

If you wish to be up-to-date you can read no better literature than *Munsey, McClure's and Cosmopolitan* which we are giving you as combined premium. Read ad.

PROGRESS.

We would like to know what a lot of you people are thinking about—can't you see the "cluck" in our premium offer?

VOL. XI, NO. 567.

ST. JOHN, N. B., SATURDAY, MARCH 25 1899.

PRICE FIVE CENTS

Two weeks from Tuesday the tax payers of this city will choose a new council and at present it looks as if the changes might be quite general.

Since Progress appeared last the situation has become defined somewhat and now there is a good idea as to who really wants to be aldermen. Who the people may want is likely to narrow the situation still more.

As yet there do not appear to be any particular issues brought out in the canvass. Even the old and time worn question of economy is not to the front but of course every candidate takes it for granted that the people know his economical intentions. It did look at one time as though there in favor of greater what accommodation might go to the people on that question but that project seems to have died out for the present. Then again the recent discussion on a new assessment law promised something for the people to think about but that too seems to be shelved for the time being. It is not an easy matter to make a new assessment law and it may be taken for granted that no law will be framed that will suit all parties. Had Mr. Hatheway's idea of exempting the smaller incomes and imposing a general poll tax of \$3 been approved of by those citizens who discussed the question the laboring man would no doubt have voted for the advocates of such a measure. But the opinion of the citizens put aside the whole question for the present.

The mayoralty contest has new and interesting features since last week. The most important of these was the announcement by Dr. Daniel that he would not be a candidate. A requisition was presented to him and after giving the matter careful consideration he decided not to come this year. This was the tenor of his letter to the newspapers Wednesday morning. The friends of Mayor Sears will naturally feel relieved over the doctor's decision because the race between them last year was a very close one and Dr. Daniel has lost some of his supporters. The idea too that a mayor should serve two years seems to prevail more generally than it used to and this too may have had something to do with Dr. Daniel's refusal to come.

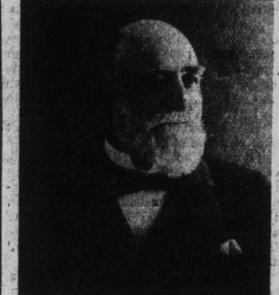
However, it is not coming Mr. John K. Storey in and he is coming in earnest. Notwithstanding the fact that he is a King street merchant and very well known Progress has an idea that there are some people who have not seen him and so was fortunate enough to secure a very recent photograph which pictures Mr. Storey to life. He takes a good picture and the engraver has done him justice. It may be unusual for anyone to have a picture taken with the head covered but it would hardly be possible to imagine Mr. Storey without his hat. That is the way he is known to the people who meet him and consequently that is the way Progress pictures him. Mr. Storey is serious in this matter. He thinks the city wants a new mayor and that he is the man to fill the bill. The present mayor is his landlord but he will not permit his business relations with him to interfere with what he considers a public duty. He has an idea that the time has arrived for him to come to the front and that the people are anxious and ready for him to come. The requisition he received shows the wide and general interest in his course and there was nothing left for Mr. Storey but to come forward. There is no backing out now he says and he evidently is very much in earnest. It is not known just what the nature of his complaint against Mayor Sears is—whether he objects to him in his civic capacity or as a landlord. There is a dim suspicion that he may not suit Mr. Storey in either sense but the issues of the campaign have not got down so far as that yet.

Mr. Storey is not the only opposition that Mr. Sears will have. The surprise of the week was the announcement that Mr. W. B. Wallace would be a candidate for mayor. Mr. Wallace came forward in a manly fashion way. He put his card in the newspapers and asked for the support of the people. He makes no apologies for coming recognizing that it is one of the rights of citizenship to be a candidate for the highest office in the gift of the people. Mr. Wallace did not wait for any requisition. That is one of the incidents of later days and it may be that they are not thought so highly of ever since some years ago a tremendous requisition sought a man to fill a certain office. He accepted and was elected. It transpired afterwards that he had promoted the requisition himself and that the gentleman who circulated it so said

SEEKING PUBLIC FAVOR.

Some of the Candidates for Mayor and Aldermen Pictured and Described.

usually was not exactly disinterested. The facts however were never given to the public but were a private source of amusement to those in the secret. Mr. Wallace is a



Ald. J. B. Hamm, Candidate for Alderman-at-Large.

lawyer, and while not as prominent in the profession as some others he has been engaged on many important cases. He is a gentleman of easy temperament and does not take life too seriously. Those who are well acquainted with him take great pleasure in seeking his office and taking part in conversations that are rather of a philosophical nature. With the idea of making the voters better acquainted with his features Progress has secured a large engraving of him which was used recently in a masonic publication. By the way, Mr. Wallace is an ardent mason like in the order and well acquainted with all who belong to it. He is comparatively a young man and up to the present time has not been considered as ambitious in a civic way.

The name of Mr. John McMillan as a candidate for mayor was suggested by a citizen in a letter to the press. Should the suggestion happen to meet with Mr. McMillan's acceptance it would no doubt be satisfactory to a large number of people. Alderman Hamm has not retired but will run as alderman at large. He has represented Kings ward and has had no trouble in getting his election but it was a matter of surprise when after retiring he came forward as a candidate for the whole city. It cannot be said that an alderman at large is any more honorable position than an alderman for any particular ward and that is not the reason Mr. Hamm left Kings and appealed to the larger electorate. It seems

that he pressed Col. Armstrong that he would not oppose him in the ward this year and for that reason he retired as alderman of this ward. His name is so well known that he will give some of the other candidates at large all the work they can do to keep up with him. He is a great canvasser and makes more personal effort in this direction than any other man at the board.

But if Ald. Hamm is not going to oppose the colonel, Mr. W. C. R. Allan is and he is not a candidate to lose any time over. Mr. Allan is popular and acquainted with a large number of people in all parts of the city. On the West side he will poll a great vote and the same may be said of him on this side of the harbor as well. He is a school trustee and hospital com-

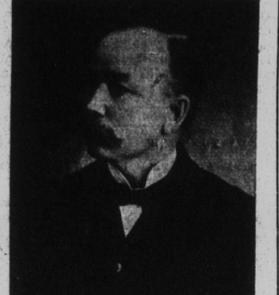


Capt. J. W. Keast, Candidate for Alderman-at-Large.

missioner and has been a candidate for the local house. There is good material for an alderman in Mr. Allan.

Colonel Armstrong is a lawyer, well known to conservators as a hard word worker and one acquainted with the ways of politicians. His desire to serve the city is a laudable one as he is too busy a man not to be a loser personally if he is elected. There is one sided canvass in Dufferin, and Mr. Armstrong is doing all of it so far. Alderman Millidge goes on the principle that if the people want him they can elect him and if they don't why he can stay at home and attend to his private business. Surely that is a happy condition of mind for a man to go into politics with. Mr. Armstrong can hardly afford to be as indifferent to public opinion and so he is

working, and work always tells in an election. Dr. Smith has a hard fight in his contest with Dr. Christie. The latter has the sup-



John K. Storey, Candidate for Mayor of St. John.

port of the aldermen or perhaps not [all of them but] most of them and on the principle of back scratching is sure to get a large vote. Dr. Smith deserves praise for his courage in coming forward with this knowledge and if he can make the right list of combinations with the new candidates he will have a good chance.

In the field at large there are besides Alderman Hamm, Mr. James Kelly, Captain Keast, Mr. Harris Allan and, it is said, Mr. James Seaton. The chances of Mr. Hamm have been spoken of above and with him and the other three or four the contest should be the most interesting of the day. Mr. Kelly says that he is going to be elected and if one may judge of the reception given Capt. Keast last year he stands excellently well in the minds of the people. Mr. Harris Allan comes out in consequence of a requisition that was presented to him this week. He and Mr. Seaton have been before the people a number of times with varying success. Mr. Seaton, however represented Victoria for a number of years.

Alderman Tutts is to have opposition in Dukes. Mr. John B. Magee is out as a candidate. Mr. Magee wants to get to work at once.

The opposition to Ald. McGoldrick is said to be encouraged by a gentleman who has been given a good deal of profitable work to do by the city of late and which the alderman helped to secure. If the report is true it does not indicate much sense of gratitude. In the meantime the alderman from Stanley is not showing much concern for he has been in Boston all the week on a business trip.

SUDDEN DEATH OF A CROCKETTE.

A Young man who was Well Known and Well Liked.

The sudden death of Mr. Thomas Crockett this week was a severe shock not only to his immediate friends, but to all of those who knew him, and there were a great many people who knew Mr. Crockett intimately well. He was a young man about thirty-five years of age, and in his short life had made many friends, and few, if any enemies. His place of business was on one of the public corners of the city, though in the residential portion, and it was very well known indeed. Mr. Crockett was a druggist and for many years did an excellent business on the corner of Princess and Sydney streets. His illness lasted only a few hours as he fell in an epileptic fit at half past eleven in the morning and died between three and four o'clock in the afternoon. All that medical skill could do for him was done, but he never regained consciousness, and passed away without suffering any of the pain that is usually associated with so sudden a death. This is a poor consolation, however, to the sorrowing widow and one

child and to the father and mother and other members of his family whom he left to mourn for him. "Tom," as he was generally known among his particular friends, was an ardent member of Knights of Pythias and much interested in the meetings and progress of that order in the city. His funeral was a very large one and gave some idea of the general regret felt for the sudden termination of so young a life.

A WITTY MENU CARD.

Used at a Horsemen's Dinner at the Border This Week. The sportsmen of the border are evidently enjoying the monotony of the season in which they can do no racing by feasting at the banquet board, making speeches, and exercising their ingenuity in concocting witty menu cards. Progress prints one today that was used on the first day of this week at the Queen hotel in St. Stephen, and anyone who is interested in horses, or the work of horses and horsemen, will be both amused and pleased at the happy references associated with the different dishes. Here is the menu.

- DINNER AT THE QUEEN HOTEL.
- Expense Taken out of the Waist-Skin Belonging to Willard Eaton.
- MENU.
- SOUF. Horse Tail.
 - FISH. Eastport Herring; Nominat Cream.
 - COLD DISHES. Ice Track. La Hoop Jock Bowen.
 - ROAST. Jock Bowen, a la Chain Gravy. Nellie Eaton, a Cup-o'-Sauce. Jim Wilkes, a la Cough-up Sauce. Bell Clear, a la How Sauce.
 - GAMB. Johnstone. High Low Jack. Poker.
 - TONGUE. Osborne Lecture, Driver's Sauce. Curran Lecture, Old Woman Sauce.
 - ENTREES. Ten Per Cent. Horse Blankets. Boots. Toe Weights. Peck's Nerve.
 - VEGETABLES. Pembroke Grass, Dudley Sauce. Corn Cob. Cabbage.
 - PASTRY. Round Shouldered Pie, Cane Maki. Leather Pie, with Bubbles. Take Back Pie, Five Dollar Sauce. Sponge Pie, Gate Sauce.
 - DESSERT. Distant Place. Sent to Barn. One Hundred Dollars Fine Cake. FRUITS AND NUTS. Sour Grapes. Snow Ball Shoe. Horse Chestnuts. LIQUEURS. Millown Ice. Take Water. Fire Water. Peck's Bar-Wire. CIGARS. The Bell. Black & Sp. C. M. B. A. MONDAY EVENING, MAR 20, 1899.

SAYS SHE IS A LAWFUL HEIR.

A Woman Makes Inquiries About an Estate. PROGRESS is in receipt of a letter this week from a Mrs. James E. Gladish of Higginsville, Missouri, who makes inquiries concerning one Burnett estate in this city, and of which she claims to be the lawful heir. Mrs. Gladish says her grandfather came to this city from Nova Scotia, bought property here, which at his death was left to his eldest son John Graves Danbar Simco Burnett.

Mrs. Gladish doesn't say what became of her father or how the property passed out of the family. Persons possessing any knowledge of the affair may find it to their interest to communicate with Mrs. Gladish, Higginsville, Missouri.

Concerning Lenten Observance.

Monsignor Connolly preached a sermon last Sunday morning that was scathing and severe denunciation of the modern methods of keeping Lent. He spoke of the recent banquets in honor of St. Patrick's day and did not agree with that way of honoring the saint. On his day there was no meat in Lent and the people lived without it all right. But the idea of the names of prominent Catholics appearing in the press as present at a banquet in Lent seemed out of order in the opinion of the venerable prelate.

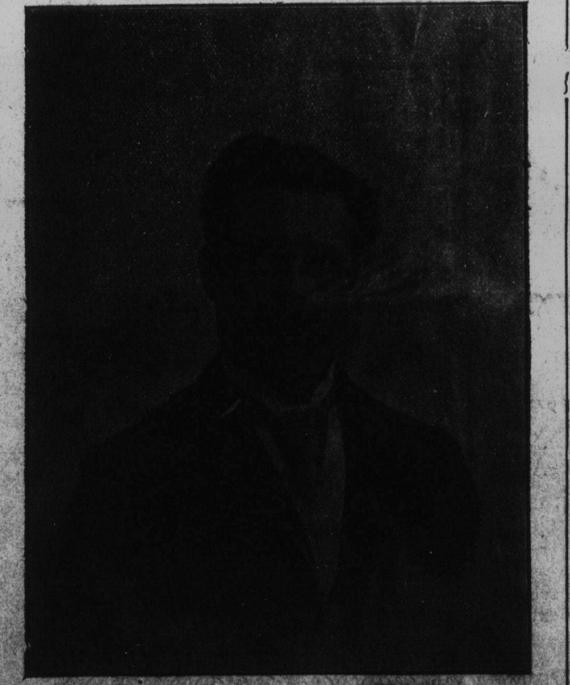
A Letter Worth Keeping.

Under date of March 22 a resident of Albert County sent a letter to Josh Ward of Dock street which is worth printing and preserving as something curious in that particular line.

"Mr. Josie ward please send by express Half pint of alkali Hall 3 Bottles Jim and the remainder in Rye whiskey please Send right away Send it in Bottles in a small Box don't put in Rye on paper yours truly

Albert Co B I have included this in this letter 2850."

Charles B. Bennett, Com. Spinal Paralysis, Duval, 27 Waterloo Street.



MR. WILLIAM B. WALLACE, Candidate for Mayor of St. John.

ON THE IRISH COAST.

A FORMER CAPTAIN TELLS OF HIS
WRECK AND STORMS.To Experience a Real Storm One Must Visit
the East Coast of Ireland—Western Cy-
clones are Wild Scourges Compared With
Those Experienced There.

'People talk of big winds here,' said the Captain of a brigantine, who was once in charge of a coast guard station in Ireland, 'but if they want to know what a real storm is like they should experience some of the big blows on the east coast of Ireland, along the Irish Sea north of St. George's channel. I have never yet experienced anything like them in this country, though I am told of Western cyclones that tear up big trees by the roots and carry houses and occupants through the air.

'But for a good blow give me the east coast of Ireland when there is a storm. I have sometimes found it impossible to keep my feet along the shore and the lanching of a life-boat at a coast guard station there during a storm is a big job. The worst storm I ever remember occurred when I was chief officer or chief boatman, as it was called, in a coast guard station at a watering place called Newcastle, which lies along the base of the Mourne Mountains in County Down, just opposite the Isle of Man. The village faces the sea in the centre of a small bay and is so near the sea wall that when there is a big storm the spray leaps over the wall and comes down the chimney of the houses nearest the sea, putting out the fires.

'At the north of the village is a long stretch of sand beach called Cut Throat, which shelves off very gradually. When a vessel is driven ashore at Cut Throat there is no hope for her. She always sticks until she is beaten to pieces by the waves. The storm I refer to came up from the southeast in the afternoon. Some hours before a big storm, the Isle of Man, which is invisible in good weather, is seen distinctly; even the waves can be distinguished breaking on its shores. The day before the storm the weather was unusually fine and there was nothing to be seen but sea and sky from the shore of the bay. Toward evening the Isle of Man appeared almost as suddenly as if it had risen from the water. I never saw it so distinctly from the shore before and it meant a big storm within twelve hours.

'When the storm arrived the next day the rain came down in sheets, but was blown in a horizontal direction in spray, so that if you were out it was impossible to see before you. It was dangerous to be out, as alates blown from the roofs of houses were flying in all directions and every now and then a chimney would be blown down, I watched people from my window trying to go from one place to another, but strong men were blown about like feathers, and I saw men who had to be out catching hands to steady one another. The storm increased until I was going to bed, when a knock came to the door, and a coast guard clad in tarpaulins staggered in and said that a vessel was ashore at Cut Throat.

'I had just been reading a letter from my brother, who was coming from Wales on a schooner, and hoping he was not at sea in the tempest, and the news that a vessel was ashore scared me. I put on my tarpaulins in a hurry and went out, but the wind met me in the teeth when I went out and blew me down. The coast guard pulled me up, and band in hand we went to Cut Throat, which was about three-quarters of a mile away and had a lifeboat station. The noise of the storm was terrible. It was roaring and shrieking in my ears like a sound of a thousand fiends fighting. The rain struck up the street horizontally, and though the night was not very dark, we could see only a short way ahead owing to the blinding spray. The wind was on our backs and blew us along, so that we seemed to fly rather than walk. Now and then one or the other was blown down. We collided helplessly with lamp-posts and occasionally were thrown against men who were trying to get home in the teeth of the wind knocking them down.

'At Cut Throat we had to reach the beach by crossing a succession of low sand hills covered with grass. There the wind got at us in its greatest fury, blowing us down every minute or two. As fast as we would get to the top of a sand hill we would be blown down to the bottom on the other side, thus getting ahead faster than we intended. When we reached the lifeboat station a large crowd of people had already collected and were cowering in the lee of the boathouse. To my surprise there was little surf, the wind having the effect of beating down the waves near the shore. The lifeboat was manned with myself as one of the crew, and several hundred people caught the ropes and tried to launch it. I could see the stranded vessel, a schooner, dimly now and then through the spray by the light of rockets

which the crew were firing, and the thought that my brother might be on board made me wild to get out. Four times the lifeboat was launched and as many times driven back again. The people pulled the boat out until they were up to their breasts in the water. It was impossible to hear any directions given owing to the roaring of the wind, which filled our ears. The fifth time the boat was launched we were able to keep it from being thrown back and by degrees reached the stranded vessel. The crew consisted of eight men, and my brother was on board as a passenger. The schooner had come from Cardiff, in Wales, and was bound for Belfast, but was blown ashore at the place where she stranded. We took the men from the schooner and lashed them to the seats in the lifeboat, as we were. It did not take us long to get back. The crew of the schooner were cared for at the coastguard station, and I walked home with my brother with the wind in our faces. It was like wading shoulder deep against a strong tide with the wind in your face. It took us two hours to reach home, as we were repeatedly blown down before we arrived there. That was the biggest blow I ever remember, and I never experienced anything like it in this country. During the next day or two there was nothing but tidings of wrecks from every part of the coast, and more people lost their lives on that occasion than in any single storm I ever remember before or since.'

TATTOOED WHILE HE SLEPT.

True Story of a Painful Episode in the Life
of a Troop A Man.

There is nothing in the cavalry regulations which deals with tattooing, and as there was lots of time to spare on board the transport which brought up some of the Troop A men, it was not strange that the troopers should engage the services of the negro tattoo artist who happened to be aboard. This artist's name was George Washington Jones, and his distinguishing characteristic aside from his color and his skill in tattooing was his unquenchable thirst for stimulating drinks. One of the troopers was an old football man with a splendid arm for the display of George Washington Jones's skill, but he steadfastly all offers to have it decorated. Mr. Jones pricked in a realistic picture of the Maine for \$3, a pierced heart with the initials of the piercer for \$2.50, and three plain initials for \$2, which, considering the fact that he had a monopoly of the business on the transport, was very reasonable.

The football player who turned trooper might have been named Jack Brown. 'None but the criminal classes resort to tattooing,' was Brown's invariable reply to Mr. Jones's offer to do a good job for him. The second day out was warm and some one from somewhere produced alcoholic drinks, of which not only Trooper Brown

but Artist Jones drank freely. Alcohol caused Brown to do the very things when 'slightly elevated,' as he expressed it, that in his normal condition he detested. As a sober man he not only did not smoke cigarettes but he shamefully abused everyone who did. When stimulated his first request was for a cigarette. Thus it happened that on the second day out, when Brown had quenched his thirst, he hunted up Jones and gave him an order to tattoo the initials 'J. B.' on his arm near the shoulder. Selecting a shady spot on deck, Brown rolled back his sleeve, stretched out and went sound asleep. George Washington Jones's delight at the job was so great that he begged just one more drink before going to work. Then he settled himself on the deck beside Brown.

Jones had such a bad memory that his patrons usually wrote out for him the initials to be tattooed. Brown had neglected this little precaution. The gentle rock of the transport, added to the alcohol, made Brown sleep soundly. He shook nervously when Jones began work, but did not wake up. It was two hours later when Trooper Brown awoke. As his consciousness developed his language became profane. He accused a trooper near him of having burned his arm with a lighted cigarette; 'all that the miserable things are good for, anyway,' he added. This was an indication that Brown was sober.

'Nonsense,' said the accused man; 'you have had your sweetheart's initials tattooed on your arm. They are well done. What is her first name, Jack 'Gracie'?

'Not by a long shot,' said Brown, twisting his head around to see the letters on his arm. As he saw the letters G. W. J. tattooed there his remarks became sultry. Who the devil is G. W. J. and why are those initials on my arm? Here, Jones, you scamp, who put up this game on me? If you don't tell me the truth I'll kill you sure.'

'It was just this way. Massa Brown,' said Jones. 'I recollect now, You see sah, I have a powerful bad memory, sah. I clean forgot youah initials, and I remember my own, and I put them on. I am awful forgetful and—but Jones's conclusion was a yell of fear as Brown started for him. The trooper raged and swore and scrubbed his arm until it began to swell, but it was of no use. The G. W. J. resisted bravely. It happened that he was and is engaged to a girl who initials are not G. W. J. and he wondered how he could explain his tattooing. He said nothing about it. It was an unpleasant task and shirked it. When the right time came he would tell her the story. For the rest of the trip on the transport and since



When a Boy Enters

This school he is not given a text-book with a lot of definitions to learn, as in the old way, but he is put at once to doing business as it is done in the outside world. Send for Catalogue.

The Currie Business University.

Cor. Charlotte and Princess Streets,
St. John, N. B.
Telephone 991. P. O. Box 90.

landing the other Troop A men have insisted on calling him George Washington Jones.

Brown is an enthusiastic handball player and when he gets an opponent worthy of his skill he rolls back his sleeves and plays for all he is worth. He was playing in this fashion in a Brooklyn court one morning last week when the young lady whose initials are not G. W. J. called to see him or a moment. Brown came rushing out to see her with his sleeves up, and she began. 'Jack I just want to tell you'—Then came a pause, and she changed her tone and her style and continued. 'Mr. Brown who is G. W. J.? Don't speak a word to me! Who is she? Tell me at once.'

'Heavens!' said Brown fiercely. 'I didn't want you to see that.'

'Of course not, Mr. Brown,' said the young woman. 'They are the initials of some of those horrible Porto Rican people. G. yes, Gonzales, that's what it is. Don't tell me, sir. I know something about Spanish names. Gonzales! I hate the name! I never want to see you again,' and out she flounced.

Brown thinks slowly. Two days later he called at the house of the young woman whose initials are not G. W. J. and with him was a colored man who confessed to those initials. Moreover, Brown brought affidavits from ten Troop A men describing the way in which the initials happened to be on his arm. A protocol was arranged and this was followed by a definite truce. The negro who had been in at the protocol pocketed \$5,00 and returned to the livery stable, where he has worked for ten years.

The young woman has told all her friends about the way in which the initials happened to be on Jack's arm and Jack smiles and says, 'Yes, that's right,' every time he hears it told. She really does tell the story much as it is told above. The Troop A men, after signing the affidavits, said they had done their duty by Jack, and, moreover, they had nothing more to say about it.

Picture, Not Fact.

The recent discovery of Turner's first exhibited picture has set going a Turner story that has not been spoiled by much telling. An art patron one day came into Turner's studio when the artist was already famous. He looked at a picture, and ask-

ed what was the price. The artist named the sum he had set upon it.

'What?' exclaimed the buyer, 'all those golden sovereigns for so much paint!'

'Oh,' replied Turner, 'it's paint you are buying? I thought it was pictures. Here,' producing a half-used tube of color, 'I'll let you have that cheap; make your own terms,' and turning his back on the astonished patron and went on painting.

CASTORINE IT.

The Inspector? Seemed to Know the Tune of "Rule Britannia."

Music as it is sometimes taught in elementary schools in rural England, if we may judge by the following story found in an English magazine, is not altogether calculated to "mend the choir above."

A school inspector descending a hillside toward a village school on a summer day, was saluted by an outburst of music which at first bore some resemblance to "Rule Britannia," but afterward broke away into the most bewildering discord. He made a mental note not to ask the children to sing "Rule Britannia," and went on his way. He was met at the door by a farmer-manager grinning from ear to ear.

'I reckon, sir, we've sunnat to please you this time,' was his opening remark.

'I'm glad to hear it; and what may it be?'

'Don't you mind what you said about the youngsters learning rounds or catches, as it were so good for the discipline?'

'Oh yes, I remember. Have they got one up?'

'That they have, sir. You never heard anything to come up to it.'

'The inspector, glad in this way to escape "Rule Britannia," at once called for the catch. The schoolmistress, came in hand, led off the first class with the first strain of "Rule Britannia." As they began the next strain the second class repeated the first with startling effect, and finally the last section broke in with it when the first and second divisions were shouting the third and second strains against each other. When it was all over the manager turned to the inspector with, 'Well, sir, did you ever hear anything come up to it?'

'No, I never did,' gasped the paralyzed official, 'and I don't think I ever shall.'

Very Humane.

Dr. Gruby, a physician of Paris, was famous for his efforts to protect animals from cruelty. He went beyond those who are humane simply as far as four-footed creatures he was logical enough to include insects in his mercy. He was however a little nervous, and when one day, in his parlour, a big blue fly buzzed uninterruptedly on a window-pane, the doctor's patience became a little worn, and he called his manservant.

'Do me the kindness,' said the doctor, 'to open the window and carefully put the fly outside.'

'But, sir,' said the servant, who thought of the drenching the room might get through an open casement, 'it is raining hard outside!'

The doctor still thought of the fly and not of his cushions.

'Oh it is?' he exclaimed. 'Then please put the little creature in the waiting-room, and let him stay there till the weather is fair!'

A Way Out.

'Harry: 'I say, I'm in a most horrible fix.'

Dick: 'What's up?'

Harry: 'I've gone and got engaged to two girls. How ever am I going to get out of it?'

Dick: 'Oh, that's easy enough. All that you need do is to contrive to get them together so that they can compare notes.'

CONDENSED ADVERTISEMENTS.

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

RESIDENCE at Bothany for sale or to rent for the summer months. This pleasantly situated house known as the Tiers property abounds and a half miles from Bothany Station and within two minutes walk of the Kennelwood. Best reasonable. Apply to H. G. Fenny, Barrister-at-Law, Paisley Building. 24 64.

Some of Our Students

ARE ALREADY ENGAGED and will begin work as soon as their studies are completed. Others, some of them very bright and capable, will be ready for work shortly.

Merchants and professional men desiring intelligent and well-qualified book-keepers, stenographers and type writers (male or female) will do well to correspond with us or call upon us.

Catalogues of Business and Shorthand Courses called to any address.

FOUR 4 DOLLARS

—YOU CAN HAVE—

Progress,

—and those popular magazines—

Munsey, McClure

.....AND.....

Cosmopolitan

sent to your address for one year.

DON'T MISS IT!

You can't AFFORD to miss it, if you have time to read, and want CHEAP and GOOD reading matter.

P. S. Old subscribers can secure the magazines upon renewing, for 50c. extra or \$4.50 in all.

When a Boy Enters

At school he is not given a text-book with a lot of definitions to learn, as in the old way, but he is put at once to doing business as it is done in the outside world.

Currie Business University

Cor. Charlotte and Princess Streets, St. John, N. B. Telephone 591. P. O. Box 60.

