

THEY HUNT THE DEER.

THE NEWEST SPORT AFFECTED BY THE MARCH SET.

Stag hunting is the latest fad in the world of sports and society—Prominent Men and Women who Follow the Hounds—An Exciting Pastime.

Stag hunting, indeed, is the very latest fad in the world of sports and as "society" has set the fashion it is going to be the very popular thing now to hunt the red deer. Out on Long Island—at that sportsman's paradise, Meadowbrook—the first stag hunt in which women ever took part, in this country, was inaugurated a few days ago.

Such very smart women as Mrs. James Kernochan, whose prowess in the hunting elds is well known; Mrs. J. E. Smith

stood baying in front of him; suddenly he dashed through the pack and charged the horses where they stood thickest. He soon cleared a path, but was not content with that for he still tried to gore the horses near him. bill hounds drove him on. A young man on a big gray hunter, had a narrow escape, as the stag raised himself on his hind legs and launched the whole of his weight against the horse's quarters and narrowly missed the rider with the top of his horn. A few riders further on this fighting stag was taken. There were no less than twenty-three ladies who took part in this hunt, Lady Eva Wellesley, the Hon. Mrs. Trollope, Lady Hood, Irvin Carew and Mrs. Sanders, the wife of the master of the stag hounds, and several other dames of high degree, "my lady," and "her grace, the duchess."

Stag hunting has always been a favorite recreation with royalty. George III. was a great stag hunter and met the royal pack as often as possible. During Queen



THE STAG STOOD AT BAY.

Hadden; Miss Anna Sands, and Miss May Bird, who is a clever and enthusiastic sports-woman, were among the number mounted; other women who attended the meet and followed leisurely in traps of the most swell description, were Mrs. August Belmont, Mrs. Almeria P. get (Pauline Whitney) who has just returned from her wedding trip; Mrs. Sidney Dillon Ripley, and Mrs. H. A. Havemeyer.

The men who took part in the stag hunt were ex-Secretary William C. Whitney and his son, Harry Payne Whitney; Rawlin Colnett; Arthur Garland, William Roby, Maxwell Stevenson, H. L. Herbert, Harry Page, P. J. Collier, and Ralph Ellis Master of the stag hounds.

Doubtless other hunt clubs, in due season, will follow the lead of the Meadowbrook club, which, by the way, was the pioneer in fox-hunting. Parks and preserves, which are baronial in extent, are becoming features of American life; the Seward Webs for instance own thousands of acres in the Adirondacks, George Vanderbilt and Austin Corbin have acres upon acres and doubtless stage-hunting, in the near future, is destined to be one of the amusements, along with golf, tennis and private theatricals, which the host will arrange for the entertainment of his house party.

Among clubs which are already agitating the subject of deer chasing are the Lakewood club, of which George Gould, Mr. Lindley and Mr. Collier are the moving spirits; the Richmond County club on Staten Island, which never intends to be behind in any sport and of which these well known men are members; Sir Koderick Cameron, Eugene Outerbridge and St. George Walker and the Rockaway club of which John Cowdin, Jack Cheever and Foxhall Keene are prominent members. All these clubs extend the privileges of membership to women, of whom many and fearless cross-country riders and doubtless in time they will become as familiar with the details of stag hunting as they already are with those of fox hunting.

The stag hunting season ends May 25th, having begun February 2d, the 12th of August inaugurates the second season, which ends October 8th.

In England, women who follow the chase think nothing more exciting than a stag hunt. The mode of hunting with the Devon and Somerset stag hounds, the only pack in England that now pursues the deer, is briefly this: The whereabouts of a stag is communicated to the master of that important functionary, the harbinger; two couples of steady hounds, called tulters, are then thrown into cover, and having singled out a deer, follow him till he is forced to make for the open, when the body of the pack are laid on. Very often two or three hours elapse before the stag breaks, but a run over the wild country fully atones for the delay.

Seven stags killed in five days' hunting was the result of the last annual run of the Devon and Somerset staghounds. This was a great result to achieve. Of the seven stags killed, three, strange to say, had only one antler each. One stag led the hunt a curious line right through the big covers and back again, and then over a long stretch of open hill to a big wood. Here he had lain down, but hounds soon roused him again, and bounding away over the fields, he headed direct for a town, just visible many miles off in the valley. Just short of the town the stag stood to bay in a rushy, grass field—a splendid fellow, with a single antler of immense size. The field gathered round, while hounds

Elzabeth's reign, a pack of stag hounds were kept in the Exmoor forest by Hugh Pollard, the queen's ranger. The succeeding rangers kept up the pack for nearly two hundred years.

A DOUBLE RESCUE.

TWO YOUNG LADIES BROUGHT BACK TO HEALTH AND STRENGTH.

One was Threatened With Consumption Following an Attack of Pneumonia—The other Was a Victim of the Deadly Scurvy of Anaemia—Dr. Williams' Pink Pills Restored Health After Other Medicines Failed.

Among the residents of Truro there are none better known or more highly esteemed than Mr. and Mrs. Jas. Turner. Mr. Turner is an elder in the Presbyterian church, and a man whose word is as good as his bond. In his family reside two young ladies, Miss Maud Christie, an adopted daughter, and Miss Jessie Hall, a sister of Mrs. Turner. Both young ladies are known to have had trying illnesses, and were said to have been restored healthily by a popular medicine the name of which is a household word from the Atlantic to the Pacific. Judging that their story would be of popular interest, a reporter called upon them and asked for such information as they might choose to make public. Both young ladies were averse to publicity, but when it was pointed out that their experience might be helpful to some other sufferer, gave a statement for publication. Miss Christie, whose case is perhaps the most remarkable, is given in precedent. She said: "I am now 19 years of age and have never been strong. On the 25th of July last I was attacked with pneumonia, brought on by a severe cold. I was confined to bed for almost eight weeks, when I was able to get up once more. During these weeks I was under treatment by our physician, and still continued taking his medicine. I did not appear to recover my strength however, and on the 14th of Nov. was again forced to take to my bed, this time suffering from great weakness and nervous prostration. The doctors' medicine now seemed to do me no good, and I grew gradually worse. I became so low that it seemed hardly possible that I could live long. The doctor said that I was in consumption and that medicine was of no use to me. At this time an article was published in the paper concerning the cure of a young lady in Toronto by the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, and Mr. Turner at once bought some. At first I had used about six boxes I began to get gradually better, my strength began to return, my appetite improved, and I had sound refreshing sleep at night. I have now used fifteen boxes of Pink Pills and have no hesitation in saying that they have effected a wonderful cure in my case. In the case of Miss Hall the Pink Pills have also accomplished marvels. She was attacked with dizziness, severe headaches and fainting spells, followed later by swelling of the feet and limbs, together with other symptoms of anæmia. After having been treated by a physician for some time without any noticeable improvement she decided to give Dr. Williams' Pink Pills a trial. After using a few boxes of the pills there was a decided improvement in her condition, and with the continued use of the medicine full strength, health and activity returned, and Miss Hall is now feeling as well as ever she did in her life. Both Mr. and Mrs. Turner were present during the interview, and strongly endorsed what the young ladies said and expressed their thanks for what Pink Pills had done for them.

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LARSEN TALKS OF LIQUOR LAW.

The Boston Law and How it is Enforced By the Police.

BOSTON, May 5.—The first of May is a great day in Boston, not because everybody moves as they do in St. John but of the fact that all suspense is relieved in regard to liquor licenses, and that some people who have been in business for a year suddenly go out of it while others take their places.

The liquor business in Boston amounts to something. This year the revenue from licenses will amount to about a million and a half of dollars. The city gets 75 per cent of this sum and 25 per cent goes to the state. There was a bill before the legislature a few weeks ago, which provided that the state should get the entire amount, and when this measure came before the committee for a hearing some of the arguments were amusing, to say the least.

A number of the towns and cities around Boston vote for no license every year, and this is supposed to mean total prohibition. Of course it doesn't mean any such thing. Most of the people from these places come to Boston to get all they want to drink and those who do not, patronize the kitchen barrooms.

Take Cambridge for instance. It is a temperance town. It is separated from Boston by several bridges and at this end of them there are barrooms too numerous to mention. On Saturday nights you would think all Cambridge was in the west end of Boston.

When the bill came before the committee, a number of people from the no license towns came forward with reasons why it should pass, and the most remarkable thing about the whole matter was that prominent temperance workers who firmly believe that the revenue from liquor licenses is the devil's money were most anxious that their towns should get some of it. One of the reasons given was, that, although the town voted for no license, as their citizens came to Boston to spend their money on rum some of it should go back to the towns.

The bill, however, was defeated, and Boston still gets its 75 per cent.

The liquor business in Boston is under the supervision of the police commission, which grants the licenses and sees that the provisions of them are enforced. Unlike the St. John commission there is no inspector appointed by the government, attached to it. The police do that work, and at headquarters there is what is known as "the liquor squad." The members of this branch of the police force are kept pretty busy, and while their work is a good deal like Chief Clark and his men used to do—look after the kitchen barrooms and their widows and orphans, they occasionally pounce upon some of the big hotels. Of course there are so many anxious to get licenses in Boston that it is hardly safe for people who have a tolerable "pull" to take many chances, and so far as the hotels are concerned, there are so many loop holes in the law—like entertaining guests, and serving liquor with food, for instance—that they can sell pretty much as they want to, and still come out all right. But despite all this the liquor laws of Boston are well enforced, and visitors get very little mercy when the police have a good case against them. The police commission is free and independent, and doesn't seem to care much who it hits. As a result there have been a good many surprises around the first of May when the licenses are granted.

The liquor squad, however, sometimes gets into hot water. It is in charge of a captain at police headquarters, who is not confined in his operations to any particular part of the city.

This being the case his men have to make raids on the districts of other captains who are responsible for all that goes on in their territories. The captains of the stations are supposed to know what is going on, and when the liquor squad pounces upon some law breaker in their districts without first giving the tip to the precinct captain there is usually trouble.

Not long ago the matter was brought before the police commissioners, and it was thought in some quarters that the result of it would be the abolition of the liquor squad, but that body is still in existence and is doing more work than ever.

It will be much easier to enforce the law in St. John than it is in Boston, and if this is done, Mr. Jones should make things very interesting, unless there has been a great change in the way the business is conducted within the past four years.

Previous to that time there were violations of the law which would not be tolerated for a day in Boston, yet the inactivity of the St. John police was somewhat remarkable.

I met Captain A. W. Masters coming out of the court house here the other day, and he was looking better than ever. He is now located in Chi ago as general manager in the United States of the London Guarantee and Assurance company, but his business takes him all over the country. He had just come on from New York and had dropped into the court with some friends to hear part of a case in which his company is interested, and in which he is represented by Ex-Gov. William E. Russell, who will probably be the democratic can-

didate for president of the United States this year.

Both members of the late firm of H. W. Baxter & Co. the Mill street grocers, are now in Boston. Mr. Baxter has been with Cobb, Bates, and Yrka since he came here, and Mr. Harry Simpson is with R. H. White & Co.

Mr. Jere McCarty, who was one of the firm of McCarty & L. in the music and piano line in St. John some years ago, is as deeply interested in Canadian politics as he was in the old days in St. John. He is now connected with the New England piano company. R. G. LARSEN.

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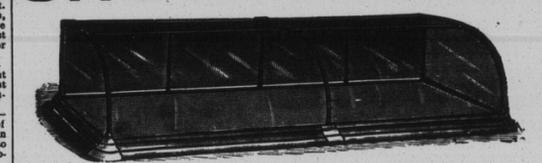
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Musical and Dramatic.

IN MUSICAL CIRCLES.

The musical events of this week in point of magnitude at least, were the concerts given by the organization designated the City Cornet Band Minstrels. The attendance varied very much between the first and second concerts though it is but just to say that the unfavorable weather on Tuesday evening may have contributed not a little to the somewhat light house of that occasion. The audience on Monday evening was a large one but not a crowded house, and it seemed good natured and enthusiastic throughout. There was no special originality indicated in the stage setting when the curtains were up disclosing the circle, arranged after the time honored custom. Here it might be consistent to remark that it would be a strong feature in a minstrel performance and it would compensate for other possible deficiencies, if something new was presented at opening. The musical director was Prof. White. He had the choruses well in hand and on the whole they were well rendered, although it is probable some persons would differ from his idea of some of the interpretations. The solos also were creditably sung even more than creditably, when it is considered that a number of the performers were making a first appearance as vocalists for such I am informed was the case. Singing out of tune appears to be a privilege always accorded to end men in an amateur minstrel troupe, and the end men on this occasion availed themselves abundantly of this right. The best solo was "The Old, Old Farm" by Mr. J. Kelly who has a sweet, pleasing tenor voice that has already won him recognition in many local musical circles. His voice was true and his articulation was quite good, showing marked contrast to that of the other soloists except perhaps the veteran vocalist and erstwhile professional minstrel Hugh Campbell. Of this latter soloist it might well be said that "Age cannot wither nor custom stale, His infinite variety." The orchestral accompaniments were quite satisfactory in some instances but decidedly off in others. The orchestra required much more work together. They were literally bad at times and enough to disconcert a singer who, on occasion, could be independent of their playing. It was a wonder that disaster did not attend some of the solo work.

As usual in minstrel shows there was an olio, which began with a quartette "Sweet and Low" of which the individual voices were good and fairly well balanced. The pitch, however, changed considerably during its rendition and not all the parts could be heard to advantage. The portion of the programme terminated with what purposed to be an illustration of character and was called "The Colored Waiter's Ball." In this piece the Cornet Band furnished the dance music, and the fun was caused chiefly by the laughable antics of Jim McPeake. He received good support in this piece from the others in the cast, but while the picture may have been true to life so far as I am aware, the thought occurred that it would have been more acceptable had there been less rough and tumble work at the close.

In the afterpiece "A Dutchman's Troubles" Mr. J. E. McGrath sang very nicely "Me and my Leetle Louise." His dialect and acting generally would do credit to many professionals.

The rest of the burden of fun making in this piece was borne by Mr. T. Fitzgerald as the tobaccoconist's indian figure sign, and by Mr. Kelly as Sambo.

The audience as I have remarked was out for an evening's enjoyment and the young men of this troupe gave them all the pleasure anticipated, if abundant and enthusiastic applause be a reliable sign. Every solo was encored and in every instance the demand for more was courteously complied with.

I have heard the minstrels are to appear in Frederickton on the 25th inst. in the City Hall and there is no doubt they will, on that occasion, give a performance second perhaps to none ever given by amateurs in that city in the same line. I anticipate for them a bumper house when they visit our 'celestial' neighbors.

The postponed concert in the school room of St. Andrew's church was held on Thursday evening too late for any special notice this week. In view of the talent participating in the programme—among the lady singers being Miss Belle Stockton and Miss Louise Skinner—a successful entertainment ought to be assured.

Miss Helen Furlong of this city who is already known as a clever violinist, has for some time past been studying her favorite instrument in Boston, Mass., under the direction of Prof. Chas. Loeffler. This young lady has returned to her home here and local lovers of this superlative instrument will rejoice in the intimation that Miss Furlong will take a limited number of pupils.

Tones and Undertones.

Miss Sigrid Lunde has gone to Norway. M. W. Whitney jr., who has been prosecuting his musical studies in Italy during the past year will visit his home in July. He will return to Italy.

Adelina Patti's baptismal certificate re-

cently printed in a Roman paper says she was born Feb. 19, 1843. This document also settles the question of the nationality of her parents. Her father was born at Catania in Sicily and her mother was born at Rome. The previous statement of the date of Patti's birth in this column is thus confirmed.

Mrs. Blackmore (Louise Laine) sailed for Europe last week. She will devote her time abroad principally to her study of music. London, Paris and other foreign cities will be visited by her.

Miss Hilda Clark has been engaged as prima donna for "The Bostonians," for next season.

The Black Patti will begin an engagement at Keith's theatre Boston, on the 18 inst.

On the 1st prox there will be produced at the Boston theatre a new comic opera entitled "The Liberty Bell."

A season of summer opera at the Boston theatre is announced. The early days of the revolution it is said will be the theme of libretto and scenery. This is quite a new departure for that house.

"Les Huguenots" is the opera selected for this week at the Castle Square theatre Boston. On last Monday evening was given at this house its 409th, consecutive performance.

On next Monday evening (11th inst.) will begin at Music hall, Boston, the eleventh season of the promenade concerts generally known as "The Pops." Mr. Max Zich will be the conductor.

Mesdames Melba and Calvé sailed for Europe on the American liner St. Paul on her last trip eastward.

Paula, the French singer has been engaged at Proctors N. Y. at a salary of \$1500 per week.

William Wolf's work in the role of "Rip Van Winkle" is considered by Boston critics to be the best thing he does, even superior to his "Gaspard, the miser" in "The Chimes of Normandy." St. John opera patrons have seen him in this latter great role.

Melba has been before the public singing for seven years past.

It is announced that Pauline Hall will revive "Erminie" next season on a large scale. Her husband George B. McLellan, who was recently made a happy father, is now managing Nat Goodwin.

A testimonial in New York recently to Messrs Abbey and Gran netted \$30,000. This sum was divided between the two gentlemen. Everybody taking part in the programme volunteered.

Jean de Reszke's receipts for this season just closing have amounted to \$80,000. Yet he is not altogether satisfied. This season is considered the worst in general theatricals ever known.

Fay Templeton will soon join the vaudeville ranks and will then enjoy a salary of \$500 per week.

The latest description of Ellen Beach Yaw's voice calls her the "Altitudious Soprano." That's Californian.

TALK OF THE THEATRE.

Miss Annie O'Neill's place in Crane's (The Senator) company has been filled by the engagement of Margaret Robinson. Miss O'Neill is now Mrs. Henry C. Miner.

It is said that during the last twenty years Henry C. Dixey has earned \$300,000 and yet he has nothing laid by for a rainy day.

Loie Fuller (La Loie) was a failure in Chicago, where she used to appear in song and dance at 10-20-30 prices. A Chicago paper says the difference between Loie and La Loie is just \$1 10. Despite this it is said her profits on this season in America will exceed \$50,000.

A New York paper says that Augustin Daly has lost a lot of money on his theatre this season.

Helen Dauvray, the actress has again ventured on the sea of matrimony. She was recently married to Lieut. Albert G. Winterhalter of the U. S. S. Bennington. He is number three on this lady's list of husbands. The hubby's name in this instance is somewhat suggestive of possibilities.

Theresa Vaughan, of E. E. Rice's company could not have the "Star" dressing room and she left the company. She thinks Willie Collier, who was occupying the room and Mr. Rice also "real mean."

T. D. Frawley has been fortunate enough to secure the stately and handsome Miss Maxime Elliott of Augustin Daly's company, for his stock company in San Francisco.

It is proposed to abolish the paid clique in the Parisian theatres.

Quite a batch of theatrical people appeared as litigants in a New York court last week. The theatrical docket was as follows: Elvia Croix appeared against her husband, who, she claims is a bad man; Rose Eysings appeared against Kate Claxton for breach of contract; Sidney Rosenfeld appeared against Francis Wilson for royalties, and Mrs. Margulies appeared against Sophie Traubman to recover \$50 for services.

In the cast of Archibald Clavering Gun-

SWEETHEART'S NOCTURNO.

ÁRPÁD LÁSZLO.

ter's new play "A Florida Merchant," are two members well known, admired and popular in this city viz. Miss Grace Huntington and Wash D. Melville. Mr. Melville's "Bixby" in "The Golden Giant" was a great bit of work and will never be forgotten by those who were fortunate enough to see it.

Miss Elita Procter Otis is credited with a pronounced success in the role of "Carmen" and Miss Catherine Goode, as anticipated last week, "gave the small part of Zara prominence by her good acting."

Annie Clarke, who was leading lady at the Boston Museum for many years, has been engaged by Charles Froberman for a part in a play called "The Liar," which he intends to produce next September.

Charles Hoyt is said to be the richest of American dramatists. He is reputed to be worth \$750,000 and is growing richer at the rate of \$100,000 per year. His skit "A Trip to Chinatown" has earned for him a quarter of a million dollars.

Miss Jane May has succeeded in her suit for slander against the Rev. Dr. Pullman of Bridgeport. The clergyman made a public apology and paid a sum of money to end the suit.

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ST JOHN, N. B., SATURDAY, MAY 9.

Colonel TUCKER gave his audience a surprise Wednesday evening when he began to enlarge upon the advantage of pure water. There was an impression that he was a better judge of whiskey than water.

Where were the leaders of the youthful grits at the meeting Wednesday? Absent or silent. It is poor consolation to them to know that TUCKER is doomed to defeat. If they had talked less and worked more he would never have been chosen.

A small volume on "the duties of a chairman" should be presented to Mr. G. WYMORE MERRITT, the president of the young liberal club. When he was called to the chair at the ratification meeting there was some surprise that the first appeal for the ratification of TUCKER should have come from his lips.

"With every seat filled, and a crowd of men standing around the walls of the Opera House, last evening" is the way the Telegraph begins its account of the TUCKER ratification meeting. Perhaps it will answer excellently as a specimen of campaign accuracy since there were a hundred seats vacant in the main part of the house, the balcony was not half filled while not a head appeared in the gallery.

Our Halifax correspondent notes in one of his interesting articles that there is an agitation to limit the time of service of the officers in command of Canadian volunteer corps. This would be an excellent move, since there can be but little opportunity for promotion and advancement under present conditions. In our city the voluntary retirement of the veteran Col. BLAINE permitted the promotion of several officers and, no doubt, increased their interest in the welfare of the battalion.

Another accident on the C. P. R. this week! The demand for accident tickets by persons patronizing this road should be increasing. In its uselessness the Mains railroad commissioners should give their attention to that portion of the Canadian Pacific railway in their state. They have the power to compel the company to improve the road at least to the point of safety. The people of the Maritime provinces are deeply interested in this matter because the road is the shortest route to the west and passengers should have reasonable assurances of safety when travelling.

REFORM IN SCHOOL AFFAIRS.

The suggestion of PROGRESS that it was a ridiculous thing for the city to have a branch office in the office of the school trustees where bonds could be issued without saying "by your leave," was noted by his worship the mayor in his inaugural address. The citizens will support him handsomely if he makes a move to change this condition of affairs. The board of school trustees should have the entire management of the schools, but when it comes to providing the funds for school purposes and buildings the city should step to the front and do that part of the work. It is wrong for an irresponsible body such as the board, to have power to increase the debt of the city by raising bonds almost to any amount. There is no necessity for it. We believe that all the clerical work connected with the finances of the board could be done in the Chamberlain's office, perhaps with the assistance of an additional clerk. There is where it should be done.

If, while his worship is giving his attention to school affairs he will contemplate the secrecy of the meetings and the sparse details that are given to the public of what transpires there he may come to the conclusion that all the influence of the council should be exerted to open wide the doors of the trustees sessions. Only a few days ago the fact came out that there was a considerable difference in the cost of the new grammar school building as estimated by two different architects. The plans of the architect whose estimate was highest were accepted. It may be that there was good reason for

this but the public should know those reasons. No such expenditure as \$30,000 or as some say \$40,000 should be undertaken without the fullest possible light being thrown upon the project. Every plan, every detail is the property of the people who have to pay the price in the end. If there was a difference in the estimates of the architects why not let the people have an opportunity to become acquainted with the plans and to offer suggestions. These star chamber proceedings must end and the sooner the trustees realize that fact the better.

REASONS AND EXPLANATIONS.

The speeches of the retiring aldermen were quite readable and in the main they lacked bitterness. The aldermen retired by the people bowed to the will of the majority. Mr. BIZARD spoke with that pleasant dignity that always characterized his remarks and said nice things about the council, the people and everybody connected with his civic labors.

On the other hand ex-alderman at large MCCARTHY was both serious and jocular and the reasons he assigned for his defeat are worth quoting. "Knowing as I did," he said, "that my civil fate, so to say, hung by a thread, and believing as I do that the people's votes and their prayers should be recognized as private personal property, at the absolute control of the owners, I have never felt over-confident in a pending election, and, therefore, am not unduly surprised at my defeat. Mr. Mayor, I had no idea that the effects of the remedial bill would be far-reaching enough in their consequences, as I have been assured has been the case in the late contests," to enter into a civic election in St. John, and to contribute to the defeat of one of so little importance as myself, who has no remembrance of ever having publicly taken sides, for or against, that measure; one, sir, who sincerely deploras the unfortunate conditions which make such a bill necessary in this so-called enlightened age, in this young country of ours, where people of different races, creeds and colors should stand shoulder to shoulder for the common weal, and where dissensions and divisions are sure to work evil in the general interests."

