



IN ENGLAND'S CAPITAL.

WHAT SOCIETY IS NOW DOING IN THE GREAT METROPOLIS.

Princely Dolos of the Duke of Norfolk at Sheffield—Gracious act of the Queen—Yvette Guilbert to marry—The Gossip of Aristocratic Paris Society.

LONDON, May 19.—When the Queen leaves Windsor on Friday morning for Scotland she will proceed by the Great Western line to Leamington and thence on to Sheffield. Five of the Queen's landaus have been sent from London to Sheffield, with twenty-eight horses from the royal stables and an adequate number of her Majesty's coachmen, footmen, postilions and outriders. The Queen will be accompanied by Princess Christian and the Duke of Connaught, and the escort at Sheffield will consist of a hundred and twenty men of the Life Guards and seven officers, and the streets through which her Majesty passes are to be lined with three thousand troops.

On arriving at the station the Queen will be received by the Duke of Norfolk, drive to the main entrance of the town Hall, where an address from the Corporation will be presented, inclosed in a magnificent casket of solid gold, and her Majesty is to reply to it. A large gold key will then be given to the Queen, with which she is to open the door of the Town Hall by means of an electric apparatus as she sits in her carriage. Her Majesty will then drive to the Norfolk Park, where fifty thousand children are to sing the national anthem, and a hymn entitled "The Diamond Reign," written by one of the local clergy.

The Duke of Norfolk is doing things en prince at Sheffield. He is to provide refreshment for the fifty thousand children and eighteen hundred teachers, and each child will receive a commemorative medal. On Saturday all the teachers are to be entertained by the Duke at The Farm.

The younger children are each to receive a gift, and so are all the old people who are unable to be present at the tea and entertainment which the Duke is to give on Saturday to eight thousand persons over sixty years of age.

At last week's drawing room the Queen again did one of those gracious little acts, by which she has endeared herself so much to the hearts of her people. Hearing that Mrs. Charlton, who is in her eighty-third year, had been at her coronation, and was anxious to see her Majesty during her diamond jubilee year, the Queen granted her the entree at the last drawing room, so that she might receive her personally. The old lady, who walked with a stick, was very graciously received by the Queen, who gave her hand to Mrs. Charlton to kiss. Her Majesty has also given instruction that a seat is to be reserved at Buckingham Palace for Mrs. Charlton for the jubilee procession. The Charltons, of Haleside, Northumberland, are one of the old Roman Catholic families of England. Mrs. Charlton, who despite her age, takes great interest in all current events, retains her memory to a remarkable degree, and recollects seeing her Majesty as Princess Victoria, when only fifteen, at a ball at York, dancing with the then Lord Morpeth.

We have all seen more of the Queen this last week than at any other time for years. On Tuesday she drove through Pall Mall and along the embankment, to Regent street and Oxford street; and on Wednesday, to everyone's surprise, she drove up Bond street about half past five. You can fancy what a sensation she caused, and, owing to the crowded state of the streets, she was compelled to go slowly, everyone saw her very well. It is a most touching sight to witness the enormous crowds which wait patiently to see her, and who cheer her as she drives past. Apropos of crowds, I hear the queen at Buckingham Palace the afternoon the Queen was there, who waited patiently to write down their names, was as long as a first night at the Lyceum, and had to be controlled in their anxiety to accomplish their task. When the Queen goes north Princess Beatrice goes with Miss Heron-Maxwell to Fontainebleau for a short rest before the labors of the jubilee begin. In spite of what was settled, it is now arranged that the Princess will take part in the jubilee rejoicings, and she will go with the Queen and will wear white on the day of the procession.

On Friday I was bidden to attend the wedding of H. S. H. Prince Ludwig Loewenstein-Wertheim, of Castle Litzmetz, near Berlin, who was married to Lady Anne Savile, younger daughter of the Earl and Countess of Mexborough, at the church of the Assumption, Warwick street. The church was very artistically draped with red and white cloth, the altar was decorated with red geraniums and white flowering plants, and on a carpet of royal purple velvet were placed gilt chairs for the bride and bridegroom, facing a prie Dieu draped in crimson brocade. The bride looked very pretty in white brocade and a tiara of diamonds, and a train of immense length was carried by Lady Gale-

dot's two little sons, in white satin suits. Following them came quite a bevy of bridesmaids, including Lady Mary Savile, Lady Margaret Stuart, Lady Ethel Keith-Falconer and Lady Charlotte Toler, all prettily dressed in white and yellow, with yellow roses in large white hats. Lady Mexborough, dressed in ruby velvet, received us after the ceremony at her lovely house, in Dover street, and among the numerous guests were Princess Loewenstein, in terra cotta velvet and satin, wearing splendid diamonds; Countess Lutnow, in yellow and black; Lady Caledon, as usual, gorgeous in pale mauve; Lady Kintore wore violet and green; Lady Rosse, in bright blue; Lady Dunderdonald, Lady Cottenham, with a hat covered in red roses, and hundreds more.

In the afternoon Prince and Princess Ludwig Loewenstein left for Lady Mexborough's country place, near Thames Ditton, but only for the briefest of honeymoons, as the Princess appeared at the drawing room yesterday among the official presentations. The wedding presents were magnificent, including several strings of matchless pearls and a splendid diamond tiara.

Miss Yvette Guilbert's marriage, so often announced, is now, it seems, very near, the banns having been published on Tuesday. Her husband-elect is M. Max Schiller, a young chemist. Yvette has amassed a fine fortune—something like £100,000, by all accounts—but she will not retire from the music hall stage for the present, her engagement with M. Marchand, of the Scala and the Folies-Bergere, Paris, having three or four years to run.

Poor Lord Stanley the energetic chairman of the Kitchen Committee in the House Commons, is having a bad time at present and is perhaps now the most criticised man in the House. Until the question of seats for members to see the jubilee procession has been settled Mr. Avers-Douglas was the victim, and was badgered and bothered daily, but now the attack has been diverted to Lord Stanley, and the trouble is all about arrangements for lunch on June 22.

The young whip must be a man of cheerful courage, as when Sir Wilfred Lawson asked him a week or two ago whether the authorities meant to go on breaking the law in the matter of the sale of drink with in the House. 'Certainly, Sir,' was all Lord Stanley said, with the air of a man surprised that a question admitting of so obvious a reply should be asked.

Marta writes me from Berlin that the Princess Feodora of Saxe-Meiningen's betrothal will be announced in the jubilee week; the Princess is the Queen's eldest great-granddaughter, and 'the happy man to be' is also a near relation of the Queen, so that her Majesty has every prospect of seeing a descendant in the fifth generation.

Carry has just returned from Paris with a budget of news. She had been at a very charming matinee given by Mrs. Ayer one of your compatriots, and a most popular hostess in the gay city. There was some charming music and the dresses and jewels were magnificent. The pearls worn by those of the Queen of Italy, Carry says that she was told by a well-informed 'gommex' that Madame Rigo, late Princesse Caraman Chimay, had left her Prinzessine and is to be married to an Italian prince. Carry also says that jewels are worn in profusion. Not only are emeralds and diamonds introduced into the pearl and gold chains around the neck, but they are extensively worn in the hair, beneath the knot at the back, and any eccentricity in design is allowed. At a dinner party the guests were crawling with things of all descriptions in the hair. The lizard was, perhaps, the most popular, but there were serpents with fiery eyes and spiders of horrid dimensions in emeralds and diamonds. Rings are now permitted to almost cover the fingers, and the longer the finger the happier is the fair owner of sapphires, pearls, and, in fact, all stones of value. And as the long lace sleeve half cover the hands there is little seen beyond the lace but a blaze of jewels.

The intended ball at the Foreign Office will probably be given up, in consequence of the precarious state of Lady Salisbury's health; but on Wednesday night there will be two or three great balls, and probably the 'royals' will be distributed among these functions. On Wednesday afternoon, before the garden party, the Queen will hold a court in the Throne Room at Buckingham Palace. On Thursday there to be some more receptions before the Queen leaves town for Windsor, and at night there will be a state ball. On Friday there are a dozen schemes for the afternoon, and at night the Queen is to give a state banquet at Windsor Castle, in St. George's Hall, with music afterwards. The Queen's royal and other guests will go down from Paddington by two special trains, returning to town about midnight. Saturday will be taken up with the review at Spithead. On Monday there is to be a state concert at Buckingham Palace, and Tuesday will be devoted to the review at

Aldershot, where there is to be a royal luncheon on a huge scale. The former guests from abroad will go to Windsor Castle on Monday the 28th in order to take leave of the Queen.

Although the season was not really in full swing there was a good many entertainments on each night of last week and Mrs. Spark's ball on Wednesday was a great success, at least according to the modern standard of excellence, for it was packed, and though the heat and crowd was terrific people managed to dance and it was very cheery. Mrs. Stanley, about whose receptions there seems rather a fatality (for last year, you will remember, the band did not arrive on the eventful evening), had to postpone her ball, fixed for Thursday, almost at the eleventh hour, in consequence of the death of Lord Dartrey, her brother-in-law.

The death of the Dowager Duchess of Athole in this year of rejoicing is a great grief to the Queen; she was her oldest personal friend and is associated with the memories of the Queen's happiest days, when she and the Prince Consort frequently stayed at the beautiful castle of Blair Athole. The Duchess was attached to the Queen's household either as Lady in Waiting or Mistress of the Robes for five and forty years.

He Was Alive.

The grenadiers of the famous "Old Guard" will never be forgotten in France as long as the memory of brave men shall live in the national heart. But some of them, at least, were as bright as they were brave as the following trust worthy anecdote bears witness:

One fine morning, after peace had been concluded between France and Russia, the two emperors, Napoleon and Alexander, were taking a short walk, arm in arm around the palace park at Erfurt. As they approached the sentinel, who stood at the foot of the grand staircase, the man who was grenadier of the guard, presented arms. The emperor of France turned pointed with pride to a great scar that deformed the grenadier's face, said:

'What do think my brother of soldiers who can survive such wounds as that?' 'And you,' answered Alexander, 'what do think of soldiers who can inflict them?' Without stirring an inch from his position or changing the expression of his face in the least, the stern old grenadier himself replied gravely: 'The man who did it is dead.'

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### Music and The Drama

IN MUSICAL CIRCLES.

The Amateur performances of the well known Comic Opera "The Mikado", given in the Mechanic's Institute last week were occasions of much local musical interest. The events were important only in a local sense. It was not the initial of the opera. It had been heard in other places say New York and Boston before and perhaps that is the reason the press of these cities was unrepresented. Moreover, and in all seriousness, I think that the amateurs gave a performance that, all things considered reflected credit upon all concerned. The audience on Friday evening was quite encouraging and enthusiastic, frequent and earnest applause was bestowed (by the way amateurs like somewhat of this, it helps them; it makes them feel more comfortable,) and as frequently merited. The chorus merits special reference, and it was an excellent, reliable solid support, (as it were) for the principals. The volume and the balance] and the confidence of the very first chorus on Friday evening was a delight and pleasant surprise and far exceeded the anticipations of this department last week. Every member seemed to be inspired by the generous audience, and I doubt not a little if better amateur work with like number of voices has been given here before.

Of the principals in the cast of "The Mikado" the ladies sang well and acted naturally, (I admit I have not been to Japan); that they looked charming goes without saying. Mrs. Taylor who sang the part of Yum Yum made her first public appearance among our local singers and the impression she made is most favorable. Her voice is somewhat light in quality but it is true and she sings in tune which is a most important factor in the success of even amateur musical performances. Her solo "The moon and I" was an exquisite bit and most sweetly rendered. The phrasing was good, and there was a naivete about its rendition that was most pleasing. The enthusiastic encore bestowed upon it was well merited. I fancy not a little demand will be made to hear this lady again.

The role of Pitti Sing (Miss Furlong) and Peep Bo) Miss Vail) were rendered in the accepted manner and gave no special opportunity for the interpreters of these roles. Miss Furlong's voice was heard to advantage however in "He is Going to Harry Yum Yum" and later in the scene with the Mikado. In both instances the singer was heartily encored. Miss Manning in the role of Katisha was a surprise to every one who had previously heard this young lady in concert. In the part of Katisha the love-lorn maiden, she manifested a dramatic force and power that was admirable and her song "O Living Eye" was sung with such regard to interpretation and coloring that a correct idea of the role was indicated and it was far beyond the work of the average amateur. She shared the honor of the evening with the principal.

Of the gentlemen Mr. Robert Seely was easily the best. He has a nice round voice and his articulation whether in speaking or singing was admirably distinct. Mr. Ritchie had not much to do, but he did it in such a manner as to leave no room for complaint. The other gentlemen soloists were—but I must not forget they are amateurs, and perhaps it would be just as well in view of that fact to refrain from other comment than that Mr. Harrison's work (and some of it I should say was rather fatiguing) caused much merriment among the audience. The house seemed delighted. It is to be hoped these ladies and gentlemen having made such a success of "The Mikado" will not rest at that but will in the near future give the citizens another similar entertainment. There is not a little talent among the members of the company and they can do even better work the next time.

Sousa's Band, with Mr. Northrup's soprano, and Miss Martina Johnstone, violinist were at the opera house yesterday afternoon and last evening. That they were enabled to appear there was due to the courtesy of Mr. Thomas E. Shea the clever actor whose company is playing an engagement at that house.

#### Tones and Undertones.

"Captain Fracassa" is the name of a German comic opera recently presented to the San Francisco public. It is by Rudolph Dellinger, the composer of "Lorraine" and "The Palace of Truth" and has been running in Vienna for upwards of two years past. The book is by Messrs. Genee and Jell and has been adapted into English by Harry B. Smith, author of "Robin Hood."



Emma Eames has decided not to sing the principal role in Mancinelli's opera, "Hero and Leander."

The Greek national hymn taken from Dionis Salonie's "Hymn to Liberty," was first written and published in London.

The 100th anniversary of the birthday of Donizetti will be commemorated next summer at Bergamo, when, in the cathedral there, will be sung a mass written by Donizetti for the funeral of Bellini in 1839, and which had been lost for many years.

Ysaye the violinist is coming to America again next season.

A chorus of one hundred girls is practicing the patriotic airs of England and United States, to be sung in Mechanic building Boston during the Victoria jubilee, on 21th inst.

The Handel and Hayden society of Boston will have a new conductor next season. The name has not yet transpired.

Madame Nordica has not awakened in Paris the enthusiasm she had expected, and the coldness has resulted in her cancelling her engagement at the opera where she was to sing Valentine in "Les Huguenots."

The New York Dramatic Mirror is authority for the statement that the Nikisch concerts given by the Berlin Philharmonic orchestra at the Cirque d'Hiver, Paris, have proved a great success.

The promenade concerts in Music Hall Boston continue to be as popular as ever.

"The Geisha" has been given in Berlin with much satisfactory result. It is the first of the English farces to be given in that city.

"Music is the basis of all human development" was said by one of the philosophers of a past age.

Miss Susan Strong, the Brooklyn prima

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number of new plays and attractive specialties, follows Shea at the Opera house.

Nat Goodwin, with the beautiful Maxine Elliott as leading lady, has been appearing in "David Garrick" at the Baldwin theatre, San Francisco. Miss Elliott has been playing the role of Ada Ingot. The "Silent System" a one act comedietta and Madeline Lucette Ryley's "An American Citizen" are also given by Goodwin, Miss Elliott and the company.

A new play entitled "Summer Fallow" or the "Postmaster's Daughter" written by Judson Brusie was recently produced at the Alcazar theatre San Francisco. The occasion was a fashionable one as the author is a member of the California legislature.

Edith Crane has joined Augustin Daly's company it is now definitely announced. Miss Crane is the tall and attractive leading lady who was here some few years ago with Tyrone Power in "The Texan" and other plays. As before mentioned she has since then scored a great hit in the role of "Trilby."

A recent London announcement says that Mr. and Mrs. Kendall will again visit the United States next winter.

T. D. Frawley's company is on the road in the west playing "The Fatal Card." They were to open in the Columbia theatre San Francisco, last Monday (May 31st.)

Maud Edna Hall who assumed the leading role in "Sowing the Wind" after Mary Humpton, has been playing in "Frisco at Morocco" in "East Lynne" and when her vacation is ended there she will return to Frohman's employ.

Baroness Blanc is going into vandevelle in short skirts as an up to date circus girl

Sol Smith Russel has an eye to the attractive generally and usually surround himself with a number of good looking girls in his productions. Blance Walsh, Nanette Comstock, Annie Russell and Fanny Addison Pitt have been signed to go out with him next season in "A Bachelor's Romance." The season will open September 20th, next, at the Garden theatre New York.

Henry Irving is now a grandfather, and

several years since Ellen Terry became a grandmother.

Roland Keed will again open the Boston museum, next season on 23rd. August next.

"Tom" Wise goes out with Stuart Robson next season.

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Theresa Vaughan and her brother Joe Ott are two more of "the profession" who have stellar ambitions which they will attempt to realize next season.

"A round of pleasure" is the name of a new piece by Sidney Rosenfeld and Ludwig Engländer recently put on at the Knickerbocker, N. Y.

"Cumberland 61," is the name of a new play by Franklyn Fyles which will be produced by Augustus Pitou at the 14th, street theatre N. Y., on 18th, October next.

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ST. JOHN, N. B., SATURDAY, JUNE 5, GREAT CONTRASTS.

The convulsion in the New York courts of BOOTH TUCKER and his Salvation Army associates for disorderly conduct in the noise with which they conducted their religious service at their headquarters, is in strange contrast to the alleged disorderly conduct of Mr. CHARLES, otherwise "Kid" McKoy and Mr. DICK O'BRIEN, before the New York public, and which fight was attested by a clergyman, who has assured the public through the newspapers that it was a most disgusting, disorderly and brutal affair.

The telephone statistician has been at work, and gives as a result of his labors the following interesting figures: The number of telephone stations in the United States has reached 352,810. Estimating the population of the country at 62,622,250, there is one telephone to every one hundred and ninety-two inhabitants.

A ship set sail lately from San Francisco in search of a hidden island. Her trip promises to be a long and romantic one and before she returns her crew expect their country's flag to be floating over a coral reef close to the equator that no man or nation has claimed; the most accurate location that can be given for it so far is that it is in the North Pacific ocean.

Cities and towns grow rapidly in the neighboring republic but sometimes their fall is quite as rapid as their rise has been. An example of this kind may be found in Kansas. In this state are four towns which had a population of eleven hundred in 1890 but, have, now only a population of eighteen persons.

reach of their parish church. To assist him in getting at these outside parishioners, the vicar is trying the experiment of using a kind of house boat, which can be moved from point to point on the large fen dyke, or canalized river, surrounding three fourths of the parish.

A sum of money has been voted by the council for the celebration of the Queen's jubilee. There are many patriotic citizens who think that the money supplemented by public subscriptions could be used to better advantage than upon processions and fire works, which once the day is over will be speedily forgotten.

It may be of interest to know what church is accounted the wealthiest in the world. This recognition is generally assigned to the Orthodox Church of Russia. As an evidence of this, it is stated "that it could easily pay the national debt of the empire, amounting to nearly one billion of dollars and yet not be impoverished."

Spain according to the war office statistics, had sent, up to the end of 1897, 198, 047 men and 40 generals to Cuba. In deaths in the field and from yellow fever and other diseases were four general and 22, 734 men and officers. No account is given of the men sent home invalided, but at least 22,000 have returned, many of whom have since died.

A projectile from the new English wire gun in a recent trial at Shoeburyness completely penetrated an eighteen inch steel-faced compound armor plate, backed by a six inch wrought iron plate, by eight feet of solid oak and of three inches of iron and was found imbedded in a clay bank thirty five yards behind the target.

The railway companies of Great Britain carried 930,000,000 passengers in 1895 of whom 386 were killed. During the same year in the city of London alone, 586 persons were killed by falling from buildings or out of windows.

France has set up about 300 monuments to distinguished men during the last twenty five years, and there are now one hundred and twenty seven collecting money for more.

Bandmaster SOUSA is again on the route, but the little towns are not too small to play in on this tour.

CHURCH SCHOOL FOR GIRLS.

Edgehill and the Medal Given by the Governor General. Last February His Excellency intimated his intention of offering annually for competition during his term of office a bronze medal. The trustees have gratefully accepted this tangible mark of His Excellency's interest in the progress of education and have decided the terms of competition as follows:

I. Competitors must have been at least three years in attendance at the school when the medal is awarded at the annual closing. II. The medal will be awarded to the competitor who secures the highest aggregate of marks in the written and oral examinations at the close of the school year, together with the marks awarded for progress and proficiency in Music or Art departments, or in both.

The present year at Edgehill has been the most successful in point of numbers since the establishment of the school seven years ago.

It is pleasing to note the distinction secured by nine of the Edgehill students last year in the examinations at Trinity College London, England has been a very stimulating and beneficial offset. The number of candidates this year was more than double, there being not less than 23 names sent to the secretary in London for competition this year from Edgehill.

Total Disability.

A dejected-looking Irishman entered the office of an accident insurance company not long ago and handing a soiled and crumpled paper to the clerk in charge, said "There's me policy, and its meself wants it paid up this day, sorr."

"On what do you base your claim for total disability?" inquired the clerk, after a comprehensive survey of the sturdy though shiftless-looking man who stood leaning against the desk.

"Sure and it's meself that came over to this country to be a butler in the furst family," returned the Irishman, sulkily, "and havin' no recommendation, or was wakes widout a place; and when I got wan the very next day me feet, bad 'cess to 'em, tripped under me, and broke toive illigant plates and three cups av coffee. And they discharged me, and niver a stroke av wurck can I get since. And if that sint total disability," it's meself would like to know what is it?"

YESTERDAY AND TODAY.

Do You Forget. Do you forget that fountain By the Alaskan mountain; In the summer Of that once happy time? It was ever golden dreaming, And its splendor had the seeming, Of the glory Of that dear enchanting clime.

When I saw them in their glory, Telling there the old sweet story; Casting all their crowns— Of beauty at your feet; Then your promise love still charming All my doubting thoughts disarming; Made our life just then, A paradise complete.

Spain according to the war office statistics, had sent, up to the end of 1897, 198, 047 men and 40 generals to Cuba. In deaths in the field and from yellow fever and other diseases were four general and 22, 734 men and officers. No account is given of the men sent home invalided, but at least 22,000 have returned, many of whom have since died.

Jubilee Song.

National Air—"Cheer Boys, Cheer." Come let us join the band and see That glorious day as it shon d be, The nation's pride, the Jubilee Of our most gracious Queen.

Cheer, all cheer, for the Lady of the Roses; Cheer, all cheer, and make it three times three, Cheer, all cheer, oh give them perfect doses Of merry, merry shouts to show all what should be.

Now all may see we're not afraid To join in that most grand parade, And show forthwith it is no bad To honor our faithful Queen.

Cheer, all cheer, for the Lady of the Shamrock; Cheer, all cheer, let everybody cheer; Cheer, all cheer, for British stock, yes British folk, England, Ireland and Scotland nicely kept so clear.

Now sixty years has gone for ever, All praise to Thee thou faithful savior; Yet nobody seems or wants to sever The reign of our gifted Queen.

Cheer, all cheer, for the Lady of the Thistle; Cheer, all cheer, and give it every time; Cheer, all cheer, and make the Bannockburn whistle So merry, merry notes that will keep us all in line.

So let all nations have no fear, We welcome all from far and near, To give our noblest cheer for cheer For our most noble Queen.

Cheer, all cheer, come all and do our duty; Cheer, all cheer, for now we may be seen; Cheer, all cheer, when all may see the beauty Of liberty and freedom from our most gracious Queen.

Baby has Gone to School.

The baby has gone to school; ah, me! What will the mother do, With never a call to button or pin, Or tie a little shoe? How can she keep her busy all day, With the little hindering thing away?

Another basket to fill with lunch, Another "good bye" to say, And mother stands at the door to see Her baby march away; And turns with a sigh that is half relief And half a something akin to grief.

She thinks of a possible future morn, When the children, one by one, Will go from their homes to the distant world, To battle with life alone, And not even baby be left to cheer The scattered home of that future year.

She picks up the garments here and there, Thrown down in careless haste, And tries to think how it would seem If nothing were displaced; If the house were always as still as this, How could she bear the loneliness?

Song. It is the miller's daughter, And she is grown so dear, so dear, That I would be the jewel, And the miln at her ear; For his in the ringlets day and night, I'd touch her neck so warm and white.

And I would be the girlie About her dainty, dainty waist, And her heart would beat against me, In sorrow and in rest; And I should know if it beat right, I'd clasp it round so close and tight.

HE IS VERY PRACTICAL.

A Halifax Preacher who is Also Quite Original.

HALIFAX, June 3.—There is no more thoughtful and original preacher in Halifax today than Rev. Thomas Fowler, pastor of St. Matthew's presbyterian church, this city. Rev. Mr. Fowler's sermons appeal to an intellectual rather than to an emotional people, and as such he is doubtless at home in St. Matthew's. Last Sunday, however, the rev. gentleman became more than usually practical. In the course of his sermon he objected to a spirit which he thought he noticed in this age under which people were not sufficiently appreciative of favors.

They were ready to take all they could get as a matter of course and more too. They acted as if they thought the hackneyed "thank you" was all the equivalent required for any good thing. Then he spoke of the dude who uses the words "Thanks awfully," and with withering scorn said the fellow who utters the words with an "English you know" accent, uses language in which there is neither sense nor grammar, and the dude's state was the more pitiable because he thought that the senseless, ungrammatical expression made him square with whoever might have conferred the favor.

This was only one feature of a sermon which was full of spirituality, and contained many fine lessons. Rev. Mr. Fowler is refreshing as a preacher and he is so less invigorating as a conversationalist. Together with these virtues he is an enthusiastic golfer and vice-president of the club which plays the fascinating game on Studley links. Last of all, he has become addicted to the use of the bicycle.

NEVER ORDERED THE BUCKETS.

And Some of the Council Refused to Pay for Them.

HALIFAX, June 3.—The board of fire-works of this city had an interesting meeting the other day discussing the purchase of a lot of fire extinguishers which had been delivered at the city hall, and also set in batches to the various establishments controlled by the city. The interesting part of it was that not a member of the board knew anything about how they came to be ordered, and Alderman Butler went so far as to refuse to have anything to do with paying for them. Chief Connolly said he had attended every meeting of the board and never heard fire buckets mentioned. The only man who seemed to know anything about the modus operandi by which the buckets were purchased was City Clerk Trenaman, who said he thought they had been ordered on a paper signed by a majority of the old board, though the matter had never come up at a meeting. In spite of the large supply of these articles the board ordered a half dozen of another style of fire extinguisher, over which they spent nearly an hour in deliberation. They were perhaps making up a good average of deliberation, taking the two orders together—the speedy and the slow.

THE LOVELY CZARINA.

She is the Most Charming Sovereign Lady in All Christendom.

"They are good, honest people," was the comment recently made by a distinguished member of the Society of St. Petersburg, concerning his young Emperor and Empress. It is a strange compliment to be addressed to people of their rank. Yet it serves to portray them as they are and to convey the impression which Nicholas and his lovely wife produce upon all those with whom they are brought into contact. Sincerity and absence of affectation are even still more rare at the courts of the old world than they are in modern society. Indeed, court life is made up to a great degree of shams and artificiality.

