



**HAVE MEDICAL VIRTUE.**

**MEDICINAL PLANTS THAT AID THE PHYSICIAN.**

The Development of the Science of Botany From the Primitive Period—Plants that Have Wonderful Curative Powers—How Quinine Cinchona was Named.

Huge, richly colored stereopticon pictures of blossoming plants and flowers illustrated the closing lecture of the Columbia University popular course, delivered by Prof. Smith Ely Jelliffe of the New York College of Pharmacy on a recent evening, at the American Museum of Natural History. His subject was 'Medicinal Plants,' and a large audience listened with evident pleasure. He traced the development of the science of botany from the primitive period, when doctors were botanists, pharmacists, and physicians, to the present day, when the pharmacist has become the expert middleman, whose skill in compounding the medicinal virtues of plant and exact knowledge of drugs have rendered it unnecessary for the physician to bother his head about botany. He enumerated the herbs and plants and flowers that were supported in the days of the forefathers to possess medical virtues, but have since been known to be worthless, and described those now highly prized because of real curative qualities.

First of these, he said, is the May apple that grows in abundance along shady streams and along the fences of cultivated fields all the way from Canada to Florida. Aside from its beauty of bloom and its pulpy yellow fruit, it has a medicinal prize in its root from which are manufactured podophillum pills. The foxglove, too, that grows in gardenly clusters in old-fashioned gardens, has a virtue in its leaves that was known as early as the sixteenth century. From it is made digitalis, a drug of great merit in the treatment of heart trouble. Witch hazel, which formerly yielded a medicine used exclusively for bruises and sunburn, has lately been found to have great value still in the treatment of skin disease, the latter discovery being the tincture that is extracted from the branches and leaves of the last flowers of the year. The poison hemlock, which has been transplanted here in waste places from Europe and Asia, yields the poison which it is supposed socrates took for his fatal draught, and which is used now in the treatment of cancer and nervous diseases. Monk's hood, a beautiful plant with blue flowers that is cultivated for purely ornamental value in well-kept gardens, yields aconite. This lovely plant grows in all parts of the world, and it was known to the ancient Chinese for the poison extracted from its root. It is a deadly poison. A single root, bruised, and thrown into a tank of water will poison the entire supply. It is used efficaciously to depress the action of the heart. The green hellebore that decks the spring woods with strong fresh leaves and a spike of whitish blossoms yields another sort of poison, which makes its root valuable in veterinary medicine. Its worth as an insect and animal poison were known to the Romans, who employed it to poison vermin.

The yellow-flowered, hairy weed henbane, that grows here and in Great Britain has still different and distinct medicinal properties in its root and leaves. The extract of its leaves is administered to quiet maniacs in asylums. The root has an opposite effect. Belladonna, or the deadly nightshade, yields to the pharmacist the poison known as atropine, an overdose of which will produce delirium. A good many allied species of the plant grow here, although it is not indigenous to the soil. It belongs to the same family as the potato. Well-known cases are on record, by the way, of poisoning from the eating raw of very young potatoes, which seem to contain some of the deadly properties of the belladonna. Atropine is also obtained from the thorn apple, a very common poisonous plant which grows in vacant lots, and is recognizable by its prickly burr, and a white flower, resembling the blossom of the morning glory. The drug it yields has been known to the Hindoos from the most remote time, under the Sanscrit name of dhatoora. It appears that it was often used to produce insanity in persons in high station when it was feared that their brains in normal condition would prove better than the ruling sovereigns. Belladonna and its alkaloids although a menace to children who are liable to eat its berries, is prized by oculists for its quality of paralyzing the nerves in neuralgia and contracting the blood vessels in cases of inflammation arising from colds. Atropine is a perfect antidote for the poisonous mushroom.

Prof. Jelliffe described at length and entertainingly the manufacture of quinine from the bark. Of the discovery of this most valuable drug he told a romantic story. 'We are told,' he said, 'that an Indian of South America, who was lying helpless in a wilderness, sick of a violent fever, dragged himself to a pool of water near at hand to quench his burning thirst. After drinking he felt his strength gradually returning, and was eventually able to rise and go home. His experience excited the greatest surprise, as no remedy was then known for intermittent fever, and many visited the pool. The bitter taste of the water led to the discovery that it was impregnated with the properties of the bark of the trees growing at the gorge. Its virtue was not known to civilization, however, until it happened that the wife of the Viceroy of Peru was lying ill of the fever, and a Jesuit priest recommended that the bark be ground to a powder and administered to her. The resultant cure was considered so wonderful that the Viceroy sent an expedition into the forest to collect the bark, and upon his return to Spain brought it with him and gave away large quantities of it to the sick. The name of the Viceroy was Luis Geronimo Fernandez de Cabrerera Bobadilla, fourth Count of Chinchon, and the scientific name of quinine cinchona owes its origin to the Countess of Chinchon, the Viceroy's wife, who was cured by the virtues of cinchona bark.'

severance was rewarded and he is now married. The fact is, however, that he did not find a wife among the young women with whom he had been accustomed to associate. They liked the colonists but the colony terrified them. His wife is a worthy woman, the daughter of a farm laborer, and she is making him a good helpmeet in his colonial home. British and Dutch colonists do not find it so difficult to induce the far sex of their old homes to share their lot in newer parts of the world; and when they have found it really difficult to get wives from the mother country many of the Dutch in the East Indies have not disdain to be joined in lawful wedlock with the daughters of the natives.