What was the price. The artist named as sum he had set upon it. "What?" exclaimed the buyer, "all those golden sovereigns for so much paint!" "Oh," replied Turner, "it's paint you are buying; I thought it was pictures. Here," producing a half-used tube of color, "I'll give you that cheap; make your own terms," and turning his back on the astonished patron and went on painting.

OSBORNE IT.

The Inspector? Seemed to know the Tune of "Rule Britannia."

Music as it is sometimes taught in elementary schools in rural England, if we judge by the following story found in an English magazine, is not altogether calculated to "mend the choir above."

A school inspector descending a hillside toward a village school on a summer day, as saluted by an outburst of music which first bore some resemblance to "Rule Britannia," but afterwards broke away into the most bewildering discord.

He made mental note not to ask the children to sing "Rule Britannia," and went on his way. He was met at the door by a farmer-manager grinning from ear to ear.

"I reckon, sir, we've summat to please in this time," was his opening remark. "I'm glad to hear it; and what may it be?"

"Don't you mind what you said about youngsters learning rounds or catches, it were so good for the discipline?" "Oh yes, I remember. Have they got a new one?" "That they have, sir. You never heard anything to come up to it."

The inspector, glad in this way to escape "Rule Britannia," at once called for a catch. The schoolmistress, came in and led off the first class with the first strain of "Rule Britannia."

As they sang the next strain the second class repeated the first with startling effect, and finally the last section broke in with it when the first and second divisions were shouting the third and fourth strains against each other.

When was all over the manager turned to the inspector with, "Well, sir, did you ever hear anything come up to it?" "No, I never did," gasped the paralyzed official, and I don't think I ever shall."

Very Humane.

Dr. Gruby, a physician of Paris, was famous for his efforts to protect animals from cruelty. He went beyond those who are humane simply as far as four-footed creatures was logical enough to include insects in a mercy. He was however a little nervous, and when one day, in his parlour, a blue fly buzzed uninterruptedly on a window-pane, the doctor's patience became a little worn, and he called his man-servant.

"Do me the kindness," said the doctor, "to open the window and carefully put the fly outside."

"But, sir," said the servant, who thought the drenching the room might get rough an open casement, "it is raining outside!"

The doctor still thought of the fly and of his cushions.

"Oh, it is?" he exclaimed. "Then please let the little creature in the waiting-room, and let him stay there till the weather is fair!"

A Way Out.

Harry: "I say, I'm in a most horrible way." Dick: "What's up?" Harry: "I've gone and got engaged to a girl. How ever am I going to get out of it?" Dick: "Oh, that's easy enough. All at you need do is to confess to get them together so that they can compare notes."

CONDENSED ADVERTISEMENTS.

Residence at Robbsey for sale or to rent for the summer months. This beautiful detached house known as the "Green property" and a half mile from Robbsey Station and within two minutes walk of the Kennelwood Club. Best possible. Apply to R. G. Fenby, Barrister-at-Law, Fugatey Building. 34 6th St.

Some of Our Students

ARE ALREADY ENGAGED and will begin work as soon as their studies are completed. Others, some of them very bright and capable, will be ready for work shortly.

Merchants and professional men desiring intelligent and well-qualified book-keepers, stenographers and type writers (male or female) will do all to correspond with us or call upon us. Catalogues of Business and Shorthand Courses mailed to any address.

Music and The Drama

FORMS AND UNDERFORMS.

There will be a musical event next month, of a highly interesting nature, namely the European club concert under the direction of James S. Ford, in Stone Church; this club has been working hard all winter, and much pleasure may be anticipated as a result; the personnel includes the best solo voices in the city; a pleasing feature will be a piano quartet by four of our leading pianists. Fine choruses will be given, two vocal solos, and Mr. Ford will contribute a violin number. Tickets are placed in the hands of members, and doubtless will be rapidly taken up, as much interest is manifested in the club's success.

Some of the musical events of the near future are the concert by the City Cornet Band minstrels on April 3rd, 4th, and 5th, and the Williams' band concert on April 7th, all of which promise much in a musical way.

With the approach of Easter, the various choirs begin to make the usual preparations for the day's programme in their respective churches. Leaders of choir, organists are respectfully requested to send Programmes a programme by Tuesday the 28th, if possible.

Francis Wilson will have a new opera next season called "The Festivals." It is an adaptation from the French.

Jefferson De Angelis, with his new comic opera "The Jolly Musketeer" follows "A Runaway Girl" at the Tremont.

Virginia Earle and James T. Powers are both in the cast of "A Runaway Girl" which opened at the Tremont last Monday night.

The grand opera season at the Boston theatre will be followed by James A. Herne in his new play "The Rev. Griffith Davenport."

Frank J. Keenan is to have a great character part in Israel Zangwill's dramatization of "Children of the Ghetto" to be produced next season under the title of "The Jew."

A vaudeville programme announced for early presentation in Boston by Robert Grant includes Marie Dressler, Walter Jones, Marshall P. Wilder, Marie Jansen, Gus Williams and the biograph.

Lillian Blauvelt, the American prima donna, has been engaged for two concerts of the St. Cecilia Society, of Rome. Early in April she is to appear at a musicale at the Quirinal by command of the Queen. In May she will be the leading prima donna of the Queen's Hall Musical Festival in London.

Maximilian L. Koevessy is organizing an orchestra of 60 Hungarian musicians. Mr. Koevessy's idea is to interpret programmes of popular music, with at least one symphony or other serious work in the bill. The orchestra will not play from notes, but from memory, which is expected to be a novel and interesting feature of its interpretation.

"The Festival" is the name of a comic opera in which Francis Wilson will be seen next season. It was adapted from the French by Harry B. Smith.

Klaw & Erlanger have arranged with Messrs. Barnabee & MacDonald for the management of the Bostonians next season. They will be seen in a new opera.

The Castle Square Opera company, Boston, are to have a new tenor, C. E. Hedmond, who sails from England for this country next Thursday.

Mr. Franklin Botume, formerly director of the Sargent School of Opera, will have charge of the music at the New England pageant to be given at the Boston theatre during the week of April 10.

Lieut. Dan Godfrey and his famous British Guards band will give two concerts at the Park theatre Sunday, April 2, a

BLIND WITH ECZEMA

Three Children Afflicted 20 Months. CURED BY CUTICURA.

My second child got eczema when seven months old. Three months later my first child got it, and following him, the last one, two years old. For twenty months they suffered fearful agonies. Their whole bodies, especially their faces, were so sore and raw that they were blind half the time. No words can describe the suffering of my second child, whose whole body was one bloody mass. He was constantly crying, could get no sleep, and he actually did not look human. I tried doctor after doctor without the slightest relief. The first application of CUTICURA brought relief in each case, and after fourteen days' treatment with CUTICURA SOAP and CUTICURA (ointment), the worst case was cured. Mrs. ANNIE KING, 515 E. 125th St., N.Y. City.

Stamp box from FORTRESS BARRER and rest for three mothers in a warm bath with CUTICURA SOAP, and a single application of CUTICURA (ointment), greatest of emollients and skin cures.

Get throughout the world. FORTER D. AND C. CO., Sole Proprietors. How to Cure Eczema, Free. BABY'S SKIN SOAP and Hair Beautified by CUTICURA SOAP.

MUSIC-SONG AND STORY

is the magazine for you, if you care for good music. Every issue contains 6 to 10 pieces of brand new sheet music—both vocal and instrumental of every variety, but only the best quality. A complete illustrated literary magazine besides, containing the best of stories, poems, recitations, mythic, folk-, and fairy-tales, musical and dramatic instruction, etc., etc., and the most beautiful illustrations.

THERE IS NO HANDSOMER MAGAZINE IN EXISTENCE. It all costs but 10 cents a month or \$1 a year. If not at your dealer's send 10 cents for a trial copy with 6 pieces of new music.

S. W. SIMPSON, PUBLISHER, 70 FIFTH AVE., NEW YORK.

concert in Music hall April 3, and two concerts in the Boston theatre, Sunday, April 9.

At the Seidl testimonial at the Metropolitan, Philadelphia, this week, the repertoire and casts was as follows: I. "Lobengrin," Act I.—Lobengrin, Jean de Reszke; Elsa, Mme. Nordica; the King, Pringle; Telramund, Albers; Ortrud, Mme. Meislinger. II. "Die Walkure," Act III.—Brunhilde, Brems; Wotan, Van Rooy; Sieglinde, Lehmann; Waltraute, Schumann-Heink. III. "Die Meistersinger," Act III.—Eva, Semblich; Sachs, Edouard de Reszke; Walther, Heink; Magdalena, Mme. Schumann-Heink; David, Bars. IV. "Gottterdammerung," Act III. (commencing at the Funeral March)—Brunhilde, Lehmann; Hagen, Pringle.

After Easter London is to enjoy a feast of important new plays—Fischer's for John Hare, at the Globe; Henry Arthur Jones, at Her Majesty's; Haddon Chambers, for Charles Wyndham, at the Criterion; Sir Henry Irving's production of "Robespierre," and a play by Edward Rose, to succeed "The Ambassador," at the St James.

One of the Victorian Sardous plays written twenty years ago is soon to be acted at a Paris theatre. It is a fairy spectacle and the story is that the famous author lost the manuscript just after it was finished. Only a short time ago was found among some old papers. Delibes was to have written the music, which will now be composed by Planquette.

Henry Lee is playing Rihelieu in the Leibler Company's production of "The Musketeers."

Henry Arthur Jones, the London playwright, is expected in New York early in May.

John Drew is said to be reading a new play by a well-known Philadelphia writer.

Phyllis Rankin may be obliged to submit to a rather serious surgical operation.

Emille Beaupre, who is playing the title role in "Jack and the Beanstalk," is a creole.

"The Lobster" is the title of Edgar Selden's new piece. Fisher and Carroll will play the chief roles.

Ward and Vokes will probably head a stock burlesque company similar to Weber and Fields at the Great Northern Theatre, Chicago.

Comyns Carr, the author of "King Arthur," is helping Mr. Mason to write a dramatic version of his Anglo-Indian novel, "The Courtship of Morrice Buckler." It is said that the principal parts in the play will be assumed by Forbes Robertson and Mrs. Patrick Campbell.

"Mistress Gwynne," the Restoration comedy in which Julia Neilson and Fred Terry are to appear in the London Garrick, has been wrongly attributed to Anthony Hope. That romancer has, however in conjunction with Mr. Edward Rose, completed a dramatization of his novel, "Simon Dale," in which Nell Gwynne is a central figure. Nell is the siren who nearly separates Simon from his pure sweet-heart, and the final scene of her temptation of him is very racy.

George Alexander's future arrangements at the London St. James' include six novelties, consisting of "In Days of Old," by Edward Rose; "Rupert of Hentzen," by Anthony Hope; "A Debt of Honor," by Sydney Grundy; "A Man of Fort," by Walter Frish; "Osbern and Ureyne," by John Oliver Hobbes; and "Paolo and Francesca," by Stephen Phillips.

TALE OF THEATRE.

The benefit in aid of the R. C. orphans took place in the opera house last Friday evening and was accorded a patronage worthy of the generous object. A house filled to overflowing greeted the performers, all of whom acquitted themselves in a highly creditable manner.

A friend of PROGRESS now visiting New

York writes a breezy letter full of interesting things about people well known here. One paragraph says: "On turning the corner I ran into dear old Tom Wise—just as jolly and good natured as ever. We chatted for some time about St. John. I went to see him and Mrs. Wase (Gertrude Whitty) in Broadhursts new play, The Last Chapter, in which both appear to excellent advantage and are real favorites with the audiences that crowd the house."

Marie Burroughs is going to try starring again next season.

Klaw and Erlanger will direct the Bostonians next season.

Ben Stern will manage Blanche Walsh's starting tour next season.

It is said that Georgia Cayvan will return to the stage next season.

Julia Arthur is going to produce "Romeo and Juliet" before the season closes.

Arthur Fiero's new play for John Hare will be called "The Gay Lord Inez."

Ada Rehan and Augustin Daly's company are coming to the Tremont theatre, Boston, in a few weeks.

Marie Winwright will go into vaudeville next season and is going to Europe this summer for novelties.

Clyde Fitch is writing a play for Olga Netherole which, by the way, will not be produced until next season.

Olga Netherole begins her Boston engagement at the Hollis a week from tomorrow night. She will produce "The Termagant," "The Second Mrs. Tanqueray" and "Camille."

Mrs. Fiske is to produce at the Fifth Avenue Theatre, New York, this week a new version of "Fron-Frou," which is said to be as nearly as possible an exact translation of the original. As Gilbert she will be supported by Frederic de Belleville as De Sartorys, John Craig as Vairaus and Tyrone Power as Brigard.

Maude Adams is to make her New York debut as Juliet on May 8.

On April 6 the famous actor Sennethaj is to begin an engagement at the Irving Place Theatre, New York, in "Nathan der Weise."

E. C. Hedmond, one of the leading tenors of England, is to join the Castle Square Company on April 3, appearing in "The Merry Wives of Windsor."

Harry Coner will head a company which is to produce "A Rag Baby," "A Stranger in New York" and "A Trip to Chinatown" in Hawaii and Australia.

Robert Drouet is to appear in Charles Coghlan's "Citizen Pierre."

Stuart Robson will produce "Two Rogues and a Romance," a new comedy, by Theodore Burt Sayre, in St. Louis tonight.

Frances Hodgson Burnett's "Joe Hurst, in which Digby Bell starred for several weeks, has given up the ghost.

Eugen Schady's nose in "Cyrano de Bergerac," at the Irving Place Theatre, is an inconspicuous organ compared to the grotesque one of Richard Mansfield. The German actor seems to have followed closely the model of Coquelin, to judge by the Frenchman's photographs. The exaggeration is so slight that its value as a factor in the play can almost be estimated. There is no diminution of interest. Indeed, with less than half the amount of nose that Richard Mansfield shows, the effect of nearly every incident is just as great.—New York Sun.

"Americans at Home" did not make a hit, and the Lyceum Company is already rehearsing "John Ingerfeld."

As A Lady Remarked

"I am never at a loss for a dessert. Were I to put the matter to vote at any time, my family to a member would vote Junket. This is quite as amusing as it is fortunate that such should be the case, for nothing could be more simple or inexpensive in preparation."

A delicious dessert for a whole family may be prepared at a cost of about 6 cents. Take a quart of milk, a little fruit juice, or flavoring and one Junket Tablet, place in a vessel and subject to sufficient heat to warm, not boil, pour into cups or moulds and let set. Serve when cold.



Hansen's Junket Tablets

are sold by druggists and grocers at 10c per packet. Each packet contains ten tablets. Booklet containing 33 celebrated Junket recipes accompanies.

AGENTS IN CANADA. EVANS & SONS, Limited Montreal and Toronto.

performance for which he was announced. Daniel Frohman will produce a dramatization of Egerton Castle's novel, "The Pride of Jennico."

Robert Barr's "The Countess Tekla" is being dramatized by the author and Cosmo Hamilton.

Maudie Adams may present a new play during her London engagement.

"Great Cates" is the title of George Grossmith, jr.'s new burlesque.

Edgar L. Davenport is to be seen in London in the curtain raiser which will precede "Why Smith Left Home," at the Strand Theatre on May 1.

Rosenfeld's "The Purple Lady" will be produced in New York on April 3. The play takes its title from a painting, and involves the troubles that beset the artist through an entanglement with the lady who sat for the picture, and who claims thereby to have helped to make his fame.

Of the work of Blanche Bates as Miladi in the Musketeers, William Winter the critic of the New York Tribune says: "Miss Blanche Bates as the wicked Countess, and Edmund Collier as Porthes, is richly inspired with the spirit of the Dumas novel; so that, as this performance proceeded, the eye was pleased and the mind was satisfied with the scarcely once broken sustenance of an almost perfect illusion. Mr. Grundy's elimination of Fenton is a decided improvement, and his management of the terrible scene of seductive treachery and hysterical fury, in which at last the Countess is brought to bay is in the highest degree dramatic; and it was superbly acted. The triumph of Miss Blanche Bates, in this harrowing and most exciting situation, should be recorded as one of genuine and remarkable power. Amid all the extravagance of the theatrical scheme,—the plotting Cardinal, the eavdropping, the secret panel, the talk of an imperiled Queen, an infatuated noble, the State's welfare, and the rewards of falsehood, and all the stuff and nonsense of a wild and whirling novel,—she made her auditors forget the theatre and yield themselves completely to the charm of a bad woman, superb in her beauty, and siren like, luring honor to destruction with the infernal witchery of sensual love. A new actress has arisen to adorn our stage, and at last the new theatrical generation may have reason for its enthusiasm. Miss Bates was recalled many times.

Viola Allen began her third week in "The Christian" at the Boston Museum this week. The announcement is made that she will not play the evening of Good Friday and the Boston Museum will be dark that night.

Mr. M. J. Keating press agent of Keith's theatre, addressed the congregation of the Third Universalist church, West Somerville, last Sunday at the regular Lenten service, his subject being "The Helpfulness of Amusement."

Mrs. James Brown Potter will appear with Beerbohm Tree in "Carnae Sahib," which Henry Arthur Jones has written for the Haymarket theatre. It is a comedy of English army life in India, with many picturesque scenic effects characteristic of the country. Beerbohm Tree was said to have accepted recently a play by Paul Potter on the same subject. It was not his drama, "The Victoria Cross." Mr. Tree recently applied for permission to give an English version of "Oedipus Tyrannus," but the censor refused to allow it. Kyle Bellows is to act in "Rodespierre" with Sir Henry Irving and so will Seymour Hicks.

The Assembly at Albany, N. Y., has passed the bill making it a misdemeanor for managers and owners of theatres, halls and circuses to charge any greater amount of admission fee than advertised, and also makes it mandatory to post a standing room sign when necessary, as well as to prominently display the prices of admission. The bill will go to the Senate, where it will also be passed.

"The Tyranny of Tears," by Haddon Chambers, which is to be seen soon at the London Criterion, though in three acts, is, it is said, for five characters only.

One of the scenes in Conan Doyle's "The Brothers" is to be a realistic representation of a surgery.

Kyrie Bellew, Seymour Hicks and Louis Calvert have been engaged by Sir Henry Irving for the coming representation of Sardou's "Robespierre."

Where he got his Fort.

A capital story, concerning a prominent member of the Stock Exchange, is going the rounds. He was a man who enjoyed his wine, and always took great care of it when he happened to pick up a choice vintage. While living in a fashionable quarter of the West-end, he chanced to buy a large cask of very fine old port, which he had placed at the extreme end of his cellar; and to make perfectly sure that it should not be touched, he had a wall built across the cellar, and so closed it in.

It was about a year or two later that he

Our Opening

Spring and Summer

Millinery

Will take place on Thursday, Friday and Saturday, March 25th, 26th, and 27th, when we will show the latest novelties in FASHIONABLE HATS and BONNETS direct from Paris, London and New York.

AG-A cordial invitation is extended to the ladies to call.

CHAS. K. CAMERON & CO., 77 King St.

one evening accepted an invitation to dine with his next door neighbor, when the latter brought out some very fine old port. Several glasses having been drunk, the man of stocks and shares recognizing its excellent quality, asked his host where he could get some port like it. "Well, old fellow," returned the other, "I will let you into a secret, but don't say anything about it. I was having some alterations made in my cellar lately, when we discovered that some old fool who lived in this house before me had built a wall round a large cask of port and forgot all about it. This is some of it, but I am afraid there isn't much left."

The effect upon the worthy stockbroker's feelings may be imagined.

Rough on the Umbrella Owner.

A young man was riding down the other evening in a tram car. He took the corner seat and held in his hand an umbrella, which had been given him as a birthday present. On the seat facing him was a lady with a precocious infant boy, evidently about five years old. The youngster regarded the young man with attention for a few moments, and then his gaze wandered to the umbrellas. He gazed at it in silence for a second, then he wriggled in his seat, clapped his hands, wriggled in his seat, clapped his hands, and shouted:—

"Oh, mamma, don't that look like papa's umbrella?"

"Hush! hush! my child," said the mother, patting the prodigy on the head. "Papa was looking for his umbrella this evening, mamma," continued the child wonder.

"Yes, yes, but he found it," said the mother, hurriedly, as the conversation was becoming of interest to occupants of the seats.

"Why, mamma," continued the youngster "you know he didn't. You told him that he didn't know enough to keep an umbrella. Why mamma—"

At this stage the young man left the tram.

Would Save Time?

The Lawyer:—"You say you think that you could Simplify legal procedure. How?"

Friend:—"I'd have it understood that each side objects to every question put by the other side as irrelevant and immaterial."

Why?

We are constantly asked "Why do you advertise? Everybody knows of Dr. Humphreys' every body knows '77'."

We answer by asking, do you use "Seventy-seven"? No! then you haven't a saving knowledge of it, that's why.

Knowing about "77" for Colds and Grip does not benefit you, and incidentally, as until you try it.

"77"

Dr. Humphreys' Famous Specific "breaks up" Colds that "hang on." Kicks out the Grip. Stops Lingerin' Coughs. Checks Influenza. Soothes the Throat, Chest and Lungs. Cures all kinds of

COLDS

At druggists or sent prepaid; 25c. & \$1.00. DR. HUMPHREYS' BOOK SENT FREE. Humphreys' Med. Co., Cor. William & John Sts., New York.

Accuracy, Purity and Promptness

Are the rules of my Dispensing Department

Every cure is exercised in procuring the purest Drugs and Chemicals, which are most accurately dispensed, and promptly delivered. Telephone 239, Allan's Pharmacy. I will send for your prescription and return it dispensed promptly. Mail orders filled and forwarded by next mail.

W.C. RUDMAN ALLAN, Chemist and Druggist, 35 King Street. Telephone 239

FOR ANTI-SMOKING SOCIETY NEWS, SEE PAGES AND FRONT PAGE.



BARBARA NOTES.

Prognosis for sale in Halifax by the newspapers and at the following news stands and stores. Barrington street. Monmouth & Co. ...

AMHERST.

Prognosis for sale in Amherst by W. F. Smith & Co. MAR. 22.—St. Patrick's Day being a festival it was duly observed as such, Mrs. Porter wife of Dr. Porter, gave a very pleasant afternoon at her home Havelock St. ...

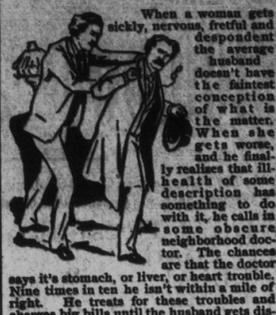
ST. STEPHEN AND CALLAN.

Prognosis for sale in St. Stephen at the bookstores of G. S. Wall, T. E. Acheson and J. Vroom & Co. in Calais at U. F. Treat's. MARCH 22.—Yesterday afternoon the residence of Mr. and Mrs. Charles F. Beard was the scene of a very pretty and happy wedding when Mrs. Julia Thompson, White and Miss Madeline Sleson, were united in marriage by Rev. O. N. Newham of Christ Church. ...

Positive Proof!

JAPANESE CATARRH CURE CURES.

The following testimonial is only one of the hundreds daily received by the Proprietors of Japanese Catarrh Cure. Coming from British Columbia, where, owing to extreme dampness of the climate, catarrh is more prevalent and more difficult to cure than in other parts, makes it more valuable. ...



When a woman gets sickly, nervous, fretful and despondent the average husband doesn't have the faintest conception of what is the matter. When she gets worse, she is usually weak or diseased of the digestive organs. The chances are that the doctor says it's stomach, or liver, or heart trouble. Nine times in ten he isn't within a mile of right. He treats for these troubles and charges big bills until the husband gets disgusted and throws him out. The trouble is usually weakness or disease of the digestive organs. Many husbands, after paying big doctor-bills while their wives grew steadily worse, have at last written to a physician of national reputation and asked the plain truth. They have been justly indignant at the ignorant pretenders who have experimented upon their wives' health. By writing to Dr. R. Y. Pierce, any ailing woman may receive the free advice of an eminent and skillful specialist, for thirty years chief consulting physician to the Invalids' Hotel and Surgical Institute, at Buffalo, N. Y. Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription is a marvelous medicine for women. It cures all weakness and disease of the organs distinctly from inflammation and stops debilitating drains. Over 90,000 women have testified, over their own signatures, to its wonderful merits. ...

For several years I suffered with prolepsis of the uterus, writes Miss A. Lee Schuster, of Box 15, Rodacy, Jefferson Co., Miss. I had a fall from my horse, causing retroversion of the uterus. My family physician treated me for kidney trouble and everything else but the right thing. I grew weaker and weaker. My body was emaciated, hands and feet clammy and cold, stomach weak, with great palpitation of the heart. I dreaded night to come, for I would suffer from nausea all night, and so I continued until I began taking Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription, and my health improved right away. I am now well and happy. Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets regulate and invigorate stomach, liver and bowels.

FREDERICTON.

Prognosis for sale in Fredericton by W. T. H. Fenby and J. H. Hawthorne. MARCH 22.—The formal opening of the Provincial Legislature takes place tomorrow and is the all-absorbing topic in society, and in fact all other circles this week. His Honor the Lieutenant has arrived and the different members of the government many of whom are taking their seats for the first time. Tomorrow evening, the official dinner will be given at "The Queen" when covers will be laid for twenty four. ...

FREDERICTON.

Prognosis for sale in Fredericton by W. T. H. Fenby and J. H. Hawthorne. MARCH 22.—The formal opening of the Provincial Legislature takes place tomorrow and is the all-absorbing topic in society, and in fact all other circles this week. His Honor the Lieutenant has arrived and the different members of the government many of whom are taking their seats for the first time. Tomorrow evening, the official dinner will be given at "The Queen" when covers will be laid for twenty four. ...

Use Perfection Tooth Powder.

For Sale at all Druggists. The king of all medicines. Guaranteed to cure In Grippe, Rheumatism, Neuritis, Dyspepsia, Serous, Liver Complaint, Kidney Diseases, Nervous affections, Catarrh and all Diseases of the Blood. Guaranteed to stop any pain in five minutes. PAIN KILLER is made purely of Roots, Herbs and Barks. It is being introduced into Canada and is sure to prove a boon to suffering humanity. A trial will convince. Sample sent on receipt of 10c. Agents wanted everywhere to sell this wonderful remedy. \$2.00 to \$7.00 per day is guaranteed. Address HERB REMEDY CO., Westworth, N. S.

Cheap Rates to Montreal. Just one cent invested in a Post Card and directed to G. A. Holland & Son, Montreal, will bring you a most complete list of their magnificent line of Wallpapers. We are in touch with the leading manufacturers of the world and buying in large quantities enables us through the Press, to supply the people of Canada with a very extensive assortment of Wallpapers at minimum prices.

G. A. HOLLAND & SON. Established 46 Years. Canada's Great Wallpaper Store. 2411 ST. CATHERINE ST. MONTREAL. P. S.—Agents for the Dominion of Canada for C. V. & G. G. Potter, Darwen, England.

OUT OF SORTS?

If you are run down, losing flesh and generally out of sorts from overwork, worry or other cause, use Puttner's Emulsion. Nothing else will so promptly restore you to vigor and health. Always get PUTTNER'S. It is the original and best.

Dunn's Ham. Dunn's Bacon.

Just received—Dunn's Ham, Bacon, Canned Ham, Canned Bacon, Devilled Ham, Pickled Pigs Feet and Spare Ribs. Fresh every day, Sausage, Bologna and Honney Eggs. Lard in cakes and tins.

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

WALCOTT'S PAIN PAINT.

The king of all medicines. Guaranteed to cure In Grippe, Rheumatism, Neuritis, Dyspepsia, Serous, Liver Complaint, Kidney Diseases, Nervous affections, Catarrh and all Diseases of the Blood. Guaranteed to stop any pain in five minutes. PAIN KILLER is made purely of Roots, Herbs and Barks. It is being introduced into Canada and is sure to prove a boon to suffering humanity. A trial will convince. Sample sent on receipt of 10c. Agents wanted everywhere to sell this wonderful remedy. \$2.00 to \$7.00 per day is guaranteed. Address HERB REMEDY CO., Westworth, N. S.

BASS & CO'S ALE LANDING.

15 BBL., EACH 36 GALS.

FOR SALE LOW.

THOS. L. BOURKE

Prince Edward Island OYSTERS.

RECEIVED THIS DAY 25 BBL. P. E. Island Oysters. Large and fat.