It will be a new doctrine to politicians that peoples votes are private property and not to be canvassed for. Perhaps that had more to do with Mr. MCCARTHY's defeat than the other reason, viz. the dislike to this remedial bill. If he is correct in assigning such a reason as this for his defeat there is trouble brewing for those who propose to come out openly in favor of it.

The mayor and Mr. BAXTER exchanged a few sentences of mutual admiration. The latter when retiring spoke of the "fair and impartial" character of the chairman and his worship returned the compliment by terming him the "brilliant young BAXTER" whom he hoped to see some day adorning a higher position than that of alderman. And yet this same "brilliant young BAXTER" when one of the T. R. A. candidates did not urge upon the people of Carleton the necessity of GEORGE ROBERTSON'S election. Times have changed and so have opinions. The new election scheme brought about by the T. R. A. was cordially supported by Mr. BAXTER yet on Tuesday he "greeted that under the new system a man could be elected by the citizens at large over a man who was clearly the choice of the section the alderman was supposed to represent. This was his case."

It does make a difference whose corn is trod upon.

NOT THE LORD'S PROPERTY.

How a Feud Arose in a Nova Scotia Town Over an Organ.

A good story comes to PROGRESS from a Nova Scotia correspondent which shows that in certain parts of Nova Scotia there is much religious feeling.

It was at Wentworth, and the Christian Endeavor society had gathered for a meeting in the Orange hall. As in nearly all of these halls there was an organ, and it was proposed to open the meeting with music. A Miss Susie Fulton was called upon to officiate as organist which she was about to do, when imagine her surprise—to have one James Miller arise and catch her by the arm, pulling her away from the organ and as he did so he addressed the meeting in these words, "Look, here I ain't going to have no vain, profane and lying organ playing on that there organ which belongs to the Lord."

It seems Mr. Miller is an orangeman and the Faltons are not and in that locality—(regardless of the fact that not one catholic resides in the place)—The orangemen and those who are not orangemen are at swords points and it takes but little to raise a feud.

The people who assembled for the Christian Endeavor meeting were highly offended and the result was Mr. Miller was sued for assault and disturbing of a religious meeting. Mr. Parry of Amherst was retained by the Millerites and Judge McLellan of Truro by the Faltons and the trial came off on Thursday of last week but it will be finally tried on the 12th of May at Parramatta. One thing, however, was settled at this first trial viz.—that the organ was not the property of the Lord nor of his followers but the orangemen and to them alone and for their praise was it to be used.

FRESH OF YESTERDAY AND TODAY.

When the red breast comes a warbling. Waking all the hills at 4 streams; All the green woods and the gardens, From their silent winter dreams.

Went the tall red rose trees waving, With the house gnomes watching For the golden streak of dawn. Went the honey suckle branches When they see him, launch right out; Went the lily leaves uprising Answer with a merry shout. And the magpie and the jay, Though it seeds they only be; Almost break their blinded doorways, When the red breast warbles free.

Went the pink arbutus trailing, Underneath the cedar tall; Chant aloud a welcome anthem, With the daisy's merry call; How the daisy and the myrtle, And the violet in blue; When they hear the herald call them Will answer they are true.

How the snowball and the holly, And the hawthorn buds will sing; And rosy faced chrysanthemum, Will give a welcome cheer, The acacia and the almond, With the tulip proud and gay; Even the ashes of their glory, All be looking for the day. Jack in the pulpit brightly robed, Will give out all his palms; The wild oat strike his tuning fork, By organ reeded palms. The primrose and forget me not, Will open their eyes; The morning glory talk with them, When here the red breast flies. How the wild rose and the blue bell, And the hawthorn buds will sing; Amid buttercups and clover sweet All dance with joy for spring. And the poppy crowned with laurel, Sing madrigal and glees, When the red breast warbles call him, From the building willow tree.

Woodman Spare That Tree.

This song, written by George P. Morris over sixty years ago, was once the most popular in America. It was sung the world around, translated into other languages and quoted in the British House of Commons. It was suggested to the poet by the offer on the part of a friend to pay for the protection of the tree that stood in front of his father's cottage, then the property of another, when the owner was about to cut it down for firewood. It is here reproduced in connection with the remarks of Father Fox on the Home Journal's Jubilee number.

Woodman, spare that tree! Touch not a single bough! In youth it sheltered me, And I'll protect thee now. 'Twas my grandfather's hand That placed it near his door; There, woodman, let it stand, Thy axe shall harm it not! That old familiar tree, Whose glory and renown Are spread o'er inland seas— Woodman, forbear thy stroke! Cut not its earth-bound ties; Ob, spare that aged oak, Now towering to the skies! When but an idle boy, I sought its grateful shade; In all thy gushing joy Here, too, my gambles played. My mother kissed me here; My father pressed my hand— Forgive this foolish tear, But let that oak stand! My heartstrings round thee cling, Close as thy bark, old friend! Here shall the wild bird sing, And still thy branches bend. Old tree! the storm's still brave! And, woodman, leave the spot; While 't is a hand to save, Thy axe shall harm it not!

Sonnets of Pinco.

Thy memory, green Erin, hauntest me Since first I stood upon Killarney shore, Or saw from Limerick spires the Shannon pour Its turbid waters towards the western sea; And in my fancy's hour I turn to thee— To muse upon thy never-fading store Of ancient myth and legendary lore, Enshrining every glade and rock and tree. Across thy lonely bogs the Banshee moans, At eve the fiddle rings in myrtle tones, And elfin-folk dance on the moonlit green. Thy scenes I love, but chiefly Mullis' dell, Where spenser rapt in rhye enchantment's spell, Saw his great vision of the Ferie Queens'.

II SWITZERLAND.

I saw this orchard as they lay aglow, With April's bloom; I saw thy lower vale Roll their green waves high as the fields where I am. All verdure, 'neath the icy winds that blow Across those wastes of everlasting snow. I stood among thy lofty forest dales And saw the vesper's light, the mirrored sails And all the little valleys below, Emblem of Freedom, Switzerland, art thou! Thy air, thy soil, thy mountains, all are free; 'Tis free thy streams that from the high cliff's brow Leap joyous down to meet the southern sea. Before thy hills beloved name we bow, And hail thee perfect type of Liberty!

From "The Old Fashioned Garden."

The Richest Prince.

Once the noted German prince Sat in festive royal ha. Praised their lands for wealth and valor; Each his own, the most of all. 'Noble,' spoke the Boxon Ruler, 'My land and all its power; Silver gleams within its mountains, And it holds a priceless dower.' 'So my land in all its fulness,' Spoke the Ruler from the Rhine; 'Golden harvests fill the valleys, On the mountains grow the vine.' 'Large my cities! Rich my cloisters!' Ludwig spoke of Bala's Throne— 'These have made my royal treasure Never second to your own.'

Eberhard, the royal hearted, Wurtemberg's beloved King Said: 'My land has little cities, And her gems no silver bring. 'Yet a jewel she has hidden, That throughout her hills and forests, In each home, I safely rest.' Then up spoke the Boxon Ruler, 'He from Bala, he from Rhine; 'Bearded Count, thou art the richest, For the noblest land is thine.'—From "The German of Karnar." Translated by Luella Dowd Smith.

THE NEW WOMAN ECLIPSED.

She Has Given Place to Another Brilliant Meteor.

So the New Woman is eclipsed! That dazzling meteor of a single season which shot skyward like a rocket, and left a brilliant trail of light behind her in her ascent, bids fair to descend from her lofty position almost as rapidly. In short to sink earthward in total extinction like the stick to which the rocket was attached.

I have often doubted in my own mind whether this wonderful being ever had any existence out of news-paper columns, and fiery magazine articles through which she was wont to career gaily, usually clad in bloomers, and mounted on her bicycle, and sometimes, though not always smoking a cigarette. Like Mrs. Gamp's "Mrs. Harris" she was constantly heard of, but very seldom seen; she served literary folk a very good turn too, because they pleased capital out of her, and wrangled over her even as Mrs. Gamp dangled Mrs. Harris before the envious eyes of her colleagues and chum, Betsy Figg; so we grew quite fond of her, and will feel lost without her. The star of greater magnitude who has risen to take her place, has the same initials, but a slightly different name. She is called the Newer Woman, and those two small letters e. and r. have possessed strength enough to make a back number of her unlucky predecessor. A new thing is always popular with a certain class of people until something newer turns up and destroys its prestige.

The newer woman is said to be a decided improvement on her immediate ancestor and to combine all the charms of both old and new, with a large number which are exclusively her own property. It was the complaint of many of her biographers that the new woman in clamoring for equality with man, had stepped down from the lofty pedestal she had formerly occupied, and to content to struggle along in the dust of life's highway shoulder to shoulder with him, and thereby she has lost a great deal of her former influence over him. Well this canvass can never be used against the newer woman since the platform from which she makes her bid for popular recognition, is the fact that she does not want to be man's equal at all, she is perfectly satisfied to be his superior, and not hilly him at all; preferring to rule over him in the good old way. She is going to be loved by him, and to love him back again with all her might in return, and I really should not be surprised if she ended by actually marrying him, and living happily ever after.

The new woman thought marriage not only inconvenient, and a relic of former barbarism which savored of slavery, but she considered it absolutely immoral! The newer woman will go in for marriage to a limited extent. I don't mean to imply that she has pledged herself to avoid bigamy, and discourage divorce, but simply that she will not consider marriage the exclusive aim and end of a woman's life; it will be an incident, instead of a goal, but still it will have a distinct place in her scheme of existence.

She will be able, and willing to work too, this perfected type of womanhood, and she will be proud and happy to help her husband over the rough places in life, if he needs her help. She will be well educated too, she will be above all other things, womanly! In short it looks to me, very much as if the new woman had grown tired of her self imposed isolation on the heights, that she had found the atmosphere not only very rarefied but very chilly also, and finding that she was being left a good deal to herself she had felt the loneliness of her position and finding that exaltation, and happiness were two very different things she had decided to creep quietly down into the valley again, and seek human companionship and masculine adoration, those two essentials to the happiness of every properly constituted woman.

It is dull work, this trying to convince man that you are his equal when he wants to think you a thousand times his superior; and then when you have nearly succeeded and he stops treating you with reverence, and won't adore you any longer because you will insist on being only his equal, but begins to jostle you quite rudely, and tell you to get out of his way, just as he would tell another man, the result is not at all what you anticipated and somehow things begin to get out of joint and you don't want to be emancipated any more. It is a twofold hard to come down to be an imitation man after having been a goddess for so long, and so the result is—reaction—and a newer woman!

I wonder when the newest woman will appear, and what she will be like?

ASTRA.

Prevented a Major of Powder.

A good story of Major Macdonald, who is en route for Akasha, to take command at the front, is told by The London Chronicle. The plucky major commanded a battalion of Soudanese at the battle of Toki—brave blacks who were devoted to him and loved him like a father. During that battle they disobeyed him for the first time. The wily dervishes had lain down a few hundred yards from the Egyptian force and were deliberately drawing the fire of the latter by springing up, waving their banners, and falling prone again in time to escape the shower of bullets that followed. The eagerness of the Soudanese was such

Highest of all in Leavening Power.—Latest U. S. Gov't Report.

Royal Baking Powder ABSOLUTELY PURE

that they could not be made to see that the object of the dervishes was to cause them to exhaust their ammunition. Major Macdonald exhorted, commanded, swore in his finest Arabic, and all to no purpose. The blacks would "loose off" at their enemies. So, at last, the situation becoming desperate, he ran forward, and walking down the front of the firing line he shouted to his men, "Now, if you must fire, fire through me!"

SLAKES BROKE UP THE SCHOOL.

Blacksnakes and Garter Snakes Broke Out of Winter Quarters by the Heat. Snakes have broken up the spring term of school in the Coverdale district, and Obed Harding, who has taught there for the last ten years, says he's got through unless the district sees fit to build a new schoolhouse.

Obed is pretty well along in years, and eyesight is not as good as it was when he was younger. When he opened the schoolhouse one morning during the warm spell a fortnight ago he saw something stretched across the top of his desk that looked like a pretty good-sized stick of wood. He immediately formed the opinion that the pupils had put it there for a joke, and reaching out he grabbed it with the intention of throwing it over into the corner by the stove. To his amazement when his fingers settled around the stick it rose up, doubled and wound itself affectionately around his arm. It was a six-foot black-snake, and although it was a little dull from its winter sleep, it had sufficient life to scare Obed pretty nearly out of his senses. With a howl the teacher leaped for the door, holding the snake-encircled arm in front of him as if it belonged to somebody else, and he was in a hurry to the other man to take it. On the doorstep he met one of the pupils, who quickly got a stick and hit the snake a crack that nearly broke the teacher's arm, but it had the effect of making the reptile loose its hold and drop to the ground.

"Gee-whillikins!" exclaimed Obed. "That was a narrow escape." It was an hour or more before he got his nerves into such shape that he could open school.

The warm days continued, and one afternoon, while Obed was sitting on the platform that raised him eight inches above the level of the floor, tilted back in his chair, and secretly watching the pupils from under his half-closed eyelids, his attention was drawn to a small hole near the middle of the platform, which had served him for five years as a cuspidor. He thought he saw the hole move. He looked at it sharply, but it showed no signs of life, and thinking that perhaps he had had a nap and was dreaming, he resumed his vigil and did fall into a dose.

It lasted only a minute or two, and he came out of it with a start. He saw a wiggling object about two feet long hauling itself through the hole on to the platform. The next instant the pupils were startled by a crash, and they saw the teacher dancing around behind his desk, whipping the floor vigorously with a long supple sipping which he had used in about the same manner on some of the pupils.

"What's the matter, Mr. Harding?" shouted one of the boys. "Snakes!" replied the teacher, bringing the stick down with a crack.

In the twinkling of an eye the pupils were on top of the desks, and some of the bravest of the boys rushed to the assistance of the teacher, who peeped the snake until there wasn't a single shank left in its tail. It was a four-foot adder.

The next day in the middle of the forenoon, while the arithmetic class was reciting, a little girl startled the school with a scream, and climbed on the top of her desk.

"There's a snake in the side!" she cried, and sure enough a five-foot blacksnake was working its way slowly down the floor between the seats. It was quickly despatched, and the lessons went on.

The schoolhouse is an old building, and in many places the plaster is broken, leaving the lath bare, and the openings have been made larger by the knives of mischievous boys. At about an hour after the snake was killed in the aisle one of the boys yelled:

"There's another snake, teacher!" He pointed to one of the holes in the wall, from which a big garter snake was slowly coiling. One of the boys flung a slate at it, and the snake fell to the floor with its back broken. The pupils were getting extremely nervous now, and the teacher had his hands full in keeping them at their books.

In the aft-noon three more snakes crawled out of the holes in the wall, and one was found coiled up in a comfortable spot on a bench at the rear of the room, where the sunlight fell. A long about 3 o'clock Obed, who had watched the hole in the platform suspiciously ever since the adder had come through it, saw about six inches of a slim, writhing form rise through the hole in the direction of the hole, but it flew wide of the mark, and the snake dropped out of sight.

"School's dismissed," he said, and the pupils lost no time in getting outside.

The next day the teacher, Hiram Sanders, Orrin Bump, and Gib Tripp went to escape the shower of bullets that followed. The eagerness of the Soudanese was such

titles which they found lying around the floor. The supposition is that the snakes stowed themselves away under and in the walls of the old building for the winter, and crawled out when the warm weather limbered them up.

THEY GOT THE LION.

Exciting Adventure of Two Colorado Miners in Their Camp.

"The mountain lion," remarked an old miner some time ago, "is becoming rarer in the mountains of the West. When I first went seeking after the gold and silver of Colorado these animals were rather plentiful. They were met in pairs, and were common enough to make it hazardous for a man to walk in the valleys alone and unprotected, particularly after dark. I remember on one occasion having a slight adventure with a lion that almost scared me out of my wits. With a pal I was working a claim in the mountains near Ouray. Winter came on, and one day before the very cold weather set in, we went to the town to get supplies, leaving our little cabin on the mountain alone. It came on to snow soon after we got to Ouray, and we did not get a chance to go to the cabin for fully a week. As we slowly climbed the hills I noticed the tracks of a mountain lion leading toward our cabin, and when we reached the house found that we had forgotten to close a window in the side. We had lost sight of the tracks, and the sight of the open window caused me to forget all about the animal and its presence.

I started for the window, and was about to put my head into the apartment when there came a terrible growl, and the next instant a great yellow body darted through the opening, right over my back, its claws catching my buckskin and ripping it open to my neck, turned me completely over and into the snow. My pal whipped out his gun, and the animal turned on him, making a fearful leap in his direction. Before he could shoot, the beast was upon him, and seizing him by the slack of his jacket shook him as if he had been a rat. I was on my feet by this time, and drawing my revolver, I sneaked up and put a bullet right through his head. He dropped, and my pal drew his breath freely once more. Neither of us was hurt, but the lion skin in another week was serving as a rug by my cot."

For the Study of Art.

The Women's Art Association is of recent origin in St. John but it has been formed under the most favorable and encouraging circumstances, and the members, who number about eighty, are very enthusiastic over it and are of the opinion that by meeting and working together in their new studio on Prince William street, the interchange of ideas and the personal help that can be extended by the workers to one another, will have excellent results. The little friendly rivalry and competition to be found in such classes everywhere, and which is quite desirable, will be an incentive to work and will stimulate the ambition of the members, so that ere long the citizens of St. John may look for a much higher class of amateur work than they have hitherto had an opportunity of seeing.

The headquarters of this association are in Toronto and later on an exchange of work will be made by the different cities where the organization exists. An exhibition will likely be given by the ladies sometime during the autumn.

The studio in the Jardine building on Prince William street is a bright, cheery place and was chosen because of the excellent light to be obtained. Indeed this in itself is a sort of inspiration to the busy artists who meet there for work and mutual improvement.

The Queen's Mistress.

It is said that the one woman of whom Queen Victoria stands in respectful awe is Mrs. Mussons, the housekeeper of Balmoral castle. She has held her position of power for many years, and rules every body who comes within her domain with a rosy iron, even to the queen herself. Her majesty on one occasion took a fancy to a certain household and requested that the care of her own apartments should be given to the girl. Mrs. Mussons, however, thought differently, and informed her majesty that such a mark of preference would only turn the young woman's head and utterly spoil her. The Queen of Great Britain and Ireland, and Empress of India, listened in silence and meekly acquiesced in her housekeeper's decision.

She Was Destructive.

"I wish to exchange this thermometer for a good one," she said to the salesman. "Certainly. What is wrong with it?" "The woman who lives next door to me bought a thermometer and paid less for it than this one cost. But it registered seven degrees more than mine did yesterday afternoon"—Washington Star.

The Organist of the Cathedral.

Prof. Amodee Tremblay, Organist of the Cathedral, Ottawa, has recently selected and purchased a Pratte Piano for his own use.

There are forty-seven Chinese temples in America.

S. Gov't Report.

King Powder

...lying around the...
...is that the snakes...
...under and in the...
...building for the winter...
...when the warm weather

...OF THE LION.

...of Two Colorado Miners...
...their Camp.

...lion," remarked an old...
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...was serving as a rug by

...The Study of Art.

...Art Association is of...
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Queen's Mistress.

...the one woman of whom...
...stands in respectful awe...
...is the housekeeper of Bal...
...She has held her position...
...years, and rules every...
...within her domain with a...
...to the queen herself. Her...
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...r. The Queen of Great...
...and, and Empress of India...
...ce and meekly acquiesced...
...per's decision.

Was D'Ambric's?

...exchange this thermometer...
...to the salesman.

...What is wrong with it?...
...who lives next door to me...
...ometer and paid less for it...
...But it registered seven...
...than mine did yesterday...
...sitting on Star.

...ant of the Cathedral.

...The Tremblay, Organist of the...
...laws, has recently selected...
...Pratte Piano for his own

...rty-seven (Chinese temple

Smooth on the Hands.



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FOR FAMILY USE.

TRADE MARK.

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WE WOUL'D Keep It!
WE Can't Keep It!

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The name "WAKEFIELD LEATHER" on each yard, like all English manufacturers' brands, indicates the World's standard.

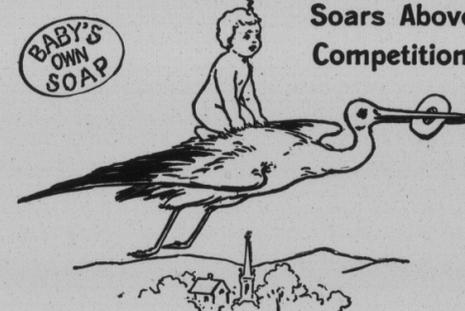
Many have tried, and in every case failed, to produce leathers of the same uniform and lasting qualities.

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When soiled, a damp cloth and a little shoe or tan polish will restore it to its pristine freshness.

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Ira Cornwall, = General Agent
For the Maritime Provinces.

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

Social and Personal.

Quite a lot of gaiety has prevailed the past week, the last event being a lavender tea which took place yesterday afternoon at the home of a Coburg street hostess, but unfortunately too late for more than a passing notice in this issue of PROGRESS.

On Saturday afternoon Prince William street was thronged with ladies, who had received invitations to the Art Home of the Women Art association from four to seven o'clock. As the afternoon was delightfully fine a number of fresh and becoming spring gowns made their appearance, and the studio towards five o'clock, presented a very gay scene. Lady Tilley, the patroness of the association, and Miss M. Barry Smith, the president received the guests in a very cordial and graceful manner. Lady Tilley was very stately in a handsome black silk with lace trimmings and Miss Smith wore a lovely blue surah silk gown with cream chiton trimmings and red and white catenations.

The studio which is in the Jardine building is an ideal room for the work for which it is intended and is beautifully lighted. On Tuesday afternoon it was artistically decorated with palms, potted plants, pictures and drapery. A number of young ladies' lights were directed to their attentions to the guests and all were looking exceptionally pretty and bright as they dispensed the tempting dainties provided.

Early in the afternoon Miss M. Barry Smith made a few graceful remarks in which she welcomed the guests to the studio and said she felt sure those present would congratulate them upon possessing such a pretty room where they could meet and which would assuredly develop an art atmosphere, in which genius must flourish; in which lovely coloring lights which brightened the room were in themselves an inspiration. The standard is a high one and they mean to aim at nothing lower than perfection.

Miss Smith recited some exquisite verses of her own composition upon the story of the woman who was so determined to excel that she incurred the wrath of the goddess. The sentiment and expression were extremely graceful and pretty and Miss Smith must have been very much flattered by the comments the poem elicited. Among the guests invited to enjoy the hospitality of the ladies were: Lady Tilley, Countess de Bury, Mrs. (Dr.) Allison, Mrs. Vassie, Mrs. Brigstocke, Mrs. Robt. Thompson, Miss Thorne.

Mrs. R. J. Ritchie, Mrs. J. R. Hart, Mrs. M. Joseph, Mrs. Allison, Miss Bayard, Mrs. Caverhill-Jones, Mrs. John Burpee, Mrs. Binning, Mrs. Stetson, Mrs. Jas. McAvity, Mrs. Howard Troop, Mrs. H. P. Timmerman, M. S. Char. E. Taylor, Miss Malcolm McKay, Mrs. Gilbert, Miss Perkins, Miss Gilbert, Mrs. Burpee, Mrs. B. C. Skinner, Mrs. Wilson, Miss E. Peters, Mrs. Puddington, Miss Puddington, Mrs. Walker, Mrs. M. McLaren, Mrs. Holden, Mrs. Inches, Mrs. F. Murray, Miss Robertson, Miss Barlow, Mrs. Allen Daniel, Mrs. E. Armstrong, Mrs. Schold, Mrs. Danvers, Mrs. T. Coster, Mrs. Horace King, Miss L. Hazen, Mrs. Dever, Mrs. Boyle Travers, Mrs. Bowman, Mrs. Teasdale, Mrs. Gates, Mrs. J. Russell, Miss Russell, Mrs. Brock, Mrs. Morton Smith, Mrs. Stanley Ritchie, Mrs. Tack, Mrs. M. B. G. Clench, Mrs. D. C. Clench, Mrs. G. F. Smith, Mrs. Palmer, Mrs. Palmer, Mrs. Austin, Mrs. W. Fagley, Mrs. G. B. Pappley, Miss Eaton, Miss Stevenson, Mrs. Geo. Murray, Mrs. McIntyre, Mrs. Wetmore Merritt, Mrs. J. Howe, Mrs. Kimball, Mrs. Barrett, Mrs. Barratt, Mrs. G. F. Smith, Mrs. Constance Smith, Mrs. T. Vaughan, M. S. A. Hannington, Miss Mabel Hannington, Mrs. Geo. McAvity, Mrs. Markham, Miss Lillie Markham, Miss Alberta Co ter, Miss Robbins, Mrs. Douglas Hazen, Mrs. M. B. Emerson, Mrs. W. S. Fisher, Mrs. T. Park, Mrs. Woodburn, Mrs. Woodburn, Miss Marion Holly, Miss B. Bowman, Miss Allison Jones, Miss Louise Ouy, Mrs. B. G. Boyd, Mrs. Carrite, Miss McEivern, Mrs. Taylor, Robey, Miss Julia Reed, Miss Florrie Rolston, Miss Susan Cairns, Miss Ella Cairns, Mrs. Howard McLeod, Mrs. Magee, Miss Shaw, Miss Beattie Adams, Miss J. Wetmore, Mrs. Fowler, Mrs. Hutchison, Miss Reed, Mrs. Alex. Wilson, Mrs. G. H. Flood, Mrs. Fred E. Sayre, Miss Winnie Hall, Mrs. Geo. Fleming, Mrs. Geo. McLeod, Mrs. W. O. Raymond, Miss E. T. Harding, Miss Whitman, Miss Mary McKean, Miss L. Parks, Miss F. Perkins, Miss Mary Dwyer, Miss Christie, Miss E. Dwyer, Miss Mary Dwyer, Miss Elbert Fender, Mrs. Helen, Miss Margaret Fowler, Miss Murray, Miss M. Barry Smith, Mrs. Nixon, Mrs. William Kerr, Mrs. W. O. Raymond, Mrs. Herbert Street, Mrs. G. M. Robinson, Mrs. Wilson, Mrs. C. F. Baker, Mrs. Emma Baker, Mrs. Retalick, Miss Minnie New, Mrs. G. G. Giffith, Mrs. Geo. U. Hay, Mrs. L. S. Golding, Mrs. F. Baker.