When, therefore, one finds people there who are entirely natural and thoroughly sincere, it is like a sort of bright and cheering sunshine piercing through the haze and fog. This sincerity on the part of the young couple is in a great measure due to the influence of the Czarina, who may be said to have inherited all the many qualities not only of her lamented mother, the late Grand Duchess Alice of Hesse, but likewise of her venerable grandmother, Queen Victoria. The Czarina lost her mother—the most brilliant, attractive and popular of all British princesses—at a very early age, and from that time forth her English relatives took charge of her; her aunts, Princess Beatrice and the Empress Frederick, and her cousins, Princesses Maud and Victoria of Wales, being especially devoted to her. But the one who most fully assumed the place of her mother was good old Queen Victoria herself, and it was her that "sunny" (the pet name by which the Czarina used to be known among her relatives) turned for counsel when hesitating between her love for Nicholas and the faith in which she had been reared on the other. The advice which Queen Victoria gave her is best shown by the fact that the marriage took place.

What is so winning about the Czarina is her eagerness to please, the manifest delicacy of her sentiments, the innocence of a mind that is far above the average in the quality of its intellect, and last, but not least, the lovely face, exquisite figure and perfect carriage, all of which contribute to make her the most charming sovereign lady in Christendom.



ACQUIRED CRIME.

They Only Followed in Reality What They Had Read in Books.

Some time ago two boys, the oldest under seventeen years of age, arrived in this country from Paris. They came in a spirit of adventure to seek their fortunes in the West, but they soon drifted down to Louisiana, and settled among people who spoke their native tongue. There they became popular, and every one lent them books to read. It was soon noticed that they preferred stories of piracy, lawless love and vicious adventure.

One day—it was in 1896—the little village was startled by the news that a man had been horribly murdered. Investigation showed that he had been surprised in his house, tortured to make him reveal the hiding-places of his treasure, and then killed. He was the richest man in the country roundabout, and living alone, with the habits of a miser, he was known to have large sums of money concealed on his premises.

The brutal crime roused the whole neighborhood. Large rewards were offered for the capture of the murderers. Bloodhounds and detectives were set at work. A poor tramp was arrested, and was barely able to prove an alibi to escape being lynched. But all efforts to trace the assassins failed.

A few weeks after the two French boys showed their employer a letter from New Orleans offering them work at higher wages. Their employer congratulated them, and advised them to go; and they went. But the sheriff had some suspicion. He found out at the post-office that the boys had received no such letter. He went to New Orleans, and the boys were not to be found at the address they had given. He tried to trace them, but they had disappeared completely.

Some months after this two ragged youths presented themselves at a plantation near the scene of the crime, and asked for work. They showed signs of great suffering and poverty. They were emaciated and ravenous. They were recognized as the same two brothers who had left the neighborhood to go to New Orleans. The sheriff soon heard of their return, and arrested them on the charge of murder. Overcome with terror, they broke down and confessed the deed. It was a miserable story of two guilty and haunted souls.

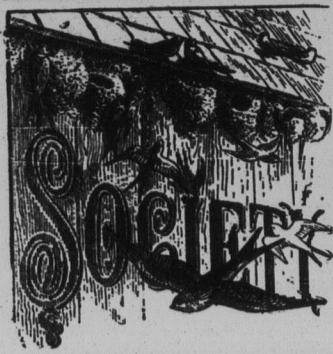
"The face of the dead man followed us everywhere," they said. "We couldn't get away from it." The sheriff questioned them, and found out that in one of the dime novels which they were in the habit of reading a murderous plot had captured their depraved fancy, and enticed them to a career of crime. This book told how an old miser was robbed, and finally killed, and how the ruffians escaped to enjoy their booty. They determined to reproduce the bloody description in real life, and spent some weeks in planning the fatal work.

They travelled in luxury on the proceeds of their murderous theft. They tried every amusement, every excitement; but they could not be happy. In vain they endeavored to banish the agonized countenance of their victim. It was as if some chain bound them to the scene of their atrocity, and the farther away they went, the more inexorably this strange power pulled them back. Tortured by remorse, miserable and starving, these poor dupes of a wicked book drifted to their doom as surely as a boat caught in the eddies of the melstrom.

Both brothers were sentenced to death. Perhaps they will have suffered the extreme penalty of the law before this story reaches our readers. Fascinate a boy with a book, and he will do what he reads. They who throw criminal fiction—or the details of real crime—in the way of the young are enemies of mankind, sowing the seeds of sorrow and death.

Tunnel Between Ireland and Scotland.

It is reported that the British government has a scheme under consideration for tunneling between Ireland and Scotland. The idea is not a new one, and is reckoned by competent engineers to be perfectly feasible. The route will probably be from a point in Scotland just north of Port Patrick to a point in Ireland, near Carrickfergus. The estimated cost is \$35,000, 000.



Mrs. Carleton Clinch gave a very delightful musicale at her residence. Mecklenburg street on Monday evening last. Miss Helen Furlong played several violin selections exquisitely, and Mr. Seely sang several beautiful ballads, greatly to the enjoyment of his hearers. Miss Kathleen Furlong gave Garcia Ave. Maria, with viola obligato by Miss Helen, in a very charming manner; Miss Holden played one of Lisz's compositions very artistically; Miss Furlong's playing on the banjo and Mrs. D. P. Chisholm's piano selections helped to make up a programme that gave much pleasure to the guests; a dainty supper was served at midnight and a delightful evening to a close. Among those present were: Mr. and Mrs. Horace King, Mr. and Mrs. Chas. Coster, Mr. and Mrs. D. P. Chisholm, Dr. and Mrs. Holder, Mrs. Furlong, the Misses Clinch, Miss Louise Holden, Miss Kathleen Furlong, and Miss Helen Furlong, Mr. D. R. Jack, Mr. Peter Clinch, and Mr. H. Seely.

Mrs. Marie Furlong is in St. Stephen this week a guest of the Misses Cullinan. The sale and tea in the Main street Christian church opened Friday afternoon at two o'clock with a very large attendance. The ladies are doing all in their power to make the affair very pleasant and profitable for their patrons and no doubt from a financial point of view it will be very successful. Ice cream and cake are being served, and the work displayed is really beautiful. The ladies in charge of the tables are Misses H. Ferris, Maggie Roberts, Miss Coram, Miss Evans, Miss Kincaid, D. Morrison, H. Roberts, Miss L. Wheeler, Miss Belle Wilson, Miss Wheeler, Miss Robinson, Mrs. J. M. Barnes, Mrs. Taylor and Mrs. Fiddoon. Miss Geneva Belyea of this city is paying a visit to Fredericton friends.

Mrs. Record and Miss Emma Secord spent last Sunday with out of town friends, returning to the city on Monday. Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Prince and family spent a few days in Greenfield lately. Mrs. A. J. Postman who spent a little while in the city lately returned to Greenfield last week. Mr. Thomas Freese was in Penobscot last week, a guest of his uncle Mr. H. E. Freese. Miss Mona Secord spent a day or two in Apsalook lately with her brother Mr. G. H. Secord. Miss Minnie Fowler paid a brief visit to her mother Mrs. Mary A. Fowler of Upland, last week. Mrs. M. Jordan was in Hampton lately a visit to "Linden Heights."

The Misses Upland of Upland made a brief visit to this city and Bloomfield a short time ago. Miss Mabel H. Upland of Hampton entertained a party of friends recently at a picnic, and among those who enjoyed the outing were the following St. John people: Messrs. C. McLean, C. Fairweather, and C. Higby. Mr. Dunlap was a visitor to friends in Havelock lately. Mr. and Mrs. J. Pope Barnes have removed to their summer residence at Hampton. Mr. D. Andrews of Bangor was in the city this week. Miss Alice Smalley of St. John was in Hampton for a day or two lately as a guest of Mrs. L. Scribner. Mr. R. J. Hearst of Woodstock paid a short visit to the city this week. Mr. Bliss B. Barnes will make Hampton his home for the summer. Mr. City Waking was entertained last week at the home of Dr. and Mrs. Taylor, Hampton. Miss C. Beaman and Miss Quinn of St. John spent a day or two in Hampton last week. Mr. Lyman Nichols of New York is visiting St. John. Mr. C. B. Barnes and Miss Barnes of New York are in the city for a brief stay. Miss Currie of Hampton visited city friends for a short time lately. Mr. Thos. M. Grady of Summerside P. E. I. is in the city this week. Mr. and Mrs. McMichael were in Hampton for a day lately and during their stay were entertained by Mr. and Mrs. P. Palmer. Mr. George K. Frost paid a brief visit to Hampton recently.

Rev. M. J. Coughlan of St. Stephen who has been here on a little visit to relatives returned to his native town this morning. Father Coughlan's friends are pleased to know that his health is improving. The Misses Hilliard of Fredericton are here on a visit to friends. Col. Tucker arrived from Ottawa Wednesday and left for England via Quebec on Thursday. Mrs. Albert Webster returned to Shediac Wednesday after a visit to Montreal with Mrs. C. A. Stockton. Mr. E. B. McLeod was in Moncton for a day or two this week. Miss Steeves of Moncton is on a visit to friends in this city. Mr. Thomas Graham is slowly recovering from a severe illness. Mr. A. F. McClaskey was in St. Stephen for a day or two lately. General Warner has been spending a few days in St. Stephen this week as a guest of Mr. C. H. Clerke. Mrs. T. W. Bell of this city has taken up her residence at the Windsor hotel, Dorchester for the summer. Later on Mrs. Bell will be joined by her daughter who is attending school at Robesay. Mrs. DeForest returned last week from a visit to her sister Mrs. E. W. Jarvis of Moncton. Miss Short of Digby spent a few days in the city recently. Mr. A. H. F. Randolph, Fredericton, has taken a cottage at Digby for the summer. Miss Hamlin Crookshank of Fredericton is visiting her aunt Mrs. B. W. Crookshank Sydney street.

The Cathedral was the scene of a pretty wedding at an early hour on Tuesday morning when Miss Nellie M. Cullinan daughter of the late Mr. John Cullinan, and Mr. Frank McBriarty were united in marriage by Rev. Francis McMurray. The bride was attired in a travelling suit of electric blue cloth with hat to match and carried a beautiful bouquet of white roses. She was attended by her niece Miss Quinn who was prettily gowned in a light dress with a white hat and bouquet of pink roses. The groom was supported by his brother Mr. F. McBriarty. After the ceremony a wedding breakfast

was served at the residence of the bride's brother, Mr. M. J. Cullinan, and later on Mr. and Mrs. McBriarty left on the boat for a trip to the United States. The bride was the recipient of many beautiful gifts from her friends. Miss Minnie Stewart returned yesterday from Mt. Allison for the summer holidays. The theatre going public will be pleased to hear of the return of Miss Ethel Tucker and her company, who will play a two week engagement in the Opera house beginning June 14th. They have many new attractions this season and altogether the engagement promises to be a very successful and enjoyable one. Mr. and Mrs. Lordly are in Fredericton visiting relatives. Messrs Hugh McLean and Edward Smith paid a brief visit to the city this week. Mr. Charles S. Everett has been visiting his old home in Fredericton during the week. Justice Tuck and Baker have been in Fredericton this week attending court. Mrs. John Stearns of the west side is paying a visit to her mother Mrs. Wm. Doherty of Fredericton. Mr. C. DeW. Smith was in the city this week. Miss N. McDonald is in Windsor a guest at the home of Dr. and Mrs. J. B. Black. Messrs Homer D. Forbes, son of Judge Forbes and A. Lacey, returned Tuesday from Mt. A. Lison. The many friends of Miss Agnes E. Simson, who visited this city last summer will hear with interest of her marriage to Mr. Edward Slade Wheeler, which happy event took place in London, England, recently. Mr. and Mrs. Wheeler will be at home to their friends on June 8th and 9th at 555 Centre street, Newton, Mass. Mr. James N. Rogers and Mr. Arthur Carless left last week via Montreal, on the State of California for England, where Mr. Rogers will spend two months and will be in London during jubilee week. The marriage will take place on June 9th at the home of the bride, of Miss Mary Anne Johnston of Fredericton and Mr. William Charles Hall of this city. Both young people have many friends who will extend hearty congratulations on the happy event. Mrs. J. F. Gregory spent a day or two in Fredericton this week. Mrs. H. B. Golding is in Fredericton on a visit to her parents Mr. and Mrs. J. Murray. Mr. and Mrs. John Winchester of Philadelphia were in the city this week. An interesting event of the near future is the marriage of a young legal light and a former teacher in the Victoria school. The prospective groom has taken a house on King street East. Mr. J. V. Ellis Jr., who resigned the city editor's slip of the Telegraph some weeks ago, has taken a position on the staff of the Worcester (Mass) Telegram. Mr. Ellis is an exceptionally clever young newspaper man, and his numerous friends here and elsewhere will always be very glad to hear of his success. Messrs. Thomas and William Hamilton left Wednesday for their respective homes in Cleveland, Ohio, and Boston. They were called here by the death of their sister Mrs. Hedley Barbour. Mr. Andrew Paisley of Glasgow Scotland, was in the city for a short time this week. Miss Nellie McEiverson returned to the city last week from Woodstock. Miss Alice Corkery has gone back to Woodstock after a pleasant visit here. Miss Blanche Tibbitts formerly of this city has been appointed organist of the first baptist church of Maiden Mass. at a good salary. Mr. James F. Robertson, the Misses Robertson, and Mrs. B. J. Chisholm registered at the High Commissioners office, London, on the 18th of May. Mr. Isaac W. Carpenter, M. P. P. paid a brief visit this week to his father, who is under an oculist's care just now. Mr. Thomas Hetherington ex M. P. P. and Mrs. Hetherington were here for a day or two this week. Rev. Mr. Dewdney and family left a few days ago on a two months trip to Ontario. J. H. Stone has returned from Boston where he had been to see Miss Stone of for Europe. Miss E. Estlin of Portland is visiting the Misses McLaughlan of Charlotte street. Mr. and Mrs. F. Haviland of Fredericton spent a short time in the city recently. Mr. Wait Flewelling and Miss Flewelling were in Hampton lately and during their stay were entertained at Mr. W. J. Flewelling.

Mr. T. E. G. Armstrong of the Bank N. A. at Brantford arrived this week on a two weeks visit. The relatives and friends of Col. and Mrs. Armstrong gave them a little surprise this week upon the occasion of the twenty fifth anniversary of their marriage. The Colonel and Mrs. Armstrong were taken greatly by surprise upon the arrival of their guests who brought with them many beautiful remembrances, but a still greater surprise was the arrival of the band of the 3rd Regiment of Canadian Artillery, who serenaded the hospitable couple, doting with the national anthem. A large number of costly presents in silver were received by Mr. and Mrs. Armstrong whose friends everywhere wish them continued happiness and prosperity. Mr. and Mrs. A. H. Hamilton and Master Hamilton of Boston were here the first of the week. Mr. and Mrs. J. D. Dole of Montreal were in the city for a short time lately. Mr. and Mrs. W. T. H. Fenety of Fredericton were in the city Tuesday. Mrs. G. A. Hartley and Miss Clara Fallero went from Carleton this week to attend the W. C. T. U. convention at St. Stephen. Dr. Foster McFarlane returned the first of the week from a week's visit to Boston. A pleasant and successful conversation was held in the large upper room of the C. O. E. Institute on Tuesday evening. An interesting musical programme was rendered and light refreshments were served. Mrs. George F. Hill of Lowell Mass., was a guest for a short time this week of Mrs. (Rev.) Baker on her way to her charming summer residence at Brown's Falls. Mr. J. Roy Campbell left the first of the week for Halifax enroute to England. Mr. Fred Morgan is very seriously ill at the home of his parents. Rev. Mr. Irvine of Springfield, N. B. was a guest of Rev. E. K. Ganong this week. Mr. John Fitchell of Lexington, Kentucky, was here for a short time this week. J. N. W. Winslow and Master Douglas Winslow of Fredericton were in St. John the middle of the week. Mrs. H. G. C. Ketchum came down from Fredericton for a little while this week. Miss E. Cann of Yarmouth is in the city for a short visit. Mr. and Mrs. John S. Sewall of Bangor, was in the city for a day or two this week. Mr. John Vroom left Wednesday for Kusto, B. C. where he has been appointed collector of customs. Mr. and Mrs. D. W. Kellor of Amherst spent a little while in the city this week. Mrs. Day of Montreal was a visitor to the city this week. Mr. E. Lansing, Halifax, is in town for a few days.

Mrs. Charles Burrill came over from Yarmouth for a short time this week. Mr. Wm. Turnbull of this city has rented Mrs. H. G. C. Ketchum's residence Elmcroft, for the summer and will removed to Fredericton to take possession at once. Mr. James Hannay returned Thursday from a very successful fishing trip, bringing back with him several beautiful specimens of the fishy tribe. Mr. and Mrs. Charles Hamilton of Pictou and Mrs. Warren of Sydney (N. B.), are among the city's recent visitors.

Fredericton. [Progress is for sale in Fredericton by W. T. H. Fenety and J. H. Hawthorne.] June 2.—A large audience filled the spacious parlour of the Free Press on Saturday evening, when Miss Mabelle Biggart of New York gave her dramatic reading of Adam Bede. Miss Biggart has a very pleasing voice and manner and exceptional talent as a dramatic reader and had her audience spell-bound from start to finish. Miss Biggart has a very fine conception of Geo. Eliot's masterpiece, and the scenes were all well rendered, but perhaps the grandest of them and Arthur's death with Hettie in the cell, the prayer and confession; the arrival of Arthur with the rope, were the most thrilling. The ladies' orchestra was present and rendered some very fine selections as well as accompanying the reader. At the close of the entertainment Hon. Mr. Randolph invited all to remain and partake of ice cream and cake, which was served in lavish abundance, and many had also the pleasure of meeting Miss Biggart and were charmed with her easy grace and courteous manner. During her stay in the city Miss Biggart was the guest of Hon. Mr. and Mrs. Randolph at Frogmore, Mrs. H. G. C. Ketchum left today for Tidnish N. S., where she will spend the summer, Elmcroft her residence here has been rented for the summer months by Mr. Wm. Turnbull of St. John who will take possession immediately. On the eve of his departure for the old country Mr. Pitts had the honor conferred upon him of being made a Forrester on sight by Elph Chief Ranger Wm Kinghorn and is attached to Co. Millicent No. 139 the Banner Lodge of York Co. The friends of Mrs. Ernest Jack, nee Miss Missa Fisher were pleased to hear that Mrs. Jack has a young son. The unusual quiet which has prevailed for the past few weeks is happily ended and now we have the prospect of our weddings all in one week. Mr. and Mrs. Leonard W. Johnston have issued invitations for the marriage of their daughter Mary Annie, to Mr. Charles William Hill of St. John, at their residence 425 King St., Wednesday afternoon, June 10th at three o'clock. Invitations are also out for the marriage of Abigail M. Golding to Mr. Albert Sannerson for June ninth at one o'clock. On Wednesday June the sixteenth, the marriage of Miss Louise Barter to Mr. Glasgow of Toronto will be solemnized at Christ church. Mr. and Mrs. D. F. George have sent out invitations for the marriage of their daughter Adeline, to Mr. John H. Bauld of Halifax, at their residence The Sunnyside, for Thursday June the seventeenth at 8:30 p. m. The Misses Winnifred, Bona, and Margaret Johnson have returned from Sackville. Mr. J. Fraser Gregory of St. John is today visiting at his old home here. Col. Fred B. Gregory of Victoria B. C., who has been spending a few days at his former home here leaves tomorrow for Montreal whence he will sail in the S. S. Vancouver for England to accompany Premier Laurier to the Jubilee celebration. Rev. Willard Macdonald of St. Paul's church and Mr. H. H. Pitts, M. P. P. also leave tomorrow for Montreal and will sail by the Beaver liner, Lake Superior, for England. Their many warm friends at home wish them bon voyage. Mrs. H. B. Golding of St. John is here on a visit to her parents, Mr. and Mrs. J. Murray. Mrs. Woodford Smith is in the city and is the guest of the Misses Peiler, George St. Mr. and Mrs. Hedley Grosvenor of Est River are the guests of Mr. Grosvenor's aunt Mrs. F. S. Hilliard. Mr. Allison Bartlett of Glasgow, Scotland is spending a few days in the city. Mr. and Mrs. Lordly of St. John are visiting in town. Mr. and Mrs. Allen F. Randolph have gone to Digby to spend the summer. Judge Landry of Dorchester is among the visitors in the city. Mr. F. Strat of Montreal is in town. Miss Miles of Vancouver, B. C., is here on a visit to Mrs. Wm. Gibson. Mrs. Hugh McLean and Mr. Edward Smith of St. John are among the visitors in town. Mrs. Fred B. Edgecombe has returned from a pleasant visit to Calais spent with her brother Mr. Albert Edson. Mrs. Tucker and daughter Miss Bessie Tucker of Boston are visiting Mrs. Tucker's sister, Mrs. A. F. Randolph at "Frogmore". Mrs. Thos. Morrison of New York is visiting Mrs. Albert Edgecombe. Messrs. David Watson, Joseph Skinner and Thorvaldy of Montreal spent Sunday in town. Miss Blanche Tibbitts formerly of this city has been appointed organist of the first baptist church of Maiden Mass. Mr. and Mrs. John Sparden are in Windsor, N. S. and will be absent ten days. Mr. Charles S. Everett is visiting at his old home here. Mrs. Boyle Travers of St. John is visiting at Miss Allen's Paradise Bow. Mrs. G. H. Parley who has been visiting Miss Blanche Giesler, at Lincoln has returned home. Mrs. Carpenter and Mrs. Small of California are in the city visiting relatives. Mr. Justice Tuck and Mr. Justice Barker of St. John are in the city attending court. Miss Nan Thompson, eldest daughter of Hon. F. P. Thompson, has graduated in stenography at Sackville and received her diploma. Mrs. John Stearns of St. John, West, is here visiting her mother, Mrs. Wm. Dougherty. CAICKEY.

DORCHESTER. [Progress is for sale in Dorchester by G. M. Fairweather.] June 2.—Mrs. E. F. Foster is visiting friends in Sackville this week. The Misses Borden of Moncton arrived in town this morning to visit Mrs. Hamilton. (CONTINUED ON OTHER PAGE.)

For Sale. A New Upright Piano New York make, and superior tone and finish. WILL BE SOLD AT A BARGAIN. APPLY AT THIS OFFICE.

Mrs. Charles Burrill came over from Yarmouth for a short time this week. Mr. Wm. Turnbull of this city has rented Mrs. H. G. C. Ketchum's residence Elmcroft, for the summer and will removed to Fredericton to take possession at once. Mr. James Hannay returned Thursday from a very successful fishing trip, bringing back with him several beautiful specimens of the fishy tribe. Mr. and Mrs. Charles Hamilton of Pictou and Mrs. Warren of Sydney (N. B.), are among the city's recent visitors.

\$38.50 Cash ..... And WELCOME SOAP 300 WRAPPERS FOR A HIGH GRADE BICYCLE Option of Ladies', Gentlemen's or Boy's Wheels. Write us for full particulars. We have made a SPOT CASH PURCHASE of a large number of Wheels from one of the largest manufacturers, and offer this splendid opportunity to everybody to own and ride, for a small amount. A Strictly First-Class, Up-to-Date Wheel... The equal of any High Grade Bicycle in the market. ... GUARANTEED Buy the Famous Welcome Soap and Save the Wrappers.... THE WELCOME SOAP COMPANY, - - ST. JOHN, N. B.

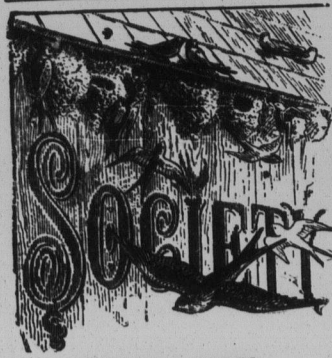
Quickcure The Great Modern Remedy for Tooth Ache ... and All Pain Has received more honest, unsolicited testimonials from reputable people, than any other remedy of the age. Note the statements from well known people published in the news columns of this issue.

The "FAMOUS ACTIVE" Range EVERY idea that long experience in stove-making could devise is embodied in these Ranges. QUICK WORKING! EASILY HANDLED! SPRING ON FUEL! The McClary Mfg. Co., London, Toronto, Montreal, Winnipeg, Vancouver

A Cool Suggestion "MONTERRAT" Lime Fruit Juice is, without exception, the king of summer drinks. Cooling, fragrant, and delightfully pleasant. It should be on every table during the hot weather, and is always to be had where summer drinks are sold. No other drink is so wholesome and refreshing. It can be taken with plain or aerated water, claret and soda, or spirits of any kind: If a Lime Juice Cordial is required, "Limetta" will be found the finest article of its kind on the market.

IT IS A DANDY! What is? Why! OUR SPECIAL "UNIT" ENGINE, Automatic in Action, Self-oiling, Fuel-saving; 2 to 25 Horse Power. Full line of BUTTER and CHEESE SUPPLIES kept in stock. Get our prices for any kind of MACHINERY. Best equipped shops in Canada. CARRIER LAINE & CO. 263 St. Joseph St., QUEBEC. LEVIS, P. Q. 145 St. James St., MONTREAL.

FOR ADDITIONAL SOCIETY NEWS, SEE FIFTH AND EIGHTH PAGES.



HALIFAX NOTES.

Progress is for sale. Halifax by the newsboat and at the following news stands and centres. C. S. DEPREYAS, Brunswick street...

The official dinner at Government house on Monday was the only entertainment given in celebration of the Queen's birthday. Time was when there was usually a ball, but this year everything is being saved up for the jubilee...

The prizes offered by the Ladies Auxiliary of the S. F. C., to the pupils of the public schools for the best essays on kindness to animals, were awarded last week by Gov. Daly.

The brilliant staff with Col. Leach, V. C. commanding the troops, arrived punctually at 11.30 and the ceremony began. It was very imposing, the colors being marched around to the sound of a slow march.

Mrs. Grant has arrived from Bermuda and is the guest of Colonel and Mrs. Leach, Oakland. With the arrival of H. M. S. Crescent and H. M. S. Rambler social affairs may brighten up a little, provided, of course, that the weather will be good enough to brighten up too.

It is pretty well settled that Lady Aberdeen will arrive in the middle of the month, and the ladies of the Women's Council have already set their house in order to receive visiting delegates.

Mrs. Primrose, wife of Captain Primrose, of H. M. S. Indefatigable, will arrive shortly from Barbados and spend the summer with her parents Mr. and Mrs. T. E. Kenny.

General and Mrs. Montgomery Moore, who are to entertain the guests of the governor general, are expected here on the following day. Everything is all ready now, however, for their reception, as Bellevue house has been thoroughly done up and renovated during the absence of its occupants.

The Duke of Leeds, who, according to present arrangement, will succeed Lord Aberdeen as governor general, came very near going to South Africa. He was Lord Salisbury's candidate for the post, and his appointment was possible up to the last moment.

Admiral D'Arcy-Irvine, once so well known in Halifax, with his charming wife, whose beautiful voice is not yet forgotten here, retired from the active list last week, so that there is now no chance of his returning to that station, as was at one time rumored.

Mr. Dent, who was admiral's secretary here for a long time, and married a daughter of Mr. E. Borrodale while on this station, will act in a similar capacity to the commander-in-chief of the Channel fleet. Mr. Dent has recently been on the Pacific station with Admiral Stephenson.

