a bee, but this day she accomplished nothing.'

'Now they are just going up to the altar,' exclaimed the Princess, jumping up and examining her watch, 'and now they are saying "for better, or for worse." Oh, dear, isn't it wonderful; now they are walking down the aisle—they are just getting into the carriage—at last they are married—how funny!'

'The Princess then threw down her brush and declared that really she couldn't paint another stroke, and off she went to the Queen's room to read the telegrams which had been received giving an account of the wedding.

'Her Majesty the Queen has a decided preference for water colors and among her pictures are several of American scenery. She also has a liking for illumination, and as the Princess Beatrice had a delicate touch, the Queen suggested that she try illuminated texts, copying some old medieval ones. After having become somewhat accomplished in this art, Princess Beatrice illuminated the copy of Thomas a Kempis's "Imitation," which the Queen keeps with her Bible for daily reading.

'The Princess's next work was fan making, and she made for the Queen two pretty fans, one red geraniums on white satin, the other blackberries on pearl-colored satin, which were beautifully mounted.'

A beautiful illuminated autograph album is one of the Queen's pet treasures; it was made at the time of the last jubilee but one, and all of the Queen's royal guests inscribed their names therein. The book is bound in Italian vellum and was painted by Princess Beatrice's teacher. The cover has the royal coat of arms, done in its proper colors, with the Queen's four palaces—Buckingham, Windsor, Osborne and Balmoral—on the four sides. The boarder is of roses—or was. When the cover was finished her Majesty regretted that she had not proposed the lotus, as symbolic of her Indian possessions; accordingly the roses were painted out and the lotus substituted, much to the Queen's satisfaction. The illumination is wonderful in its detail, and when examined with the magnifying glass reveals, among other things, 320 windows divided up among the four palaces.

The Queen and all the royal family have a weakness for autograph books and never refuse their autograph to their friends, and the Queen, at her own suggestion, was the first to inscribe her name in the autograph book which the Princess Beatrice gave to her painting teacher. The English royalties are most gracious in acknowledging gifts, whoever the giver may be, and Princess Beatrice took thought while on her wedding journey to send her teacher thanks for decorating the sapphire blue curtains which Prince Henry had given her for her boudoir as a wedding gift, inclosing, at the same time, a photograph of Prince Henry.

'A handsome man in a walking regiment with £90 a year,' was the Prince of Wales's summing up of his brother-in-law, who was never considered quite good enough for the Princess, but whom she adored.

Young Prince Alexander, the eldest child of Princess Beatrice, promises to be quite as handsome as his father, he is a privileged youngster with his grandmamma and often, in his babyish days used to be invited to take an airing with the Queen in her pony carriage. The Queen promptly went to sleep as a rule before she had taken many turns about the palace grounds. Upon one occasion, when little Prince Alexander had been devoting much time to a lengthy tale, and at last discovered that his grandmamma had been sweetly slumbering he put up one finger and shaking it almost in her Majesty's face, said, 'Fy, fy gram, you haven't heard a word I've said.'

Telegraphic Transmission of Pictures.

E. A. Hummel, a St. Paul man, has invented a new device for the transmission of pictures, which is thus described in a press dispatch: 'Both the transmitter and the receiver have a diminutive electric motor operating a carriage that moves the pencils over what-*er* is to be copied. In the transmitter the pencil has a sharp platinum point. After the machine is connected with the electric circuit and the platinum point is set in motion by clock-work, each time it encounters a strip of shellac the circuit is broken. This throws down against the receiving paper in the complementary part of the machine a sharp needle point which etches into the surface a line corresponding to the course taken

**TIED? OH, NO.**

This soap

**SURPRISE**

greatly lessens the work  
It's pure soap, lathers freely,  
rubbing easy does the work.  
The clothes come out sweet  
and white without injury to the fabrics

**SURPRISE is economical, it wears well.**

by the platinum point while on the shellac insulation. When the platinum point has passed over the shellac and the circuit is again closed, the needle point is lifted.

Have You Nerve-ache?

If you suffer its agonies, and fail to get a remedy, we want you to try Nerviline. Its action on nerve pain is simply marvellous. Nerviline is the most pleasant and powerful remedy in the market. Try it.

Pa Saw Double.

'That young man of yours,' said the observing parent, as his daughter came down to breakfast, 'should apply for a job in a dime museum.'

'Why, father,' exclaimed the young lady in tones of indignation, 'what do you mean?'

'I noticed when I passed through the hall late last night,' answered the old man, 'that he had two heads upon his shoulders.'

No Temper Powders Needed.

Here is a point that is worth remembering: The more gentle the means employed to induce sleep the more natural and refreshing will the sleep be. That is why morphine and other narcotics are so bad. They do not properly induce sleep at all, but rather unconsciousness, which is quite a different thing. They are, as we all know, administered (perhaps necessarily) in cases of great pain which must be at once relieved. But they are always violent things; they, in certain sense, stun the nerves as a blow on the head might do.

'Now, if you will run your eye over the following personal statement, I will afterwards clench the point I wish to fasten in your mind.'

'In the autumn of last year (1895) my health began to fail me. I felt out of sorts, weak, and exhausted. I had a foul taste in the mouth, my tongue was coated, and I had no desire for food of any kind. After eating I experienced pain across the chest, as if a heavy weight were pressing on it.

'I got little sleep at night, and for a week I never closed my eyes. All my nerves were unstrung, and I was so weak and debilitated that I had no heart for anything. [The influence of a diseased condition, acting, of course, through the nerves upon the mind and spirits, is as clear a fact as attraction of gravitation. No less an authority than Dr. Lunder Brunton has directed the attention of the medical profession to the fact that many quick-tempered persons are really victims of marked forms of general or rheumatism, which may be relieved by what he tactically calls temper powders. But what are those temper powders? From the start, I don't believe in that sort of treatment. An umbrella is useful, but it doesn't keep your legs dry.]

'I was obliged,' continues the letter, 'to leave my work being so weak I could hardly crawl about. Months after month I continued in this way, during which time I saw one doctor after another, and also went to the infirmary.

'The doctors said my ailment was nervous debility, but their medicines did me no good. My father then told me of the great benefit he derived from Mother Seigel's Curative Syrup—it having cured his indigestion.

'I got a bottle of this medicine from Dawes, Chemist, High Street, Longton, and after taking it began to improve. My nerves were easier, and I felt brighter of myself, and could eat without having pain. Gradually all the weakness and horrible nervousness left me, and I was as strong and well as ever in my life. For the benefit of others you have my consent to publish this statement. (Signed) Harry Askey, 55 Spring Road, Normacot, Staffordshire, August 27th, 1896.'

Let us now clutch the point, according to promise. What ailed Mr. Askey? He said he suffered horribly from what the doctors called nervous debility, and that he lost sleep and strength until he was useless to himself and to others. A miserable state of affairs my good readers—a miserable state of things. He does not say the doctors gave him narcotics, but probably they did. Alas! however, all to no purpose.

Mark, now, what I tell you. In all cases of sleeplessness and nervous debility the cause is a source of irritation somewhere in the body, which, if relieved, will be followed by rest and recovery. It is like the note in the eye. What was it in this instance? The other symptoms he mentions tell us. It was an inflamed and torpid stomach, full of undigested and fermenting food—poisonous to the blood and nerves. That was the cause of the whole trouble, as it is in nearly all cases of nervous breakdown. Oh, no; we don't need any narcotics or "temper powders," whatever they may be. We will straighten out the digestive machine with Mother Seigel's Syrup, and our nerves will be quiet as lambs in a fold.

Reason Enough.  
Reading and writing are not really a necessity of life, where there are other people who can read and write.

'Why,' asked Mrs. Dooley of Bridget Flanagan, 'do you go to that old Mrs. Smith to read your letters from your sweetheart? Sure, you don't be knowin' her at all well.'

'That I don't. But she do be deal as a post.'

'An' what's the good of that?'

'The good of it? The good of it? Why thin, not one wurd of trim letters do she hear?'

"THOUGHT MY HEAD WOULD BURST."

A Fredericton Lady's Terrible Suffering.

Mrs. G. DOHERTY tells the following remarkable story of relief from suffering and restoration to health, which should



clear away all doubts as to the efficacy of Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills from the minds of the most skeptical:

'For several years I have been a constant sufferer from nervous headache, and the pain was so intense that sometimes I was almost crazy. I really thought that my head would burst. I consulted a number of physicians, and took many remedies, but without effect. I noticed Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills advertised, and as they seemed to suit my case, I got a box and began their use. Before taking them I was very weak and debilitated, and would sometimes wake out of my sleep with a distressed, smothering feeling, and I was frequently seized with agonizing pains in the region of the heart, and often could scarcely muster up courage to keep up with the struggle for life. In this wretched condition Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills came to the rescue, and to-day I state, with gratitude, that I am vigorous and strong, and all this improvement is due to this wonderful remedy.'

D & A CORSETS

THE D & A "CREST" CORSET



Indestructible AT THE SIDE.

The D & A "CREST" Corset is just what thousands of women are looking for. The disposition of the lower steel and the hiplacing are what make this corset positively unbreakable.

It is as perfect as to fit and made in all styles. Ask your dealer to show you the D & A "Crest."

When You Get Home To-night put a warning, soothing, pain extracting

BENSON'S PLASTER

right on that sore and tender spot—wherever it is. You have taken cold, and any one of a dozen dangerous diseases may be lurking behind.

NEVER TRIFLE WITH PAINS AND ACHES—They may mean fatal congestions. BENSON'S Plasters relieve at once. Always reliable.

Thousands of Doctors and Druggists and millions of people everywhere whom it has cured, affirm it to be the Supreme External Remedy. All druggists. Price 25 cts. Looming, Miles & Co., Montreal, Sole Agents for Canada.

A DANGEROUS HOBBY.

It Made a Local Hero of one man and Cowards of Others.

During the building of the bridge over the Willamette River at Portland, Oregon, an incident occurred that must have made at least a local hero of the foreman in charge. In a moment of general panic he kept cool, and by an admirable display of nerve, saved many lives and many thousand dollars' worth of property.