The concert at the Morley Conservatory of music on Tuesday evening in aid of the ambulance fund was very successful; the programme was quite a lengthy one but all whose names appeared thereon acquitted themselves in a very graceful manner. The little ones were visions of beauty in their light and dainty gowns and seemed particularly easy in their manner, and familiar with whatever role they attempted whether musical or elocutionary.

The concert was an interesting one. The following are the names of those who took part in the programme: Misses Kerr, Misses E. and M. Taylor, Miss McMann, Miss Millie Isaacs, Miss E. Doherty, Miss Alice DeForrest, Miss McGuffigan, Miss Peters, Miss M. Willis, Miss E. Coughlan, Mrs. Dwyer, Rev. J. M. Davenport, Miss M. Ryan, Miss Matthews, Miss J. Belle, Mrs. Haydon, Miss E. Toole, Miss L. Fenwick, Miss Marion Haydon, Miss B. McAlpine, Miss A. Hannington, Miss Colleen Bruce, Miss E. V. Green, Miss Morie, Among the prizes winners some of the children had an excellent showing in music and their teachers and parents are naturally very proud of them.

On Tuesday afternoon a delightful informal tea was given by Miss Bayard for the entertainment of Miss Farrell of Halifax, Mrs. Dever's guest. The following very happy party enjoyed Miss Bayard's hospitality, which was dispensed in a graceful and charming manner: Mrs. Coster, Mrs. E. P. Timmerman, Mrs. Straton, Mrs. Kelle Jones, Mrs. Jack, Mrs. Dever, Miss Farrell, Miss Warner, Miss Purdon, Miss Kathleen Furlong, Miss Burpee, Misses McMillan, Miss Vroom, Miss Troop.

Mr. Lovett and family will spend the summer at Rothesay and intend going out about the beginning of June.

The agreement of Miss Maud Robertson and Mr. Harry Puddington is announced, and the happy parties are receiving the congratulations of their friends.

A riding party to Rothesay is spoken of for this afternoon.

Miss Farrell who has spent the past three or four weeks with Miss Dever left Wednesday for her home in Halifax. She went across on the Prince Rupert.

A very pretty and enjoyable tea was given by Mrs. and Miss Bayard at the corner of Green street on Wednesday afternoon in honor of Miss Gibbs of Montreal; the rooms were very tastefully arranged and the guests were all very handsomely gowned. Mrs. Puddington wore a beautiful black silk dress while Miss Puddington looked particularly well in her black and blue. Mrs. Kelle Jones and Mrs. Schofield poured tea and the young ladies who assisted were Miss Winnie Hall who wore a pretty black and blue silk; Miss McMillan who was daintily attired in mauve and white, and Miss George Pittman in a very becoming dress of blue and black.

"Tetley's" TEAS

"FROM ANCIENT INDIA AND SWEET CEYLON."



Are not injurious to nerves or stomach because early pickings only are used in blending.

Older leaves contain strong acids that are not found in those we use.

Delicate or Nervous Women Should Drink Tetley's.

In lead Packets to preserve their Fragrance.

400. 500. 600. 700. PER LB.

Refrigerators

Refrigerators

Refrigerators

NEW GOODS THIS SEASON. WHOLESALE and RETAIL.

J. E. WHITTAKER & CO.,

Successors to Sheaton & Whittaker,

38 KING STREET.

NO MUSTY FLAVOR



STOWER'S

Pure Lime Juice
CHAMPAGNE PINTS and QUARTS.

Lime Juice Cordial
CHAMPAGNE PINTS and QUARTS.

Recommended by
2000 Physicians and Surgeons in Great Britain as the finest preparations of the kind.

For sale by all first-class Grocers, Chemists, etc.

Something New in Bicycles



is being brought out almost every day but for Bicycle Clothing the popular and "up-to-date" article is

Rigby Cloth

What we mean by "Rigby Cloth" is any cloth made waterproof by the Rigby Process.

You can get it in an endless variety of tweeds and in Ladies' Dress Goods already Rigby proofed, or your tailor will take any piece you may select and get it proofed for you. Thousands of Rigby Bicycle Suits are being worn now, but the only way you can tell they are Rigby proofed is that they don't get wet; yet the cloth admits the air as freely as before. Rigby simply makes the material a repellent to water. All up-to-date Tailors and Ladies' Dress Goods Houses keep it.

Sea Foam

It Floats.

5 CTS. (TOILET SIZE) A CASE.

USE ONLY

Pelee Island Wine Co's Wines.

OUR BRANDS: DRY CATAWA, SWEET CATAWA, HAWKSWELL, SP. AUGUSTINE, (Registered), CLARET.

THEY ARE PURE JUICE OF THE GRAPE.

MARCH 15th, 1895.

E. G. SCOVIL, AGENT PELEE ISLAND GRAPE JUICE, ST. JOHN, N. B.

DEAR SIR—My family have received great benefits from the use of the PELEE ISLAND GRAPE JUICE during the past four years. It is the best tonic and restorative for debility, nervousness and weak lungs you have ever tried. It is much cheaper and pleasanter than medicine. I would not be without it in the house.

Yours, JAMES H. DAY, Day's Landing, Kings Co.

Tea and Wine Merchant, 62 Union Street, St. John Telephone 527. Sole Agent for Maritime Provinces.

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Pelee Island Wine Co's Wines.

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SOCIAL AND PERSONAL

FOR ADDITIONAL SOCIETY NEWS SEE PAGES AND SEVERAL PAGES.

HALIFAX NOTES.

PROGRESS is the title of Halifax by the way-by which the following news stands and centers. C. B. DEPRETTAS, - - - - - rumwick street Messrs & Co., - - - - - Harrington street C. B. DEPRETTAS, - - - - - 111 Bolla street C. B. DEPRETTAS, - - - - - George street C. B. DEPRETTAS, - - - - - 111 Bolla street C. B. DEPRETTAS, - - - - - 111 Bolla street C. B. DEPRETTAS, - - - - - 111 Bolla street

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

Fry's PURE CONCENTRATED COCOA.

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

THE FINE WEATHER will come with us, and to enjoy driving you want a nice CARRIAGE such as we can sell you. We don't have the lowest priced, but give better value than any other builder in the Lower Provinces.

Price & Shaw, Spring Painting. That well-known Painter and Decorator, Cornelius Gallagher is prepared to take orders for Painting and Decorating. Work guaranteed to be satisfactory and prices reasonable.

Fergus, Ontario BEEF, Mutton, Veal, Spring Lamb, Turkey, Chickens and Fowls. Ham, Bacon, Lard and Dean's Sausages, Radish, Lettuce, Kidney and Snowflake Potatoes.

THOMAS DEAN, 13 and 14 City Market, Extension Tables In Oak, Ash and Elm.

Millinery, Dress Making. From 4.50 Upwards. J. & J. D. HOWE, Furniture Warerooms, 83 Germain Street, MAJONIC BUILDING.

Mrs J. J. McDonald's ESTABLISHMENT, MONCTON, N. B. Will be found the latest Parisian styles and new cut models. Dress-making - one in all up to date fashions. Each department under the highest classed supervision and all work guaranteed. Write for particulars and prices.

Stamp. We pay highest prices for old postage stamps used before 1870. From 61 to 810 paid for single extra rare special items. Simultaneous first sale after receipt of stamps. A. F. HADSMAN & CO., 19 Leader Lane, Toronto, Canada.

Stunning Effects AT Startling Prices



That's what we're offering in Ladies' Ready-to-Wear Suits. Here's the style of the newest effect in a Linen Suit. We have all the best designs in suits for warm weather - in Linen at \$3.50 to \$7.00, and Duck Suits from \$2.25 to \$3.50. It may be a little early to order, but there's generally an advantage in getting first selection.

DUNLAP, COOKE & CO., AMHERST, N. S.

all the position of resident physician in the St. John city hospital is universally regretted. The fact that he received news of his appointment on Friday evening and left early the following morning to resume his duties, did not bear his gentlemanly friends from tendering him a farewell supper supported at Hotel Weldon on Friday evening, and this is a slight token of the esteem in which he is held. Dr. Ellis left many friends who wish him every success in his new field of labor and who realize that his departure leaves a void which will be hard to fill either professionally or socially. Guess.

Mutual Life Insurance Company of New York.

Richard A. McCurdy, PRESIDENT. For the year ending December 31, 1895. Assets \$21,212,721.88. Total Income \$45,677,450.41. This is about \$10,000,000 more than the annual revenue of the Dominion of Canada. Total paid policy-holders in 1895 \$28,128,728.48. Insurance and annuities in force \$309,074,483.70. Net gain in 1895 \$61,841,848.28. NOTE - Insurance merely nominal, and only insurance actually issued & paid for is cashed in.

POTTNER'S EMULSION Pale, Weak and Emaciated CHILDREN.

To a normal condition of HEALTH and STRENGTH, and bring back the BLOOM OF YOUTH more quickly than any other medicine. As a Flesh Restorer, Pottner's Emulsion has no Equal, giving substance and tone to the wasted muscles. All Druggists keep it. Price 50 cts per bottle.

Very Satisfactory Seeds.

Is the report I have received from OUR TOMERS who purchased their GARDEN, FIELD and FLOWER SEEDS from me in 1895. It is year I am thoroughly equipped to supply my customers demands with the freshest of seeds. Catalogue on application. Mail orders receive prompt attention.

W.C. Rudman Allan, Druggist and Seedman, 55 King St.

The Best of Everything is what we want. This is why we discuss two other systems of shorthand for the Isaac Pitman System. This is the system which won for its author the honor of knighthood from Queen Victoria. The only system thought worthy of notice in the Encyclopaedia Britannica. It is the fastest and best in existence, and is probably used by more people than all other systems combined. Used wherever the English language is spoken. Used by students, clerks, reporters, editors, clergymen and all cases of intellectual men and women. Catalogue free. Students can attend at any time. S. KERR & SON, St. John Business College, Odd Fellows' Hall, St. John, N. B.

McIntyre & Townsend, 36 NELSON STREET, ST. JOHN, N. B. Foreign Wine and Spirit Agents.

SOLE AGENTS IN CANADA FOR... T. and J. B. Beard, Edinburgh Scotch ale. Imperial Inval's Stout, Dublin, Export St. Pat. Patison, Elder Co., L. Irish Scotch Whiskies. An'w McNabb & Co., Leith Scotch Whiskies. Burt & Co., Belfast, Irish Whiskey. Tricoch, Bonnot & Co., Cognac Brandy. P. Rademakers, D. Hithaven, Holl and G'n. M. B. Foster & Son, Ltd., London, Bass's Ale. Machen & Co., Liverpool, Guinness's Stout. Sole Agents in the Maritime Provinces for Joseph E. Seagram, Waterloo, O. d. Rye and Mal' Whiskies; The Toronto Brewing and Mal' Co., Toronto, Fine Ales and Porters; The Hawkins Wine Co., Hamilton, Fine Native Wines.

OUR LEADING BRANDS

Conzalez Inval's Port, Tricoch's Inval's Brandy, Pattison's Royal Gordon Scotch Whiskey, McNabb's Galley Brand Scotch Whiskey, Foster's Bugle Brand Bass's Ale, Mochen's Pelican B'd Guinness Stout, Seagram's Old Times Rye Whiskies, Haskin's Fine Native Wines, Imperial Inval's Stout, Scotch Stone Ale, THE WHOLESALE TRADE ONLY SUPPLIED.

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ST. J. ... (Marginal text on the right side of the page, partially cut off)

ST. STEPHEN AND CALAIS.

Procession in St. Stephen by Master Ralph Taylor, and at the bookstores of E. S. Dag...

May 6.—The weather has been fine for many parties and there has been a number of meetings...

The gentlemen of the St. Croix club, are arranging to give an entertainment at an early date...

Mr. and Mrs. F. G. McParsons are now occupying the Harrison cottage on Marks street.

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FREDERICTON.

Procession in Fredericton by W. T. H. Fenwick and J. H. Howarth.

May 6.—The Governor and Mrs. Fraser are going away on Saturday and as they will be absent several weeks...

The Misses Sherman entertained a number of their friends at a small dance on Thursday evening.

Miss Louisa Barrer is visiting friends at Sussex. The friends of Dr. D. B. Myhrall...

Mr. Frank J. Sherman, accountant, of the Merchants bank, during his recent visit to New York...

Mr. and Mrs. W. A. Gibson are receiving congratulations upon the arrival of a young son in their home.

Mr. Archie Tibbitts spent Sunday with friends at Robbsey.

Mrs. Fraser intends having a parlor concert at Government house early in June...

Mr. and Mrs. M. H. Hall who have been spending some weeks in the South are expected home this week.

Mr. C. W. Duffly left yesterday for Ottawa and will be absent about ten days.

Miss Kathleen Peir gave a dance on Friday evening which was much enjoyed by her young friends.

Miss Theal of Moncton is here the guest of her sister Mrs. McL. Shaw.

Mr. Truman of Boston is visiting friends in the city.

Miss Gertrude Fenwick is this evening entertaining her young friends at a dancing party.

So many families have moved during the past week that it is almost like playing a game of catch who can find one's friends...

Mr. and Mrs. George Hilliard of Boston are visiting Calais and are guests at the Border City hall.

Mr. and Mrs. Clarence Trimble are visiting Mr. and Mrs. Wallace Haycock.

Miss Carrie Washburn arrived home on Friday after an extended visit in Boston.

Dr. D. E. Seymour is recovering from his illness and expects soon to be able to drive out.

Mrs. J. R. Kimball is visiting friends in Boston. Mr. and Mrs. William Hall are guests of Mrs. Frank Todd.

TRURO.

Procession in Truro by G. O. Fallon and D. H. Smith & Co.

May 6.—Mr. and Mrs. D. H. Chisholm, who have been guests for a few days of their relatives at the Learmont returned home to Moncton yesterday.

The amateur minstrels now in practice expect to give their performance on the evening of Thursday the 28th...

Mr. Ralph Eaton, Conwell's Knags Co., is visiting relatives in town.

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BARBOURVILLE.

Procession in Barbourville by W. T. H. Fenwick and J. H. Howarth.

May 6.—Mr. J. Harry Wilson who has been very ill since his return from Campbellton was out for a short walk on Sunday.

Rev. M. C. Frothingham celebrated the thirty-third anniversary of his birth on Monday evening...

Mr. Frank J. Sherman, accountant, of the Merchants bank, during his recent visit to New York...

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A Simile in Smoke.

There's all sorts of grades of tobacco plant. The best comes from Havana. There's all sorts of grades of sarsaparilla plant. The best comes from Honduras.

If you want cheap sarsaparilla... But you don't want it. Of course you don't. You are paying for the best. To pay for the best and get anything but Honduras sarsaparilla is like paying for Havana cigars and getting Pittsburg "Stogies."

Any doubt about it? Send for the "Curebook." It kills doubts but cures doubts. Address: J. C. Ayer Co., Lowell, Mass.

A LEGACY.

BAD COLDS FREQUENTLY LAZINE BEHIND THEM.

IN THE FORM OF A SEVERE AND RACKING COUGH THAT HANGS ON.

Hawker's Balm of Tolu and Wild Cherry Will Cure it.

The above lines tell the whole story. Let it be emphasized by the further statement that thousands of persons gratefully testify to the benefit secured from the use of Hawker's balm, the great cough cure.

THAT FOLDING BED.

The Old Farmer Did Not Avail Himself of its Soothing Attractions.

An old, gray-whiskered man, who had lived all his life on a small farm near Batavia, stopped at the hotel last Tuesday evening.

He was sent to the third floor. Later in the evening he went out and didn't come back till midnight. He had evidently been enjoying himself. His breath smelled of whisky. He went up to his room and that was the last seen of him until early in the morning when a boy went to call him for his train.

The boy got no answer when he knocked on the door and he opened it and walked in. The folding bed had not been let down. The boy had to look about for a moment or two before he discovered the old man. Then he heard a husky voice from near the ceiling somewhere. He looked up and there was the guest curled up on top of the bed, rubbing his eyes. He was fully dressed, with the exception of his big cowhide boots which were standing on the floor.

"Say, mister," inquired the boy, "why didn't you get into bed?" "I couldn't," shouted the man, angrily, "there ain't no bed. Here I've been curled up on top of this sideboard all night without a wink of sleep. Ain't this a nice way to treat a man? Hey?"

A play called "The Child Widow" celebrated its 25th performance at the Royal theatre, London last week. It will be produced in the United States next fall (Nov. 30th.)

Those Rippling Folds

In your skirt will always keep their stylish grace if they are interlined with Fibre Chamois

Use the Rigby Proofed in skirts and capes always, as no moisture will penetrate it, though in price and appearance it is exactly the same as the plain.

Don't waste time on imitations, the real patented Fibre Chamois has a Red Star Label on each yard.

THE ROYAL GARMENT FINISHER, (under the former Queen's Printer), complete, is offered for sale at a very low price. It can be sold in two parts—one part containing Hand Press, Type, Stones, Galley, and all materials just as used up to the last on the Gazette. The second part is the Adams Power Press, Motor for driving it; said press is capable in its old days of performing the best work, while the Water Motor is a perfect 4 horse power. As this plant now stands, it is precisely the same as it was on leaving its complete in all its appointments. To be sold on accommodating terms, and the building will be rented low on the articles being disposed of. Apply at the book store of W. T. H. FENNEY, opposite the Post Office, Fredericton—B.N.

THINGS OF VALUE.

Harvard is the highest land in Colorado, 14,452 feet.

Warren is located on the highest land in Illinois, 1,005 feet.

Agitation in the world of homeopathic medicine is the very soul of progress, as in politics and religion—the difference of opinion and the individuality of men have been parents of the discoveries which the standard of these bodies has been elevated. So with most of our famous preparations—Erythra in illustration of which truth stands the world-famous remedy for general debility and languor, "Quinine Wine"—and which, when obtainable in its genuine strength, is a miraculous creator of appetite, vitality and stimulant to the general vitality of the system.

One of the health-giving elements of HIRE'S Rootbeer is sarsaparilla. It contains more sarsaparilla than many of the preparations called by that name. HIRE'S—the best by any test.

MINARD'S LINIMENT "KING OF PAIN."

For the Sea Shore...

OR THE COUNTRY.

A dress fabric which will not spot from rain or sea water. Will not become clammy or shapeless when wet. Perfectly shower proof. A stylish, durable dress fabric, drapes well, its well.

Waterwitch SERGE.

Priestley's name stamped on every five yards.

One of the health-giving elements of HIRE'S Rootbeer is sarsaparilla. It contains more sarsaparilla than many of the preparations called by that name. HIRE'S—the best by any test.

MINARD'S LINIMENT "KING OF PAIN."

INTERNATIONAL EXHIBITION, 1896.

The Exhibition Association of the City and County of St. John, N. B., will hold its

Exhibition for 1896 on their Fair Grounds

ST. JOHN, N. B.

Opening—Tuesday, September 22

Closing—Friday, October 2.

Early application should be made to the Secretary, 15 Canterbury street, St. John, N. B. for space and accommodation for Live Stock, Farm Produce, Machinery, Manufactures, and all other description of Exhibits, as also for Premium Lists, which will be issued at an early date.

Exhibits must be in place on the opening day.

The Provincial Government will exhibit their Imported Live Stock—not in competition for prizes—and will make public sales on the grounds. Other articles will be permitted.

More extensive and better attractions will be presented this year.

Further particulars will be given in a later ad-vertisement.

CHAS. A. EVERETT, Manager and Secretary, 15 Canterbury street.

LOOK AT...

The Display IN MY WINDOW.

Thos. Crockett, Cor. Princess and Sydney Sts.

Prices

are offering in Wear Suits.

of the newest Suit.

the best designs weather—in to \$7.00, and \$2.25 to \$3.50.

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December 31, 1895.

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and all classes of intellect.

By S. KERR & SON

John, N. B.

ST. JOHN, N. B., SATURDAY, MAY 9, 1896.

LONG IN THE SERVICE.

REGIMENTAL COLONELS WHO MAY BE CHANGED.

They Hold on to Office and Discourage Officers Who Want to Reach the Top of the Ladder—Some Examples of Deserved Promotion Noted.

HALIFAX, May 7.—The statement that the militia department had decided to limit the time during which the colonel commanding militia battalions could hold office to five, or at most to eight years, was good news to every officer on the Halifax force except Colonels Curran, Humphrey and Egan. These officers have already served for eight, seven, and four years respectively, and it looked, at first, as if they must necessarily retire at once and make room for ambitious successors. A second consideration of the order, however, gives them a large grain of comfort, for it seems the order is not to be "retroactive" and that they still have the five or the eight years during which to enjoy the sweets of command.

It is not fair to the junior officers of a battalion, that they should serve year after year with no hope of promotion till the colonel passes the age limit of sixty, or chooses to step out. Many a good officer has left the service because he saw no chance to gratify a laudable ambition to reach the command of his battalion unless death should step in to make room for him. Take the Halifax garrison artillery, for instance, Colonel Curran is a good officer in nearly every respect, lacking perhaps in one thing that he has not sufficient determination to do the right in matters of discipline no matter though the heavens should fall. A certain weakness in this matter is almost his only drawback to perfection, as a C. O. But good officer as he is, the chances are that if he were to stay there as long as he would wish to remain, that every spark of ambition to rise to the command would soon have died out of the hearts of such men as Major Garrison, Major Maxwell, Major Oxley, Major Hesselein or Major Stewart. These men are all the contemporaries in age with Colonel Curran and ere he was tired of the command they would be compelled by the expiry of the major's age to leave the battalion.

The same holds true of the 66th Princess Louise Fusiliers of this city. When would gallant Colonel W. M. Humphrey become so satisfied with military honors that he would voluntarily retire from the command of the "plungers"? Not, at least, till after the 60 years age limit had passed. Then what chance is there for such ambitious men as Major Byron A. Weston or Major John Menger, to reach the top, or what hope is there for such captains as Chipman, Browne, Whitman or King.

The 63rd Rifles have had a lot of trouble with their colonel, at least Captain Dixon has had a protracted quarrel with him. Egan seems to be coming out on top and with right on his side too, but what incentive was there to the younger officers to work their way up and do the best of which they are capable when there was no hope of ever reaching the top of the ladder. Colonel Egan has been commanding officer only since 1892 and if he stayed there till he was 60 what would become of Major James Noble Cran, and of Major A. G. Cunningham, or of such Captains as Hechler, Twining, James, Sircom, Gunning and Dixon. They would simply not be in it for the top of the ladder.

Now, even if the years of command the colonels have already enjoyed do not count, as it seems in the case, they will have to come down five years, hence for with the years already put in they can hardly think of asking the extension of the three years addition. The change therefore, as far as Halifax is concerned, is a good thing.