Progress is for sale in Truro by Mr. G. O. Fal June 3—Miss Anna Sutherland has returned from a short visit with friends in Kings county. Judge Marr, Halifax, who is in town presiding at the supreme court is a guest at the Prince of Wales.

YOUR CHILD SMILES when you use for his bath.....

BABY'S OWN SOAP

It's so pleasant to use. His skin after the bath—soft, white, sweet smelling—will be proof of the excellence of this soap.

The Albert Toilet Soap Co., Mfrs. Montreal.

Spring Possibilities AT..... The Parisian

Opportunities for early bargain buying have never been so great as they are now. The first prices placed on our Millinery are not the usual exorbitant charges for the season's novelties, but show only a fair profit for conveying to you the best products from Paris, New York and London.

Hats, Bonnets, Flowers, Laces and Novelties

was never before seen in this city.

The Parisian Cor. Union and Coburg Sts.

MINARD'S 'KING OF PAIN' LINIMENT

C. C. RICHARDS & Co. DEAR SIR,—For several years I suffered so severely from neuralgia that my hair came out and I let me entirely bald. I used MINARD'S LINIMENT freely, which entirely cured the neuralgia, and to my astonishment found my hair growing rapidly, and I now have a good head of hair.

MINARD'S 'KING OF PAIN' LINIMENT

Worry Flurry...

Is life worth living with the cross looks you get because the bread was poor this morning? How hard you tried to make it good from poor flour. Now try 'Tillson's Pride.' Grocers sell it, or ought to. THE TILLSON COY (LTD.), Tillsonburg, Ont.

Advertisement for Fry's Pure Concentrated COCOA. Includes text: 'STRONGEST AND BEST.'—Dr. Andrew Wilson, F. R. S. E., Editor of 'Health.' OVER 200 MEDALS AWARDED TO THE FIRM. Purchasers should ask specially for FRY'S PURE CONCENTRATED COCOA, to distinguish it from other varieties manufactured by the firm.

the service at the house; Dr. Gordon, Halifax office, later at the grave. Mr. and Mrs. W. D. Patterson and family left for their new home at Horton Landing last Saturday. Universal regret was felt and expressed on Sunday last when the news of Mr. L. B. McElhinney's sudden death from heart failure, became generally known. The deceased was highly esteemed by all who knew him, and in church and his own immediate circle, his loss will be keenly felt.

BRIDGETOWN. June 2.—Mrs. Taylor and Miss Bertha returned to Halifax on Saturday. Miss Bernice Kinney is expected home today from Mount Allison. Mr. Geo. E. Book of Halifax was in town a day or two last week. Mr. Reuben Cushing of Queens county, was in Bridgetown last week. Miss F. Bradshaw spent part of the week with friends at La Crocette.

LAWRENCE TOWN, N. S. JUNE 3.—Mr. H. H. Whitman and party are off with the rod and expect to return triumphantly on Monday. Mr. O'Donnell of Halifax is staying here for a few days. Mr. C. Duncah has returned from a weeks vacation in Halifax. Dr. Leonard has been attending to Dr. Coles' patients at Caledonia while the latter was on a fishing trip.

NEW ALBANY. JUNE 3.—Mr. William McKeown of Berwick N. S. was here for a few days lately. Mr. Johnston Oakes was a guest of Mr. Harris Oakes last Saturday. Mr. and Mrs. David Hatt have been guests of Mr. and Mrs. John B. Merry during the week. Mrs. John Vidis of Lunenburg is a guest of Mr. and Mrs. R. McLeod.

GREENWICH. JUNE 1.—Miss Lingley is the guest of Miss Annie Balmer. Miss Geneva Belyea of St. John is visiting friends here. Miss Ida Belyea of Westfield spent Sunday here. Mr. H. A. Purdy and Miss Dorothy are at "Elmwood" for the summer. Mr. J. D. Purdy spent Sunday at "Elmwood" to St. John on Monday. Mr. and Mrs. Chas. Whalpley of Fredericton spent a few days here last week. Mr. David Crowe of Fredericton spent a few days here lately. Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Price and family of St. John spent a few days here also. Mrs. A. L. Pezman has returned home after a visit to St. John last week.

HARBOUR. [Progress is for sale in Harcourt by Mrs. S. Livingston.] JUNE 1.—Mr. John Stevenson of Richibucto left here this morning for Port Elgin, Westmorland County. Mr. W. W. Pride has moved his family into the apartments over Mr. Robert Sandilert's store. Mr. H. H. Fairweather of St. John was in Harcourt yesterday. Mrs. M. McKinnon of Richibucto has been visiting her sister, Mrs. J. Morton. Dr. M. F. Keith will leave shortly on a well-earned vacation trip. During his absence his extensive practice will be looked after by Dr. McWilliams who has taken up his residence in Harcourt pro tem. Miss Agnes Ferguson was taken ill quite suddenly on Monday and has since remained in an unconscious state. There was an enjoyable party at Mr. W. G. Thurber's last evening. Rev. W. Hamilton, formerly stationed at Kingston, was in Harcourt yesterday.

There doesn't seem to be very much the matter with your child. He doesn't actually lose weight, but there is no gain. He belongs to that large class of children that don't seem to prosper. You look at him a little more thoughtfully than you do at the rest and say "He is not doing well." Failure to gain in weight in a child is a danger signal. Scott's Emulsion should be taken at once. It puts on fat where health demands it, strengthening the digestion.

Miss Winifred Darling of Lawrence town was the guest of relatives lately. Messrs Carmen Wilson and Kenny Beck, of East Dalhousie called here recently on their way back from Kingston. Miss Cassie McKeown intends spending the summer at the old homestead for the benefit of her health.

DIGBY. [Progress is for sale in Digby by Mrs. Morse. JUNE 2.—Mrs. Shreve is visiting in Boston. Mr. Harry Jones has been on a trip to Halifax. Miss Short spent a few days in St. John last week. Miss Clark of Bear river is the guest of her cousin Miss Short. Mr. Archibald Dakin of Boston, Mass., is on a short visit here. Mr. Randolph of Fredericton and family will spend the summer here having rented a cottage for that purpose. Mr. Harry Dennison spent a few days in Kentville last month. Hon. W. B. Vail has been spending a few weeks in Weymouth and Digby. Mrs. McNeill is visiting her parents Sheriff and Mrs. Von Blarcom. Bos.

SPRINGFIELD, N. S. JUNE 3.—Miss Maud McNay returned last Saturday from Lunenburg. Mr. Robert Soddart has sufficiently recovered from his late illness to be able to be out again. Mr. James Meldrum of Upper Branch was a guest of his son Mr. J. Meldrum last week. Mr. Alexander Corder of North River was a guest of Mr. and Mrs. John Grinton for a day or two last week. Mr. and Mrs. Lambert are being congratulated on the birth of a daughter which event occurred on the 5th of May. Miss Idella Fleming who has been staying with her sister Mrs. John Grinton returned to her home in New Germany on the 26th.

MELVERN SQUARE. JUNE 2.—Miss Effie Chute of Boston is here on a visit to her parents. Mr. C. L. Vaubusirk is with us once again and was warmly welcomed by his old friends. Mr. Charles Jacques went to Halifax this week for the benefit of his health. Mr. Roland Richardson is home from Wolfville seminary for the holidays. Rev. L. J. Tingley and Mrs. Tingley formerly of this town are here on a visit to friends. Mr. and Mrs. S. R. Lantz have come to Middleton much to the regret of their Melvern friends.

UPPER OLARENCE. JUNE.—Miss Mabel Elliott spent Sunday in Wolfville. Mr. and Mrs. J. O. Nelly were here last Sunday guests at Mr. I. Banks. Mr. Charlie Foster has returned home after spending the winter at "Acacia Villa" Horton Landing. Mr. and Mrs. J. A. Croaker of Middleton spent Sunday in St. John.

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A Row in the Choir

Henry Ward Beecher used to say that the evangelization of the world could never be accomplished until the church choir was dispensed with. It is proverbial that choirs are given to internal dissension. We do not pose as missionaries. We are selling Throat Kumforts for the money there is to be made out of it. But it has been shown time and again that where we have introduced Throat Kumforts into choirs the enthusiasm they have created has spread oil on the troubled waters. They make the voice clear as a bell for speaking and singing, and the choir that has once used them will never thereafter be without them. Put up in neat tablet form, convenient to carry and use. Invaluable for smokers' sore throat. Try a box for next Sunday.

MANLE'S EARLY Thoroughbred POTATO.

The Greatest Cropper The Finest Flavor

I raised 569 pounds, or over 3 1/2 barrels, from one pound in year 1896. JOHN H. KING, Smith's Creek, Kings Co., N. B.

TERMS: Per Pound, 40c., 3 Pounds, \$1.00 Address all orders to J. H. KING, Smith's Creek, Kings Co., N. B.

TEABERRY FOR THE TEETH. TEABERRY FOR THE TEETH. TEABERRY FOR THE TEETH. ARRESTS DEBRAS-DEBRAS-TO USE ABSOLUTELY HARMLESS—ALL 25c. DRUGGISTS SELL IT—ZOPESA-CHM.

Jewelry..

In BRACELETS, BROOCHES, EARRINGS, PENDENTS, LOCKETS, NECK CHAINS, GUARDS, LINKS, STUDS, RINGS, STICK PINS, HAT PINS, Etc.

We have a large stock to select from, and will make prices right. FERGUSON & PAGE. 41 KING STREET.

WINES.

Arriving ex "Escalona" "The Nicest" In quarter cask and Octives.

For sale low. THOS. L. BOURKE WATER STREET.

Health... Concentrated COA... Firm... distinguish it from... in the Choir... Beecher used to say... gelization of the world... accomplished until... choir was dispensed with... that choirs are given... discussion. We do not... maries. We are selling... forts for the money... made out of it. But... hown time and again... we have introduced... forts into choirs the... they have created has... the troubled waters... voice clear as a bell... and singing, and the... as once used them will... after be without them... at tablet form, conveni... and use. Invaluable... sore throat. Try a box... LE'S EARLY... oughbred... TATO... est Cropper... he Finest Flavor... 69 pounds, or over 3... in one pound in year... JOHN H. KING, ... Creek, Kings Co., N. B... TERMS: 40c., 3 Pounds, \$1.00... all orders to J. H. KING, ... s Creek, Kings Co., N. B... BERRY FOR THE... CLEANSES FROM ALL IMPURITIES... DEAR & PLEASANT TO USE... ONLY HARMLESS - ALL... SELL IT - ZORSA... elvelry... CELETS, BROOCHES, ... NGs, PENDENTS, ... TS, NECK CHAINS, ... S, LINKS, STUDS, RINGS, ... PINS, HAT PINS, Etc... large stock to select from, and... all make prices right... USON & PAGE, ... KING STREET... INES. ... ying ex "Escalona" ... nicest... In quarter case and Octives. For sale low. S. L. BOURKE WATER STREET.

ST. STEPHEN AND CALAIS.

PROGRAM is for sale in St. Stephen by Master Ralph Trainor, and at the bookstores of G. B. Wall, E. A. Johnson and J. Vroom & Co. in Calais at O. F. Treasler's. JUNE 2.—The first days of summer are with us and during the bright summer days we hope for during this month, wedding bells are to ring often, merrily and gaily both in St. Stephen and Calais. On the ninth the marriage of Miss May McCullough of Calais to Mr. Scott Bradish of Eastport, is announced to take place. On the sixteenth Miss Ida Gertrude Smith, eldest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Frank Smith will be married to Mr. J. Aubrey Upham, this is to be a home wedding at three o'clock in the afternoon, and the happy young pair leave on the afternoon train for a honeymoon trip to be spent in Nova Scotia. On Wednesday the twenty third Miss Josephine Hamm, only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Fredric L. Hamm, will be united in matrimony with Mr. George Downes of Calais. I hear this also to be a quiet home wedding which is to be regretted, as Miss Hamm is a favorite among her friends, and acquaintances who would like to be present in church to witness her marriage and happiness. The Bands with a number of invited guests, held a jubilee anniversary on Friday evening in Elder Memorial hall. Mayor J. T. Whitlock one of the honorary members who had been requested to address the club, was himself pleasantly surprised when Miss Fortia Dastan, the president on behalf of the "Bande" presented his worship with an address, also a portrait of Her Majesty Queen Victoria. The mayor made a suitable reply and on behalf of the director presented each member with a souvenir badge in the shape of a small British flag. A congratulatory letter was read from Mr. E. G. Nelson St. John, and the new Diamond Jubilee hymn of Canada was sung, after which Master Lawton Whitlock gave an interesting entertainment with the tirapahoms. Upton Jacks were suspended from various parts of the hall and bonbons were served by "The Bande" in red white and blue coronations to their delighted guests; the singing of God Save the Queen terminating an enjoyable evening. On Wednesday evening last Miss Katherine Copeland gave a reception at her home in honor of Miss Josephine Hamm and Mr. George Downes, to announce their engagement which occurred last week. They were a number of young people present to offer their congratulations and good wishes for happiness to Miss Hamm and Mr. Downes. There was a musical programme and at the close of the evening supper was served. The house was prettily decorated with flowers, and the dining-room was charming with the sweetness and brightness of numerous red and white coronations. Copeland was attracted in a handsome dress of black silk trimmed with jet, Miss Copeland wore a costume of pale blue and black silk. Miss Hamm was radiant with happiness and looked very pretty in a dainty gown of pale blue silk trimmed with white tulle, which was most becoming to her fairness. The reception was one of the pleasantest of the kind ever given in Calais, and was greatly enjoyed by the guests, as well as the happy young couple for whom it was given. The young ladies who assisted Miss Copeland to entertain the guests were Miss Lillie Eaton, Miss Sadie Clarke and Miss Marion Curran. Decoration day was observed very quietly in Calais on Monday, owing to the disagreeable down-pour of rain which descended the day. Many and elaborate were the preparations, but the rain spoiled all, and only a carriage with the floral decorations and a few soldiers visited the cemetery, to decorate the graves of the departed heroes. The stores were closed, and business suspended throughout the city, and flags were at half mast. In the evening Captain F. N. Scott, delivered an address to the school children sang several choruses very bravely, having been under the instruction of Miss Minnie McCutich for some time. Miss Blanche Hudson is arranging plans to give one of her excellent and artistic entertainments in St. Andrews after the opening of the Algonquin and St. Andrews is flooded with visitors. Mr. A. F. McCluskey of St. John was registered at the Windsor during the past week. Mrs. John Clarke Taylor gave a very pleasant card party on Friday evening for the entertainment of her husband's guest Mr. Frank Fowler of Boston. Mrs. A. E. Neill entertained a party of friends with what on Thursday evening. Mr. and Mrs. Henry D. Pike on Tuesday evening celebrated the fifteenth anniversary of their wedding day. There were a large number of friends present and Mr. and Mrs. Pike were the recipients of a number of handsome gifts in glass; what was the amusement provided for the guests, and at midnight the delicious supper was served. Mr. James Vroom made a brief visit to St. John this week. General Warner of St. John is spending a few days here the guest of Mr. C. H. Clarke. Sousa's Band arrived here in the train at noon. A large number of tickets have been sold and the attendance will be large. It is said on the music loving public has such an opportunity to hear music of this kind, and much pleasure is anticipated. Mrs. V. A. Waterbury left on Monday afternoon for Boston. Mr. W. O. Wheeler of Bangor is spending a few days in Calais on business connected with the Armour company. Mrs. Allison Connell of Woodstock is a guest of the Misses Stevens Hawthorne Hall. Mr. and Mrs. Henry F. Todd accompanied by Mr. and Mrs. Frederic Pike MacNichol expect to leave at an early date for England where they will travel for several weeks and will return in London during the Jubilee celebration. They also intend spending some time travelling on the continent visiting many places of interest. Mr. George Paine the popular secretary of the Y. M. C. A. leaves this week for Boston where on the ninth of the month he will be married to Miss Susie Bigelow of that city. Mr. C. H. Clarke visited St. John on Monday. The many friends of Mrs. Frank L. Blair will rejoice to learn that her physicians give her every encouragement towards a speedy recovery of her health and that in a few weeks she will be able to drive out again. Miss Alice Robinson is expected from Boston next week to spend the summer with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. John B. Robinson, Miss Robinson

INTERESTS HERSELF IN PHILANTHROPIC AND GOOD WORK IN BOSTON AND BRINGS HER TO SPEND THE SUMMER IN FRESH AIR AND PLEASANT HOMES, FIVE LITTLE GIRLS FROM THE ALMS AND STIFED HOMES IN THE POOR PART OF THE CITY. SEVERAL LADIES IN TOWN HAVE KINDLY OFFERED TO TAKE CHARGE OF THE CHILDREN WHILE HERE.

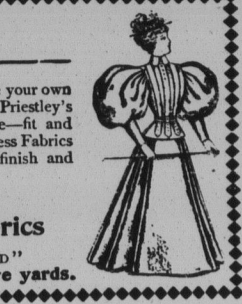
The Premier and Mrs. Mitchell have returned from Fredericton. Mr. and Mrs. C. W. Young have returned from an enjoyable visit spent in Boston. Miss Alice Graham is expected home from Montreal next week. Miss Graham has been absent for several weeks visiting her friend Mrs. William Hall. Miss Florence Sullivan has returned from Boston where she spent the winter studying music. Colonel French of Boston is spending a few days in Calais. Mr. A. A. Bartlett of Charlottetown Prince Edward Island has been spending a few days in town. Collector Graham enjoyed several days fishing last week having extraordinary good luck, returning with a well filled basket of the speckled beauties. Miss Marie Furlong of St. John has been the guest of Mrs. Hugh Oulien during the past week. Messrs. W. E. Remes, C. D. Hill, W. H. Cole and Stephen McCoy have been visiting Lewiston Maine and Boston Mass. Rev. R. L. Sloggett and Mrs. Sloggett who have been Mrs. Bolton's guests have returned to their homes in Hamilton. Dr. Spaulding of Portland Maine, made a professional visit here during the past week. Mrs. W. J. D. Thomas will leave on Monday for a short visit with relatives in Portland Maine. Miss Mabel Marchie entertained a party of young ladies and gentlemen most pleasantly at her home, one evening last week. Mrs. Albion Eaton gave a most enjoyable musicale at her residence last week for the entertainment and pleasure of Mrs. Frederic Edgewood, who has been her guest for several days. Judge and Mrs. Gardner accompanied by Miss Alice Robbins have returned from Boston. Mrs. Charles F. Beard has returned from a short but pleasant visit in Boston and vicinity. Mrs. John Prescott has returned from Washington D. C., where she spent the winter enjoying the delightful social pleasures to be found in that city. Mrs. Melville Cockburn of St. Andrews is making a brief visit here, the guest of Mrs. William Harper. WOODSTOCK. PROGRAM is for sale in Woodstock by Mrs. Louisa & Co. JUNE 2.—Woodstock has been quite lively for the last few days and it is to be hoped that the drearily dull season has passed. On Thursday evening last the "Bank Clerks" gave a very pleasant little dance in the Opera House. It was a small and early commencing at 8 and finishing up at twelve o'clock. The young ladies wore fancy silk waists, and Mrs. Grenville James and Mrs. James Creighton wore the chaperones—Mrs. James wore a most becoming dress of pink silk, white trimmings, Mrs. Creighton, pale blue silk. Those present were Mr. and Mrs. James, Mr. and Mrs. J. S. Creighton, Mrs. Frank Beveridge, Miss Edith MacDonald, Toronto, Miss Hunt, Elizabeth, Miss Campbell, Richmond, Miss Scott, St. Ilex, Miss Manro, Miss Jordan, Miss Edith Jordan John, Miss Tapley, Miss Beattie Neales, Miss A. Bull Miss C. Smith, Miss Margaret Ross, Miss (George) Angherton, Miss N. Beardsley, Miss Kathleen Bourne, Miss Hilda Bourne, Miss Vera Connel, Miss Maud Wright, Miss Blanche Dibblee, Messrs F. B. McKay, C. Nell, F. Hay and G. Howard, F. Lawlor, C. Appleby, L. B. Dibblee, W. H. Loun, Bourne, Moore, St. Stephen, S. Wetmore, N. Loane, and J. Flewelling. Miss Nellie McGivern returned to St. John this week where she will remain for some time. Rev. Gordon Pringle of Kincairdine spent part of this week in town. St. Luke's church will be the scene of one June wedding at least this summer, when Woodstock will lose one of its popular young ladies and Fredericton become the gainer thereby. Dr. and Mrs. Chapman spent several days in Sackville attending the closing exercises at Mount Allison. The University of New Brunswick Glee club gave a highly entertaining concert in Graham's Opera house on Friday evening. The programme consisted of choruses, duets, solos, instrumental solos, selection from the orchestra and an amusing farce entitled "Chums." The orchestra was very good and played several selections "Nymph of the Mountains" "King of the Ocean" "Entr'acte" and others. Mr. J. A. Perkins played a very pretty cornet solo entitled "Sea Flower Polka," a violin solo "When the Swallows Homeward Fly" by Mr. Frank Bayfield was remarkably sweet. A French solo with tenor chorus, "Mourir Pour La Patrie," by Mr. R. Sleson was one of the most pleasing features of the programme and received a most enthusiastic recall; vocal duet, "Go Pretty Rose" by Messrs B. Lamont and Frank Bayfield. The choruses were sung in a lively and spirited manner especially "Choral March" "Rosalie" and "A Capital Ship." The farce, "Chums" was very funny and well acted. The part of Mrs. Breed's supposed niece which was taken by Mr. W. H. Harrison was excellent, the general appearance and costume being well gotten up. Mrs. Breed as presented by Mr. J. M. Robinson was very amusing. Miss Flora Strong as personified by L. W. Barker was good. Mr. F. Hughes as The Farmer, and J. J. F. Winlow as the son returned from college were remarkable good. Mrs. Grenville James played some of the accompaniments in good style. "Sousa's Band" will give a concert in the rink on Thursday afternoon which will doubtless be very largely attended as it is the first appearance of this grand organization in Woodstock. A moonlight excursion to Red River is to be made on Steamer Aberdeen on June 8th. This ought to prove a very pleasant excursion on if the weather is favorable. Dr. E. D. Kirkpatrick and A. L. Holyoke are the committee of management. Mrs. Anderson and Miss Hunt returned to their homes in Halifax on Saturday. Mrs. Partridge of Fredericton is the guest of her daughter Mrs. W. Benson, Bellisle, Van. Archibson Neales spent part of this week in St. John. Miss Alice Corkery returned from St. John last week. Mr. Fred Dever of Fredericton is spending this week in town the guest of M. Gillin. A number of the University students returned to Fredericton in courses. Mrs. G. B. Burt attended the W. C. T. U. convention at St. Stephen this week. ELAINE. BUTOUCHE. JUNE 3.—A very pleasant social gathering was held at the "Mansions" on Friday evening during the evening games were played and quite a number of special selections were given, just before going home ice cream, cake, tea and coffee were passed around. Mr. C. Gross of Moncton spent Monday here.

MR. A. J. GORMAN AND BRIDE RETURNED HOME ON WEDNESDAY. MR. GORMAN IS SPENDING A FEW DAYS IN CHATHAM WITH CAPT. AND MRS. ROBINSON, STEAMER "ANACONS." MR. J. H. ABBOTT AND MISS LON ABBOTT OF MONCTON SPENT THE WEEK WITH MR. AND MRS. J. C. ROSS. MR. AND MRS. A. J. GIRVAN OF KINGSTON WERE THE GUESTS OF MR. AND MRS. ROSS ON SUNDAY. QUITE A NUMBER OF PRIVATE PICNICS WERE HELD HERE ON THE 24TH, AND I THINK ALL WERE THOROUGHLY ENJOYED.

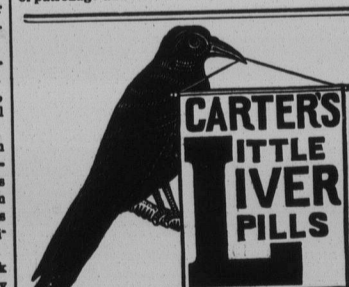
Mr. John Robertson and Mrs. Robertson of Bathurst are visiting Mr. and Mrs. J. D. Irving. Mr. and Mrs. J. Stevenson of Richibucto spent Sunday in town. Rev. Mr. Meek of Richibucto occupied the pulpit in the Episcopal on Sunday morning. Mr. W. D. Carter and Miss Alma Carter of Richibucto, visited friends here last week. VERNER. MONCTON. PROGRAM is for sale in Moncton at the Moncton Bookstore, by W. G. Stanfield and at M. B. Jones' Bookstore. JUNE 2.—In spite of the late spring, and persistent cold and rain, the owners of summer cottages at Slediac Cape, are gradually preparing for the summer campaign by the sea. Mr. and Mrs. W. B. Chandler and family transported their household goods to the Cape the week before last, and the other members of the pleasant little summer colony which has grown up around that lovely spot in the weather will permit so I fear our summer quiet will soon settle down upon us. Mrs. T. W. Bell of St. John who has been spending the winter in town, left yesterday for Dorchester where she intends spending the summer months at Hotel Windsor. Mrs. Bell was accompanied by her little son, and will be joined later in the month by her little daughter who is at present attending school at R. thesby. Mr. Patrick King who was appointed a member of Premier Laurier's mounted escort to England left town on Wednesday evening for Quebec to join the rest of the contingent. Mrs. Wilkinson wife of Judge Wilkinson of Chatham spent a few days in town last week the guest of Mr. and Mrs. C. P. Harris of Steadman street. Miss Fraser daughter of Mr. and Mrs. J. R. Fraser of this city, who resides in Manchester, N. H. is spending a few weeks with her parents at their home in Lewisville. Miss Condie of Sussex, niece of Mr. John M. Lyons, is spending a few days with Mr. and Mrs. Lyons at their home on Highfield street. The many friends that Mr. and Mrs. Edward Hickson have made during their two years residence in Moncton will hear with regret of their departure from our city, Mr. Hickson having decided to return to Bathurst their place of residence, and enter into business there. Mr. Hickson will be especially missed as she was not only a universal favorite, but an earnest church worker, and a leading member of St. George's church choir. Mr. and Mrs. Hickson departed on Saturday followed by the best wishes of their friends. Quite a number of Moncton people have visited Sackville during the past week to attend the closing exercises of the Mount Allison institutions. Amongst the visitors were Mr. and Mrs. C. R. Palmer, Mr. and Mrs. J. H. Wetmore, Miss Cole Mrs. R. L. Botsford, Mr. John Sangster, Mr. R. A. Borden and the Misses Borden. Moncton has reason to feel very proud of the musical abilities of its young ladies, five of whom but an earnest church worker, and a leading member of St. George's church choir. Mr. and Mrs. Hickson departed on Saturday followed by the best wishes of their friends. Quite a number of Moncton people have visited Sackville during the past week to attend the closing exercises of the Mount Allison institutions. Amongst the visitors were Mr. and Mrs. C. R. Palmer, Mr. and Mrs. J. H. Wetmore, Miss Cole Mrs. R. L. Botsford, Mr. John Sangster, Mr. R. A. Borden and the Misses Borden. Moncton has reason to feel very proud of the musical abilities of its young ladies, five of whom but an earnest church worker, and a leading member of St. George's church choir. Mr. and Mrs. Hickson departed on Saturday followed by the best wishes of their friends. Quite a number of Moncton people have visited Sackville during the past week to attend the closing exercises of the Mount Allison institutions. Amongst the visitors were Mr. and Mrs. C. R. Palmer, Mr. and Mrs. J. H. Wetmore, Miss Cole Mrs. R. L. Botsford, Mr. John Sangster, Mr. R. A. Borden and the Misses Borden. Moncton has reason to feel very proud of the musical abilities of its young ladies, five of whom but an earnest church worker, and a leading member of St. George's church choir. Mr. and Mrs. Hickson departed on Saturday followed by the best wishes of their friends.