At 19 and 23 King Square, J. D. TURNER.

When a woman gets sickly, nervous, fretful and despondent the average husband doesn't have the faintest conception of what is the matter. When she gets worse, she is usually weak or diseased of the digestive organs. The chances are that the doctor says it's stomach, or liver, or heart trouble. Nine times in ten he isn't within a mile of right. He treats for these troubles and charges big bills until the husband gets disgusted and throws him out. The trouble is usually weakness or disease of the digestive organs. Many husbands, after paying big doctor-bills while their wives grew steadily worse, have at last written to a physician of national reputation and asked the plain truth. They have been justly indignant at the ignorant pretenders who have experimented upon their wives' health. By writing to Dr. R. Y. Pierce, any ailing woman may receive the free advice of an eminent and skillful specialist, for thirty years chief consulting physician to the Invalids' Hotel and Surgical Institute, at Buffalo, N. Y. Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription is a marvelous medicine for women. It cures all weakness and disease of the organs distinctly from inflammation and stops debilitating drains. Over 90,000 women have testified, over their own signatures, to its wonderful merits. ...

Prognosis for sale in Fredericton by W. T. H. Fenby and J. H. Hawthorne. MARCH 22.—The formal opening of the Provincial Legislature takes place tomorrow and is the all-absorbing topic in society, and in fact all other circles this week. His Honor the Lieutenant has arrived and the different members of the government many of whom are taking their seats for the first time. Tomorrow evening, the official dinner will be given at "The Queen" when covers will be laid for twenty four. ...

Use Perfection Tooth Powder.

For Sale at all Druggists. The king of all medicines. Guaranteed to cure In Grippe, Rheumatism, Neuritis, Dyspepsia, Serous, Liver Complaint, Kidney Diseases, Nervous affections, Catarrh and all Diseases of the Blood. Guaranteed to stop any pain in five minutes. PAIN KILLER is made purely of Roots, Herbs and Barks. It is being introduced into Canada and is sure to prove a boon to suffering humanity. A trial will convince. Sample sent on receipt of 10c. Agents wanted everywhere to sell this wonderful remedy. \$2.00 to \$7.00 per day is guaranteed. Address HERB REMEDY CO., Westworth, N. S.

OUT OF SORTS?

If you are run down, losing flesh and generally out of sorts from overwork, worry or other cause, use Puttner's Emulsion. Nothing else will so promptly restore you to vigor and health. Always get PUTTNER'S. It is the original and best.

Dunn's Ham. Dunn's Bacon.

Just received—Dunn's Ham, Bacon, Canned Ham, Canned Bacon, Devilled Ham, Pickled Pigs Feet and Spare Ribs. Fresh every day, Sausage, Bologna and Honney Eggs. Lard in cakes and tins.

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

WALCOTT'S PAIN PAINT.

The king of all medicines. Guaranteed to cure In Grippe, Rheumatism, Neuritis, Dyspepsia, Serous, Liver Complaint, Kidney Diseases, Nervous affections, Catarrh and all Diseases of the Blood. Guaranteed to stop any pain in five minutes. PAIN KILLER is made purely of Roots, Herbs and Barks. It is being introduced into Canada and is sure to prove a boon to suffering humanity. A trial will convince. Sample sent on receipt of 10c. Agents wanted everywhere to sell this wonderful remedy. \$2.00 to \$7.00 per day is guaranteed. Address HERB REMEDY CO., Westworth, N. S.

Prognosis for sale in Fredericton by W. T. H. Fenby and J. H. Hawthorne. MARCH 22.—The formal opening of the Provincial Legislature takes place tomorrow and is the all-absorbing topic in society, and in fact all other circles this week. His Honor the Lieutenant has arrived and the different members of the government many of whom are taking their seats for the first time. Tomorrow evening, the official dinner will be given at "The Queen" when covers will be laid for twenty four. ...

Prognosis for sale in Fredericton by W. T. H. Fenby and J. H. Hawthorne. MARCH 22.—The formal opening of the Provincial Legislature takes place tomorrow and is the all-absorbing topic in society, and in fact all other circles this week. His Honor the Lieutenant has arrived and the different members of the government many of whom are taking their seats for the first time. Tomorrow evening, the official dinner will be given at "The Queen" when covers will be laid for twenty four. ...

OUT OF SORTS?

If you are run down, losing flesh and generally out of sorts from overwork, worry or other cause, use Puttner's Emulsion. Nothing else will so promptly restore you to vigor and health. Always get PUTTNER'S. It is the original and best.

Dunn's Ham. Dunn's Bacon.

Just received—Dunn's Ham, Bacon, Canned Ham, Canned Bacon, Devilled Ham, Pickled Pigs Feet and Spare Ribs. Fresh every day, Sausage, Bologna and Honney Eggs. Lard in cakes and tins.

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

WALCOTT'S PAIN PAINT.

The king of all medicines. Guaranteed to cure In Grippe, Rheumatism, Neuritis, Dyspepsia, Serous, Liver Complaint, Kidney Diseases, Nervous affections, Catarrh and all Diseases of the Blood. Guaranteed to stop any pain in five minutes. PAIN KILLER is made purely of Roots, Herbs and Barks. It is being introduced into Canada and is sure to prove a boon to suffering humanity. A trial will convince. Sample sent on receipt of 10c. Agents wanted everywhere to sell this wonderful remedy. \$2.00 to \$7.00 per day is guaranteed. Address HERB REMEDY CO., Westworth, N. S.

Prognosis for sale in Fredericton by W. T. H. Fenby and J. H. Hawthorne. MARCH 22.—The formal opening of the Provincial Legislature takes place tomorrow and is the all-absorbing topic in society, and in fact all other circles this week. His Honor the Lieutenant has arrived and the different members of the government many of whom are taking their seats for the first time. Tomorrow evening, the official dinner will be given at "The Queen" when covers will be laid for twenty four. ...

Prognosis for sale in Fredericton by W. T. H. Fenby and J. H. Hawthorne. MARCH 22.—The formal opening of the Provincial Legislature takes place tomorrow and is the all-absorbing topic in society, and in fact all other circles this week. His Honor the Lieutenant has arrived and the different members of the government many of whom are taking their seats for the first time. Tomorrow evening, the official dinner will be given at "The Queen" when covers will be laid for twenty four. ...

OUT OF SORTS?

If you are run down, losing flesh and generally out of sorts from overwork, worry or other cause, use Puttner's Emulsion. Nothing else will so promptly restore you to vigor and health. Always get PUTTNER'S. It is the original and best.

Dunn's Ham. Dunn's Bacon.

Just received—Dunn's Ham, Bacon, Canned Ham, Canned Bacon, Devilled Ham, Pickled Pigs Feet and Spare Ribs. Fresh every day, Sausage, Bologna and Honney Eggs. Lard in cakes and tins.

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

WALCOTT'S PAIN PAINT.

The king of all medicines. Guaranteed to cure In Grippe, Rheumatism, Neuritis, Dyspepsia, Serous, Liver Complaint, Kidney Diseases, Nervous affections, Catarrh and all Diseases of the Blood. Guaranteed to stop any pain in five minutes. PAIN KILLER is made purely of Roots, Herbs and Barks. It is being introduced into Canada and is sure to prove a boon to suffering humanity. A trial will convince. Sample sent on receipt of 10c. Agents wanted everywhere to sell this wonderful remedy. \$2.00 to \$7.00 per day is guaranteed. Address HERB REMEDY CO., Westworth, N. S.



FACTS ABOUT HEALTH

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

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

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

Mr. H. F. Puddington returned last Saturday from a pleasant trip to New York.

Mr. and Mrs. James F. Robertson returned last week from a delightful trip to the West Indies and South America, during which they visited the battlefields of Cuba, and other scenes which the late war has made historic. They experienced charming weather, and spent six weeks at sea, covering nearly 9,000 miles.

Mr. J. B. Sangster, of Moncton, was here for a day or two during the week. Mr. B. A. Stamer, left last week to attend the annual convention of the Order Canadian Home Circle, at St. Catherine's Ont. Before returning Mr. Stamer will visit Buffalo and other parts of New York.

Ship Kiazim was entertained by Mr. W. M. Jarvis during his stay in the city in the early part of the week.

The monthly recital of the Conservatory of Music was given on Tuesday evening and was largely attended by friends of the pupils and others interested in music. The well arranged programme was as follows:

- Piano solo—Convent Bells.....Martha Robertson
Piano solo by Intermission.....Chas.
Lyle Kennedy, Dora Manning, Besse Duval
Marion Barnes.
Piano duet.....Hazel and Pearl Smith
Reading—guessing Nationalities.....J. R. Paulley
Piano solo.....Buchanan
Kats McPherson.
Piano solo (improvising).....Schubert
Alice Macneary.
Piano solo (6 Nocturne).....Leybach
Minnie Isaacs.
Reading.....Miss Eallie
Piano solo—Adagio.....Beethoven
Julia Doherty.
Piano solo—A Polish Dance.....Scharwenker
Jessie Willis.

Lieutenant Governor McClellan was in the city this week on his way to Fredericton. Mrs. McClellan will be unable to attend the session this week.

Hon. C. H. Lablache and Mrs. Lablache of Dalhousie spent a day or two in the city this week.

Miss Cassie McArthur of New Glasgow is spending a few days in the city.

Mrs. Emma McDermid of Calais was in the city this week, the guest of Mrs. Jos. Ward, Dorchester street.

Mrs. W. B. McLaughlin of Truro is spending a week with city friends.

Mr. and Mrs. J. H. Rogers of Moncton made a short visit to St. John this week.

Alderman McGoldrick is enjoying a visit to Boston.

George F. Gregory and Mrs. Gregory of Fredericton were in the city for a few days lately.

Mr. and Mrs. W. A. Jones of Apohaqui made a short stay with city friends this week.

Mrs. Currie returned to Halifax this week after a visit to her father Mr. James F. Robertson.

Miss Nellie Miller left Thursday morning for a three weeks visit to Boston and other cities in Massachusetts.

Miss Bessie Armstrong is in Fredericton where she is the guest of Misses Whitehead.

Mr. and Mrs. Stanley Richey, have removed to Fredericton and for the present are guests at the Queen hotel in that city. Mrs. Richey's mother Mrs. King, is spending a little while with her daughter.

The friends of Miss Sadie Marie Deane who has spent the last two months with her aunt Mrs. C. W. Fairweather of Fleet street, Moncton will be pleased to hear of her return at Easter, when Mrs. Fairweather will visit St. John with her niece.

Mrs. T. R. Jones was the genial host at a pleasant drive to Loch Lomond on Tuesday of this week. The party had dinner and spent the afternoon at the Loyalist house.

Mrs. E. W. Knowles of Toronto has been in town this week; The presence of Mr. Knowles, in his many trips is a desire to enjoy the splendid baritone voice, which this gentleman possesses; among those who entertained musical friends in honor of Mr. Knowles, are Mrs. Gilchrist, Miss Sea, Mrs. (Dr.) Daniel.

PARRERO.

[Progress is for sale at Parroero Bookstore.]

Mar. 22.—The sixth and last lecture of the winter course was delivered on Friday evening by Mr. G. U. Hay of St. John. Subject, "Our Educational Development—Its needs," and was like its predecessors attended by a large and appreciative audience. At the close a vote of thanks was passed by Rev. Robert Johnson and seconded by Mr. E. L. Tucker. Much credit is due Dr. Magee through whose efforts these courses of lectures was arranged and so successfully carried out.

Mrs. Charles McCope entertained quite a large party at progressive games on Friday evening. The duty prizes fell to Miss Archibald, Miss Howard and Mr. Hugh Gillespie.

The Literary society gave out to Broderick's hotel, Five Islands, on Monday afternoon, return nearly next morning, as the state of the road in that direction was found to be hardly safe for driving at that time.

Miss Laura Tucker gave a progressive euchre party, four tables, on Tuesday evening. Misses J. L. Tucker, E. McKenna and Robert Howard were the prizes. An enjoyable dance followed supper.

Miss Mary Smith has returned from a visit to friends at Happon and is staying at the Alpha.

Mrs. Neidley is suffering from a fall on the 20th

week ago. No bones were broken but she is very ill.

Mr. J. M. Townsend Q. C. is the guest of his brother Dr. Townsend.

Mr. N. E. King of Truro and Mr. E. W. Allen of Halifax are at the Alpha.

Mr. J. H. Johnson of Halifax is in town.

Mr. Andrew Whiston has been paying a visit to friends at Oxford.

AGED ANIMALS IN CLOVER.

India Fosters the Largest Asylum for Their Benefit.

An English lover of horses long ago endowed a retreat for aged and infirm horses and there thoroughbred racehorses who have gone wrong in the knees, and fat cobs who have grown whetzy with age, and the saddle horse who has ruined his shoulder in the hunting field live together in luxurious ease. No paupers are admitted. The pauper horse, when past usefulness, is still turned out to die by the roadside, or, more frequently, brought up by enterprising dealers and shipped across to the Continent, where in various factories he suffers metamorphosis into fertilizer, leather, beet, and innumerable other marketable articles.

England also has a home for dogs, but that's a more liberal institution and receives the friendless as well as the well-to-do old and decrepit. Any forlorn cur who needs a home and a dinner can be gathered into the fold, and despite the invalids, the inmates are as lively a set of paupers as one could wish to see. The dog asylum has a large place in British sympathy, and donations of money and provisions pour into it, especially at Christmas time. Christmas dinner is an elaborate feast.

France, too, has a home for aged and infirm dogs; but the largest institution of the kind is in India. About ten years ago a society of wealthy Hindoos established a "Workhouse Asylum for Aged and Infirm Bears and Birds" at the Sodapur station, near Calcutta. More than 1,000 patients are now in the asylum, and they include cows, bulls, horses, sheep, pigeons, hens, cats, monkeys, and dogs—in fact specimens of all the domestic animals of India.

A superintendent and eighty employees have charge of the institution, and the animals receive skilful care and comfort. Report does say however, that feeling runs high among the paupers because of unjust discrimination in favor of the cows. The cow holds a sacred position among the Hindoos, and apparently the cow paupers work their sanctity for all it is worth in the way of extra rations and attention. Naturally this irritates the animals who don't own a halo; and upon the occasions when pious natives flock to worship the indigen but sacred cows, and bestow gifts upon them, the scorn and discontent among other workhouse inmates attain almost the proportions of open rebellion.

A movement has several times been started in Naples to provide an asylum for the old age of the wretched horses and donkey that are so brutally treated by the owner classes, but so far the plans have not succeeded. In the first place, by the time a Neapolitan gets through with a horse or donkey there isn't enough of the beast left to be gathered into an asylum; and then, the blind brutality and cruelty seem absolutely beyond reach of law or reason. The society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals does exist there, and works faithfully, through with discouragingly small results; but it requires courage to do such work in Naples. Interference enrages the masters of the suffering brutes, and, only a short time ago the President of the society narrowly escaped assassination.

Presented by the Queen.

The desk used at the White House by the President of the United States, although occupying so prominent a place in the official residence of America's chosen governor, was made in England, and was a present from the Queen to a former President. It was fashioned from the timbers of H. M. S. Resolute, which was sent in search of Sir John Franklin in 1852. The ship was caught in the ice and had to be abandoned. An American whaler extricated it a year or two later, and it was returned to her Majesty by the President and people of the United States as a token of goodwill and friendship. In a British dockyard the Resolute was at last broken up, and from her timbers the President's desk was made, which was sent by the Queen as a memorial of the courtesy and loving-kindness which dictated the offer of the gift of the Resolute.

SLATIN FASHIONABLES.

The Khalifa's Old Prisoner About to Leave the Egyptian Service.

Slatin Pasha, one of the most prominent figures in the history of the Egyptian Sudan for the last twenty years, has decided to resign his commission in the Anglo-Egyptian army and return to his home in Austria. With the reconquest of the Sudan, he feels that his task is at an end. In September last he witnessed the capture of Omdurman, where he was for eleven years a close captive. He has taken part in the past three years' operations which led to the fall of the Khalifa, and now he intends to retire to the quiet of his native land, after his many years of adventure, peril and hardship in tropical Africa.

A man's life is seldom filled with vicissitudes as that of Slatin. In all his career in the Sudan he was either the victim of Mahdism or its foe in the field. He had been Governor of the Darfur province scarcely eight months when the steam of Mahdism that had that had already overrun Kordofan drifted into his territory. He fought the Mahdi until his ammunition was gone and he had lost most of his troops. Father Oberwalder says that in this campaign with an enemy that outnumbered his force ten to one Slatin was often in the saddle twenty-four hours at a time with little or no food. He slept on the ground beside his native troops and lived on durra soaked in water. His powers of endurance were wonderful, and in action he was most heroic. One day a bullet shattered one of his fingers. He seized the remaining remnants with his other hand, ordered the man standing next him to cut it off with his knife and then joined again in the fighting. But beyond the reach of all succor, as he was, he could not hold out when troops and ammunition failed him, and he was forced to surrender after twenty-seven hard fights.

Nearly fifteen years ago Slatin was taken into the Mahdi's presence a prisoner. The Mahdi had much respect for brave men and personally treated the fallen Governor of Darfur with kindness, but Abdullah in whose custody he was placed, threw Slatin into prison, where he was kept in chains for about a year. He suffered terribly from hunger and ill-treatment and was frequently informed that he would soon be put to death. But finally the Khalifa relaxed his severity and told Slatin he might thank his stars that he was a prisoner who a Khartoum was taken, for otherwise he would have shared the fate of Gordon.

In the nice remaining years of his captivity Slatin was always under the Khalifa's eye, and as one of his bodyguard it was his duty to render personal service, and he was treated as a servant. He was lodged in a house next to that of the Khalifa, and it was absolutely forbidden him to exchange a word with any one except by permission of his master.

Advertisement for Surprise Soap. Includes an illustration of a woman and text: 'Surprise Soap makes a surprisingly heavy, soft lather—quickly. It makes clothes surprisingly white, clean and sweet. It gets it's work done in a surprisingly short time—without scalding or boiling or rubbing or streaking or discoloration or injury to the finest fabric or the most delicate colors. And the price is surprisingly small—only 5 cents for a large long-life cake. Buy SURPRISE and take no substitute.'

Majesty by the President and people of the United States as a token of goodwill and friendship. In a British dockyard the Resolute was at last broken up, and from her timbers the President's desk was made, which was sent by the Queen as a memorial of the courtesy and loving-kindness which dictated the offer of the gift of the Resolute.

SLATIN FASHIONABLES.

The Khalifa's Old Prisoner About to Leave the Egyptian Service. Slatin Pasha, one of the most prominent figures in the history of the Egyptian Sudan for the last twenty years, has decided to resign his commission in the Anglo-Egyptian army and return to his home in Austria. With the reconquest of the Sudan, he feels that his task is at an end. In September last he witnessed the capture of Omdurman, where he was for eleven years a close captive. He has taken part in the past three years' operations which led to the fall of the Khalifa, and now he intends to retire to the quiet of his native land, after his many years of adventure, peril and hardship in tropical Africa.

A man's life is seldom filled with vicissitudes as that of Slatin. In all his career in the Sudan he was either the victim of Mahdism or its foe in the field. He had been Governor of the Darfur province scarcely eight months when the steam of Mahdism that had that had already overrun Kordofan drifted into his territory. He fought the Mahdi until his ammunition was gone and he had lost most of his troops. Father Oberwalder says that in this campaign with an enemy that outnumbered his force ten to one Slatin was often in the saddle twenty-four hours at a time with little or no food. He slept on the ground beside his native troops and lived on durra soaked in water. His powers of endurance were wonderful, and in action he was most heroic. One day a bullet shattered one of his fingers. He seized the remaining remnants with his other hand, ordered the man standing next him to cut it off with his knife and then joined again in the fighting. But beyond the reach of all succor, as he was, he could not hold out when troops and ammunition failed him, and he was forced to surrender after twenty-seven hard fights.

Nearly fifteen years ago Slatin was taken into the Mahdi's presence a prisoner. The Mahdi had much respect for brave men and personally treated the fallen Governor of Darfur with kindness, but Abdullah in whose custody he was placed, threw Slatin into prison, where he was kept in chains for about a year. He suffered terribly from hunger and ill-treatment and was frequently informed that he would soon be put to death. But finally the Khalifa relaxed his severity and told Slatin he might thank his stars that he was a prisoner who a Khartoum was taken, for otherwise he would have shared the fate of Gordon.

In the nice remaining years of his captivity Slatin was always under the Khalifa's eye, and as one of his bodyguard it was his duty to render personal service, and he was treated as a servant. He was lodged in a house next to that of the Khalifa, and it was absolutely forbidden him to exchange a word with any one except by permission of his master.

Like all the other white prisoners, he was compelled nominally to embrace Mohammedanism and unless he had done so he would not have been permitted to live. He was watched so vigilantly that it was extremely difficult for him to escape, and though secret agents from Cairo were repeatedly sent to Omdurman to help him get away, no opportunity promising success presented itself till Feb. 20, 1895, when he contrived to get out of the city in the night to the rendezvous where camp and attendants were waiting for him, and then began the forced marches down the Nile that soon placed him out of the reach of the Khalifa's pursuers. He has earned his rest.

Complimentary.

A Clergyman whose parish duties included a certain amount of preaching at the local lunatic asylum, obtained preferment some little time ago, and in due course his last Sunday came round, with the inevitable "farewell sermon."

To make the task easier, he prepared only one discourse, to duty both at the asylum and at the parish church, intending when he preached it at the former place to leave out any parts that might be unsuitable. However, on the day itself, in his excitement, he forgot his original intention, and gave the asylum patients the full benefit of his valedictory remarks.

One passage he afterwards felt he would have liked to have left unsaid—and it was this:—

"Dear friends, when I think of the happy days spent amongst you, I must indeed say that, though I am about to leave you, I shall consider myself quite one of yourselves."

Advertisement for APOL & STEEL PILLS. Text: 'APOL & STEEL PILLS for Ladies. A REMEDY FOR IRREGULARITIES. Superseding Bitter Apple, Fil Cocchi, Pepsin, etc. Order of all Chemists, or post free for \$1.00 from EVANS & SONS, Ltd., Montreal and Toronto, Canada. Victoria, B. C. or Manila, Philippines. Sole Importers.'

To the Electors of the City of Saint John.

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN—At the solicitation of a large number of citizens, I have concluded to be a candidate for the office of

MAYOR.

If elected I shall endeavor to administer the affairs in a prudent manner and with a view to advancing the commercial and other interests of our city.

Soliciting your favor and support, I am, yours sincerely, WILLIAM B. WALLACE.

To the Electors of the City of Saint John.

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN—At the solicitation of a large number of citizens, I have concluded to be a candidate for the office of

MAYOR.

If elected I shall endeavor to administer the affairs in a prudent manner and with a view to advancing the commercial and other interests of our city.

Soliciting your favor and support, I am, yours sincerely, J. B. HARRIS.

Advertisement for CHICKENS, DUCKS, and LETTUCE. Text: 'CHICKENS, DUCKS, AND LETTUCE. THOS. DEAN, City Market.'

Advertisement for Boston Optical Co. Text: 'Eyes Tested Free. EXPERT OPTICIANS. The best \$1 glasses in the world. Everything at cut prices. Open evenings till 9 o'clock. BOSTON OPTICAL CO., 25 King St. St. John, N. B. Next to Manchester, Robertson & Allen's.'

ST. JOHN, N. B., SATURDAY, MARCH 25, 1899.

The Flowery Land Mutiny.

Murder of the Officers and Seizure of the Ship by Six Manila Men.

By A. CONAN DOYLE.

A steam tug was puffing wheezily in front of the high-masted bark-rigged clipper. With her fresh painted glistening black sides, her sharp sloping bows and her cut-away counter she was the very picture of a fast, well-found ocean-going sailing ship, but those who knew anything about her may have made her the text of a sermon as to how the British seamen were being elbowed out of existence. In this respect she was the scandal of the river. Chinese, French, Norwegians, Spaniards, Turks—she carried an epitome of the human race. They were working hard cleaning up the decks and fastening down the hatches, but the big burly mate tore his hair when he found that hardly a man on board could understand an order in English.

Capt. John Smith had taken his younger brother, George Smith as a passenger companion for the voyage, in the hope that it might be beneficial to his health. They were seated now at each side of the round table, an open bottle of champagne between them, when the mate came in answer to a summons, his eyes still smouldering after his recent outburst.

'Well, Mr. Karwell,' said the Captain, 'we have a long six months before us, I dare say, before we raise the light of Singapore. I thought you might like to join us in a glass to our better acquaintance and to a lucky voyage.'

He was a jovial, genial soul, this Captain, with good humor shining from his red, weather-stained face. The mate's gruffness relaxed before his kindly words, and he tossed off the glass of champagne which the other had filled for him.

'How does the ship strike you, Mr. Karwell?' asked the Captain.

'There's nothing the matter with the ship, sir.'

'Nor, with the cargo, either,' said the Captain. 'Champagne we are carrying—a hundred dozen cases. Those and bales of cloth are our main lading. How about the crew Mr. Karwell?'

The mate shook his head.

'They'll need thrashing into shape, and that's a fact, sir. I've been hunting and driving ever since we left the pool. Why, except ourselves here and Taffir, the second mate, there's hardly an Englishman aboard. The steward, the cook and the boy are Chinese, as I understand. Anderson, the carpenter, is a Norwegian. There's Early, the lad, he's English. Then there's one Frenchman, one Finn, one Turk, one Spaniard, one Greek and one negro, and as to the rest I don't what they are, for I never saw the match of them before.'

'They are from the Philippine Islands, half Spanish, half Malay,' the captain answered. 'We call them Manila men, for that's the port they all hail from. You'll find them good enough seamen, Mr. Karwell. I'll answer for it, that they work well.'

'I'll answer for it, too,' said the big mate, with an ominous clenching of his great red fist.

Karwell was hard put to it to establish any order among the strange material with which he had to work. Taffir, the second mate, was a mild young man, a good seaman and a pleasant companion, but hardly rough enough to bring this unruly crew to heel. Karwell must do it or it would never be done. The others he could manage, but the Manila men were dangerous. It was a strange type, with flat Tartan noses, small eyes, low brutish foreheads, and lank black hair like the American Indians. Their faces wore of a dark coffee tint, and they were all men of powerful physique. Six of these fellows were on board, Leon, Blanco, Duranno, Santos, Lopez and Marolino, of whom Leon spoke English well and acted as interpreter for the rest. These were all placed in the mate's watch, together with Watso, a handsome young Levantine, and Carlos a Greek. The more tractable seamen were allotted to Taffir for the other watch. And so on a beautiful July day holiday makers upon the Kentish downs saw the beautiful craft as she swept past the Goodwins—never to be seen again, save once, by human eyes.

The Manila men appeared to submit to discipline, but there were lowering brows and sideling glances which warned their

officers not to trust them too far. Grumbles came from the forecabin as to the food and water—and the grumbling was perhaps not altogether unreasonable. But the mate was a man of hard nature and prompt resolution, and the malcontents got little satisfaction or sympathy from him. One of them, Carlos, the Spaniard, endeavored to keep his bunk upon a plea of illness, but was dragged on deck by the mate and tried up by the arms to the bulwarks. A few minutes afterward Capt. Smith's brother came on deck and informed the captain what was going on forward. He came bustling up, and, having examined the man, he pronounced him to be really unwell and ordered him back to his bunk, prescribing some medicine for him. Such an incident would not tend to preserve discipline or to uphold the mate's authority with the crew. On a latter occasion this same Spaniard began fighting with Blanco, the biggest and most brutal of the Manila men, one using a knife and the other a handspike. The two mates threw themselves between them, and in the scuffle the first mate felled the Spaniard with his fist. In the meantime the bark passed safely through the bay and ran south as far as the latitude of Cape Blanco upon the African coast. The winds were light, and upon the 10th of September, when they had been six weeks out, they had only attained latitude 19° south and longitude 36° west. On that morning it was that the smouldering discontents burst into a most terrible flame.