Many white men are now living in tropical regions, like equatorial Africa, where they have really no right to ask a white woman to share her dangers and hardships. Few women from the north tem-



W. J. OSBORNE, Principal of the Fredericton Business College.

Mr. Osborne, who has purchased the Fredericton Business College, comes to the Maritime Provinces with qualifications as an all-around business educator, of which few, if any, in Canada can boast.

After graduating at Ontario Business College, Belleville, Ont., he spent eight years as a practical accountant and office man, gaining an experience invaluable to a business college principal. Mr. Osborne was at one time in charge of the Commercial and Shorthand Departments of Mount Allison Academy, and has for the last five years held the position of senior teacher on the staff of Ontario Business College. He teaches the Isaac Pitman system of shorthand, and, as a penman, has no superior in this country.

For full particulars, address, Fredericton Business College, Fredericton, N. B.

**SCARCITY OF WOMEN.**

The Problem is How to Keep Up the Sexes in Some Promising Colonies.

Within the past fifty years the nation of Europe have seized vast parts of the earth's surface, chiefly in Africa and Asia, but including also many islands of the Pacific. The total area that has thus come under European flags is nearly as large as North and South America together. Some of these regions have been found to be well adapted for white settlement and emigrants have been encouraged to go to them. The European nation call these far-off lands their colonies, and they are very anxious to make themselves self-supporting and develop them into markets for home manufactures.

There is a question which is attracting more and more attention, and that is the scarcity of white women in these colonies. In the French colonies, for instance, even where the conditions are most favorable for colonization, as in Algeria, there are from four to six French men for every French woman. For the most part, there is no family life, and dissipation is more general than would be the case if there were more homes and more of the social life that is possible only when the sexes are in nearly equal numbers. Mr. Chailley-Bert, who recently wrote in the Paris Debates about the paucity of white women in the French colonies, said that the young men there were like the roaring lion, who 'goeth about seeking whom he may devour.'

It is not easy to solve the problem in the French colonies, for the young women of France are not at all eager to expatriate themselves, even to find good husbands and comfortable homes. There are hundreds of colonists who would like to get married. A colonist in Algeria has recently been telling his experience. He says that for three years he sought in his own social circle in France, for a young woman who would share his fortunes in the colony. At the end of that time his per-

son to zone are able to survive one or two child-bearing experiences in tropical Africa. Some white men who live there have expressed the opinion that it is little short of a miracle to bring women of their own race to these regions. The late Dr. Wolf, the German explorer, said that any white man there who wanted a wife should marry one of the natives of the country. Some of the Europeans in Africa have followed his advice, and among them Dr. Grenfell, the explorer and missionary, who married a negro girl who had been educated at a mission station on the west coast.

Two months ago the Canadian newspapers contained an advertisement from a mining camp in British Columbia in which it was announced that the camp was wholly destitute of women, that neither gambling nor the sale of intoxicating liquors was permitted in the settlement, that the miners were industrious, had saved money, and now they wanted wives and homes; and young women of the Dominion were invited to enter into correspondence with a committee as preliminary to possible immigration to the camp and marriage with the bachelors thereof.

The scheme is not to be commended. Each miner had better use some of the money he has saved to visit a district where women are plentiful. If he is the right sort, he will probably convince some damsel that she can be happy even in a miner's cabin in the far Northwest. Even today, in large parts of Canada, Australia, and Cape Colony, there are not women enough to supply the demand for wives. But when the societies that promote the emigration of women to the colonies send out a party, the last thing in their minds apparently, is the better chance these women will have to get husbands. They simply send women who lack work to colonies that want women. Their character and fitness for emigration must be approved, and then they are sent on the long journey in the charge of matrons, who see to their comfort, and are responsible for their safety until situations that will yield them a living are found for them. The United British Women's Emigration Association, the largest of all these societies, would refuse to assist any woman to emigrate if she should openly avow that she was seeking a husband rather than opportunities for work.—N. Y. Sun.

'Yes,' said Gen. Weyler, with the frank air he uses in speaking to correspondents, 'I have completely restored peace in the province of Pinar del Rio; and, besides that, I have an army of twenty-five thousand men just ready to march into that province to crush the insurrection.'—Puck.

Mrs. E. B. Garneau, wife of President, Quebec Board of Trade, writes: 'Quick-cure' has always given instant relief to my children.'

Ask your grocer for  
**Windsor Salt**  
For Table and Dairy, Purest and Best

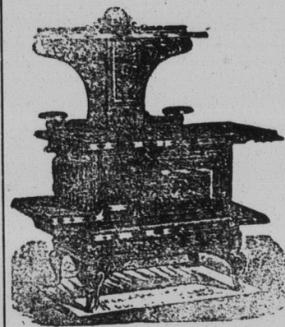
**Tetley's TEAS**

Are not injurious to nerves or stomach because early pickings only are used in blending. Older leaves contain strong acids that are not found in those we use.

**Delicate or Nervous Women Should Drink Tetley's.**

In Lead Packets to preserve their fragrance.

**Better Than the Best...**



The Patent Dock Ash Grate is the latest and works like a charm.

**EMERSON & FISHER.**

How Circos did it. In the North, street-cars have gone far to make American gallantry one of the things that were. 'Circos,' said the lecturer, 'as you no doubt remember, turned men into hogs.' 'I wonder if she did it by starting a street-car line?' mused the woman who had hung to a strap all the way to the hall.—Cincinnati Enquirer.

If you want to be a lawyer, doctor, or enter any business or profession—I can give you just such as you need to get into good positions and stay there. But don't bother me unless you have the right stuff in you. Primer sent free. Snell, Truro N. S.

**CONDENSED ADVERTISEMENTS.**

Announcements under this heading not exceeding five lines (about 35 words) cost 25 cents each insertion. Five cents extra for every additional line.