But how much better the change is for some other battalions in Nova Scotia. There is the 68th, with headquarters at Kentville. For twenty-seven long years L. De V. Chipman has been colonel, while a long list of officers have been waiting for a quarter a century or more to be allowed a period of rule as commanding officer. What about Majors Balcher and Harby, or Captains Steadman, Radden, Borden, Beckwith, Ross, Rennie, Dodge, West and Cassidy.

much sympathy for naturally ambitious men like Majors Shaffner and Jacques, nor for Captains Morse, Roach, Bowby, Ritey Dodge and Phinney.

In the 75th of Lunenburg Colonel Charles A. Kaulback was appointed in 1880, and had the new rule been in force ere this Mayor Griffiths or Captains King, Ross, Hamm or Langille might have been in a fair way for the command.

George H. Sutherland, was appointed colonel of the 78th of Colchester in 1893, so there is nothing to complain of there, though there might have been a quarter of a century hence had it not been for the new rule.

M. B. Harrison has been colonel of the 93rd of Cumberland since 1895, and it is high time Major Black or Captains Oxley, Harrison, Mills, Black, Letcher or Potter had a chance to move upward.

For only two years has J. L. Bethune been colonel of the 94th Victoria Highlanders of Baddeck.

From this it will be seen that there is need of "a change." In another respect also "a change" is required, and that is in greater honesty in making up the returns of drill and drawing pay therefrom. With rare exceptions dishonest returns are sent in by companies and battalions. This is the case in Halifax and is probably true all over Canada. It is pleasing to know that there are exceptions; that honest company returns in some instances are sent in to headquarters, but all the returns should be honest. Scores of men are charged for putting in the full number of drills and entitled to the full amount of pay, and this return is frequently sworn to, when the full number of drills was rather put in, and by no right under heaven could the full money be drawn. Yet it is drawn, nevertheless, and the cash is illegally paid into company funds. The H. G. A. are having trouble over alleged irregular doings at the inspection. There may be serious trouble over this other matter, and officers are hereby warned to be careful in future if they wish to avoid scandal and a "sensation."

By the way it is said that Gannon Fader has affixed his own name to the charges that have been made against officers of the H. G. A., and that the document has been forwarded to Ottawa. If Fader fails to prove his case,—to substantiate his charge,—it is said that proceedings will be instituted against him in a court of law for alleged slander. Fader, however, says he has a sure thing, and that he knows he has not been "talking through his hat."

SACRED BAND CONCERTS.
At the Halifax Public Gardens on Sunday Afternoon Discussed.

HALIFAX, May 7.—The proposal has been made to have sacred band concerts at the public gardens on Sunday afternoons this summer. There are many who would express themselves in favor of this, and there is a very influential section who would bitterly oppose the innovation. The clergy and most of the church going classes are against it, and it is a question, if a ballot were taken on the subject, which view would command a majority of the people's votes. Secretary W. F. Pickering, of the garden commission, is warmly in favor of the Sunday concerts. He is working up an agitation in their favor, and doing all he can to secure music for the gardens on Sunday. He thinks, he says, that people would be legitimately amused and improved by listening to a programme of band music after church on Sundays.

CHILDREN WHO DANCE.

BRIGHT LITTLE GIRLS WHO ARE ON THE STAGE.

They are Fond of Dancing and in Turn Delight Thousands—Little Ruby will Give her "Tribby" Dance Before Du Maurier and the Princess of Wales.

It is a strange fact but nevertheless true that the infant dancers are so fond of their chosen occupation that their little minds harbor grievance sore and vindictive against the laws that restrain their endeavors. They are a numerous tribe, too. The stage is to them a pleasure and they in turn delight thousands.

One of the brightest of the tots is "Little Ruby," who, in private life is known as the baby daughter of Mrs. K. A. Johnson, and who lives, when in New York, at 357 West Twenty-third street.

She is one of the most precocious of these little dancers. Ruby is scarcely 6 years old and a thoroughly healthy, wholesome child, with no thoughts beyond the playthings of babyhood until the stage is mentioned. Dancing and acting are the two subjects that can stir the infant from her dolls and even the inanimate sawdust creatures are put through the steps of intricate mazes and utilized as the stately dames of stage-land. Dancing is as

natural to "Little Ruby" and as enjoyable as water and swimming are to a young duck.

At present she is in London with her mother. They went thither on a special cable summons to appear before her royal highness, the Princess of Wales in Ruby's new "Tribby" dance. She will also appear in a number of fashionable drawing rooms before her return and may go to Paris as a very lucrative offer has been made by a famous manager of that capital. The crowning glory of this particular dance will be given when she appears before Du Maurier the author and instigator of the "Tribby" craze.

"Little Ruby" sailed away from these shores in the Paris and the last glimpse of her was patriotic. She was seated at the bow of the vessel waving a miniature United States flag.

is much sought after by shrewd managers.

Although debarred from public appearance, she still keeps up her studies for the ballet premiere's; it is simply the accentuation of the natural longing to dance, and be merry—the nature with a few artistic touches added to help it over rough spots.

Little Miss Mabel Paige is a native of New York and, although she has been on the stage since she was four and a half years old, and is now fourteen, she will have to wait many months before she will be allowed to make her debut in New York. But this has not prevented her from gaining a remarkable reputation as a dancer.



PERFECTION
Cut No. 3 P.

They are Fond of Dancing and in Turn Delight Thousands—Little Ruby will Give her "Tribby" Dance Before Du Maurier and the Princess of Wales.



LITTEE RUBY. VIOLET DALE. FOSTINA RUGGIERA.

she was to give a performance eight times a week and each one lasting only eight minutes, including encores, the rate of compensation was equal to about \$4 a dancing minute.

comedy where ample opportunity was given for the display of her specialty. She also sings and acts, but outside of New York state.

The stage has a very decided tendency to age a performer especially those of the gentler sex, but Mrs. Paige, who always accompanies Mabel, has always managed to keep her in an atmosphere of home life just as soon as her performances are over.

A charming young girl is Rosa Marston, who lives with her mother, also in New York. Utterly devoid of any flavor of the stage, she is, however, thoroughly in love with her chosen profession, and grieves much that the law declares her an infant, although she is within sight of her thirteenth birthday. Her dancing in the "World Against Her" company where she played the part of Ned, was one of the stellar attractions of that play. She is a pretty little thing with a face that breaks into the most delightful smiles when she smiles and a captivating pair of brown eyes that are rather roguish, beam beneath her curved eyebrows.

Hammocks!

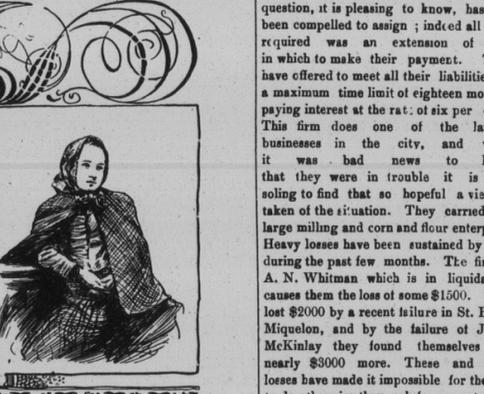
THE SEASON for OUT-DOOR RECREATION is now at hand. To make the enjoyment of same complete, you should have an

"ARROWWANNA" HAMMOCK.

We can supply them in various styles, with or without Valance
Prices from 90c. to \$3.20 each.

Manchester Robertson & Allison, St. John

she was to give a performance eight times a week and each one lasting only eight minutes, including encores, the rate of compensation was equal to about \$4 a dancing minute.



LITTEE RUBY. VIOLET DALE. FOSTINA RUGGIERA.

It is interesting to trace the close connection between a comparatively small occurrence more than a year ago and the important event which now is recorded in the extension of time asked for by this large firm. Considerably more than a year ago G. H. McKinlay endorsed accommodation paper for a man who has been out of the city for several months, interested in gold mines, but who is expected back sooner or later, to the extent of \$600 or so. McKinlay got into difficulties, and more than a year ago an assignment was drawn up ready to be filed whenever it was unavoidable to do otherwise. This was kept quiet and McKinlay was kept going till at last that accommodation paper for the Halifax businessman brought him down. The bank of Montreal notified McKinlay that if the notes were not paid they would enter suit for the amount and secure judgment. True, many others in the same boat with McKinlay obtained similar notices from the bank, but they paid part and renewed, or made some other arrangement. McKinlay failed to do this either because he did not wish to try, or knew that he could not succeed if he did. This made an assignment necessary and the assignment document drawn up a year ago, was brought into requisition. The large firm under discussion, which asked for the extension of time was sorely taxed owing to their loss of \$3000 suffered by McKinlay's failure, and which, together with other heavy losses, brought them to their present position.

Had McKinlay not endorsed the absent gold mining citizen's paper for \$600 McKinlay might still have been considered to be in fair business standing, and the firm now in difficulty might not have endured the strain of an additional \$5,000 taken out of their assets.

The firm have the best wishes of all in the gallant attempt they are making to pay dollar for dollar with interest, and the chances are that with ordinary luck they will succeed.

Are You Moving?

No doubt this question has been answered a great many times during the past week, and we have had our share of the fun with those who would answer in the affirmative.

Our Dyeing and Cleaning Department has been very busy during this moving season, but we know that there are lots of people who have overlooked some articles to be cleaned or dyed. When you are setting your house to rights look them up and send to UNGAR and have a first-class job.

UNGAR'S LAUNDRY and DYE WORKS, 28-34 Waterloo Street.

NONSENSE and belief-purifiers. LOODP MEYS LOOD, one. y cannot, and s more impure. the body goes wers of the s-ight and day. E CURE et health, and t feeling, the nervous unrest, ed by poisoned on the kidneys tions. at this. The theory is s a natural Personal proof. nprise y you than any y place. We i about any "his" whatever. ur ability to not merely just our than equal here. We have o the entire satis- plishment that we know ou. S K" mpany, Ltd., lisonburg, Ont. WIRE FENCING PE SELVAGE. S. Co. er Week STON. TIL further notice the owners of this company have St. John for East, Lunenburg, and on every MONDAY, WEDNESDAY and FRIDAY morning at 7 a. m. and will leave Bonaventure at 8 a. m. and return at 6 p. m. mers, will not call at port with steamers for to 5 p. m. AACHLER, Agt. AN FIG Ry. ally ted Tours SKA, June 25th, and Fri- turn to be about July 7th respectively. ip, \$375, Dining Cars, Hotels, etc. tion apply to D. F. A. E. ROTHEAN, District Agent, St. John, N. S.

Sunday Reading.

The Last Evil to Overcome. The love of self in our natural good is the last evil that is overcome, and when the Lord took of the soul that only Og, king of Bashan, remained of the remnant of giants.

The Glory of God. God's glory will be increased the more we develop according to His purpose. Those glorify Him that most who are working most efficiently according to His design.

Live by the Bible. He who believes in the Bible and follows its directions as to his conduct in life cannot fail to see that his heaven which he is going is a goodly land.

Understanding the Christian Religion. The Christian religion is just coming to be understood. We are learning that all things true are Christian, and that Christians include all things pertaining to right living.

The Evils of Prosperity. Prosperity begets self-satisfaction and self-confidence. God and His favors do not seem so indispensable when we feel that we have all the world can supply.

Much of our misery is needless. Even where it cannot be helped, we make it worse by our worries. The affliction is embittered and intensified by gloomy thoughts and feelings which we inject into it.

This truth comes to us more and more the longer we live, that on what field or in what uniform or with what arms we do our duty matters very little, or what our duty is, great or small, splendid or obscure.

All human knowledge, all human affection, is built on faith. Faith is the eye and the ear of the soul. All history is with us a matter of faith.

Grains of Gold. One may live as a conqueror, a king or a magistrate, but he must die as a man. Do not lose the present in vain perplexities about the future.

Little things often change the current of life. A moment's temper has often severed a friendship which might have lasted a lifetime.

Let a man but admit his ignorance and be willing to learn; there is always hope for him. It is for those alone who are invincibly ignorant of their own ignorance that there exists no prospect whatever of intellectual salvation.

The devil will get a hard blow in the face, on the day woman is given the ballot. If some people would think twice before they speak, they would keep still most of the time.

There would be more revivals, if more of the preaching were done to the sinners in the church. God's children are the only people who have a place of refuge at all hours.

To license the saloon is to consent for the devil to stay loose. Many are more anxious to be considered right than to be right.

Filling the mine with knowledge never takes any sin out of the heart. El Queen's may sometimes provoke righteous indignation, but it cannot produce righteousness of life.

God has filled the world with teachers for those who will learn. The devil has an arm around the neck of the man who lives an aimless life.

David had longer arms than Goliath, by knowing how to use a sling. Faith always builds its house on the rock.

A faithful trial of God's word will always prove that he is in it. The most dangerous place for a Christian is to be where he doesn't feel the need of Christ.

No man can overcome himself without the help of Christ. Whatever we ought to do we may expect God's help to do.

More mountains would be moved if there were more people with faith as a grain of mustard seed. Principles Make the Man.

Behind all character there are enduring principles, and it is by these principles, handed on from sire to son, but developed for the first time sometimes by him in whom they are illustrated, that greatness is nurtured and the truest kingship achieved.

We see now and there, men of the humble lineage, as the world reckons such things, who mount to the loftiest eminence from the lowliest and most obscure beginnings, and we see all along, in the history of such men, certain dominant aspirations, courage and majesty of rectitude, which rule and mould them from the beginning.

Behind all character there are enduring principles, and it is by these principles, handed on from sire to son, but developed for the first time sometimes by him in whom they are illustrated, that greatness is nurtured and the truest kingship achieved.

We misunderstand God. We misunderstand each other—it would be strange if we did not often misunderstand the ways of God. The essential thing is that we should be at rest in heart in the remembrance that it is impossible that He should misunderstand us or judge us hastily or harshly.

Peace and Righteousness. There is, if not a higher thought than peace, yet one which necessarily precedes and makes its permanence possible and desirable. Righteousness and truth are the only firm foundation of peace.

Pictures in the Mind. Eyes and ears are the camera to photograph permanent pictures on the sensitive plates of the mind for active life and you are the responsible operator.

TAPESTRY TREASURES.

A NEW BOUDOIR HUNG WITH GORGEOUS TAPESTRIES.

Mrs. Astor Owns Rare Egyptian Hangings and Other Ladies Possess the Worth of Many a King's Ransom in Splendid Specimens of Antique Needlework.

NEW YORK, May 8.—Apropos to tapestry, among the most beautiful and costly decorations of C. P. Huntington's new house on Fifth avenue, of which he has just taken possession, are the tapestries, hung in hall and dining room.

The walls are entirely covered with splendid needle work pictures some sixteen in number. Richly carved furniture, upholstered in crimson velvet, complete the furnishings of the tapestry room.

Other New York members of the Croes-family—the Elbridge Gerrys, for instance, and the Phelps Stokes, own many of the finest tapestries; some are so old that they are almost on the eve of dissolution but like an antique ruin, the older the better. You then cherish the



MRS. HUNTINGTON'S TAPESTRY ROOM.

delusion that it has descended to you from a long line of ancestors. In Mrs. Astor's splendid new mansion are also magnificent examples of tapestries, particularly of Brussels tapestry—the silk and gold point as it is called; and some of the very oldest of her hangings are said to be replicas of Egyptian tapestries, seldom seen nowadays.

As to its manufacture, tapestry is neither weaving nor true embroidery, but in a manner unites in its working these processes into one, to again quote Mr. Getz. Though wrought in a loom and upon a warp stretched out along its frame, it has no web of threads across these threads with a shuttle or any like appliance, but its web is done with many threads, all variously colored and intertwined by hand from the spool or "bates" upon a series of closely set white strings or "chains" of worsted or wool, thus forming a web and producing combinations of lines and tints analogous to those obtained by the painter with his brush.

Don't pack your furs away for the summer before cleaning them well, if they need it. All sorts of fur collects dirt and dust, more than one would think, and if packed away in this condition a host of moths will be the result.

Short-haired furs, such as seal skin and ermine, are best cleaned with soft flannel. The fur should be rubbed delicately against the grain until it has all been thoroughly cleaned and reversed. Then dip the flannel into common flour and rub lightly any spots that look dark or dirty. Shake the fur well and rub with a clean flannel until the flour is all removed.

Sable, chinchilla, squirrel, and monkey skin may be beautifully cleaned with a little white soap, and a small quantity of branmeal in the oven. Rub it well into the fur; allow it to remain for a few moments before shaking it out.

Warm cornmeal will freshen mink fur. The white angora and "baby lamb," worn by children, may also be cleaned by rubbing with clear flour.

Their Code Complete. Emily:—Why are you yawning your handkerchief? Angelina:—(Since papa has forbidden Tom the house, we have arranged a code of signals.) Emily:—What is it? Angelina:—(When he waves his handkerchief five times that means, "Do you love me?" and when I wave frantically in reply it means, "Yes, darling.") Emily:—And how do you ask other questions? Angelina:—We don't. That's the whole code.

Curious Case of Long Standing. It is not alone the people of our own country, and prominent citizens like Urban Lippe, M. E., of Joliet, Que., and other members of Parliament, who have used Dr. Agnew's Catarrhal Powder, pronounce it the most effective remedy they have ever known, but people everywhere are expressing their gratification at the effectiveness of this medicine.

Love is like the diamond—pure, white. Other graces shine like the precious stones of nature, each with its own hue of brilliance, the diamond uniting all colors with one beautiful and simple white. Love uniting all graces is the fulfilling of the law, the beauty of holiness, the image of God.

brought from Egypt," says the woman in the Book of Proverbs.

An authority on the subject of tapestries, Mr. Getz, says that from Egypt, through Western Asia, the art of tapestry making found its way to Europe, and was followed in Flanders, Germany, England, Italy, and Spain. Monks were among the best workers at this, and the walls and altars of their convents were hung with tapestry; trade guilds were formed in France and ancient Flanders, and several places won special fairs, but as an outrance them all, so that "Aras work," "Aras-hangings" or "Araszi" came to be a common word, meaning all sorts of tapestry woven by hand.

It is but one among other terms by which, during the middle ages, tapestry was called wherever it was made, for during the 14th and 15th centuries, Arras was the city from whence came the most important tapestries. They stood for all that was richest in color and choicest in material.

We all know what an important part Arras hangings used to play in old novels—indeed a story without its tapestry covered walls were very tame indeed.

The famous Gobelin tapestries originated with a family named Gobelin. Jehan of Rheims, towards the middle of the fifteenth century, founded on the banks of the river Bièvre, a dyehouse which became celebrated and brought to its proprietors a fortune.

Who doesn't like to read about buried treasure? Who hasn't dreamed of finding it? What delight suddenly to possess vast riches? Shining gold, sparkling gems! Things for which we have not been obliged to toil or scheme or toiling thereafter!

But clap the brakes down hard on the wheels of your imagination. What was money to Robinson Crusoe? What would the wealth of Peru have been to Mrs. Jane Stranks, during a certain period of eighteen months that she tells about? Dust, my dear fellow, countless pinches of common dust.

But the reason why—once more picture at that fearful furnace in which as earthly desires are melted into one prayer—"Oh, God, deliver me from pain!"

"In June, 1891," she says, "I had an attack of influenza, followed by bronchitis, which left me very low and feeble. I had no appetite, and the little foot, my hands, face, and legs being puffed up, and was in agony day and night. I became so weak I could not raise my hand to my mouth, and had to be fed."

"For months I lay perfectly helpless and almost lifeless, having to be lifted in and out of bed. Four doctors attended me for nine months without effect. Then they told me they could do nothing for me, one of them giving me a letter of recommendation to Guy's Hospital. At Easter, 1892, my husband took me in a cab to that hospital, and I was placed in the Miriam Ward, and examined by several doctors.

"At this time a hard substance seemed to have formed in my stomach, which the doctors said was a tumor, and treated me for it. I got weaker and weaker, until one night the nurse told me that the doctors had said I was as bad as I could be, and would not probably live through the night."

"The nurse placed a screen around my bed, expecting me to die. Taking a slight turn for the better, I returned home, but was soon as bad as ever. After this I got a letter of recommendation from our landlord, and attended an outdoor patient at Victoria Park Hospital. After being under treatment a month, I lost all faith in medicine and gave up taking it. I was now little more than a living misery. I was tired of life, and often prayed that the Almighty would take me. I now had fits of shaking so bad that the bed trembled under me. My head was so full of pain that I thought I was going mad, and several times a day I lost consciousness."

"In this dreadful condition I lingered on until November of last year, 1892, when a book was left at our house telling of a medicine called Seigel's Syrup. I had lost all hope of getting well, but my husband would have me try this medicine. To please him I did so; and after taking it a few days, I felt a little relief. My breathing was easier and my appetite revived. Continuing with the medicine all pain gradually left me, and I gained strength daily. In six weeks I was able to go about the house and do light work, the first time I had done anything in eighteen months. I am now in good health, and able to do any kind of work. I owe my life to Seigel's Syrup, (Signed) Jane Stranks, 22, Gaywood Road, Hoe Street, Walthamstow, near London, April 20, 1893."

No words of comment can be too strong for a case so remarkable. We stand before it at a loss what to say. It is not a miracle, of course; although many a reputed miracle has been less wonderful. How is it possible that Seigel's Syrup could, with such apparent ease, have restored to health a person in so desperate a straits? Yet that it did restore her is certain. The facts have been thoroughly investigated and established beyond a dispute.

Mrs. Stranks was on the crumbling edge of the grave, and was thence brought back to the region of health, activity, and enjoyment. How was it done? There is the simple secret. The influenza left her whole system debilitated, as it usually does. Indigestion—which in the first place invited influenza—attacked her with increased power. Asthma, heart disturbance, nervous prostration, the inflamed and congested stomach, which was mistaken for a tumor, etc., etc.—all results and symptoms of arrested digestion—followed. The private and also the hospital treatment failed, because it was directed to the symptoms, not to the cause. Finally, Mother Seigel's Curative Syrup was applied.

TRY SATINS, The Finest Molasses Chewing Candy in the Land. GANONG BROS., Ltd., St. Stephen, N. B.

ONE THOUSAND LLAMAS LADEN WITH GOLD.

Who doesn't like to read about buried treasure? Who hasn't dreamed of finding it? What delight suddenly to possess vast riches? Shining gold, sparkling gems! Things for which we have not been obliged to toil or scheme or toiling thereafter!

About four centuries ago the Emperor of Peru was a captive in the hands of the Spaniards. His people sent a train of 1,000 llamas (a small beast of burden resembling a camel) laden with gold to ransom him. While on their way, crossing the Andes mount in, the men in charge of the expedition heard of the death of the Emperor, and conceived this enormous treasure so effectually that not a trace of it has ever been found. Go and dig it up, and you will never again feel the sting of poverty.

But the reason why—once more picture at that fearful furnace in which as earthly desires are melted into one prayer—"Oh, God, deliver me from pain!"

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"At this time a hard substance seemed to have formed in my stomach, which the doctors said was a tumor, and treated me for it. I got weaker and weaker, until one night the nurse told me that the doctors had said I was as bad as I could be, and would not probably live through the night."

"The nurse placed a screen around my bed, expecting me to die. Taking a slight turn for the better, I returned home, but was soon as bad as ever. After this I got a letter of recommendation from our landlord, and attended an outdoor patient at Victoria Park Hospital. After being under treatment a month, I lost all faith in medicine and gave up taking it. I was now little more than a living misery. I was tired of life, and often prayed that the Almighty would take me. I now had fits of shaking so bad that the bed trembled under me. My head was so full of pain that I thought I was going mad, and several times a day I lost consciousness."

"In this dreadful condition I lingered on until November of last year, 1892, when a book was left at our house telling of a medicine called Seigel's Syrup. I had lost all hope of getting well, but my husband would have me try this medicine. To please him I did so; and after taking it a few days, I felt a little relief. My breathing was easier and my appetite revived. Continuing with the medicine all pain gradually left me, and I gained strength daily. In six weeks I was able to go about the house and do light work, the first time I had done anything in eighteen months. I am now in good health, and able to do any kind of work. I owe my life to Seigel's Syrup, (Signed) Jane Stranks, 22, Gaywood Road, Hoe Street, Walthamstow, near London, April 20, 1893."

No words of comment can be too strong for a case so remarkable. We stand before it at a loss what to say. It is not a miracle, of course; although many a reputed miracle has been less wonderful. How is it possible that Seigel's Syrup could, with such apparent ease, have restored to health a person in so desperate a straits? Yet that it did restore her is certain. The facts have been thoroughly investigated and established beyond a dispute.