The mate's watch was from 1 to 4, during which dark hours he was left alone with the savage seamen whom he had controlled. No lion-tamer in a cage could be in more imminent peril, for death may be crouching in wait for him in any of those black shadows which mottled the moonlit deck. Night after night he had raked it until immunity had perhaps made him careless, but now at last it came. At six bells, or three in the morning—about the time when the first gray tinge of dawn was appearing in the eastern sky, two of the sailmates, Blanco and Duranno, crept silently up behind the seaman and struck him down with hand-strikes. Early, the English lad, who knew nothing of the plot, was looking out on the forecabin head at the time. Above the humming of the forecastle over him and the lapping of the water he heard a sudden crash and the voice of the mate calling murder. He ran aft and found Duranno, with horrible persistence, still beating the mate about the head. When he attempted to interfere the fellow ordered him sternly into the deckhouse, and he obeyed. In the deckhouse the Norwegian carpenter and Candereau the French seaman, were sleeping, both of whom were among the honest men. The boy Early told them what had occurred, his story being corroborated by the screeches of the mate from outside. The carpenter ran out and found the unfortunate fellow with his arm broken and his face horribly mutilated.

'Who's that?' he cried, as he heard steps approaching.

'It's me—the carpenter.'

'For God's sake get me into the cabin!'

The carpenter had stooped with the intention of doing so but Marolino one of the conspirators, hit him on the back of the neck and knocked him down. The blow was not a dangerous one, but the carpenter took it as a sign that he should mind his own business, for he went back with impotent tears to his deck-house. In the meanwhile Blanco, who was the giant of the party, with the help of another mutineer, had raised Karwell and hurled him, still yelping for help, over the bulwarks into the sea. He had been the first attacked, but he was not the first to die.

The first of those below to hear the dreadful summons from the deck was the Captain's brother, George Smith—the one who had come for a pleasure trip. He ran up the companion and had his head beaten to pieces with handspikes as he emerged. Of the personal characteristics of this pleasure tripper the only item which has been handed down is the grim fact that he was so slight that one man was able to throw

his dead body overboard. The Captain had been aroused at the same time and had rushed from his room into the cabin. Thither he was followed by Leon, Watso and Lopez, who stabbed him to death with their knives. There only remained Taffir, the second mate, and his adventures may be treated with less reticence, since they were happier in their outcome.

He was awakened in the first gray of dawn by the sounds of smashing and hammering upon the companion. To so experienced a seaman those sounds at such an hour could have carried but one meaning, and that the most terrible which an officer at sea can ever learn. Shivering and weeping, he listened with straining ears for the footsteps which would be the forerunners of death. At last they came, and of half a dozen men at least, clumping heavily down the brass-clamped steps of the companion. A hand beat roughly upon his door and ordered him out. He knew that his frail lock was no protection, so he turned the key and stepped forth. It might well have frightened a stouter man, for the murderers were all there, Leon, Carlos, Santos, Blanco, Duranno, Watso, dreadful looking folk, most of times, but now, armed with their dripping knives and crimson cudgels and seen in that dim morning light, as terrible a group as ever a writer of romance has conjured up in his imagination. The Manila men stood in a silent semicircle around the door, with their savage Mongolian faces turned upon him.

'What are you going to do with me?' he cried. 'Are you going to kill me?'

He tried to cling to Leon as he spoke, for as the only one who could speak English he had become the leader.

'No,' said Leon, 'we are not going to kill you. But we have killed the Captain and the mate. Nobody on board knows anything of navigation. You must navigate us to where we can land.'

The trembling mate, hardly believing the comforting assurance of safety, eagerly accepted the commission.

'Where shall I navigate you to?' he asked.

There was a whispering in Spanish among the dark faced men, and it was Carlos who answered in broken English.

'Take up River Plata,' said he. 'Good country! Plenty Spanish! And so it was agreed.'

And now a cold fit of disgust seems to have passed through those callous ruffians, for they brought down mops and cleaned out the cabin. A rope was slung round the Captain's body and it was hauled on deck, flung to his credit by the carpenter to impart some decency to the ceremony of the burial. 'There goes the Captain!' cried Watso, the handsome Levantine lad, as he heard the splash of the body. 'He'll never call us names any more!'

Then all hands were called into the saloon with the exception of Candereau the Frenchman, who remained at the wheel. Those who were innocent had to pretend approval of the crime to save their own lives. The Captain's effects were laid out upon the table and divided into seventeen shares. Watso insisted that it should only be eight shares, as only eight were concerned in the mutiny, but Leon with great sagacity argued that everyone should be equally involved in the crime by taking a share of the booty. There were money and clothes to divide, and a big box of boots, which represented some little commercial venture of the Captain's. Every one was stamping about in a new pair.

The actual money came to about £10 each, and the watch was set aside to be sold and divided later. Then the mutineers took permanent possession of the cabin, the course of the ship was altered for South America, and the ill-fated bark began the second chapter of her infamous voyage.

The cargo had been broached and the decks were littered with open cases of champagne, from which everyone helped himself as he passed. There was a fusade of popping corks all day and the air was full of the faint, sickly sweet smell of the wine.

The second mate was nominally commander, but he was a commander without the power to command. From morning to night he was threatened and insulted, and it was only Leon's interference and the well grounded conviction that he could never make the land without him which saved him from their daily menaces. They gave a zest to their champagne carousals by brandishing their knives in his face. All the honest men were subjected to the same treatment. Santos and Watso came to the Norwegian carpenter's workstation to sharpen their knives, explaining to him as they did so that they would soon use them on his throat. Watso, the handsomest lad, declared that he had already sixteen men. He wantonly stabbed the ineffectual Chinese steward through the fleshy part of the arm. Santos said to Candereau, the Frenchman: 'In two or three days I shall kill you.'

'Kill me then,' cried Candereau with spirit.

'This knife,' said the bully, 'will serve you the same that it has the Captain.'

There was no more to be done, no attempt upon the part of the honest men to combine against the eight rogues. They were all of different races and spoke different

languages it is not surprising that they were unable to make head against the armed and unanimous mutineers.

Then there betell one of those incidents which break the monotony of long sea voyages. The topside of a ship showed above the horizon and soon they rose her hull. Her course would take her across our bows, and the mate asked leave to hail her, as he was doubtful as to his latitude.

'You may do so,' said Leon. 'But if you say a word about us you are a dead man.'

The strange ship hauled her yard aback when she saw that the other wished to speak her, and the two lay rolling in the Atlantic swell within a hundred yards of each other.

'We are the Friend of Liverpool,' cried an officer. 'Who are you?'

'We are the Louise, seven days out from Dieppe for Valparaiso,' answered the unhappy mate, repeating what the mutineers asked and given, and the two vessels parted company. With weeping eyes the harassed man looked at the orderly decks and the well served officer of the Liverpool ship, while he in turn noticed with surprise those signs of careless handling which would strike the eye of a sailor in the rig and management of the Flowery Land. Soon the vessel was hulled down upon the horizon, and in an hour the guilty ship was again alone in the vast ring of the ocean.

This meeting was very nearly being a fatal one to the mate, for it took all Leon's influence to convince the other ignorant and suspicious seamen that they had not been betrayed. But a more dangerous time still was before him. It must have been evident to him that when they had made their landfall then was the time when he was no longer necessary to the crew, and when they were likely to silence him forever. That which was their goal was likely to prove his death warrant. Every day brought him nearer to his inevitable doom, and then at last on the night of the 22d of October the lookout man reported land ahead. The ship was at once put about, and in the morning the South American coast was a dim haze upon the western horizon. When the mate came upon deck he found the mutineers in earnest conference about the fore-hatch, and their looks and gestures told him that it was his fate which was being debated. Leon was again on the side of mercy. 'If you like to kill the carpenter and the mate you can; I shall not do it,' said he. There was a sharp difference of opinion upon the matter, and the poor, helpless mate waited like a sheep near a knot of butchers.

'What are they going to do with me?' he cried to Leon, but received no reply.

'Are they going to kill me?' he asked Marolino.

'I am not, but Blanco is,' was the discouraging reply.

However, the thoughts of the mutineers were happily diverted by other things. First they clewed up the sails and dropped the boats alongside. The mate having been deposed from his command, there was no commander at all, so that everything was chaos. Some got into the boats and some remained upon the decks of the vessel. The mate found himself in one boat, which contained Watso, Paul the Slavonian, Early the ship's boy and the Chinese cook. They rowed 100 yards away from the ship, but were recalled by Blanco and Leon. It shows how absolutely the honest men had lost their spirit, that though they were four to one in this particular boat they meekly returned when they were recalled. The Chinese cook was ordered on deck and the others were allowed to float astern. The unfortunate steward had descended into another boat, but Duranno pushed him overboard. He swam for a long time, begging hard for his life, but Leon and Duranno pelted him with empty champagne bottles from the deck until one of them struck him on the head and sent him to the bottom. The same man took Casap, the little Chinese boy, into the cabin. Candereau, the French sailor, heard him cry out. 'Finish me.'

Distilled.

Finshaw: 'What has caused the change in Major Stiffs appearance, of late? He used to look like one born to command.'

Finshaw: 'He is married, now, and has made the discovery that he wasn't born for any such purpose.'

HE BROUGHT IT FROM THE WORLD'S FAIR.

And kept it two years.

'The great World's Fair, at Chicago, in 1893, while it gave pleasure to many, gave us a lesson in the value of health. People were lured along the miles of wonderful exhibits by the new and strange things at every step, and did not realize their condition until they dropped into a chair in some busy corner by the lake, and "cooled off." That's what began the trouble in many cases. Of one such case, Mrs. L. W. Stevens, Fort Fairfield, Me., writes:

'My husband took a severe cold and cough two years ago last October—time of the World's Fair, which we attended. This cough lasted over two years, was accompanied by spitting of blood, and nothing could be found to help him, although various remedies were tried. Several doctors were consulted, but their prescriptions afforded no relief. Finally, I saw an advertisement of Dr. Ayer's Cherry Pectoral in my paper and prevailed upon my husband to get a bottle and try it. The very first dose helped him and he was completely cured in a short time. We feel

very grateful for what Dr. Ayer's Cherry Pectoral has done for us, and shall keep it constantly on hand in the house.'

Two years of doctoring for a cough, two years of "remedies" that gave no help, and prescriptions that probed only the men who wrote them, and then a trial of Dr. Ayer's Cherry Pectoral, which helped from the very first dose and effected a complete cure in a short time. The difference between Dr. Ayer's Cherry Pectoral and all other cough medicines could not be better stated than in this comparison of results. It has cured the most stubborn and obstinate cases of chronic bronchitis and asthma. It is a specific for croup and whooping cough. It cures all coughs and colds and all affections of the throat and lungs promptly and effectively. Anyone who is sick is invited to write to the Doctor who organized Free Medical Advice, and send him the best medical advice, an all diseases, without reference to their curability by Dr. Ayer's medicine. Address, J.C. Ayer Co., Lowell, Mass.

Surprise Soap. makes a surprisingly heavy, soft lather—quickly. It makes clothes surprisingly white, clean and sweet. It gets its work done in a surprisingly short time—with-out scalding or boiling or rubbing or streaking or discoloration or injury to the finest fabric or the most delicate colors. And the price is surprisingly small—only 5 cents for a large long-life cake. Buy SURPRISE and take no substitute.

Like all the other white prisoners, he was compelled nominally to embrace Mohammedanism and unless he had done so he would not have been permitted to live. He was watched so vigilantly that it was extremely difficult for him to escape, and though secret agents from Cairo were repeatedly sent to Omdurman to help him to get away, no opportunity promising success presented itself till Feb. 20, 1895, when he contrived to get out of the city in the night to the rendezvous where camels and attendants were waiting for him, and then began the forced marches down the Nile that soon placed him out of the reach of the Khalfis' pursuers. He has earned his rest.

Complimentary. A Clergyman whose parish duties included a certain amount of preaching at the local lunatic asylum, obtained preference some little time ago, and in due course his last Sunday came round, with the inevitable "farewell sermon."

APIOL & STEEL PILLS. A REMEDY FOR IRREGULARITIES. Superseding Bitter Apple, Fil Cocula, Pennyroyal, etc. Order of all Chemists, or Post free for \$1.20 from EVANS & SONS, LTD., Montreal and Toronto, Canada. Victoria, B. C. or Martio, Pharmaceutical Chemist, South Vancouver.

To the Electors of the City of Saint John. LADIES AND GENTLEMEN—As the solicitation of a large number of citizens, I have concluded to be a candidate for the office of MAYOR.

To the Electors of the City of Saint John. LADIES AND GENTLEMEN—As the solicitation of a large number of citizens, I have concluded to be a candidate for the office of ALDERMAN AT LARGE.

CHICKENS, DUCKS, AND LETTUCE. THOS. DEAN, City Market.

TO THE BITTER DREGS.

By the Author of "Cast up by the Sea," "The Fog Woman," "The Secret of White Towers," etc.

CHAPTER XXIII.

When Dorrien had loosened Cora's fingers from their frantic clutch, she had gone sliding down the cliff side with a rattle of loose earth and pebbles.

In that second she lived through all the horrors of death.

She knew that the face of the cliff slanted slightly out for a short distance, then sloped suddenly in.

She would fall from there down upon the jagged rocks beneath, over which the waves were washing, for it was high up that her eyes were closed, she seemed to see it, and her quick ear caught the sound of falling stones, as, helplessly clutching at the earth, she went slipping down to her terrible fate.

A last wild cry, a sickening bound, followed by a painful jerk, which seemed to dislocate every bone in her body, as her clothes caught in an old piece of iron firmly embedded in the cliff.

There, powerless to save herself, she swung from the giddy height, uttering shriek upon shriek.

But even to herself her voice sounded weak and muffled, and seemed to travel no distance in the thick atmosphere.

Then, to her horror, she felt the material of her dress giving way beneath the heavy strain.

From the position in which she was hanging, it was impossible for her to look up without struggling, and she dared not do that.

Had she been able to do so, she would have seen a man peer cautiously over the edge of the cliff; then seeing her perilous position, put his hands to his mouth as if about to shout to her, but, changing his intention, turned and rushed away.

He was one of the coast guards from the Royal Heath station, about ten minutes' quick walk from the spot where every instant threatened to be Cora's last.

The man made all possible speed; but, by the time he had returned with a coil of rope, and two or three men to help, the girl was hanging by the last remnant of her torn serge skirt, and quite unconscious. A couple of moments later and all would have been over, with small harm to anyone but Cora Rosier herself.

As it was, however, the gallant coast-guard lowered himself by the aid of the rope and of his comrades, and so, at the risk of breaking his own neck, saved a very worthless life.

When Cora regained consciousness, she found three bronzed faces bending anxiously over her, while three pairs of rough, but kindly, hands tried to restore animation.

"She's coming round," one said, sitting upon his heels. "Give her more air; that's what she wants. Come, missie, you're safe now."

"Lean on me," said another, as she attempted to sit up. "That's it—give her a hand, Jakes."

Their cheery voices, their honest weather-beaten faces, were so different to the grim horror Cora had looked upon so short a time before, that, at first, she could scarcely realize it had been anything but a hideous delusion, till, her brain growing clearer, she remembered all that had occurred—Dorrien's awful, startling confession, his brutal conduct.

She closed her eyes again, not from faintness, but because she wanted to think for an instant or so on her wisest plan of action.

If Dorrien heard she had been saved, he would, in all probability, at once make his escape.

If she went to the police and had him arrested for the murder of her mother, she would lose her hold upon Sir Martin Met-

herell, besides not having sufficient evidence to hang Dorrien.

"She's off again," said the man named Jakes. "I wish my missus was here; she'd know what to do."

"Get a stretcher and carry her," proposed one of the others.

But as the point Cora opened her eyes, "I shall feel better directly," she said. "You are all very kind; but I don't in the least know how I come to be here."

"It was Jakes, miss, heard a strange noise as he was walking along," the man sitting on his heels said; "and, looking over, he see'd you hanging there by your clothes, miss. He was afeared to call—weren't yer Jakes?—so he just cut along back to me. We brought a rope, and Jakes he goes down, only just in time, miss, for your gown was all torn, and the old bit of iron that loose, it's a marvel it held so long."

"I must reward you," Cora said. "I have nothing with me now; but I am staying with Sir Henry and Lady Ayerst."

"Don't you think of that, Miss," they one and all exclaimed. "We want nothing."

"You went too near the edge of the cliff," Jakes questioned. "It was a mercy you were not killed."

"I don't know how it happened I saw a bird; it seemed wounded. I tried to catch it, and then suddenly I slipped and fell, and, but for you, my friends—she finished with an eloquent gesture; then added: "But see, I think I can stand now. Oh, my poor hands are hurt—what scratches, what bruises! But it is dangerous that place, it is cruel!"

She got to her feet, and then, leaning on Jakes' arm began slowly walking towards Royal Heath.

Afterwards they talked of her, and what pluck she had shown, making no tuss over her accident, refusing to have a carriage sent for her, and though stiff and bruised, walked the whole distance.

They did not know how terribly anxious she was to keep the whole thing as quiet as possible, so that she might the more easily revenge herself upon Dorrien.

Reaching home, she managed to gain her room unperceived by anyone.

This was comparatively easy, as it was dressing hour.

Having bathed her face, and hands, and taken a dose of sal-volatile, she sat down and hastily penned a few lines, which she placed in an envelope, and addressed to one of the poorest quarters in Paris.

It was Dorrien's death-warrant, for when she rang the bell, and when the maid appeared, sent a message to Lady Ayerst, to the effect that she was suffering from a bad headache, and consequently, would not come down to dinner that evening.

When everyone was assembled in the dining-hall, a figure, in a long grey cloak crept from the house, and running down the drive, dropped a letter into the pillar-box just outside the gates.

Half an-hour later, Cora, arrayed in a cool white dressing gown, sat by the open window, sipping champagne, and toying with a recherche little supper, which had been daintily placed upon a table beside her easy chair.

Truly, life is strange.

The Ayersts were giving a big dinner-party that night, and the gardens had been decorated with strings of colored lamps, a stand had been erected, and a band had come down from town to perform during the evening.

As the darkness fell, Cora watched the men light up, till the shadowy gardens looked like fairyland, gleaming with colored lights, amethyst, ruby, gold, and blue while divine strains of music filled the air.

Then the guests came out, strolling in twos and threes, or standing in little groups chatting and laughing, till Cora who loved gaiety, longed to join them, yet felt too stiff, and sore, and shaken to attempt to do so.

"Ah, my friend," she muttered, leaning out into the glorious night, "you will pay dearly for this day's work!"

Then her brows knitted together in a perplexed frown, while her thoughts worked on.

If Dorrien had murdered Dola Rozier, what had Sir Martin Metherell to do with it? Had they conspired at it together?

For once Cora found herself quite at sea and had in no way fathomed the mystery when at length she retired to bed.

"I shall find out in time," she said, as she closed her eyes and fell asleep to the strains of the Geisha.

Since that evening by the lake, Madge had lived in a state of suppressed excitement.

For the first time in her life she was shaken from her placid serenity.

A new power had come into her existence, a new emotion and she knew not what to make of it.

One minute feeling desperately angry with herself, the next giving herself up to the strange fascination of the man who had wrought this change in her.

She did not love him; but he attracted her more than any man she had ever met.

She was always conscious of his presence. She found herself speaking in a room full of people, for his eyes alone and her heart would quicken its pulsation when he came to her.

On this particular night, it seemed to her that, every time she glanced in his direction, she met his eyes, not staring not noticeably watching, yet giving her the impression that her every action was observed.

But it was not until the evening was drawing to a close that he came to her.

"Can her ladyship spare a patient friend of a few minutes of her society?" he said, meeting her as she came from the drawing-room.

"I am going to ask Mrs. Haliburton to sing," she answered. "Have you heard her? Her voice is divine."

"Her appearance is not," he said. "I think she is the ugliest woman I ever met."

"I have heard men call her handsome."

"So have I; but I am not answerable for the extraneous taste of others. Where are you going, madame? She is in this direction; I met her a few moments since."

She softly hummed the air the band was playing, as they walked slowly, side by side, across the lawn.

Beautiful, indeed, did she look that night, in sheen of satin and glimmer of pearl.

No wonder Lord Carsborough found her pleasant to gaze upon.

The very scent of the flowers she was wearing pleased his fastidious fancy.

"Such moments as these," he said, "make up for a life time of disappointments."

"The night is perfect," she said, wifely misunderstanding him.

He answered with a quiet laugh.

"And the music," she went on. "I think this is a better band than Max Holman's. Do not you?"

"About such trivial matters I'll think she can judge. Don't you understand how foolish it is to ask me to take my thoughts from you just now? Perhaps, if you could see yourself, you would realize the insanity of such a proposal."

"I should have thought such flattery would have been beneath you."

"Do you think I flatter you?" he questioned, derisively. "Do you think I find much pleasure in admiring when you are out of my reach? Don't you know that to see you means to want you?"

"I believe you have too much sense to want what you cannot have."

"What has love to do with sense?"

"We were not talking of love."

"I am talking of it now."

"Then ask me no questions concerning it; for I don't know the meaning of the word."

"Are you sure?"

He bent down and looked her in the face. She felt her cheeks flush hotly.

"I am quite sure," she said.

"You will learn the lesson some day—every woman does."

"I shall be an exception."

"I think not. Do you honestly believe you are going through life perfectly content with the husband you have chosen—a man who has not one refined thought—who has already tired of you, who already thinks of you as a woman fairer and more charming than yourself? Ah, you can flash those great eyes at me, and look as proud as you please; but I am only speaking the truth, my child, and you know it."

She felt a hysterical sob rise in her throat.

"You have no right to speak in this way," she cried, passionately. "I will not endure it, even from you. Understand, once for all, Lord Carsborough, that, if you wish to be my friend, you must keep within the limits of friendship."

"There is no limit to friendship, Lady Ayerst."

"That is absurd. You don't allow your friends to insult you."

"Nor your lover, nor your husband, nor anything that is yours. I agree with you there; but the friend who speaks the solid plain truth is a friend worth having."

"I consider that sort of people odious."

"Do you consider me odious?"

She hesitated.

"I should if you were always forcing unpleasant truths upon me."

"Have I attempted to do such a thing?"

"I consider you took a great liberty just now."

"In saying such a little thing? In merely mentioning a palpable fact? If, indeed, I have offended, let me crave your pardon."

"You must promise never to talk in such a way again."

"I cannot promise."

"Why not?"

"Because I love you, and am not answerable for what I may say. Do not look so stern. I did not change since yesterday, or at last week, or last month. I have loved you from the first. You must have known that."

"I did not know it," she said, faintly.

"Then the knowledge need make no difference to you, except, perhaps, to make you a little more lenient. You are not angry with me for what is beyond our power to control? I can no more help loving you, you beautiful woman, than I can help the stars shining in the heavens above and I."

"I cannot leave all my guests."

"For an hour—why not? Besides, I have arranged all that. I have managed to start everyone off on some pursuit. I excited curiosity concerning the Dallow Caves, and a bicycling party have gone over to inspect them. I have worked hard for this one hour's pleasure. Will you come?"

"I am afraid it will rain."

"We can easily get into shelter if it does."

She hesitated for a moment or so then began walking towards the house.

A quarter-of-an-hour later she came into the hall in her habit.

Sir Henry was standing there, reading a telegram.

He crushed it in his hand on seeing her, and put it in his coat pocket.

"Going for a ride," he said. Carsborough is waiting outside for you."

"Will you come, too?" Madge said eagerly.

"I don't care to ride alone with him—it will be so dull."

"Nonsense! Don't keep him waiting; and that new mare of yours won't stand."

"Do come," she repeated.

She had never wanted him so much before; but every moment she spent alone with Lord Carsborough seemed to strengthen his power over her, and she was afraid.

"I can't come," Ayerst said, shortly. "I have some business to attend to."

"You have had no bad news?" she

questioned with a sudden sinking of the heart; for, since that day when he had spoken of rain, there had come upon her every now and then a deadly terror lest it should ever occur, and the day should come when all she prized so dearly should be swept away.

"Not over good," Sir Henry answered moodily. "But we are all right so long as he stands our friend, and he has pledged himself to that. It is only this heavy depression in the City. Everything is as low as it can be. Wish I had never dabbled in stocks and shares. It is rather a dear way of buying experience."

"But it is all right? You are certain we are all right?"

"My dear girl! he exclaimed, irritably. "Of course we are all right. How you do harp on that!"

"She said no more, and going through the outer hall, found Lord Carsborough waiting on the steps for her."

"Why so grave?" he asked, when they had ridden some way in silence.

"I was thinking," she said.

"Not pleasant thoughts?"

"How do you ask those questions? I can only make the same answer to all. Because I love you, you are angry; but on this occasion I willingly endure your displeasure, for the delight of seeing such a divine blush. But to return to the thoughts, what were they?"

"Oh, nothing particular! I felt worried—nervous. Henry seemed to have had bad news about something. Do you know anything about it?"

"It is nothing. Don't worry your pretty head about it."

"You are quite certain," she said, anxiously, "that I have no cause for alarm?"

"Have I not told you that already? Do you doubt me?"

"No, no; why should I?"

"I swear to you," he said, riding close beside her, "that, while I live, and you are gracious to me, there shall never be a wish of yours ungratified."

"You are very kind," she said, nervously. "Henry is, indeed, fortunate in having such a friend."

He turned his fierce, wolfish face toward her.

"I am no friend to your husband," he declared. "I would not lift a finger to save him from instant death. What I do, I do for you, Madge. Because you are the one woman in the world I love and desire."

"Lord Carsborough!" she exclaimed, indignantly, reining in her horse with so sudden a hand that the animal began to rear and plunge.

Perhaps she lost her nerve, perhaps she was too angry to think of what she was doing, for, the next instant, the frightened horse, receiving a shower of stinging blows from the whip, got the bit between his teeth and bolted.

When Madge found that her horse was entirely beyond her control, she closed her eyes and pressed her lips together, almost fainting with terror, but possessing just sufficient presence of mind to cling with all her strength to the reins and pommel.

The road was a winding one, and Lord Carsborough realized, in an instant, that his only chance of stopping the runaway horse, was to cut straight across the fields, and so reach a certain bend of the road first.

Taking gates and hedges as they came in his way, he rode like mad, and managed to reach the spot in time, cleverly catching the reins of the scared animal as it reared by.

A minute or so more and he had brought it to a standstill, and, having jumped from his own panting steed, had lifted Madge to the ground.

She was dazed with the peril she had been in, and almost unconsciously allowed him to hold her in his arms, till a kiss, pressed upon her forehead, smote her.

She would have started from him, but he held her firmly.

"I love you," he declared, passionately. "I love you."

"Lord Carsborough!" she cried, struggling to free herself. "Let me go—you must be out of your mind to behave like this!"

He loosened his hold then.

"Perhaps I am," he said. "The events of the last few minutes have surely been enough to turn a man's brain. Had you

Continued on Fifteenth Page.

A CARD.

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

A. Chipman Smith & Co., Druggists, Charlotte St., St. John, N. B.

W. Hawker & Son, Druggists, 104 Prince William St., St. John, N. B.

Chas. McGregor, Druggist, 137 Charlotte St., St. John, N. B.

W. C. R. Allan, Druggist, King St., St. John, N. B.

E. J. Mahony, Druggist, Main St., St. John, N. B.

G. W. Hobbs, Chemist, 357 Main St., St. John, N. B.

R. B. Travis, Chemist, St. John, N. B.

S. Watters, Druggist, St. John, West, N. B.

Wm. C. Wilson, Druggist, Cor. Union & Rodney Sts., St. John, N. B.

C. E. Clarke, Druggist, 100 King St., St. John, N. B.

S. H. Hawker, Druggist, 2 Mill St., St. John, N. B.

N. B. Smith, Druggist, 14 Dock St., St. John, N. B.

G. A. Moore, Chemist, 209 Brussels St., St. John, N. B.

C. Fairweather, Druggist, 109 Union St., St. John, N. B.

Hastings & Fines, Druggists, 63 Charlotte St., St. John, N. B.

Sunday Reading

HER TITHES.

She read the words hastily in the morning, her busy thoughts already running forward to review the days work, but all through the crowded hours they had followed her persistently, and she found herself continually repeating, 'I give tithes of all that I possess.'

All the day the refrain ran on—'I give tithes of all that I possess.'

It annoyed her as she had often been annoyed by a strain of a foolish song caught up by the memory and reiterated mechanically.