**AGENTS—VICTORIA SIXTY YEARS A QUEEN.** The book of the year. Over one hundred illustrations; elegant bindings; popular prices. Prospectus free to workers. Write quickly for particulars. G. M. ROSE & SONS, Toronto.

**A CHANCE!** We offer for sale our COMPLETE MODERN STUDIO OUTFIT for making Photos any size up to 8 x 10, almost new and everything first class. A chance for a Photographer or anyone wanting to start in a good paying business. To the latter we can give complete practical instruction in Modern Photography, by our methods, easy and simple for any one. Address the ROBERTSON PHOTO SUPPLY COMPANY 94 Gorman St., St. John, N. B.

**WANTED** Old established wholesale House wants one or two honest and industrious representatives for this section. Can pay a hustler about \$12.00 a week to start with. DRAWER 28, Bradford, Ont.

**WANTED** Young men and women to help in the Armenian cause. Good pay. Will send copy of my little book, 'Your Place in Life,' free, to any who write. Rev. T. S. Linscott, Bradford, Ont.

**WANTED** RELIABLE MERCHANTS in each town to handle our water-proof Cold Water Paint. Five million pounds sold in United States last year. VICTOR KOFOD, 49 Francis Xavier, Montreal.

**RESIDENCE** at Robesay for sale or to rent pleasant situated house known as the Pitts property about one and a half miles from Robesay Station and within two minutes walk of the Kenilworth Hotel. Rent reasonable. Apply to E. S. Fenety, Barrister-at-Law, Pugsley Building. 24 6-11

**THE Farmer WHO**

SUBSTITUTES a rake for a plough will have a poor crop of turnips. The teacher who merely scratches the surface of the subjects he professes to teach will have a poor crop of students. The success of our graduates were not attained by the scratching process but by honest, thorough work (deep ploughing and careful cultivation). Several of our students will leave us early in April. We can accommodate a few more students now and several more in a week or two. Business and Shorthand Calendars mailed to any address.

S. KERR & SON. Old Fellows' Hall.

**IMPERIAL TRUSTS CO.**

NEW BRUNSWICK OFFICE. 47 Canterbury Street, St. John F. S. SHARPE, Manager.

Transacts all business usual to Trust Companies, including that of the executors or trustees, or as agents of same, management of estates, collection of rents and interest, negotiation of mortgage loans financial agency, etc.

Municipal and other debenture for sale, yielding from 3 1/2 to 5 per cent. interest.

Money received for investment in the General Trust Fund, at four per cent. in interest, withdrawable on demand.

**THE SAME MAN, Well Dressed**

fills a much higher place in the estimation of even his friends, than when thoughtless and indifferently clothed.

**Newest Designs Latest Patterns.**

A. R. CAMPBELL, Merchant Tailor, 64 Gorman Street. (last door south of King.)

**CROCKETT'S Catarrh Cure.**

A positive cure for Catarrh, Colds in Head, etc. Prepared by THOMAS A. CROCKETT, 162 Princess St. Cor. Sydney

**Pigs' Feet and Lamb's Tongues.**

RECEIVED THIS DAY. 10 Kegs Pigs' Feet, 5 " Lamb's Tongues. At 19 and 20 King Square. J. D. TURNER.



Mrs. S. F. Belyea and Miss Laura Belyea returned to Green's last week, having spent the winter very pleasantly here.

The Amuseur reading club spent a pleasant hour or two in the school room of the Exmouth street Methodist church on Tuesday evening. The following programme was rendered: Chorus by the church choir; address by the president, S. W. Kain; paper—How Methodism came to America, by Mrs. Job Shenton; solo, Miss Alice Kline; a paper entitled Barbara Heck and Capt. Webb, by Rev. W. B. Tennant; solo, Mrs. W. G. Salmon; sketch of Bishop Abney, Dr. G. R. J. Crawford; selection, church choir.

Colonel Downville left Monday afternoon for Ottawa.

The women's concert in Carleton on Tuesday evening was largely attended and the excellently rendered programme contained the following numbers: Selection by the band; solo, W. E. King; solo, Miss Gleason; horizontal bar work, Y. M. C. A. class; dance, Miss Merritt; parallel bar work, Y. M. C. A. class; reading, Miss Rodgers; song and dance, Messrs. Hammond and Norris; selection by the band; club swinging, A. Norris; reading, Miss Shamp; instrumental quartette; duet, Misses Ring; piano and violin, Misses Estellich; reading, J. R. Morris; whistling duet, Messrs. Evans and Christopher; closing selection by Carleton Cornet band.

Mr. E. H. Turnbull is absent on a visit to New York and Boston.

Mr. James C. Robertson went to Montreal the first of the week.

His Lordship Bishop Kingston was in the city this week.

Mr. J. P. Burchill speaker of the local legislature was in the city Tuesday enroute to Montreal.

Mr. F. D. Miles was up to Fredericton Tuesday morning.

Mr. R. L. Smith returned from a trip to England this week.

Mr. H. H. McLean and Mr. Stratton returned this week from a visit to Montreal.

Mr. J. N. Sutherland went to Montreal the first of the week.

Hon. Wm. Puley left Tuesday for Ottawa.

Mr. Geo. M. Jarvis and Miss Jarvis of Moncton were in the city Tuesday.

Mr. E. Jack C. E. of Moncton was in the city for a short time this week while on his way to Fredericton.

Mr. Andrew Blair is suffering from an attack of grippe.

Miss Shaw of Montreal spent a day in the city this week.