Mrs. Stranks was on the crumbling edge of the grave, and was thence brought back to the region of health, activity, and enjoyment. How was it done? There is the simple secret. The influenza left her whole system debilitated, as it usually does. Indigestion—which in the first place invited influenza—attacked her with increased power. Asthma, heart disturbance, nervous prostration, the inflamed and congested stomach, which was mistaken for a tumor, etc., etc.—all results and symptoms of arrested digestion—followed. The private and also the hospital treatment failed, because it was directed to the symptoms, not to the cause. Finally, Mother Seigel's Curative Syrup was applied.

ONE THOUSAND LLAMAS LADEN WITH GOLD.

Who doesn't like to read about buried treasure? Who hasn't dreamed of finding it? What delight suddenly to possess vast riches? Shining gold, sparkling gems! Things for which we have not been obliged to toil or scheme or toiling thereafter!

About four centuries ago the Emperor of Peru was a captive in the hands of the Spaniards. His people sent a train of 1,000 llamas (a small beast of burden resembling a camel) laden with gold to ransom him. While on their way, crossing the Andes mount in, the men in charge of the expedition heard of the death of the Emperor, and conceived this enormous treasure so effectually that not a trace of it has ever been found. Go and dig it up, and you will never again feel the sting of poverty.

But the reason why—once more picture at that fearful furnace in which as earthly desires are melted into one prayer—"Oh, God, deliver me from pain!"

"In June, 1891," she says, "I had an attack of influenza, followed by bronchitis, which left me very low and feeble. I had no appetite, and the little foot, my hands, face, and legs being puffed up, and was in agony day and night. I became so weak I could not raise my hand to my mouth, and had to be fed."

"For months I lay perfectly helpless and almost lifeless, having to be lifted in and out of bed. Four doctors attended me for nine months without effect. Then they told me they could do nothing for me, one of them giving me a letter of recommendation to Guy's Hospital. At Easter, 1892, my husband took me in a cab to that hospital, and I was placed in the Miriam Ward, and examined by several doctors.

"At this time a hard substance seemed to have formed in my stomach, which the doctors said was a tumor, and treated me for it. I got weaker and weaker, until one night the nurse told me that the doctors had said I was as bad as I could be, and would not probably live through the night."

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DEATH FROM DELAY.

A Life Lost by Heart Disease When Prompt Measures Would Have Saved It.

This is not to be said of one death from heart disease only, but of tens of thousands. If the symptoms that warn one of heart trouble are not heeded, the outcome is almost sure to be serious. When one is fortunate enough to be acquainted with the merits of Dr. Agnew's Cure for the Heart in 95 per cent. of cases disaster is averted. This medicine will positively give relief in half an hour's time, and taken with some little degree of perseverance radically cures. If your heart palpitates, flutters or tires out easily, and you value life, use this remedy.

More Conviction. "He told me he liked to read my poems by the fireside," said Scribb. "Very likely," said Cycicus. "He can throw 'em in without getting up."

Useful at Last. "You should have seen how regally Miss Do Frivolis swept down the avenue yesterday!" "Well that's the first time I ever heard of a girl doing anything useful."

CONTENTS OF THE BOTTLE.

Where a Rheumatic sufferer Was Cured With One Bottle of South American Rheumatic Cure.

The cures effected by South American Rheumatic Cure are so quick and certain that they may well be termed marvellous. The secret is that the medicine removes from the system the acids that are really the cause of rheumatism. W. H. Cooper, of Delhi, Ont., says: "My son, 15 years old, was a sufferer from rheumatism for six months. He became so bad that he was unable to walk. I purchased one bottle of South American Rheumatic Cure from Mr. Byers, our local druggist, and the following day he was able to drive a load of wood to Delhi." Sold by H. Dick and S. McDiarmid.

Soft hands indicate a character lacking energy and force. There are over 70 miles of tunnels cut in the solid rock of Gibraltar. The devil has no fault to find with the man who is in love with himself. It is estimated that 32,000 varieties of goods are manufactured from wool. Two hundred and seventy-two textile mills were erected in this country in 1892. The father of Spahr, the great violinist, was a country doctor with small practice. Major Andro's sword is in possession of a Gr. nan named Riepe, living in Avondale, N. J.

MUST BE DISSOLVED.

Kidney Disease Cannot be Cured by Pills or Powder.—The Common Cause of Science.

For a disordered stomach or a sick headache pills and powders are not without effect, but when these same remedies are said to cure kidney disease, the common sense of science rebukes the claim. The insidious and growing disease will not be driven from the system unless a medicine is given that will dissolve the hard substance—uric acid and oxalate of lime—that give rise to the distress and pain that is common to all who suffer from kidney complaint. South American Kidney Cure is a kidney specific. It dissolves these hard substances, and while it dissolves it also heals. The cures effected leave no question of its powers.—Sold by H. Dick and S. McDiarmid.

NOTCHES ON THE STICK.

PATERICK TELLS OF HIS VISIT TO OLDTOWN, MAINE.

The Indian Citizens are Very Interesting and Prosperous—The Authors Guild and the Home of Poe—Some Exquisite Little German Translations.

Ministers Week—or the period of an annual Methodist Conference—quite deranged our small literary belongings, reducing to nil our scribbling propensities, so that our customary notches were not cut into the door-post of PROGRESS last week. It may be a relief to the public to understand that we shed few "feathers from a flying wing," and that, if some plan can be devised to keep us on the move, the seekers after sensible things in this paper will not then be bothered with our paragraphs. We are now, however, settling down in our annual closet, and the usual variety of things new and old may be hereafter ventilated; unless the spirit of restlessness, or the mandate of authority shall detach us, and give command again to wander.

Episodes worthy of record, were our visit to Indian Island, and to the Maine State College at Oldtown, Me., having been ferried over this branch of the now full-swinging Penobscot, by an Indian in his bateau, you seem to have traversed several hundreds of miles, and to have entered a new region, and to have mingled with another race. French Canada seemed to have reached down here, and touched this part of Maine, which evidently smacks as much of the habitant as of the Indian. Here are the homes, in a certain degree indicative of comfort and prosperity, if not of luxury and taste,—though neatness and spick-span cleanliness are not, in modern times at least peculiar virtues of the Indian. A plank side-walk runs the length of the village,—past the chapel, school house, hall and cemetery, and decent frame houses,—amid which we deary never a wigwam, but or bevel,—some well kept, and of ample proportions, and surrounded by shade and fruit trees. The people we meet are civil, if shy, and the children are modest, well-mannered, some of them having pleasant faces and sweet voices. Questions put to them were candidly, if somewhat hesitatingly answered. It kindly and courteous you can generally gain access to the homes of the people, and to their friendly confidence, as well. From the hill-top, overlooking the river, with its canoes and bateaux gliding by, we read tributes to departing governors of the tribe of Penobscots, inscribed on monuments of white marble. The Indian is possessed of his honest pride and grateful memory, and takes pleasure in recording the special virtues of his tribal leader.

The members of the literary guild in New York city have recently been warmly exercised over the threatened destruction of the Poe cottage, on Kingsbridge road, at the top of Fordham hill. This quaint little Dutch building, specimens of which are becoming scarce in the land, was the residence of Edgar Allan Poe, and of Virginia Elm, his wife—the "Lenore," and "Annabel Lee" of his poems—and of her mother, concerning whom he wrote: "My mother—my own mother, who died early Was but the mother of my life: but you Are mother to one I love so dearly, And thus a dearer than the mother I knew, By that infinity which which my wife Was dearer to my soul than its soul life."

In this little low-roofed place, then shaded with trees, and with its veranda running the whole length of the cottage, the poet knew some of his most prosperous days, and performed his most important work, while as the assistant of C. F. Briggs he edited the "Broadway Journal." Here he came in social and literary contact with Willis and others of the Gotham literati of that time. The cottage was then removed at some distance from the city, in the rural environs of Westchester, but with the extension of that growing metropolis, it has now been brought within its limits, and has like many a relic of the kind, been made liable to disappearance.

A bill of the City Council, providing for the creation of a park at 192nd street, and the Grand Boulevard, and the widening of Kingsbridge road, has put into sudden peril this choice shrine of the lovers of genius, and involves the destruction or the removal of the cottage. This demolition, or alteration of the site of the building, has justly been regarded as a piece of vandalism which must hereafter be repented of, when such regret is too late. Just now the literary societies of Massachusetts are busy with purchasing the Longfellow, Lowell and Whittier houses, and converting them into repositories of relics, and shrines for the visitation of pilgrims; and this is surely the fit time to redeem the cottage of Poe from the violence of axe and crow-bar, and make it what it ought to be, an object sacred to his memory who is, perhaps, the sweetest and most finely-artistic of all our lyriats. So Tennyson thought of him, and so think all the French and many English and German.

For its rescue the Authors Guild is alert, and, as is now usual in all such movements, the ladies are at the very front. They are not satisfied with the intention of the City Authorities to "remove the cottage to another site, within the proposed park," but "they desire to have the limits of the park extended so as to take in th

Poe cottage, which can then be preserved on its present site."

To effect this a delegation of lady authors, accompanied by General James Grant Wilson, President of the Authors' Guild, and General James R. O'Bairne, whose father-in-law was the owner of a cottage on what is now Eighty-fourth st., where Poe lived for a time, waited on the Mayor, and presented their plea and petition. This committee of the Poe Memorial Association, headed by Mrs. Fay Pierce, included Mrs. Harriet Maxwell Converse, Mrs. Ellen Hardin Walworth, Mrs. E. H. Alexander, Mrs. E. A. Grosley and Mrs. Almon Hensley. The case was opened by General Wilson, who "saw no public necessity for the bill in its present form. There was no objection to a park, but in its creation the Poe house should not be desecrated."

Mrs. Pierce spoke with much warmth—or read from her manuscript—and so forcibly as to impress the Mayor. Indignantly she exclaimed: "I would rather that the cottage was burned up, than have it removed from its present site!" To do such a deed was inexcusable barbarism and vandalism, only to be accounted for by the supposition that the authorities were "unaware of Poe's position among the great poets of the world." She supported her plea by extracts read from letters written by John Sherman, Theodore Roosevelt, Rev. Dr. Rainsford, Senator George F. Hoar, Cardinal Gibbons, Henry Cabot Lodge, Chauncy Depew, and others, who commended the efforts being made to preserve the Poe cottage on its present site.

Mrs. Hensley said, among other things: "The genius of every poet, no matter how virile his work may be a reason why the life and work of a poet are particularly dear and sacred to us, woman; but it is a more special reason why a powerful man should stretch out his hand to aid its cause. . . Any one can destroy, but no mortal can restore life, or make of a demolished structure the thing it once was. Cities may rise and fall; political organizations will last just until their work is accomplished; but, so long as there are wives and mothers and daughters in the world, so long will endure the fame of Edgar Poe; and we would have our Mayor figure in history as the man who, with his genius for reform and his power to sweep away abuses, saved to the American nation the home of one of the greatest, if not the greatest, of American poets."

It is to be regretted that the full concession was not made to these noble and eloquent pleaders, who regarded the most precious and sacred interests of the nation. They fought hard for the preservation of the cottage on its present site, but it was not granted them; it must be removed sixty-two feet, and will be kept within the park. It will be seen, however, that, with this removal, and the alteration of the country around it, how greatly the value of the relic must be diminished, as the cottage at Alloway, or of Stratford, would be, if brought thus within the limits of a great and widening city.

We read with interest, the other day, a timely article in "The Review of Reviews," on Poe Cottage, followed by a symposium of letters from a large circle of literary people, all expressing a desire for its preservation, as a shrine for relics of the poet of "Ulalume" and "The Raven."

We owe to several translators a love of German balladry and the fruit of the minor lyric muse of the Fatherland. Emma Lazarus helped us to an understanding of Heine, and to the relish of his brilliant musical songs. Carlyle gave us a guess at what the gracious Goethe may be, when singing at his best,—as in Mignon's song. Longfellow gave us our most intimate, as our earliest acquaintance, with Muller, Uhland, and Salis—peculiar favorites of ours. But our wildest survey of the German minor muse came with the book of our friend, Lewis Frederick Starrett, whose "Poems and Translations," we have stored among the choicest of our treasures. Now comes the latest addition, in "Wind Flowers" [Charles H. Kerr & Co. Chicago 1887] and "Flowers From Foreign Fields," [The Peter Paul Book Co., Buffalo,] by Luella Dowd Smith, of Hudson, N. Y. The first named volume contains original poems as well as translations; the second presents translations wholly, and we have a body of simple and beautiful songs under the names of Bodenstedt, Bottger, Freiligrath, Geibel, Grun, Hartmann, Hensel, Korner, Linau, Lysvater, Ruckert, Sturm, Vogl, and others. Mrs. Smith, as truly as Mr. Starrett, seems to have found her enchanted garden of song among the hills that slope to the Rhine, and the blossoms she has culled and arranged for us have not lost all of color and fragrance, if some of the dew may have been shaken off in the plucking. Both of these translators have the impulse to original song, and have by considerable practice acquired the art of the translator. Both have that clearness and simplicity of mind and style, and that gentleness and affectionateness of spirit, that truthfulness to "the kindred points of heaven and home," essential in students of the German minor muse, if they would render such productions with fidelity. This is why we like so well this poetry; it seems to us as with the softest tone of a mother or a sister, and concerns so frequently those intimate things of the heart—those common sentiments, such as

love of country and the domestic circle—where all peoples are at one, and at home. Little of violent and distracting passion breathes here; but that soothing healing and consoling tone and temper so potent in the verse of Wordsworth, is felt to be present; and you rise from the tonic sweetness in a happier mood, and in fuller fellowship with your fellow men, and this lovely world of God, in which it is your exalted privilege to live.

Refraining from further comment, we will present some specimens of Mrs. Smith's translation. The poem we now give is, in the original, the work of Kayser-Langerhans, a lady poet of the Fatherland:

The Coming Home. I came from weary journey Unto my home on a sunny day, I could not see for weeping, The grass along my way. Ah, then I learned the stranger So how less cannot be, As he who is forgotten Near his own roof-tree.

Here is Goethe's "Rosenbud of The Heather," which is a sweet and graceful song, if we may judge from the translation: Once there bloomed a roselbud sweet, Rose bud of the heather: Came a boy with flying feet, Must the lovely rose bud greet In the sunny weather. Rosenbud, Rosenbud, roselbud red— Rosenbud of the heather! Said the boy—"I'll gather thee, Rosenbud of the heather!" Said the roselbud—"I am free— I have thorns to punish thee In the fields weather." Rosenbud, roselbud, roselbud red— Rosenbud of the heather! Foolish boy to break apart Rosenbud from the heather! Now he suffers endless smart, Nought can heal his aching heart, All is cloudy weather. Rosenbud, roselbud, roselbud red Rosenbud of the heather!

Here is a strain of patriotism, from C. H. Schnauffer. It lulls along like a brook luring to meet the river it celebrates:

H. W. Fair is the Rhine. Though praise the Tyrol his Tyrol so well, To me is left only the Rhine-land to tell; O splendid and noble the mountain peaks shine; But friendly and loving and fair is the Rhine.

The torrent there washes the earth from the fowers; Here waters the vineyards, and blesses the bowers; Where gusts so sparkling a river as mine? How friendly and loving and fair is the Rhine! Though you'er with cattle the mountain-maid's room; Yet here are the maidens of love and of home: Here sweetly Love whispers,—"I always am thine!" How friendly and loving and fair is the Rhine! The herdsman is singing star on the hill; Here freedom's ringing, inspiring us still: The people are learning, at liberty's shrine, How friendly and loving and fair is the Rhine!

For me, I love only the Rhine-land so well, I love the Tyrol its praises to tell; For splendid and noble its mountain peaks shine; But friendly and loving and fair is the Rhine. Lenau is one of the tenderest in his touch and most gentle-hearted of all the German poets. Here is a bit of his, brief, and of excellent quality:

Refuge. Stricken deer in woodland hiding, Wounded by the arrow flying; Seek the place amid the rushes, Where the crystal river rushes. It will save thy heart from breaking, Calm its terrors, care its schmerz. Man, when struck by sorrow's dart, Seek the kindst hand's caressing; Seek the purest fount of blessing: Flee unto the mother breast. Soon the weaned mother sleep,— Sleeps thy mother without waking; While thy stricken heart is breaking, Fly unto the woods and weep.

The old legend of the swan's death-song, so familiar and clear to poetry, reappears in the dress of Grun: How comes it when my heart was breaking I sang of Love's sweet joy and rest? How comes it words of merry-making Flow'd from my heart when sore distressed? There saileth not where waves are gleaming The snowy swan as fair as day: Without a song, where all is beaming, In silent joy he takes his way. In morning's glow; in moon's pale shining He sailed on, glad and free—and still: Upon the bank the roses twining: He sailed on joyfully—and still. Now when the cruel arrow, clanging, Has pierced his breast with painful dart, He, who in joy poured forth no singing, In death, sings sweet, with broken heart.

Here is a bit of encouragement for the musical interpreters of sorrow, and an indication that they may still expect an audience. This translation is from Ruckert:

The Human Heart. It hath would't all human heart-strings Move unto thy harmony: Seek to touch the saddest soul springs. Shun the joyful melody. Many have within their keeping, Nothing glad upon the earth; None but wake betimes to weeping; All have sorrow; few have mirth. The original poetry of Mrs. Smith we have not here space to consider; but we expect to devote some attention to that in a subsequent paper.

You are here, friend Martin, this morning, with your warmest hand clasp, and your voice of heartiest cheer! I take it that the ice and snow has begun to thaw about Mount Royal, and that a robin and blue-bird or two, have passed the boundry of the St. Lawrence. Welcome! thou true and tired! Inside the door that holds my latch-string, sit down and let us disburden. A word of encouragement will not come amiss to us, when you give it, in whose candor we so thoroughly believe. We have not then, it appears, "been as with-out speech" to you and yours, during your long silence, for you say: "We read PROGRESS, and the 'Notches' are always

looked for and eagerly perused." But, lo! gentle defamer! how have you nick-named us—scattered us with labels,—epithets, we never supposed applicable before! We call in Mrs. Paterick, ask her to rub her spectacles, and assure us if our eyes have been playing us a spunkie game; but, to be sure, she makes out the same lingo, to wit: "What a persistent, wriggling, racing, jumping, irrepressible bookworm you are! You voracious ca'erpillar! you moth! you grasshopper! you butterfly! is there no limit to your appetite? How you devour, and digest, and reproduce, in finer form, the substance on which you feed! In your predatory habits of life, you often light upon some obscure poet or poetling, fan his fevered brow with your translucent wings, and forthwith drag him from darkness to light, wherein his carol is heard,—cheery, musical, and not without merit. You are the Paul Pry of contemporary authorship, no less than the antiquarian of neglected or forsaken tombs,—the tombs of dead poets, long o'ergrown with the moss of many years—the tender and charitable moss whose soft and green beneficence covers the grave of the pauper, as well as that of the prince, and weeps over the resting place of the sinner as over that of the saint." Well! Well! We rub our small contritutory eyes, and profess: We, too, have found our vocation, the highest to which a common scribbling can hope to attain. So far goeth the weekly recreation of "The Notches!"

The fine artistic, poetic and literary tastes of the poet-publisher and editor, Ralph H. Shaw of Lowell, Mass. must impress all who read the "Middlesex Heathstone," for April; so much more attractive to the lover of rare things in its new (magazine) form. There is a modest beauty in its outward attire greatly in contrast with the flaring gaudiness of some covers to current magazines. Picturesque scenes throughout Middlesex County are given in its pages, such as "View of the Merrimack River From Andover St. Lowell," the lore of places and old houses, such as "The Royal Mansion, Medford," written by Oliver W. Rogers, whose pen is well skilled in such matters,—with its accompanying full-page illustration. The Pawtucket Falls, of the Merrimack, are given as a frontispiece. The following poem by the editor is given, with an illustration,—a charming bit of scenery to match the sweetness of the verse:

Association. Last year when I was here before, And looked this quiet landscape o'er, Through which without a murmur pour The waters of the Concord, I did not say what now I say— How beautiful what I survey! How lovely, as they wind away The waters of the Concord! Ah! then the last that charms my eye, The lass so simple, sweet and shy, Had not been here, a wanderer by The waters of the Concord; She had not left her mark, lo here, A glimmer in this atmosphere, Nor looking once on term, made dear The waters of the Concord.

Poems of as sweet a tone and delicate in color are Isaac Basset Choate's "Waiting For Spring," and "Trust," by Benj. F. Leggett. The magazine is only cheap in one particular, namely its price,—being five cents a copy, or fifty cents per annum.

The most notable names in the "Magazine of Poetry and Literary Review," for April are, Lord Byron, John Davidson, John Hunter Duvar, A. T. Quiller-Couch, Louise Houghton, and Frank Walcott Hunt. The sketch of Byron is inadequate, and such examples as "Euthanasia," and the "Fare Thee Well," to be given as characteristic of their author, are in poor judgement, we should think. As to this publication, we can but think what it might be. It is a thing of excellent possibility, pitifully marred; and the instrumental injurers are mamon on the one hand, and vanity on the other. There are things of worth and things of no worth, and the reader is left to be the judge. The doggerel-ventriloquist the true poet, hoping to derive a beam of consequence from his lustrous neighborhood. On the one side the roost, the swan; on the other the crow. Never were such elegant sites on Parnassus purchased so cheaply before!

The Brooklyn Citizen of recent date contains a highly appreciative article by Dr. John D. Ross, on Hon. Charles H. Collins, of Hillsboro, and his writings. The rather poor newspaper portrait of our friend contrasts strangely with the clear distinct photograph just now before us, with its expression of earnestness, kindness and sagacity,—qualities not wanting in the subject, by any means.

Mrs. Sophie M. Almon Hensley will next month return to her native home for the summer. In the quiet classic haunts of Windsor (N. S.) she may be expected to perform some literary tasks now in mind, which will extend her now rapidly-growing reputation.

We wish to express our thanks to the donors for the following-named books and pamphlets: Mr. Gustav. Roedel, Gallipolis, Ohio. "A Deric Reed, by Zitella Cooke"; Mr. C. James, Toronto, the Poems and songs of Alexander McLochlan; Hon. C. H. Collins and Geo. W. Barrett, Hillsboro Ohio. Copy of Souvenir Edition of the "News-Herald"; Mr. J. A. Collins, Pueblo, Colorado, Fifth Annual Report of the Pueblo Board of Trade. Concerning this rapidly developing centre, in this most rich and wonderful of the American States,—frequently termed "the Pittsburgh of the West,"—we have acquired considerable enthusiasm, and some astonishing facts, which may be held for future use.

PATERICK.

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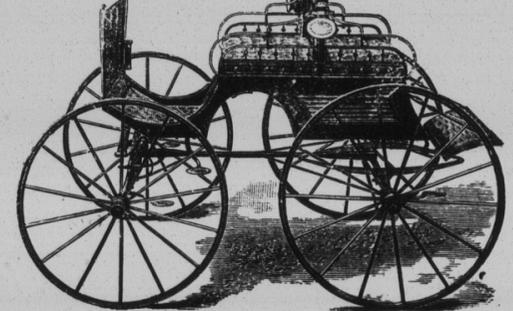
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For further Particulars and Prices inquire of JOHN EDGECOMBE & SONS, Fredericton, N. B.

STEAMER CLIFTON. On and after Saturday, April 18th, the steamer Clifton will commence her season's sailings; leaving Hampton every Monday, Wednesday and Saturday at 8.30 a. m. for Indian town and intermediate points. Returning she will leave Indian town same days at 4 p. m.

\$3 A DAY SURE. I will show you how to make \$3 a day absolutely sure. I will furnish the work and teach you how to work in the locality where you live. Send us your address and we will explain the locality and we will guarantee a clear profit of \$3 every day's work absolutely sure; write at once. Address: SUPREMACY SILVERMAN CO., 201 P. O., WASHINGTON, D. C.

WOMAN and HER WORK.

Not long ago I quoted some passages from a sermon preached by Dr. Talmage on the subject of cruelty to animals, and since then several instances where the leading divines of our own country have devoted especial attention to the cause of God's poor ones; the so-called lower animals who are unable to speak for themselves—have come to my notice. It is a subject to which too little attention has been devoted in the past, and I am glad to think that the clergymen of the land are taking so deep an interest in the welfare of man's unselfish and too often ill-treated servants. It is not long since the Rev. W. W. Brewer of the central Methodist church at Moncton preached an eloquent sermon on the subject of kindness to animals, and only a Sunday or two ago, the Rev. J. Roy

and helpless animals, whose only fault is their too great confidence, and trust in man. Criminals could thus be made to serve the cause of science much better than by mere dissection after death, and as aesthetics would no doubt be administered to them a horrible amount of needless suffering would be avoided.