'It was a miserable old Pharisee that said it,' she reflected, 'and I don't know why I should be haunted by it. I do give tithes of all I possess, but I never thought of boasting of it. It's much the easier way to keep the peace between your conscience and so many conflicting claims. When I've laid aside my tenth I feel perfectly comfortable over the rest of the dollar.'

Silence for a few minutes in the busy brain and then a little laugh with the thought:

'The Pharisee seems to have been perfectly comfortable about the rest of his dollar, or shekel, I suppose it was—the great trouble with him was feeling too comfortable about his tithes, as if that ended the matter. I never felt so, I am sure. My tithes is a real thank-offering, not a tax.'

Again the needle sped on its way, but the face above it grew every minute graver and more thoughtful, until at last the hands lay idle in the lap and the eyes were lifted to gaze slowly about the beautiful room, taking in its charm and harmony and comfort.

'Tithes of all that I possess,' said the mistress of the home; 'I never thought before how much that really meant, and what a very small part of all my possessions the money was. It would mean a tithe of my time, and my thought, and my ingenuity, and my ability to make things go—and I've always said I will give, but I will not be on committees and take responsibility and get other people to work. I've paid my dues, but I would not take time to go to the missionary meetings. I've subscribed for the paper, but I never had any interest in reading it—I can't honestly say as much as the Pharisee did.'

'All I possess,' that would mean love, human love, that crowns me and makes me blessed among women, I'm sure I never in my life gave any real love to these women whose lives are so empty of it. I haven't taken time to love them, I have just let them be crowded out of my thought. I don't know just what good love could have done them, but it might have done me good; made me more grateful, more generous, more eager to help, and that would have reached to them. 'All I possess' would mean opportunity and influence with others; it would mean the beauty and rest and delight of my home—but how could I tithe that except with those who can be brought in to share it? Yes, I might spare that lovingly, to whom I set my heart for the library, send the money towards the Memorial home, that seems so vague and far off and uncertain that I said I did not want any of my money to go into it. It would mean sharing the church for reading-rooms and evening classes and social help; sharing leisure and culture and pleasures and knowledge; it would mean sharing one's self, and that is the hardest of all. If I had plenty of money I should love to help in every other way, but I have no talent for personal giving. Yet that was the way Christ helped—who loved us and gave himself for us. First the love, then the giving of himself. Perhaps if I had the love, really, truly, in Christ's measure, the giving would be easier. I might even have to give, for Paul says, 'The love of Christ constraineth us. Well, I'll never say again, I give tithes of all that I possess.'

She sighed and took up her needle, but it moved slowly now, and in place of the hunting words a gentle, persuasive voice seemed to whisper, 'Freely ye have received freely give.' 'Beloved, if God so loved us we ought also to love one another as God for Christ's sake hath received you. The tears began to fall, and in the quiet, beautiful room David's prayer of thanksgiving ascended again, 'Bless t'he, O my soul, and forget not all his benefits.—Woman's Missionary Friend.'

Sufficient Unto the Day.

Over the triple doorway of the Milan Cathedral are these inscriptions: 'All that which pleases is for a moment,' 'All that which troubles is for a moment,' and over the central arch, 'That only is important which is eternal.'

The unrivaled architecture of that superb structure, the most pleasing to the eye of the world's cathedrals, while ministering to our love of the visible, points alike with its noble mottoes and shapely spires to the invisible as the real. It is only a life enriched from above that can, like Moses, whether in palace or desert, endure as seeing him who is invisible.

Faith, not fatalism, is the world's great need. It is not that we should be heedless of the future—that would make us unfit for the present—but we should be free from anxiety about it.

Fatalism holds that a certain foreordained event will come about no matter what may be done to prevent it, and so hardens the heart to recklessly court danger. That makes the Arab, unlovely and cruel, the slave of lust and anger. Faith holds that our Lord has become the caretaker of all who absolutely trust him. He lifts that burden from all who are willing. 'In the world ye shall have tribulation; but be of good cheer, I have overcome the world. As one of the martyrs said, 'God hath not promised to keep us from our trouble, but to be with us in it.'

God can give us something better than relief—he gives us grace. Grace is more than the good will of God towards us; it is his good work in us. The one enlightens and calms the other strengthens and supports. The real power of God dwells only in those who have his grace.

Cyprian, while Bishop of Carthage, said to the Christians who complained that they were likely to die by the plague when they preferred to die by the sword, 'God does not want your blood, but your faith.' God's martyrs are not only those whose chains the women of the early church counted it an honor to kiss. There were those who hastened to die because they were afraid to live, who welcomed death as easier and requiring less courage than life. Death on the field of battle is a fate desired by many a soldier who has never conquered his own appetites. There is more faith required to fight disease or want than to end the struggle by welcoming death. The suicide is one who cannot endure to-morrow. Blood is cheaper than faith. It requires less religion to speak dying words than to infuse the spirit of religion into our daily speech while yet we live.

Not the name of a single martyr is mentioned in the calendar of the saints in the Epistle to the Hebrews, unless it be Samson, the least saintly of all. Not those who were stoned, who were sawn asunder, who were slain with the sword, who were destitute, afflicted, evil entreated (of whom the world was not worthy), wandering in deserts and mountains and caves and the holes of the earth, are counted most worthy of being mentioned by name. But those who did secular acts from a sacred or spiritual motive, who walked with God like Enoch, or prepared an ark like Noah, who went on a journey in faith like Abraham, or administered the affairs of a nation like Moses; it is such as those who could walk and not faint who received the more abundant grace here and the exceeding, eternal weight of glory.

Great characters like these are developed by great promises even more than by great trials. Faith is reason leaning on God trusting for to-day and confident of the morrow, which is also with God.

Neither is pessimism the best friend of humanity, but faith. Pessimism despairs of any betterment of human conditions, declaring with Schopenhauer, 'Consciousness is the hideous mistake and malady of nature. Optimism declares that this is the best possible world without being able to give a reason for the faith that leaves the Redeemer out of account, and without any serious, self-sacrificing effort to make it better. Faith discounts none of the ills of his life, but is ever looking at the things which are unseen and eternal.

Worldly wisdom truthfully says, 'The worst misfortunes are those which never come. Faith replies, 'True; but what if the very worst should? Who shall separate us from the love of Christ? Shall tribulation, or distress, or persecution, or famine, or nakedness, or peril, or sword? In all these things we are more than conquerors through him that loved us.

Experience chides us for borrowing trouble, and rightly says, 'It is the double load that kills—to-morrow's burden added to to-day's. Only foolish man does for himself what he would never do for his beast.' Faith responds, 'Yes; it was my Lord who taught me that, and said it was like the heathen to be always asking anxiously, 'What shall we eat? or, 'What shall we drink? or, 'Where shall we be clothed? Why add to-morrow's burdens or anxieties to to-day's, and thus be unfit for to-day's duties? Your Heavenly Father knoweth that ye have need of all these things.'

We might as well, savage-like, attempt to eat to-morrow's food to-day as to do to-morrow's work or bear to-morrow's burden.

PAINE'S CELERY COMPOUND

The Most Famous of All Spring Medicines.



uns. Faith was schooled in the desert by finding out that the manna was given day by day for each day's needs, and the Hebrew who was distrustful of the morrow's supply found that the food of unbelief bred worms and stank, while that of faith came daily fresh from God in never failing supply. Sweet is the food which faith claims in answer to the simple prayer, 'Give us this day our daily bread.'

Keep them my feet; I do not ask to see The distant scene; one step enough for me

'He that believeth shall not make haste,' or shall not 'rust,' as the Hebrew may be fitly rendered—showing the confusion of an army whether preparing for the onset or dissolving in disorderly retreat with out faith in its leader. The flesh recruit must fire at once, or run; the veteran alone is fit for the reserves, confusing the enemy's fire by the deliberateness of his aim. While no shot is as deadly as that which is fired at the retreating foe, the Christian, though panoplied from head to foot, has no armour for his back. The shield of faith which 'is over all' gives no protection to him whose face is turned from the foe. Faith is mightiest on the battle field. We never experience the necessity for him.

Our Lord's great words are 'Learn' and 'Rest': learn of me and find rest for your souls. Without a reliable universe no moral character could grow. A fickle world admits only of a lawless race. It is the soul which believes in God as Creator, Redeemer, Lord, that can plan and work and die at its best, and which finds 'rest in the midst of work.'

Rest that strengthens into virtuous deeds is one with prayer.

The skin of an elephant usually takes about five years to tan.

Mites' Lector. In the life of Emin Pasha is an account of his visit to Mtesa, King of Uganda, whither he was sent by Gordon, to try to establish better relations between Mtesa and the Egyptian authorities.

The king received him with the greatest cordiality, and afterward sent him, by his secretary, a letter, in English, informing Emin that the king was a Christian and desired to see his people so. The letter is worth reading, as a specimen of what a savage can do with English; far more, probably, than most of us, even after much study, could do with an African dialect. It runs as follows, in its original spelling: 'To my dear friend! My Degr friend whom I sag I am Christian and be thou Christian first I was the Mehamedans and find it is all lie and vows I am away from them I am among the Christians and e Jank the people that how is away the Christian but myself am Christian 'from Mtesa king of Uganda.'

NO SUFFERING IN CAMP. From Dread Catarrh—Dr. Agnew's Catarrhal Powder kills the Disease Germs and Cures the Distressed Parts—Relieves in Ten Minutes.

Alf. Leblanc, of St. Jerome, Quebec, says he used Dr. Agnew's Catarrhal Powder for an acute case of catarrh in the head and it cured him. He has 125 men working under him in the lumbering camps, and what it has done for him it has done for many of them. He buys it for camp use and pins his faith to it as the quickest reliever for colds in the head, and surest cure for catarrh. Sold by E. C. Brown.

Pineapple Cloth. In the search for new fibres that may be used in cloth-making it has been suggested recently that the pineapple plant might be pressed into service. Pineapple leaves contain silk-like fibres, which can be divided into exceedingly thin filaments and then spun into threads. In Eastern countries delicate fabrics, as light almost as cobwebs, have been made of this material.

But as yet no process of producing the fibres in commercial quantities has been discovered.

Catarrhones Will cure—absolutely cure—catarrh. You have found snuffs, and washes, and ointments disgusting and useless. You do not believe anything will cure catarrh. Well, send for a free sample of prepared sample of Catarrhones and see for yourself. It is like a whiff from the pine woods carried by the air directly to the diseased parts, but it cleanses as by fire. You breathe—it does the rest. Write at once—N. C. Polson & Co., Kingston, Ont.

Saved by a Fender.

A stirring account of a picturesque street accident in Buffalo, New York, is furnished by the Courier of that city. As a trolley-car ran at high speed down the hill from High street and dashed past North street it struck Miss Nellie Cahill, who had attempted to cross the track in front of it on a bicycle. The bicycle ran on the fender and struck the front of the car with terrific force. Miss Cahill fell from her wheel and landed on the fender. Her bicycle was by her side for a distance of forty or fifty feet, when its rear wheel was caught by some obstruction on the pavement and the wheel was tumbled off and thrown to one side of the car. Miss Cahill clutched the iron frame of the fender and bravely kept her position. The skirt of her dress, which fell over the side of the fender, caught on obstructions, and several times, as pieces of the garments were torn away, the strength of the young woman was tested severely, but she held on. The car, with Miss Cahill on the fender, ran a distance equal to an ordinary half block, when it stopped. Miss Cahill didn't wait to be lifted from her seat—she wasn't hurt, and her bicycle was only slightly damaged.

Sweden is the most Protestant country, for out of a population of 4,774,409, only 810 are Roman Catholics.

A CARD.

We, the undersigned, do hereby agree to refund the money on a twenty-five cent bottle of Dr. Willis' English Pills, if, after using three-fourths of contents of bottle, they do not relieve Constipation and Headache. We also warrant that four bottles will permanently cure the most obstinate case of Constipation. Satisfaction or no money when Willis' English Pills are used. Chipman Smith & Co., Druggists, Charlotte St., St. John, N. B. Hawker & Son, Druggists, 104 Prince William St., St. John, N. B. MacGregor, Druggist, 187 Charlotte St., St. John, N. B. C. R. Allan, Druggist, King St., St. John, N. B. J. Mahony, Druggist, Main St., St. John, N. B. W. Hoban, Chemist, 857 Main St., St. John, N. B. B. Travis, Chemist, St. John, N. B. Walters, Druggist, St. John, West, N. B. C. Wilson, Druggist, Cor. Union & Rodney Sts., St. John, N. B. E. Clarke, Druggist, 100 King St., St. John, N. B. H. Hawker, Druggist, Mill St., St. John, N. B. B. Smith, Druggist, 24 Dock St., St. John, N. B. A. Moore, Chemist, 109 Brussels St., St. John, N. B. Fairweather, Druggist, 109 Union St., St. John, N. B. Hastings & Fines, Druggists, 63 Charlotte St., St. John, N. B.

Notches on The Stick

Bright and beautiful Iduna, the smile of the gods,—behold the radiant, wondrous spirit descend upon the world! How in the light of her eyes the face of man and of nature rejoice: The landscape changes from white to green, and all the birds of the snow take their flight, to make way for the thrush and robin. A breath of incense is abroad, and a joyous sound is in all the realm of Asgard; while under every flowering shade trembles anew the harp of Bragi.

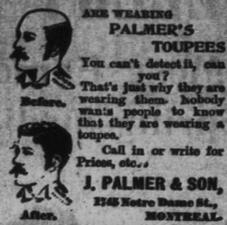
Long time the beautiful Iduna had departed. Rapt by violence and seduced by guile, she was borne far from the city of the gods and the realm of Asgard with all her golden apples. Long the Æsir mourned for her with her, life and the joy of life had vanished away. The incessant Loki lured her with a breath of south wind and a glimpse of his mocking beauty; he betrayed her to the wild-winged Thasi, who came roaring out of the Northland, and congealed her warm blood with frosty breathing. Like an eagle he bore her away to the dreary Niffheim region of darkness, where summer never comes, where no green leaf appears, no cheering ray of light, where no flower peeps above the dark soil. The singing of the bird is never heard there, for Bragi and his harp are far away. A grey un-sightly region, even at the border, it is; but onward are bogs and rotting woods and dreadful spectres. Iduna saw the dismal forms moving around her. Thasi brought her to the bank of Hela. In this region of gloomy death she lay and gazed into the fiery pit. As she looked downward her face grew thin and wax white her eyes grew large and fearful; she trembled and shivered, as one stricken with the cold. Long she lay, weary and full of woe, and yet she kept her golden treasure of life. The evil giants of Niffheim sought to rob her of her powerful fruit; but she would not bid them eat, nor would she partake herself, but kept it for her dear companions in the realm of Asgard. So she waited for her deliverance.

But the Gods grew weary for her, and said: "Where is Iduna? Despair and hunger has come to the hearts of the Æsir. Long time ago they sat at their last feast of the golden apples, and now they pined for the smile of the goddess and for her immortal fruit. The all-suspecting Gods wrung this evil secret from Loki, Oden frowned, and lifted his voice in thunder as he turned on the traitor. "Depart," he cried "from our presence, and return; but return not without the radiant goddess Iduna. Thy life for here; if thou betray, thou shalt perish." Then Loki departed. But till his return the realm of Asgard languished. They who no longer knew the light of Iduna, who had fed on her immortal food, grew gauntly. Gaunt and hungry, were their forms, their faces were full of pain, and their eyes despairing. The meadows lay without grass or flowers; the forests were naked and withered, and the skies were cold and clouded. The stubble of the field was black after the silver frost. All the world is woful when the spirit of the light and beauty is away. Her smile revives the year.

On their high ramparts stationed, the Gods looked outward toward the Kingdom of Dis. Anxiously they scanned the horizon to see the soft wings of Loki fanning the air with the breath of spring, and bearing home the long desired goddess, Iduna. At last they saw him coming, bearing his fair charge, but eagerly pursued by the swift and sounding pinions of Thasi, who with his breath withers the bloom of the world. Loki flies swiftly; he gained the wall of the city, and overpassed it. Then the Gods hasten to light the pile of pine boughs they had prepared. Down fell Thasi in the flame, singed and smothered. Consumed, there remained the frosty jewels of his eyes. In the deep sky they set them, as light at the gates of the north.

Joyful were the Æsir at the return of Iduna to the realm of Asgard. Wasting and dying, they revived as they clustered around her. She looked at them with pity, and loved them anew, and gave them her golden fruit. The famished ones clutched at the apples of life, and life and joy returned to them again. Their skin grew fair upon them, their forms were rounded, and the warm blood went bounding in richer streams through all their veins. The Gods sat and sunned themselves in the

HUNDREDS OF MEN



light of her eyes, and their spirits came again. She went through the land, she touched the meadows and the forests, and they were all again in bloom. She sat down in their midst, and the leaves and flowers crept into her lap. The bright sun was restored in the soft warm sky, and over all sounded the notes of the harp of the minstrel, Bragi.

Then Iduna dwelt with her people, and mingled with the gods, her brothers. They hailed her with their praises, and were glad in the presence of their beautiful one. Every morning they said to her: "O Iduna, daughter of loveliness! Bright is thy face, with the immortals! Death cannot seize thy radiant limbs, thy brow and tresses of the dawn. Thou givest life and joy to thy loved ones. Beloved of the Gods, welcome to the kingdom of Asgard! Thou shinest a perpetual orb of awakening, and all the birds and flowers have gone before thy feet. Afar in the cold north sky the Gods have set the sharp eyes of Thasi. He can no longer harm us; for over us thou shinest as a sun; and at thy call, O ransoming goddess! rings perpetually in the green forests the sounding harp of Bragi!"

This is the legend of Iduna—the legend of the spring.

Mountains and Feet.

FROM GAUTHER.
"Thou idle man!" chided the tree nigg plain,
"No need hast thou in thy wind-swept brow!"
"Thou poet," cried the crowd, "what use art thou?"
Seeing him bending o'er his lyre again,
Then spake the wrathful mountain: "I constrain
The harvest that upon thy soil do grow;
From tip of my white breast I bid thee flow
Thy silver-breaded streams; I feed thy grain;
I temper thy soil's sun; I hold the cloud;
I knead the white avalanche where thunders roll;
I dissolve the crystal glaciers. Then he spake—
The pale-browed poet—answering the crowd:
"Spare me my lyre, since from my wounded soul
Gushes a stream the thirst of man to slake."

We have before our eyes a bunch of the so-called Spanish "moss" gathered during his recent trip Southward, by Hon. Charles H. Collins of Hillsboro, and sent to us, together with a disquisition, a portion which is given to our readers. As we inspect these long grey vegetable filaments, imagination can construct a picture of gigantic live-oaks, bordering the bayous of Louisiana, hung thick with these tassels, reflected again in the bosom of the still waters. It is termed "moss", but botanically it belongs to a different species, and is not properly a moss at all, but an epiphytic plant drawing its nourishment from the air, while rooting itself harmlessly in the bark of trees. Mr. Collins has compiled considerable information on the subject, but he writes also from his own observation.

"The plant has not been carefully studied, and information is scant about it in spite of all the savants of science. It is yet a mystery. A great many botanists, or pretended ones, have been sent South as emissaries from the New England universities to teach what they call the poor benighted South. These people more keen on the scent to find fault than to learn have passed under the long trailing greenish grey garland, from the live oaks and cypress without seeing anything except that some peculiar growth was swinging from the trees. A just idea of this plant as I have found it in Texas and Louisiana must discard more botanical terms and study its native habitat. It prefers the tops and branches of living trees and is denser upon those which grow in the gloomy swamps or on their borders. In the dark recesses of the deepest and most dismal cypress groves, above the exhalations of everlasting mud and water it revels in its glory and covers as with a mantling pall the great broad-armed live oaks as well as native oaks which fringe the ridge margins of the lakes and bayous. On a drive to Lake Ponchartrain or around the Spanish Fort, or in fact anywhere outside of the built up portion of New Orleans it is abundant. You may see where it has drifted from the cypress and tupes and encroached on the higher lands adjacent to the swamps, where it grows in festoons and covers with its sombre drapery other trees, even the sweet-gum, elm and ash.

"The driver of the carriage, an old resi-

dent of Louisiana and a native, told us that the Spanish moss protected the dwellers of the swamps from malaria, and that they enjoyed better health than the residents of New Orleans. To us the long pendulous tassels swaying in the wind looked like the waving plumes of hundreds of herons, but this is a delusion. It is an established fact that this long moss is the salvation of the swamp residents.

"The houses along the dark margins of these extensive morasses enjoy as perfect health and as great immunity from disease as those do which are located in the mountains. This is singular but true, and is another evidence of the necessity of studying conditions and not being deceived by outward appearances. As already said the moss is not a parasite. A parasite clings to a dead tree or a rock as well as to a live tree. In fact it kills the tree, and then riots and revels over the dead trunk. It derives its sustenance, life and vigor from the tree and is a vegetable vampire. The Spanish moss derives no sustenance from the tree, it is an epiphyte (an air plant) and serves a great and beneficent purpose, as it feeds on the malarious elements in the atmosphere. It consumes them, purifies the surrounding air, which would, but for this plant, be loaded with poison for human lungs and skin, from the rapid decay of southern vegetation. The reason it cannot live on a dead tree is because the bark among the crevices of which its tendrils creep has slipped off; hence, when the tree dies, the moss soon turns black and drapes itself in mourning, as if for the tree, its mother. This is the reason there is so much black moss in the Dismal Swamp of Virginia. Many persons have only seen this kind. No scenery in Nature can so impress any but the dullest mind more than a moss covered swamp. As you push your pirogue (or canoe) through the luff wreaths and greenish grey arches of the living moss, amid the solitudes of the swamp, you notice the tall columns of cypress rise up on every side, like huge stalagmites, upholding the verdant cavern above. From the roof of this cavern depend long masses of moss like innumerable stalactites, so shutting out the sun as to make it twilight at noon. As I have said the living moss is a greenish grey color. It has long branching fibres or filaments and at each bifurcation produces tiny, trumpet shaded flowers, smaller than tobacco flowers, and of a peach blossom color. It grows rapidly and is easily propagated. A single thread blown from one tree to another soon grows into a mass of moss. In good localities the bunches will grow twenty or thirty feet long. Often a single live oak tree, such as may be seen near the mouth of the Atchafalaya, will in addition to the enormous weight of its own ponderous horizontal branches carry twenty to twenty five tons of green moss.

"A curious feature of the Spanish moss is that it has apparently no beginning and no end. You may experiment for hours—in vain you will search for a discovery of this fact."

Myron Reed, a very talented and a very independent preacher, recently deceased in Denver, Colorado, has had poetic tributes from diverse sources, and some of what orthodox would regard as of questionable character. One, evidently "of the people," embodies the following anecdote:

"Bill Nye tells this story of him (an' o' course it must be true):
O'ert when Reed was humbly prayin', some one
"Wax back in a pew
Shouted, 'Londer!' An' the preacher passed, an'
slowly rased his head:
'I'm addressin' God Almighty, and not you, str,'
Myron sed."

Such an episode during divine service has a free and easy, not to say farcical, sound, at both ends. We suspect it to be as humorously and philosophically true as Bill Nye usually was. Mr. J. Gordon Temple goes on with his poem, giving us

What is Scott's Emulsion?

It is the best cod-liver oil, partly digested, and combined with the hypophosphites and glycerine. What will it do? It will make the poor blood of the anæmic rich and red.

It will give nervous energy to the overworked brain and nerves. It will add flesh to the thin form of a child, wasted from fat-starvation.

It is everywhere acknowledged as The Standard of the World.

Sole and Ex. Sole, all druggists.
SCOTT & BOWNE, Chemists, Toronto.

the following points of what perhaps will be the popular preacher in the near future!

"He cut a good in the opey; good of aucters he wud speak.
Why, he eve a ced he lived upon 'Shore Akers' for a week.
When Reed talked he sed somethin', an' the people tuk it home.
No discorse on 'our fatyur life'; ye got yer many's wuth.

He talked of probl' us hear an' now—things need-ful on this ert.
Fer 'Equality' an' 'Justice,' an' sich themes he liked the most,
An' 'Humanity' meant more to him than did the 'Holy Ghost.'

I kan see him in his pulpit now, a-givin' out his text;
Kan see his teaturs, hear his wit, a-wanderin' what cum next.
I kan hear the party musick that wuz rendered by the quire;
That wud make a feller better, an' wuz shure to lit him hieer.

His 'Time to Git Together,' I distinkly reckerkt;
An' 'Charity Begins at Home' wuz fer ham grate respect;
He did'n' hev prayer meetin's, ner no forin mis-shun plate;
E'v' ye wuzd to help others, look inside yer own yard gate.

He thot a heap o' Robert Burns, Tom Paine an' Emerson;
O' Billy, Thoreau, Dickens, an' of all who good hev done.
An' Robert Looy Stevenson his thot; wud much engage;
Abe Linkin wuz his idel, an' when men got close to him

The chances for their betn' wrong, I think, air mighty slim."

Miss Agnes Marie Maschar, of Kingston, Ont., well known for her writings in prose and verse has won the Montreal Daily Witness prize for the best patriotic Canadian song. This is the first stanza of "Canada Forever," the successful poem:

Our Canada, strong, fair and free,
Whose sceptre stretches far,
Whose hills look down on either sea,
And front the polar star;
Not thy greatness—hardly known—
Wide plains our mountains grand,
But as we claim thee for our own,
We love our native land.

Chorus:
God bless our mighty forest land
O' mountain lake and river,
The loyal sons, from strand to strand,
Sing, 'Canada Forever.'

We are informed "that a very favorable and generous offer has been received from a Montreal firm" for the publication of the Memorial Edition of Archibald Lampman's Poetical Works and that it "will probably be accepted." PASTOR FELIX.

Itching, Burnin', Creeping, Crawling Skin Diseases relieved in a few minutes by Angew's Ointment. Dr. Agnew's Ointment relieves instantly and cures Tetter, Salt Rheum, Scald head, Eczema, Ulcers, Blisters, and all Eruptions of the skin. It is soothing and quiescing and acts like magic in all Baby Humors, Irritation of the Scalp or Rash during the teething time. 35 cents. Sold by E. C. Brown and all Druggists.

Hunting Votes.
In England a candidate who is ambitious to annex M. P. to his name must personally canvass the district and solicit the voters one by one, to cast their ballots for him. The solicitation is often 'sugar coated,' as in the case mentioned by a London journal.

"Madam, may I kiss these beautiful children? inquired a candidate for the coming by-election in the Midlands the other day, who was on a tour round the constituency, as he leaned over the front gate.

"Certainly, sir; there no is possible objection.
They are lovely darlings, said the would-be M. P., after he had finished the eleventh. I have seldom seen more beautiful babies. Are they yours, ma'am?

The lady blushed deeply.
"Of course they are, the sweet little treasures. From whom else, ma'am, could they have inherited those limpid eyes those rosy cheeks, those profuse curls, those comely figures, and those musical voices?"

The lady continued blushing.
By the way, ma'am, said he, may I bother you to tell your estimable husband

that Richard J. Sposter, parliamentary candidate for this division, called upon him this evening?

"Excuse me, sir, said the lady; I have no husband.
But these children, madam—your surely are not a widow?

I feared you were mistaken, sir, when you first came up. These are not my children. This is an orphan asylum!

A DYSPEPSIA'S RELEASE.

Suffered from this Dis-easing Malady for Many Months—Found Only One Medicine to Help Him.

The farming community at Port Robinson and many miles around, are intimately acquainted with Mr. Harvey Horton. He is a young man, only 25 years of age, who farms in summer and follows a steam thrasher in Autumn and winter. While yet so young he has had his share of pain and sickness. Our reporter hearing of Mr. Horton's affliction sought an interview with him. When he learned the reporter's errand he readily consented to impart full details, which are given practically in his own words:—"I do not court newspaper notoriety," said he, "yet I am not afraid to say a kind word for Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People. In the summer of 1897 I was sadly afflicted with stomach trouble, a deranged liver and general debility. My entire system was in a morbid condition. I felt as though I had an oppressive weight on my stomach and eating was sometimes followed by nausea. My nights were made hideous by unpleasant dreams. I tried a good physician. He doctored me for liver trouble and dyspepsia, but without avail and for a year I could find no remedy that could cure me. I felt perfectly worn out, had no strength; 'appetite or energy. I was prevailed upon by a friend from a distance to try Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. I purchased two boxes in June, 1898. Although I thought myself beyond cure, yet the first box had such a surprising effect that I took courage as my strength began to gradually return. I continued taking the pills and now after using nine boxes I feel as good a man as ever an I am in splendid flesh. I can eat, digest and sleep well, while before all food soured on my stomach and caused awful distress. I can now enjoy life and am satisfied that Dr. Williams' Pink Pills have saved me from untold suffering.