A Sure Test...

Any dress fabric in Mohair is very fashionable. Be your own judge of the quality. The lustre is the sure test. Priestley's Mohairs have a rich lustre—arc stylish and durable—fit and drape gracefully. They stand the test. Priestley's Dress Fabrics—soft, rich and reliable—proved superior by their finish and brightness. Priestley's Famous Dress Fabrics. Wrapped on "THE VARNISHED BOARD" 07 Priestley's name stamped on every five yards.



Canada's INTERNATIONAL EXHIBITION. St. John, N. B. 14th to 21st Sept., 1897. OVER \$12,000 IN PRIZES. For Live Stock and Farm and Dairy Products. Competition open to the World. Very Cheap Excursion Rates on all Railways and steamers. Rates and dates announced later. Special Arrangements are made for the cheap transport of Exhibits. The C. P. Railway will carry Exhibits from New Brunswick points at regular rates and refund all freight charges when goods or stock are returned unsold, thus carrying Exhibits practically free. A splendid new Poultry Building is in course of erection, and Amusement Hall will be enlarged and improved. In addition to Industrial, Agricultural and Live Stock Exhibits, five or more nights of HAND & CO.'s Magnificent Fire Works, and an hourly programme of Special High Class Dramatic Effects will be given in Amusement Hall, making together the best and cleanest special attractions ever brought before the people of the Maritime Provinces. A trip to the Sea Shore, a visit to Canada's Winter Port, and a stay in the cleanest and healthiest city in Canada, can be combined with a visit to the International Exhibition, at the very Low Rates to be later advertised. Arrange now to come to St. John. Entry Forms will be forwarded to every one who applies promptly by letter to CHAS. A. EVERETT, Manager and Secretary, ST. JOHN, N. B. Buy Dominion Express Co's Money Orders. FOR SMALL REMITTANCES. Cheaper than Post Office Money Orders, and much more convenient, as they will be Cashed on Presentation. LIFE LASTS LONGER. If Puttner's Emulsion be taken regularly by Consumptives and all weak and ailing people. Always get PUTTNER'S. It is the original and best. Very.. Barouche. Cost \$650, used one season, for \$175.1. ONE USED SIX MONTHS FOR \$135. BERLIN HACK, fine style, for \$160. LIGHT HACK for \$100; One for \$80. COUPÉ, in this order, \$60. GOOD LANDAU, \$60; Six-Seater, \$40. 2000 Vehicles, new and second hand. HENDERSON BROS., NORTH CAMBRIDGE, MASS. T. O'LEARY, Choice Wines and Liquors and Ales and Cigars, 16 DUKE STREET.



CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS. SICK HEADACHE. Positively cured by these Little Pills. They also relieve Distress from Dyspepsia, Indigestion and Too Hearty Eating. A perfect remedy for Dizziness, Nausea, Drowsiness, Bad Taste in the Mouth, Coated Tongue, Pain in the Side, TORPID LIVER. They Regulate the Bowels. Purely Vegetable. Small Pill. Small Dose. Small Price. Substitution. the fraud of the day. See you get Carter's, Ask for Carter's, Insist and demand Carter's Little Liver Pills.

All Genuine..... Oxford Mill Goods Are Guaranteed... PURE WOOL. OYSTERS FISH AND GAME always on hand. MEALS AT ALL HOURS. DINNER A SPECIALTY. CAFE ROYAL. BANK OF MONTREAL BUILDING, 56 Prince Wm. St., - - St. John, N. B. WM. CLARK, Proprietor. Retail dealer in..... CHOICE WINES, ALES AND LIQUORS.

THE RESORT.

Rev. T. C. Mallor, Rural Dean, Christ's Church, Boston, Guyboro, N. S. referred recently to K. D. O. in the following words:—"I have no pleasure in hearing testimony to the value of K. D. O. for Indigestion. I have been a victim of Dyspepsia for some time but your remedy works. Witness my slightest symptoms return I resort to K. D. O. and instant relief is the result. I never fail to recommend K. D. O. to those who have any chronic complaint that is called for than the above. We say emphatically that K. D. O. is the Greatest Cure of the Age for Indigestion. The K. D. O. Pills are splendid for the Liver and Bowels and cure chronic constipation when used with K. D. O.

SPECIAL AND PERSONAL

(CONTINUED FROM FIFTH PAGE.)

Mrs. Stone of St. John was here for a day or two last week on her way to the closing exercises at Sackville. While in Dorchester Mrs. Stone was the guest of her niece Mrs. E. P. Foster.

Mrs. T. W. Bell of St. John arrived last night to spend the summer. Mrs. Bell is stopping at the Windsor.

Among those who graduated in the commercial department at Mt. Allison last week were Mr. Edward L. Bowers of Dorchester.

Mrs. J. S. Benedict and Miss Sallie Benedict are in town visiting Mrs. Gallagher.

Mrs. M. B. Palmer and her niece Miss Birdie Robb of Brookline formerly of Dorchester, expect to sail for England the last of the week. They expect to be gone about three months. Their many friends

Miss Alice Butler of St. John is visiting Miss Nellie Palmer.

Mr. A. E. Massie the popular commercial man is at the Windsor.

Mr. J. D. Brown's many friends are glad to see him able to go out again.

Miss Gertrude McCann and Miss Bertie Collins of St. John visited Dorchester last week.

Mrs. J. H. Bickman has gone to Boston on a visit. During her absence Mrs. D. W. Douglas of Amherst is keeping house for her.

Mr. Allan Chapman spent the 24th, in Moncton with her sister, Mrs. Kinder.

Mr. Silas Cole of Moncton was here yesterday attending the funeral of her brother Mr. Ed. Cole.

Among the visitors to the shiretown last week were Judge Parker, A. G. Blair, Jr., Dr. Pugsley and W. H. Fry of St. John.

AMHERST.

(Progress is for sale at Amherst by H. V. Purdy.)

June 3.—The marriage of Rev. J. L. Miner and Miss F. M. Blackader of South Ohio, Yarmouth County, took place on Wednesday evening. Mr. Miner is assistant pastor of the Baptist church here and Miss Blackader has many friends in town who will welcome with pleasure the rev. groom and his bride.

Mr. H. A. Hillcoat returned last week from the Pacific side of the continent. His return trip from California was through the Southern States, coming north via New York and Boston, arriving at his old stand looking good as new, which is most satisfactory to his hosts of friends in town.

Miss Brown of St. John is the guest of her aunt Mrs. James McEfat.

Mrs. Wellington spent a few days in Sackville and returned on Wednesday.

Mrs. Arthur McEfat has returned from New York. Latest reports from Mrs. C. Trueman who is in the Montreal hospital are quite encouraging and unless something unforeseen occurs she will be able in a few weeks to return home.

Dr. Allen spent the week at Point du Chene.

Mr. and Mrs. Lagart of Parroboro paid a short visit to Mr. and Mrs. Geo. Cooke.

Miss Hillcoat has returned from visiting friends in Moncton.

Mr. L. H. Crocker came back from St. Stephen last week where he had been competing in athletic sports and as usual got a large share of the honors.

The death of Mr. Arthur Davidson clerk of the county court occurred on Saturday, the funeral took place on Monday afternoon. The band headed the long procession which included the Masonic, royal arcanaum, Forester and temperance societies. The pall bearers were Messrs. A. B. Euter, D. T. Chapman, E. J. Lay, D. W. Robb, W. F. Donkin, and Dr. E. L. Fuller. The death of such a prominent citizen is deeply regretted and Mrs. Davidson and family have the sympathy of the entire community.

Miss Nelson of Truro is the guest of her aunt Mrs. R. C. Fuller Havlock street.

The town is literally on wheels and not a solitary indoor event to report and nothing in anticipation which is very unusual for Amherst. The season is so very late that exodus to the various summer resorts will be much later than usual so one may yet hope for a few minor festive events.

Dr. Morris is the guest of his sister Mrs. A. McKinnon.

Miss May Quigley, Miss Bessie Hickman, and Mrs. Wykoff Rogers are in Wolfville attending the Acadia closing.

Mrs. H. J. Logan M. P. has returned from Chicago.

Umbrellas Made, Re-covered, Repaired Duval, 17 Waterloo.

ABOUT MICA MINING.

Where the Mineral is Found and Mining Methods.

For many years the mountains of western North Carolina were the principal and almost the only source from which we obtained our commercial supply of mica. There are few sections in that region where the soil does not carry a glittering admixture of more or less minute mica grains, while holes in the ground, surrounded by shining dump piles, are almost as numerous as the houses. Mica mining, as a profitable industry, has been less wide-spread,

Great Sales Cures Power Success Hood's Sarsaparilla

Is the One True Blood Purifier. All druggists. \$1. Prepared only by C. I. Hood & Co., Lowell, Mass.

FACE HUMORS

Pimples, blotches, blackheads, red, rough, oily, mothy skin, itching, scaly scalp, dry, thin, and falling hair, and baby blemishes prevented by CUTICURA SOAP, the most effective skin purifying and beautifying soap in the world, as well as purest and sweetest for toilet, bath, and nursery.

Cuticura

EVERY HUMOR From Pimples to Scrofula cured by CUTICURA REMEDIES.

however, than the indications of possibly profitable mines. Although there is perhaps no county in the mountains without at least two or three mines that have paid for the working, the most remunerative district has been in the counties of Mitchell and Yancey, in the northwestern part of the state. It is there that the bulk of the work now being done is carried on.

Mica, as is well known, is one of the component parts of granite rock. Examination of any true piece of granite shows it to be a mingled mass of three minerals, quartz, feldspar and mica. In the ordinary granite, used for the constructive and other purposes, these substances occur in small and closely mingled particles. In the rock from which commercial mica is obtained, the formation is upon what may be termed a gigantic scale. The quartz and the feldspar occur in huge masses, and the mica in blocks of varying size, from those weighing but a few pounds up to rarely occurring specimens of four to five hundred pounds weight.

I visited not long ago a mine of the larger formation. I entered through an underground passage out straight into the hill-side. I noticed here, and there, in its walls and along its roof, large blocks of mica, which had not been removed, for fear that their displacement would bring down more than was desirable. The candle which I carried enabled me to note the places from which there had been removed the masses of mica-bearing feldspar, often as large as a good-sized room.

As has been said, the mica comes from the mines in block form of varying thickness. These blocks range in size from the most abundant of four to eight or ten inches measurement across the face, up to those of very rare occurrence, of 24 to 30 or even 36 inches. A block was recently obtained in Mitchell county which measured 34 inches by 26 on its face, with a thickness of 18 inches. Its weight was 450 pounds. The points of color, clarity and freedom from flaws are all important in the question of market value.

The blocks after being cleared from their feldspar matrix, are split into sheets of proper thickness, and the sheets are sorted into grades. The sheets are sometimes sold in the rough, but usually are cut into certain fixed sizes, ranging from small bits of two inches by three up to the largest sizes obtainable. As so large a percentage of the product is used for stove doors, there are certain sizes for which the demand is greatest. The sheets are sold by the pound, the price being based upon the size and quality, and ranging from about forty cents up to almost as many dollars.

The mica is cut and trimmed by means of large shears. Here it is presented a curious claim, which my observation leads me to accept as true. It is said that these shears really, if ever require sharpening, and are practically kept in sharp-cutting condition by abrasion of the material through which they pass. During the last few years the American industry has greatly fallen off. From 1881 to 1885, inclusive, the demand for mica was good and prices were high. A large army of men were tramping the hills and digging holes in the ground in search of what is locally known as 'glass.' This is doubtless a contraction of 'tinglass,' under which mistaken name the material is commonly known. During that period the output of mica from North Carolina amounted in value to a million and a quarter of dollars. For the same term of years, from 1861 to 1865, the value of the output was but a little over \$300,000. This was owing both to the production of a smaller quantity and to reduced prices, due to competition with the mica imported from the East Indies.—New York Post.

WHY THE GREEKS LOSE.

A Side Light Thrown Upon Their Fiasco in Tennesay.

Aversion to mechanical discipline, writes Professor Wheeler in the North American Review, shows itself in the drill of the Greek troops, as would be naturally expected from all that we know of them outside the army. As a people they always create the impression of disorderliness. Men who walk together on the street do not keep step. A Greek funeral procession presents to our eyes a most disorderly and individualistic appearance.

The people who compose it go on foot, and each one seems to be strolling along on

his own account. On arriving at the grave there is likely to be no fixed order procedure. If there is, people do not conform to it. Every one does what seems to him good. Absence of previous plan or sense for order is apparent on every hand. If there occurs a halt in the proceedings through any uncertainty or lack of preparation a debate may ensue. Three out of four of the bearers will prove to be orators. There is no one person in authority. Five or six different ones are giving orders or making suggestions at the same time. The same popular trait shows itself whenever masses of people are assembled. Any single man is a potential marshal and master of ceremonies and may develop into such without warning. All this represents a deep-seated national characteristic and one that renders the application of strict military discipline in the form known to the armies of the north extremely difficult. Herein lies the chief ground of apprehension regarding the fitness of the Greek to meet the demands of modern methods of warfare. A German battalion is a firmly compacted machine in which the individual has lost the sense of autonomy. Panic cannot resolve it into its constituent elements, because steady discipline and persistent drill have made machine action a second nature. In the moment of emergency a Greek battalion is liable to become 'many from one.'

A Signal Victory.

It is a comparatively easy matter to acquire a local or national reputation, in either the arts or sciences or as a manufacturer; as the press through the daily papers and periodicals very soon bring before the public any new achievements of real interest in the above branches.

It is, however, quite another thing to have one's talents recognized and endorsed in any of the great centres of civilization, and it is a very difficult matter to gain the approbation of the public of one of the European Capitals, especially that of artistic enterprise.

A Parisian success is the highest honor one can aspire to; but how few obtain it? We are happy to be able to record at least one Canadian industry which has made its mark in the Parisian world, and established for itself an enviable reputation there.

The following letter from a celebrated Parisian firm, which lately received a piano from the Pratte Piano Co., of Montreal, addressed to a luminary in the musical world, will no doubt be of interest to our readers:

Paris, January 23rd 1897.

'During the two days that the Pratte piano has been in our ware-rooms since its arrival from Montreal, I have shown it to some of the principal Parisian piano manufacturers. They were simply astounded, not only at its magnificent tone and agreeable and responsive touch, but even more so by its careful workmanship, which is carried to the highest point possible to attain to in this branch.

'One of them, who was a member of the jury at the Exposition of 1889, could hardly recover from his astonishment at the fact that there was a factory in Canada capable of turning out an instrument of such excellence.

'If Mr. Pratte, had been present at the time, hidden in some corner of the ware-room, he would certainly have run away to escape from the flattering remarks and compliments which were showered on him from all quarters.

'I am aware of the interest you take in Mr. Pratte, and am sure that you will be much pleased to hear of the first impression which his piano produced on the French piano manufacturers.'

(Sgd) J. HERBURGER FILS.

We wish to add our congratulations to those of Mr. Herburger Filz.

HIS PRESENCE OF MIND.

How a Stage Carpenter Averted a Probable Tragedy.

'In time of an emergency,' remarked an elderly man in a group of talkers, 'I would rather have presence of mind than a gun.'

'I fancy the gun might do more harm than good if there were no presence of mind with it,' admitted another.

'Which reminds me of a story corroborating the wisdom of the first statement,' said a third, who on an appeal from the others, continued: 'Something like ten or a dozen years ago,' he said, 'I was in a Western town of 10,000 people or so, and it happened that a show was billed for that night. Having nothing to do, and not knowing anybody in town, I took in the show. It was a barn storming troupe of Thespians doing a repertoire of blood-and-thunders, and the consequence was they had nearly a full house. Everything went along very nicely except the peculiar actions of the leading man, who seemed to

THE SHERWIN-WILLIAMS PAINTS THE SHERWIN-WILLIAMS VARNISH STAIN THE SHERWIN-WILLIAMS CO.

A COOL SCOT.

How he met the Agreement of a San Francisco Foot pad.

Mr. McGregor, a Scot who resides in San Francisco, is said by an exchange to be one of the most argumentative men, and one of the calmest. Early one morning, as he was returning home, he was addressed by a man who emphasized his words with a pistol:

'Throw up your hands!' 'Why?' asked Mr. McGregor, calmly. 'Throw them up!' 'But what for?' 'Put up your hands!' insisted the foot-pad, shaking his pistol. 'Will you do what I tell you?' 'That depends,' said Mr. McGregor. 'If ye can show me any reason why I should put up ma hands, I'll no say but what I will; but yer mere request wad be no justification for us to do so absurd a thing. Noo, why should you, a complete stranger, ask me at this oor o' the mornin' on a public street to pit up ma hands?'

'If you don't quit gassin' and obey orders, I'll blow the top of your head off!' cried the robber. 'What? Faith, man, you must be out o' yer head. Come, noo, poor buddy,' said McGregor, soothingly, coolly catching the pistol and wresting it with a quick twist out of the man's hand. 'Come, noo, an' I'll show ye where they'll take care o' ye. Hech! Dinna ye try to fecht, or eood, I'll shoot ye! If ye by the way, ye might as well put up yer ain hands, an' just walk ahead o' me. That's it. Trudge awa', noo.'

And so Mr. McGregor marched his man to the city prison and handed him over to Captain Douglas.

'It wudna be a bad idea to put him in a strait jacket,' he said serenely to the officer. 'There's little doo' but the buddy's dait.' And he resumed his homeward walk.

A Velocipede Bath.

Among the curiosities of a recent bicycle exhibition in Paris was a stationary bicycle frame without wheels, but provided with seat, handle-bars, pedals, chain and sprockets, fastened upright in a shallow tub. The driving machinery was geared to a pump by which the rider could force water up through a tube to a sprinkler above his head, thus getting a shower-bath while exercising his muscles.

Oil to Propel War Ships.

Oil is now used on war ships for partially heating the boilers. This is one of the most notable departures from the modern method of producing heat in boilers for many years, and if it prevails the success anticipated it will probably be used by every nation possessing a fleet of war vessels. This new oil is a product of the distillation of lignite and is dark brown in colour, the flame being very bright and absolutely smokeless.

BOVRIL

Is the Product of Prime Ox Beef

BOVRIL

Forms a complete food for Brain, Blood, Bone and Muscle, and supersedes all ordinary Meat Extracts, for flavoring and enriching Soups, Sauces and Made Dishes. Sold by all first class Grocers and Druggists.

WHOLESALE DEPOT

BOVRIL, LIMITED

27 St. Peter St., MONTREAL.

Burdock BLOOD BITTERS THE BEST SPRING MEDICINE



ST. JOHN, N. B., SATURDAY, JUNE 5, 1897.

VOTED THEM ALL DOWN

MONCTON HAS NO USE FOR A PERMANENT JUBILEE MEMORIAL.

The Citizens of "The Bend" Think They Are Loyal Enough, and at a Recent Meeting Squelched all Efforts to Memorialize the Queen's Long Reign.

"Vox populi, vox Dei," said the men of yore, and certainly the voice of the people was potent in ancient Rome, and carried conviction with it. It would seem to have equal weight in modern Moncton, a city not quite so important as Rome on account of its more recent origin, but still very large indeed in its own estimation, two hundred of whose electors have succeeded in pronouncing the doom of any permanent memorial for the jubilee year of Queen Victoria's reign, and incidentally placing their city on a level with Iriahstown, Scotch Settlement, French Village, or some of the obscure colored settlements that abound in the vicinity of St. John, Halifax and Truro.

The adjourned meeting of the citizens to consider ways and means for commemorating the Diamond Jubilee took place last Tuesday evening, and was attended by a large and representative body of nearly two hundred electors who straightway proceeded to lay their heads together and form a solid block in favor of the jubilee memorial. Evidently it matters little to the enlightened citizen of "go ahead Moncton" as they love to hear it called, whether Her Britannic Majesty is celebrating the sixtieth year of her reign, or not, so long as the Scott act is rigorously enforced, and their taxes are not increased to the amount of fifty cents in the year.

The people who were really in earnest about the permanent memorial, and had proved their sincerity by working faithfully for their favorite schemes, had been counting quite largely upon the result of the long expected meeting and were prepared to abide cheerfully by whatever decision the electors reached. If the popular voice declared in favor of squares, then the friends of the hospital were willing to sink their own disappointment and work heartily for the success of the scheme which was the choice of the majority. If the hospital had been decided upon, then those who favored the squares would have done the same. At least this was the attitude adopted by the more sensible and public spirited of the citizens, who really had the future welfare of the city at heart, and were willing to contribute both time and money towards the success of whatever memorial was finally decided upon. Therefore it will be readily imagined that the complete fizzle in which the meeting ended was a rather unpleasant surprise to these good people, and they are only recovering from the shock by degrees. Having been thoroughly in earnest themselves they find it hard to believe that others were not equally sincere. It never seemed to dawn upon them until the night of the meeting that many of those who were apparently in favor of either one or the other scheme were merely making use of it as a bar to the success of any other suggestion that might be made; but the various motions and amendments, put, and mostly lost during the progress of the meeting together with the small number who attended left little room for doubt on the subject.

After the formal opening of the meeting those in favor of the hospital, were given the first innings, as it were, and a report was submitted by Drs. Smith, McCully, and Bourque, giving the required information concerning the building, equipment and maintenance of hospitals in cities about the size of Moncton, and built upon somewhat the same plan that was in contemplation for our own city. These reports were most favorable, and should have had the effect of raising the hospital stack several points; as they proved conclusively that it would be quite possible to maintain a hospital containing two public wards for ten patients, and two rooms for private patients together with a staff consisting of a matron, two pupil nurses, cook and janitor, at an annual cost of two thousand one hundred and fifty dollars. The report was most carefully prepared and set forth plainly the various sources from which the income was to be derived. The city grant asked for was one thousand dollars, and it was expected that a provincial grant of six hundred would be easily obtained. The revenue from paying patients was placed at a rather high figure of three hundred dollars, while Sunday hospital collections were set down at two hundred and fifty. These figures may look

rather high, and no doubt the rating both of collections and private patients is excessive, but still the annual expenditure is much smaller than the first estimate.

The report on squares was next submitted by Mr. Thomas Williams, chairman of the permanent memorial committee, and in connection with the report, several offers of sites for the proposed squares were also read, and a subscription list representing the very respectable sum of twelve hundred and fifteen dollars towards putting the squares in order, was also placed on the table.

The committee on sidewalks also submitted their report, and after Mr. John McKenzie had made a motion to the effect that all the reports be received and laid on the table and Mr. Edward McCarthy had seconded the motion, things slugged considerably, and even the most sanguine of newspaper men would have hesitated to mark the meeting down in his note book as "enthusiastic." The amount of modesty displayed by those free and independent electors was astonishing; no one wanted to be the first to speak lest haply he might commit himself to some act which would result in the addition of twenty five cents a year to his taxes.

At last the silence became oppressive and feeling that something must be done before the assemblage became any way leader Mr. D. Grant rose with great presence of mind and moved that the meeting adjourn. He was seconded by Mr. J. U. C. Briggs, but in spite of this support the electors aroused themselves sufficiently to vote the motion down.

Mr. J. W. Oulton then took the floor, and made the practical if rather too economical suggestion that those who were so anxious to have squares donate them. He was against an increase in taxation and in favor of having something done on the streets and sidewalks—probably because this would involve no personal outlay of any kind. He then requested the electors to vote against everything but a hospital, and let that be built by private subscription. It is well that such public spirited citizens are not too abundant. Mr. A. E. Chapman cordially endorsed Mr. Oulton's sentiments. Mr. John McKenzie made a brave effort in behalf of the squares supporting his motion at some length, and reminding the meeting that he had always been an advocate of the city securing squares. He was seconded by Mr. Edward McCarthy, but opposed by Mr. George Seaman, who thought the smaller tax payers would object to paying so large a sum for the squares. Mr. James Card then arose and said that while he was opposed to the hospital project, he was in favor of the squares, and though he was one of those who were trying to pry for a small property, he would be willing to pay his share. This called forth a reply from Mr. P. E. Heine who propounded the very original theory that the squares would only become pastures for horses and cows, and therefore he was opposed to them.

The hospital scheme was here introduced again and its claim warmly pressed. The advocates of the square in the heart of the slums, then took the floor, and after some very sensible and practical remarks from Mr. Thomas Williams regarding the probable expense of a hospital, and the urgent need of squares, the conversation became general, and amendments were in order to such an extent, that in order to prevent their being lost they had to be caught on the fly.

The vote was then taken and resulted in an overwhelming defeat for both the hospital and slum square, but twenty three hands being raised in favor of the hospital, and in order to prevent the St. George and King street squares from meeting with more success the disappointed ones promptly retaliated by winding up the meeting suddenly with an adjournment for twelve months.

Thus have less than two hundred of the so called intelligent electors of Moncton succeeded in killing everything that distantly approaches a celebration of the Diamond Jubilee. The permanent memorial was skillfully used as an instrument for the block day itself and that having been safely disposed of, these loyal and liberal minded

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men in their blind terror of being called upon to spend a few cents, have deliberately condemned the permanent memorial to the same fate, and in so doing placed their city on a level with any backwoods village. It would be only just and fitting if Moncton should be known in future as it was in the past as "The Bend" of the Petitcodiac River, rather than by the less appropriate but more ambitious title of the City of Moncton.

HIS LAST SUNDAY GAME.

He Was Betting on a Jack Pot When the Yacht Upside.

"The closest call I ever had," said the gray-haired, young-looking man, "was in a game of poker, and, curiously enough, nobody called in that particular deal in which it occurred. In fact, nobody thought about it after the interruption until it was too late for a show-down and the chips had all disappeared, nobody knew where. It takes a pretty serious happening to destroy all interest in a game of poker just at the moment when somebody has raised the limit in a big jack pot and each player is confident of winning. But this was a serious happening. It was about the most serious that I ever knew and came near being a tragedy.

"Perhaps you remember one summer about ten years ago when a succession of squalls struck the south side of Long Island on four successive Sundays. I think it was just ten years ago.

"We had a clubhouse, eight or ten of us, that summer which was located on Hicks's Beach, on the extreme western end of the Great South Bay, not far from the Long Beach Hotel. It was about as unpretentious as any clubhouse need be, being only a shanty, but it was weather proof, and with cots and hammocks we made ourselves thoroughly comfortable when we slept ashore. More often we would sleep on board the little sloop yacht that we had chartered for the summer, for we used to cruise through the entire day, using the clubhouse as a rendezvous. It was one of the jolliest and most economical seasons I ever enjoyed.

"We all knew something about sailing—I least of all—but the Commodore as we all called him, was the best amateur sailor I ever knew, and naturally we made him skipper, and nobody assumed or felt any responsibility when he was aboard.