Rev. T. F. Fotheringham of St. John's (presbyterian) church left Monday to attend the council meeting of the presbyterian church E. C. assembly which opened in Toronto last Wednesday.

The Misses Sterling of Fredericton were in the city for a short time this week.

Mr. and Mrs. John Knight and son of Halifax were in the city for a few days lately.

Mr. Joseph McVey of St. Stephen spent a few hours here on Tuesday.

Mrs. Edward Watson and Mrs. J. T. Henderson of Portland, Me., are paying a brief visit to the city.

A most enjoyable party was given by Miss Millie Patchell, Elliot Row on Friday evening to a number of her friends. Among the amusements of the evening were games and dancing. Supper was served at midnight, the happy gathering dispersed at two o'clock. Among those invited were Miss Edna Breen, Miss Kittie Munro, Miss Addie Waring, Miss Mand McGinnis, Miss Bell Ross, Miss Lizzie Gregory, Miss Eva Lill, Miss Annie Barton, Miss Jennie Belyea, Miss Beattie Waring, Miss Jennie Haxell, Miss Lillie Codner, Miss Bessie Hammond, Miss Jennie McKechnie, Miss Birdie Northrup, Miss Lizzie McKechnie, Mr. and Mrs. Harold Crawford, Mr. and Mrs. George Waring, Mr. George Smith, Mr. Willis Waring, Mr. Len Munford, Mr. Fred Barton, Mr. Walter Irvine, Mr. James Munro, Mr. Charlie Cunard, Mr. Harry Colman, Mr. Wm. Nagle, Mr. Fred McNeil, Mr. Fred Case, Mr. Harry Case, Mr. Harry Murphy, Mr. Fred Breen, Mr. Elias Case, Mr. Alfred Murphy, Mr. Charles Crawford, Mr. Frank Wetmore, Mr. Arthur Woodly, Mr. Dan McKinney, Mr. Hal Golding, Mr. Daniel.

Mr. E. H. Munro of Picton was in the city this week.

Mr. A. Paterson of Toronto is paying a brief visit to the city.

Mr. and Mrs. W. A. Crawford of Toronto have been visiting St. John this week.

Rev. James K. Augherton and Miss Augherton of Woodstock were in St. John on Tuesday.

Rev. W. J. and Mrs. Bates of Upland spent a day or two in the city lately.

Mr. E. Scovill left this week for Roseland.

Mr. and Mrs. John McPhine and Miss Roberts were a party of Bostonians who visited St. John this week.

Mrs. W. C. Crockett came down from Fredericton for a short time this week.

Rev. W. H. Street of Campbellton was in the city for a short time on Tuesday.

Dr. L. H. Morse arrived from Montreal the first of the week for a short stay.

Mr. George Peabody of Amherst was in the city for a day or two this week.

The following obituary notice is from the Poughkeepsie (N. Y.) Courier of April 4th. The deceased lady was very well known in this city where she lived for many years with her daughter, Mrs. Harry Freese, now of Summerville Mass, who with the other members of the family have much sympathy in their bereavement.

"Mrs. Edwin Peck, formerly Martha H. Vail, passed away at the residence of her son-in-law, C. Jerome Badgley, on Friday at the age of 75 years, beloved by her intimate friends and respected by all. She was one of the descendants of the old and esteemed family of Huxhous, who settled in Dutchess county some time in the last century, and out of respect to this family Huxhousville was named. Her younger life was spent at Litchfield, Conn., where she was educated in those fine and delicate forms so necessary for ladies of the past generation, which station she filled with perfection. After leaving school she married Edwin Peck, wholesale dry goods merchant of New York city, who did a thriving business before the war. After the death of her husband and during the latter years of her

life she divided her time in living with her two daughters, Mrs. Badgley of this city and Mrs. Henry H. Freese of Summerville, Mass., commencing them with advice and able advice, and following the object of her life in her wisdom intended her son. Her motto through life, "Do unto others as you would be done by," was strictly adhered to and instilled into her children as a matter of duty. We heartily extend to her family our deepest sympathy; and the assurance of meeting her in the better world may assist the parting in this. She was interested in the Poughkeepsie Rural cemetery by the side of her departed husband."

Mr. Louis Kainie spent Monday in Harcourt.

Rev. H. A. Keith of Havelock was in the city on Thursday.

Mr. and Mrs. William Hall of St. Stephen are here to spend Sunday with city friends.

Dr. Townshend of Parrboro, and his daughter, Mrs. Cecil Parsons, child and maid of Springhill were in the city for a short time this week.

Dr. Preston is slowly recovering from his late severe illness.

Mr. W. H. Thorne returned this week from Ottawa.

Mr. and Mrs. John M. Smith and the Misses Smith of Windsor spent a short time in the city this week.

Mr. and Mrs. J. L. Black came down from Backville for a few days this week.

Mr. and Mrs. W. B. Calhoun of Kentville, Nova Scotia are spending their honeymoon in the city.

A party of Woodstock people were in the city Wednesday including the following persons: Dr. T. F. Sprague, Dr. and Mrs. G. B. Mavor, Mr. and Mrs. B. B. Manser, and Mr. and Mrs. R. M. Bol Jea.

Mr. and Mrs. D. M. Morton of Halifax were in the city this week.

Mr. John A. McLellan of Riverside spent a day or two here this week.

Mr. and Mrs. A. C. Webster, Mrs. Winchester, and Miss Winchester of Providence N. I. were a party of Americans who visited the city this week.

Mr. George E. Cahill, and Mr. W. D. Frost of Boston have been paying a brief visit to the city this week.

Mr. J. W. Shannon of Annapolis was in St. John on Wednesday.