Pleasant as a Caramel.

Dr. Von Stan's Pineapple Tablets are not a nauseous compound—but pleasant pellets that dissolve on the tongue like a lump of sugar, just as simple, just as harmless, but a potent aid to digestion and the prevention of all the ailments in the stomach's category of troubles. Act directly on the digestive organs. Relieve in one day. 35 cents.

PLUNGED TO HIS DEATH.

Insidious Disease Lurks Everywhere.
A bright young man in Grey County Ont., thoughtlessly plunged into the lake at a summer resort when the blood was above the normal heat. The shock stopped the kidneys work. Poisons which should have been carried off were circulating through the system. Dropsy was the result, and one bright autumn the mourning badge was on the door, and a promising young life was snuffed out. He trusted himself to skilled physicians, but they failed to do what South American Kidney Cure would have done. It clears, heals and puts and keeps the kidneys in perfect action. A specific for all kidney ailments. Sold by E. C. Brown and all druggists.

The only place some people have to go is back to work.

Discontent is a thorn on the rose-bush of life.

Some good resolutions are like blank cartridges—nothing comes out of them.

Banborn's
FEE
MOCHA
DOWN IN THE WORLD.
 Private Plantations, every
 and two pound cans.
STRENGTH
AVOR
 Absolutely Pure.

Richard J. Sposter, parliamentary candidate for this division, called upon this evening?
 "Excuse me, sir," said the lady; I have a husband.
 But these children, madam—you surely are not a widow?
 I feared you were mistaken, sir, when you first came up. These are not my children. This is an orphan asylum!

A DISPENSER'S RELEASE.
 Suffered from this distressing Malady for many months—Found Only one Medicine to Help Him.

The farming community at Port Robinson and many miles around, are intimately acquainted with Mr. Harvey Horton. He is a young man, only 23 years of age, who farms in summer and follows a steam boiler in Autumn and winter. While at so young he has had his share of pain and sickness. His reporter hearing of Mr. Horton's affliction sought an interview with him. When he learned the porter's errand he readily consented to impart full details, which are given practically in his own words:—"I do not court newspaper notoriety," said he, "yet I am afraid to say a kind word for Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People. In a summer of 1897 I was sadly afflicted with stomach trouble, a deranged liver and general debility. My entire system was in a morbid condition. "I felt though I had an oppressive weight on my stomach and eating was sometimes followed by nausea. My nights were made hideous by unpleasant dreams. I tried a good physician. He doctored me for liver trouble and dyspepsia, but without avail and for a year I could find no remedy that could cure me. I felt perfectly worn out, had no strength, appetite or energy. I was prevailed upon by a friend to purchase two boxes in June, 1898. Although I thought myself beyond hope, yet the first box had such a surprising effect that I took courage as my strength began to gradually return. I continued taking the pills and now after using nine boxes I feel as good a man as if I were in splendid flesh. I can eat, rest and sleep well, while before all food rested on my stomach and caused awful tired. I can now enjoy life and am satisfied that Dr. Williams' Pink Pills have led me from untold suffering.

Pleasant as a Caramel.
 Dr. Von Stan's Pineapple Tablets are a nauseous compound—but pleasant tablets that dissolve on the tongue like a lump of sugar. Just as simple, just as harmless, but a potent aid to digestion and the prevention of all the ailments in the stomach's category of troubles. Act directly on the digestive organs. Relieve in one or 35 cents.

PLUNGED TO HIS DEATH.
 Fatal Disease Lurks Everywhere.
 A bright young man in Grey County Ont. accidentally plunged into the lake at a summer resort when the blood was above normal heat. The shock stopped the veins work. Poisons which should have been carried off were circulating through system. Dropsy was the result, and a bright autumn the mourning badge on the door, and a promising young man was snuffed out. He trusted himself to skilled physicians, but they failed to do South American Kidney Cure would have done. It clears, heals and puts and keeps the kidneys in perfect action. Specific for all kidney ailments. Sold by E. C. Brown and all druggists.

The only place some people have to go back to work.
 Discontent is a thorn on the rose-bush of life.
 Some good resolutions are like blank bridges—nothing comes out of them.

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

Chat to Boys and Girls.

My dear young friends, the Easter-tide draws near. I wonder if you are truly glad, and why? Is it only because you want to get on the row spring hat and jacket you have been so anxious about, or is it because of the holidays you are sure to have, or is it something far, far above these—something sacred and holy above down deep in your young hearts—something which tells you that Easter ought to be the very happiest season of all the year, because of what it commemorates.

"What," you say in surprise, "not a happier time than Christmas?" "Surely Aunt Bell, you don't mean that?"

"Yes, I do; it should be to us all a quiet, happy, holy time, when we ask ourselves in the silence and privacy of our own rooms, 'Have I risen with Christ?' that is have I since last Easter day, grown up nearer to Him? Have I risen at all above the things that used to tempt or provoke me so often at school? Have I grown up into His likeness at all in my home life since this day last year? Question yourselves, my boys and girls, will you, on this coming Easter-morning; and looking back over the past year, deal honestly with yourselves, and let conscience tell you faithfully whether you have grown 'in wisdom' as 'in stature' like the Christ-child when on earth, and if you can feel that you have risen above any of the old habits or faults, thank God, and take courage to begin a new year in His strength, so will you have a blessed and a happy Easter.

Many families plan to meet to spend this festival together, and after the service at church, there is a grand dinner and music and flowers, a giving of Easter gifts and a happy holiday time it is made indeed. Well now I should like to ask you my round table boys and girls, who is to be your guest this Easter-tide? You will certainly have your heart full, but what shall be the name of your guest?

"Do you remember that long, long ago, in fact on the world's first Easter day, that two of the disciples started out to walk to a little village, called Emmaus? and as they walked and talked, a stranger joined them. A man whom they did not recognize; but after a while, and when it seemed as if he would leave them, they invited him to stay, saying 'Abide with us' because it was late and they were weary to part with him, and to lose his gracious words, so they entertained him, and behold their eyes were opened and they knew it was the Christ!

It is my most earnest wish and prayer for you, my boys and girls, the he may 'Abide with you' at this blessed season and be your honored guest.

Let me tell you the experience of a boy friend of mine whom we will call Harry Earle. It was something like this:—

Tumbling into bed on Easter eve, he thought to himself—'Shan't I have a jolly day tomorrow! Over at Grandpa's for dinner there's a good time sure; and won't the other boys stare when they see my Sunday school prize? Then in the afternoon Grandma and Aunt Hetty always have something fine for us boys, Uncle Frank always gives a prize too for the best recitation, and I don't believe any of 'em will have a nicer one than my Easter poem, or can say it one bit better than Miss Freeman has taught me. I wonder though what she meant, when she asked whom we should take with us tomorrow. I shall take little Fie, and maybe Jack over, but I don't think she meant that. She looked kind of queer when she asked us to mind whom we enter-

ANY Quantity of Imitators



BUT NO EQUALS.
 Price \$1.00 to \$3.00 per pair.

tained this Easter! Well, I don't intend to entertain anybody, they can all amuse themselves the best way they like, as I shall; I don't mean to do anything but enjoy myself; the holidays are short enough, goodness knows!" and fell off his own coming pleasure, Harry fell asleep.

Awakened next morning, by little Fie, wishing him a happy Easter, and dressing so hastily as to forget his prayers, he ran down stairs eager to see the gift which father, never failed to lay beside his plate. It was there, also a beautiful bible, with loving words from mother. Harry looked it over, and greatly admired its fine cover and nice, clear print, but breakfast was ready, and after that, he ran to dress for church, so not one verse among its many pages, did he read I am sorry to say; had he done so, he might have taken to his heart those words from the epistle to the Romans "For even Christ pleased not himself," but Harry's day began wrong.

Starting for grandpa's with a heart full of pride in the new suit he wore, is it any wonder he turned red with anger, as the heavy and rather careless stop of a boy behind him, splashed his coat with muddy water from a puddle they were passing? And when cousin Joe's bible was found to be his handsome model than his and to contain more maps, how quickly envy and discontent stepped in and spoiled his pleasure!

Then at dinner time, so anxious was he to enjoy himself, he never looked to see that the little ones near him were helped, nor offered to pass anything to another, but ate and drank to please himself, till he felt quite ill, and so selfishness took a seat in the largest corner of his heart. And when in the evening Mary was chosen to lead in singing the Easter hymns, he felt quite jealous and miserable but when grandpa, gave a prize for the best recitation among the cousins of Harry's age, and he was called to receive the handsome writing-desk, his heart was so filled with pride, and other unworthy guests, that like that dreary inn at Bethlehem so many years ago "there was no room" for the Christ! The day has lost its blessed meaning for Harry and instead of being risen with Christ he had sunk into himself.

Oh, my young friends, be warned by this experience and watch! Do not spend the easter holidays on trying to please only yourselves, or your pleasures will certainly be a failure, but in striving to make others happy, you will find your own truest contentment—then drive out anger, envy, pride, jealousy, selfishness, all such unworthy guests, by prayer, and take the Christ who rose again for you and me into your hearts, and may this Easter be the happiest you have ever known. AUNT BELL.

FRILLS OF FASHION.

Fine nainsook embroideries with medallions of lace introduced here and their add pretty variety to the season's trimmings. Irish point and Venice point effects are also pretty reproduced in the cotton embroideries for trimming summer gowns.

Lawn ruffles in white and pale colors can be bought all hemstitched; ready for use, and if you want to make your white lawn gown especially chic, scallop all the ruffles in hand embroidery.

Buttons are a decided feature of fashion, but it is the little button this time, is polished or engraved metal, and Wedgwood instead of crystal.

Nun's veiling, because of its soft, clinging qualities, will be one of the popular materials this season.

Plain tinted organdies will be very much worn, and something quite novel is a combination of plain white and violet in one gown. The skirt and sleeves are of white, and the plaiting at the bottom and the bodice covered with organdie tucks are of the deep violet organdie.

Another idea in making up organdies is the use of one color over another; black organdie over pink; or white over heliotrope, and prettier still is the use of a deeper shade of the same color for the organdie lining.

Narrow silk fringes with network headings are used for trimming gowns and silk blouses as well.

Line the collar of your fawn-colored coat with shirred chiffon of the same color if it is a high one.

Pink, white and pale violet pond lilies are popular flowers in millinery.

Fawn and dull colored laces generally are one of the desirable dress trimmings. Fawn-colored lace on a silk waist worn with a fawn cloth suit is the smart thing.

Women complain a good deal about the egotism and rudeness of young men, but

the facts prove that the men are scarcely to be blamed for their attitude. Hostesses eager for a good morning showing at their social functions, ask men without making any attempt to satisfy themselves as to their proposed guest's desirability. An Englishman commented rather sharply on this custom of London hostesses. "Women," he says, "take the measure out of the men they criticize. As for social negligence, last season I received more than a dozen cards for dances from hostesses whom I did not know and who did not know me. If women allow shoals of young men whom they do not know to be invited to their houses they must expect social conventions equally great in return."

Louis Wain, the famous cat painter, professes to believe that a cat owned by a woman is the mirror of its mistress's temperament. He says that if a cat that has been constantly with its mistress is suddenly removed from her society, the creature will show the characteristics Madame has displayed. If she has been snappish, pussy will scratch; if she has been sulky, pussy will sulk, too. "If this were really true, it would pay a prospective husband to steal the cat of his lady love before taking the fatal matrimonial step. As the cat is about the most independent creature alive, one can't help being skeptical of Mr. Wain's theory.

Dorothy Drew, the little granddaughter of Mr. Gladstone, has been to call on Queen Victoria. She says that the Queen 'was just another woman like grand-mamma, with a white cap on her head. She put on her glasses and told me to go to the other side of the room so that she could see me better.' The Queen presented a diamond brooch to her little visitor, who courted and kissed the royal hand. Not unnaturally Miss Dorothy later declared that the Queen was very nice and kind and likable.

Nobody in Europe will regret more the destruction of the Windsor Hotel than Ignace Paderewski who had always stopped there on his visits to New York and never regarded any other as a possible lodging place. He occupied a large suite of rooms on the Forty-seventh street side of the house at the extreme end of a hall, where his playing could not interfere with the comfort of the other guests. The Windsor was for a long time a favorite stopping place with musicians. Adelina Patti was nearly always to be found there when she sang in New York and Christine Nilsson when she came to this country the last time advised Mme. Sambrich, who then introduced herself to America, that she must certainly go to the hotel, as that was the home of all the great singers. Mme. Albani stopped there when last in New York. This character seemed to cling to the hotel until the last, and it was a curious coincidence that one of the first persons to arrive at the scene of the fire was David Bispham, who was lunching in the neighborhood and reached the hotel just after the fire was discovered.

The Marquis de Croixville, who has just declared himself a bankrupt, was one of New York's conspicuous out-of-door figures before he began his career as a hotel keeper, or lost the fortune which had been

LEGS ENTIRELY RAW

From his feet to his body, and ran a blood tinged, irritating water.

Mrs. A. Keirstead, Snider Mt., N.B., tells how her little boy suffered, and how B.B.B. cured him permanently.

There is not a mother in this land who has a child suffering from skin disease in any form but will thank Mrs. Keirstead, of Snider Mt., N.B., for telling of the remarkable manner in which her boy, Freddy, was cured of one of the severest and most torturing of skin diseases by the use of Burdock Blood Bitters; and not only relieved and cured for the time being, but mark you, after eight years the disease has shown no sign of returning. The following is Mrs. Keirstead's letter:—

"With gratitude I can testify to the wonderful curative powers of Burdock Blood Bitters. Eight years ago our little son, Freddy, was afflicted with salt rheum and was in a dreadful condition. His legs, from the soles of his feet to his body, were entirely raw, and ran a bloody water, which appeared to burn and itch until he was often in great agony.

"After trying several remedies, we resolved to give B.B.B. a trial.

"You can imagine with what delight and gratitude we saw our boy entirely cured after using one bottle and part of the second. We gave him the remainder of the second bottle, and from that time till the present he has never had a sign of salt rheum or a sick day. You need not wonder that I think there is no other medicine can equal Burdock Blood Bitters to purify the blood and build up the health and strength."

Then, too, certain factories in the West are beginning to use great quantities of shells in the manufacture of pearl buttons. Supplies for these factories are accumulated by means of steam dredges which sweep the deeper waters where the ordin-

One Dose

Tells the story. When your head aches, and you feel bilious, constipated, and out of tune, with your stomach sour and no appetite, just buy a package of

Hood's Pills

And take a dose, from 1 to 4 pills. You will be surprised at how easily they will do their work, cure your headache and biliousness, rouse the liver and make you feel happy again. 25 cents. Sold by all medicine dealers.

brought to him by his American wife. It was in the window of a Fifth avenue restaurant that he was most frequently to be seen. He had made a contract with the proprietor by which he paid \$10,000 for all that he could eat in a year. When he opened his hotel here it was with the idea of supplying New York with what has long been thought a desired institution. He aimed to conduct a hotel which should be extremely expensive and proportionately exclusive. His taste as an epicure helped him in his project, and the hotel supplied all that had been promised as far as the quality of its restaurant was concerned. But the necessarily high prices were too much for the public, and the hotel ended a brief career with a deft that exhausted the Marquis's fortune and brought him into the bankruptcy courts. For several years he has lived at Newport.

PEARL-HUNTING IN AMERICA.

How the Precious Jewels are Found in West-ern Waters.

In the year of 1857 a pearl of fine lustre weighing ninety-three grains, was found at Notch Brook, near Paterson, New Jersey. The Empress Eugenie bought it for twenty five hundred dollars, a quarter of its present value. It was the discovery of this pearl that called attention to the freshwater, pearl-bearing mollusks of North America and led to other 'finds,' which are described at length in a bulletin prepared for the Fish Commission by Mr. George F. Kunz.

Mr. Kunz reminds us that the very old inhabitants were pearl-hunters. The mound-builders possessed pearls, literally bushels of them. At a mound in the Little Miami Valley, Professor Patnam and Doctor Meix unearthed more than sixty thousand—all, of course, decayed or altered so as to be of no commercial value. The Indians, succeeding the mound-builders, likewise sought and treasured them.

The Spanish explorers proved as partial to pearls as they were to all other forms of portable property. The historian of the expedition says that by rifling the sepulchres in one Indian town in Florida, De Soto and his band obtained more than three hundred and fifty pounds. Probably many of these pearls were, in a way, artificial, manufactured from the shell. But there is no doubt that pearls were much more numerous in the explorers' time than they were when rediscovered, so to speak, in 1857—just as they were more numerous in 1857 than they are now.

The pearl-hunting of the last forty years has been carried on at intervals all the way from Nova Scotia to Wisconsin and then south as far as Florida. The 'fever' seems to break out about once in ten years. In the 1897 epidemic, Arkansas was first and chiefly affected. In certain parts of that state pearls had been found frequently and used as children's playthings and as 'luck-stones,' with no idea of their value.

A young St. Louis man, spending his vacation on a fishing trip, picked up a few on the shores of Murphy Lake,—the negro guide laughed at him,—and sent them to city jewellers. The check that came back inspired a company to lease the whole lake and work it, with good results. Discoveries in other places fostered the excitement.

A pink pearl of thirty-one grains, found on Black River, Arkansas, netted the finder thirty-five dollars and the purchaser five hundred. From the Little Red River in a short time, a man took fifteen hundred dollars' worth of pearls. A Kansas man found eleven lavender-colored pearls, which he sold for six hundred dollars. At one 'drive' with his drag-shovel across a little stream, a Missouri farmer collected more than two hundred pearls, some as large as peas.

Unfortunately, these gatherers, with few exceptions, did their work wastefully. European pearl-hunters have instruments with which they open the shell without injuring the animal, and if they find no pearl they return the shell to the water. Our pearl-seekers throw away the shell and the edible meat, and foolishly open the very smallest mussels, which seldom contain pearls.

Then, too, certain factories in the West are beginning to use great quantities of shells in the manufacture of pearl buttons. Supplies for these factories are accumulated by means of steam dredges which sweep the deeper waters where the ordin-

ary hunter could not venture. And so between the button-maker and the careless pearl-hunter, the fresh-water mussels of the United States seem destined to extinction.

The crop is worth preserving. There is always a chance of a 'find' like that blue pearl from Caney Park, Tennessee, which netted thirty-three hundred dollars in London a few years ago. But the European methods that now prevail are equally destructive and dangerous. Pearl-collecting is an industry in which stability commands no premiums. Mr. Kunz tells us that what would doubtless have been the finest pearl of modern times was ruined by the ignorant finder, who boiled it to open the shell.

Do you Know This Boy?

Calling a boy up in the morning can hardly be classed under the head of 'pastimes,' especially if the boy had plenty of exercise the day before. And it is a little singular that the next hardest thing to getting a boy out of bed is getting him into it. There is a rarely a mother who is a success at rousing a boy. All mothers know this: so do their boys. And yet the mother seems to go at it in the right way. She opens the stair door and inauspiciously observes:—

'Johnny.'
 There is no response.
 'John-ny.'
 Still no response.

Then there is a short, sharp, 'John,' followed a moment later by a prolonged and emphatic 'John Henry.'

A grunt from the upper regions signifies that an impression has been made, and the mother is encouraged to add:—

'You'd better be getting down here to your breakfast, young man, before I come up there, an' give you something you'll feel.'
 This so startles the young man that he immediately goes to sleep again. And the operation has to be repeated several times. A father knows nothing about this trouble. He merely opens his mouth, as a soda bottle ejects its cork, and the 'John Henry' that cleaves the air of that stairway goes into that boy like electricity, and pierces the deepest recesses of his very nature. And he pops out of that bed into his clothes, and down the stairs, with a promptness that is commendable. It is rarely a boy allows himself to disregard the paternal summons. About once a year is believed to be as often as is consistent with the rules of health. He saves his father a great many steps by his thoughtfulness.

Bamboo Curtains.

An amusing story, illustrative of the difference between eyes and no eyes, is told by a New Orleans Times Democrat.

I noticed such a sweet decorative idea on this street yesterday, said a lady visiting to a New Orleans friend, while taking a trolley ride near the French market. It was a house, she continued, hung at all the second and third story windows with pale yellow bamboo curtains. They were perfectly plain and all of the same shade, but you have no idea how they set off the old place. Why, they simply glorified it! 'Hi-m-m-m,' mused her friend, I don't see call the house. Just point it out as we pass by, will you?
 Presently the visitor uttered an exclamation. There is! she cried. The house of the bamboo curtains! I'm surrounded by a colony of artists must live there!
 A colony of Italians, said her friend grimly. That's not bamboo. It's a hellebore factory. They hang the stuff out there to dry.

Tried to Comply.

The manufacturer of a certain brand of cigar advertised it far and wide as 'The Unparalleled—Everybody Smokes It.'

One day he received a letter from a man with whom he was only slightly acquainted running thus:—

'Dear Smithby: I want one of those cigars everybody is smoking. Send it to me by mail, securely done up in a small pasteboard box. Yours truly, Brownson.'

Not even a stamp was enclosed for postage, but Smithby took some pains to comply with the request, and after a lapse of two or three days Brownson received by mail, duly packed in a small box, a stump of a cigar three-quarters of an inch long, accompanied by the following note:—

'Dear Brownson: Impossible to send one that everybody is smoking, but here is one that fifteen newboys have smoked on. Yours truly, Smithby.'

Queer Advertisements.

The advertising columns of papers continue to produce extraordinary offers, made by people who have but one idea in their minds. This, naturally, was from a bottle:—

'Respectable girls, about eighteen, wanted for bottling.'

This is from a bookseller's offering, in which he has classified his authors:—

CLERGYMEN.
 'A Fine Collection of Two Hundred Clergymen, consisting of Protestant Ministers, Roman Catholics, Wesleyan Methodists, Unitarians and Presbyterians—Nice, Clean Lot, five shillings.'

'Life,' said the chronic cyclist, 'is one long bicycle-ride; our mistletoes are punctures, and we live in the hope of seeing a punctureless tyre invented.'

Enameline is the Modern Stove Polish; it is put up in paste, cake or liquid form. There is no dust and no odor, and the result is a brilliant polish without labor. It has the largest sale of any stove polish on earth.

J. L. PRESCOTT & CO., New York.

LAFAYETTE AND THE SOLDIER.
A General's Story That Was Well Remembered by the Soldier.

The story of the Christian monk and the wayfarer is very old. Meeting the ill-clad, half-frozen man one bitter winter day, he took off his ample cloak, tore it in two, and gave the sufferer half the garment to shield him from the cold. That night (the legend adds) he was rewarded by a vision of the Redeemer, and heard Him say, 'I was naked, and ye clothed me.'

The religion that taught such loving-kindness to the world has in every generation announced itself in similar deeds. One, at least, that deserves to live in American history, is related of Lafayette, our country's friend in need. Hon. Charles Sumner introduced the incident in one of his commemorative orations.

One night, during the terrible winter at Valley Forge, General Lafayette in making his rounds through the camp, saw a sentry staggering and apparently too weak to hold his musket. The poor fellow was nearly frozen. His clothing was ragged and his cowhide shoes were broken at the sides and toes, showing his stockless feet. Lafayette approached and took the gun out of the half-insensible soldier's hands.

Wake up, my man, he said; go to my tent, and you will find a fire, a pair of stockings, and a blanket. Warm yourself up on the stockings, and bring the blanket to me; I will stay here and take your place till you come back.

Half an hour passed, while the general remained on volunteer duty, with shouldered musket, pacing the sentry's beat. Then the soldier returned, warmed and revived, bringing the blanket with him. It was a large one. Lafayette drew his sword and cut it into equal parts, and handing one of them to the sentinel, retired to escape his thanks. To show how sincere were the thanks it may be mentioned here that at one of the public receptions accorded to General Lafayette, during his visit to America in 1824, a white-haired veteran shook hands with him and exhibited a half-blanket. The old soldier was the sentry who had received the gift from the General's hands forty-seven years before.

Lafayette was never canonized as a saint, but he is dear to every American, and not merely because he shared his blanket with a soldier but because his his high character and kindly heart made such an action natural and expected. In King Alfred dividing his last loaf, in Governor Winthrop giving away his only scoop of meal, and in the young peer of France making himself poor to become brother to a suffering people the spirit was the same. It was the Christian greatness that can assume another's sorrow.

Men have been honored for one conspicuous service or brilliant deed whose private history begs the charity of silence; but the life of Lafayette was up to the level of his best achievement. In this he was like Washington—and no man so well deserved the title of Washington's Friend.

Centenary of the Telephone.
French journals are maintaining that the centenary of the telephone should have been celebrated on January 14, 1899,—or just one hundred years after the 24th Nivose of the year VII. of the Revolutionary calendar,—by reason of the application on that date of a citizen of Paris for official approbation of an instrument which was evidently a simple mechanical telephone, operated with wires and a disk, and without magnetism.

Indeed, according to a report of the matter in the Paris Moniteur, the applicant called his invention the 'telelogue,' and described it in the following manner: 'This instrument, now so heavy and complicated, but which I claim to have converted into a little masterpiece. I have called by the name of the "domestic telelogue." It will serve mainly for the use of well-to-do country people in conversing at great distances, by day from the height of their balconies or belvederes, by night from within their chambers, across the lakes, rivers and valleys which separate them.'

The inventor offered to give the members of the government a chance to listen, at the Champ de Mars, by the aid of his telelogue, to a speech delivered at the palace of the Luxembourg by the President of the Directory.

Did the French government give him the opportunity to exhibit his invention? Not at all. He was treated as a lunatic, and he and his friends had the utmost dif-

WAS SIMPLY AMAZED
To Hear of Mrs. Albright's Unexpected Recovery.

She was a Perpetual Sufferer from Diabetes and Rheumatism—Could's Hear to be Touched—Doctors Could's Help—Dodd's Kidney Pills Cured Her.

Little River, N. B., Mar. 20.—Isn't it wonderful how Mrs. Albright keeps her good health now? said a lady resident of Little River, to a neighbor a few days ago. 'It was, indeed, a most wonderful case, all through,' was the answer.

'Mrs. Albright is a different woman to-day, from what she was two years ago. Why, this time two years ago, she used to swell and bloat all over her body. Her flesh was puffy, and tender—so tender that she couldn't bear to have it touched.'

'She had Diabetes in a very severe form, and to make her sufferings more unbearable, Rheumatism set in. I well remember going to see her, and finding her unable to move hand or foot without the most awful agony.'

'That is true, indeed,' said the first speaker. 'But her sufferings didn't last long after she began to take Dodd's Kidney Pills. I would not have believed it, if I hadn't seen the case myself. It seemed impossible to restore her to sound health, but Dodd's Kidney Pills did it so completely, and so rapidly that I was simply amazed.'

'So was every one who knew, or read of the case. I have kept three boxes of Dodd's Kidney Pills in the house ever since. I am determined to be prepared for any disease of that kind, and Mrs. Albright's case has convinced me that with Dodd's Kidney Pills any Kidney Disease can be cured quickly and easily.'

This is the way the people of Little River, N. B., are talking of Dodd's Kidney Pills, the great Kidney Medicine of the century, that has cured every time it has been used.

THE IRISH VICEROY.
How Representatives of Royalty are Regarded in Ireland.

The Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, as the personal representative of the queen, lives in splendid state in Dublin. He entertains more people, and in a more sumptuous style, than the queen herself or the Prince of Wales.

When he is in residence at the castle or viceregal lodge, scores of liveried servants are in attendance upon him, handsome carriages are provided for his guests. He drives out himself in an elegant coach behind four horses; he holds receptions at which guests are presented to him in great state, and entertains a hundred or more guests at a single banquet.

At what is known as 'a drawing room' military guards are posted at the entrance, as though a prince of the royal blood were in residence, and presentations are made to the viceroy with as much ceremony as would be employed at Buckingham Palace in an audience with the queen.