The water at the point where the large pier for the pivot span was to be placed was eighty feet deep. A pile foundation was put in to carry the caissons. The piles were over one hundred feet long, and were driven from twenty to thirty feet into the ground under the river with a steam pile driver worked on a barge. The piles numbered more than three hundred, and formed an almost solid square. Then it was found that some of them were superfluous, and were in the way of others. It was necessary to remove them.

This was done by sending down a diver, who drove a spiked ring into the pile to be removed, passed a light rope through it, and returned to the surface with the rope ends. A dynamite bomb was then attached to one end of the rope, and with the fuse lighted, it was dropped into the water. The foreman, who had received the other end of the rope from the diver, then drew in the line until the bomb reached the ring at the base of the pile, where it was held until it exploded and the pile was blown to atoms.

On the occasion now referred to, the foreman, standing on the barge, drew in the rope as usual, but by some accident the spike was pulled out, and the spectators were horrified and terror-stricken to see the foreman holding the spike, bomb and all, in his hands, with the smoking fuse burning almost into the cap.

'Run for your lives, boys!' the foreman shouted; and the twenty-five or thirty men on the barge waited for a second invitation. At first the foreman tried to throw the whole bundle into the river, but the rope being tangled about him, he was unable to do so. He then coolly but quickly tore the bomb, composed of twelve sticks of giant powder to pieces, and drew the cap from the stick in which it was set and dropped it into the water. So short was the time that the cap exploded before it reached the water.

Had he hesitated a moment, the delay would have cost not only his own life, but the lives of many of the workmen, and a heavy property loss of machinery and materials. The diver had perhaps the worst scare. There he sat on the side of the barge, loaded not only with his heavy diving suit, but with fifty pounds extra weight at his waist to sink him when he went below.

The poor fellow did not know what to do. He feared to jump back into the water, if the bomb should be thrown there, the concussion would certainly kill him. Finally he made up his mind to run with the rest, and notwithstanding his heavy load, he is said to have kept up with the procession. It was a close call for many people. The wharf at the end of the barge was lined with spectators, and on the wharf was a small building containing one hundred and fifty pounds of dynamite, which in all probability would have exploded from the concussion had the bomb been fired above the water. One incident raised a laugh, even in so critical a moment. One of the superintendents of the work, when he saw the danger, quite 'lost his head.' He was on the wharf, and ran about wringing his hands and crying, 'Where shall I go? Oh, where shall I go?' And the place where he finally crouched was directly behind the warehouse containing the one hundred and fifty pounds of dynamite—unquestionably the most dangerous spot he could have chosen.

Peril of Keeping "Tab" on a Man's Faults.

Mrs. Murkle—Josiah, do you know that you have sworn three times within an hour, that six frowns have crossed your brow, that you have spoken crossly to the children four times, and that you have hitched around in your chair so much that I wouldn't be surprised if the carpet were all worn out under you?

Mr. Murkle—Indeed! Well, can you tell me how many nice things I have said to you and the children during the past hour, how often I have laughed with you, and how many minutes I have sat absolutely still?

Mrs. Murkle—I haven't counted them. Mr. Murkle—That's what I thought. Suppose you try looking out for a fellow's good qualities a little while. Perhaps it you do that you'll not have so much time to keep tab on his faults!

Mrs. Murkle (beginning to weep)—Josiah, your not satisfied with me. You wish you were married to some other woman!

Mr. Murkle—Dash it, who could help swearing under such circumstances. I've half a mind to go out and get a drink.

Mrs. Murkle—There, now the animal in you is gaining full control again. Oh why did I ever place my fair young life in the keeping of a brute! (Curtain.)



A delight to contemplate is a cup of coffee, clear, pure, and harmless-ly invigorating.

Are you one of the millions who use Chase & Sanborn's Seal Brand Coffee? If so, you know its unquestionable excellence.

The manner in which you buy it, in pound and two-pound cans, insures its purity and freshness. The Chase & Sanborn seal guarantees that it is a perfect coffee. If you have failed to use this famous brand of the best blend of Java and Mocha, you have yet to experience tasting the most delicious coffee imported into or sold in any country.

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The only food that will build up a weak constitution gradually but surely is

**Martin's Cardinal Food**

a simple, scientific and highly nutritive preparation for infants, delicate children and invalids.

KERRY WATSON & CO., PROPRIETORS, MONTREAL.

**Spring Purification.**

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

**Burdock Blood Bitters.**

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

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## Woman and Her Work

It has long been the boast of lordly man that woman alone was responsible for the slaughter of the birds, and that, whatever his other sins that of sacrificing innocent winged creatures for his personal adornment could not be laid at his door. Sometime, a woman I feel satisfied, has been investigating this claim, and unearthed the fact of its invalidity. It transpires that the plumes worn in the bustles of certain cavalry regiments in the Imperial service are by regulation composed of egret feathers. The regiments so distinguished are the Hussars, the King's Royal Rifles, the Horse Artillery and the Rifle Brigade, whose plumes are always made of white egret, and heron feathers. I admit that the officers themselves are not in any way to blame for wearing egret plume, the fault lies with the war office, and the regulation is an iniquitous one which should be changed without loss of time, as any other plumage would answer equally well; but the reproach can no longer be cast at us that we alone are responsible for the threatened extermination of the beautiful egret.

I see that the milliners, and those interested in the sale of egret plumes and birds' feathers generally are striving to lull the scruples of their more tender hearted customers, and prevent the injury of their own trade by assuring them that the great majority of egret plumes sold are not really the product of nature, but of the manufacturer's skill, being really prepared from ordinary feathers skillfully manipulated to resemble the heron plumes. This is a bare faced fiction as Professor Hudson, an English ornithologist of wide reputation who has devoted much time and study to the problem of protecting bird life, and preventing the extermination of certain rare varieties, asserts that amongst numerous specimens of so-called manufactured plumes, he found none that were not absolutely genuine. Therefore I hope we shall not be too ready to gratify our vanity by wearing the beautiful plumes which have so long been forbidden to those amongst who have conscientious scruples on the subject, and at the same time quiet our consciences with the milliner's assurance that they really grew on a barn door fowl whose life was sacrificed not to feminine vanity but for food.

They say that our necks have been almost ruined by the high collar, and that the only thing which can save them even at the eleventh hour is a speedy return to those delightful low-cut gowns which disfigured our sex almost eight years ago. The remedy may be effective, but the question before the meeting just now, is whether it would not be worse than the disease during the transition stage. If the fashion was a trying one to any but the youngest and loveliest women when it first came out, and before the high collar had got in its deadly work, what would it be now, when, so it is said, all our necks are stamped with a dark circle around the base of the throat which makes us look as if we had been mortifying the flesh by wearing a rope around them. Those who have made a study of the subject say that even when this mark is not very apparent one has only to look carefully at the necks of the fair maids and matrons at a ball to see that there has been a sad degeneracy in the plumpness, and whiteness of the feminine throat during the last seven or eight years, and that instead of the firm, milk-white column which was a common possession of womankind then, the average woman's neck has a decidedly scrawny, not to say sere and yellow appearance. The cause of the calamity which has overtaken us lies in the fact that in order to look well the high collar especially when it is of linen, must be worn tight enough to interfere largely with the circulation, and the skin and flesh being deprived of enough blood to nourish them properly, soon be-

## THE LIQUOR HABIT—ALCOHOLISM.

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

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



### "WHAT WE HAVE WE'LL HOLD."

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

The Albert Toilet Soap Co., Mfrs.  
Montreal. 71

gin to wither and fade, the muscles grow placid and weak, and the whole neck begins to assume an appearance of age the skin losing its delicate color and fine texture while the flesh becomes soft and flabby and loses its youthful appearance.

Women have begun to discover this serious drawback to the high collar, and becoming and convenient as it is, they are discarding it in all possible haste. This is the real secret of the sudden fancy for a soft Roman scarf, or broad ribbon wound rather loosely around the neck and tied in a sailor knot in front, which so many women affect now; but though this will help towards restoring the beauty of the neck, some more active treatment is required as well. One woman has discovered a short cut back to the original beauty of her throat and neck; in bathing them three times a day in very cold water, which makes the flesh firm and solid, then at night she rubs cocoa butter into neck, arms and shoulders, until she cannot rub any longer, and she declares that three months of this simple treatment restored them to all their former whiteness and plumpness. It is well to be very cautious in the use of cocoa butter, all the same! If it agrees with your skin nothing could be more soothing and beneficial, or a better skin food, but unfortunately there are some skins that cannot stand it at all, and these it turns yellow and utterly ruins, I speak feelingly on the subject for I believe that a daily application of cocoa butter, even when mixed with such soothing ingredients as almond oil and benzoin if persisted in for a month, would make my skin like a turkey's leg—an old turkey with the withered yellow legs that signalize more than middle age in the fowl kingdom.

By the way—speaking of turkey's legs reminds me of a perfectly new fad amongst womankind. This is no less than the wearing of a turkey's foot mounted in either gold or silver, as the owner's inclination and purse suggest, and worn either as a chatelaine ornament or a pin. Only a little while ago the superstitious fair one who wanted a real charm, and considered a four-leaved clover too commonplace, wore a rabbit's foot, but as everybody who is at all versed in matters occult knows that the only rabbit's foot which really possesses virtue as a charm, is the left hind foot of a molly cottontail which has been killed in a grave yard at twelve o'clock some night in the full of the moon, and the slayer must be a red headed negro, or the charm will be useless. Now as these conditions are not by any means easy to fulfil, especially the last, it stands to reason that the rabbit's foot charm is rather a rare article, so perhaps it is as well that something more attainable is taking its place. It must not be imagined for a moment, however, that the ordinary turkey's foot of commerce will answer for a charm—by no means! To be effective it must once have belonged to a fat gobbler which had been saved by his owner for some special occasion and then stolen by a straight haired gentleman of the colored persuasion, and ministerial profession at midnight when the moon is new. It is terrible to think that any colored shepherd would set such an example to his flock, but he must do it, or else the charm is useless; and in consequence it also, is far from being either a common or inexpensive ornament. But all the same the up to date jeweller seems to have an inexhaustible supply of the genuine article always on hand, and they sell like hot cakes in cold weather. Just what luck the turkey's foot is supposed to bring or what danger it averts no one seems to know, not even the wearers them-

selves, but all the same the really swell girl who makes it a point always to have the latest thing out, is wearing her Asot tie secured by a big unsightly looking turkey's foot with outspread toes, and long skinny legs, and the man who follows in the train of her admirers, is apt to shudder when he catches sight of the grisly looking object and wonder helplessly what vagary will seize the angelic sex next.