"On this particular Sunday, the fourth in the series of equally Sundays, there were seven of us on the yacht. We had been weakfishing all the forenoon about four miles east of Wreck Head, and had had fair luck, but it was wretchedly hot, and, tiring of the sport, we had run back nearly to Hick's Beach again and come to anchor off the best bathing ground in the neighborhood, opposite the life-saving station. Then we had a plunge, and after dressing had gone into the cabin. Two of the men had gone to sleep and the rest of us had begun a game of poker. It was the last game I ever played on Sunday. The Commodore had made all snug above and had come down into the cabin last of all, satisfied that everything was right, as we were not in the channel, and no big boats navigate thereabout, anyhow. He was a good enough sailor, however, to leave the game occasionally for a moment or two, just to take a look around. But not even he thought it worth while to keep a lookout all the time,

for he thought we were as safe as we would have been in a brick house.

"After an hour or so there came a jockey, in which there was some of the most remarkable drawings I ever saw. The broker had opened it on a pair of queens. The Commodore sat next, and, having a pair of sevens, came in. The doctor had three spades with a queen at the head, and being a rascally player at all times, pushed in his chips. I had been having great luck for a time, and decided to rely on it, so I came in with an ace. And the lawyer came also, though he had only two little four spots in his hand. We found out all this long afterward when we were together one night talking over the adventure, and at the same time we learned what the draw was. It seemed so curious to me that I wrote it down, so I speak by the card in telling it. The doctor was dealing, so I drew the first cards. They were another ace and three eight spots. The lawyer caught another four and two tens. The broker got three jacks. The Commodore caught a seven and two nines, and the doctor got his two coveted spades. A pair of queens was high hand before the draw, and there were four fives and a flush around the board after it. Such a thing may have happened often, but I never happened to hear of its happening on any other occasion but this.

"Naturally enough the betting began furiously, and the chips on the table were all in the pot presently. We were betting money and were, some of us, feeling through our pockets for our rolls, when suddenly the Commodore threw back his head and raised his hand with a sudden gesture that arrested our attention instantly. Dropping his cards, he sprang to his feet and started to rush out on deck, when a lurch of the vessel sent us all sprawling. The squall had struck us. For a moment, while we were scrambling up, we could feel the yacht tugging at her anchor, and then with a sudden dash onward somewhere. Whether we could not even guess, being all below, but we afterward found that it was toward the northeast, the squall coming from the southwest. Almost at the moment of the snapping of the cable, for it had snapped, we heard a tremendous crash overhead, and we afterward learned that the lurch of the boat had thrown her stick out of her.

"The sudden drive meant that we were drifting helplessly toward the mud flats on the other side of the channel; but before we could ascertain this—in fact, before any of us could get to the companion way—the wretched boat turned turtle. I have heard it denied that such a boat could turn turtle under such circumstances and I don't pretend to explain how or why it did. All I

know is that it did, and it looked as if we had reached our last quarter of an hour.

"The confusion was indescribable. Of course we were immediately standing or scrambling on the ceiling of the little cabin, while everything that had been on the floor fell with us. The water rushed in more than waist deep, and for a few moments it looked as if the little room would fill up completely before we could even think what possibility there was of getting out. Fortunately, however, there was buoyancy enough about the miserable, miserable craft, and the cabin was deep enough in the hull to keep it pretty near the water level and the air in the room was not immediately displaced. At least that was how I reasoned it out. All that I can say positively is that whereas I expected to be totally submerged I found that I could easily enough keep my head out of water. What air there was in the cabin doubtless helped to keep us afloat, confined as it was, and for a time—it seemed a very long time—we were tossed about splashed, and thrown down, as the boat rocked and pitched, but we were not drowned.

"At first no one spoke. The situation was too awful for words, and it seemed as if we were all so shocked as to be mentally stunned. I know I was for one, and if our escape had depended on my thinking of a means we would have all perished then and there. Fortunately the Commodore grasped the situation and as we could talk and understand one another well enough, he told us his plan in a few words. It was simple, and it gave us at least a chance for life. Moreover it seemed to be the only chance.

"You can all swim," he said. "Find a fishing line. There are plenty in the cabin. Somebody produced one in a moment it was on a reel.

"Hold fast to the reel," said the Commodore, "I'll take one end of the line and dive through the companion way. I think I can find my way over the side up to the bottom of the boat. I hold my end and when you feel three jerks make this end fast. Then you will have to follow, one at a time. Don't let go of the line as you go out, and you can't miss the way. I'll hold the other end.

"Very good, Commodore," said the broker, "but I'd better go first. You know what a swimmer I am, and I reckon the man who goes first will have the hardest job."

"The Commodore was disposed to dispute this proposition, but the lawyer spoke up sharply. 'Let him go, Commodore,' he said. 'It's a forlorn hope at best, and he's far and away the best swimmer.' So it was settled, and in another moment the broker had disappeared.

"Well, that's all the story. The plan worked and we were all perched on the keel inside of ten minutes. There we were seen by the life-saving patrol, and were all taken off safely sooner after. I can't say I ever enjoyed yachting after that day, and, as I said, I never played poker on Sunday again."

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regor, a Scot who resides in  
o, is said by an exchange to  
most argumentative of men,  
e calmest. Early one morn-  
returning home, he was ad-  
man who emphasized his  
pistol:  
your hands!  
asked Mr. McGregor, calmly.  
them up!  
for?  
ur hands!" insisted the foot-  
g his pistol. "Will you do  
you?"  
ends," said Mr. McGregor.  
how me any reason why I  
up my hands, I'll no say but  
but your mere request was  
on for me to do so absurd a  
why should you, a complete  
me at this hour of the morn-  
street to pit up my hands?"  
't quit gassin' and obey orders,  
top of your head off!" cried the  
faith, man, you must be out o'  
Come, noo, poor buddy," said  
coolingly, coolly catching the  
resting it with a quick twist out  
hand. "Come, noo, an' I'll  
they'll take care o' ye. Hech!  
to fecht, or eood, I'll shoot ye!  
ye might as weel put up yer  
a' just walk ahead o' me. That's  
awa', noo."  
r. McGregor marched his man  
and handed him over to  
gliss.  
be a bad idea to put him in a  
he said serenely to the officer.  
e doo; but the buddy's dait."  
summed his homeward walk.  
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MOTHER LOVE.

The flaming red of the evening sky was paling into violet shadows. Night came upon the earth over the little village, and the lonely house near its borders.

Dark shadows crept into the low, old-fashioned windows. They painted the white washed ceiling a somber black, and filled with gloom the narrow angles of a room in which an old woman sat bending over her knitting.

Not a sound was heard save the monotonous click, click of the needles, and now the whirr of the clock just before the striking of the hour.

'Eight o'clock! It is night. Before long he will be here.'

A sigh relieved the breast of the gray-haired woman. She pushed aside her knitting and set the smoky little oil lamp going. This she placed near the window that the light might greet the wanderer on his home coming, and then took up her knitting again.

Three years had gone by. It was autumn now, and the old woman sat in the self-same place near the big warm stove, waiting for the return of her only son. Yesterday he had been released from the army at the expiration of his term of service. But the night passed, and then a day and another night, and still her son came not. Almost a week went by, full of tedious waiting. One day at noon the postman rode up to the little house in the meadow.

'A letter, Mother Kathrine, a letter from your 'only one!' he cried. He recognized the stiff, ungainly character of the absent peasant lad.

Mother Kathrine fortified her eyes with her old horn spectacles and hobbled with her letter into the broad strip of the noon-day sun that came streaming through the small window. The wrinkled hands trembled, as she broke the seal. Is he coming home at last? No, not yet!

On the worn-eaten bench the old woman dropped, clutching the letter which was soon soaked with the tears that rained from her poor old eyes.

No, her lad was not coming! He may never come again. He was locked up in a prison cell because he had killed a man in a drunken brawl.

'Mother,' he wrote, 'I am innocent. I don't know how it happened.'

Yes, she knew. First a boy's rejoicing, because he was free to go home, then a spell in the tavern over the wine cup—a quarrel, insulting remarks, fierce, angry blows, a knife, and then murder. Yes, she knew!

Three more years to wait! At the end of that time his sentence would have expired. The wrinkled hands resolutely wiped away the tears. Mother Kathrine arose, put on her Sunday bonnet and her friendless mien, and went to see her relations in the village.

She told them, hesitating at first, and then blithely enough, that Jano, her only son, had shipped as a sailor on a big man-of-war and was making a trip around the world. The relations listened to her tale with astonishment, and praised the lad's courage. Soon the whole village knew it. The women came and congratulated her, and she, simple woman, turned dissembler in her old days for the love of her son.

Mother love must shield him from disgrace. The villagers must never know that Jano was a murderer. No, nor Katha, his sweetheart, who loved him and had been true to him, counting the days till his return.

In the night, when the villagers slept, Mother Kathrine sat weeping before her Bible, and prayed for Jano, her only son. Another care presented itself to the ever-thoughtful mother heart. Jano must have new clothes when he returns, and money—his savings from his long journey. And she began to save and stint to pile up a little store of silver. Like most women of her age, Mother Kathrine was fond of sugar in her coffee, but from now on she drank it unweetened. All day and half the night she knitted socks for a large concern in the city, and every week she carried the humble product of her industry to the store for the small, hard-earned pay. Nobody ever saw Mother Kathrine at these things, for nobody must ever know, for Jano's sake.

Thus, the time sped by. Three years—and this was the day that would bring him home. The old woman opened the cupboard and took from within a package of warm, woolen socks, a knitted kersey, a pair of new boots, and a large silk neckerchief. These things she laid out on the white pine table. From under the pillow of her bed she added a coarse linen bag, such as sailors carry, filled with clinking coin. Thirty silver dollars! The little fortune had grown apace, and Mother Kathrine chuckled with glee whenever she thought of her boy's surprise.

Bread and ham, sausage and butter, and a mug of cider made the old pine board look like a Christmas table. Everything was in readiness—Jano could come! On the bench by the stove she sat waiting, straining the half-deaf ears to catch the sound of his footsteps.

It came. The door opened slowly. As if stricken with palsy, the faithful old mother sat glued to her seat. The tall form of a man, stooping as he entered, stood in the moonlight that came with him through the door. Two dark eyes looked into hers out of a white set face.

The mother's arms opened wide. 'Jano!' With a bound the man knelt at her feet and buried his head in her lap.

Jano, her only son, had returned.

Mother love had banished the penitentiary specter. The villagers welcomed him cordially. The lads who had grown up with him took him to the tavern, and demanded that he tell them of the strange sights he had seen during his long absence. Jano related what he had heard others say, and what he had read in books. It was like gospel truth to the young men, who had never been twenty miles away from their village. After

the first days of greeting Jano hired out as a farm hand and worked untiringly in the evening. Katha, his sweetheart, came to the little house, and the three sat together and made plans for the future, when Katho and Jano would be man and wife. Soon Jano forgot the ugly past. It seemed like a dream that had nigh wearied Mother Kathrine and her son to death.

One sultry afternoon Jano came along the dusty turnpike with his rake over his shoulder. Toward him trundled the bent and ragged figure of a man. A tramp, thought Jano, then stopped suddenly, pale as death. The beggar, too, made halt, when he saw Jano.

'Halloo!' cried he, with a sneer, 'my mate from No. 7. Don't you know me? Lanky Jake, your old cell-mate?'

'What in God's name do you want here?' stammered Jano.

The beggar laughed. 'Picking up what I can get—don't you see?' Jano put his hand in his pocket and took out a dollar.

'Take that,' he said, 'and go away. Don't go to the village, and don't tell anyone that you know me.'

The ex-convict pocketed his coin. 'Ashamed to know me, hey?'

'Not that,' said Jano, with a shudder. 'But they don't know here that I've been in prison. I'm leading an honest life.'

'I'd like to do that myself. Have no fear, I'll not tell 'em. You were good to me in those days!'

He laughed and hobbled away. Jano stood still and looked after him till he disappeared from view.

'The storm has passed,' thought Jano and hurried home.

He had scarcely turned when a good-looking young peasant, who had watched the scene between the two, emerged from behind a thicket and hastened after the tramp.

That night in the tavern over glass upon glass of fiery wine and silver coins piled up to the height of five, the handsome young farmer learned from the tramp Jano's secret. He was Jano's rival for the love of Katha, the prettiest girl in the village. The next evening Jano, as was his wont, hastened to Katha at the end of his day's labor, to bring her to his home for the chat under the apple tree, and the walk back through the blooming fields.

This night Jano looked into a pale, distressed face, and eyes, frantic with fear, were riveted upon him.

'Katha!' he said. 'You are crying. What troubles you? Katha buried her face in her hands and sobbed aloud.

'Katha, tell me, your lover!' He lifted the hands from her face.

'Jano,' faltered the trembling lips, 'by our love, tell me, is it true, that you have not been around the world, but have been in prison the while?'

Jano was horrified. 'Katha—who told you?'

The girl paid no heed to his question. 'Is it true Jano?' she reiterated.

'Yes!'

From the finger of her right hand Katha took the little gold band with which she had plighted her troth to him. She threw it at his feet and left him.

'Katha!'

Jano did not rave. The blow stunned him and the loss of the girl seemed small when he thought of his mother.

'Poor mother! You have hungered, and tortured, and stunted yourself for nothing. Tomorrow everyone will yell it into your face that your son is an ex-convict, and your old days will be filled with shame and misery. Poor mother!'

The night was unusually dark, not even the stars came out. The crickets chirruped in the corn to lighten the gloom. The splash of the river was eery and sad, and from away off there came a shrill cry of anguish.

In the dawn of the early morning a little procession wended its way toward the village. Two men carried a stretcher, over which a black cloth was thrown, outlining a human form. Behind the bier strode the miller and the justice.

'I don't know how he got into the mill pond, but when we found him he was stone dead. He must have come down with the current in the river.'

'I wonder,' said the justice.

'I'm sorry for the old woman,' continued the miller. 'To be taken from her like this, after waiting so many years for him!'

'Yes, poor old Mother Kathrine!' reiterated the justice.

They reached the little house. 'Wait outside,' said the justice, 'till we break the news to her!'

The sun was on its upward way. The sky was aflame with red. Its reflex lighted the tiny windows, swished over the white pine table, and over the face of old Mother Kathrine, who sat with folded hands in her armchair. A sweet, peaceful smile hovered around the pale lips only the wide-open eyes were glassy and set.

She had been spared the blow.

A HUNTER'S STORY.

EXPOSURE BROUGHT ON AN ATTACK OF RHEUMATISM.

Nervousness and Stomach Troubles Followed—Sleep at Times was Impossible—Health Again Restored.

From the Amherst, N. S., Sentinel.

The little village of Petitcodiac is situated in the south-easterly part of New Brunswick, on the line of the Intercolonial Railway. Mr. Herbert Yeomans, who resides there, follows the occupation of a hunter and trapper. His occupation requires him to endure a great deal of exposure and hardship, more especially when the snow lies thick and deep on the ground in our cold winters. A few years ago Mr. Yeomans tells our correspondent that he was seized with a severe bilious attack and a complication of diseases, such as sour stomach, sick headache and rheumatism. Mr. Yeomans' largest quantity ever burned in one kiln. This required about a ton of coal. Each pipe rested on its bowl, and the stem was supported by strings of pipe clay placed one upon the other as the kiln became filled; the result was that at least 20 per cent were warped or broken in the kiln.



version of the facts are:—I became very ill and suffered the most excruciating pains in my arms, legs and shoulders, so much so that I could not rest in any position. I frequently could not sleep nights, and when I did I awoke with a tired feeling and very much depressed. My appetite was very poor, and I ate anything at all, no matter how light the food was, it gave me a dull, heavy feeling in my stomach, which was followed by vomiting. I suffered so intensely with pains in my arms and shoulders that I could scarcely raise my hands to my head. A neighbor came in one evening and asked, 'Have you tried Dr. Williams' Pink Pills?' I had not but then determined to try them, and procured a box and before the pills were all gone, I began to improve. This encouraged me to purchase more and in a few weeks the pains in my shoulders and arms were all gone and I was able to get a good night's rest. My appetite came back and the dull, listless feeling left me. I could eat a hearty meal and have no bad after-effects and I felt strong and well enough as though I had taken a new lease of life. My old occupation became a pleasure to me and I think nothing of tramping eighteen or twenty miles a day. I know from experience and I fully appreciate the wonderful results of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills as a safe and sure cure and I would urge all those afflicted with rheumatism or any other ailment, to buy Pink Pills as they create new vigor, build up the shattered nervous system and make a new being of you. The genuine Pink Pills are sold only in boxes, bearing the full trade mark, 'Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People.' Protect yourself from imposition by refusing any pill that does not bear the registered trade mark around the box.

WHERE CLAY PIPES ARE MADE.

Brasley, England. Where One Family Has Made Them for 207 Years.

It is difficult to state with any degree of accuracy when tobacco was first introduced into Europe, but it is generally believed that Sir Walter Raleigh took it to England towards the end of the sixteenth century. With the introduction of tobacco came the need of tobacco pipes, as before tobacco smoking began the smoking of herbs and leaves even for medicinal purposes was not at all general. It is stated that at Brasley, in Shropshire, the first clay pipes were made; and although many are made in Glasgow and elsewhere, yet the Brasley clay pipes are the best known among old smokers the world over, and their manufacture is still continued by descendants of the original makers.

The clay for making the pipes is and always has been obtained from Devon and Cornwall, the absence of coal in these districts and the abundance of it in Brasley having offered sufficient inducement to the early manufacturers to settle there. Pipe making in the early days of its introduction was a very different matter from what it is now. Then the greater part of the manipulation was performed by the master, and twenty or twenty-four gross were the



SEE THAT LINE It's the wash, out early, done quickly, cleanly, white.

Pure Soap did it SURPRISE SOAP with power to clean without too hard rubbing, without injury to fabrics. SURPRISE is the name, don't forget it.

so built that the winds turn them. In other places they are moved by water power. But it is obvious that the wind must fail occasionally, and that this may happen when the Buddhist is particularly in need of copious prayer. Water power, too, is often lacking.

At the present time the preliminary preparations of the clay are made by man, but the most delicate part is almost entirely entrusted to the hands of women. The pipes are placed in 'saggers' to be burned after the Dutch mode, and from 350 to 400 gross in one kiln are not an uncommon quantity. The breakages amount to not more than 1 per cent. One collector has a splendid collection of old clay pipes, the oldest of them, from these trade marks, hailing from Brasley, and being dated as long ago as the year 1600.

A MYSTERY OF NATURE.

Why She Provides Nectar and Fragrance in Flowers.

The great leading object in nature in providing nectar and fragrance in flowers is still a subject of discussion in scientific journals. That some flowers are unable to fertilize themselves and must have the aid of insects to certain; and it is also certain that in many cases this fertilization is accomplished by the insect while on foraging expeditions for the sweets which flowers furnish. But these well-ascertained facts cover but a small portion of the ground. The fertilization is often accomplished by insects in search of pollen as in search of honey; but it is not contended that pollen is given to flowers in order to make them attractive to insects, as is said of the sweet secretions. It is believed that nectar must be of some direct value to the plant as well as the pollen; and the effort is to find out what is the chief office of nectar in the life history of the flower. 'Since thought has been turned in this direction a new class of facts is being recorded. In California grows a lupine which often takes exclusive possession of large tracts of land. It does not yield a particle of nectar. It has bright crimson-violet flowers, and these are produced in such abundance that the color of the mass may be noted at long distances. But it has fragrance. This is so powerful that the traveler notes it long before he meets with the growing plants. The pollen-collecting insects visit the flowers in great numbers. It is believed that cross-fertilization can be affected by these pollen-collecting intruders. At any rate, the fragrance would be thrown away if it were provided for the mere sake of advertising for insect aid—as the other numerous species of lupine which have no fragrance are as freely visited by bees for the sake of the pollen as is this species. The cross-fertilization is effected as freely without fragrance as with it. This point has been made before, though with no reference to the philosophical question involved. Fragrant flowers are the exception not the rule. In some families of plants where there may be several scores of species, only one or two are fragrant. This has been especially noted among the wild species of violets. But no one has so far been able to note the slightest advantage in life-economy which the sweet scented ones possess over the odorless ones.—New York Independent.

PRAYING BICYCLES.

Japanese Now Attach Prayer Wheels to the Hubs of Their Bicycles.

The bicycle is now employed to aid the pious Buddhist in praying with greater ease, but yet, as he hopes, with greater effect. It is from the ingenious and enterprising country of Japan that this new departure is reported.

The Buddhist has done his praying with the assistance of a wheel. The prayers are placed inside the wheel, which turns around, following the direction of the sun, and delivers up to Heaven the prayers of the owner, or of all whose thoughts are fixed upon it. Some enormous wheels are capable of praying for thousands of people. This mode of worship may seem somewhat irresponsible to Western people, but the Buddhist, who is a subtle reasoner, would be able to explain why it is satisfactory.

In various parts of the vast territory in which the Buddhist faith is held different motive powers are used in these prayer wheels. Some humble persons turn the wheel by hand, but not if they can help it. On the hills of Thibet, a great stronghold of pure Buddhism, the wheels are usually

Mr. Ward's Two Hundred Words. SOME men talk too much and others not quite enough. The latter kind are not numerous, but they exist, and Mr. Henry Ward is one of them.

Mr. Ward is a stationer, and lives at Barton-in-the-Clay, near Amphil, Bedfordshire. On September 19th, 1893, he wrote us a letter of about two hundred words together. Ordinarily we should regard that letter as a model, for brevity is not only the soul of wit, but it is also a delightful quality in writing. Still, we wish Mr. Ward's letter had been four times as long as it is, because the story he has in mind covers a period of twenty years, and two hundred words are hardly more than a guide-board on such a long road as that. He will, of course, accept what we say as a high compliment, for there are very few persons of whom we say, 'Would they had talked longer.' So we will give you his letter just as he wrote it without a syllable omitted.

'Off and on,' he says 'I have suffered for twenty years from a sluggish liver. My eyes were tinged of a yellow color; I had a dull, heavy pain at my side, and a mist seemed to come before my eyes. I had a foul taste in my mouth, and pain and fulness after meals. I suffered agonies from colic; when the bad attacks came on I writhed and groaned with pain, and often thought I should die. In August of last year (1892) I became as yellow as a marigold and suffered excruciating pain in the intestines, with a fearful diarrhoea. For weeks this continued, and I grew very low weak, and anxious wondering if I should ever get better. At last I began to take Mother Seigel's Curative Syrup. The first few doses gave me relief, and after I had used one bottle and a half I was completely cured. Since then, through an occasional dose of the Syrup, I have kept in good health. (Signed) Henry Ward.'

Mr. Ward thus gives us a glimpse of an experience of which we are sure the full details would be both interesting and instructive. For, if all the men and women who are oppressed and half crushed with chronic indigestion, dyspepsia, and liver complaint (in England alone) were to move into Bedfordshire, it would crowd that county with the saddest lot of people you ever laid eyes on. And not one of them but would be glad to read what a fellow victim had to say. Nevertheless, thousands of them will see this article in the papers, and find out what cured him, which is the very nub of the case after all.

In fact, one has already heard of it through Mr. Ward himself—personally. It is a lady, living at Sharpenhoe, near Luton, Bedfordshire. She says that the early signs of her complaint appeared in the spring of 1886. Her symptoms in many respects resembled those named by Mr. Ward. She was frequently sick, and would strain and vomit for as much as twelve hours at a time. 'I had great pain about the stomach,' she adds, 'and what seemed like a lump that would rise into my throat, causing me such agony that the perspiration ran from my face in streams. I got so nervous and frightened that I would knock at the door would startle me. I got little or no sleep of nights, and grew so weak that I could barely get about. The doctor gave me medicines, but they did not help me. One day Mr. Ward, the stationer of Barton, called at our house and told me what Mother Seigel's Syrup had done for him, and urged me to try it. I acted on his advice, and after I had used the Syrup a short time, all pain left me; I could eat, and my food gave me strength. By taking a dose once in a while, I kept well ever since. (Signed) (Mrs.) Kate Smith.'

Now, please mark this. Liver complaint, loss of appetite, sick stomach, constipation, rheumatic pains, nervous prostration, &c., are all one thing, and that one thing is indigestion and dyspepsia. Cure that and you cure them. And what cures that the writers of the above letters have told us.

Why will people go on suffering year after year when it is easier to be well than to be ill? Yes, and cheaper too, a thousand times cheaper.

Walter Baker & Co., Limited.

Dorchester, Mass., U. S. A. The Oldest and Largest Manufacturers of

PURE, HIGH GRADE COCOAS and CHOCOLATES



on this Continent. No Chemicals are used in their manufacture. Their Breakfast Cocoa is absolutely pure, delicious, nutritious, and costs less than one cent a cup. Their Premium No. 1 Chocolate is the best plain chocolate in the market for family use. Their German Sweet Chocolate is good to eat and good to drink. It is palatable, nutritious and healthful; a great favorite with children. Consumers should ask for and be sure that they get the genuine Walter Baker & Co.'s goods, made at Dorchester, Mass., U. S. A. CANADIAN HOUSE, 6 Hospital St., Montreal.

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### Sunday Reading.

Is Your Lamp Burning?  
Say, is your lamp burning, my brother?  
I pray you look quickly and see;  
For if it were burning, then surely  
Some beams would fall brightly on me.  
Straight, straight is the road, but I falter  
And often fall out by the way;  
Then lift your lamp higher, my brother,  
Lest I should make fatal delay.  
There are many and many around you  
Who follow wherever you go;  
If you thought that they walked in a shadow,  
Your lamp would burn higher, I know.  
Upon the dark mountains they stumble;  
They are bruised on the rocks and they lie,  
With their white pleading faces turned upward  
To the clouds of the dismal sky.  
There is many a lamp that is lighted;  
We behold them near and afar;  
But not many of them, my brother,  
Shines steadily on like a star.  
I think, were they trimmed night and morning,  
They would never burn down or go out,  
Though from the four quarters of heaven  
The winds were all blowing about.  
I once all the lamps that are lighted;  
Should steadily blaze in a line,  
Wide over the land and the ocean,  
What a gloriole of glory would shine!  
How all the dark places would brighten;  
How the mist would roll up and away!  
How the earth would laugh out in her gladness  
To hail the millennial day!

### FOR GRANDFATHER'S SAKE.

What did it mean to you, last winter, happy young people, when the thermometer dropped? More coals for the furnace or 'air-tights,' another fragrant, resinous log on the fire blazing and roaring up the red throat of the chimney, cosy gatherings in the pleasant glow, with story-telling and laughter punctuated by the sound of cracking nut-shells and tiny, terpedo-like explosions of pop-corn kernels? A little more careful wrapping in furs or great-coats for the brisk walk that brought the rich blood to your cheeks, or the swifter ride to the

"Tintinnabulation of the bell?"  
Extra blankets and comforters for your bed at night, with maybe a hot lemonade to ward off a more than half-imaginary 'cold?' All these things, doubtless, and many more of the expedients by which competence or wealth wrest cheer and comfort from the caprices of our Northern climate.

But there were many others to whom the cold wave meant something far different. Thinly-clad women and children shivering in almost fireless attics, sharing hungrily their few morsels of cold food, creeping from the deadly chill of the day to the scarcely warmer refuge of their miserable beds at night,—troops of unemployed men and boys, haunting the lee sides of tall buildings, swooped upon by icy blasts that lay in wait for them at street corners, hungry, cold, despairing! Vicious, drunk-sodden? Alas, yes, too many of them, but human still, and our brothers!

But they were not all evil, those gaunt, hollow-eyed creatures who watched their more fortunate fellows hurry past them along the crowded streets. The saddest want of poverty is want of work. To have stroug, willing hands which he one will hire, to feel the promptings of an honest, self-respectful nature scorning idle dependence upon others, slowly crushed into pauperism,—this is to be poor indeed!