Mr. J. Fraser Gregory of this city made a short visit to Fredericton this week.

The Misses Lascelles are in Fredericton visiting their uncle Mr. A. S. Murray.

Miss Aggie Todd has returned to Fredericton after a visit to city friends.

Miss Bessie Thompson is in Fredericton visiting her aunt Mrs. Wm. Leonard.

Mr. Chas. Hall visited Fredericton friends lately.

Mr. and Mrs. Victor Gowland will resume house-keeping this summer, having taken a fit on German street.

Mr. George F. Davis of Halifax paid a short visit to St. John this week.

Mr. George Todd who spent the winter here with his daughter, Mrs. Healey V. Cooper has returned to Milltown for the summer. Mr. Cooper made a brief stay in St. Stephen this week.

Mr. J. W. Hickman of Amherst who has been here all winter under the care of Dr. John Berryman returned home last week.

Mr. and Mrs. N. Riley were quite taken by surprise last Monday evening when between eight and nine o'clock a large party assembled at their residence to offer congratulations upon the sixteenth anniversary of their marriage. A handsome dinner service of 100 pieces was presented during the evening, and the time was pleasantly spent in music and games of various kinds. Refreshments were served before the guests dispersed, wishing Mr. and Mrs. Riley continued happiness and prosperity. Among those invited were the following persons: Mr. and Mrs. F. A. Dykema, Mr. and Mrs. Cran dal, Mr. and Mrs. Nobles, Mr. and Mrs. Bailey, Mr. and Mrs. Chipman, Mr. and Mrs. Belding, Mr. and Mrs. Geo. Bennett, Mr. and Mrs. Alward, Mr. and Mrs. C. J. Stammers, Mr. and Mrs. Woodrow, Mr. and Mrs. H. Alward, Mr. and Mrs. D. Hudson, Mr. and Mrs. B. A. Stammers, Mr. and Mrs. C. G. Ginty, Mr. and Mrs. Sluder, Mr. and Mrs. Cain, Dr. and Mrs. Carey, Mrs. Hoar, Mr. C. Barnes, Mrs. Stetson, Miss Carr, Miss G. Smith, Miss Biddle, Miss S. Payson, Miss E. Godard, Miss M. Smith, Miss Band, Miss Elliott, Misses March, Miss Cooper, Miss Alward, Miss Brown, Miss Fritz, Mr. Estabrooks, Mr. Underhill, Mr. Sipprill, Mr. C. Dykema, Mr. L. A. Hopper.

Mrs. T. V. Cook and Mrs. T. J. Plunkett of Moncton were in the city on Thursday.

Mrs. and Miss Chisholm of Halifax are in the city.

Messrs. J. M. Johnson of Calais and L. B. Rob erts of Portland, Me. are paying a short visit to the city.

Mr. George Noble of Toronto has been visiting the city during the week.

Tilley Temple held a very successful entertainment in their hall Thursday evening when the following programme was rendered after which light refreshments were served: Address, I. B. Roberts; mandolin solo, Mr. Rogit; solo, Mrs. Titus; violin quartette by Prof. Dupliss, Fanjoy, Rogit and Allan; song, W. A. Seeger; song, N. W. McCauley.

Very deep sympathy is expressed for Mr. and Mrs. H. D. Creed in the death of their only child a bright boy of two years and five months. The remains were taken on Friday, to Fredericton the parent's former home for interment.

Miss Ruth McConnell of Paradise Row has been confined to the house with a severe cold, this week.

Mr. J. W. Restorick of Watford, Ontario was in the city this week on his way home from Liverpool England.

Capt. W. E. Smith R. N. of Halifax was in town on Thursday.

Mr. A. E. Gagnon of Montreal made a short stay in the city this week.

Miss Everitt returned last Saturday from a visit to Amherst where she was a guest of Miss Bessie Hickman. On Friday afternoon Miss Hickman gave a tea in her great honor.

Miss Bessie Munro arrived from Amherst Wednesday and will spend the summer in St. John.

FREDERICTON.

[PROGRESS is for sale in Fredericton by W. T. H. Fenestry and J. H. Hawthorne.]

APRIL 7.—The Misses Sterling gave a pleasant little whist party on Friday evening, six tables, at which Miss Frankie Tibbits was the successful winner of the ladies' first prize.

Mrs. W. P. Flawelling was the principal entertainer of the week. On Thursday and on Saturday afterwards she gave the first and second of a set of three At Homes. Mrs. Flawelling was assisted in receiving her guests by Mrs. H. Lugin. In the receiving room Mrs. Barry presided and had the assistance of Miss Frankie Tibbits and Miss Barter in serving the guests.

The table was beautifully decorated; garlands of smilax entwining in and out between all the dainty dishes and filling every available spot, while at either end was large jars of jonquils and cream roses.

Mrs. Flawelling gives the third and last of the set, I believe at Easter.

Mr. and Mrs. Robert Randolph and the Misses

Bendish left yesterday for Halifax, whereas, they also summer for London and will remain abroad four months.

Mr. J. Fraser Gregory of St. John is making a short visit to the city today.

The Misses Lascelles of St. John are spending a few days here the guests of their uncle, Mr. A. S. Murray.

Mr. Joseph Winslow of the bank of N. N. A. left this afternoon for Montreal where he had been ordered to report; while Mr. Winslow's many friends congratulate him upon his promotion they part from him with the sincerest regret. Mr. Winslow has long been one of the most popular young men in the city and the position he has held in social circles will not soon be filled. Upon the eve of his departure Mr. Winslow was presented with a complimentary address and a gold watch and chain by the members of the boating and bicycling club.