There is little to record beyond rumors, in the world of fashion just at this season of the year, but luckily there are plenty of rumors else the fashion writers would indeed be in despair. One rumor says that revers are on the decline, and will soon be seen no more on the fashionably costume; but all the same some very new looking models which have every appearance of having been recently imported, show not only one, but three revers on each side. One, is a costume of gray cloth with a bodice of heliotrope corduroy velvet, and a vest of cream lace, the triple revers being composed respectively of velvet, gray silk with a ruff of gray chiffon on the edge, and white silk covered with lace, which turns back from the lace vest. The gray revers fall under this, with the velvet ones last, and each is a trifle wider than the one above it.

Another rumor which seems to be contradicted by the early spring importations is that tinsel sequin, and jeweled trimmings have had their day, and will not be a feature of the coming spring fashions. Still they are seen in every imaginable variety, and the gown which has no decoration of spangles, or bead trimming of any kind, really has more distinction than the one which glitters with shining ornaments as it is much more unusual. Many handsome gowns of cloth and velvet amongst the latest importation are made perfectly plain, and that is doubtless the reason that the early downfall of tinsel trimmings is predicted. Bengaline silk in both white and light colors is used a great deal in combination with cloth for plaited panels in the skirt and for the finishing touches of the bodice. Satin antique is another silk which is very popular for this purpose, and it is often used in combination with bengaline for the trimming of a cloth dress. The satin is in some pretty light color, and the bengaline white. Three of the newest dresses are made with the effect of a double bodice, and if the contrasts are well chosen, nothing could possibly be prettier. For instance, a form of grey cloth has an inner bodice of rose pink antique satin which forms part of the guimpe and shows fully an inch at one side, where the bodice fastens. The guimpe is completed by a chemise of tucked white chiffon, and the collar band is a combination of cloth and white bengaline, which forms the plaited panels in the skirt. A double bertha collar of cloth and bengaline may outline the low-cut neck of the first cloth bodice, or it may be finished with a ruche of gray chiffon. A good many examples of the ruffled skirt are already being shown in the shops, and the decorations are frequently two fold; for example a black silk skirt has three or five ruffles as the wearer may fancy, each ruff being trimmed with three graduated rows of black velvet ribbon. The waist is of black net with chenille dots, over black silk and is finished with cream lace. Another black silk is of the taffeta variety, and is adorned with seven pinked ruffles. The bodice is also of taffeta, and is striped with black lace insertion underlaid with a strip of green silk. The vest is of cream lace with a band of green velvet trimmed with fancy buttons on each side. A still newer fancy in the ruffled skirt is to have it ruffled only at the back and sides, leaving the front breadth quite plain. A band of jet covered the ends of the ruffles where they join the front breadth. An evening dress of



### Special Combination in LEATHER DRESSINGS

Brown, Tan and Russet. Does more than cleanse and polish the shoe. It is in reality a food for leather. It fills the leather with oil so necessary to its durability, keeps it soft and pliable and neutralizes the effect of perspiration so deadly to the life of a shoe. The polish imparts a brilliant, even and durable gloss.

25 cents at all shoe stores.  
L. H. PACKARD & CO., MONTREAL.

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Pimples, Freckles, Blotches, Blackheads, Redness,  
And all other Skin Eruptions, vanish by the use of  
Dr. Campbell's **SAFE ARSENIC COMPLEXION WAFERS**  
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USE BOX of Dr. Campbell's Safe Arsenic Complexion Wafers, if used in conjunction with Fould's Arsenic Soap, will restore the face to the smoothest and fairest Maltese Loveliness. Used by the cream of society throughout the world. Dr. Campbell's Wafers and Fould's Arsenic Soap are guaranteed perfectly harmless and not deleterious to the most tender skin.  
BEWARE OF WORTHLESS COUNTERFEITS. Wafers by mail 50c. and \$1 per box; six arsenic boxes, \$5. Soap, 50c. Address all mail orders to  
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SOLD BY ALL DRUGGISTS IN CANADA. THE CANADIAN DRUG CO., Wholesale Agents.

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We are offering as an inducement to new subscribers, the book, *Life and Times of Hon. Joseph Howe*, by G. R. Fenety, together with a year's subscription to *PROGRESS* for \$2.50.

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

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black net is properly trimmed with ruffles, all of which are finished on the edge with a simple row of black velvet ribbon.

Amongst the new colors for spring, heliotrope in every imaginable shade is said to head the list, and the numerous people to whom this lovely shade is becoming, will rejoice accordingly. Black is to be very fashionable for gowns of cloth, and lighter materials, such as grenadine and nun's veiling, and by the way—the new nun's veiling which has taken the place of the material known by that name ten years ago, is the daintiest fabric made of silk and wool mixed, and very thin and sheer. It comes in all light pretty tints as well as black, and has a striped border for trimmings.

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Even a Child can Dye With Diamond Dyes.

Diamond Dye Color Anything Any Color—Make Old Cloaks, Gowns, Coats, and Suits Look Like New—How to Dress Well at Small Cost.

Diamond Dyes are a wonderful help to economical dressing. These simple home dyes will color anything any color, and they make cloaks, stockings, dresses, leathers, lace, curtains, etc., look like new.

Many of the Diamond Dyes are made from specially prepared dyestuffs, and in no other way can home dyeing be done so simply and satisfactorily.

They come in all colors, and the plain and explicit directions on the package make it easy for the most inexperienced to use them with success. Even a child can dye a rich, perfect color, if Diamond Dyes are used.

Do not risk your material with dyes that claim to color both cotton and wool with the same dye, for it is impossible to get satisfactory results with dyes of that character. In Diamond Dyes there are special dyes for cotton and special dyes for wool, and they are all guaranteed to give satisfaction, if used according to directions.

### ANOTHER STORY ABOUT GEORGE.

How Washington Shared His Bed With a Negro.

Throughout the Revolutionary War, Primus Hall was the body-servant of Colonel Pickering, of Massachusetts. It was well known that there was no officer in the whole American army whose memory was dearer to Washington, and whose counsel was more esteemed by him, than that of the honest and patriotic Colonel Pickering. Whenever he was stationed within such a distance as to admit of it, he passed many with the Colonel. Washington was, therefore, often brought into contact with the servant of Colonel Pickering, the departed Primus.

On one occasion the great general was engaged in earnest consultation with Colonel Pickering, in his tent, until after the night had fairly set in. Headquarters were at a considerable distance, and Washington signified his preference to staying with the Colonel over night, provided he had a spare blanket and straw.

'Oh, yes,' said Primus, who was appealed to, 'plenty of straw and blankets—plenty.'

Upon this assurance, Washington continued his conference with the Colonel until it was time to retire to rest. Two humble beds were spread side by side in the tent, and the officers laid themselves down, while Primus seemed to be busy with duties that required his attention before he himself could sleep. He worked, or appeared to work, until the breathing of the prostrate gentlemen satisfied him that they were sleeping; and then, seating himself upon a box or stool, he leaned his head upon his hands to obtain such repose as so inconvenient a position would allow. In the middle of the night Washington awoke. He looked about and descried the negro as he sat. He gazed at him awhile and then spoke. 'Primus!' said he, calling, 'Primus!'

Primus started up and rubbed his eyes. 'What, General?' said he. 'Washington rose up in bed. 'Primus,' said he, 'what did you mean by saying that you had blankets and straw enough? Here you have given up your blanket and a saw to me that I may sleep comfortably, while you are obliged to sit through the night.'

'It's nothing, General,' said Primus. 'It's nothing, I'm well enough. Don't trouble yourself about me, General, but go to sleep again. No matter about me. I sleep very good.'

'But it is matter—it is matter,' said Washington, earnestly. 'I cannot do it, Primus. It either of us is to sit up, I will. But I think there is no need of either sitting up. The blanket is wide enough for two. Come and lie down here with me.'

'Oh, no, General!' said Primus, starting and protesting such a proposition. 'No, let me sit here. I'll do very well on the stool.'

'I say, come and lie down here!' said Washington, authoritatively. 'There is room enough for both, and I insist upon it.'

He threw open the blanket as he spoke, and moved to one side of the straw. Primus professes to have been exceedingly shocked at the idea of lying under the same covering with the commander-in-chief, but his tone was so resolute and determined that he could not hesitate. He prepared himself, therefore, and laid himself down by Washington; and on the same straw, and under the same blanket, the general and the negro slept until morning.

### TRY IT

It always Cures

Dr. Ed. Morin & Co., Quebec.  
GENTLEMAN. Believe me that it is with pleasure that I add my testimony to that of those who have been cured by the use of your excellent remedy, *Morin's Cresophates Wine*.

I was attacked with bronchitis, which had made great progress, when I formed the resolution to try *Morin's Wine*, which, you recommended as a specific against coughs, bronchitis, etc. I procured some through your agent, and after having taken two bottles, I ceased to cough, and an abundant expectoration was the result.

At the end of a fortnight I was almost cured, but I did not discontinue the use of your remedy until my bronchitis had definitely disappeared. Since that time, which is now nearly five months ago, I have experienced no indisposition proceeding from my stomach. I thank you for the excellence of your remedy, and be assured that I will recommend it to all those who may be attacked by bronchitis.

I am, etc.  
N. McNeill, Merchant,  
Saint-Pascal.

"High-Top Sweeting" Tree

They all cried—every one of the Bells from Peggy, who was sixteen, down to Rulus (who was four and despised a cry-baby), when old Mr. Pigeon moved away. He was such a tried and trusty friend, and, it he was sixty, such a congenial companion. He was always ready to go fishing or coasting with the boys or to take the girls to drive; although he was a bachelor and lived alone, he had a double carriage and the largest sleigh on Pippin Hill—because he had a large heart, Peggy said. He knew so much about the wild things in the woods as "The Hunter's Own Book," and on a rainy day or when one had the mumps or measles he would tell stories by the dozen—stories that were worth telling, too, for he had been "round the world and home again," and knew all there was to know about cannibals and buccaners and wild men, and all such distinguished and interesting people.