I have lived in Moncton myself, and when I heard of Mr. Campbell's sermon I could not help thinking that if the eloquent champion of dumb animals could pass the First Baptist church some Sunday morning or evening, when the temperature was not only below freezing, but many degrees below zero, and witness the procession of shivering horses hitched to the fence, without any protection from the icy blast, he would not only be struck by the marvellous amount of religious zeal, and cruelty combined, which they represented, but also by the extraordinary appropriateness of his own remarks in that direction. May the Rev. J. Roy Campbell long be spared to "Open (his) mouth for the dumb in the cause of all such as are appointed to destruction."



FOR MORNING WEAR.

Campbell, Rector of Dorchester, and rural dean of the deanery of Shediac, one of the best known, and most learned divines in the diocese, delivered a powerful sermon on the same subject, from the pulpit of St. George's church, at Moncton. Mr. Campbell took for his text, the tenth verse of the twelfth chapter of Proverbs—"A righteous man regardeth the life of his beast but the tender mercies of the wicked are cruel," and the subject was really an advocacy of the claims possessed by the S. P. C. A. of New Brunswick, which was lately published, a report of its work since its organization. The preacher dwelt forcibly and eloquently on the claims of the society especially the St. John, Fredericton, and Moncton branches, upon all benevolent and right thinking people, and used many apt illustrations from scripture, reason and humanity, in behalf of the helpless animals committed to our charge. The horse was his especial theme, and Mr. Campbell spoke particularly of the fact, known perhaps to very few of us that there is a curious similarity between the constitution of the horse, and that of the human being. He drew attention to the circumstance that no other two creatures except the horse and the human being, respire over the whole body, and used this peculiarity as the very strongest argument against the cruelty indulged in by professedly religious people when they drive to church, overheating their horses in their pious zeal to be in time for the services; and then leaving them in an atmosphere far below the freezing point, unblanketed, and uncared for while they are pretending to worship in a comfortable and well warmed building. Mr. Campbell dwelt particularly upon the importance of training children early, in the doctrine of mercy to all helpless creatures, and spoke of the great opportunities offered by the public school system, for such training. The preacher referred to a curious instance of influence of early training in producing humane habits which had lately been commented upon in the mother country as the result of a recent test, and where out of eleven thousand pupils taught in schools where humanity to animals was especially inculcated, not one of them had ever been before any court for unkindness to animal or human being; while out of two thousand convicts, who were asked if they ever had pet animals, only twelve of the entire number, admitted that in the days of their crime-forming habits, they had possessed pets of any kind.

These figures speak volumes, and the subject is one worthy of the thoughtful consideration of all parents.

It is well for the dumb creatures that they possess such advocates, and that their cause is receiving so much attention. When men of such eloquence and ability as those I have quoted expose the weak and oppressed there is hope that the world at large will listen, and be influenced, and I only wish some silver-tongued orator could be found who would advocate, like the French savant of the last century, the use of criminals, hardened murderers etc. by scientists for purposes of vivisection, in place of innocent

Some of the new spring skirts are slashed almost to the knees in large deep tabs ten or twelve inches wide, each tab elaborately bordered with jet, or passamenterie. One model was of the new printed cashmere, in goblin blue, the skirt deeply slashed, over an underdress of darker blue velvet, and the slashed tabs bordered with jet; of course the underskirt of velvet—which comes about three inches below the overdress, need only extend to the top of the slashes, so it is not as expensive as it looks. Another handsome skirt was of cheviot in stripes of soft wood browns, shading into each other almost invisibly. It was slashed at each side of the front breadth to midway between the waist and knee, panels of cardinal velvet showing between the slashes, which were bordered with wide brown passamenterie. The bodices of both these skirts were combination of the material used in the skirt, and the velvet which appears as trimming.

The marked increase in the size of sleeves and the frequent absence of stiffening in them, has made the wearing of jackets with something like comfort, again possible; but still there is no doubt that the jacket spoils the sleeve to a very great extent, crushing and shabbing it terribly; and therefore the cape is once more the popular garment.

The newest caps show rather an increase, than a diminution of fulness, which seems rather out of harmony with the general tendency of the fashions. They are shorter than those worn in the winter, but what they have lost in length has been amply made up to them in width and they hang in such full folds as to really rival the godet shirts. All sorts of materials find a

the style. Plainer caps in light cloths approach more nearly to the tailor-made model, being finished with rows of stitching as their only trimming, while those of dark blue cloth are very effectively finished with rows of narrow gold braid sewn around the edge.

The dressy black wraps show a great variety in shape, and some of them which are particularly designed for elderly ladies are in the pelerine, or fichu shape. These capes, when made of silk and trimmed with frills of lace, have the quaint old fashioned look, so attractive to some elderly women, who love to wear garments which remind them of their girlhood. Short round capes of black or colored satin are covered with closely plaited black chiffon and trimmed with bows, and ruches of gauze ribbon.

A very handsome and striking cape of green moire brocaded with shadowy designs in brown and black has applique lace embroidered with beads in the same colors, and set on in points, and two long ends of black velvet ribbon hang down the back. A little cape of black cloth is trimmed with strips of black and white passamenterie, and fan plaitings of black taffeta silk. The collar is of black velvet, high in the back and has a ruche of plaited silk above. Another of rich corded silk is lined with white brocade, the revers are covered with jet embroidery, and the full front of silk ends in tabs of jet and fringe.

Chine silks enter quite largely into the construction of fancy capes, and one very new model in dark shades of purple and pink, has a deep frill of black glace below the little cape of flowered silk, and a ruche of silk edged chiffon finishes both edges. Saah ribbon of black satin arranged down the centre of the back, and fastened with fancy buttons hold the cape in to the figure, very prettily.

The chief rival of the cape, this season, is the loose and singularly unbecoming saque coat, to which I have referred before, and which is made very full with box-plaits arranged to fall from a yoke. The result of this style is that while a good figure is entirely hidden and disguised in the shapeless folds, a poor figure reaps no advantage, as the shapely outlines make it look uglier than it really is. But had as the box coat is, it has established itself as the proper thing to wear, if you would be in style, so I fancy we shall now become accustomed to it, and perhaps in time, even think it pretty. Gray, blue, tan and black cloths are used for these coats, and the most dressy ones are of black velvet, black satin, and handsome chamelone silk. Both cloth and silk coats are often lined with white satin, which is supposed to impart just the necessary finishing touch of style. A very novel coat is of black satin, with tightly fitting sides cut in zozoave shape, and covered with medallion insertions of pale green mirror velvet and guipure, decorated with jet. The sleeves are of the black satin covered with finely plaited black net, over which tall loops of wide black sat-



VERANDAH COSTUMES.

place in them, smooth faced cloth, velvet, serge, satin, and every dainty combination of lace and silk, made up in the fluffiest fashion with deep frills and plaitings. Black satin capes are trimmed down from the neck in points, and finished with a full ruche of black chiffon, which has box-like ends. Such capes are not only very stylish but easily made even by those who are not expert dressmakers, and they are not expensive. Cloth capes with deep fan plaitings of taffeta silk set in between the folds, adding color and fulness to the effect are amongst the successes of the season, and the fashion is a most beneficent one for those who have capes in the house which are too good to be put in the rag bag, and too scant for the present fashion, since a few fan plaitings are all they require to make them in the height of

ribbon. The vest is of finely plaited net, with frills of lace.

Cape mantles, which are half fitted in the back, and loose in front, have cape sleeves in fan shape, and made of black silk covered with jetted net. They are very elegant garments. Pretty models of black satin are covered with black lace net, relieved by applique figures of cream lace and cream lace designs, outlined with jet, and applied directly to the satin, at intervals all over the cape, are almost as effective. So much for wraps!

Foulard silk that most old fashioned of fabrics, the very name of which suggests spencer waists, cottage bonnets, and pelerines, have actually come into style again, in one of the curious turns of fashion's wheel; doubtless it is because of its glossy surface, as everything must be

FOR SPRING AND SUMMER.



A Light, Low, Cool Shoe

Is a necessity to comfort Our Shoes afford the feet the most delightful housing that can possibly be provided, and are a practical treatise on WALKING MADE PLEASANT AND EASY.

All fitting shoes cause no end of annoyance and pain. With our stock a perfect fit in a first class shoe is a very easy matter.

WATERBURY & RISING,

61 King and 212 Union Street.

RIPANS ONE GIVES RELIEF.

stiff and shiny this season, in order to win public favor. Old fashioned glace silks such as our mothers wore thirty years ago and brocaded pouce de soie, are also very fashionable, with taffetas, striped, checked, and chamelone, of every degree of stiffness following closely in their train.

Mohair, alpaca, canvas and grenadines of silk or wool, or both mixed, are amongst the leading favorites in dress goods. In fact all kinds of transparent fabrics are popular this season, and they will be made up over black, white or colored silks. Wool canvas comes in different degrees of thickness, both loosely and coarsely woven, and of a finer quality sometimes called etamine. Grenadines will be a great deal worn this summer, and those with flowered stripes on a black ground, alternated with black satin, will be most effective, when made up over black silk. Frills of all kinds, except surah, and India, head the list of fashionable materials for the more dressy gowns, but for the warmer weather the transparent materials will have the preference, and the fashionable dame run riot amongst sheer batistes, lawns, castris cloths and grenadines.

Amongst the fashionable neck decorations, the newest is white tulle tied in a large soft bow in front.

A CHERRY FROCK.

Ideal Costumes for the Fair Summer Days of June.

New York, May 6.—Since the beginning of time, almost, a simple white muslin frock and a pale blue sash has been the conventional and minor notion of an elegant feminine get-up for summer.

Our grandfathers thought this and our fathers as well; and here to day are our brothers, husbands and sweethearts claiming about the same thing. And though we may be inclined to smile at the idea of such vernal taste, when the bottom of it can be sounded, this masculine view of woman's dress will be found to have a deeper significance.

It isn't a muslin frock and a blue sash, exactly, that the poor, dear stupid men want, but all the dainty simplicity and immaculate freshness called up by such gentle visions.

Blue-sash simplicity is not to be entirely the text of the following sermon, but it is to be considered, and it goes without saying that a band-box freshness should be the telling note of every summer toilet.

In choosing correct costumes for June more difficulty is experienced perhaps than those of any other warm month.

Though only the beginning of summer June often boasts some of the hottest days of the season, along with a chilly one here and there. This calls for variety in weight and coloring, and since suggestion is needed to fix the faults and virtues of the new modes on the mind, one often finds after the purchase has been made that they have got the wrong thing.

In the following descriptions are given some smart hints for June. The costumes have all been designed at the best places for out of town resorts and embrace collectively the possibilities of varying June temperature. They are also suited to simple morning and dressy afternoon uses, and on the right type will, in each instance, be found delightful.

Take first the frock with the upper half of the skirt, bodice and sleeves laid in crosswise tuck. This is made of cherry-red-linen batiste—just the shade of the delicious pale little cherries you used to steal in the orchard when you were a little girl—over white taffeta silk.

The hat is a sailor shape of black Panama trimmed with a white muslin quilling and two long black wings. The parasol may be either white taffets, under the white mousseline, or else be of the same cherry-red linen as the gown. As to shoes for this toilet there are two sorts to select them. One of the fads of the season is to have the shoes made of the same material as the costume—that is with the unfigured linens and ducks—so over a stout white lining the little shoes for this toilet could be of the same red linen.

Otherwise black patent leather pumps would be in excellent keeping, and it may be agreeable to know here that these trim little affairs are to be more worn than ever.

But a moment more with this charming cherry frock, which of course is something very dress-up indeed. It stands to reason that none but the most knowing fingers could ever accomplish that wonderful tucking of a gored skirt.

"I shall never do another in just the same way," said the great dressmaker, who was showing off the creation. "I have found out that I can get the same effect with bias folds laid on a gored foundation."

So, if you think this costume a good model for your type, take the hint. Only remember that to wear these pale sparkling reds you can't have red cheeks as well and a figure like a pillow tied in the middle. They are only suited to slight lines and clear colorless complexions.

MANY DAINTY DISHES

CAN BE PREPARED WITH

Benson's CANADA Prepared Corn.

MANUFACTURED FROM CHOICE SELECTED PURE CORN. NO ADULTERATION THE BEST FOR CHILDREN.

RECIPES for Infants' Food. To one dessertspoonful of Benson's Canada Prepared Corn, mixed with half a cup of cold water, add half a pint of boiling water; stir over the fire for five minutes; sweeten slightly; for older babies mix with milk instead of water. See OTHER RECIPES ON PACKAGE.

THE EDWARDSBURG STARCH CO. Works: Cardinal, Ont. Offices: Montreal, P.Q.

Springtime

A healthy condition of the kidneys is the best safe-guard against all the ills incidental to the season. Tone the system by using

DODD'S Kidney Pills

The best blood purifier on earth, and the only Absolute Cure for all diseases of the kidneys



The Twin Bar WITH ITS Twin Benefits

Less Labor Greater Comfort

If you wish your Linen White as Snow

Sunlight Soap will make it so.

Books for Wrappers For every 12 Wrappers sent to LEVY BROS., Ltd., 33 Scott St., Toronto, a useful paper-bound book will be sent.

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Miss Jessie Campbell Whitlock TEACHER OF PIANOFORTE. ST. STEPHEN, N. B.

The "Lectichy Method"; also "Synch System," for beginners. Apply at the residence of Mr. J. T. WHITLOCK.

"HEALTH FOR THE Mother Sex."

This caption, "Health for the Mother Sex," is of such immense and pressing importance that it has of necessity become the banner cry of the age.

Women who have been prostrated for long years with Prolapsus Uteri, and illnesses following in its train, need no longer stop in the ranks of the suffering. Miles' (Can.) Vegetable Compound does not perform a useless surgical operation, but it does a far more reasonable service.

It strengthens the muscles of the Uterus, and thus lifts that organ into its proper and original position, and by relieving the strain cures the pain. Women who live in constant dread of PAIN, recurring at REGULAR PERIODS, may be enabled to pass that stage without a single unpleasant sensation.

Four tablespoonfuls of Miles' (Can.) Vegetable Compound taken per day for (3) three days before the period will render the utmost ease and comfort.

For sale by all druggists. Prepared by the A. M. C. MEDICINE CO., 136 St. Lawrence Main St., Montreal.

Price 75 cents. Letters from suffering women will be opened and answered by a confidential lady clerk if addressed as above and marked "Personal." Please mention this paper when writing. Sold by all druggists.

HER OLD HOUSE

of the inmates of every case, every pain, every cough, croup, catarrh, larynx and neuralgia.

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are subject to croup, to give them a dose, sat with your Liniment, the croup disappears as if by magic. Rockport, Tex. Mailed Free. Street, Boston, Mass.

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ies the experi- and improve- of the past twenty years. Useful 8-inch circum- ers. easily cleaned, or replaced. A reservoir loca- that it is impos- become heated. dor. top and frames. te.

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DAYSURE

show you how to make it a

SMARTEST FACE NETS.

THE MARLBOROUGH AND THE PRINCESS MAUD ARE CHOSEN.

The American Duchess Wears During Her Travels a Wonderful Veil of Silk...

The philosophy of the well-dressed woman is to always make sure that the details of her toilet are above reproach...

They are already prominently in the market now, most especially the new summer veils that could easily act the most gifted Brazilian spiders...

The Marlborough, presumably the texture of veiling worn by the American duchess on her travels, is a wonderful breadth of silk batiste...

Women who are adopting this veil buy it in silver gray, brown, or blue...

The Princess Maud is a miraculous web of finest black tulle, heavily powdered with variegated black and white silk dots...

With the wide Paris hats and broad-leaved rough straw, promising to be so extensively worn this summer...

Nevertheless, there are charming new veils for the sensible and economical woman...

How Dumas Saved a Life. Dumas was deep in writing a serial novel for a Paris journal...

"Of course," said he, "have you composed the end of the story now being published in the paper?"

"Not to be resisted," Dumas changed his last chapter. His heroine recovered it, and was happy...

Business and professional men who suffer from tired and used feelings consequent upon mental exertion, will find in Hawker's...

Chase & Sanborn's



Seal Brand Coffee

Universally accepted as the Leading Fine Coffee of the World. The only Coffee served at the WORLD'S FAIR.

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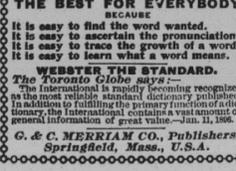
Gray's Syrup of Red Spruce Gum

For COUGHS, COLDS and all LUNG AFFECTIONS. 25c. a bottle. Sold everywhere.

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The One Great Standard Authority, 80 writes Hon. H. J. Brewer, Justice U. S. Supreme Court.



THE BEST FOR EVERYBODY BECAUSE it is easy to find the word wanted...

WEBSTER'S STANDARD. The Toronto Globe says...

C. & C. MERRIAM CO., Publishers, Springfield, Mass., U.S.A.

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Domville Building, Corner King and Prince Wm. Streets. MEALS SERVED AT ALL HOURS. DINNER A SPECIAL. WILLIAM CLARK.

ALAP, FOR POOR NERO.

Fighter Fitzsimmons Sorely Laments the Death of His Lion.

Perhaps the most serious loss that could have happened to the champion pugilist of the world, Robert Fitzsimmons, was the untimely death of his pet lion, Nero.

Shortly after midnight on Thursday night of last week Fitzsimmons, accompanied by Ernest Rheber, the wrestler, and Lewis Robertson, an athlete of the gymnasium, went upon the roof, Fitzsimmons called to the lion, which, upon hearing his masters voice, sprang forward to the length of the chain and over some electric light wires.

Fitzsimmons purchased his pet some few months ago and since that time he has been his constant companion. Many stories have been sent all over the country telling of the pair and their affection for each other.

A Woman with a Wrench.

A quick-witted housekeeper says she has saved many a dollar in plumber's bills by buying a force-cup and learning to handle a wrench.

An Urgent Occasion.

A recruit was put on sentry at the barracks at Woolwich who didn't know the exact ins and outs of the business.

Sharply Rebuked.

The Westminster Gazette recalls an anecdote which was once related by Canon Wilbyforce while preaching in the Abbey.

Know MINARD'S LINIMENT will cure Diphtheria.

French Village. JOHN D. FETTER.

I KNOW MINARD'S LINIMENT will cure Croup.

Cape Island. J. F. CUSHINGHAM.

I KNOW MINARD'S LINIMENT is the best remedy on earth.

Norway, Me. JOSEPH A. ENOW.

If?

If you want to preserve apples, don't cause a break in the skin. The germs of decay thrive rapidly there.

MEN OF ALL AGES

may be cured. We treat all sexual disorders of men. Four out of five who suffer nervousness, mental worry, attacks of "the blues," are but paying the penalty of early excesses.

Send for our free sealed book, "PERFECT MANHOOD." ERIE MEDICAL CO., Buffalo, N. Y.

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Kitchen Utensils. Are made of Steel. Enamelled by the latest and most perfect process. They are superior in design, finish and durability to any other cooking utensils offered for sale.

Relieves Your Cough in Ten Minutes.

HAYMAN'S BALSAM OF HOREHOUND. For Influenza Coughs, Colds, Etc.

No tongue to speak

but had he the power of speech he would tell you plainly that BIRD BRAND is what he wants.

DRUNKENNESS

Or the Liquor Habit Positively Cured by Dr. Hamilton's Golden Specific.

QUEEN VICTORIA'S PHOTO

Give away by the Manufacturers of Diamond Dyes.

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Choicest Liquors.

Very best brands on the market can always be obtained from the undersigned. The finest wines and good imported Cigars.

THOMAS L. BOURKE, Water Street, Montreal.

COURTING MISS JACKSON.

Sambo's Mistake at Wooing, and How he Conducted Himself.

"Miss Jackson," he began, as he removed his hat and scraped his foot as they met on the street. "I done hab de happy facility to meet up wid yo' de odder night at de cak-walk."

"What first distract'ed my attention to yo' was yo' par izens," he continued. "It was de general opinyun dat yo' was de handsomest gal in de hall. In fact, yo' outshone de shiniest eb dat vast aggregation ob shiners."

"But day and night de foug't ob yo' mellifluous lubliness filled me heart like de music ob a camp-meetin'."

"An' yo' ain't Miss Jackson no mo'?" "No mo', sah."

"Y's, sah." "Huh! scure me please. Reckn I made a mistake. I see now whar it was."

"How Awful She Will Look! It rumors from abroad are correct, says the New York Witness, the fashionable woman of the summer of '96 will wonder to behold."

Such is the array of horrors which the fashionable woman must contemplate before planning her summer wardrobe.

THE SAME MAN, Well Dressed

Bills a much higher place in the estimation of even his friends, than when those dresses and indifferently dressed.

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Sewing for the Poor

is a double pleasure when you use thread that does not snarl nor break, and is perfectly even, such as

Clapperton's Thread

and a pure breath obtained by using ADAMS' TUTTI FRUTTI. Take no imitations.

CLEAN TEETH

and a pure breath obtained by using ADAMS' TUTTI FRUTTI. Take no imitations.

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Draws your weight with Carpets. No stooping, no pounding fingers, or getting down on the knees. Operator stands upright to stretch and tack Carpet. Will drive tacks in corner. Sample sent prepaid on receipt of \$1.00. Every machine guaranteed.

Send stamp for circulars and terms.

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NOW FIRST PUBLISHED.

A Winning Hazard,

BY MRS. ALEXANDER.

Author of "Her Dearest foe," "The Wooing Ot," "A Crooked Path," &c., &c.

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REVISED OF PREVIOUS CHAPTERS.

CHAPTER I.—Kate and Alicia Carey are daughters of a Dublin solicitor, who, through misadventure, leaves Ireland for Wales with a view to economy. While in Wales they meet Mr. Best, a wealthy railway contractor, who tells them of his employment in London, and they decide to go to London to seek employment. Kate writes to Mr. Winkles, asking him to help her, and encloses two letters in which she promises assistance and offers employment for her father. She anxiously awaits a reply, but does not receive one. Her, however, received a letter from her cousin, Dick Travers, advising that he is in London and about to call upon them.

CHAPTER II.—Mr. Carey, his daughter, and her father, Dick, come across a shooting party, among whom is Dick Travers, Dick who, some years ago, was secretary to Lord Balmuir. Carey at length hears from Boucher and Winkles, making an appointment to meet them in London. Carey, accompanied by Kate, sees Mr. Winkles, and accepts a position as clerk. Winkles speaks to Kate with a view of employing her also.

CHAPTER III.—Carey, settled in his situation, proves himself useful. Kate is surprised by a visit from Dick, and, being surprised, Dick, on leaving, promises frequent visits. Carey, returning home in the evening, is much excited over a letter from her father, who tells her that he has secured a commission from Winkles, asking for her presence at her house next evening.

CHAPTER IV.—Kate keeps her appointment, and is received by Mr. and Miss Winkles by the latter rather coldly. Mr. Carey tells of his manner, and Miss Winkles' approval. She leaves with a letter to copy out. On Sunday Dick comes to see Carey, and a few minutes afterwards she explained. Kate again sees Mr. Winkles, who shows himself pleased with her progress and gives her further work, which this time will be paid for. Miss Winkles is more cordial than before, and promises to give Kate lessons.

CHAPTER V.—Mr. Carey gets promotion and an increase of salary. Mr. Winkles promotes Kate and Dick to other positions, and Dick, which are accepted. Miss Winkles consents, but with bad grace. Winkles receives and his sister becomes more valiant. Winkles offers Kate a present, and she selects a book. Dick Travers arrives and calls on the Careys. He speaks of James Talloch, a rich friend of his, living in London. Kate and Travers take a walk.

CHAPTER VI.—Travers gets a note from James Talloch, who has been in Scotland, announcing his return to London. Talloch inquires about the Careys and learns of their reverses in fortune. He promises to call on them and do so on the following Sunday in company with Travers. They are made welcome. Talloch, who has a great admiration for her, and tells Travers of it. Mr. Carey was not at home when they called, but he writes a note inviting them both to dinner on the following Wednesday.

CHAPTER VII.—Travers and Talloch go to be in about to go to Ireland on a special mission for Mr. Winkles. Mr. Carey tells of his room, which is an Irish branch for Boucher and Winkles, and Talloch hints that he would advance some capital to enable him to enter the firm. Talloch becomes more in love with Kate and Travers seems annoyed. On the way home Talloch tells Travers that he means, and tells Travers he is not seeing a penniless bride. Mr. Carey departs on his mission to Ireland.

CHAPTER VIII.—Travers invites Alicia and Kate to the theatre. Alicia being away for the evening, Kate goes alone. On her way back she is overtaken by a carriage, and Kate's shoulder is hurt and in his excitement Travers betrays an affection for her. Kate and Travers have a confidential chat with him. On her return she finds a letter from the drawing room and Alicia making tea for him.