The guests make a low bow to him if they are men privileged to shake hands with him. Ladies who are presented to him for the first time make a courtesy and are kissed by him on the cheek. Every one makes obeisance to him wherever he appears, and etiquette requires every guest to walk backward in leaving his presence.

These honors are paid because he is an official substitute for royalty. The Prince of Wales is the first gentleman in England, but if he were to visit Lord Cadogan, the viceroy in Ireland, he would have to take the second place. The viceroy, as the queen's direct representative, outranks even princes of the royal house.

At the drawing-rooms and banquets of the lord lieutenant the guests assembled before he has taken his place. A flourish of trumpets is heard, and in will come the viceregal party in state, preceded by functionaries in gold lace and retains in gorgeous liveries. He is surrounded with every circumstance of power.

The pagesantry of the viceregal court is splendid in form, but it lacks the best element of popular government—the sympathy and respect of the masses of the Irish people. They are different to everything that takes place in the castle. Only the privileged few of noble birth or official position take interest in the viceroy's public appearances. The common people look upon him sullenly, as the glided puppet of foreign rule.

New way to get a Vacuum.
Professor Dewar's recent achievement in liquefying hydrogen has led to the discovery of an easy method for obtaining an al-

most perfect vacuum, and that in a single minute. When a glass tube, filled with air and closed at one end, has its open end dipped into a cup of liquid hydrogen, the intense cold condenses the air into a kind of snow, which settles to the bottom. If, then, the upper part of the tube, from which the solidified air has fallen, is removed by heating and sealing it off, it becomes a vacuum chamber so free from air that it is difficult to force an electric current through it.

THE TONGUE.
The Important Part It Plays in a Serious Case of Illness.

One of the first things a physician does, when consulted by a sick person, is to ask to see the tongue. He does this to-day perhaps more through following the traditions of the past than because he expects to learn a great deal by such an inspection. Formerly, the means of arriving at a diagnosis were fewer and less precise than they now are, and the aspect of the tongue was held to be of great importance. Now we have learned that the tongue is changed in appearance by many trivial causes, and can only be relied upon in a limited sense. Nevertheless, there are some valuable indications which such an inspection furnishes.

The tongue is always rendered less moist than usual by fevers or inflammations. This dryness may amount merely to a little stickiness of the surface, or there may be a total absence of moisture; the tongue being dry as parchment, cracked, and dark in color.

A furrowed tongue almost always indicates that something is wrong with the digestion, although smokers often have a thin coating, even when they have no stomach trouble, and in the inflammatory diseases of the stomach there is little or no fur on the tongue.

A broad, flattened tongue, showing indentations at the sides from the pressure of the teeth and a thick fur of a whitish or brownish color, points to simple indigestion and loss of tone in the stomach. It calls for a laxative, a very plain diet for a few days, chiefly of milk and lime water or Vichy, and then perhaps a bitter tonic for a week or two. When the coating is yellowish there is more or less biliousness associated with the indigestion.

In acute inflammation of the digestive organs the tongue is rather dry, red or reddish brown, not usually heavily coated, and often cracked. In chronic inflammation it is commonly dry or sticky, more or less irregularly coated, brownish red in color, and sometimes smooth and glistened as if varnished.

In scarlet fever and German measles we often see what is called the 'strawberry' tongue. This occurs when there is a very thin white coating through which the papillae of the tongue project, showing as numerous minute red points dotted over a white ground.

The movements of the tongue are affected in various conditions. When the mind is obscured, as in typhoid fever, it is thrust forward and drawn back sluggishly. In persons suffering from lead-poisoning, in the very weak, and in the intemperate, the tongue is tremulous.

It Gives True Life!

Paine's Celery Compound
Indorsed by Physicians as the Best Spring Medicine.

The records and history of medicine point to Paine's Celery Compound as the most successful remedy ever given to sick and suffering humanity. It is indorsed by the medical faculty because they know its formula and have confidence in its life-giving virtues.

Paine's Celery Compound works glorious and marvellous cures. This is the secret of its success, and accounts for its world-wide and enormous sales.

It is in the spring time—this very month—when men and women are weak, nervous, rheumatic, neuralgic, dyspeptic, have headache, kidney and liver troubles, and blood that is sluggish and impure, that the great medicine should be used to restore nervous energy, rich blood, healthy digestion, natural appetite and sweet refreshing sleep.

The winter has been a time when men and women have stored ill health instead of keeping the body sound, clean and full of true life. The nerves, blood and digestive organs must be fed, nourished and cleaned by Paine's Celery Compound if true and lasting health is looked for.

At this time we honestly urge the use of the medicine that has restored thousands to full and robust health after medical skill and ordinary medicines failed. One bottle of Paine's Celery Compound will convince you that you have found a true friend and helper.

The examiner wished to get the children to express moral reprobation of Lasy people, and he led up to it by asking them who were the persons that got all they could and did nothing in return. For some time there was silence, but at last a little girl, who had obviously reasoned out the answer inductively from her own home experiences, exclaimed, with a good deal of confidence: 'Please, sir, I know—it's the baby.'

FLASHES OF FUN.

He: 'Smoking helps me to think.'
She: 'When did you give up the use of tobacco?'

Examiner: 'What is your opinion on this question?'
Candidate: 'The same as yours, sir.'

When a boy begins to wash his neck without being told, it is a sign that he is passing into the ordeal of his first love affair.

Millicent: 'Aren't bicycle lamps annoying?'
Miriam (vexatiously): 'Yes, mine goes out every time I run into anybody.'

Friend: 'What are you doing?'
Poet: 'Writing a poem on autumn.'
Friend: 'But it isn't autumn yet.'
Poet: 'Twill be before the poem is accepted.'

Doctor: 'There is one thing more. Your wife must not speak a word to-day. Tell her that.'
Patient Husband: 'W-would you mind telling her yourself?'

Dadson: 'That boy of mine is a regular phenomenon.'
Batchelor (wearily): 'In what way?'
Dadson: 'He's six years old and never said a clever thing in his life.'

Lady Visitor (to sexton's wife who is showing her over the building): 'Do you have matins in this church?'
Sexton's Wife: 'No, indeed, mum—we has luncheon.'

'Were you out in all that rain?' asked Mary.
'No,' said the young woman from Giltion, 'I was merely in the portion of the rain that descended in my immediate vicinity.'

Skaggs: 'A man had a fit in the street in front of Bagg's, the tailor's, shop to-day.'
Wiggs: 'Is that so? Was it an epileptic fit?'
'No; it was a mist.'

Jack: 'If I had known that you were going to drop in so unexpectedly, we should have had a more elaborate dinner.'
Fred (wrestling with a tough piece of steak): 'Don't mention it, old man; but next time I'll be sure to let you know.'

A young parvenu was boasting that when his uncle died he left £100,000 behind him.
This boast was promptly trumped by Mr. Naggs, who said: 'That's nothing. When my uncle died he left the whole earth behind him.'

Maudie's papa is night editor on a newspaper, a fact which Maudie apparently hasn't learnt; for when someone asked her a few days ago what her father did for a living, she replied: 'I don't know.'
'I div it up. I fink he's a burglar, 'cause he's out all night.'

The great composer, Handel, was an enormous eater. It is said that at a tavern he always ordered dinner for three.
'Dinner is quite ready, sir, when the company come,' said a waiter to him one day.
'Den bring up de dinner,' said the Anglicized German; 'I am de company!'

Mr. Dreamleigh: 'Yes, darling, clouds may lurk in the dim and unknown future, but when with you, dearest, I think of nothing but the present—the happy, the beautiful present!'
Loved One: 'Yes, George, so do I; but take me with you to buy it—you men have such odd tastes in rings!'

Employer: 'Late again, John; can't you manage to get here in time?'
Employee: 'I can't sleep o' nights, sir, and am apt to be late in the morning.'
'H'm, sleeplessness. Why don't you consult a doctor and find out the cause?'
'I know the cause, sir; it is six weeks old.'

Scene: St. Andrews Golf Links. Visitor (to caddy): 'Do you get much carrying in winter?'
Caddy: 'Na! There's nae muckle carrying in winter. It's no' snaw it's frost, if it's no frost it's snaw, if it's neither frost nor snaw it's rain, an' if it's a fine day it's a shair tas be the Sawbath.'

Clergyman (to peasant): 'Fine weather, George.'
George: 'For them as ain't got to work sur.'
Clergyman: 'Your garden looks well.'
George: 'To them as don't ha' to mow it, sur.'

Clergyman: 'I'm glad the wife's better.'
George: 'Them as don't ha' to live wi' her may be!'

Inventor: 'I've hit a money-making thing at last. The preachers will go wild over it, and it will sell like hot cakes. It's a church contribution-box.'
Friend: 'What good is that?'
Inventor: 'It's a triumph. The coins fall through slots of different sizes, and half-crowns, shillings, and sixpences land on valves; but the pennies and halfpennies drop on to a Chinese gong.'

'I hear you have a little sister at your house?' said a grocer to a small boy.
'Yes, sir,' replied Johnny.
'Do you like her?' was the grocer's next question.
'I wish it was a boy,' said Johnny, 'so I could play marbles with him, an' ball, an' all those things when he got bigger.'

'Well,' said the grocer, 'why don't you exchange your little sister for a boy?'
Johnny reflected for a minute, then said, rather sorrowfully:—
'We can't now. It's too late. We've used her four days!'

Dashaway: 'You say your sister will be down in a minute. Willie. That's good news. I didn't know but what she would be crossed, as she did the other day.'
Willie: 'Not this time. I played a trick on her.'
Dashaway: 'What did you do?'
Willie (triumphantly): 'I said you were another fellow.'

A Russian shopkeeper has his upon a unique form of advertisement.
'The reason why I have hitherto been able to sell my goods so much cheaper than anybody else is that I am a bachelor, and do not need to make a profit for the maintenance of a wife and children. It is now my duty to inform the public that this advantage will shortly be withdrawn from them, as I am about to be married. They will, therefore, do well to make their purchases at once at the old prices.'

Early Accidents

Cause Lifelong Suffering.
A Case that is Causing Talk.

When a lad about eight years of age I fell into a cellar a distance of ten feet, striking on my head, and causing a concussion of the brain. I was taken to a London, Eng., Hospital, the first seven days not recovering consciousness. I am now 25 years old and from the time of my accident until I began taking Dr. Ward's Pills five months ago I had been subject to fainting spells, never being more than two weeks without an attack of fainting. As I grew older these spells became more frequent, lasted longer, and left me with less vitality. I was weak, had no strength or stamina, always very low-spirited and down-hearted; imagined that every thing and every person was going against me, and life only had a dark side for me. My appetite was poor most of the time, but I am now happy to say that, since taking Dr. Ward's Blood and Nerve Pills, I have only had one fainting spell, shortly after no hesitation in saying that Dr. Ward's Pills cured me. Before taking these pills I always looked for a fainting spell not more than two weeks apart; now I would be greatly surprised at a recurrence of these spells. Life is now bright—the constant, morbid, down-hearted feeling is gone, being replaced by a contented, hopeful feeling. I feel like working. My appetite is good, and in every respect I have experienced the health and strength restoring properties of Dr. Ward's Blood and Nerve Pills. They certainly have proved a great blessing to me. Yours truly, (Signed), Thomas Stanton, Brighton, Ont.

Dr. Ward's Blood and Nerve Pills are sold at 50c. per box, 5 boxes for \$2.00 at druggists, or mailed on receipt of price by The Doctor Ward Co., Limited, Toronto.

PRESERVE YOUR TEETH

and teach the children to do so by using
CALVERT'S CARBOLIC TOOTH POWDER
and
CARBOLIC TOOTH PASTE
They have the Largest sale of Dentifrices.
Avoid imitations, which are numerous and unreliable.
F. C. CALVERT & CO., Manchester

It Cures Where Others Fail To Even Relieve.

BENSON'S

It is the best POROUS PLASTER

Stimulates the circulation, dispels congestion, arrests inflammation, and relieves all external applications. Price 25 cents. All Druggists. Of agents, Leeming, Mitchell & Co., Montreal.

CHILDREN'S COUGHS QUICKLY CURED.

Hard to keep the children from catching cold—will run out of doors not properly wrapped—get wet feet—kick the bed clothes off at night.

What's mother going to do about it? Mustn't neglect the children's Coughs and Colds—might end in Croup—and Croup end fatally or weaken the lungs for life.

Most mothers now give their children Dr. Wood's Norway Pine Syrup.

It's nice to take, and cures all kinds of Coughs and Colds more quickly and effectually than any remedy known.

Mrs. R. F. Leonard, Parry Sound, Ont., writes: 'I have used Dr. Wood's Norway Pine Syrup for Coughs and Colds of myself and also of my baby. I find it always cures a Cold quicker than any other cough mixture I ever tried.' Price 25c.

LAXATIVE PILLS
Cure constipation, biliousness, sick headaches and dyspepsia. Every pill guaranteed perfect and to set without any gripping, weakening or sickening effects. 25c. at all druggists.

Dashaway: 'You say your sister will be down in a minute, Willie. That's good news. I didn't know but what she wanted to be crossed, as she did the other day.'

Willie: 'Not this time. I played a trick on her.'

Dashaway: 'What did you do?'

Willie (triumphantly): 'I said you were another fellow.'

A Russian shopkeeper has hit upon a unique form of advertisement.

'The reason why I have hitherto been able to sell my goods so much cheaper than anybody else is that I am a bachelor, and do not need to make a profit for the maintenance of a wife and children. It is now my duty to inform the public that this advantage will shortly be withdrawn from them, as I am about to be married. They will, therefore, do well to make their purchases at once at the old price.'

Early Accidents
Cause Lifelong Suffering.
A Case that is Causing Talk.

When a lad about eight years of age fell into a collar of iron fast, striking on my head, and causing a concussion of the brain. I was taken to a London, Eng., Hospital, the first seven days not recovering consciousness. I am now 35 years old and from the time of my accident until I began taking Dr. Ward's Pills five months ago I had been subject to fainting spells, never being more than two weeks without an attack of fainting. As I grew older these spells became more frequent, lasted longer, and left me with less vitality. I was weak, had no strength or stamina, always very low-spirited and down-hearted; imagined that every thing and every person was going against me, and life only had a dark side for me. My appetite was poor most of the time, but I am now happy to say that, since taking Dr. Ward's Blood and Nerve Pills, I have had only one fainting spell, shortly after I began taking them, so I have no hesitation in saying that Dr. Ward's Pills cured me. Before taking these pills I always looked for a fainting spell not more than two weeks apart; now, I would be greatly surprised at a recurrence of these spells. Life is now bright—the constant, morbid, down-hearted feeling is gone, being replaced by a contented, hopeful feeling. I feel like working, my appetite is good, and in every respect I have experienced the health and strength restoring properties of Dr. Ward's Blood and Nerve Pills. They certainly have proved a great blessing to me. Yours truly, (Signed) Thomas Stanton, Brighton, Ont.

Dr. Ward's Blood and Nerve Pills are sold at 50c. per box, 5 boxes for \$2.00 at druggists, or mailed on receipt of price by The Doctor Ward Co., Limited, Toronto.

PRESERVE YOUR TEETH
CALVERT'S CARBOLIC TOOTH POWDER
CALVERT'S CARBOLIC TOOTH PASTE
F. C. CALVERT & CO., Manchester

BENSON'S POROUS PLASTER
It is the best POROUS PLASTER
Stimulates the circulation, dispels congestion, soothes inflammation and cures cuts, burns, sprains, external application. Price 50 cents. All Druggists, Wholesale, London, N. York, Montreal, St. Louis, Chicago, St. Paul, Minn., Philadelphia, Pa.

CHILDREN'S COUGHS QUICKLY CURED.
Hard to keep the children from catching cold—will run out of doors not properly wrapped—get wet feet—kick the bed clothes off at night.
What's the mother going to do about it? Mustn't neglect the children's Coughs and Colds—might end in Croup and Croup end fatally or weaken the lungs for life.
Most mothers now give their children Dr. Wood's Norway Pine Syrup.
It's nice to take, and cures all kinds of Coughs and Colds more quickly and effectually than any remedy known.
Mrs. R. P. Leonard, Parry Sound, Ont., writes: 'I have used Dr. Wood's Norway Pine Syrup for Coughs and Colds of myself and also of my baby. I find it always cures a Cold quicker than any other Cough mixture I ever tried.' Price 10c.

LAXATIVE LIVER PILLS
Cure constipation, biliousness, sick headache and dyspepsia. Every pill guaranteed perfect and to act without any griping, weakening or sickening effects. 25c. at all druggists.

Energy BLOOD & NERVE PILLS FOR THE Languid & Weary

Continued from Tenth Page.

been thrown, Heaven alone knows what the result might have been. Had I failed to catch you in passing—but I managed to stop you. The relief and joy of that knowledge must be my excuse, if my manner has displeased you.'

'You have saved my life,' she said, leaning against a gate, for she was still trembling. I could not utter nothing but thanks.'

'There is no need for thanks,' he returned. 'I saved what is immeasurably precious to myself.'

She flushed and moved uneasily. He noticed the horses to a post, then came and stood beside her.

'The grass is quite dry,' he said. 'Come and sit down until you have got over your fright. Poor child!'

He opened the gate.

There was a grassy bank on the other side of the hedge.

A sweetbriar grew close by. Madge gathered a leaf as she sat down, and faintly sniffed it.

Lord Careborough seated himself a short distance from her, and, gazing thoughtfully before him, whistled his accompaniment.

The birds were twittering all around them, the chirping of grasshoppers came from the long meadow grasses.

They sat in silence for some moments, then Lord Careborough said, still looking straight ahead—

'Do you intend to be angry with me every time you catch a glimpse of the inner man?'

'I do not understand you.'

His mouthache went up each side of his face in a smile.

'Lady Ayerst does not always care to understand.' Then he turned and looked at her. 'Is my love so distasteful to you, that every time I let you see it you shrink from me? Is it impossible for you to think me so kind of me? Impossible for you to gain some little gladness from my love? It is real and true enough to please the most exacting woman that ever lived. Yet I believe you would rather be without it. You were happier before, were you not?'

'He was leaning on his elbow, looking up into her face, which flushed and paled beneath his gaze.'

'Yes, I was happier before,' she answered. 'Much, much happier before.'

'Why?'

'Surely you know why! Am I not married? How can I, as the wife of one man, listen to the love of another?'

'You are aware of my opinions on that subject.'

'But they are not my opinions—they are not the opinions of the world.'

'I think you make a mistake there. How many women love their husbands, think you? Most marriages are matters of convenience; but do you, in your innocence, imagine that either the man or the woman goes through life without love? It comes, sooner or later, to all, and the wise lay hold of it. It is only the foolish who cast it aside—the foolish women, like yourself.'

He stretched out his hand, and laid it gently upon hers.

'Do you insist upon casting mine aside—shall I go away?'

He felt the start she gave at his words.

'Can we not be friends?' she said, after a slight pause. 'You said you wished to be my friend?'

'I did; but it does not content me. I want to be your lover also—the one person you will turn to in every trouble, the one person you will care for beyond any other.'

She shook her head.

'You are not indifferent to me now,' he persisted. 'A love so strong as mine must, in time, win some return. You are very proud and very cold; but, right or wrong, willing or unwilling, you will love me in the end.'

She felt that what he said was true, that already he was more to her than any man she had ever known.

She would not acknowledge to herself the strange pleasure she felt when his deep, quiet voice spoke of his great devotion for her.

She was angry with herself, angry with him, happy and miserable all in a breath. Perhaps his shrewd eyes saw the hold he was gaining on her, for when she laughed mockingly at what he said, he merely smiled.

'The day will come,' he declared, with conviction.

She laughed again.

'Man proposes,' she quoted. 'You are looking to far ahead, Lord Careborough. Let us talk of something more reasonable.'

'As you will,' he replied. 'Will this please you better, a small offering from your humble slave to this dear hand?'

Taking a small case from his pocket, he opened it.

It contained a beautiful ring, a great blood-red ruby, set in exquisite diamonds.

'You will wear it for my sake, will you not?'

'I cannot,' she exclaimed. 'Everyone would notice it. It is far too valuable for me to accept from you.'

'My dear timid woman, what if everyone does notice it? May I not make you some small return for all your hospitality? Sir Henry, I am certain, will make no objection.'

'But, indeed, I cannot,' she expostulated.

For answer, he drew off her glove and placed the ring upon her finger.

'Be kind,' he said, 'and wear it for my sake.'

'I cannot promise to keep it,' she answered. 'It is a beautiful ring. It is kind of you to wish to give it me. Had it been anything else—'

also—but a ring—a ring seems to mean more than any other object.'

She spoke in a confused, nervous manner, quite different from her usual calm tones.

A warm bright color glowed in her cheeks.

'That is why I give you etc.' he said.

'And that is why I do not wish to accept it,' she returned.

She stood up as she spoke.

He also rose.

'One would think,' he cried, reproachfully, 'I was some devil you were afraid of. What harm do you imagine I wish to do you? Don't you think your good name is as dear to me as it is to you? Cannot you trust me?'

'I do,' she declared. 'It is not that—indeed it is better than I am. I did not know it until—until—until I met you.'

Her voice had sunk to a whisper.

She had always been so proud, she felt that the shame was killing her.

He took her hands, holding them closely in his own.

'Fight no longer,' he pleaded. 'Let me make you happy.'

She shook her head.

'No, no; it cannot be. I want you to be merciful. I want you to go away.'

'To leave you?'

'Yes.'

'You are cruel.'

'To you, or to myself?' with a bitter little laugh.

'To both,' he said. 'Do you think you will be happier without me?'

'I hope so,' she replied.

He let go of her hands, walked away a few steps, and then came back to her.

'For how long am I to be banished from your presence?'

She made a little helpless gesture.

'How can I tell? We must meet sometimes—it cannot be avoided.'

'And on these occasions may be permitted to make a few pleasant and polite remarks to you?'

'That would be wiser and better,' she said, 'than—than—'

'Than my telling you how I worship you—how dear you are to me. I am to go away and forget you. To think no more of you than I do of any other woman; while you—well you will have your admirers and your husband. May they satisfy you. You shall try the experiment. I will carry out your wishes to the letter, on condition that you keep my ring. When you repent—and I fancy you will repent you send it to me, and I will come. Do you feel equal to riding home now?'

He helped her into the saddle, carefully arranged her habit, and mounting his own horse, rode beside her, talking calmly and easily on ordinary topics, till she wondered if, indeed, he cared at all, and in spite of herself, felt piqued by his ready acquiescence in her wish that he should leave her.

Lord Careborough knew Madge, perhaps, better than she knew herself. He understood exactly how to treat her. From the first he had thought her the most beautiful woman he had ever met, and being utterly unscrupulous, had determined to win her.

He had imagined the task would be an easy one, but he prized her all the more for so persistently keeping out of his reach.

It gave an added zest to the game, and strengthened his determination to gain his desire.

In fact, Lord Careborough was as much in love as he had ever been in his life, more so, he thought.

But such men are apt to believe the last affair more serious than any other.

That morning he felt success was his. She had admitted that she cared, and had begged him to go because she feared him.

He intended to go, to let her feel the want of his presence, to let her miss him, and then—he laughed aloud with exultation.

Madge, who saw not the workings of his mind, imagined some remark of hers had amused him.

He did not, as a rule, laugh so easily.

As they reached the gates of Royal Heath, he said—

'Shall you tell your husband you have sent me away?'

'She glanced at him quickly.

'If I tell him that, I must also tell him why.'

'That would be unnecessarily foolish,' he said. 'I will arrange that one of the numerous telegrams I receive shall contain an urgent demand for my presence in town.'

'Thank you,' she said, in tones of relief. 'I shall not forget your kindness.'

'Oddly enough, two telegrams were awaiting Lord Careborough, both relating merely to business matters.

He showed them to her, saying, with a grim smile—

'These will suit our purpose. I shall bid farewell this afternoon.'

It was at lunch he made his sudden departure known.

'I shall have to trouble you, Ayerst,' he said, unfolding his serviette, 'to drive me to the station to-day. I am wanted in town, and must go.'

'Unfortunately, yes. It is duty, not pleasure, that calls me from the delights of Royal Heath.'

'What day do you return on?'

'Sir Henry inquired, tossing off a long drink.

'My dear fellow, I wish it lay in my power to name the happy day.'

'Let us hope it will be soon,' Lady Ayerst said, sweetly. 'I am indeed, sorry

Energy BLOOD & NERVE PILLS FOR THE Languid & Weary

to hear you must really leave me. Cannot you put off the evil moment for a few days?'

'Circumstances, over which I have no control, render it impossible,' he responded. 'I would that it were otherwise.'

'And when you return, Lord Careborough,' Lady Ayerst exclaimed, 'I shall no longer be here.'

Lord Careborough was not at all sure if by 'here' she meant Royal Heath, or the world in general; but he made a suitable and gallant reply, which pleased her ladyship, and put her in a good temper for the remainder of the day.

Madge was entertaining some callers when he came in to bid her good-bye.

He stayed chatting for a moment or so, till Sir Henry, who was going to drive him, sent a message to the effect that they had barely time to do the distance in.

'What a charming young man! One of Madge's lady friends declared when he had gone. 'I consider him perfectly fascinating.'

'He is very pleasant,' Lady Ayerst acknowledged. 'He is my husband's particular friend.'

When they had departed, and she was alone for a few minutes, she said to herself, whispering her thoughts aloud—

'I am glad he has gone—very, very glad. I don't care an atom for him, really; but—she glanced down at the ring he had placed upon her finger, half drew it off, then pushed it back again, and sighed—he ought to be at the station now,' she thought, glancing at the clock.

Another three minutes and the train would have started.

What if they lost it, and he came back? She almost uttered a prayer that he might not do so; yet, when Sir Henry came back alone, she felt disappointed.

CHAPTER XXIV.

Dorrien was feeling in an unpleasant state of nervous excitement.

He started every time anyone entered the room.

He expected every moment to hear that Cora Bonner was missing, or that her body had been found.

But no one mentioned her name.

He was anxious to quit Coddington, but it was impossible to do so while things remained in this condition.

A horrible fascination compelled him to wait and witness the end of his ghastly deed.

When the third morning dawned, he rose with the conviction that another day could not pass without something coming to light.

He was quite prepared, on going downstairs to find commotion and consternation but to his astonishment, all appeared the same as usual.

Gilbert had a headache, and looked dispirited. He had taken more than was good for him the night before and was now paying the penalty.

Sir Martin did not appear.

For the last day or so he had kept his own room, on the pretext of a touch of influenza.

As Dorrien seated himself at the table, he glanced at the two servants who were waiting.

They both looked as stolidly indifferent as usual.

Then there came upon him a great desire to talk of his victim, to hear something of her, if only her name mentioned.

'You don't look very fit this morning,' he remarked to Metherell, who having pushed his plate aside, was loling back in his chair, blinking at the sunlight.

'Don't feel fit?' he growled. 'Lower that confounded blind, James. I don't want my eyesight damaged by that glare! I say, Dorrien, old chap, I'll come up to town with you, when you go. We'll have a regular spree up there.'

'And what will the fair Miss Rozier say to that?'

It was with a curious feeling that Dorrien spoke the name of the girl he had hurled over the cliff, and he awaited Gilbert's answer with an eagerness born of a horrible fear.

Hang it all, she isn't going to interfere with my pleasure? Gilbert Metherell exclaimed. 'I do as I like, and go where I like. I don't intend to have any nonsense. I can tell you.'

'Quite right, my dear fellow, said Dorrien. 'I am glad you have the sense to begin as you mean to go on. When am I to see the lady?'

'Thought she would have turned up yesterday, but haven't even heard from her. Women are odd fish. Look here, Dorrien, when I'm with that girl she can't make enough of me; but I'm hanged if she has

They Reach The Kidneys.
Mr. Conrad Beyer's opinion
DOAN'S KIDNEY PILLS.

sent me a line since I came back here from Royal Heath.'

'Perhaps she is ill.'

'Bah! I never been ill in her life.'

'Go over and see her.'

'Not likely! I don't believe in making yourself too cheap. Besides, between you and me, I don't care a toss whether she writes or not. It saves me the trouble of racking my brains for half-an-hour over a sheet of paper. Come for a stroll, and let me see if I can get rid of this confounded headache I've got.'