But the cold wave in the great city meant yet other things. For the terrible temperature which locked lake and congealed the mercury in the breath on the lip, by some happy paradox melted sympathies and unlocked purses. People began to question, "Who is my neighbor?" and to honor the night-draught of need and suffering. Free soup-kitchens and lodging-houses were improvised,—the hungry were fed and the homeless housed and comforted.

At 104—St. the young people's society of one of the up-town churches had rented a great, unused room, and fitted it up with fifty cots. Good news, as well as bad, travels swiftly, and long before the hour of opening, a motley crowd besieged the door.

Among the first to take his stand, was a young man—rather a boy, for he seemed not more than nineteen at most. His clothing was meagre and his hands bare, and he kicked his ragged shoes together as he stood pressed against the casement, in the constant effort to prevent his feet from freezing. He was no ordinary tramp, although he had traveled many, many miles on foot, subsisting as best he might along the way, in order to reach the great city which had proved, after all, more inhospitable than the country places which he left behind. His features, as well as his blond hair and blue eyes, hinted at his nationality, which was German. Indeed it was scarcely two years since one of the huge emigrant-steamers had landed him at Ellis Island, a friendless waif, yet full of faith and cour-

age. For had he not a change of garments in his bundle, a few 'gold-pieces' in his leather wallet, and, best of all, a true heart whose settled purpose was to make a home in this new, free land, to which he might by and by bring the grandfather and grandmother who had cared for his orphaned childhood?

He had no trade, but he had been used to work upon the soil, and it was for this reason that he drifted across the country to the great Western farming lands. He could hardly have made a more serious mistake, for the failure of crops threw him out of employment. He went hither and thither, until, at length, his little store of money quite gone, he made his way backward by slow and often painful stages to the metropolis between the oceans.

But the "hard times" were there before him. At best, he could only swell the ever-growing number of those who could find no steady work, and must live, if at all upon "odd jobs" or charity. For the latter he had not yet asked. Even at the farm-house doors where he had sometimes knocked as he made his long journey, he had refused to receive food or lodging except as the price of honest work.

But things had gone harder and harder with him, and, that night, his fortunes seemed at their lowest ebb. For nearly twenty-four hours he had not tasted food. The bitter wind searched his worn garments, and seemed to freeze the very marrow of his bones. He could hold out no longer. Why should he not take the bowl of soup, the warmth of a bed, the breakfast of bread and hot coffee, which the hand of pity held out to such as he?

The question once settled in his mind, it seemed like ages while he stood waiting for the opening of the door. In the sharpness of his physical suffering, he gloated upon the promise of warmth and food within. All thought of others seemed suddenly to have died out of his heart.

'I've only to stand my ground. I'm sure of my chance!' he said to himself, and he smiled almost wolfishly, as he watched men pushing and some cursing each other upon the outskirts of the crowd.

At last the key turned in the lock, and as the door swung inward on its hinges, he was the first to pass the kindly-faced gentleman who bade him welcome. The place to which he was assigned was near the fire, and, as he took possession of it, he stretched his stiffened fingers to the warmth, watching, while the faintness of relief from long strain took possession of his limbs, how, one by one, his companions in want filed in, until fifty men and boys crowded the room. Still, at the entrance, sounded the confused voices of others begging for admittance.

'There is no more room my men.' The tones of the door-keeper were firm, though sorrowful. 'Come earlier tomorrow night.' Amid a hoarse murmur of disappointment, the crowd outside fell back,—all but one person, an old man, who stood gazing in with a silent appeal on his withered face which no words could have expressed. His figure was bent, his thin, white locks blew about his withered cheeks, and his limbs trembled and tottered.

The doorkeeper turned about with a sudden impulse.

'Men,' he said, 'you are cold and hungry God knows! But you have all had fathers. Is there one among you who will volunteer to give this man his place?'

There was dead silence in the room. A few—only a few—gazed with stony indifference; the most cast shamefaced glances upon the floor. No one moved for a minute, then, with a face drawn and white, the young German rose from the cot on which he had sunk in his weakness, and staggered to his feet.

'I git him mine!' he said simply, in his broken English, and made his way toward the door; but, as he would have passed out, he felt a detaining hand on his shoulder.

'Wait a little, my lad. I am going home soon, and I will take you with me.'

The boy straightened himself, staring into the face of the young man who had spoken.

'I not fit,' said he.

'Don't say that! The young man's voice trembled. 'Any man who will do what you have just done, is fit to go into a king's palace!'

'It is not'ing,' was the wondering answer.

'One t'inks of the grandfather in the old country.'

The two went away together, and the boy ate a hot supper by a blazing fire, and, kindly questioned, told his whole brave, pitiful story. He slept in a warm bed that night, and dreamed himself in his grandfather's cottage. And when he would have gone, next morning, he was once more prevented, this time by the offer of work and home.

Tears stood in the honest blue eyes. 'How is it you take me mit' out—what you

# Gold! Gold! Gold!

## A RICH STRIKE

Mr. Alexander Lawrence, cook at Barr's Camp, Donald, B.C., made a rich find a short time ago. This is his description of it:

"Some two years ago I commenced taking Burdock Blood Bitters for dyspepsia, and before taking three bottles was completely cured. My work is, I think, the hardest a man can do, namely, cooking in a camp. I rise at 3.30 in the morning, and it is 10 at night before I can get to bed. I have, on an average, 60 or 70 men to cook for. So you see it requires a healthy man to stand the work.

"Before taking B.B.B. I felt tired and played out in the morning, and at night was still worse, but after taking the first bottle I felt such a change that it was a pleasure for me to rise early. I recommend it to every person in the camp as a sure cure for that tired feeling. It was a lucky strike when I struck B.B.B.

(Signed), ALEXANDER LAWRENCE."

### USE THE BBB FOR THE BLOOD BEST FOR THE BLOOD This Spring.

call?—recommendation?" he asked, with vivid memory of many appeals and repulses. "I have your recommendations," was the smiling answer; and the boy, still uncomprehending, said no more.

For it is out of commonplace stuff some times that heroes are made, but the secret is with Him out of whose crucible the carbon comes forth a diamond!

### ONLY A CUP OF TEA.

It Was Only a Trifle but it Brought Great Comfort.

A vast amount of so-called charity lacks the loving impulse which is the soul of true giving. Thousands of dollars have been bestowed upon the poor without expressing as much of Christ-like sympathy as the simple act which some one has described as follows:

A group of bright-faced young women were chatting together in the parlor over their afternoon tea, when a distant knocking caught the ear of the pretty girl-hostess. "Excuse me a minute, please," she exclaimed, springing to her feet. "I mustn't leave that knock unanswered, for I suspect it is mamma's washerwoman bringing home our clean clothes."

The surmise was quite right. Mrs. Knott, the washerwoman, stood at the back door with a heavy willow basket in her arms. She was a slight little woman who always looked to frail for the hard work she was obliged to do. This afternoon her lips were almost colorless and there were blue rings under her eyes. She was almost breathless from her long walk with the heavy burden, and her chest heaved spasmodically.

'Come in and sit down while I get the money,' said the girl sweetly.

She stepped into the adjoining room for her purse, and as she came back the white face of the woman at the door stirred her sympathetic heart to a sudden quick pity. "How tired you look!" she said. "Wait and I'll get you a cup of tea."

She had flashed out of sight in an instant, and was back again before Mrs. Knott had recovered from her surprise. On a dainty tray she carried a cup of delicate china from which rose a tempting fragrance.

'Drink this,' she said. 'I'm sure you'll feel better!'

The woman's hardened hand trembled as she took the cup and hastily drank its contents. The warmth seemed to spread through her chilled, exhausted body. Yes, her heart, too, felt the comfortable glow. A minute before she had been worn out, discouraged, hopeless. Now a new courage stirred within her. As she had climbed the steps she had thought how sadly insufficient for her needs the day for her work would be. Now she thought of the necessities it would purchase for her

children and her face grew bright. She went out into the dusk and dampness of the late afternoon with a step that was no longer hopeless.

Only a cup of tea! such a trifle to give, and yet carrying such comfort! Surely there must have gone with it the blessing of Him who multiplied the loaves and the fishes according to the needs of the multitude.

### KIDNEY DECEIT.

How Many are Unintentionally Deceived in Treating Kidney Disorders—Can You Afford to Trifle with Your Own Existence?—If You Suspect there is any Kidney Trouble, Discard Pills, Powders and Cur-Alls—South American Kidney Cure is a Time-Tried and Testified Kidney Specific.

A remedy which dissolves all obstructions, which heals and strengthens the affected parts, and which from the very nature eradicates all impurities from the system, is the only safe and sure remedy in cases of kidney disorder. Such a remedy is South American Kidney Cure. This is not hearsay. The formula has been put under the severest of tests, and it has been proclaimed by the greatest authorities in the world of medical science that liquids—and liquids only—will obtain the results sought for. A liquid remedy taken into the system goes directly into the circulation and attacks immediately the affected parts, while solids such as pills or powders cannot possibly attain these results. Kidney disorders cannot afford to be trifled with. The quickest way is the safest way to combat these insidious ailments. This great remedy never fails. It's a liquid kidney specific. It's a solvent.

### A Brave Bully.

When Judge Pendleton grows reminiscent he is always interesting. Court was short this morning and when Mr. Henry Tompkins walked in he said: "Mr. Tompkins, your cousin' Louis Garth, was the only bully I ever saw who was a brave man. He was in a poker game in camp with Lieutenant Forrest, a brother of General N. B. Forrest, and he called Forrest a liar. Forrest pulled his pistol, a double-barreled weapon, and placing it to Garth's breast, he pulled the trigger. The cartridge failed to fire, and Garth spat out a chew of tobacco and without moving a muscle, said: 'Lieutenant, you had better try the other barrel.' Forrest put his weapon up, and said: 'Garth, you are a brave man, and I will not shoot a brave man.' They were inseparable friends forever afterward."—Owensboro (Ky.) Inquirer

### HELPLESS FOR SIX MONTHS.

Rheumatism Held Him in Chains—Suffered Untold Torture—The Great South American Rheumatic Cure Waged War and Won a Complete Victory—Relief in a Few Hours.

"I have been a great sufferer from rheumatism. I was completely helpless for over six months. I tried all kinds of remedies but got no relief. Having noticed strong testimonials published of the cures effected by South American Rheumatic Cure I obtained a bottle of it, and received relief from pain from the first dose, and in an incredible short time I was entirely freed from my sufferings. James K. Cole, Almonte, Ont.

### CLEVER BLIND PEOPLE.

Some of Them Have Made Excellent Livings in Business.

Joseph Wunprecht, of Augsburg, in Germany, was blind from birth, but kept a second-hand book shop so successfully that he retired. A writer in Scrips says that his shop often contained as many as 20,000 volumes, but so acute was his memory that if he had once handled a book and placed it on the shelf, he could always find again immediately it was wanted. When a fresh batch of books came in, Wunprecht's wife described them to him, and such was his knowledge of books that he was able from this alone to accurately price them. A blind doctor is certainly a rarity, but a blind doctor who practices, and not only practices, but does so successfully, seems an impossibility. Still there is an example of this. Dr. Hugh James, of Carlisle, who only died in 1869, lost his sight when about twenty-five years old. At the time he was studying surgery, but gave that up and took to medicine. He successfully passed his examinations at Durham, and took the degree of M. D. and by his great skill soon got a large practice elsewhere. Joseph Strong, a Birmingham mechanic was another blind wonder who died about the same time as Dr. James. His special hobby was making musical instruments, and he built several organs quite as good as those made by seeing men, besides a number of flutes, violins, etc., which in tone and finish were decidedly superior to the majority of those imported into this country. In the latter part of his life Strong turned his attention to weaving, and with his own hands, unaided by anybody, constructed a loom which contained several important improvements upon those then in use, and some of these improvements are in use at the present day, nobody having been able to improve upon the invention of a blind man in that line.

### HEAD-NERVES

Are Disturbed When the Stomach Refuses to do its Work—Indigestion Upsets the Whole System and Makes Wrecks of More Hopeful Lives than any other Complaint Under the Sun.

"For several years I have been a subject of severe nervous headaches, and last June I became absolutely prostrated from the trouble. I also became a martyr to indigestion. I was persuaded to try South American Nerveine. I procured a bottle. My headaches were relieved almost immediately, and, in a remarkably short time, left me entirely. The remedy has toned up and built up my system wonderfully." James A. Bell, Beaverton.

### Potato Diggers.

It is frequently the custom for merchants in Scotland to buy potatoes when in the ground and undertake the lifting and carting. For this purpose they often communicate with a man in Ireland called a gaffer, who takes a gang of young women over to assist, as the Irish are some of the best workers in the field.

**Notches on The Stick**

"The End of the Earth" is not like any other book," writes Prof. W. H. Venable; and we are half inclined to take his word, having never met such another, and trusting it may not set the fashion to future seekers after literary extravagance. It is, indeed, a veritable anomaly in this time of book-breeding and the vending of literary curiosities; and it may well strike the groundings with surprise. We have read it with a sort of wonderin' interest, for it abounds in fascination, and power of a certain kind; but whether it should command our assent or admiration, that is a question not yet settled. In our twilight state of insight and opinion this seems true, that it outrivals Munchausen and Jules Verne; and it the literary quality could be brought to equal the singular subject matter, it might be handed down to future times as the wonder-book of this century. Unhappily the author is not a master of style, and, with all his wonders, is commonplace enough beside a Carlyle or a Hugo.

We are indebted to our friend, Hon. Charles H. Collins, for the opportunity of examining this work of which we had previously heard, and respecting which we had some curiosity. A work it is widely noticed in the press, and as widely commended, in America, and, in some cases at least, in England. Dr. John Clark Ridpath declared it "the most unique, original, and suggestive new book that we have seen in this last decade of a not unfruitful century." He very properly, also pronounces it "a puzzle—a literary mystery," and declares that "it puts criticism at fault." And of it Prof. Venable further says: "The charm of adventure, the excitement of romance, the stimulating heat of controversy, the keen pursuit of scientific truth, the glow of moral enthusiasm, are all found in its pages. The book may be described as a sort of philosophical fiction, containing much exact scientific truth, many bold theories, and much ingenious speculation on the nature and destiny of man. . . . The occult and esoteric character of the discussions adds a strange fascination to them. We can hardly classify, by ordinary rules a work so unusual in form and purpose, so discursive in subject-matter, so unconventional in its appeals to reason, religion and morality. . . . The direct teaching of the book, in so far as it aims to influence conduct, is always lofty and pure." But each according to his own taste and opinion. To us no book ever more hopelessly confounded the border lines of truth and fiction, mixing up more of fact and vagary in an inextricable mass; and no book has ever left so bizarre and ultra-sensational an impression upon us. The interest excited is like that known to the sceptical observer before whom the Indian juggler performs his tricks, or who sees the alleged ghost rise out of the boards of a theatre. The vulgar mind may be confounded, but the quick eye has pierced and detected the imposture, and an ear has been keen enough to hear the creak of the crank that turns the machine. It seems to us that the chorus of praise rises to a falsetto pitch, even when the artistic and material features of the book are in question; for we read: "If a fine statue or a stately cathedral is a poem in marble, a masterpiece of the printer's art may be called a poem in typography. Such is 'Eldorpha.'" In its paper, composition, presswork, illustration and binding—it is the perfection of beauty." And this certainly may be justly said, barring all extravagance of diction, that in all respects it is an attractive specimen of the book-maker's art.

The title of this extraordinary, and we may say, abnormal-book, is the following: "Eldorpha, (anagram from Aphrodite) Or the End of Earth: The Strange History of a Mysterious Being, and The Account of a Remarkable Journey, as Communicated in Manuscript to Llewellyn Drury who Promised to Print the Same. But Finally Evaded the Responsibility, which was Assumed by John Uri Lloyd. With Many Illustrations, by J. Augustus Knapp. Cincinnati. The Robert Clarke Co. 1896. Mr. Lloyd is a citizen of the Queen City, and appears to be high in the esteem of many in professional circles. His work is, in form, a series of romantic adventures, undergone by one who styles himself, "I am the Man," and whose venerable (imagined) face appears in white on a black background. The gist of the book, however, is an exposition of occult teaching; and many peculiar and striking views of natural and psychologic phenomena are given. It has had wide advertisement, and may, from the booksellers standpoint, (which we are told is the one to which authors must come in

**Constipation**

Causes fully half the sickness in the world. It retains the digested food too long in the bowels and produces biliousness, torpid liver, indigestion, bad taste, coated tongue, sick headache, insomnia, etc. Hood's Pills cure constipation and all its results, easily and thoroughly. 25c. All druggists. Prepared by C. I. Hood & Co., Lowell, Mass. The only Pills to take with Hood's Sarsaparilla.

**Hood's Pills**

(appraising their product,) be accounted successful, since it has run within a year's time, into eight large editions. Three chapters, excluded from the book, at the time of its publication,—upon the supposition that they might be prejudicial by overburdening the public credulity and furnishing too many matters hard to be believed,—have lately appeared in the Commercial Tribune, (Cincinnati), and will probably be included in the next edition. Some of the scientific notions contained in the volume may be derived from one of these excluded chapters: (XLIV.)

"No cavern such as you name has been discovered in Kentucky. You bring no evidence to show that the steamer George Washington ran the Ohio River as early as 1826. You assert that energy from the sun penetrates opaque bodies, even earthy matters. You claim that unseen rays of energy can be vivified and made visible. You pretend that water can rise above its level and thus by molecular force between solutions of varying gravity produce artesian wells by processes different from those accepted by geologists. You claim that the centre of gravitation is not the centre of the earth. You assert that the earth is hollow and that it is not matter that has weight, but that weight is an energy expression associated therewith, but which may exist free from matter. You assert that material has no strength, for that quality also you claim to be simply an expression of atomic and molecular energies. You assert that the prism does not decompose the sun's energy into its ultimates, but that the spectrum produced by a prism is a something scraped off from the light rays, the main ray passing directly through the prism. You claim also that rays exist that the prism can not deflect and that as yet no device of man can enable him to appreciate. You claim further that the rays of the spectrum known to man are not ultimates and that when they are finally dissociated, or again deflected, colors and conditions new to man will become evident. You assert that as yet man, because of his narrow mind, knows but little of the energy that pervades his sphere and you assert that unknown forces permeate his very being. Yes," I cried, becoming almost frantic as I read, "yes, and at last you submit to me an experiment fifty years old and craftily make me believe that I am looking at my brain when I really see the venation of the retina."

We are informed that "Professor Lloyd is not an Oxford graduate, with a cut-and-dried mind formed after models made by others. He is, however, a polished scholar educated in the University of Nature. It is this free and expansive mind that embodies in Eldorpha, so many propositions worthy the careful consideration of all interested in the accrument of human knowledge. A few of our readers may be surprised to find that the author is Professor J. U. Lloyd, our well-known American pharmacist, but those who know him well feel that this is but a new expression from an active mind that has long held their attention." The Boston Arena thus indicates the most expressive parts of the book: "The chapter dealing with 'The Food of Man' is most admirable, and the statement is made that food and drink are not matter, 'carriers of assimilable bits of sunshine,' the sun being shown to be the great life-giving energy of the universe. The chapters treating on drunkenness and the drinks of man, showing the awful power of the temptation to drink and the horrors resulting from indulgence, burn themselves into the brain. They are blood-curdling as any of the pictures in Dante's Inferno." "That the book is one to command attention we are ready to admit; and he who is on the lookout for the foremost literary sensation of the time, must not omit 'Eldorpha.'"

Howells designation of Rudyard Kipling as 'the laureate of larger Britain' derives a reason from many of his poems, which if political relations should ever be adjusted as some wish them, might be termed Ballads of Britain's World Wide Empire. His late spirited poem in The London Times, concerning Canada, entitled 'Our Lady of Snows,' belongs to the group of songs entitling him to the praise implied in that phrase of Mr. Howells. The title is hardly satisfactory to Canadian,

who naturally have no desire to be characterized by that mysterious name, the North Pole, and its chilly borders; so that reiterated line—they repudiate, however they may be pleased otherwise with the spirit of the piece. The poem concedes certain rights to Canada that were once upon a time disputed when claimed by another colony.

"A nation spoke to a nation,  
A queen sent word to a throne;  
Daughter am I in my mother's house  
But mistress in my own.  
The gates are mine to open  
As the gates are mine to close,  
And I set my house in order,  
Said the Lady of the Snows."

"I called my chiefs to council,  
In the din of a troubled year  
For the sake of the sign ye would not see  
And a word ye would not hear;  
This is our message and answer,  
This is the path we chose,  
For we be also a people,  
Said Our Lady of the Snows. . . ."

That is: Canada has the right to decide; and she decides for Britain, like a loyal daughter.

The gates are mine to open  
As the gates are mine to close,  
And I abide by my mother's house,  
Said Our Lady of the Snows."

Mr. Arthur Weir's protest; against [this designation which has been widely published is nearly as spirited and quite as poetical as Kipling's ballad. The charm of the Canadian poet's verses had added to them the music of Mr. Davin's voice, when they were recently read by that honorable gentleman in the Dominion House, "and recorded in Hansard as an antidote of Mr. Kipling's misnomer."

J. Hunter Duvar of Herrewood, P. E. I. author of 'De Roberval,' "The Enamerado," Annals of the Court of Oberon," and other well-known works, has for several months been occupied with the composition of a modern novel, of which some thirty chapters are completed and transcribed.

The Haliburton club at Windsor N. S. announce as in press with Wm. Briggs, Toronto, Ont. "A Centennial Chapter; A Tribute to the Memory of Hon. T. C. Haliburton, author of 'Sam Slick' etc." The volume will contain, beside F. Blake Crofton's monograph, formerly published, "Haliburton, the Man and the Writer," interesting articles by H. P. Scott, Esq., Windsor, N. S., T. P. Anderson Esq., British Museum, London, G. B., Prof. L. F. Horning, M. R. Victoria University, Toronto, Ont., and R. G. Haliburton, Esq. Q. C. The book will be ready in July.

We are advised by Sir James Lemoine that The Royal Society of Canada will meet at Halifax, in June (21-25), for the projected Cabot celebration. A season of much interest is expected. Delegates from Scientific or Literary Societies in Canada or the United States, who plan to attend, will do well to confer by letter with the Secretary, Hon. Dr. Bourinot, of Ottawa.

Gen. Horatio King, a native of Paris, Me., (June 21, 1811), well and favorably known as editor and author, died at Washington, D. C., on May 20th, in his 86th year. He was also known in official and political circles, having been postmaster general during a position of President Buchanan's administration. PASTOR FELIX

**THE DOG STAR.**

Sirius is one of the Most Magnificent of all the Stars.

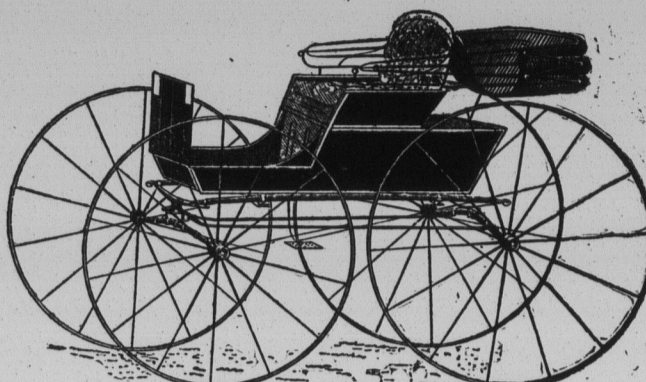
As far as we know or are able to ascertain, says the Waverley Magazine, Sirius, one of the giants among the 'fixed stars,' is one of the most magnificent specimens of God's handiwork. Sir John Herschel's astronomical labors during the early portion of the century and those of the brilliant French astronomer, Flammarion, during the past twenty-five years, have enabled us to know considerable about the distance to, the size of and the intensity of the light of that distant orb. Sirius is situated about 52,000,000,000 leagues, or upward of 225,000,000,000 miles from our world, but the intensity of the light is such that it has been estimated by Flammarion to be at least 224 times greater than that emitted by our sun! The distance to Sirius being so great it follows that we do not see the orb as it is today, but as it was twenty-two years ago. The ray of light which comes to us in this, the summer of 1897, was not emitted by that orb yesterday, or the day before, but early in the spring of 1875. Should Sirius be blotted out of existence today, we should know nothing of the calamity until about the middle of the year 1819.

Dylin man Grasp at a Straw.  
"Dr. Agnew's Cure for the Heart has done so much for me that I feel I owe it to suffering humanity to give testimony. For years I had smothering spalls, pains in my left side, and swelled ankles. When I took the first case of Dr. Agnew's Heart Cure, my friends thought I was dying, it gave me almost instant relief, and six bottles entirely cured me."—Mrs. F. L. Lumsden, Scranton, Pa.

**CARRIAGES! CARRIAGES!**

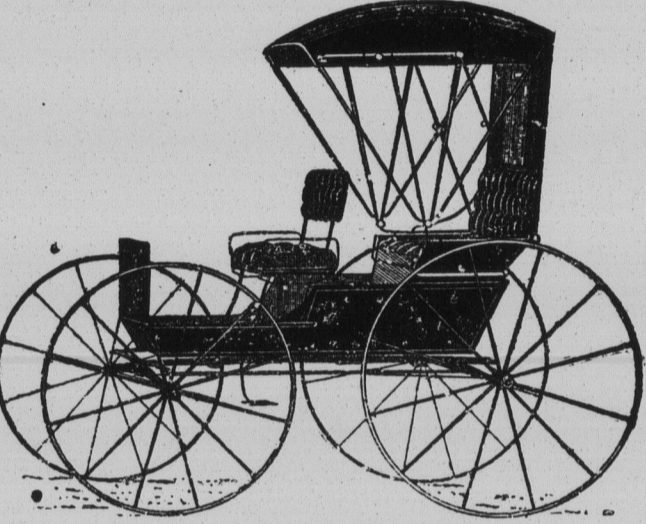
Handsome and Comfortable, well constructed and elegantly finished.

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A very handsome and convenient carriage for all purposes



**DOUBLE-SEATED BUGGY.**

Perhaps one of the most serviceable and comfortable carriages built. Rides as easy as a cradle.

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**CUSTOMS OF THE MIKADO**

The Japanese Ruler's Methods of Dealing With Ministers and People.

His Majesty's daily customs are very regular. He always goes to his study at 9 a. m. and remains at work there until 4 p. m. He reads and signs all parliamentary laws and decrees.

When a Cabinet Minister addresses his Majesty about any public matter he inquires about the subject, the purpose and condition, and decides it. He is firm and not changeable. When he decides a matter once he cannot alter that be moved.

At the beginning of Matuskata's Cabinet Parliament decided to reduce the salaries of the Cabinet Ministers and other Government officers. The Prime Minister, Count Matuskata, addressed his Majesty about it. His Majesty did not consent and he said: "Many officers cannot live upon a fixed salary. Some Cabinet Ministers have been obliged to borrow money, and I advanced money from my treasury to support them. If the present Cabinet Ministers retain their positions by borrowing money all Cabinet Ministers, therefore, cannot do so. Therefore I cannot consent to the reduction of salaries."

Count Matuskata retired from His Majesty. However, the Cabinet once more debated the question with the Count, and Matuskata went again to consult the Emperor.