It happened that the only houses on the tip top of Pippin Hill were the Bell's (I suppose the Bells' house may have received that name because Papa Bell always spoke of his children as his "small fry"; anyway, that is what everyone in Bloomsboro' called it) and the Pigeon house, which had belonged to Mr. Pigeon's grandfather. The houses backed up to each other, and there was a mutual backyard fence, so, of course, it was very desirable that the neighbors should be friendly and congenial; more than this there was a mutual apple tree. The gnarled, old "high-top sweeting" was directly on the boundary line between the two estates, and the mutual fence had been cut in two to make space for it. Its branches were low and spreading, in spite of its high top, and they spread very partially over the Bell's smooth lawn and over Mr. Pigeon's orchard, and dropped their delicious fruit—early, the first sweet apples that there were—almost as evenly as it measured on each of their owner's land. The only difference was that the August sunshine lay longer upon Mr. Pigeon's side, so the first red and yellow, mellow and juicy apples dropped upon his orchard grass—and he tossed them up to Christine in her seat in the low crotch of the tree, the seed it at he made for her.

It was Christine who thought the most of Mr. Pigeon and he of her, because they both had a twist, Christine said. She could always speak of her trouble cheerfully, even jokingly. You would scarcely have thought that she minded it at all; it was a spinal weakness which had bowed her shoulders and twisted her head to one side. The others didn't mind much when Christine was left out of things; they were a rough, merry set, but Mr. Pigeon had always remembered her. His twist was in one of his legs; he had to wear an uncomfortable iron boot, and walked with a queer, sideways motion. When Becky, who was eleven and was called the Bloomsboro' Budget because she carried all the news, came home with the terrible intelligence that Mr. Pigeon was going to move away, no one would believe it. "In the first place it's too dreadful to be true, and in the next place he would have told us," said Peggy. But it really proved to be true. Mr. Pigeon's sister—his own sister!—had gone to law to obtain a share of her grandfather's estate, which he had failed to bequeath to her because she had gone contrary to his wishes in some way, and the only share she would have was that old estate on Pippin Hill. Perhaps the law might force her to take something else as her share since he had held possession there so long; but she was Hitty, and he should give it up to her. That was what Mr. Pigeon said in answer to the indignant remonstrances of the Bells. She was Hitty; that was all he would say; perhaps it wasn't much of a reason, but the Bells understood. We all know what it is to give up things to people just because they are lay or poly or don't. So it happened that the Bells dear Mr. Pigeon went away to a little house that he owned down at Pequanet Mills and Miss McWhirter Pigeon came to live at the old place on Pippin Hill and owned a half of the high-top sweeting tree. And the very first thing she did—it was September when she came—was to threaten to have Tommy Bell arrested, because when he shook their side of the tree her side shook too, and she said the top of the tree leaned toward their side and more apples fell there, so when the apples were picked and divided she must have an extra bushel. She threatened to have their yellow kitten drowned because he scampered after the flying leaves in her garden and, she did have their cross gobbler killed because he ran after her red morning gown, as a gobbler will, you know, and gobbled at her. He wasn't much loss and she sent him home plucked and dressed, with the message that she should have eaten him if she had not feared he would be tough. She complained that Becky's peacock squawked and Dicky's Guin-a-pige squeaked, and the vane on their stable had a rusty squeak that kept her awake nights; and one of the little Bells mounted the fence she came out and 'shooed' him off as if he were a chicken. Christine, who was inclined to look on the bright side and to think well of every one, said that she would probably grow better when they got better acquainted, and she gave Tommy and little Rulus five cents each not to use their bean slingers over the fence or make faces through the knothole. But instead of growing better their new neighbor grew worse. She had the mutual fence built up ten feet high, she had the branches of the sweeting tree lopped off where they interferred with the fence, and Christine's seat thrown down to the ground so roughly that it was broken. She said she had let people impose upon her all her life, and she wasn't going to any more.

Papa Bell, who was an easy man and so absorbed in his business, said he supposed that so many children and speaking things did make them troublesome neighbors; but he thought they should have to remonstrate with Miss Pigeon about the fence, because it took away so much of their sunshine. Christine begged him to wait; she always would believe that people were going to be better, and she knew there must be something good about Miss Pigeon because she looked like her brother—only the twist seemed to be in her mind, poor thing! It was November when Christine's seat was thrown out of the tree, so she could not have used it any more that season anyway; and when anyone asked her how she was going to do without it in the spring, she always answered: "Perhaps Miss Hitty will be good by that time." But that transposition didn't seem in the least likely to any one else. She never forgot that Mr. Pigeon had said she was Hitty, thought how she could ever be Hitty to anybody was more than the other young Bells could understand.

Christine would bow to her, too, and smile, shyly, although Miss Pigeon only scowled or scolded in response. Far more difficult to forgive than their own wrongs was the injury that she had inflicted upon her brother. He wrote to them doleful letters which showed plainly how homesick he was for the good air and the good fellowship of Pippin Hill. One of the neighbors who saw him at Pequanet said one would hardly know him he had "pined away" so. Christine turned a little pale when she heard this about Mr. Pigeon, and she put on her thinking-cap. She couldn't go to school like the others, she couldn't go skating; in fact, there were many things she couldn't do that would have been very discouraging to one who believed less firmly than Christine did that things as well as people were going to be better; but that gave her all the more time to wear her thinking-cap. And Christine's thoughts were pretty apt to blossom into deeds some way.

Christine had made the Christmas wreaths of evergreen and holly from their own Pippin Hill woods, and she had sent two beauties to Miss Pigeon, who had promptly returned them with the message that she didn't want such rubbish littering up her house. Now when they heard that she had news from Mr. Pigeon she was making valentines. She had a very dainty knock with both pencil and brush. For a fourteen-year-old girl, and her valentines were more beautiful than any that could be bought in the shops, or so Bloomsboro' young people all thought.

The fashion of sending valentines might have elsewhere, but always flourished in Bloomsboro', perhaps because Christine Bell kept it up. She sent them to the very last people who expected to have a valentine—to neglected old people and forlorn sick people, to Biddy Maguire just from the old country, and "kitt" with homesickness, and to Antony Burke, the old miser, for whom no one had a civil word and who, perhaps, didn't deserve one. And for every valentine that was disregarded or thrown impatiently aside, a cozen made a little warmth and comfort in a sad heart; or nobody has yet begun to understand how great is the day of small things.

Christine was more mysterious than usual this year about her valentines; she colored when Peggy said she would better send one to Miss Pigeon, but they never thought she would; they thought she was only sensitive about her Christmas wreath. When Mr. Pigeon went away he gave Christine an old desk that he had had since he was a boy. It had initials and hearts and anchors cut into it and was whitened at every corner; you would have known if you'd seen it anywhere that it had belonged to a boy. But Christine would have it in her own room; she thought it was beautiful. It had his boy-letters and diaries in it, and she had laugh and cried over them. And now she had found in that old desk material for the very queerest

valentine she had ever made; and although she liked to share the fun of making her valentines with the others, she was a little secretive about that.

What about the paper he had a leaf from one of the old Claries, one side all written over in an unformed, boyish hand; and this is what was written on it, the ink faded by time:

"I cant bare to rite becos hity has the Fever and i cant bare krot to rite becos it seems like teling sombody. she held mi hand tite when she did not now anybody last nite and i did not let them send me to bed the tellers say if she does di i hav other sisters but they are knot hity the fillers do not understand wen anybody rais she will ever have a by like our sarriges as of tears. There were blots and that means me as is rote on the 1st leaf of this Dirty mi name is Thomas Tinkham Pigeon hity has got a Temper but so hav a Good Morny People and she is Good way inside and she is hity and she and i will alws liv together but i cant bare to rite ey more for i want to now what the dokter sais. they say a fellar must be A Man but wen it is hity i cant bare—"

Here the words became illegible on the old yellow paper; there were blots and that means me as is rote on the 1st leaf of this Dirty mi name is Thomas Tinkham Pigeon hity has got a Temper but so hav a Good Morny People and she is Good way inside and she is hity and she and i will alws liv together but i cant bare to rite ey more for i want to now what the dokter sais. they say a fellar must be A Man but wen it is hity i cant bare—"

Christine thought it would probably be returned, even more scorchingly than the Christmas wreath—it Miss Pigeon should guess who sent it—and she would be likely to guess that it came from the Bell's; for she knew that her brother had given them many of his belongings.

No one at the Bell's knew what to think of Miss Pigeon; it was little Rulus's opinion that a good fairy had tapped her with her wand and turned her into something else, and he was much disappointed to find, on peeping through the knothole, that she looked just the same.

"It's delightful," Christine said, slowly. "But it isn't exactly what I meant by the valentine," she added, to herself.

But a few days later, when Christine had meant by the valentine really did happen! Sometimes things that seem too good to be true do come to pass in this world. Miss Pigeon mounted the high buggy in which she drove herself out went down to Pequanet; when she came back Mr. Pigeon was with her! Tommy discovered it first as they drove into the yard and raised a shout. All the young Bells rushed pell mell into the apple tree and dropped from its branches into Miss Pigeon's orchard—even Peggy who was sixteen—shouting and laughing and crying, all together. This quite forgot Miss Pigeon until her harsh voice broke into the whirlwind of greetings; with all its harshness there was a queer little quaver in it!

"He's come back and he's going to stay," she said. It is to be that belongs here and not I. If you're born with a cross-grained disposition you've got to get over it when your young or you'll have to have more'n a ten-foot fence between you and other people! I'm going back to nursing people in a hospital—yes, I can, though you wouldn't think it; and they like me!

"Bill—There's just one thing I can't understand. Jill—Let's have it. 'They say a man works like lightning.' 'That's correct.' 'And when they speak of lightning they always say it plays.'"