CHAPTER IX.—Kate offers to teach Talloch the art of imitation. Talloch tells her of his confidence in Travers. Mr. Carey returns in high spirits from his trip to Ireland, and tells of his meeting with Winkles. James Talloch meets Miss Golding in the street. Carey's relationship to them. He is very much charmed to find Alicia in Miss Golding's assistant music teacher. He is evidently pleased by the admiration of Kate Carey and Miss Golding.

CHAPTER X.—A VI-SIT FROM WINKLES. The next was peculiarly fine and clear, with a delicious, balmy atmosphere, and as night drew in, a nearly full moon and a galaxy of stars in the deep blue vault of heaven touched even commonplace objects of beauty.

Kate had gone to evening service, leaving Alicia to keep her father company. Miss Winkles also attended the same church, and had given the sisters her gracious permission to occupy two seats in her pew. They accordingly occupied them in the evening, for when Carey accompanied his daughters in the morning they preferred being altogether, and contented themselves with the lowliness of the free seats.

Though his sister was a most regular attendant, Mr. Winkles rarely accompanied her, and then only in the morning on high festivals. On the present occasion, Kate was a good deal surprised to find her patron already escorted, looking dryer and grimmer than ever, with a dash of discomfort suggestive of an unaccounted frock coat, and eyes altogether congenial employment.

He saved a little to make room for Kate, and thanked him with a bend of the head, and the sort of kindly, confidential smile he was used to from her, and which always gave him a pleasant sense of the intimacy and mutual understanding which had grown up between these strangely assorted friends.

"Thank you, Miss Carey, with the sort of stiff reluctance which always characterized her manner." "But I don't think my brother ever pays visits."

"He is very nice and polite," returned Miss Winkles, who was always pleased when her brother thought of her, his nearest approach to confidence—and his religious principles seemed sound—still I would not treat an agreeable Irishman too much." But Winkles did not seem to hear her. On his side Carey was much gratified. He came back from opening the garden-gate for his guests rubbing his hands. "I never thought my worthy principal would pay me a visit. I scarcely thought it a condescension. Faith, his sister is a sensible, agreeable woman. She wouldn't have a bad figure if she hadn't swallowed a couple of pokers in her early youth and never digested them."

"Well, papa, I don't know how Miss Winkles made herself agreeable, except by listening."

The few remarks made were only uttered by Kate to Mr. Winkles, Miss W., preserving strict and apparently disapproving silence.

When they reached Oakley Villas they found that Mr. Carey and Alicia were strolling in the moonlit garden, and the sitting-room gas not yet alight. Mr. Carey was soon summoned, and came in smiling, charmed to play the host in his own castle to the potent Winkles, and he laughed a happy costumed laugh as he cried, "Shaking the little man's hand cordially. 'At the office I feel I must not intrude personal matters on graver affairs; but here, as it were in private life, I must thank you, and I do so on my heart, faith! for your goodness to my Kate! She has been twice the girl she was, before you gave her the chance of making a trifle for herself, and when I say herself I mean myself. For all she cares for it to serve me. Yes, that's all my darling. So don't open your lips to contradict me, and I'll laugh a happy costumed laugh as he shook his hand at Kate, who was lighting the gas. Here Alicia entered and joined in the conversation.

Early in the ensuing week he had a line from Travers—

"Just come back. Are you free tomorrow? And shall we have our deferred dinner? I shall be sure to be there."

It was with mixed feelings that Talloch accepted the invitation. He had an odd kind of growing resentment and dislike towards Travers. When they had met in India—Tulloch then his half-working junior in a respectable, but by no means a great commercial firm—thought it lent dignity to his social position to be on intimate terms with well-known sportsmen and members of the "upper ten" as Travers. Since his reverse of fortune, and Talloch's rapid advance, the latter's soul burned within him with pride at the contrast between the present and past. In a way he had felt kindly and compassionate towards Travers, for Talloch was not without feeling, and could be generous in the sense of giving money on occasions; but it riled him not to be able to look down on the height of his advancing prosperity on his friend as an unfortunat fellow. Somehow there was an undefinable superiority about Travers which Talloch instinctively felt he could never touch—a certain highbred tone of absolute self-reliance that would be the same to king or cobbler, and perfectly polite to both—a sense of being behind the scenes, in circles which he was unacquainted with, as yet only for in this life dielectric all things are possible to success nor is there a social holy of holies impervious to an accumulator of the dross that makes the world go round. Still, though Travers had come down considerably, and was not more than a step from Lord Balmuir, by Jove, James Talloch was pleased to say that he had been dining with him—a sort of connection of mine, and he was saying, "e"—there would follow some bit of political gossip or forecast. This mutual friendship with Talloch, and his daughter were another source of irritation, though the rivalry was not prompted by any special regard for Kate; as far as he was concerned James thought Travers was nowhere. But there was a general sympathy between him and Travers—a congeniality of mind, and a certain congeniality of feeling, and he could hardly deny, notwithstanding the very kind welcome always bestowed upon himself.

Travers said that there was something on Talloch's mind as dinner proceeded. He was rather cynical in his remarks, and laughed louder and oftener than was necessary. When they reached their desert and needed no more waiting, conversation naturally became more confidential.

"Another glass of claret, Talloch," said Travers, pushing the bottle towards him. It's not bad; were you mature enough, when you were in the habit of drinking claret, to appreciate it? I always liked good things, and I don't think I have ever tasted any wine that surpassed it. Poor old boy!—and how liberal he was with it."

"If I had been less liberal with it and many other things it would have been better, and he'd have given his friends a lot of trouble," growled Talloch.

"Come! He has not given much to either of us, nor cost any one much except his daughters, and they are unconscious victims."

"Why you know they are always consulting you and sending for you."

"If I don't mind you need any one else? And if it bores you to go out to Notting-hill, Talloch, why, don't go; I dare say they'll forgive you."

"Oh! you think so, with a self-sufficient grin."

"Have you seen Carey since he returned? I hear that he has won golden opinions from Winkles & Co."

"No, I haven't," said Talloch, "but I called on Saturday—the Saturday after he came home—and I was a good deal annoyed and put out."

"I'd a good deal rather be listened to than strive to listen. It's easier for both parties too, by Jove."

"I don't care for Miss Winkles," said Alicia, lighting her bedroom candle, "and I don't think she likes me. Perhaps not, but she tries to like us, and should be encouraged," said Kate.

"I wonder how it would do to ask Winkles to a bit of dinner? By all accounts he lives chiefly on chops. I'd like to give him a treat for once, I've heard his father, and not hearing her last observation."

"Oh, no," exclaimed Alicia. "It would be too tiresome."

"I don't think it would do," said Kate, thoughtfully. "Probably Mr. Winkles never dined out in his life!"

"Oh! help him," ejaculated Carey, compassionate. Talloch's project of dining on the previous day with Travers was nipped in the bud. A telegram awaited his return to his rooms, informing him that Travers had been called away on important business, and would not return to town till the following Wednesday. Talloch used some bad language, and departed to seek his rest at a restaurant, not having joined any club as yet.

A week elapsed before they met, during which interval Talloch went good and bad into society, and found his days well filled by increasing business. In short his natural tendency to consider himself a man of importance was developing largely. It was a pleasant sensation, yet the cause of some mental conflict also.

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"I was looking at the illustrations in that beautiful new book of yours, Mr. Winkles," said Kate, struck by a happy thought. "I mean this one about Celtic and Greek crosses. I should like to show you a picture we have of our family burial place; it is by a very clever friend of my father's, and she also produced a sketch of the church and graveyard of Cloamnochie, with its cross and round tower, one of the few treasures preserved from the old home."

Mr. Winkles was much interested, and listened attentively to Kate's explanations. When in his turn he gave some account of the various theories by which the learned and the fanciful sought to account for the curious structure peculiar to the Emerald Isle.

Kate looked and was fascinated. Winkles felt she was; she made no effort to express the pleasure his discourse gave her; but it was clearly perceptible to the speaker, so he talked on till the catalogue of Romish errors and misdoings began to pall upon the mental palate of Miss Winkles, and she rose to take her leave.

"I am much flattered by your kindness in calling on my girls, my dear madam; and to you, Mr. Winkles, for this mark of friendship," said Carey, escorting his guests to the door, "I only hope, once you have found your way to our rooms, you will come again."

"Thank you, I shall be very happy," said Miss Winkles, graciously.

"If you think that new work on crosses would interest you, you are welcome to take it next week. I don't say take care of it, for I see you value them," was Mr. Winkles' valedictory. "I don't think those people live as economically as they might," said Miss Winkles reflectively, as the brother and sister passed steadily homewards.

"How do you make that out?" asked Winkles.

"Why?" asked Travers, quietly.

"Why, man! you don't mean to say that you can not see the disadvantage of having poor relations in the eyes of a girl who has been brought up in the lap of luxury, and surrounded by solid wealthy people all her days? Of course, she will think less of me."

"Very likely. Has she struck you off her visiting list yet?"

"I never know whether you are in earnest or not, Travers, but I can tell you I am just at a turning point in my career, and it's a very serious matter the choice of a wife: the sooner I make it the better, hey?"

"No doubt, and where are you disposed to throw the handkerchief?"

"Well, Travers, I have been going out a good bit to dinners, and dances, and receptions, and in very good, solid set, though I say it. It's wonderful what a lot of nice-looking young women I have met, all well off, able to bring a fair amount of capital into the partnership. Now, that's a great help, and I don't think a man is justified in giving away his chance, however weak he may be about a pretty face and an elegant figure."

"That depends on the man, and what he considers most essential."

"Now," resumed Talloch. "I confess I was awfully annoyed about those girls—the Careys, I mean—for keeping me in the dark about what they were doing, and letting me in for that disagreeable encounter with Miss Golding."

"Keeping you in the dark?" repeated Travers, with a touch of scorn in his voice.

"What do you mean? Where you not perfectly aware that Alicia gives music lessons, and that Kate wears out her pretty fingers writing for old Winkles? That was nothing new to you. You have no right to complain because they did not submit a list of their employers' names to you."

"No, no, of course not, still it was awkward. They're good girls, very good. I'm sure I admire and commend them, but still one can't expect a girl like Miss Golding to take that view exactly, and it was unpleasant. Decidedly unpleasant. Yes, I thank you, I'll take another glass."

"No doubt you found the encounter trying," put in Travers.

Tulloch, however, required no incentive to talk. He had taken a good deal of wine, and was full of his subject.

"You see, I am a good bit troubled and perplexed. I am greatly struck with Kate Carey."

Travers had looked round, and observed that the dining-room was rather empty, while their table was in a corner remote from the other diners. He, therefore, endeavored to get up, just by observing, in a sympathetic key.

"Yes, I have noticed it."

glories are gone, but they were quite satisfactory while they lasted, and not only Kate, but even Alicia, who took things much more coldly, was elated at the prospect of a day among the beauties and curiosities of the gardens and wonders of Sydenham Hill.

"Shall you want me especially tomorrow, Mr. Winkles?" asked Kate, who was busy pasting a collection of newspaper cuttings, accumulated during a long period of her employment, in a book.

"Mr. Winkles had been obliged to keep away from business on account of a slight indisposition, an attack of faintness, at which the doctor looked grave, and counselled complete repose. Winkles sat very quietly in his easiest chair, and directed his operations languidly."

"I expect gentlemen on business tomorrow morning," he returned, but I should be glad to see you in the afternoon. I don't feel equal to much."

"At the same time," said Kate, as he passed, "you are going to disobey orders, and see a gentleman on business. Now, if Miss Winkles did us a thing you would scold her."

Winkles smiled rather a feeble smile.

"The business will be short and simple," he said, "and I shall know no rest until it is accomplished. But do you want a holiday tomorrow? Why?"

"Yes, I do for a cousin of ours is going to take us all to the Crystal Palace, and I should like to go very much."

"I hope you are not growing fond of pleasure," he said, "and if I could not work diligently for you, for whom could I?"

Winkles did not reply, but a softer look stole over his wrinkled face.

"Very well," he said, after a pause. "There is no necessity for your coming here to-morrow and on Monday I hope to be at the office."

"Thank you, I hope you will be able to go out, but Mr. Winkles, I like coming to work here very much. Could you not have your letters sent up and dictate your replies to me? I can write quite a good business hand now, and—but I fear I take a liberty by speaking so fully. A sweet blush stole over her cheek and she looked deprecatingly at him, and a soothing word came into the little man's heart—he could never resist about nor resist, but this bright fair young creature heartily liked him, and, if necessary, would nurse him as tenderly, as carefully as if he were her father. Winkles was very weak, and could not resist these foolish sort of feelings, though he was properly ashamed of them.

"No, you mean no freedom," he returned, dryly. "You might be more careful of your speech, not with me but with other strangers."

"And do you think I speak to every one as I speak to you?" she said, indignantly.

"That can be the father and the sister, and you can go to the Crystal Palace if you like, only do not spend much of your own money."

"Oh, dear me, no. We would never dream of going had we not been invited, even though we are much better off now, since you were so very good as to help us to help out. Thank you so much. I will come round on Sunday to see how you are, and if you want me on Monday. Do you like the Crystal Palace, Mr. Winkles?"

"Tulloch never could quite say up against Travers when he was in earnest, and in another minute Kate found herself walking beside her kinsman towards the wide southern balcony."

"You are very tyrannical, Cousin Dick," she said, with a sweet upward glance.

"I don't think I am not inclined to do as you wish, and Talloch must be content to come second; excuse my laughing, but I am your first love," Kate laughed merrily, dropped her parasol and stooped to pick it up.

"Certainly you are our first friend, our best friend, dear Dick," she added in a lower tone.

"Don't be grateful, Kate. That is too trying," returned Travers, and something in his tone brought the warm blood to her cheek. "Come, let us sit here and enjoy the view. It is almost the best thing about this show, and he found a couple of chairs which he drew to the front of the balcony, where they sat for a few minutes in silence."

"How much beauty there is in these grey days," said Kate at last. "Brilliant sunshine is vulgar compared to this tender neutral colouring."

"Yes. But I am afraid it betokens a wet evening. We have a cruelly uncertain climate."

"I suppose the uncertainty seems especially unpleasant to you after your frequent sojourn in sunny land."

"Well, it is, though I must confess that in climates full of sunshine, though I've ended their eyes."

"But I have the orders that I've shed about it. This is the mist and the cloud of our weeping skies. That's their full spirit of fragrant youth!"

"I am glad you are doing Moore. He is sweet," she murmured.

"Sweet, but not strong," said Travers. "He is full of the femininity of your race, which makes your woman irresistible—but your man!"

"Don't say disagreeable things about them, Dick! I do not want to quarrel. It is a sort of day that ought to be sacred to friendship, with its soft subdued tint. I suppose you begin to weary of the shadows and the amaretto, for Jamie Talloch tells me you're thinking of this exploring expedition to Africa!"

"Tulloch must be at a loss for conversation to trouble you with such vague reports. I have been asked to join an expedition, certainly, as I mentioned, but have refused it."

"I am sure you do not like London?"

"I get sick of it, but I return to it with a sort of zest. At present, however, I am going to stay here."

"He might survive the parting, but I stay for reasons of my own."

"Though you are so fond of adventure and sport, and wandering in wild places? I always notice, Dick, that if you drift into talk about your part exploits there is more life and earnestness in your voice than when you are speaking of other things. You must be sick of sitting at a desk nearly all day after the freedom you have been accustomed to."

"It that was all my trouble I should endure it well enough," said Travers as it came to himself.

"We all have our troubles which nobly knows anything about," returned Kate; "and we must bear with them until they wear themselves out. I suppose most of them fly away in time." She sighed as she spoke, and gazed dreamily away over the rich country spread out like a map before them.

"I wish life was brighter for you, my dear cousin," he said, stealing a glance at her face. "For a creature gifted with as keen a sense of enjoyment—such an appreciative taste for pleasure—the routine of your existence must be dreary enough."

"I do not think it is. Don't you remember, Dick, that some historians in his account of the woeful retreat from Moscow mentions that the troops which to the starved cold and hardships beat were the Southern Italians who had been steeped in sunshine all their lives. I enjoy so much, when I have a little enjoyment, that the glow lasts me for quite a long spell of outside dressings, and give me strength."

"Ah, Kate, I suspect that the light which surrounds you, the warm life, which invigorates you, is all from within, from the central fire of your own great heart, my sweet cousin, and Travers looked into her eyes with an expression which was a curse."

"No fine speeches, Dick," she exclaimed, laughing, but blushing also. "We are too friendly, too sincere for such compliments."

"I never am guilty of paying compliments, Kate, as you well know. He paused an instant, and went on, "So you managed to pick up some crumbs of comfort, some blessings of pleasure on this dusty road of everyday life. The joy of sitting with Talloch, for instance. By the way, what are you going to do with that ingenuous youth?"

"Why, Dick, he is very little younger than you are."

"Oh, yes, he is younger in hope and achievement, but I repeat to you, you are boozing him out!" He looked straight at her as he paused.

"I am amused myself," said Kate, with much composure.

"Are you not afraid that what is play to you may be death to him?"

"Not a bit," she exclaimed, with a delicious smile, half-sweet, half-mocking. "Jamie Talloch will take a great deal of killing, and I, who have so little to amuse me, may contrive a good deal of harmless fun in the process."

"And perhaps half the excellent Catherine's wounds finally?"

"All things are possible," returned Kate, demurely.

"Possibly you might do worse. Jamie is on the high road to wealth."

for the Poor
Thread
Tongues
Cures
The Man
Ruel
Press Co.
J. B. SEORE, Proprietor.

enough to undertake the maintenance of two people who are practically of no use to him?

It is impossible to say. His nature may blossom out under a fruiting shower of gold.

"Possibly, as you say, Dick, when you utterly disbelieve something. After all, Jamie Tulloch is very good looking and not ill-natured. Indeed he has an air of great kindness sometimes. I shall deal gently with Jamie. It must be six o'clock, Dick."

Travers looked at his watch. "Five minutes to six," he said; "come along, come and another your favored kinsman with sweet."

"Am I not sweet to you, too, Dick?"

"Yes; deucedly sweet!" returned Travers with a grim look. "I did not know that you had grown in worldly wisdom as well as grace, Kate. I am not sure you understand now, but I am pretty sure you will not regret your call if it is not your good pleasure." They rose and strolled eastward to keep their "tryst."

(To be Continued)

HOMAGE TO BRAVERY.

Two Good Stories of the War Times of a Generation Ago.

The Rev. Robert Wilson of St. Luke's Episcopal Church, Charleston, says:

"In 1883 I met in Richmond a Col. McCoy of Pennsylvania, who had been a gallant warrior of the blue. We got quite chummy over a 'mixed wood' camp fire, and wishing to put him at his ease, I told him the story of Kershaw's magnificent reconnaissance at Fredericksburg, which can never be forgotten. An orderly had arrived in hot haste with a command for Gen. Kershaw to have a knoll which was swept by the fire at the sharpshooters of both armies. Every bush and tree had been cut away by the storm of bullets, and it looked like certain death to the man who should attempt it. Calmly singing his field glass, and turning over his command to the next officer in rank, Joseph B. Kershaw rode slowly up to the death trap into the jaws of the enemy. He was not a man to be trifled with. The sight of his heroic action as he rode amid the whistling minies, sweeping the opposing ranks with his glass, was too much for the chivalry of the Yankee commander, and the order went down the Federal line, 'Cease firing on that officer.' This rife became silent, the reconnaissance was finished, and the cap in acknowledgment, Gen. Kershaw quietly rode back at a walk, unarmed."

"It was a splendid incident," remarked Col. McCoy, "but I can cap it with a personal experience of the chivalrous disposition of your men. I was on Gen. Meade's staff at Richmond, and one morning with the General at our head, we rode down to take a look over the river. As we turned sharply out of the bushes and came out on the bank, we found ourselves in point blank range of a confederate picket drawn up on the other side. A volley would have emptied every saddle, and I must confess to the man who should attempt it. Calmly singing his field glass, and turning over his command to the next officer in rank, Joseph B. Kershaw rode slowly up to the death trap into the jaws of the enemy. He was not a man to be trifled with. The sight of his heroic action as he rode amid the whistling minies, sweeping the opposing ranks with his glass, was too much for the chivalry of the Yankee commander, and the order went down the Federal line, 'Cease firing on that officer.' This rife became silent, the reconnaissance was finished, and the cap in acknowledgment, Gen. Kershaw quietly rode back at a walk, unarmed."

AN INVALID SIX YEARS

First Few Doses Gave Great Relief.

EFFECTS A CURE.

Words of a Grateful Wife and Mother.

Under recent date, Mrs. R. Armstrong of Orilla, Ont., writes with nervous prostration, indigestion, weakness and dyspepsia, and she had several doctors attending me. I have taken a number of proprietary medicines, but found very little relief from any of them. I was influenced to give South American Nerve Tonic, and I must confess that it has done me more good than any other medicine I have ever taken, or medical treatment of whatever kind received. From the first few doses I found great relief. In all I had taken six bottles, and can truthfully say that South American Nerve Tonic is the one medicine that has effected a cure in my case. It would be strange if I did not cheerfully recommend it to all who have suffered as I have. Would the thousands of suffering women in all parts of this Dominion be relieved of all this trouble?—then seek South American Nerve Tonic. Do not be discouraged; mother it will give quick relief, and I must confess the much desired health and strength. Work it immediately upon the nerve centers, as science has demonstrated, it cannot fail to cure. In this important respect it differs altogether from every other medicine—it is not any mere experiment to use it.

He Was Supplicious.

"Pardner," said Derringer Dan, "you'll excuse me, but I'll have to quit you, I ain't a playin' no more poker this evenin'."

"But you have a lot of chips yet," remarked the young man from the east, "I ain't a knowin' it. And I'm goin' to rest 'em in, too. You look like a tenderfoot, an' ye talk like one. But I've heard o' people that got buncoed an' brought gold bricks even if they read the newspapers, an' o' tr of knawed better."

"I really don't quite follow you."

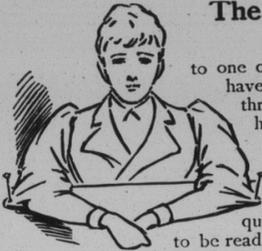
"Did you?"

"Sartin'. An' ye didn't do a thing but say ye'd stay out. Then I had a flush an' ye talk like one. But I've heard o' people that got buncoed an' brought gold bricks even if they read the newspapers, an' o' tr of knawed better."

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The woman pinned down

to one or two uses of Pearlina will have to be talked to. Why is she throwing away all the gain and help that she can get from it in other ways? If you have proved to yourself that Pearlina washes clothes, for instance, in the easiest, quickest, safest way, you ought to be ready to believe that Pearlina is the best for washing and cleaning everything. That's the truth, anyway. Try it and see. Into every drop of water that's to be used for cleansing anything, put some Pearlina.

Millions NOW USE Pearlina

Sairy's Way.

The great, red disk of the September sun was setting slowly from sight behind the mountains which hammed in the small village of Montclair.

The day had been hot, but with the early twilight a blue haze stretched from hill to hill, a cool canopy across the lazy little town, enveloping in its misty softness an old red farm house, whose architecture bore evidence of generations ago.

A straggling ray penetrated the wood-bine, clambering and trailing about the kitchen window, with its autumn tinted foliage, bringing out in vivid clearness the figures of two women, evidently sisters, from their strong resemblance.

The elder was tearing bits of colored cloth into strips, which she rolled into balls.

The last finished, she threw it into the basket with a jerk, casting on her sister a look which betokened a brewing storm. The other, all unconscious, counted over and over from an old pewter sugar bowl, bits of coin, mostly pennies, touching them with a childish tenderness, and often stopping to polish a bit of silver with her sleeve.

Her hair was of the yellow whiteness an Auburn tint always leaves, and would have given the impression of an aged woman had it not been for the fair smoothness of skin and the absence of wrinkles about the eyes and mouth.

The lips wore a tentative droop at the corners, and there was a lack of strength about the chin.

There was a daintiness about the best form which the elder did not possess, although their gowns were of the same piece of calico and their alpaca aprons of the same pattern.

Still, there was a difference which the elder recognized and scorned as an indication of weakness.

"She's just like mother!" said she with a jerk of her square shoulders. "For the Lord's sake, Lyddy, how many more times have I told you to count that bit of money by you! You act as if you expected it to grow!"

"Wish 't would," said Lyddy, absently.

"Seems as if it would never get enough for that melodeon."

The elder arose and walked quickly toward the cupboard, the lines of her determined face set firmly as if to repress something disagreeable.

Taking down a pan of eggs from an upper shelf, she packed them, one by one, in a basket of dry bran.