Mr. Winslow was also the recipient of a very handsome ring. Mr. Lubbock of London England, takes the place in the bank made vacant by Mr. Winslow's departure.

Miss Bessie Thompson of St. John, is visiting her aunt Mrs. Wm. Leonard.

Mr. Chas. Hall of St. John spent Sunday with friends here.

The Misses Sterling paid a short visit to St. John this week.

Mr. Fred Waterson of St. Stephen is among the strangers in town.

The many friends of Mrs. West, nee Miss Bailey, will be pleased to hear that she has accomplished her long journey successfully and has arrived home from Australia.

Mr. C. Sterling who has graduated M. D. from McGill is at home.

Mr. Herbert Vavasour is spending a few days in Moncton.

Miss Aggie Todd has returned home from visiting friends at St. John.

Mrs. Walter Fisher has returned from visiting her parents at Woodstock.

Mrs. Kirkpatrick of Woodstock is visiting her old home here.

Miss Bralley of Victoria B. C., is visiting friends in the city.

Messrs. Hastings, Dermant and Atwood of Montreal, are spending a few days in the city.

Miss Daisy Hanson is visiting her sister at St. Stephen.

Mr. Geo. Blair of Ottawa, is spending a short time with friends here.

Mr. Herbert Porter of Toronto, is visiting at his home here and will remain till after the Easter holidays.

Mr. Bedford Phillips and Mr. A. Towndale have come to Boston on a holiday trip.

The Parada drill is engaging the attention of the pleasure loving public to such an extent that there is little time left for social duties, all the classes have been formed and are now at daily drill, the chaperons are Mrs. Barry, Mrs. Tibbits, Mrs. Torrains, Mrs. Richards, Mrs. Flawelling, Mrs. W. T. H. Fenestry, Mrs. Roberts, Mrs. Merris, Mrs. Dever, Mrs. Sherman, Mrs. Dave Hatt, and Mrs. Chas. Beckwith.

Mrs. Fred Barnes of Jacksonville, Carleton, Co., arrived in the city last evening having come to be present at the marriage of her sister Miss Everett which takes place at Long's hotel this evening. CHUCKER.

ROXBURGO.

[PROGRESS is for sale in Roxborough by Theodore P. Graham.]

APR 7.—Rev. Mr. MacLean occupied the pulpit of Chalmers church on Sunday evening.

Mr. W. I. Atwood of Boston was in town on Wednesday last under the direction of the "Ladies Aid Society" in connection with Methodist church. A service of song was acceptably given in the temperance hall last Thursday evening.

Mr. Firth of Campbellton spent last Friday in town.

Mrs. David Cochran entertained a few of her young friends, last Wednesday evening a very pleasant time was spent.

Rev. Mr. and Mrs. Lawson entertained in a very pleasant way the ladies who assisted in the service of one last Thursday evening after the performance of an over.

Mr. Hiram Thompson returned to Chatham on Monday after spending a week at home.

Mrs. Gordon Livingston and her son Grover spent some days in town guests at Mr. J. Ferguson's.

Mrs. and Mrs. Fred Ferguson entertained a few friends on Saturday evening.

Messrs. P. Mortimer of Montreal and A. N. MacNeil of St. John spent Monday in town.

Dr. W. A. Ferguson accompanied by Mr. Thorn Bower left on Monday for Montreal.

Quite a number of our townpeople have been ill during the past week, among whom were Mr. and Mrs. Geo. W. Robertson, Mr. James MacDougall and Miss Chrystal.

Mr. S. C. Weeks returned from a trip to Amherst on Friday last.

Rumor says we are to have several lady bicyclists in town this coming summer, judging from the display of wheels that Mr. Will Forbes has we fancy there is some truth in the rumor. AURORA.

AMHERST.

[PROGRESS is for sale at Amherst by W. P. Smith & Co.]

APRIL 6.—On Monday evening Hon. A. R. Dickey gave a lecture upon the "Antiquity of man" in the Y. M. C. A. hall under the auspices of the Literary society. The audience was greatly interested and frequently applauded Mr. Dickey as he literally unravelled out the subject scientifically and proved very conclusively that a genuine antique man must carry the time print of a half million years.

A number of very pleasant afternoon teas have been given this week and as they have all been quite large and the weather moderately fine they were greatly enjoyed.

Mrs. M. Curry's tea on Thursday included among the guests Mrs. James Dickey, Mrs. A. R. Dickey, Mrs. H. J. Logan, Mrs. G. G. Bird, Mrs. N. B. Swale, Mrs. E. Biden, Miss Fleming, Mrs. J. Brown, Mrs. C. T. Hillson, Mrs. R. C. Fuller, Mrs. D. W. Robb, Mrs. C. W. Howson, Mrs. J. F. Christie, Mrs. D. T. Chapman, Mrs. Townshend, Mrs. W. D. Douglas, Mrs. H. Pipe, Mrs. Sleep, Mrs. Currie was assisted by the Misses Tighe, Miss Cutler, and Miss Lowerson.

On Friday Mrs. D. W. Robb served tea to a large number of friends at Maplehurst. I understand it was in honor of her mother Mrs. W. Tapper. Mrs. Robb gave another quite large tea on Monday.

Mrs. Bessie Hickman gave a charming tea on Friday afternoon for her guest Miss Everett of St. John. Miss Hickman is a hostess who entertains in such a happy way that it is taken as a very great pleasure to be on her favored list.

Miss Everett returned to her home in St. John on Saturday.

Mrs. H. Lockwood left on Wednesday to visit friends in Toronto.