THE AWFUL STING. The Unbearable Itching Irritations caused by troublesome Skin Diseases—Eczema, Scald Head, Salt Rheum, Tetter, are allayed by one application of Dr. Agnew's Ointment. Blind and bleeding Piles cured in from one to six nights. Its a magical reliever and a power to cure quickly and effectively. Here's a sentence from a recent testimony: 'I thought my flesh was on fire, but Dr. Agnew's Ointment cooled, helped and healed me.' 35 cents.

Captain Dave. Captain Dave, of the Piute tribe of Indians, is a character in his way, and has achieved considerable reputation as a wit. Civilization has done much for Captain Dave; among other things it has taught him the Yankee way of replying to one question by asking another. This is well illustrated in the story which the Evening Chronicle of Virginia City, Nevada, tells:

Some white men were joking Captain Dave the other day about his claim that he could tell all the various tribes of Indians. But as usual, when one attempts to get ahead of Captain Dave, they came out second best. One question put to him was as follows: 'Captain Dave, doesn't Shoshone look pretty much same as Piute?' 'Yep.' 'Doesn't Shoshone dress all same as Piute?' 'Yep.' 'Then when Shoshone talks Piute how you tell him?' 'When Dutchman talk English, how you

Beauty without Health is impossible. LAXA-LIVER PILLS. Bring Health, then Beauty follows. They clear the muddy complexion, chase away Sick Headaches and Bilious Spells, cure Dyspepsia and remove all poisonous matter from the System. Mrs. Addie Therralt, 26 Brussels Street, St. John, N.B., says: 'Laxa-Liver Pills cured me of Constipation, Indigestion and Bilious Headaches. They have unobscured the irregularities of my Liver and Stomach, and restored my entire system to healthy natural action.'

How did it happen

that the old-fashioned, laborious way of washing was ever given to woman as her particular work? It's an imposition on her. She ought to have had only the easiest things to do—and men, strong, healthy men, ought to have taken up this washing business. Now, here is a suggestion. In those families that still stick to soap and make their washing needlessly hard and unpleasant, let the men do that work. They're better fitted for it. In the families that use Pearline (see with-out soap) and make washing easy, let the women do it. They won't mind it.

Millions NOW USE Pearline

There's a doctor I know who has invented a new contrivance for—making backs straight—her voice really broke now, but she recovered herself instantly; 'they're easier to straighten than crooked dispositions! I'm going to send one here, and I want her to try it. She nodded toward Christine, and then she turned away suddenly. Little Rufus ran after her—prudently keeping his hand on the bean-slinger in his pocket. (They had discovered at an early stage of the acquaintance that if Miss Pigeon had a weakness it was a terror of the bean-slingers.) 'Are you really just the same? Didn't a good fairy turn you into something else?' he demanded, breathlessly.

THE CURES GROW NUMEROUS SICKNESS OVERCOME BY MORIN'S WINE CRESO-PHATES. All the neighborhood of Mrs. Chas. Faguy, living in Quebec, knows that she was sick for a long time, and in spite of all care and medicines taken, nothing would give her any relief. Sometimes she seemed to feel relief, but immediately afterwards the pains in the stomach and sides came back and made her suffer again. A severe cough changed into acute bronchitis, gave her much uneasiness, and she was thinking that perhaps before long she would not be able to find any medicine to relieve or cure her, when she read accidentally an advertisement of Morin's Creso-Phates Wine. Although she had already spent much money buying medicines, she decided to take some more to save her life. She bought one bottle of this medicine and after using it for some days Mrs. Faguy found with pleasure that her cough was diminishing and that it was not so severe as before using Morin's Wine. She did not feel so many pains and her breathing was much easier, her appetite got better every day. She was very encouraged and decided to continue this medicine until complete recovery. She got another bottle and had the best results from it; the expectoration came freely and without fatigue, her strength came back rapidly and a few days afterwards she was able to work as formerly.

To-day Mrs. Faguy is in perfect health and she has no doubt that without Morin's Creso-Phates Wine she would not be alive now.

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Equal to Leap Year. Miss Autumn—I'm going down to that auction sale. Miss Young—What do you want to buy? Miss Autumn—Oh, I don't know that I will purchase anything; just going to satisfy my curiosity I've heard that a nice looking man gets up on a platform every day and says:—'Wont someone make me an offer?'

CANADA'S NEW MINISTER OF JUSTICE Sir Oliver Mowat's Successor in the Laurier Cabinet, Hon. David Mills, With Fifty Members of Parliament, Praised the Virtues of Dr. Agnew's Catarrhal Powder.

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And Then She Wept. Mrs. Peck—Have you forgot-on Henry, that you used to say before we were married, that you would be willing to die for me? H. Peck (in a fit of desperation)—Oh, Maria, how I wish you had taken me off my word and put me to the test!

THE SUN BURNED OUT!

Even the Sun will burn himself out, and one day he as dark and cold as the Moon. Everything has its day. Sometimes the rich dress of a lady has a very short day. You get it smeared or stained or the color is absorbed by the Sun. That is the end where TURKISH DYES have not been heard of. But use these incomparable dyes and the garment is new again with a lovely color (and surely 72 shades leave room for the free play of taste!) which you cannot wash out! which will resist rain; and which will remain lustrous and beautiful while a thread of the dress remains. When a lady has a rich dress to dye she does not ask for the common dyes whose shades "Run in" miserable little murky rivalets. Oh no! She will have nothing but TURKISH DYES, which have the latest improvements, slavishly copied by the inferior dyes. They are bright and beautiful. They are of the best quality. They are prepared with the greatest care, and they will dye any color or kind of garment. Don't take common dyes. They promise to the eye, and break it in the experience.

Send postal for 'How to Dye well' and Sample Card to 491 St. Paul Street, Montreal.

Kaffir Simplicity. The London Telegraph tells a good story of Kaffir simplicity, which shows that although customs may differ, human nature is much the same the world over. In civilized countries presents may or may not follow a wedding invitation. But the shrewd Kaffir takes no chances. A lady writing from Johannesburg says: 'A friend of mine has just received this letter from a young Kaffir. "DEAR SIR—I hereby let you know that I am going to get married in November month, in which therefore an expecting presents from you, sir, as being the great friend I have. With you these few lines reach you in good health as they are leaving me in good condition. May end there. With best regards, your faithfully servant, "JOHN MWA-KIA."

This epistle was evidently dictated by John, and is a good sample of English as it is occasionally written in those parts. It is unnecessary to add that John received his present.

The Serbian Drum. The men who play the big drums in the different regiments of the Serbian army must have an easier lot than the drummers of other lands, for they do not have to carry their own drums. In nearly all cases, instead of being slung in front of the man who plays it, the instrument is put on a small two-wheeled cart drawn by a large dog. Of course the drummer must play as he marches, but the dog is so well trained that there is no difficulty in doing this. The animal keeps his place even through the longest marches, and the drummer walks behind the cart, performing on his instrument as it goes along. Each regiment is provided with two or three big drums, but very few regiments have a band.

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SYRUP OF FIGS. ONE ENJOYS. Both the method and results when Syrup of Figs is taken; it is pleasant and refreshing to the taste, and acts gently yet promptly on the Kidneys, Liver and Bowels, cleanses the system effectually, dispels colds, headaches and fevers and cures habitual constipation. Syrup of Figs is the only remedy of its kind ever produced, pleasing to the taste and acceptable to the stomach, prompt in its action and truly beneficial in its effects, prepared only from the most healthy and agreeable substances, its many excellent qualities commend it to all and have made it the most popular remedy known.

CALIFORNIA FIG SYRUP CO. SAN FRANCISCO, CAL. LOUISVILLE, KY. NEW YORK, N.Y. Bring Health, then Beauty follows. They clear the muddy complexion, chase away Sick Headaches and Bilious Spells, cure Dyspepsia and remove all poisonous matter from the System. Mrs. Addie Therralt, 26 Brussels Street, St. John, N.B., says: 'Laxa-Liver Pills cured me of Constipation, Indigestion and Bilious Headaches. They have unobscured the irregularities of my Liver and Stomach, and restored my entire system to healthy natural action.'

A WAIF OF THE PLAINS.

You can't change the nature of a human being any more than the leopard can change its spots. Take a savage and make a civilized creature of him; he will probably behave well while amongst civilized people, but should he come into contact with savages again, the old man will show itself; and the reverse holds good. Take a Christian boy (or girl) and bring him up with savages, but, so soon as the strange influence is removed, you will see the old nature asserting itself.

I've seen instances of both. I've knocked about a good deal, and I know it's a fact. Why, I met with an instance of the latter kind whilst I was serving in the United States army. Ah, yes, I ought to have remembered before I began talking that I should let myself in for an hour's yarn spinning and a dry throat. Well, I'll do you the justice of saying that my throat shall not be allowed to become parched.

It was the case of a child of Scandinavian descent who had fallen into the hands of the Apaches—goodness knows how—and had been 'brought up' by them. Yet she quickly developed as good a specimen of the modern American girl as—. But there, it's a poor way to tell a story by commencing in the middle! So here goes to tell it in proper form.

For days and weeks those of us who had not flown to the safety of the town and the larger camp had watched for the coming of the Apaches, who had been raiding the outlying ranches and the smaller mining camps; and at last they came.

It seemed as though millions of howling, sharpshooting demons had surrounded the camp, and every man who could handle a rifle was needed.

Driven back from the surrounding hills to the confines of the camp proper into our very cabins, where the women and children were—bullet after bullet was sent after an unseen enemy who lay behind the rocks. Then—

There came a bugle call of which we knew not the technical meaning, but we did know that troops from Fort Bayard had come to our rescue, and that we and ours were saved.

Lieutenant Horton was in the thick of the fight, and so busy chopping at the Indians that he never knew what did happen that night, not exactly. He remembered only that when the trouble was all over in this (his first) engagement, he was the possessor of a shattered arm, a broken rib or two, a cut head, and a small, blonde prisoner, whom he had captured at the point of the sword when the troopers found the obscure canyon in which the Indians had concealed their families.