They say that a murderer is always drawn to the spot where he committed the deed.

Certainly Dorrien felt a curious inclination to turn his steps in that direction, and, though he deliberately set forth in the other, and spent the morning smoking cigarettes on the esplanade with Metherell and a few other choice spirits, the afternoon found him walking towards the cliff.

He took Gilbert's arm as he drew near the place where he had struggled so fiercely with Cora.

The scene was vividly impressed upon his memory.

He could almost imagine those desperate despairing fingers were still clutching at his clothes.

He began talking loudly and laughing boisterously.

He meant to hurry past the spot where he had thrown her down.

His eyes were fixed upon it as he walked by the broken edge of the cliff.

But when he reached it, he, against his will, stopped short suddenly, and looked over.

A bit of rusty iron was sticking out halfway down.

A black rag was floating from it, like a dilapidated flag.

He wondered if it was a scrap of Cora's clothing, torn from her as she slipped down.

'What the deuce are you thinking of? Metherell questioned. 'Suicide, or what?'

'I was thinking,' Dorrien replied, 'that this is rather an ugly place for a fall. Not much chance of saving your neck once you went down. Why don't they nail it in?'

'Don't ask me. There was a fence here; but it was blown down last winter. Come on!'

Dorrien started, not because of the tug Metherell had given his arm, but because someone was coming along the path, with a quick firm step, whistling as he walked.

It was a lively air, and Dorrien recalled that, when he had forced Cora over the cliff, he had heard it whistled by someone who was approaching through the fog.

It had haunted him ever since.

He had found himself humming it, whistling it, drumming it out with his fingers, tapping it out with his feet.

It had rung in his ears with a hateful persistency, bringing with it always the sensation of the cold, clammy mist upon his face, the footsteps he had heard approaching, the faint, ghostly cries which had seemed to fill the foggy atmosphere.

Even now he put his hand to his cheek, expecting to find it wet and chill.

The warmth of it recalled him to himself. The sun was shining, a westerly breeze was blowing, shadow and sunlight chased one another across the green fields.

And along the pathway, between the fields and the sea, a coastguard was coming.

He touched his cap as he passed the two men, then halted to say, with a grave shake of the head—

'Nasty place, gentlemen. Be you friends of the young lady?'

'What young lady? Dorrien gasped.

'The young lady who fell over here,' the man, who was one of Cora's preservers, explained. 'Seeing you standing looking at the spot, I thought as you might know her.'

'Has there been an accident?' Metherell exclaimed, eagerly, hoping for some exciting tale. 'We were just thinking how beastly dangerous it looked.'

'They ought to mend the fence. That's what they ought to do. Me and my mate were only saying so last Sunday. And then to think of the poor young lady going right over!'

'Who was she?' Metherell gasped. Dorrien said nothing. 'I know everyone about here; but I heard of no accident.'

The man took off his cap, and scratched his closely cropped head.

'I've only come lately to these parts,' he said. 'The lady said she was staying at Royal Heath. I don't know her name, sir.'

'Said "Dorrien" repeated, in a hoarse cry. 'Was—was she not killed?'

The man went nearer the edge, and looked over.

'You see that bit of iron there,' he said, confidentially. 'Well as she went sliding down to as certain a death as ever stared any mortal in the face, that old iron bar caught her right arm and held her fast. I was passing at the time, and heard her cries. We got a rope and saved her. She was took, as one might say by the very jaws of death.'

'By Jove! I should think so,' Metherell ejaculated. 'Never knew of such a marvellous escape. Strange that we haven't heard anything about it. Who can it have been?'

'It was a dark-looking lady sir. She came down the very next day, and treated us all handsomely. Don't make no fuss about it,' she said. 'I don't want to have everyone talking about it.' But seeing you two gentlemen standing here, I thought as how you might be acquainted. Good-afternoon to you.'

He went on his way breaking out into his cheery whistling before he had gone many paces, blissfully unconscious of how the sound of that tune tortured one of the men he had just been speaking to.

Dorrien felt he could have struck him to the earth.

He stood grinding his teeth together, and staring at the old iron bar, and its flaming ragged flag—a flag of triumph and victory.

He turned away with a better cure.

'What's up, old chap?' Metherell exclaimed. 'You're looking pretty grim.'

'A sudden twinge of pain?' Dorrien smiled.

He ground his heel into the earth, and swore loudly.

Metherell, who was not of an sympathetic nature, rolled a cigarette, and waited for him to leave off.

The knowledge that Cora had escaped, and was living, was an awful blow to Dorrien.

The possibility of such a thing had never entered his mind.

Instead of riding himself of an enemy, he had made one ten times more dangerous.

He recalled her, in a gust of furious hatred, he had cried out that he stabbed Dola Rozier.

She was clever this girl.

She would do nothing rash.

She would not now throw a chance away but would catch stealthily round his like a serpent, and then crush him to death.

The fact that she had remained perfectly quiet for three days showed, in his mind, that she was already at work on some plan for his destruction.

He must escape while there was yet time.

He would go to London, and then—he passed his hand across his heated forehead—the life of a fugitive stretched before him.

'Do you believe that yarn about the girl falling over the cliff?' Gilbert asked, as they retraced their steps to Metherell Court. 'Had it been anyone at Royal Heath, I think we should have heard of it.'

'It was probably one of the maids,' Dorrien said, as if the matter did not interest him; adding, as a happy thought: 'I say, shall we run up to town this evening?'

Metherell jumped at the proposal.

The last train left Coddington about nine, and got up to town soon after ten.

Dorrien's idea was to travel up with Metherell, relieve him of all his spare cash while he was drunk, and then leave him.

Poor Gilbert Metherell! Little did he dream of the fate in store for him, as he entered the portals of his grand old home, laughing and talking of the run they were going to have.

As they went into the hall, a gay, girlish voice greeted their ears, and Shirley Lorraine came from the library, followed by Sir Martin.

She held out her hand to Gilbert, but bestowed on Dorrien the slightest of bows.

'We heard Sir Martin was ill, so I came over to see him,' she said. 'I think I shall have to come over every day, and cheer him up.'

'I wish you would, Shirley,' the baronet said, affectionately. 'It is like old times to see you here.'

'I thought you had registered a vow never to set foot in the place again?' Gilbert asked. 'You are not going on once?'

She was shaking hands with Sir Martin.

'I must get back in time to dress for dinner. We dine early to night, as most of us are going to a concert Madge and Henry are expected to patronise.'

'What a beastly bore!' Gilbert drawled, following her to the door.

She had ridden over on her bicycle.

It was a new machine, a present from Vivian West.

She was very proud of it, and wanted everyone even Gilbert Metherell, to admire it; but, as he hated the giver, he found it difficult to utter any word of praise.

'Oh, it's all right!' he admitted, when she pointed out its chief merits. 'I've seen machines I like better, that's all.'

'I never have,' Shirley said, with quiet decision. 'Well, good-bye.'

'May I not walk to the gates with you?'

'I am in rather a hurry; but—well, come part of the way.'

'I am going to London to-night.'

'Really?'

'Yes, really!' with a disagreeable attempt to imitate her tone. 'And I've a good mind never to return.'

'Cora has not been well,' she said. 'She certainly looks ill. She said something about leaving us to day.'

He grunted out some remark, slouching along with both hands in his pockets, glancing first at her, then at the ground, and then at her again.

Shirley was looking exceptionally pretty that afternoon.

The roses had come back to her cheeks since her engagement to Vivian West, the gladness and brightness to her eyes.

She was wearing a light-blue dress, a ribbon of the same colour being around her sailor hat.

The sun was turning her hair to bright-gold.

No wonder Metherell could not help looking at her.

'We have walked this way pretty often together,' he said, breaking a short pause in the conversation.

'I suppose we have.'

'I kissed you once, just here, by these rhododendrons.'

'Did you? I don't think it is worth remembering. Just listen to that trum! it is not sweet? I wonder why birds never sing out of tune, like human beings do?'

'Hang the birds!' he cried, irritably. 'I say, Shirley, this may be the last time we may ever meet.'

She laughed.

To be Continued.

PATENTS
When you want to procure or sell a patent you should apply to a firm who understand the patent laws—be wary of firms who offer advances—Our 30 years personal experience is at your service. Write us for information and terms.
U.S. Office, 525 F. St., N.W., Washington, D.C.
SUTLER & BARNETT, Inc. 525 F. St., N.W., Wash., D.C.

The Victor's Spoils.

Miss Terrence going down the line, watched the girl who was coming toward her. There were three men with the girl, and only Lancaster was with Miss Terrence. However, as he was all the world to her, Helena-like, she lacked not words of company. The six men met on the walk in front of Captain Lansing's quarters. Lansing was a cynic who observed his kind and told the result of his observations. Such are deservedly unpopular, but command appreciative audiences that are the envy of the good-hearted. It was to an audience of the sort that he recounted the meeting, the same afternoon, when the hand stopped playing and the invading hosts from the town had scattered and left the post to its rightful owners. 'Dorothy Terrence' he began, laying his cane across his knees and settling back to the temporary repose which alone can fall to the lot of the effleur of the day. 'Dorothy Terrence came up the walk. She had Lancaster with her, and she was looking happy. Miss Leeds—the baker's daughter, you know—came down the walk. She had Kant, and Dartmore, and Ferguson with her, and she was looking like a celestial being. They were both dressed in white, but there was a difference. Mr. Lansing says it lay in silk foundation. But as it may, there was a fearful and wonderful made hat, all drabs and mists, and sprays of white, stop of Miss Leeds, and a fluffily round sort of parasol atop of that. Dorothy saw Miss Leeds from afar, but the latter did not see Dorothy. They came together in front of my quarters—and I with my harp was there. Dorothy moved to one side. It was her instant attitude, and I fear, prophetic. The woman who steps aside can always stay there. But all might have gone well, and this story might never have been told, if Kant had not indulged his vulgar propensity for introductions. Miss Leeds bestowed a sweet and transitory smile upon Miss Terrence; but Lancaster is not the best looking fellow in the Prairio for nothing. If any of you happen to share my good fortune of knowing her, you will understand what—in the nature of things and of men—happened when she turned her eyes upon him with a trick she has of seeming to look into one's very soul. She has the most beautiful voice outside of the heavenly choir, and she brought it into play also. Dorothy stood it as long as she could, and then she tried to get him away. He never even heard her. If Miss Leeds had not gazed soul-searchingly at him, and told him that she must be going, but would see him at the hop, he doubts would be standing there still with Dorothy anxiously watching him. It will be worth going to the hop to see things happen. Lancaster stood at the door of the dressing-room and watched Miss Leeds, while he waited for Dorothy. He saw her throw back her gorgeous cloak and drop it from her with the careless disdain of a celestial creature discarding some temporary earthly garment. That it fell on a chair and crushed other less splendid wrappings beneath it was a detail which escaped him. He watched her as the budding feminine mass made way for her at the mirror and she stood unchallenged, leisurely touching her glimmering brown hair and pinning a great white rose upon her shoulder. Dorothy waited at his side for fully five minutes before he saw her. Then she laughed mockingly up into his face and wished that her laughter might have been a blow. As soon as he could leave her he went running and sliding across the door to where Miss Leeds stood at bay before a besieging group. She was backed against the wall, and a sun-burst of sabres was just above her head. 'There are only twenty dances,' she kept repeating, 'and I never divide.' Lancaster took two of his fellow officers by the shoulders and put them out of his way. Miss Leeds looked into his eyes and smiled as, it seemed to him, no woman had ever smiled before. She put her card into his hand. 'The two with the crosses are the ones I promised you,' she said. And as she had promised and he had asked nothing, his heart beat high with triumph. Not that it was a case of love at first sight. He was in love with Dorothy. But the most faithful of men may pay the court she expects to a belle, and may allow himself to be flattered by her marked favors. He could honestly, then and for several weeks afterward, give Dorothy the comfort she sorely needed, and say that he did not even think Miss Leeds beautiful. 'She has style and charm,' he passed judgment, 'but not beauty. And she is a flirt.' He meant that Miss Terrence should understand how entirely he abhorred that. 'Did she try to flirt when you called upon her?' He had made a point of confessing the call directly it was made, and he thought it tactless of Dorothy to insist upon it. He shrugged his shoulders. 'She does that with every man.' It was a truth which he fully appreciated, but its feeble light no longer fell upon the path of duty when the time came that the sun of Miss Leeds's countenance shed its glow upon the highway of inclination. And let she did her best to make it clear to him. 'Now, listen to something I mean to tell you,' she said to him. She set down her tea-cup and leaned toward him, with her

elbows upon her knees and her chin between her soft, pink palms. Her eyes were looking straight into his, and they filled his heart with anticipation. 'Do you know that this is a risky game we are playing, and that we have been playing it for all it is worth this last fortnight or so?' Lancaster knit his brows. 'It is not worth while to pretend you don't understand. We both know exactly what I mean. But I want to be sure you both know that it is only a game. I am not in earnest, and you must not be.' He gazed at her, speechless. 'I suppose you are thinking that the suggestion of serious intentions might come first from you,' she said; 'that may be your way of looking at it, but it is not mine. I don't expect to let you have anything to reproach me with. I have had enough of that in the past. I am a hopeless flirt, you know. I go into the thing for the fun there is in it, and it is only fair to warn you.' She leaned back in her chair and left to watching the passers-by upon the street and to biting at a cube of sugar, meditatively. 'If you will accept matters that way, we can have a very good time; if you don't, I have warned you; and the consequences—if there are any—must be on your own head.' Lancaster laughed rather weakly. 'I accept the terms,' he said. 'It is understood that this is only a flirtation.' Which he explained to Dorothy at much length, but which she would not understand and was so unreasonable about as to break her engagement. Lancaster was deeply aggrieved and rather more deeply relieved. But it made one fact plain to him; that he was seriously in love with a girl who told him he was no more to her than a score had been before, and that score might be thereafter. And it was all in vain that he tied to cha ge her. 'I warned you quite fairly,' she reminded him, bending forward to stroke the glossy neck of his black mare. It was the mare that old, Dorothy had considered almost her own property, and on which she had lavished the overflow of her affection for Lancaster. 'I warned you,' Miss Leeds repeated, 'and nobody has suffered but yourself, unless—she glanced at him with a quizzical little smile—'unless there was another girl?' 'There was another girl,' she answered. She shrugged her shoulders tolerantly. 'That was to have been expected. Most problems of the heart are in the rule of three.' He frowned angrily and his lips curved in contempt. 'Are you absolutely heartless? Have you no pity for her?' 'Not a great deal. If you were the sort to desert her in a fortnight for a girl who made not the slightest effort to win you, and who told you that she didn't love you. I think upon the whole, that she is rather well rid of you.' Lancaster was biting his lips, and he was very angry. 'She is a better woman than you,' he said. 'That may be. But still, she laughed good naturedly, 'do you think I am bad enough for you to be passing judgment upon me?' 'I do; for you are doing the thing cold-bloodedly, and I—' he said, dependently, 'have lost my head.' She smiled into his eyes. 'You don't want to do that. It is such a handsome head. Lose your heart—it is not worthy nearly so much.' He turned in his saddle and faced her. 'I am likely to lose more than that; he burst out, suddenly; 'I am likely to lose my life.' 'Oh! come, she said, 'you are not contemplating falling on the point of your sabre, or drowning yourself in the bay, or superinducing galloping consumption, are you? I have had men do a number of things for me, but never quite that.' 'I am not contemplating doing any of those. I may be a good deal of a fool, but not enough of a one to put an end to myself for a woman who cares nothing for me.' 'Yet that has been done,' she suggested. 'What I meant was—and what I intended to tell you when I asked you to come to day, was that I am going to the war.' 'That was to have been expected, of course. Is your regiment ordered?' 'Not yet. I am especially favored.' 'When do you leave?' 'The day after to-morrow. And now I am going to ask you to promise me something.' They had reined in their horses by the dynamite guns, and sat looking out over the white-capped blue sea. 'So that it is not something I can not promise.' 'Not that. I shall leave that until I come back—if I do come back. If I do not—in short, if I am killed—she gave a little shudder; he saw that she did, and repeated—'if I am killed, I shall leave orders that my most treasured possessions shall be sent to you.' 'Do you mean this mare?' 'I mean the mare. It will make me as happy as it would seem I am meant to be, to know that if I die you will have her, and will ride her, and be kind to her. For you are fond of her, too.' 'Miss Leeds knit her brows and considered. 'And if I should not?' she said. 'She shall not go to any one else. I will have Dartmore shoot her on the day that she bears my death confirmed.' Miss Leeds switched at the skirt of her habit. 'Is there no one else who is fond of her, also?' 'No, he answered. 'But the other girl you told me of?' There flashed back upon Lancaster's memory how Dorothy had been wont to stand with her arms around the arched black neck, and her cheek against the warm, soft nose; how the mare had followed her tamely around the garrison, as she would follow no other but himself. Then Miss Leeds turned the sun of her questioning eyes upon him. They were serious now, and their gentle light scattered the mists of memory. She only

valued the mare for the master's sake, and the master is no longer anything to her. 'Will you do as I ask?' A little, ironical smile, the smile of an easy-going cynic, curled her lips. 'Unto the victor belong the spoils. Yes, it is anything happens to you, I will take the horse. But you must not be rash. I believe I prefer your safety to it.' Two months afterward, Miss Leeds, bending forward to stroke the glossy neck of the black mare that had belonged to Lieutenant Lancaster, turned and glanced up into the face of the man who was riding beside her. 'Who was the girl you bowed to near the gates? The one with the big, sad eyes?' 'It was Dorothy Terrence, he told her. Lancaster used once to be engaged to her.' 'No wonder, then, that she looked at me reproachfully.' 'She tried to laugh at the laughter before, and she grew white as she set the mare into a gallop. 'There may, you know—' she called to him mockingly, above the clatter of the hoofs—'there may lurk the seeds of remorse, among the victor's spoils.'—Argonaut.

Koladermic Skin Food. 'For a pure skin' cures all impurities of the skin—dissolves freckles, moths, patches, and other discolorations—brings black heads and flesh worms to the surface where they dry and fall off. Koladermic Skin Food builds up the wasted and worn places—removes facial defects caused by indigestion and stomach troubles, and imparts a baby-like softness and delicacy to the complexion. At all druggists. Price 25c. If your druggist hasn't it—send us your money—ask us questions, and Koladermic will come, with every information in return mail.

The Koladermic Skin Food Co., Stouffville, Ont. BORN. Westville, Mar. 5, to the wife of J. G. McKenna, a son. Anson, Mar. 11, to the wife of Wm. Howard, a son. Fox River, Mar. 7, to the wife of Robert Hughes, a son. Victoria, P. E. I., Mar. 10, to the wife of James Lea, a daughter. Rosette, Mar. 7, to the wife of Rupert Whitman, a daughter. Toronto, Mar. 7, to the wife of E. W. Jarvis, a daughter. Middleton, Mar. 11, to the wife of William Muir, a daughter. Newport, Mar. 6, to the wife of Harold Mumford, a daughter. Central Clarence, Mar. 7, to the wife of T. E. Smith, a daughter. New Glasgow, Mar. 11, to the wife of Raymond Dand, a son. New Haven, Conn., Mar. 8, to the wife of Harry Hines, a son. Fort Williams, Mar. 11, to the wife of Dexter Collins, a son. Lower Onslow, Mar. 15, to the wife of Joseph A. Davidson, a son. Windsor, Mar. 9, to the wife of Thomas W. Marston, a daughter. Lowry Casard, Mar. 13, to the wife of Leander Burbridge, a son. Plymouth, Yarmouth, Mar. 8, to the wife of Edgar Gray, a daughter. East Torrensok, Mar. 11, to the wife of Owen Newcomb, a daughter. Hazel Hill, Can., Mar. 14, to the wife of Mr. Hamilton, with girls. Old Barre, Colchester, Mar. 10, to the wife of Adahert D. Archibald, a son.

MARRIED. Roxbury, Mass., Feb. 18, Harold W. Morris to Grace A. Cox. North Sydney, Feb. 24, by Rev. J. Sharp, Thomas Grant to Mary Ford. Liverpool Feb. 27, by Rev. E. S. Shaw, Augustus Anderson to Emma Wolfe. Burnside, Mar. 1, by Rev. D. S. Fraser, Jessie Graham to Andrew Dickie. Hillsboro, Mar. 15, by Rev. E. S. Parker, John W. Hope to Alice H. Foreman. Cornhill, Mar. 1, by Rev. F. P. Francis, Charles Burdick to Laura Dunstun. Wallace, Mar. 5, by Rev. D. A. Frame, Edward Reeves and Friedella Reeves. Windsor, Mar. 7, by Rev. Wm. Phillips, Archie Dalton to Anne McLennan. Lechesport, Mar. 1, by Rev. J. E. Woodland, Rev. A. Spidell to Jean Johnston. Harrison, Mar. 5, by Rev. J. F. Gollins, Aubrey Perry to Madeline Stouffer. Napan, Mar. 10, by Rev. E. Henderson, Emma Stinger, to Isabella A. Wilson.

BEFORE YOU BEGIN THE SHERWIN-WILLIAMS PAINTS. You are sure of getting the best that can be made for your purpose. They have a reputation of 25 years' success, and every can is fully guaranteed. Our little book on painting will help you—it is free. THE SHERWIN-WILLIAMS CO., Paint and Color Makers. Canadian Dept., 21 St. Antoine St., Montreal.

RAILROADS. CANADIAN PACIFIC RY. EASTER HOLIDAY EXCURSION. Tickets on sale to the Public, March 20th, to April 3rd, inclusive, good for return until April 4th, and for Family and Youngsters to Schools and Colleges, between points in Canada on Atlantic Division, also to points in Quebec and Ontario, and of Fort William, on surrender of standard G. tickets, from principally, March 15th, to April 1st, inclusive, good for return until April 1st, inclusive, good for return until April 1st, 1899.

DIED. Chelsea, March 9, Jane Baker, 70. St. John, March 12, John Kerr, 67. Halifax, March 10, Elias Healy, 63. Sessas, March 15, Peter Fildid, 65. Montreal, March 18, Simon Burch, 52. Old Bridge, March 7, Arthur Irving, 71. Hantsport, March 7, Freda Trivry, 1. West End, March 14, John Brown, 60. Granville, Mrs. George McKee, 60. St. Uro, March 12, Maria Chambers, 18. Louisiana, Feb. 18, George Moore, 72. St. John, March 14, James Brown, 61. Milltown, Feb. 20, Lena S. Harmon, 9. Pictou, March 9, Joseph McDevitt, 21. Truro, March 7, Margie McKinnon, 45. St. George, March 8, Jacob Phillips, 21. Kennecook, March 11, John C'ark, 76. Rawdon, March 14, John McLaren, 75. Windsor March 11, Patrick Rooney, 75. Nelson, March 10, Mrs. James Flett, 85. Truro, March 11, Edythe Wynn, 11 mo. Truro, March 12, Mrs. J. A. Hughes, 83. Meadowville, March 9, Harry Tilly, 22. Dumbarton, March 7, Norman McLeod, 2. Windsor, March 11, William Benedict, 65. Queenstown, Feb. 25, Marissa Hewitt, 74. San Francisco, Feb. 28, Malcolm Whitney. Milltown, March 6, Geo. Edgar Smith, 22. T. war Hill, March 14, Hugh Gillespie, 12. Charlotte Co., March 7, Hattie M. Gillie, 12. Halifax, March 12, Mrs. Lydia Rogers, 26. New Annap, March 7, William McLeod, 60. Newport March 10, Ralph Harvey, 10 mo. Meadows, March 2, Hiram McLaughlin, 65. St. Stephen, March 2, Mrs. Mary Fisher, 61. Palomota, Feb. 19, Neel Lillian Manning, 6. St. John, March 10, Jeremiah McCarty, 68. St. John, March 10, Mrs. Henry Barker, 77. Pombroke, March 15, Mrs. Ann Burke, 66. Edmundston, March 10, Margaret Robertson. Yarmouth, March 11, Mrs. Charles Cann, 84. St. John, March 16, Mrs. Moses Kumba, 1, 61. St. John, March 16, Mrs. Harriet Gibson, 60. Deer Island, Feb. 29, Mrs. Edward Chas, 60. St. Croix Cove, March 13, Obediah Poole, 65. Hardwicke Village, March 7, John Mills, 32. Bay du Vin, March 8, Donald McDonald, 84. St. Stephen, March 10, Mrs. John Webber, 55. Grand Pre, March 1, Mrs. Emily Stewart, 64. Beach Point, March 6, Lauretta Herring, 16. Lower Stewiack, March 5, Thomas Parker, 82. Hardwoodland, March 4, George Ferguson, 62. St. Stephen, March 6, Jeremiah C. Timblor, 31. Ha'woodland, March 5, Mrs. Archie Grant, 70. New Prospect, March 7, Johanna McLeach, 21. Richardsonville, Feb. 25, Marjorie Richardson, 6. Acadia Mines, March 10, Mrs. Isaac Robblee, 61. French Village, March 18, Mrs. David Gray, 65. Colchester, Co. March 7, Ferguson W. McNeill, 50. Colchester Road, March 4, Mrs. Agnes Redmond, 83. Gardner's Creek, March 14, William Wallace, 79.

MANHATTAN STEAMSHIP CO.'Y New York, Eastport, and St. John, N. B., Line. Steamers of this line will leave ST. JOHN (New York Wharf, Reed's Point), November 14th, 24th, and December 4th, and weekly thereafter. Returning steamers leave NEW YORK, PIER 3, NORTH RIVER (Battery Place), November 9th, 19th, and 29th, for EASTPORT, N. B., and ST. JOHN DIRECT. After the above dates, sailings will be on the line. With our superior facilities for handling freight in NEW YORK and at our BATTERY BERTH, together with through arrangements (both by rail and water), we have with our connections to the WEST AND SOUTH, we are in a position to handle all the business increased to us to the ENTIRE SATISFACTION OF OUR PATRONS HERE AND ELSEWHERE. SERVICE AND CHARGES. For all particulars, address, R. H. FLEPING, Agent. New York Wharf, St. John, N. B. N. L. NEWCOMBE, General Manager, 2-11 Broadway, New York City.

Intercolonial Railway. a and after Monday, the 2nd October, 1898 the rates of this Railway will run daily, Sunday excepted, as follows. TRAINS WILL LEAVE ST. JOHN. Express for Campbellton, Peggwash, Station and Halifax..... 7.00 Express for Halifax, New Glasgow, and Pictou..... 12.00 Express for Quebec, Montreal..... 12.50 Express for Sussex, Lennoxville, and Ottawa..... 15.00 Accommodation for Moncton, Truro, Halifax, and Bygon..... 25.00 A sleeping car will be attached to the train leaving St. John at 10.15 o'clock for Quebec and Montreal. A sleeping car will be attached to the train leaving St. John at 12.15 for Truro. Dining and Buffet cars on Quebec and Montreal express. TRAINS WILL ARRIVE AT ST. JOHN. Express from Halifax..... 7.00 Express from Pictou..... 12.00 Express from New Glasgow, Quebec, and Montreal..... 12.50 Accommodation from Moncton, Truro, and Ottawa..... 15.00 All trains are run by Eastern Standard time. CITY TICKET OFFICE, 21 Prince Street, St. John, N. B.

If you want good reliable Knives or Scissors buy WALTER'S POPULAR TRUE BRAND CUTLERY. Every blade warranted best steel. Leading Dealers sell them.

When the afternoon addressed as to what would be \$16,000 and but cost \$16,000. They who must have the change of Justice. His dress the jury the point. It that he charged. The court remarks were not. The closely and in favor of the vice president must have increasing all that they say but not any. The case The great Professor He the accident him from the organizers of a position and last sun cool off in a friend of the Cathedral and in the s with his friend city. The order and the speed failed the track was Main and into the cur walk and into Harding. O House, and to the sidewalk that the limb was for damages. The street than the prof car made its Harding building on a street each box in h money. He himself. The and his money the room. E first good fort one some hun building and for two or the out of the po Another piece and carriage had been start place where t moved up the unconsciously The moto had hold of in the middle less from ter saw the falling could move. There were car and non same morning on board the at Indianston street and it can been de her quarters. The street that nothing instead of hav lot of people with one. There were they did not of House van people profa paying the a settin, for a have to be app tremendous. the sparring