(CONTINUED ON EIGHTH PAGE.)

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FOR ADDITIONAL SOCIETY NEWS, SEE FIFTH AND SEVENTH PAGES.



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**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.

**HALIFAX NOTES.**  
Progress is for sale in Halifax by the new book and at the following news stands and cafes.  
C. S. DEWITT, Brunswick street  
CLIFFORD STREET, 111 Hollis street  
LAMB & COMPANY, Railway Depot  
FOWLER'S NEWS, Opp. L. C. B. Depot  
CANADA NEWS CO., Gortons street  
J. G. KLEIN, Dartmouth Road  
H. SILVER, Dartmouth Road  
J. W. ALLEN, Dartmouth Road

Halifax is noted as a musical city, and it is now to have what it has been lacking—a symphony orchestra, such as he has become so popular in large cities. It will be known as the Halifax Symphony Orchestra, consisting of about 35 performers, ladies and gentlemen, with Max Well. Such an organization should be one of the most successful in our midst. I hear the first concert will be given this month at a Schubert Festival in aid of the Indian Famine Fund. Their first appearance will certainly be looked forward to with interest.

The Orpheus Club is to give us Rip Van Winkle again Easter week for two or three nights. Mrs. Hazarty will not appear, and I hear that Mrs. Lewis will be the Gretchen and Mrs. Ellis will be the Alice. Mr. Gillis will also not be in the cast, and Mr. Godwin will take his place. These changes will no doubt add new interest to the production.

The marriage of Rev. H. H. Pittman, Rector of St. George's church, to Miss Claire Tomlinson, took place in the first week in June. The bride will be among the fair of the many that Halifax has been celebrating for, until abroad that a new wife has been "a Halifax girl" is looked upon as prima facie evidence of good looks.

Orpheus hall will certainly be crowded on Easter Monday evening when the Grecian and Swedish dances and tableaux, under Miss Holmstrom's direction, are to be given. The entertainment will be as pleasing as it will be novel. It will be under distinguished patronage and will be quite a fashion able event.

The young ladies who will take part in the Grecian cymbal dance and tableaux are Misses Holmstrom, Lawrence, Crawford, Lyda Mott, Butler, Clara Symons, Raskier, O'Donnell, Anna Mitchell, Mahon, Leach, Rose Harrington, Johnson, Eva Holmes, Mooney, E. H. Bligh.

In the Swedish dances the following will take part: Misses Holmstrom, Lawrence, Bligh, Crawford, Wiswell, Ada Russell, Mitchell, Mrs. B. Saunders.

In one of the Swedish dances Misses Holmstrom and Mitchell will have a special part, and will appear in costume, imported direct from Sweden and Norway. The Grecian dance and tableaux will be enhanced by electrical effects as will Miss Holmstrom's own special performance.

A most enjoyable at home was that at Mrs. E. G. Smith's Brunswick street, last Friday evening. From north and south the guests assembled, scores of leading families of the city were represented by their lady members, and there were quite a number present. Mrs. Smith was assisted in receiving the guests by her daughter, Mrs. Lovett Crowl, and by Misses Ada and Fannie, daughters of G. M. Smith, Esq.

Mr. and Mrs. J. Wesley Smith left for England this week on an extended tour. Miss Hattie Ogden daughter of Mr. A. Ogden, Bedford, accompanied them.

A large number of ladies, interested in art needlework, assembled in St. Luke's hall yesterday afternoon to work on shading in silks by Mrs. Kenly, who claims and proves that artistic work can be done with the needle, quite equal to that done with the brush. Next Thursday at 2:30 p. m., in the same hall, Mrs. Kenly will explain the method of working the Mount Melick stitches, which have been so much admired in the exhibition at the Waverley House. All Mrs. Kenly's lessons and lectures are free to the public.

**MISS ANNE CUNNINGHAM** who has been visiting her friends at the Leasment, returned to Antigonish last Saturday.

Mrs. W. E. Bligh and her little daughter are home from Halifax.

Mrs. F. A. Lawrence entertained six tables of progressive whist, last night to meet Mr. and Mrs. J. Milner Atkins, of Vancouver, B. C. The following were present: Mr. and Mrs. D. B. Cummings, Mr. and Mrs. Martin Decker, Mr. and Mrs. Rev. Crowe, Dr. and Mrs. Rands, Mr. and Mrs. Henson, Mr. and Mrs. Forster, Mr. and Mrs. McClellan, Mrs. A. C. Pace, Mrs. Vernon, Miss Mary Crowe, Miss Franck Yell, (Sible Hill), Miss Delaney, Capt. L. J. Yell, Dr. J. B. Hall.

**PARSBORO.**  
Progress is for sale at Parsboro Book Store.

APRIL 7.—There are few social functions just now Monday evening Mrs. Raad gave a progressive crokinole party. The guests were Mr. and Mrs. H. E. McLeod, Mr. and Mrs. Robt. Aikman, Dr. H. E. McLeod, Mr. and Mrs. Price, Dr. and Mrs. Johnson, Mr. and Mrs. E. R. Reid, Mr. and Mrs. McDowell, Dr. and Mrs. Mace, Miss Brown, Mrs. A. C. Pace, Mrs. Vernon, Miss Mary Crowe, Miss Franck Yell, (Sible Hill), Miss Delaney, Capt. L. J. Yell, Dr. J. B. Hall.

A Christian Endeavor social was held at Mrs. Charles McCabe's on Tuesday evening with the usual enjoyment had on such occasions.

Quite a large party of gentlemen went to Springhill last evening to attend a grand political meeting returning by the early train this morning.