Horton's prisoner came along with surprising willingness. Her complexion was tanned by the sun and winds almost as dark as that of any Apache, but the same influence had served only to bleach her naturally light hair to an unmistakably tow and molasses color. She must have retained some recollection of her Scandinavian parents, else she had not come along with Mr. Horton as willingly, for she had a temper, as was presently discovered by several persons. Yet she could not, or would not, speak a word aside from the Apache dialect, and we could learn nothing through the interpreters of her origin or as to the time she had lived among the Indians.

It was embarrassing to all of us to know what she could do with this wait. Those of Apache parentage we could, and would return to this reservation. But this one—the women had talked it over with doubtful shakes of the head, when John Marcus Horton strode modestly into the breach, and offered to send her to his mother in Ohio—an offer gladly accepted.

And as it was arranged, Olga, as she was called, was sent to his mother in Ohio. A couple of months afterwards he obtained a leave of absence, and was away for three weeks. During that time he had been to visit his people, to return with glowing accounts of the manner in which Olga was getting on with her studies and the ways of polite society.

He managed to get away for a day or so at fairly frequent intervals, and after each of these trips it was 'Olga this' and 'Olga that,' until we were tired of hearing of his little 'Norwegian Apache,' as one of the boys ungraciously dubbed her one time when Horton was not present. In fact we grew quite tired of it.

But when, after his third visit east, Horton returned to Silver City, bringing with him his mother and the little 'Norwegian Apache,' what a change of ideas and a surrender of hearts! Instead of an angular, awkward young person, possessed with points that might make her, when developed, a beauty of the 'lily' type, behold a petite young woman, with a wealth of pale golden hair, beautiful teeth, complexion of roses and cream, and a decidedly vigorous constitution which called for lots of horseback riding and other outdoor exercises. All of us, even the ladies, were charmed with her.

Then they began to think that it would be well if Olga captivated one of the young men and left the wealthy Horton for one of the girls, and upon this basis, campaign went on, much to the evident amusement of Olga, who, with womanly intuition and a knowledge of the ways of women far beyond her years, put two and two together and told Horton it was all very funny. 'Fancy those army frumps, Jack, being jealous of me—poor me! Jack' (this with mock solemnity), 'are you in love with me?'

'Olga, I wish you would not talk in that frivolous manner. It isn't like you, and you should have enough consideration for me to believe those people sincere in their attentions.'

And Horton turned away with a pained look; but Olga's arms were round his neck and her face was close to his. With wet eyes she whispered:

'Jack, dear, have I hurt you? Never before had John Horton been so tempted. Should he now tell her what for two years had been in his heart of hearts, unknown to anyone?'

It was a momentary struggle, then Horton was himself again.

'Yes, you have, dear. Please don't speak of my friends again in that way,' he said, disengaging her arms.

Olga's mouth drooped, and there was a piteous look in her eyes as she replied:

'I won't, John.'

Then, with a sudden kiss she walked away as though she intended to go to her room for a big, feminine cry.

Horton stood for some seconds, her parting kiss burning upon his cheek, her pathetic face, as he had seen it when she left him still before his mind's eye.

'I'm an old brute!' he told himself. 'A man of my age, (he was twenty-eight) talking to a buoyant, irresistible child in that manner merely because I am supposed to be her guardian! Jack, you old soundrel, you ought to be ashamed of yourself!'

It there was a male person in southwestern New Mexico who did not fall down and worship that little 'Norwegian Apache' he failed, probably through fear, to disclose himself, but, the case of Danby of the Ninth was the most serious.

He all but neglected his duties to be at her side when she and Mrs. Horton were stopping at the post, and even in his inattention, almost compromised her by falling in love with one of her mad fancies one day when he had obtained leave of absence, and riding with her unaccompanied to Lordsbury at back, returning at dead of night.

For this, Horton took both of them seriously to task as soon as he learned of the affair, as he did the evening following through his shocked and distressed mother, who rode into town in an army ambulance in order to tell him.

But a week or two later he proposed to her at a picnic given by the ladies of the garrison in honor of Olga's departure from the fort. She refused him, she was kind enough to him, and all that, but Danby took it rather hard and swore he'd resign his commission, retire to the mountains, and adopt hermitage as a profession. Instead, however, he exchanged to a northern post, fell in love again and married his colonel's wife's sister, who was plain, but who had money enough to disguise the fact somewhat.

Fielding comes next. He was a leading light of the local bar at one of the larger Arizona towns, and attended to a good deal of business for Horton, who was interested in copper over there. He came to Silver City to consult with his client, met the 'papoose,' and a heart theretofore considered impregnable capitulated at first glance, and Fielding was lost. He neglected his other suits to attend to this one to such a degree that it hurt his practice, and in the end he met the same fate at the charmer's hands as had poor Danby—with a difference. Miss Olga told him that if he remained of the same mind until the following year he might propose again, and she 'might' then consider the matter.

Meanwhile Mrs. Horton did not object he might write to her at school, but she would not answer his letters.

For Fielding was utterly cast down, not even the permission to write affording him any hope, and all that kept him from suicide was an earnest request from Horton neither to make an ass of himself nor to die on the premises, after which that severe guardian lectured his ward quite harshly for her flighty ways, especially when her arts were practiced upon his own personal friends.

'But I don't mean to, Jack, really I don't. What makes them act so? I can't help it!' sobbed the culprit.

'Yes, you can,' said her mentor severely, adding mentally, 'but they can't!'

He looked out of the window a moment, then turned to her.

'Papoose,' he said in a strained voice. 'I think it best you and mother should curtail your visit and go back to Ohio as soon as you can pack up. I'll speak to mother about it tonight, and, well, I'll see you at Christmas, anyway.'

There was a quiet sob from the sofa, which gave Horton suicidal feelings, and in another moment he would have gone to comfort the weeper, but just then he heard his mother's step on the walk, and when she entered Olga had fled to the privacy of her room.

It was rather more than a year later that Horton wrote his ward a letter somewhat to the following effect:

'There has been enough of this sort of thing. I suppose you do your flirting now with the hitherto sedate and dignified professors for want of better material. Now, Olga, this must stop. Here is Jim Fielding, one of the best, brightest, most intelligent fellows in the world, going to the dogs on your account. I want you to be serious and think things over, and when you come down here this time do give Jim a chance.'

Olga came at the regulation time, with Mrs. Horton and it was very shortly after her arrival—not more than two days—that Fielding again declared himself.

But it was a different Olga to whom he spoke this time. It was a girl with the same old way, the same odd fancies, but yet a girl who could understand and appreciate his feelings and pity him with her whole heart, without making her pity obnoxious. She had known, she said, that this was coming, and had dreaded; yet hoped for this talk, but she did not tell him of her stormy interview with John Horton that afternoon when that orge had told her that she must accord Fielding a hearing, or—there would be infinite trouble.

'Will you shake hands with me, Mr. Fielding?' the girl asked tremulously, when she had finished telling him how she had long thought it over, and found she could not love him. 'I suppose it's useless to say I'm sorry, although I hope you know I am. S—'

'I know you are, Miss Horton. I believe in your sympathy and your kindness of heart as thoroughly as I believe in human existence. And I believe in myself enough,' he went on more firmly, 'to think that I might be the successful one, were it not for another—some one. Good night. God bless you both!'

They shook hands as two ordinary acquaintances might have done, and Olga disappeared through the hall, and up the stairs.

That very day, Horton had made himself practically certain that the future of his giddy ward was assured; that, true to his behests and the promptings of a conscience, he had done everything to make worldly Olga engage herself to Jim Fielding. Then, after all his guests had gone to bed and he was left alone in his library, this great, big ex-soldier, thinking it was all over, leaned his head on the table and cried like a baby.

He was a baby, too, for presently someone entered the room quietly, and, kneeling beside him said:

'Tell me, Jacky—tell your mother.' 'Some women are jealous of their son's loves. Jack's mother was not one of these, no matter what her other faults might be.'

'You can't direct a woman's affections, darling, any more than you can direct the tides or the winds. And—it seems to me—you have done a good deal for Mr. Fielding in this case.'

There must have been at least twenty guests at Horton's house to celebrate the home-coming, and these had progressed through nearly every course, when one of the girls who sat opposite Olga, remarked suddenly:

'Why, Olga Horton, where's your pretty solitaire? The last time I saw it—'

Olga flushed, then paled, as she arose, trembling, and showed the solitaire (a gift from Mrs. Horton from among the family heirlooms) on the third finger of her left hand.

It's just changed hands, that's all,' she said, trying to speak brightly, because Jack and I are to be married next summer. Then she smiled on them all and was gone, and presently Jack, utterly bewildered, but entirely happy, found her in the garden crying.

'Sweetheart!'

'Go away! I hate you! I—'

'Another lie!' commented Jack judiciously but exultantly. 'However, you're forgiven for the sake of the cause in which it was told. But here, Sapphira, how are we to explain things?'

'Why, just go and tell them that you're an old slow-poke, and a duffer, and that I'm a silly school girl, but that what I say 'goes'—and Jack, it's just seven years ago.'

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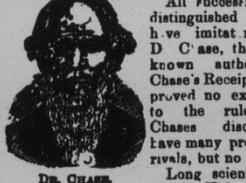
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which crossed the bridge. She was accompanied by a magnificent mastiff, who strode along beside her in the most companionable sort of way, looking up into her face occasionally as if to remark casually that it was a very fine morning, or to ask if there was anything he could do for her. The two crossed the bridge together and finally came to the Charles street gate. Here the young girl, evidently not wishing to have the care of the dog in the busy streets, turned to him and said: 'There, that is far enough now, Maroo. You need not go with me any farther, but turn about and go back home.'

A FAMOUS MAN!

What His Researches Have Done For the World.



All successful and distinguished men have imitations, and Dr. Chase, the well-known author of Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills and Chase's Ointment, proved no exception to the rule. Dr. Chase's discoveries have many pretended rivals, but no equals. Long scientific researches proved that Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills and Chase's Ointment, the first certain cure for all kidney, liver, stomach, bladder and rheumatic troubles; the latter an absolute specific for chronic and offensive skin diseases. Among his other discoveries were Chase's Catarrh Cure and Chase's Liniment and Turpentine for colds and bronchitis.

A DOG'S SENSES.

Treat the Intelligent Animal Right and They Will be Obedient Companions.