His Majesty was not inclined to see him again, and sent an attendant to say to him: "I have already commanded about the reduction of salaries. I cannot see you any more." The salaries were, therefore, not reduced. His Majesty understood the condition of the lower classes, and familiarizes himself with the private conduct of the Cabinet Ministers. When he reads newspaper articles relating to the private conduct of any Cabinet Ministers and attacking him, his Majesty sometimes smiles.

His Majesty is fond of reading books and newspapers. He is especially fond of German books. He likes to compose Japanese poems, which he can do very readily. His ability in that respect is much admired by his attendants. His Majesty dislikes all pretenses and hypocrisy.

When it has been reported to his Majesty that some of his subjects have given their lives in time of flood or earthquake to preserve his Majesty's picture, he has been much touched; but he is anxious to discourage his subjects from such quixotism, and to preserve them from any but necessary danger.

Withal His Emperor's life is a very happy and peaceful one, blessed by the love and respect of grateful subjects; and when his Majesty makes a tour anywhere in Japan without his guards he is in no danger, but is received everywhere with reverence and joy.

—Japanese American Voice.

He Got the Gold.

Banks are so well able to protect themselves that most readers will enjoy the following account of how an unsophisticated customer secured a slight advantage over one of them.

A poor Irishman went to the office of an Irish bank and asked for change in gold for four or five one-pound Bank of Ireland notes. The cashier at once replied that the Cavan bank only cashed its own notes. "Then would ye gie me Cavan notes for these?" asked the countryman in his simple way.

"Certainly," said the cashier, handing out the fourteen notes as desired.

The Irish man took the Cavan notes, but immediately returned them to the official, saying: "Would ye gie me gold for these, sir?"

And the cashier, caught in his own trap, was obliged to do it.

I Have Had

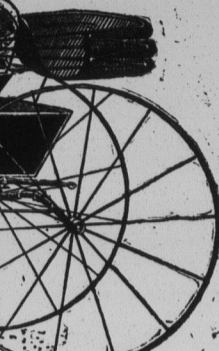
Rheumatism for years, and Nerviline is the only remedy that has done me any good. So writes Thomas McGlashan, North Pelham, and his testimony is supported by thousands of others who have experienced the wonderfully penetrating and pain subduing power of Nerviline—the great nerve pain cure.

If there are not many visitors at a house, it is a sign that the husband wears the pants.

**MARRIAGES!**

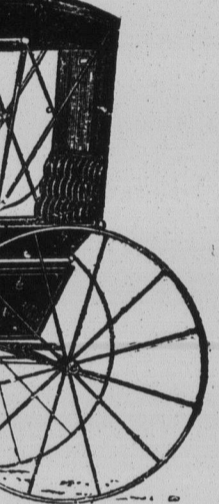
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**BUCCY.**

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**BUCCY.**

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a cradle.

**& SONS,**

N. D. B.

and Union Sts.

He likes to compose Jap-  
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**Woman and Her Work**

The following article on the hair, which I quote on account of the clearness and simplicity with which it explains the various causes of faded and falling hair, and the excellent advice it gives about the hair—rather upsets our most cherished ideas on the subject, and robs the almost tiresome, and dreaded function of going to bed, of half its terrors. How those "hundred strokes with the brush have haunted us and made bed-time a perfect terror, and caused some of the more lazily disposed of us to sit up half the night, in a short-sighted effort to postpone the evil hour at any price. It is a blessed thing that modern research has simplified some things even if it has elaborated others at the same time; because the modern belle will now be able to devote the extra moments that she formerly wished on her flowing locks, to massaging her face and caring for her complexion, twisting her arms to keep round, holding her breath while she counts five, to fill out her throat and make it round and white, breathing deep breaths to develop her chest, and going through physical exercises to improve her figure and give her a graceful carriage. Truly compensation is the law of existence the world over, and it is a good thing that some benefactor of the race made that little discovery about brushing the hair, else we should soon have been obliged to go to bed at about eight o'clock in order to get through with all our preparations in time to get any beauty sleep at all.

"What do you think of a theory advanced by some savant that man is tending to evolve into a hairless animal?" was asked of a hair-dresser, whose specialty is diseases of the scalp. "There is about as much probability of his walking on his all fours," was the positive reply. "They know next to nothing about the hair and the scalp or they would never have such a thought. The hair never falls out unless there is something wrong about the scalp caused by the general health, the habits of the individuals, or the way the scalp is treated. Blonds, of course, as a rule, have the thickest hair, as they average 790 hairs to the square inch, while there are 608 chestnut or brown hairs, 572 black hairs, and only 495 red hairs. I believe, as a rule, red-haired persons keep their hair the longest, while it turns gray sooner than any other. The hair is a good barometer of the health, for if a person is weak and ill, with an imperfect circulation, the hair invariably becomes thin, uneven, and lacking in natural gloss. It is wonderful, with the constant falling out of the hair, that thin hair should be not more common, or that there is not more cases of total baldness. The average life of a hair is from two to six years.

"About the best way to keep the scalp healthy is to preserve its elasticity. To do this massage is necessary, and if there should not be enough oil, the hair feeling dry and brittle, a preparation containing lanoline, softened by the addition of either vaseline or glycerine, should be worked in with the fingers. If there is a tendency to baldness this should be done daily. In such cases the application of water and too frequent shampooing should be avoided. The best hairdressers will all tell you that the hair should not be washed too frequently, as it deprives it of its natural oil. This is one of the chief reasons why more than women loose their hair early. They wash or wet it too frequently. The average person doesn't need to wash his hair oftener than once a month, but where the hair is excessively oily, which is really a good fault, it may be washed once every three weeks.

"As age comes on, the small vessels, the capillaries which feed the roots of the hair, become smaller, the hair roots are not properly nourished and the hair falls out. This also happens in fevers and disease. As a usual thing after illness these vessels soon regain their normal condition and the lost hair is quickly restored, but with age, restoring the hair is much more difficult. And if the hair follicles are entirely destroyed there is no remedy. The best agents for restoring hair, especially where the person has been bald some time, is by massage or electricity. The first can be given by almost any barber, and I have known ladies who massaged their own heads successfully, but the second should only be given by or upon the direction of a physician. I have restored what at first appeared hopeless cases of almost total baldness of long standing by daily massage and the free use of lanoline and vaseline on the scalp. The tincture of cantharides, diluted to suit the condition of the individual scalp, is very useful when the loss of hair is due to inactivity of the circulation and the wasting of the glands and hair follicles.

"New dandruff is caused by the opposite condition of the scalp, or the over secretion by the glands. It is to the scalp what pimples are to the face. In this case the hair follicles are clogged with too much grease, the simplest and most effective remedy being a thorough shampooing once a week and a daily massage of the scalp to aid the circulation. Washes containing alcohol, ammonia, borax, and carbonate of potassium are good, but I have never had a case that would not yield to shampooing and massage.

"Some ladies have great faith in the old-fashioned idea of giving the hair one hundred strokes with the brush night and morning. I do not hesitate to tell them it is a fake. Many of them think my dislike of the brush a prejudice and pay little attention to my advice, but my dislike of the brush comes from more than twenty years' experience. The brush drags out the hair much more than the comb and should be used as little as possible. A good healthy head of hair can be kept glossy as well without the brush as with it. All that is necessary is to keep it clean and well combed. Another fact about keeping the scalp and hair in perfect condition which many ladies disregard is the fact that the hair should be allowed to fall loose over the shoulders whenever circumstances permit, and should never be confined at night or during the hours of repose."

There are no infallible rules of fashion this season at least so say those who should be authorities; so one can wear pretty much what they please—and better still—what they happen to have on hand! Speaking for myself I know it is a real joy to be able to take out the bodice which was cast aside before its first youth had waned, merely because the tight sleeves condemned it and the material could not be matched, and after sewing a full flounce of lace over those impossible sleeves, find it on the top wave of fashion. There is also an innocent pleasure in widening the too narrow skirt with a lavish addition of panels, and freshening up a slightly shabby one with half a dozen flounces around the bottom. It is so seldom that stern fashion lends herself to our little economies that we should rejoice when she smiles on genteel poverty, and make hay while the sun shines.

But unfortunately the very latitude allowed in the choice of costumes has had the effect of throwing some very remarkable combinations of color and texture on the market, and in not being quite sure which of the brilliant colors to choose many women whose taste is fairly good ordinarily, are led to make mistakes in choosing their costumes which would surprise them if they could but see themselves as others do. Therefore the secret of real distinction in dress this year lies either in the ability to design harmonies, or telling contrasts in dress, or else in choosing neutral tints which will make the dress stand out amidst all the brilliant colors so generally worn. Black, pale gray, and biscuit color, are the shades that carry out this idea best, and a touch of some bright color about the bodice is quite sufficient to redeem the gown from dullness, and give it a certain character of its own, without which no gown can be a success.

Almost the only costume to which this rule does not apply is the popular foulard which is nothing at all if not gorgeous both in color and design; not like the chales foulards seems to be a law unto themselves and they must be showy. One very pretty one is pink and black and white, and is trimmed at the foot of the skirt with two ruffles of ecru lace. The bodice is of fine ecru canvas covered with an applique of guipure worked with gold thread, and full braced silk edged with narrow lace extending over the shoulders. The belt is of black satin with a large bow at the back, and the collar which is of embroidery has a little frill of pink and silk another of cream lace, at the back. Another of these brilliant gowns is of green, blue and yellow and white silk with a plain skirt tucked around the hips. The bodice is of white mousseline de soie over white silk, and is trimmed all around the figure with bows of narrow cream, lace an inch apart. Full braces of the bright colored silk form a pretty contrast over the white and the collar and belt are of white satin ribbon.

**HALL'S**  
**Vegetable Sicilian**  
**HAIR RENEWER**  
Beautifies and restores Gray Hair to its original color and vitality; prevents baldness; cures itching and dandruff. A fine hair dressing.  
R. P. Hall & Co., Props., Nashua, N. H.  
Sold by all Druggists.

**We have been talking...**

a good deal lately about medium and high priced footwear, now we want to let Everybody know that in the low priced shoes we also lead.

**IN MENS' BALMORALS** we have what can fairly be called HANDSOME stylish lines at \$1.25, and \$1.50,

And in **Womens' Dongola Kid Button Boots**, our lines at \$1.00, \$1.25, and \$1.50, will be found the best value in the city.

Unquestionably ours is the store for low priced stylish footwear.

**WATERBURY & RISING,**

61 King and 212 Union Street.

The latest novelty in trimming, if one can call such a revival of a bygone fashion, a novelty, is the narrow silk fringe of fifteen years ago, which is used with a lavish hand in the trimming of crepe de chine dresses. Embroidery is very largely used on pique this season, and so recklessly is it applied that the pique might be said to form merely a foundation for the thick covering of jet and colored silk which is used in both open and close patterns. Of course the piques are in such delicate tints that they might almost be mistaken for corded silk, especially at night, and when loaded with embroidery the illusion is complete. The hip trimming is a feature which seems to be growing in favor, and it is seen on numbers of very swell summer dresses, and so much stress is laid upon it as a decoration that it is made as conspicuous as possible. For instance a dress of black and white checked silk has two kilted frills of the silk, headed by a band of lace insertion over white satin, around the hips, as the sole skirt trimming. The bodice of this very striking and costume is of green mirror velvet, with a vest of white chiffon over white satin, and the revers of the bodice are covered with lace matching the insertion on the skirt.

Next to the foulards, and the transparent canvas materials, come the muslins and organdies which look so fresh and sweet, so quaint and simple and inexpensive, but which really cost by the time they are made up, so much more than a really good tailor made costume. Yards and yards of costly lace edging and insertion, and expensive ribbon are required for the trimming of these fresh little gowns, and if they are made by a leading dressmaker, she is sure to require silk linings for them, and declare that it is impossible to turn out a really elegant muslin dress with any other kind of foundation. In spite of this, many very pretty dresses are constructed over linings of colored dimity, which is most satisfactory, and would look just as well if one did not happen to know that it was not silk. A lovely model of a white organdie is made over mauve silk and trimmed with rows of lace insertion set on both crosswise, and up and down on the skirt. This trimming is applied first in perpendicular stripes set on at intervals of eight or nine inches, and around the bottom are three rows running around the skirt and the same distance apart and heading a full ruff of lace. On the bodice all the stripes run up and down, while the order is reversed on the sleeves which are trimmed from shoulder to elbow with rows of insertion running around them. A frill of lace finished the full bodice where it opens at the left side, and both the neck and the tops of the sleeves are finished in like manner wide mauve satin ribbon forms a sash, and loops of the same in narrow width catch up the lace at the top of the sleeves and appear at the neck. ASTRA.

**GIVE BIRDIE A GUN.**  
Let Her Emulate the Deeds of Her Famous Amazons.

The laws of Colorado having admitted women to all the rights, duties and responsibilities of men, they claim as among those rights the privilege of serving in the militia. The latest dispatches from that commonwealth inform us that Mrs. Birdie Morgan, of Denver, has made formal application for a command in the national guard, and that she expresses the belief that a company of women would prove an important adjunct to that body.

Why not? Have there not been women warriors in every age of the world? Have there not been queens and amazons who were soldiers every inch, familiar with the tented field, setting squadrons therein, and knowing the division of a battle? Most certainly there have. Why, then, should not an American amazon be permitted to buckle on her sword or shoulder her musket and show how battles are won?

Not to speak of Belle Boyd and other heroines of our civil war, history is full of the warlike achievements of women, and

their names are enshrined in verse and story. Samuel Butler has preserved the memory of an English heroine whom he calls English Moll, who was indeed a celebrated character in her day. Clad in mail and armed for battle this heroine placed himself at the head of a thousand English warriors and sustained a combat with three thousand Spaniards for seven hours, at last retiring into a castle, which she successfully held. Mary Ambrose was her humble name, and a ballad assures us—  
When captains courageous, whom Death did not daunt,  
Did march to the siege of the City of Gaunt,  
They mustered their soldiers by two and by three,  
And the foremost in battle was Mary Ambrose.

When the Armada threatened England Queen Elizabeth  
Most bravely mounted on a stately steed,  
With trucehook in her hand,  
marshaled her troops, deeply resolved 'to lay down for my God, for my kingdom, and for my people, my honor and my blood even to the dust.'  
At a far earlier date another British queen, Boadicea, led her people against the Roman legions with a constancy and courage that deserved a better fate. Whose blood has not thrilled at the recital of the heroic deeds of Joan of Arc, whose renown is imperishable? With these and a thousand other historic examples before them, can it be that the Colorado authorities will deny Birdie Morgan's just demand? She votes, she serves on juries, she attends political meetings, and she is qualified to hold office. Why, then, should she not be permitted to fight and die, if need be, for her country? By all means let Birdie have a gun. Chicago Times-Herald.

**MONKEYS AT CHURCH.**  
How They Once Set an Example of Good Behaviour at Church.

That monkeys, and wild ones at that, should be able to set an example of decorous conduct at a religious service seems an extraordinary thing, but that they once did so is attested by the Rev. Jacob Chamberlain in his book, 'In the Tiger Jungle.'

The missionary was holding a service in the streets of a town on the Telugu coast. The preachers stood on a little raised platform on one side of the street against the house-walls. On the opposite side of the narrow street was a long row of trees, the branches of which stretched out over the flat roofs into the street.

"One of our native assistants," says the missionary, read a portion from the gospels and another preached, while I watched the audience of natives, to study the countenances of the people among whom I was to work for many years.

"Chancing to raise my eyes, I noticed many branches of the trees beginning to bend downward toward the roofs, and saw the faces of some old jack-monkeys peering out through the foliage. Soon some of them jumped down and came forward to see what their 'big brothers' in the street were about.

"Springing upon the parapet of the low roofs of the houses opposite, they seated themselves, with their hind feet hanging over in front, and gazing fixedly at the preacher, as they saw the people in the street doing.

"Other monkeys followed, until there was a long row of them on the parapet, looking for spaces between the monkeys already seated: they would put up their hands, and, pushing another monkey sidewise, would seem to say, 'Sit along, please, and give a fellow a chance,' until the 'bench' was crowded.

"I had noticed that many mother-monkeys had brought their babies to church with them. The baby-monkey would sit upon the thigh of the mother, whose arm was twined around it in a very human fashion.

"But the sermon was evidently too high for the little folk's comprehension. I saw one of these little monkeys cautiously reach his hand around, and, seizing another young monkey's tail, give it a pull. The other struck back; whereupon the mother-monkeys, evidently disapproving such levity in church, each gave her child a box on the ear, as much as to say:

"Sit still! Don't you know you must behave in church?"  
The little monkeys, thus reprimanded, turned the most solemn faces toward the preacher, and seemed to be listening intently to what he was saying.

"With the exception of now and then a

monkey's pursuit of a fish that was biting him in a tender place, they all thus sat demurely until the preacher finished his sermon and until we had distributed gospels and tracts among the audience and had started for our tents. Not until then did the monkeys walk back and spring up into the trees.

"These were no 'monkey capers' as they went; they were as serious as any congregation leaving a church; and they sat a while on the branches as though thinking over what the preacher had said."

"No Fish."  
Fine as are the salmon of Newfoundland, they are without honor in their own country, as the following incident from Dr. S. T. Davis's 'Caribou-shooting in Newfoundland' will show:

Our way into the interior was over a lovely pond. We had made an early start, and left the foot of the pond just as the day was breaking. We had not proceeded far when the writer thought he could occasionally see the water break with a splash in close proximity to the canoe. Seated as he was in the bow, he turned to the native who was handling the paddle in the stern, and inquired whether there were any fish in the pond.

"Fish? No, sir, no fish, sir."  
Presently, when about half-way up the pond, and just as the sun was peeping over the eastern horizon, he saw, not six feet from the bow of the canoe, a magnificent salmon rise to the surface, and with a splash of his tail, disappear. Again the writer turned to his friend with the remark, "Daddy, did I understand you to say that there were no fish in this pond?"

"No fish, sir; no fish."  
"Yes, but—I beg your pardon—I a moment ago saw what I took to be a twelve- or fifteen-pound salmon break the water not six feet from the bow of the canoe."  
"Oh, that was a salmon. There are plenty of trout and salmon in all these waters, but no fish, sir. Nothing counts as fish in these parts but codfish, sir."

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GRANT'S WHITE MOUNTAIN RIDE.  
Seven Miles Over a Rough Road in Less than an Hour.

In St. Nicholas George B. Smith tells of a remarkable ride once made by General Grant, from the village of Bethlehem to the Profile House in the White Mountains. The driver was Edward Cox, and Mr. Smith describes the ride as follows:

When, about seven o'clock of that calm August evening, the Presidential party stepped out of the Sinclair House, General Grant's trained eye, sweeping over the team with the glance of a connoisseur, at once recognized its excellence. Walking quickly to the driver's side, he said to Cox, 'If you have no objections, I will get up there with you.' 'It is pretty rough riding up here, General,' was the reply. 'I can stand it if you can,' said Grant, as he climbed to the place and settled himself. The President was dressed in high silk hat, black suit, and a long linen duster covering as much of his clothing as possible. The others of the party adjusted themselves in the big, heavy wagon according to their ideas of comfort, and all was ready. Sixteen people were in that vehicle, including Mr. Cox.

The driver tightened the reins with a 'whist' and with a spring, in perfect unison, the noble animals were off for the Profile. The telegraph operator at the St. Clair sat with his finger on the key, looking out of the window and watching for the moment of the start. A message at once flashed over the wire to the Profile House, saying that they had gone, and the time was noted. It was precisely seven o'clock.

At the Profile a large company had gathered in the office, waiting for the arrival. Among them were several stage drivers, who with becoming gravity gave various opinions, as sages and oracles of profundity in road knowledge, and fully discussed the situation. It was known that Cox intended to break all records if he could; but it was the unanimous expression of the drivers, knowing every foot of the road as they did, that 'Ed' could not make the drive in less than two hours, and a portion of them thought he had better make it two and a half. As the last three miles were right up into the mountain, with a steep grade all the way into Franconia Notch. But that he could make the eleven miles in less than two hours was not believed for a moment.

Those of our readers who have visited this famous hotel, the Profile will remember Echo Lake, and the little cannon kept there to wake the echoes. This beautiful sheet of water, famous far and near for its echoes and their many repetitions, is about a quarter of a mile from the hotel, and the Presidential party had to pass it to get to the house. It had been arranged that when they drove by the runner should fire the cannon, to announce the fact to the house. At the hotel we were listening for the signal gun, chatting, discussing the event, and passing the time as best we could, when—bang! went the gun. The echo-maker had spoken. We looked at the clock hanging in the office. It was not believed it was the President. 'It cannot be! Look at the time!' Some mistake has been made! Such were the expressions heard on all sides.

The proprietor hurried a bell-boy to the lake, to ascertain why the gun was fired before the time. But it was the expected party. In what seemed an incredibly short time we heard the tramping of the flying steeds, and the rattle of the chariot; and in another moment they swept around the corner of the house into plain view.

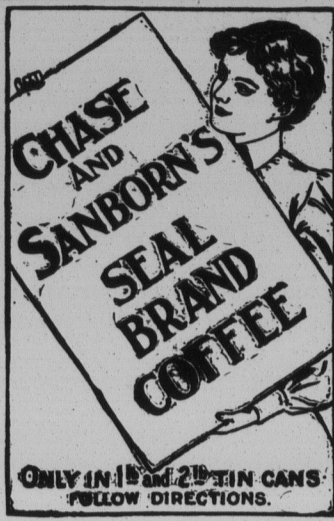
Never will I forget the scene, as they swung into the large circular space before the building. Ed Cox stood up on the foot-board, with teeth set, eyes blazing, and every rein drawn tight in his hands. General Grant sat beside him, holding his hat on with one hand, the other grasping the seat. The eight horses were on the full run, with mouths wide open, ears back flat to their heads, and nostrils distended. They were covered with sweat and foam, yet all under perfect control of the magician on the box. As they made the circle and drew up in front of the hotel, Cox threw his weight on the brake and stopped at once. He had made the drive in precisely fifty-eight minutes.

Silk Producing Fish.

A queer little shell fish known as the piana lives in the Mediterranean and has the curious power of spinning a viscid silk, which is made in Sicily into a regular fabric. This silk is spun by the shell fish in the first place for the purpose of attaching itself to the rocks. It is able to guide the delicate filaments to the proper place and then glue them fast, and if they are cut away it can reproduce them. The material, when gathered—which is done at low tide—is washed in soap and water, dried and straightened, one pound of the coarse filament yielding three ounces of the fine thread, which, when spun, is of a lovely Golden-brown color.

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SHOOTING A MAN.

A Superintendent's Reasons for Pursuing Peace Policy in Strike Times.

There was a strike on at the mine and three or four of the younger men in authority were for taking the most aggressive course and meeting the strikers in the same spirit they were measuring to the owners. But the superintendent of the mine argued for a policy of peace.

'Let me tell you a story,' he said as they sat around the dim and dingy lamp in the office of the works at midnight waiting for anything to turn up that might turn up, and at such times there is no telling what the next event on the card will be. 'It may not be the pleasant surroundings for a story,' he said, 'but it will prove the point I wish to make just as well and give you young fellows something else to think about. I am now 62 years old, and when I was 21 I had just graduated in a course of civil engineering and had been sent to Mexico to take charge of a silver mine owned by my father and uncle. I had two or three Americans and an Englishman and a German as assistants, and we felt that we could handle whatever might be presented, and we understood that we were going into a bad country far from civilization. I remember that part of it pleased me, for I was very fresh, as they say nowadays, and was eager to tackle the Mexican in his lair and show him how a free American citizen would engraft his ideas upon an ignorant populace, or words to that effect.

'We got to the place all right, and we soon had a force of men at work, but we did not make any money. The trouble was that we were so remote from transportation that we could not get our stuff to mill after we got it out of the mine. Then we had an almost constant fight on with a gang of brigands that infested the country. These gave us so much annoyance and destroyed so much of our property that I at last organized the best of my twenty-five miners into a home guard with muskets, and every day the German drilled them until they were a very creditable lot of soldiers, and I was proud of them. This made the brigands a bit more careful, for my army was solemnly sworn to shoot a brigand on sight, and they had banged away at them on several occasions or at least had so reported to me.

'The leader of the robbers was named Jose Calixto, or Greaser Ho, as we called him, and he was a bad man from Bitter Creek and had his tyrant heel on the neck of everybody in that community except the few of us who were foreigners. Us he tried to scare out; but I was fresh and sassy, as I said and I sent word to the Greaser at last that if I ever caught him at any of his tricks I would try him by court-martial and shoot him. It was rather taking the law in my own hands, but it was no worse than our lynch law in the states, so I didn't worry.

'About two weeks after this order went forth, and we were mighty blue around the mines, for they were really petering out, he sailed in and burned down our stable and office, both cheap structures, but no less to be protected, and we gave him a chase over the mountain and captured him. The German did the work, and he came very near shooting one of our men before he got the Greaser, but he got him. We carried him back in triumph, and the next day we had a court-martial called together consisting of the foreigners exclusively, and in two hours sentence of death had been passed on Jose Calixto by myself as Judge Advocate chief mogul. There was grumbling among the natives against the decision, but the preparations for his shooting at daybreak next day went ahead, and early the next morning we marched our shooting party of ten out to the spot selected, with Jose in the middle blindfolded. The priest had been with him all night, and two of my soldiers had been on guard. There were no civil authorities in our camp, so we were not bothered.

'I confess that when the prisoner stood before me with his hands tied behind him and his eyes blindfolded, and not twenty paces in front of him my shooting squad of ten men with their guns ready waiting for the command to fire, I would gladly have retired from my position and let justice be meted out by somebody else. Then, when the prisoner asked to have the blindfold removed and the priest took it from his eyes and he looked at me and smiled mockingly, I wondered I wouldn't worry a great deal more over this affair than the poor devil of a Greaser I was making an example of. However, this was scarcely the time for such thoughts, and I nerved myself and thought of desperate diseases requiring desperate remedies and other palatable maxims as a tonic.

'Well, the time came, and, with a word to my men to fire at the bandit's heart, I gave the command, and as the ten guns exploded almost simultaneously, my soldiers were really well trained, the body of Jose Calixto sprang into the air and

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fell flat upon the ground, writhing there in such a disagreeable fashion that I could not stand to look at it, and, turning the command over to the sergeant of the squad and leaving the funeral to the care of the priest, I went back to the shack we had improvised for an office feeling very decidedly as if I would like to be home in the great State of New York, three miles from the town of Schenectady and three thousand from the whole Mexican gang.

'They had a big funeral over the dead brigand, and that night to the beating of tomtoms and other ingubrious music that made death seem more terrible than anything else on earth in any form, they had a procession with dismal-looking torches which marched up the mountain side and over the pass to meet a deputation from Jose's late command who were to join the visiting procession as near to my domain as they dared come. It was 10 o'clock as the straggling lights of that gruesome procession disappeared far up the mountain like sick stars dying out of a misty sky, and when I went back into the shack I was feeling ten times worse than ever.

'Ten days later I was sitting in my room one night at 10 o'clock, with the windows opening out in the garden spread to get all the air that was going, when I was startled by the sudden entrance of a man in the native dress with a cloak thrown over his face. It was known that I occupied my apartments alone, each of my companions having a separate bungalow, but this night and for two or three, the German had been stopping with me as the snakes had got bad in his place, and at the moment of the stranger's appearance he was lying on a couch just outside the window in the shadow trying to keep cool. As I turned to ask the intruder what he wanted and why he had come in that guise, he threw his cloak aside, and there before me stood Jose Calixto, smiling at me as he had smiled that morning when I gave the command to fire.