This done she carried it into the kitchen where Lyddy stood, bent over the walk to the mountain, which they supplied with eggs during the season.

"You needn't fret, Sairy, if I don't get back before 8; it's hard climbin' over them rocks, and I ain't as nimble as I was," said Lyddy in an apologetic tone.

"You needn't hurry," said the other.

She stood in the door and watched her sister down the path, her purple skirt almost the hue of the wild asters she brushed against as she walked, until the mist enveloped her and she looked like a 'preter in the distance.

"I wish like mother!" said Sairy again as she entered the house. "Allus was slightly; fighting after euther'n other; it's been a melodeon ever since mother died, and here we went to pay the funeral expenses."

She sank into a chair and sat idly thinking for a time.

"Poor Lyddy, she ain't like me. I can get along without filderols, but she allus seems to crave 'em so."

A gay group sat on the hotel veranda enjoying the fresh breeze which swept down from the snow-tipped mountain.

The season was at an end, and many were thinking with regret of the long day of pleasure so soon to be exchanged for the restraints of the city.

This last week bid fair to be one of excitement, for they had decided to join in the annual coaching parade, and were already making plans.

Mrs. Gilman's English trap and the Coleman buckboard were to carry as many of the younger set as possible, but there still remained an overflow who were anxious to take part, and for these a collection was in progress to defray the expenses of the public tally-ho.

Mr. Coleman passed about the hat, in which the silver fell with the unquestioning generosity a pleasure excursion always elicited. The General tossed a gold piece toward the hat, missing his aim, and it fell with a musical clink on the stone floor.

then rolled out of sight. There was an immediate rush and scramble; every one looked and hunted, but no bit of gold. Then the music struck up, and they turned, one and all, to the big dancing room, which had been cleared for dancing.

"We'll leave that until morning," said the general; "it cannot be far off."

There is nothing like a string orchestra to render the delightful German waltzes, and nothing like rarified mountain air to add a wonderful sweetness and strength to the tones.

On a rock, in the deepest shadow, sat a woman swaying to and fro in rhythmic time to the music.

Once she spoke. "It's most as good as a melodeon!"

After a while she arose to go, stepping carefully in the dark; a step or two brought her in the light, and there, directly in her path, lay a bit of something bright.

She stoop quickly and picked it up hurrying involuntarily toward the hotel steps.

Half way across the veranda the music again burst forth, wailing and crying. She paused irresolutely a moment, a deep flush spreading slowly over her face, and a frightened look crept into her eyes. The thin fingers closed about the gold. Eagerly she retraced her steps, Lyddy stumbled over the rocky road through the darkness to the old red house.

Sunrise found Sairy stepping softly about the kitchen with an anxious face, for Lyddy was in and lay upon the haircloth sofa in the best room, two bright spots burning in its hair.

The afternoon found Lyddy no better.

Sairy carried the eggs to the hotel herself, while Lyddy was sleeping. Coming back she overtook a neighbor driving home.

"Good afternoon! Can you give me a lift? Lyddy's sick," she said simply.

"Climb right on," he announced, "anyone gets a chance to do you folks a favor," was the hearty response.

Jolting over the rocks was not conducive to conversation; nevertheless, Sairy heard more news in the short ride than she had listened to in a month.

"They're going to hit a big time up to the top of the mountain," she announced, as she was climbing over the wheels at her own gate.

"A paradin' in coaches; took up a collection to hire my big wagon; the general, he gave 'em a clean ten dollar gold piece, and durned if it didn't roll out 'en his hand and get lost; so I got 'em on hiring my rig, and gettin' a horse, and a harness, and about as bitin'!" he continued, as Sairy thanked him and entered the house.

She counted the eggs more carefully. "I will spare that!" she said decidedly. "I can get along without my meat while Lyddy's sick; she won't know."

"Taking a little down from the small amount, she crept stealthily into the cupboard and reached up for the pewter sugar bowl.

"Poor Lyddy!" she said wistfully.

"I wish it was more; but won't she be surprised!"

"She peered into the depths of the bowl; something glistened and glistened on top. She brought it to the window and looked in carefully this time. She stood quiet still, almost petrified under the force of her discovery.

Walking softly into the darkened kitchen, she went down in the darkest corner, and throwing her apron over her head cried like a child.

A little later she appeared before Lyddy, her old hat drawn well over her eyes.

"Goin' out?" queried she in surprise.

"Yes, Lyddy, I'm goin' up to the hotel. They're here; they lost money there last night, and I found it; I've got to take it back, you know."

"Of course," said Lyddy faintly.

Then Sairy did a most unusual thing: She stopped suddenly and placed a kiss on Lyddy's shamed face as tenderly as if it were a baby's, and went out on her mission, she soliloquized. "She's just got to have things."

One Dog Guards Another's Body

A Singular Instance of Brute Consideration in Misfortune.

A touching exhibition of brute affection and fidelity was witnessed last evening by many persons on Smithfield street. For five days a terrier watched the body of a dead pug, driving away every person who attempted to approach.

About 4 o'clock in the afternoon a Birmingham car ran over and killed a dun-colored pug dog on Smithfield street near Virgin alley. The tragedy was seen by a small frowny terrier, who ran up to the dead and bleeding body and snuffed it. He uttered a plaintive whine or two, and then lay down on the pavement beside it. Another car came rattling along and drove the terrier to one side. He continued his watching at a distance.

When any person crossed the street near the body, the terrier flew at him and barked viciously. He made no attempt to bite any one, but showed his teeth. As soon as the intruder turned away, the terrier ceased his barking and lay down again on the pavement. Part of the time he sat on the sidewalk, but he was instantly in the street if any man, woman, or child came within six feet of the carcass. Footblacks and newsboys approached the dead body closely for the purpose of aggravating the terrier, and he chased some of them several rods.

All attempts to coax him away were unavailing. Now and then he ran out into the street, snuffed at the body, and dropped a tear. He had several narrow escapes from passing cars. The strangest incident occurred about 6 o'clock. A passing wagon touched the dead dog and threw it across the car rail. The terrier instantly darted forth, seized the body, and dragged a foot away from the rail. It must have been that the faithful terrier would meet death himself. Inspector McKelvey heard two boys' backs to end the affair. One of them tossed the terrier and enticed him some distance away, when the other boy snatched up the carcass and ran with it down Virgin alley. The terrier returned, and for half an hour searched up and down the street. At last he gave up, and sadly trotted off Virgin alley toward Grant street.

Best Polish in the World.

Rising Sun Stove Polish

DO NOT BE DECEIVED

with Pastes, Enamels, and Paints which stain the hands, injure the iron, and burn red. The Rising Sun Stove Polish is Brilliant, Odorless, and Durable. Each package contains six ounces; when moistened will make several boxes of Paste Polish.

HAS AN ANNUAL SALE OF 3,000 TONS.

DEARBORN & CO., WHOLESALE AGENTS

Annapolis, April 19, by Rev. J. Strothard, G. C. DeKostere to Zimera, Doctor.

Hampden, April 22, by Rev. D. E. East, Capt. Charles Hunter to Mary Parker.

Shelburne, April 18, by Rev. C. A. Sabies, Richard E. Hays, to Miss M. Roy.

Westville, April 17, by Rev. W. Nightingale, John Patterson to Mary Dale Durock.

Middle Muskegoch, April 21, by Rev. E. Smith, Edward Cameron to Esie Myers.

Fort Erie, N. S. April 22, by Rev. C. P. Wilson, Harold Spence to Mary A. Baxter.

Acadia Mines, April 22, by Rev. J. B. Heal, George Samuel Johnson to Lillie Bhanon.

Pembroke, N. S. April 19, by Rev. B. H. Thomas, William O. Foster to Emma E. Doane.

Gayboro, April 19, by Rev. J. W. Gardner, Frederick A. Henderson to Jane Myers.

West Pubnico, April 22, by Rev. L. E. Duchesne, Louis T. E. Amico to Lillian Amiro.

Rockville, N. S. April 22, by Rev. D. O. Mackay, B. Parker Dodge to Barbara L. Tonia.

Tatamagouche, April 22, by Rev. Dr. Sedgewick, Alexander Sutherland to Annie Balfie.

Beach Meadows, April 19, by Rev. G. W. Ball, Edward C. Gardner to Annie S. Westwell.

Parsons, April 22, by Rev. T. Beesma, Edward M. Hartnett to Margaret McAleese.

Millon, N. S. April 16, by Rev. H. Spence, Baker, Joseph F. Fettes to Mrs. Eliza Baylar.

St. Margaret's Bay, April 12, by Rev. L. Amor, Frederick W. Dunlop to Grace W. Fader.

West La Have Ferry, Feb. 18, by Rev. J. G. Goe, Captain Dawson Rose to Sophie E. Boucher.

East Pubnico, April 22, by Rev. G. E. Sturges, Freeman J. Larkin to Mrs. Caroline Atkins.

Jersey City, April 18, by Rev. D. Hailara, John H. Vandermeer to Minnie Dowling formerly of Truro.

Seattle, U. S. A. Mar. 18, by Rev. John P. Ludlow, Rev. John A. Fraser of Pictou, N. S. to Grace M. Jones.

Intercolonial Railway.

On and after MONDAY, the 9th September 1895 the times of this Railway will be as follows:

TRAINS WILL LEAVE ST. JOHN

Express for Campbellton, Piquash, Pictou and Halifax..... 7.00

Express for Halifax..... 8.00

Express for Quebec and Montreal..... 12.00

Express for Grand..... 12.00

Passengers from St. John for Quebec and Montreal take through sleeping car at Montreal at 12.00 o'clock.

TRAINS WILL ARRIVE AT ST. JOHN:

Express from Sussex..... 6.00

Express from Montreal and Quebec (Monday excepted)..... 7.00

Express from Montreal (daily)..... 12.00

Express from Halifax, Pictou and Campbellton..... 12.00

Accommodation from Montreal..... 12.00

The trains of the Intercolonial Railway are lighted by steam from the locomotive, and this being the case, the Intercolonial Railway is lighted by electricity.

All trains run by Eastern Standard Time.

D. POTTINGER, General Manager.

Railway Office, Montreal, N. B., 6th September, 1895.

Dominion Atlantic Ry.

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

Trains run on Eastern Standard Time.

On and after Monday, March 2nd, trains will run (Sunday excepted) as follows:

STRAINSBURY PRINCE RUPERT.

Daily Service.

Leave St. John 8.30 a.m.; arrive Digby 11.15 a.m.; Digby 1.01 p.m.; arrive St. John 3.45 p.m.

DAILY EXPRESS TRAINS.

Leave Yarmouth 8.30 a.m.; Digby 1.30 p.m.; arrive Halifax 7.00 p.m.

Leave Halifax 6.30 a.m.; arrive Digby 11.45 a.m.; Yarmouth 3.0 p.m.

Leave Kentville, 5.30 a.m.; arrive Halifax 8.30 a.m.

Leave Halifax 3.15 p.m.; arrive Kentville 6.00 p.m.

Build prior cars run daily each way between Halifax and Yarmouth.

ACCOMMODATION TRAINS.

Leave Annapolis at 5.30 a.m.; arrive Halifax 8.30 p.m.

Leave Halifax 6.00 a.m.; arrive Annapolis 5.25 p.m.

Leave Yarmouth Mon., Wed. and Fri., 12.15 p.m.; arrive Annapolis 5.10 p.m.

Leave Annapolis Tues., Thurs. and Sat., 6.40 a.m.; arrive Yarmouth 1.15 p.m.

Leave Annapolis daily at 7 a.m.; arriving Digby 9.30 a.m.

Leave Digby daily 1.30 p.m.; arrive Annapolis 4.40 p.m.

For tickets, time tables, etc., apply to Dominion Atlantic Railway Ticket Office, 114 Prince William street, St. John; 125 Hollis street, Halifax; 25 Water street, Boston.

W. R. CAMPBELL, Gen. Man'gr.

K. SUTHERLAND, Superintendent.

DIED.

Halifax, April 28, John Dunn, 65.

Casco, April 16, John Fishery, 62.

Shelburne, April 29, Ellen Harding.

Bristol, April 17, Capt. Thos. Day, 75.

Jolicore, April 18, Ralph Dobson, 80.

St. John, May 7, Bernard Higgins, 70.

Tracy N. B., April 15, John Boone, 80.

St. John, April 29, David S. Curry, 70.

Blackville, April 21, Ida Washburn, 42.

Napan, April 23, Hester E. Embree, 20.

Jordan Bay, N. S., April 14, William Youn New German, April 22, Edward Drew, 75.

Ohio, N. S., April 29, Benjamin Pittman, 75.

Lower Truro, April 17, Mrs. Anna Blair, 77.

Lower Jerneg, N. B., April 29, James Bates, 74.

Boston Highlands, April 27, Miss J. Roberts, 6.

Tower Hill, April 16, Mrs. Stella Davidson, 60.

West Pubnico, April 23, Robert D'Entremont, 27.

Liverpool, April 28, Albert Hemen, M. P. P. 45.

Montreal, April 15, William A. Earle of N. S., 48.

Washington, April 8, Ella wife of W. R. Wells, 31.

Elkberry Lake, N. S., April 18, Donald Lyrik, 45.

Caledonia, St. Marys April 15, John L. Hattie, 60.

Weymouth, C. B., April 17, Nell Carmichael, 81.

Salem, Mass., April 18, Howard Rogers of N. S., 31.

St. John, April 28, Charles V. son of C. J. Fisher, 40.

Middleboro Mass., April 29, Dr. G. W. Copeland 60.

Halifax, April 29, Elizabeth, widow of John Leary, 22.

West Green Harbor, April 13, George J. Williams, 22.

Eastern Passage, April 28, Ellen, wife of John St. John, 88.

Liverpool, N. S. April 28, Arthur L. son of J. L. Bain, 19.

Bridgetown, April 19, Nancy, widow of Capt. Wm. Rice, 51.

Halifax, April 27, Elizabeth, wife of William Truro, 53.

Truro, April 27, Walter A., son of Edward Bruce, 7 months.

Hardwoodlands, Hants Co. N. S., April 22, Peter Truro, April 19, Irvin, eldest son of William Smith, 27.

Grand Lake, April 15, Mary A. widow of William Hays, 40.

Hantsport, April 1, Walter, son of David and Mand Fuller, 4.

Pomeroy Ridge, April 16, Jane, widow of Luther P. Folsom, 56.

Meteghan, April 17, Dennis, son of Thaddeus Thibodeau.

Shubenacadie, April 26, Barbara, widow of James Ramsay, 62.

North River, April 23, Hughes, wife of Cyrus Donald, 42.

Bridgetown, Mar. 23, Alice B. Craig, daughter of W. A. Craig.

West Berlin, N. S., April 12, Eliza, wife of Nathaniel Wainwright, 58.

East Mines N. S., April 22, Mary, widow of Wm. Weatherbee.

Dartmouth, April 21, Elmina Jane, wife of S. B. Thompson, 42.

Belmont, N. B., April 22, Sarah H. widow of John D. Wilmut, 62.

Hatfield Point, April 8, Nancy, wife of Capt. James Somerville, 56.

Dartmouth, April 25, Isabel Lawson, widow of John Fbratt, 42.

St. John, April 20, Lydia J. A. wife of Samuel S. Fitzpatrick, 30.

Buctouche, April 12, Minnie E. Doherty, wife of John A. Irving.

St. John, May 1, Laura M., daughter of Johanna and Silbert Lamont, 25.

Boston, April 15, Sadie, daughter of Mrs. Williamson of Tatamagouche, 25 weeks.

St. John, April 28, John C. son of the late Michael and Catherine Conchals, 28.

Halifax, April 27, Frederick Rye, child of John A. and Ada Campbell, 5 months.

Roanoke, N. S., April 26, Harriet, widow of Joseph E. Mitchell of Windsor, N. S.

West Berlin, April 23, Ida Dorothy, daughter of Thomas and Lucy Henson, 3.

Millon, Me. April 19, Blanche C. daughter of Hugh and Lily Markee, 1 month.

Upper Lunenburg, April 11, John J. M. son of Archie and Christie MacKinnin, 28.

Avonport N. S., April 17, Esther May, only daughter of Beattie and Roman Coldwell, 9.

Halifax, April 24, William Dendley, child of Gertrude and John A. Higgins, 9 months.

Bellefleur, April 23, Henry Vincent, only child of Mrs. and Mrs. Augustus Pothier's weeks.

Halifax, May 7, Elisha Hathaway, infant daughter of Alfred M. and Lillian Balfie, 10 months.

Dorchester, Mass., April 27, Walter Sinclair, infant child of John B. and Jennie Masses, 4 months.

Lower Mass., April 19, Margaret E. daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Nevill Dewar, formerly of N. B., 24.

Humphrey's Homeopathic Specifics Cure The Sick.

Ask your druggist for the specific you need, get it well and strong for a quarter. It is a small investment but means much to you. Manual of all Diseases mailed free.

Small bottles of pleasant pellets fit the vest pocket. Sold by druggists or sent prepaid upon receipt of price in cash.

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HUMPHREY'S WITCH HAZEL OIL "THE PILE OINTMENT."

For Piles—External or Internal, Itching or Bleeding, or any itching or bleeding of the rectum. The relief is immediate—the cure certain.

PRICE, 50 CENTS. TRIAL SIZE, 25 CENTS.

sent by express, or sent prepaid on receipt of price.

HUMPHREY'S MED. CO., 111 & 113 William St., New York.

BORN.

Halifax, April 22, to the wife of Wm. Campbell, a son.

Hampton, April 22, to the wife of S. G. Braman, a son.

St. John, May 3, to the wife of James J. Gillies, a son.

Moncton, April 28, to the wife of Valentine Legere a son.

Parbroboro, April 28, to the wife of Thomas Welter, a son.

Millon, April 19, to the wife of George O. Dexter a son.

St. Stephen, April 18, to the wife of T. Carl Ketchum a son.

Shubenacadie, April 29, to the wife of Mr. Stullard, a son.

Truro, April 22, to the wife of Alex. Stewart, a daughter.

Truro, April 25, to the wife of C. H. Beattie, a daughter.

Halifax, April 26, to the wife of Guy C. Hart, a son.

Truro, April 24, to the wife of Noah Barrett, a daughter.

Yarmouth, April 26, to the wife of L. H. Wheaton a daughter.

Millon, April 20, to the wife of Frecanus Moulson, a little, Hants Co. to the wife of Thomas Fryer, a daughter.

Passaden, Mar. 17, to the wife of Weymouth Croft, a son.

East Gore, N. S., April 17, to the wife of Archibald Biels, a son.

Central Argyle, April 10, to the wife of Richard Owen, a son.

Parbroboro, April 27, to the wife of Elkanah Phinney Jr., a daughter.

Shag Harbor, April 24, to the wife of Wm. Rodgers, a daughter.

Port Greville, April 29, to the wife of Harvey Hatfield, a daughter.

Diligent, April 23, to the wife of William Lamb, a daughter.

Westworth, April 17, to the wife of Thomas E. Wilson, a daughter.

Upper Stewiacke, April 17, to the wife of William Thorpe, a daughter.

Halifax River, April 29, to the wife of Joseph Danby, a daughter.

Port Greville, April 27, to the wife of William C. Hatfield, a daughter.

New Annap, April 24, to the wife of D. M. Landon, a son.

Generals, N. S., April 12, to the wife of A. H. Moore formerly of N. S., a son.

Machias, Seal Islands, April 22, to the wife of Charles F. Seely, a daughter.

MARRIED.

Aylesford, April 14, by Rev. Mr. Bancroft, Arthur Reid to Hattie Selridge.

Millon, N. B., April 8, by Rev. F. S. Todd, Jerry Bailey to Irene May Fife.

Parbroboro, April 22, by Rev. E. H. Howe, Frederick M. Mansro to Lues Kilham.

Amherst, April 14, by Rev. A. A. Steele, Joseph McDonald to Mary Quigley.

Brighton, April 14, by Rev. N. B. Dunn, John Wilson to Elizabeth Fismorris.

Felt River, N. S., April 19, by Rev. J. Gee, Adolphus McDonald to Maud Conrad.

Marble Mt. C. B., by Rev. A. McMillan, Lanchin A. McDonald to Mary Quigley.

Notton, April 22, by Rev. George Howard, John M. Bupert to Emma A. Ryder.

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The Oldest and Largest Manufacturers of

PURE, HIGH GRADE

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Intercolonial Railway.

On and after MONDAY, the 9th September 1895 the times of this Railway will be as follows:

TRAINS WILL LEAVE ST. JOHN

Express for Campbellton, Piquash, Pictou and Halifax..... 7.00

Express for Halifax..... 8.00

Express for Quebec and Montreal..... 12.00

Express for Grand..... 12.00

Passengers from St. John for Quebec and Montreal take through sleeping car at Montreal at 12.00 o'clock.

TRAINS WILL ARRIVE AT ST. JOHN:

Express from Sussex..... 6.00

Express from Montreal and Quebec (Monday excepted)..... 7.00

Express from Montreal (daily)..... 12.00

Express from Halifax, Pictou and Campbellton..... 12.00

Accommodation from Montreal..... 12.00

The trains of the Intercolonial Railway are lighted by steam from the locomotive, and this being the case, the Intercolonial Railway is lighted by electricity.

All trains run by Eastern Standard Time.

D. POTTINGER, General Manager.

Railway Office, Montreal, N. B., 6th September, 1895.

Dominion Atlantic Ry.

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

Trains run on Eastern Standard Time.

On and after Monday, March 2nd, trains will run (Sunday excepted) as follows:

STRAINSBURY PRINCE RUPERT.

Daily Service.

Leave St. John 8.30 a.m.; arrive Digby 11.15 a.m.; Digby 1.01 p.m.; arrive St. John 3.45 p.m.

DAILY EXPRESS TRAINS.

Leave Yarmouth 8.30 a.m.; Digby 1.30 p.m.; arrive Halifax 7.00 p.m.

Leave Halifax 6.30 a.m.; arrive Digby 11.45 a.m.; Yarmouth 3.0 p.m.

Leave Kentville, 5.30 a.m.; arrive Halifax 8.30 a.m.

Leave Halifax 3.15 p.m.; arrive Kentville 6.00 p.m.

Build prior cars run daily each way between Halifax and Yarmouth.

ACCOMMODATION TRAINS.

Leave Annapolis at 5.30 a.m.; arrive Halifax 8.30 p.m.

Leave Halifax 6.00 a.m.; arrive Annapolis 5.25 p.m.

Leave Yarmouth Mon., Wed. and Fri., 12.15 p.m.; arrive Annapolis 5.10 p.m.

Leave Annapolis Tues., Thurs. and Sat., 6.40 a.m.; arrive Yarmouth 1.15 p.m.

Leave Annapolis daily at 7 a.m.; arriving Digby 9.30 a.m.

Leave Digby daily 1.30 p.m.; arrive Annapolis 4.40 p.m.

For tickets, time tables, etc., apply to Dominion Atlantic Railway Ticket Office, 114 Prince William street, St. John; 125 Hollis street, Halifax; 25 Water street, Boston.

W. R. CAMPBELL, Gen. Man'gr.

K. SUTHERLAND, Superintendent.

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REDUCTION IN EXPRESS RATES

To Wolford, Hampton and intermediate points, 10 lbs. and under.....	15
To Sussex, Annapolis, Digby, H. Pictou, Pictou, Harvey, Fredericton and intermediate points, 10 lbs. and under.....	15
Over 10 to 15 lbs.....	20
To St. Mary's, McAdam, Bristol, Moncton, Pictou, Hantsport and intermediate points, 10 lbs. and under.....	15
Over 10 to 15 lbs.....	20
To Woodstock, Newburg, Jct., Meadows, Macoun, Fort Erie and intermediate points, 10 pounds and under.....	15
Over 10 to 15 lbs.....	20
To Woodstock, Newburg, Jct., Meadows, Macoun, Fort Erie and intermediate points, 10 pounds and under.....	15
Over 10 to 15 lbs.....	20
To Woodstock, Newburg, Jct., Meadows, Macoun, Fort Erie and intermediate points, 10 pounds and under.....	15
Over 10 to 15 lbs.....	20
To St. Leonard's, Edmundston and intermediate points, 10 lbs. and under.....	15
Over 10 to 15 lbs.....	20
To St. Leonard's, Edmundston and intermediate points, 10 lbs. and under.....	15
Over 10 to 15 lbs.....	20
To St. Leonard's, Edmundston and intermediate points, 10 lbs. and under.....	15
Over 10 to 15 lbs.....	20
To St. Leonard's, Edmundston and intermediate points, 10 lbs. and under.....	15
Over 10 to 15 lbs.....	20
To St. Leonard's, Edmundston and intermediate points, 10	