A young girl was crossing the Public Garden the other morning says a writer in the Boston Record, upon the main path

at this time that you found me, and it's leap year, too, and, Jack, you're not cross, are you? 'Of course I am,' he replied between kisses. But he did not say it with any measure of solemnity. And that proved what I said at the beginning.

She did not take her hands out of her muff to point the way, and she spoke as she would to a small brother, in a pleasant conversational voice. Maroo looked at her with his large eyes, then looked across the Common, wagging his tail slowly as though he was thinking how very pleasant it would be to go the rest of the way.

Finally he turned back to her again and with a movement of his head and eyes asked as plainly as though the words had come from his mouth: 'Please let me go a little farther, it is such a fine morning.'

'No, dear; I'm going shopping, you know,' answered the girl, explaining the difficulty as if Maroo were human, 'there'll be crowds of people, and I shall not know what to do with you. But go along, now, there's a good fellow, and I'll be back soon.'

Without another word Maroo turned and walked back across the gardens. He did not blink away, as some dogs do when sent back, but marched leisurely along with his head in the air, stopped a moment on the bridge to watch the children skating below then trotted on toward Commonwealth Avenue. The writer watched him until he had disappeared beyond the gates, then resumed his own way, wondering whether Darwin loved dogs or not.



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Notches on The Stick

The peregrinity of Fenyson must continue to inspire romantic interest and to invite the lover of his poetry. That aloofness which, while yet he was with us, sometimes seemed unsocial, will be seen more and more to comport with his proper character, both as man and artist. The reclusive spirit was a part of his necessary endowment, and was not to be violated.

"His soul was like a star, and d... apart." Now that he lives no longer, this aspect and habit of his life need meet with no objection. He, too, loved the sons of men, if he sat not with them at his ease, like Browning; but how closely he walked with Nature, and how devoutly he communed with the Universal Soul! To the druid spirit of Wordsworth he united the refinements of the artist and scholar. He walked the earth seeing not only as the poet sees, but with the analytic eye of science, and the introverted philosophic vision. He knew the birds and the flowers by long intimacy, and was familiar with all the natural phenomena with which he dealt in a closer manner than is common to poets. He rarely errs in such illusions, as his poetry may testify. "I generally take my nature-similes," he said, "direct from my own observation of nature, and sometimes jot them down, and if by chance I find that one of my similes is like that in any other author my impulse is not to use that simile." How hard is the task, after so many centuries of recorded thought, yet so aimed at originality!

Of the sea he was a passionate lover and his favorite home was beside it. That fine outlook on the Channel where he loved to stand, watching the "the stately ships go on," may be hereafter hailed as a Colonna of some poetic voyager. More than among the shades and flowery walks Farringford garden, or than along the wood's edge where he paused to listen to the singing thrush, will it stem natural to image him as he went wending shoreward to draw to the full the salt tonic air that Keats declared was "worth a pint." "Somewhere, he said, "water is the element I love the best of all four." And how did he paint the sea, in "Ulysses" in "Enoch Arden," and render the very soul of that huge being, that, in its quietness images the heart of man! We learn how along "the downs toward the Needles" he loved to stroll solitary, or on "a platform over Scatehall's Bay, looking up to a dazzling white precipice seen far away by ships at sea," or maybe among the green rock pools on the shore, "turning over in a brown study, the seaweeds and anemones, or poring on the waves dashing at his feet.

And fitting it is that sweet swan-song of his should have been a hymn of the sea. We can imagine that Summer evening at Farringford, with windows and doors standing open, and the distant, dull, chaotic sound of the waves coming on the heavy air, "murmurs and accents of the infinite sea." The aged bard wakes from musing to realize his last great inspiration. He hands the copy of "Twilight, and evening bell" to his son, who recognizes the divine note, and cheers the soul of the poet with a preface of its immortal destiny. "Mind," he said to that son, at a later date, "you put 'Crossing the Bar,' at the end of all additons of my poems." This exquisite lyric almost worthy of a place beside, "Break, Break, Break, on thy cold gray stones, O sea!" was written in his eighty-first year.

It is said that one day he and Samuel Rogers were walking London streets, discussing the uncertainty of literary fame, and how few could be sure of that sort known as "immortality;" when Rogers squeezed his brother-poet's arm and declared "I am sure of it." It he what he dreamed, then two immortals were linked together.

His death was also a poem. A day or two before the end he said; "I want the birds up; I want to see the sky and the light." Shakespeare's dirge and Gray's Elegy, mingled with his dying fancies. His funeral service at Westminster Abbey was a poem, with the anthems breathed latest by that dying bard fainting from "long-drawn sighs" and fretted arches.

The following humorously whimsical poem was written by a gifted lady, of whose writings a recent notice appeared in these columns,—Mrs. Hannah M. Bryan of Memphis, Indiana.

THE PARTNERSHIP NOVEL. (THE GREAT UNWRITTEN.) I've sometimes thought I'd write a book, If but some one, with genius and time For such pursuit, would join with me, And furnish sense, I'd furnish rhyme. Why, what a wondrous book we'd write! The punctuation marks should fill

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said: "You never know you have taken a pill till it is all over." 25c. C. I. Hood & Co., Proprietors, Lowell, Mass. The only pills to take with Hood's Carlsbad Bitters

A page at intervals, that each, Might read, and punctuate at will. Of titles, too, some half a score Sullied to every taste and age; With mottoes, and excerpts of lore, Should grace a mammoth bill-page. The gems of thought my wife declares Won't furnish forth from time to time I'd pledge my minstrel taste and skill To defy set in silver rhyme. Harsh consonants I'd cast aside; My verse, unmarred by jarring words, Should tinkle soft as running brooks, And warble sweet as singing birds. Constancy should be our theme; And not madens' fits, and gallant trues, And beating hearts, and "love's young dream," should mingle in proportion due. O' sheeny silks, of jewels rare And yellow gold, no lack should be; For Fancy's world is rich and fair; And—happy thought—its treasures free. Should want oppress the Prince of Men, It's flourish my artful pen, And—Presto! Change!—a millinaire!

The castle some convenient steep Shall crown a rule, massive, old; In the dark days of armed wrong, Call'd Chivalry, a robber bold. Through ruined corridors and keep At midnight, as it meet and stir, The wind with moaning cry shall sweep, The wolf shall howl, the bat shall fill. The haunted room, the misting will, The ghost, the wrath of social wrong, I'll weave, with poet artist skill, Into the fabric of my song. The Gypsy Queen, with fateful eyes And locks of night, in whose dark breast So many a guilty secret lies, Shall meet and mingle with the rest. Each element so fully blend, The whole will be a symphony Of tenderest thought, and sweetest tone, Though set unto a minor key. Our Heroine, the fair, fond one, Will wed the Hero; past a doubt Their course of love will smoothly run. We mean to leave the Villain out. His evil eye shall always glower, His sullen, frowning, brows below, Shall never darken page of ours Nor mar my fancy's rhythmic flow. The Consul dangerously fair, Artful and poor, the Villain's mate Shall be transparent to our eyes, Or to a sheep-skin coat. The cruel Pirate of the bride, So wont to hie to the fair, Shall follow suit, or die beside With Benedictus on the pair. We will not at the altar stand, Leave our fair charges in the lurch, As some are wont; with thoughtful care We'll see them safely borne from church. For them all winds shall be tempered here, And happy spirits all combine To bless the loves of—let-me-see—Of Eremont and Geraldine.

This came to the eye of Henry L. Kiner, of the "Ganesse Republic," Illinois, who copied the lines, and in the following witty rejoinder accepted the tender of a partnership in "The Great Unwritten." Here are a few stanzas: "I know you'd have your Egremont To measure at least six feet tall, With Roman nose and lion eye, And a voice like the trumpet's call. I'd have him about five feet six, Whom all men when they'd go up higher Would stand still, reading up higher. An' Geraldine, petite, brunette, And sweet as primrose of the wild, With just enough of womanhood To save the appellation—child. But you may fashion Egremont As ails my will—I'll make no sign— If you will be as good to me And let me fashion Geraldine. So, I'd say, search Parnassian springs For that tall Egremont of thine, While I'll mount Pegasus and ride Till I can find my Geraldine."

The authoress made her reply in rhyme, to the effect as follows: It may not be, I will not have your Geraldine, A creature, petite, dark, insane, Nor mate, with Egremont of mine

Fat is absolutely necessary as an article of diet. If it is not of the right kind it may not be digested. Then the body will not get enough of it. In this event there is fat-starvation. Scott's Emulsion supplies this needed fat, of the right kind, in the right quantity, and in the form already partly digested. As a result all the organs and tissues take on activity.

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The ideal of a type's brain. My Egremont, my own true knight; With heart so true and hand so strong. Who sings the gage of battle down To social, and to civil, wrong. What should she know—so slight a thing— Absorbed in gay coquetish scheme, Though fair as primrose of the spring, Of woman's love, her hopes, her dreams; My Geraldine's a noble kind, Fair-faced, low-voiced, a lily maid, Mature in person as in mind, No—like, in vesture gray arrayed. Some things I'd cheerfully forego; The Gypsy Queen, with fateful eyes, The ruined castle, too, may go, And that is quite a sacrifice. Then, there's the ghost,—my only one, Pale-gliding thro' the moonlight cold,— No common vulgar spook, but one Of gables—bones, and centuries old; Stately, with fixed dilated eyes, And trailing robes of rich brocade;— Alas, but I will sacrifice. The ghost, to save my own dear maid! Upon the Villain try your skill, Prosper his schemes on every page, Unearth, at once, the missing will, And let the cruel parent rage; Make every evil star combine, Nor time, nor chance, propitious prove; But let me keep my Geraldine, Worshy alone my hero's love. No silly school-girl in her teens, Shall sew the buttons on his clothes, Shall like a practical cook and beans, And darn his perforated hose; And none, save my own Geraldine, Shall wed this Egremont of mine.