'You were not expecting me my friend,' he said in Spanish, and with that I shrieked and fell out of my chair. 'When I recovered consciousness the German, with a cut on his arm, was dashing water on me and Jose was bundled up in the corner gagged and tied and bloody. The fight had been sharp and soon over, for Jose had not looked for an attack in the rear and particularly from the powerful German, who had jumped at my yell in time to interfere with any projects Jose might have had with reference to me as an offset to what I had tried to do for him a few days before.

'In explanation I may say that what got me down was the sudden sense that a ghost had appeared before me, and being very nervous over my part in the whole affair, Jose's unexpected call on me was more than my overstrained nerves could bear for it must not be forgotten that I was very little more than a boy. What might have happened if the German had not been present can be guessed at.

'The rest of it was soon told. Jose and our miners had combined against us and when the shooting time came my soldiers had only made believe they were shooting to kill, for there were no ball cartridges in their guns, and Jose's death and the funeral, and all the rest of it, was merely a trick to fool us so as to take us unawares and rob us of several thousand dollars in gold that we had discovered in the mountains at an old mine long ago shut up. It was not the intention to work it that way, but the chances made it possible, and they, or Jose, rather, had wit enough to fix up the scheme. The priest was the only honest one in the lot and they fooled him as well as us, and he left when we did for his own safety. As for ourselves, we gave the thing up as a bad job, concluded to leave, taking Jose along hostage for our safe conduct by his gang of thieves to the nearest large city, where we were to let him go. We packed our belongings on a lot of mules, with the gold dust that we found put in our medicine bottles, and came away with flags flying and guns twined on Jose's back, in case any of his friends felt like changing their minds. Now, if any of you young bloods want to do violence you can do it on your own responsibility, but I want it understood that I don't fight that way anymore.'

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HER ENEMY.

"If she were a daughter of mine, I would...

So spoke Pierre Duval in hot breath...

"Women are strange beings," he began...

"You frighten me, papa," she said...

"It's naught to frighten you," he answered...

Solemnly the girl swore...

The old man smiled triumphantly as he bent...

"I'm ready now," he said...

Within a week the siege of Paris had begun...

For a time Marie was stunned. No one found...

"There's but one way to save him," said...

"Impossible!" answered the other...

And Marie passed on to the where lay the sufferer...

He was lying, white and insensible, upon the pillow...

And rolling back her sleeve, she disclosed her bare white arm...

Sitting, with folded hands, in the midst of all the misery about her...

When evening fell she hastened homeward, but with new dread...

Every night afterward it was the same. Earlier or later...

"There will be fighting to-morrow," he said. I cannot be here to aid you...

"Pass my word to you!" she said—"to you, my enemy—the enemy whom I hate!"

"And you, my enemy, are the enemy I love!" he replied. "Why should I love a woman to whom I have spoken scarce twenty words in my life..."

They had reached the gate ere this. Her hand was on the bell...

He was a Prussian, and she—hated him. Three days later she paused beside two surgeons in earnest conversation...

"There's but one way to save him," said one. "It's an ugly wound, but he's sinking from loss of blood..."

"Impossible!" answered the other. And Marie passed on to the where lay the sufferer...

He was lying, white and insensible, upon the pillow, his head bound in blood-stained bandages...

And rolling back her sleeve, she disclosed her bare white arm, with its dimly-outlined blue veins...

A little while the physicians demurred, but in the end she had her way...

She did not shudder as the sharp lancet penetrated her vein, and the faintness which crept over her...

As the blood poured from her veins into his, she was ecstasy; for though to her might mean death, to him it was life—her life for his...

fall asleep, with her hand clasped tight in his. Through long weeks she nursed him—weeks which taught her that all her future would be wretchedness...

How dared she tell Ernest of it until he spoke the words which unsealed her silence? But one evening, as they sat together in the twilight...

Amid bitter sobs, she told him all then, and hid her face within his hands. "But he gently drew them down, and drew her head upon his breast..."

"My own," he said, "your sacrifice has borne its fruit. Your husband must boast French blood in his veins..."

In silent rapture Marie listened to the words; but, as her arms close-clasped themselves about his neck, he knew that he had won his cause...

THE VALLEY OF PAIN. HOW ONE WOMAN MADE HER ESCAPE. A LIFE OF TORTURE CHANGED TO A LIFE OF COMFORT AND HAPPINESS BY KOOTENAY CURE.

Of all the intense and persistent forms of pain one can scarcely conceive of anything more agonizing than Neuralgia...

Mrs. William Judge, of Crumlin, P. O., in the County of Middlesex, went before C. G. Jarvis, a notary public of Ontario...

She has taken Kootenay's Kootenay Cure and willingly testifies it has been her salvation, and believes that without it she would now be in the asylum...

This lady has had the deep shadow of suffering lifted from her life. She has been transported from the Valley of Pain to the Hill Top of Health...

Mrs. James Kenny, of York St., Hamilton, Ont., and many others testify as to how they were released from suffering through the agency of Kootenay Cure...

Amphibious Man. Man becomes most amphibious in certain regions. Temperature permitting, he swims as well, dives better, than many animals...

An exchange tells of an old man who would not believe he could hear his wife talk a distance of five miles by a telephone...

When I know anything is worthy of a recommendation, I consider it my duty to tell it. Rev. Jas. Murdock, of Harrisburg, Pa., says this of Dr. Agnew's Catarrhal Powder...

When I know anything is worthy of a recommendation, I consider it my duty to tell it. Rev. Jas. Murdock, of Harrisburg, Pa., says this of Dr. Agnew's Catarrhal Powder...

"I AM NOW A CHANGED MAN"

"I Am Convinced that Paine's Celery Compound Has No Equal."

The Only Medicine That Produces Positive and Permanent Cures.

The declarations above are made by Mr. Charles B. Holman, 263 King Street, West, Hamilton, Ont., a young man known to hundreds in the ambitious city...

his cure as follows: "In the spring of 1862 I was troubled with a cough, debility, and general depression of spirits..."

WEIGHING AN ENGINE.

A peculiar scientific experiment has been made with the famous engine 870, of the New York Central Railroad, at the shops at West Albany...

The greatest care was taken by the machinists under the directions of Master Mechanic Buchanan to see that the weighing was accurate...

Divines All Meet on a Common Level and are of One Accord in Proclaiming the Healing Powers of Dr. Agnew's Catarrhal Powder...

A FAMOUS SERPENT. How a Practical Joke Once Produced a Famous Hoax. A man's kindness of heart, and love of a practical joke, produced, many years ago, a most famous hoax...

Those Sweet Girls. Drusilla—I did not see you at the Van-blunt reception last night, dear. Dorothy—No. I hoped to be able to go up to the last moment, but was prevented...

invented a scheme which his friend dubiously fell into. At Buffalo lived a young German tinsmith of an ingenious turn of mind...

The hotel and its barns and outbuildings of all kinds were filled with guests and many people went there and camped on the shores of the lake...

ON THE STANOV'S LINKS. Mr. Topper's Remarkable Drive and the De-pressing Influence of the Scoot. "Now, some men are made golfers," said Mr. Fozzie...

The fact that the Scotch have had so much to do with the game of golf, continued Mr. Fozzie, "accounts undoubtedly for the lack of humor and fun connected with the game..."

25 cents cures Catarrhal Headache, 25 cents cures Catarrhal Cough, 25 cents cures Catarrhal Stomach, 25 cents cures Catarrhal Bowels...

25 cents cures Catarrhal Headache, 25 cents cures Catarrhal Cough, 25 cents cures Catarrhal Stomach, 25 cents cures Catarrhal Bowels...

To develop muscle, if that is what you're doing the washing for, perhaps the old way of washing with soap—rubbing the clothes up and down over a board—may be pretty good. It can't be healthy, though, to breathe that tainted, fetid steam, and you'd better take your exercise in ways that are pleasanter. But if you're washing clothes to get them clean, and want to do this disagreeable work easily, quickly, and safely—do it with Pearline. And one of the strongest points about Pearline's washing is its saving—its economy. Millions NOW USE Pearline

MRS. LINCOLN'S KINDNESS.

Her Gentle Charity Won the Heart of the Soldier Boy.

A gentleman of West Superior, Mr. James H. Agen, is quoted by the Chicago Times Herald as saying that while he was in General Grant's army in the campaign of 1864, he was stricken with fever and carried to one of the hospitals near Washington. He was only sixteen years old, and very ill. In the hospital he had an experience about which he never wears of talking. In his own language it is as follows:

'One day, after I had passed the danger point and was taking a little notice of what was going on, a number of ladies came through the hospital. They had baskets containing delicacies and bouquets of beautiful flowers. One of them stopped at each cot as they passed along. A bunch of blossoms was handed to each sick or wounded soldier, and, if he desired it, a delicacy of some kind was also distributed. Every now and then one of the women sat in a camp-chair and wrote a letter for some poor fellow who hadn't the strength to write himself.

'I wanted to eat or drink, but those pretty posies held my attention. One of the ladies stopped at my cot. I hadn't yet got my full growth, and in my emaciated, pale condition I must have looked like a child. She seemed surprised as she looked at me.

'You poor child; what brought you here?'

'They sent me here from the Army of Potomac!'

'But you are not a soldier.'

'Yes, madam; I belong to a New York regiment. The surgeon here has the record.'

'Can I do something for you? Can you eat something or take a swallow of wine?'

'I'm not hungry or thirsty.'

'Can I write a letter for you?'

'Not to-day; I'm too weak.'

'Then I will leave some of these flowers with you. President Lincoln helped to cull them. I will come again in two or three days. Keep up your courage. You are going to get well; you must get well.'

'She was the first woman who had spoken to me since I reached the army. Looking at the sweet flowers which Mr. Lincoln had 'helped to cull,' and thinking of the dear woman who had spoken so kindly and hopefully, had more effect in brightening my spirits than all else that had occurred in the hospital.

'Three days later the same lady came again, and straight to my cot.

'How is my little soldier-boy today?'

she asked, in a way so motherly that it reminded me of my good mother back in New York, the patriot mother who had given her consent to my going to the war after praying over the matter many times. That hospital angel,—that is what we learned to call those noble women,—after giving me a taste of chicken and jelly, asked if I had a mother. She saw by the tears in my eyes that I had.

'Now we will write mother a letter.'

'Then she sat by my side and wrote the letter. I hadn't been able to write for a month.

'I have told your mother that I am near her soldier-boy, and have talked with him. What shall I tell her for you? That you are still too weak to write yourself?'

'Please don't tell her that; it will make her worry. Tell her I am fast getting well.'

'The very day I got home my mother asked me how I liked Mrs. Lincoln, the President's wife.

'I never met Mrs. Lincoln. What made you think I had?'

'Then she took from a box closely guarded in the old bureau, a letter. It read like this:

'Dear Mrs. Agen: I am sitting by the side of your soldier-boy. He has been quite sick, but is getting well. He tells me to say to you that he is all right. With respect for the mother of the young soldier Mrs. Abraham Lincoln.'

'That was the first I knew that it was the President's wife who had made me those two visits. I begged mother to give me the letter. You can have it when I am gone,' she said. When she died a box and an old letter folded in a silk handkerchief were among her gifts to me.

'The box, 'kerchief, and letter will pass along the Agen line as mementos too sacred for every-day display.'

THE RIGHT SPIRIT.

How They Carried out the Command in a True Spirit.

Writing in Harper's Magazine about the Jameson raid upon the Boers of South Africa, Mr. Poultney Bigelow gave this episode:

'When the Boers had silenced the firing of Jameson's men, and had saved their country from what they feared might prove an invasion disastrous to their independence, they did not celebrate the event by cheers or bonfires. They fell upon their knees and followed the prayers offered by their elders; they gave praise to Almighty God for having protected them; they searched their hearts and prayed to be cleansed from the spirit of boasting; they prayed for Jameson and his men, that they

might be guided by the light of justice and Christian fellowship—and this they prayed while some of the dead lay unburied about them.'

When Jameson surrendered, 'nothing could exceed the kindness of the people, both Dutch and English, who came up afterward. Milk, brandy, meat and bread were sent for the wounded,' said Doctor Hathaway, one of Jameson's surgeons. 'We were nothing but pirates,' he added, 'and richly deserved hanging—every one of us!'

Mr. Bigelow, commenting upon this forgetfulness, apparently, of the Boers of everything except their duties as Christians, says:

'This is the nearest example I know of in history in the field acting practically on the precept, 'Love your enemies.'

If Mr. Bigelow should ever visit Lichfield Cathedral, he would see there a memorial window to Bishop Selwyn commemorating the deed of a New Zealand Christian. He was an officer of the Maoris,—one of Doctor Selwyn's converts while missionary bishop of that island,—and had taken up arms with his people to resist the encroachments of the English.

The British made an attack on a native fort, and were repulsed with great slaughter. During the attack this officer, hearing the groans of a wounded Englishman, crept out from the fort, and crawling on his hands and knees, carried a cross to water to his enemy. The man proved to be a British captain, and the water saved his life.

The next day another assault on the fort was made, and was successful. The Maori Christian was slain. A New Testament was found on his person, and Romans 12: 20 was underlined with blood, as if his fingers had traced the words: 'If thine enemy hunger, feed him; if he thirst give him drink.'

A fort—the story is also told in Bishop Selwyn's biography—which commanded the channel of a river was so invested by the Maoris that the English garrison was near starvation. One morning they beheld a native canoe bearing a flag of truce floating down to the fort, and at some distance behind several other canoes. On landing, they were found to contain provisions from the Maori officer in command of the besieging force, and with them came this message:

'Therefore if thine enemy hunger, feed him; if he thirst, give him drink.'

We wonder if the officer commanding that garrison ever fired another shot against these Christian enemies.

TRUE TO HIS PROMISE.

He Made his Kilt Phyalcan a Promise and Kept it.

An elderly country doctor was talking about his professional experiences, says a writer in the Detroit Free Press, when something called to his mind a strange occurrence of many years before, one of those romantic events which perhaps are not so rare as most people would suppose in the lives of practicing physicians.

'One night,' said the doctor, 'I received a call from a distant farmhouse, and upon answering it, found a lad of about eighteen with a bullet-wound in his shoulder. I dressed the wound, and then the lad, with much anxiety, observed:

'You won't say anything about this, doctor?'

'Why not, my lad? I pitied him, for his eyes had a hunted look, and he appeared half-famished and half-dead.

'Because I received this wound in escaping from the sheriff.'

'You needn't tell me.'

'I must. I couldn't get work, Sir, and not able to resist temptation, I stole. It was for the first time. I thought you might speak of dressing a wound, and then they would know where to find me. If you say nothing, I may be able to leave the country. You have been kind to me, doctor. Do this and—'

'On one condition, my lad.'

'And that is?'

'You will not steal again.'

'Would you believe a—thief?'

'I will believe you.'

'I promise.'

'Many years afterwards I received a box of good things for Christmas from California. The next year another box came, and so for many years. The only clue I ever had to the sender was a few words in the first box: 'I have kept the promise I made you, doctor.'

Not Unlucky.

The London Mail tells a good story about cycles made to sell and not to run.

'A well-known woman of title had several times had a man from the cycle-maker's to

BABY'S OWN TABLETS... A favorite prescription of a regular practitioner, who has had a long and successful experience in the treatment of diseases peculiar to infancy and childhood. Baby's Own Tablets regulate the bowels, check diarrhoea, reduce fever, expel worms, relieve while soothing, cure colic, produce sleep. They are easy to take, put up in a candy form, children just love them. Free sample and paper doll for baby's name. Use BABY'S OWN POWDER. The Dr. Howard Medicine Co., Brookville, Ont.

execute various repairs to her machine—repairs which were necessary on account of the firm's careless workmanship. Her ladyship's little girl happened to be watching the work with great interest, and remarked to the mechanic:

'Don't you think mamma's very unlucky with her bike?'

'Unlucky, did yer say?' was the man's reply. 'Whar, her ladyship's alive still, ain't she? Well, some of our customers ain't.'

BORN.

Truro, May 14, to the wife of C. E. Brown, a son.

Truro, May 12, to the wife of L. Starrat, a daughter.

Haltwh, May 27, to the wife of R. A. Croucher, a son.

Yarmouth, May 24, to the wife of Jacob Eldredge, a son.

Moncton, May 24, to the wife of Alexander Barnett a son.

Amherst, May 20, to the wife of E. J. Logan, M. P. a son.

Fredericton, May 23, to the wife of Martin Butler a son.

Truro, May 5, to the wife of James D. Waugh, a daughter.

Paradise, May 19, to the wife of H. W. Longley, a son.

Salmon River, May 17, to the wife of George West, a son.

Mochille, N. S. May 21, to the wife of A. H. Miller, a son.

Richibucto, May 20, to the wife of W. H. McLeod, a daughter.

Erilgetown, May 12, to the wife of Forrest Connel, a son.

Old Burn, April 7, to the wife of George W. Yull, a daughter.

North Sydney, C. B. May 8, to the wife of M. W. Ross, a son.

Yarmouth, May 24, to the wife of J. W. Butterworth, a son.

Sheburne, May 14, to the wife of Rev. W. H. Morris, a son.

St. Louis, Kent Co., May 20, to the wife of J. B. D. Ellis, a son.

Shedfield, N. S., May 11, to the wife of Alfred D. Ellis, a son.

Richibucto, May 21, to the wife of Capt. Rufus Curwin, a son.

Riverview, N. S., May 26, to the wife of John Nichols, a son.

Carrivoo River, May 17, to the wife of John Falconer, a daughter.

West Hill, May 19, to the wife of Nelson Quigley, a daughter.

Bridgetown, May 12, to the wife of Capt. Wm. Longmire, a son.

Truro, N. S., May 22, to the wife of Barpee M. Stevens, a daughter.

Melbourne, N. S., May 21, to the wife of Capt. Walter Cook, a daughter.

St. Louis, Kent Co., May 24, to the wife of Philo- Alexander P. D. J. as, twin boys.

MARRIED.

Oak Bay, May 12, by Rev. J. W. Millidge, Samuel A. Bell to A. Ice Fisher.

Maitland, May 19, by Rev. G. R. Martell, Creighton Miller to Esie Nell.

Haltwh, May 2, by Rev. Allan Simpson, Walter Crowell to Mary Sullivan.

Haltwh, May 26, by Rev. Richard Smith, J. A. McInnes to Edith Conrod.

Carleton, May 29, by Rev. James Ross, John M. White to Elizabeth Bunnell.

Barrington, May 20, by Rev. D. H. Eustice, Frank A. Doane to Abby D. C. Giff.

Wentworth, May 25, by Rev. J. A. McKenzie, George A. Fraser to Christy Rose.

St. Stephen, May 24, by Rev. W. C. Goucher, Webster Bell to Maud Frost.

Middletown, May 26, by Rev. Joseph Gazez, James Thimma to Sophie Medeiros.

Nocton, May 28, by Rev. E. J. Rattee, Chas. T. Ettinger to Mary E. White.

Guyborough, May 20, by Rev. W. Parvit, William B. Buckley to Elsie M. Hadley.

Argyle, May 15, by Rev. J. W. Freeman, Henry L. Nickerson to Florence Goodwin.

Cape Island, May 23, by Rev. J. M. Wilson, Thomas A. Atkinson to Rosanna Penny.

Hillsdale, N. S., May 20, by Rev. E. D. P. Parry, Lewis W. Davis to Annie Mason.

Lower Wakefield, May 18, by Rev. W. G. Corey, Cary Riceout to Cora E. Swain.

St. John, May 19, by Rev. Wm. Rennie, Thos. H. Scriver to Annie M. Milligan.

Denmark, N. S., May 20, by Rev. G. L. Gordon, Alex. Morrison to Rhoda Langille.

Trenton, N. S., May 24, by Rev. H. R. Grant, Chas- bournie K. Fraser to Christy Rose.

Fredericton, May 21, by Rev. Geo. B. Pason, Samuel McComb, to Ella M. Pond.

North Sydney, May 8, by Rev. D. McMillan, John A. McDonald to Marilla Johnston.

Redbank, C. B., May 15, by Rev. J. J. Barnes, Becher Stewart to Florence Cook.

Lower Stewiacke, May 12, by Rev. F. S. C. Giff, Katie J. Fisher to Muro Sutherland.

North Sydney, May 17, by Rev. D. Drummond, Charles McNeil to Dolly McDonald.

New Glasgow, May 22, by R. V. A. Bowman, Robert Robertson to Mira Campbell.

Yarmouth, N. S., May 22, by Rev. C. F. Cooper, L. Levin W. Davis to Miriam De Lacey.

Digby, N. S., May 16, by Rev. L. J. Tingley, Edward Blackford to Rulo De Lacey.

Rockwood, C. B., May 19, by Rev. J. J. Barnes, E. E. Dyer to Chas. A. Chilton.

Jerusalem, Kings Co., N. B., by A. D. McCully, William A. Machum to Catherine Inch.

Freepoint, N. S., May 18, by Rev. L. J. Tingley, Frederick W. Powell to Minnie L. Ferry.

Round Hill, N. B., May 16, by Rev. J. C. White, Herbert O. Harris to Annie E. S. Chipman.

Malaga, C. B., May 9, by Rev. John Rose, Alex. A. Campbell to Annie B. McFayden.

Elmville, N. B., May 19, by Rev. J. W. Millidge, Capt Joseph Magee to Mrs. Mary A. Johnston.

New Mirvland, N. B., May 19, by R. V. F. D. Davison, Franklin J. Smith to Lottie E. Morgan.

DIED.

Granville, May 13, Charles Chute.

Haltwh, May 27, James Watt, 23.

Haltwh, May 20, Anus L. T. Pason.

Haltwh, May 24, Henry McClure, 51.

Glengel, N. S., May 13, David Gunn, 62.

St. Andrew, May 20, William Shaw, 72.

Qu ran N. S., May 9, Charles Bank, 31.

Bony River, Apr. 23, John Maxwell, 71.

St. John, May 26, David W. Vanwart, 74.

Shag Harbor, May 24, Flora V. Connell, 22.

RAILROADS.

Intercolonial Railway.

On and after MONDAY, the 7th September 1896, the trains of this Railway will run daily, Sunday excepted, as follows:

TRAINS WILL LEAVE ST. JOHN

Table listing train schedules from St. John, including destinations like Campbellton, Pugwash, Pictou, and Halifax.

TRAINS WILL ARRIVE AT ST. JOHN:

Table listing train schedules arriving at St. John, including destinations like Pictou, Campbellton, and Halifax.

General Manager.

D. POTTINGE, General Manager.

TAKE THE CANADIAN PACIFIC RY.

Kootenay GOLD FIELDS.

CANADIAN PACIFIC TRAIN from Maritime Provinces WEDNESDAYS, FRIDAYS and SATURDAY connects at Revelstoke, B. C., following Mondays, Wednesdays and Saturdays for all points in the Kootenay Country.

Wedne day's train connects at Montreal, Thursday morning, with Weekly Tourist Sleeping Car for B. C. points.

For rates of fare, tourist car accommodation, and other information apply to D. P. A., St. John, N. B.

D. McNICOLL, Pass. Traffic Mgr., Montreal.

A. H. NOTMAN, Dist. Pass. Agent, St. John, N. B.

Dominion Atlantic R'y.

On and after 1st June, 1897, the Steamship and Train service of this Railway will be as follows:

Royal Mail S.S. Prince Rupert.

DAILY SERVICE (Sunday excepted).

Lve. St. J. at 8 00 a. m., ar. Digby 11 00 a. m. Digby at 1 00 p. m., ar. St. John, 4 00 p. m.

EXPRESS TRAINS

Daily (Sunday excepted).

Lve. Halifax 6 30 a. m., ar. in Digby 12 48 p. m. Lve. Digby 1 08 p. m., ar. Yarmouth 3 56 p. m. Lve. Yarmouth 8 00 a. m., ar. Digby 10 47 a. m. Lve. Digby 11 00 a. m., ar. Halifax 5 45 p. m. Lve. Annapolis 7 00 a. m., ar. Digby 8 30 a. m. Lve. Digby 8 50 p. m., ar. Annapolis 4 40 p. m.

Pullman Palace Buffet Parlor Cars run each way daily on express trains between Halifax and Yarmouth.

Staterooms can be obtained on application to City Agent.

Close connections with trains at Digby, Truro, and at City Office, 114 Prince William Street, and from the Furner on steamer, from which time-tables and all information can be obtained.

W. R. CAMPBELL, Gen. Mgr. K. RUTHERLAND, Superintendent.

STEAMBOATS.

International S. S. Co.

THREE TRIPS A WEEK

BOSTON.

COMMENCING May 31st, the Steamers of this Company will leave St. John for Eastport, Lunenburg, Portland and Boston every Monday, Wednesday and Friday.

morning, at 8 45 o'clock, standard. Returning, leave Boston every Monday, Wednesday and Friday mornings at 8 45 o'clock and Portland at 6 p. m. Connections made at Eastport with steamer for St. Andrews, Calais and St. Stephen.

Freight received daily up to 6 o'clock.

C. E. LACROIX, Agent.

STAR LINE STEAMERS

FREDERICTON and WOODSTOCK

(Eastern Standard Time.)

Mail steamers David Weston and Olivette leave St. John every day (except Sunday) at 8 a. m. for Fredericton and all intermediate landings, and will leave Fredericton every day (except Sunday) at 7 30 a. m. for St. John. Steamer Aberdeen will leave Fredericton every TUESDAY, THURSDAY and SATURDAY at 5 30 a. m. for Woodstock, and will leave Woodstock, on alternate days at 7 30 a. m. while navigation permits.

GEO. F. BAIRD, Manager.

On and after Saturday, April 24.

The Steamer Clifton

will leave her wharf, Hampton, every MONDAY, WEDNESDAY and SATURDAY

at 5 30 a. m., for Indiantown and intermediate points.

Returning, will leave Indiantown on same days at 4 p. m.

CAPT. R. G. HABLE, Manager.

SHERIFF'S SALE.

There will be sold at Public Auction at Chubb's Corner (so called) in the City of St. John in the Province of New Brunswick, on SATURDAY the fourteenth day of August next, at the hour of fifteen minutes after twelve o'clock P. M. of the said day: All the right title and interest of Thomas Youngblood in and to the leasehold premises described as: All the certain lot of land situate lying and being in Dufferin Ward in the City of Saint John on the southwestern corner of Mill and Main Streets bounded and described as follows: Beginning at the said southwestern corner of Mill and Main Streets then easterly westerly along the Southern line of Main Street forty two feet nine inches, thence southerly at right angles to said Southern line of Main Street forty seven feet nine inches, thence southerly parallel to Mill Street alonged twenty six feet, thence at right angles Easterly sixty feet to the Western line of Mill Street, thence along the said Western line of Mill Street No. then forty nine feet more or less to the place of beginning being the northern portion of lot E number two as shown on plan number five of the subdivision of the Estate of Robert F. Hazen. Together with the buildings and erections thereon standing and being.

The same having been levied on and seized by me the undersigned Sheriff, on and under an execution issued out of the Supreme Court against the said Thomas Youngblood at the suit of Catherine McLntyre.

Dated the eighth day of May A. D. 1907.

E. LAWRANCE STURDEE, Sheriff of the City and County of Saint John, N. B.

H. A. McKeown, Plaintiff's Attorney.