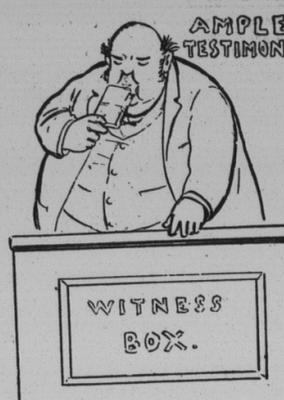
We have chanced upon a vindictory article anent "The Christian" of Hall Caine, by a free lance, pledged to the service of a knight hardly beset. The universal growl and grumble of the critics has left, for the time being, scarcely any ear-room for the melodious sound of praise. But it seems evident that Caine's book has made a deep and strong impression; and if therein he has written with a more decided purpose than usual, it is probable there are wounds,—which give intensity and vigor to the critical outcry. The writer, Rev. D. P. McPherson, speaks of "my friend, Mr. Hall Caine," and says of him that he is a Maxman born out of his own country, like the Irishman; for his good mother was visiting friends near Liverpool, and her distinguished son, Hall, was born before she returned to her home in the Isle of Man. But Mr. Caine has been true to the tale of his fathers, for he has laid the scenes of his novels there. He has a house in London, but his favorite abode is Greeba Castle in Man. I have the pleasure of knowing the Caine family. They have been for years a Liverpool family, and were connected with my former congregation there. They are a very kind family, the mother—bless her!—is a sweet christian soul. Another brother, Ralph, is also a very clever literary character, and now edits a magazine in London. Hall is the very image of Shakespeare as we see his face in the old pictures. I never remember such a striking similarity. I shall never forget a delectable evening I spent in his London home. He is a charming host has a charming home, a charming wife and a charming son—a bright, intellectual lad of twelve, who can personate Hamlet faultlessly. It destiny is not ungracious we shall hear in time to come of Hall Caine's son.

"Poor John Storm, the monk and cleric and Christian of gentle blood, gets it hot and fast and thick from all points of the compass. And meanwhile the author of all this hub-bub maintains a sphinx-like silence within the venerable walls of Greeba Castle, in the snug tuck little home-rule isle of the Celtic Maxman."

The authoress of "The Silence of Dean Maitland," Miss M. G. Tutiett, known in literature as "Maxwell Gray," is an invalid in the home of her widowed mother, at Richmond, in the Isle of Wight, where they live in a pretty little white house. She is the daughter of a former medical practitioner at Newport, on that island, and lives in seclusion, rarely leaving her room.

"Born in the Purple" is the title of Anthony Hope's new romance.—We have found another pronunciation for the name of the author of "Quo Vadis"—Sin-keewitch.—Radyard Kipling, accompanied by his father, seeks relaxation in South Africa.—Gilbert Parker has gone on a trip to the Nile. His new novel, "A Hundred years ago," will appear in "Good words."—A new story is promised, in Lippincott's, by Amelie Rives (Princess Troubelskoy).—"Love Lore, and Other Poems," by the late W. J. Linton, with illustrations by the author, in limited edition, will be prized by collectors of rare books. PASTOR FELIX.

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THE GUANAJUATO CATACUMBS.

The Only Burial-Place of the Kind in America.

Knowing what you expect to see here, says a writer in Godey's magazine, here, it is only natural for you to enter the cemetery with some little nervousness and trepidation. But you are reassured when you do enter the big gate, for there is nothing uncanny or "triste," yet to be seen. On the contrary, this Mexican "God's Acre" is all tranquil and bright and beautiful—and you do not think even of the square, black-lettered spaces, that are honey-combed, one above the other, all the way around the great wall of the Panteon. These square spaces, five rows of them, contain a vault each, and that is where interment is made.

It is an enormous place, this cemetery. And well that it is so, during the great typhus epidemic in 1893, it received (so people say) about a third of the then population of Guanajuato. For a time the City Council kept some sort of tally on the deaths, but as, later on, the Council itself, and most of the physicians, succumbed to the fatal disease, no count was kept, and interment was made in a great trench dug in the centre of the Panteon, one coffin, with a spring in the bottom, serving for all, when the ceremony of a coffin was used at all.

However, waiving the matter of epidemics, in Guanajuato, when a person dies, the family at once arrange to rent one of the box-like spaces in this Panteon, rent \$1 per month, payable in advance. Then the "deader" (as "Sentimental Tommy" has it) is put away in one of these vaults—not to wait the last Trump, but to await the next Panteon pay-day. When that day comes, if the family can't raise the \$12 for the next full year, the City Council have the vault unsealed, the coffin taken out, and the "deader" transferred to the huge passages below the Panteon, in the "Catacumbas."

The "Catacumbas" comprise enormous underground passages that run all the way around the Panteon. The Panteon man pushes back a big, flat stone, over in a corner in the cemetery, and invites you to step into a small dark hole, which admits only one person at a time, and contains a small, winding stone stair, built pretty much on the corkscrew plan. Some godless person, with more sense of humor than grace, has placed the tallest, ugliest and uncanniest (if there is such a word) of all the mummies, at the very bottom of the last step, so arranged that as you descend the crooked stairs, you land right into his bony arm!

It is truly a grisly thing to see, once you are safely there. Imagine to yourself long, seemingly endless white passages, silent as only death can make them, heaped up at each end with great piles of bones—the bones of those who refused to mummify—and lined thickly with mummy after mummy, horrible, brown, skinny things, fastened in a standing position against the

walls, many of them with grinning fleshless faces turned toward other mummies, as though in conversation, others with heads bowed, as in meditation or prayer, and others with faces blankly staring up at the stone walls above! Once seen, it is a thing that you do not soon forget. Along one side, are the gentlemen mummies, on the other, the ladies, and, indiscriminately mixed among them, are the poor baby-mummies. There is not, strange to say, the slightest hint of a disagreeable odor. Rather there is a smell of lime. The place is beautifully clean and white, and there are even some birds that build down here, and bring up their young ones, among the mummies.

MORIN'S WINE

Creso-Phates

Is recommended by the best physicians of the country for all effusions of the lungs and of the throat: Cold, Bronchitis, Asthma, Cough, Oppression, Grippe, Catarrh, Hoarseness, etc., etc. Are you weak? Do you suffer with head aches? Is your digestion weak? Have you ever suffered with Grippe? Then take this matchless preparation and all those troubles will disappear never to return. Beware of counterfeits. Make sure that you are given Morin's Wine packed in a round red box bearing Dr. Ed Morin's signature

Bady off.

The colored people found it "hard times in Georgia" last December, during the smallpox scare. So we may infer, as all events, from a scrap of dialogue reported by the Atlanta Constitution.

An old Georgia negro, with his arm in a sling, was talking to another on a West End car.

"Yes, sah!" he said, with emphasis, "I gone up now, fer sho! You see dis arm in de sling, don't you?"

"Yes!" "Well, sah! the old man continued, by way of explanation "I'll be eighty years old next harvest; I done see lots er trouble in my day, but by de grace er God I m's de Ku-Klux. I miss de Vigilance Committee I miss de Whitecaps, en I miss de Regulators, but how, in my old age, please God, de waxinators kotched en cut me!"

Father, mother, children, all should take Dr. Harvey's Southern Red Pine—The Cough Cure.

Mrs. Sarah Wilkies, a rich and eccentric widow of Atchison county, who manages a large farm successfully but who is in constant litigation, pleads her own cases. Recently, by permission of the State Supreme Court, she pleaded her cause in a case before that August tribunal and won it.

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A Romance.

Old Paulo Serati sat beneath the tree in his front yard during the long summer day and listened to Angela's Argentine red to him. She lived on another street, but she was a firm friend of old Paulo, and there was not a day that passed that she did not come and read to him.

did not like it there, and so he came West, finally settling in St. Louis. His fruit business prospered, and he accumulated considerable wealth, which he invested in property. The city grew out and around 4,213 Shaw Avenue. He lived there and owned the property. Time dragged along as he was lonely.

old man, but a new servant—how heavy was the fish I took yesterday? Donald neither spoke or moved. The laird repeated the question. 'Weel,' replied Donald, 'it was twal pund at breakfast, it had gotten to aughten at dinner time and it was sax and twenty when ye sat down to supper wi' the captain.'

Without a Fear—Works Miracles —Dr. Agnew's Cure for the Heart is without a peer. This great remedy relieves instantly the most aggravated and distressing form of heart disease. It is the surest and quickest acting formula for heart trouble known to medical science, and thousands of times has the hand of the grim destroyer been stayed by its use.

By far the finest and most steamship plying out of Boston, leaving Yarmouth, N. S., every Tuesday and Friday, immediately on arrival of the Express Train and leaving Yarmouth every Monday morning.

There are so many young fellows around here who would like to marry you, that I know, he answered.

There was great excitement in that neighborhood. It became rumored around that Angela, the prettiest girl in the vicinity, was going to St. Louis, America, to marry Martino Serati.

There was much to interest her and the time flew in the train, and soon she saw the city. Her heart beat violently as the train rushed up through the yards, passing scores of cars that were being switched here and there, and then the train came to a standstill.

There was a big crowd around, too, and she was a little afraid that Martino would not be able to find her.

She recognized him at once, from the photograph, and he knew her, too. Then she knew that her worry was over, for she was safe, she knew, with his arm around her and his kiss still hot on her lips.



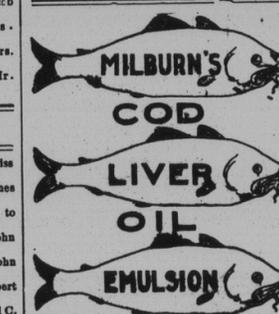
WEAR Trade Mark SUSPENDERS GUARANTEED

BORN.

- Halifax, Feb. 13, to the wife of Robt. Burns, a son.
Truro, Feb. 11, to the wife of Mr. J. E. Price, a son.
St. John, Feb. 24, to the wife of St. Clair McKel, a son.

MARRIED.

- Halifax, Feb. 21, Mr. John Fitzpatrick to Miss Maude Leamy.
Boston, Feb. 22, Charles Henderson to Annie Jones both of St. John.



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CANCER. HOME TREATMENT. Full particulars on stamps. STOTT & JURY, Bowmanville, Ont.

Where He Drew the Line. Among the first stories recorded by T. E. Pritt, in his 'Anglers' Basket' is one about a Scotch laird who was relating the story of a fine fish he had caught one day to his friends at the dinner table.

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