Mr. Stuart Jenks has opened a law office in the brick block.

Mrs. N. H. U. pham who had been quite ill for some time is able to be out again.

Mrs. J. D. Harris left on Thursday for a visit to her daughters at Antigonish.

Mrs. R. E. Tucker who has been a patient at the Victoria Hospital on a home on Wednesday.

Mr. L. Lecheur of St. John spent Sunday at the Queen.

**"Strongest and Best."—Dr. Andrew Wilson, F.R.S. & L., Editor of "Health."**  
**Fry's PURE CONCENTRATED COCOA.**  
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.

**MONCTON.**  
Progress is for sale in Moncton at the Moncton Bookstore, by W. G. Stanfield and at M. E. Jones' Bookstore.

APRIL 7.—There have been a number of quiet little entertainments in the shape of teas, and small card parties lately, most of them of a strictly Lenten character; that is many there has been no dancing, or singing for merrily about them, but a decorous quietude fully in accord with the penitential season.

Mrs. F. S. Archibald entertained the skating club on Wednesday evening at a progressive heart party and the members spent a very enjoyable evening. The fortunate winners were Miss Triny Hampton, and Mr. A. C. Stead who bore away respectively a dainty silver brooch and a silver key ring, both in the shape of hearts.

Mrs. W. J. Weiden of Main street entertained a number of lady friends at tea on Friday afternoon, and a pleasant hour or two was spent over the cup which chere, and an excellent new affair, also in chere, to a considerable extent. The rooms were prettily decorated and the table looked charming.

Mrs. William Elliott of Botsford street gave a very pleasant whist party to a number of her friends last week, and the guests numbered about thirty, and as Mrs. Elliott and her charming daughters and son were for their hospitality, and powers of entertaining, it is scarcely necessary to say that the function was a most successful one.

Mrs. H. W. Darnley of Botsford street gave a most enjoyable progressive crokinole party on Friday evening, and the large number of guests spent a delightful and exciting evening over this newest and most fascinating addition to the list of games which seems to have taken Moncton by storm. In fact progressive hearts, and crokinole seem to have almost superseded whist for the time, and to have held the field to themselves.

Mrs. Laetion of Shediac spent a few days in town last week, the guest of Mrs. J. B. Benedict.

Mrs. A. Borden left town yesterday to spend a few days in Sussex, the guest of her mother, Mrs. William Smith.

Mrs. J. H. Bruce spent a few days with relatives in Derby last week.

Lady Smith and Miss Robinson of Dorchester spent a day or two in town last week, visiting Mr. and Mrs. W. Y. Smith.

Miss Ruthford of Sydney, C. B. who has been visiting friends in town, returned home on Thursday.

Miss Borden left town yesterday for Dorchester to spend a few days with friends and children, who have been living here for the past four years have moved to Pictou.

Mrs. E. Bertram of Pictou, which took place early on Monday morning at her residence on Lower Lutz street. Mrs. Sutton caught a severe cold last autumn from which she never recovered and which finally developed into consumption, causing her death after an illness of some months.

Mrs. Sutton was but thirty years old and had two little children. The funeral took place on Tuesday morning, and was very largely attended, the casket was covered with beautiful floral tributes from friends. The pall bearers were Messrs. J. J. Walker, J. B. Moore, J. J. McDonald, James Gillespie, John O'Leary, and P. D. LeBlanc. Mrs. Sutton was a daughter of Mr. Thomas Hogan of the I. C. R.

Mrs. J. M. Lyons returned last week from a visit to her former home in Sussex.

The many friends of Mr. W. D. Forester, one of the recently dismissed clerks of the I. C. R. will be glad to hear that he has secured a good position in St. Paul, Minn. for which place he will leave next week. Mr. Forester has made numerous friends in Moncton during his three years residence in this city, and his departure will be deeply regretted; he has proved himself a most public spirited citizen, taking a deep interest in all local affairs, and has always been ready to help in entertainments of both a public and private character. Mr. Forester was vice president of the athletic club, secretary of the fire department and captain of No. 4 company of the 74th Battalion in Dorchester.

One of the attractions of last week was the millinery opening at Mrs. J. J. McDonald's millinery and dress-making rooms on Main street, which took place on Thursday and Friday, and attracted large numbers of ladies to that always popular establishment. Mrs. McDonald was obliged to extend the time from one to two days in order to accommodate the many customers who thronged her rooms. The opening was a very great success; the millinery being selected with excellent taste, and the style and finish of the pattern hats and bonnets being such, that a very large proportion were sold during the first day of the opening. The patterns were personally selected by Miss Phillips head milliner, during her recent visit to Toronto. The rooms were tastefully decorated with flowers, and presented a very bright and pretty appearance.

The many friends of Mrs. E. W. Jarvis of Toronto, formerly Miss Harris of this city, are glad to see her in town again. Mrs. Jarvis who is accompanied by her infant daughter, is visiting her parents Mr. and Mrs. J. L. Harris of Queen street.

**GREENWICH.**  
APRIL 6.—The death of Mrs. Joseph Richards occurred at the residence of her daughter, Mrs. Wm. McLeod, on Thursday last at five o'clock p. m. Mrs. Richards who was an amiable and estimable lady was much beloved by all who knew her. She bore her long illness with christian patience and fortitude and had reached the ripe age of eighty-four years. Mrs. Richards was born at Wickham and was the daughter of the late Daniel Carpenter. She leaves a family of four sons and one daughter, Mr. Medley Richards of Edmundston, Messrs. Charles, Joseph and Daniel Richards, and Mrs. Wm. McLeod of this place, and a large number of grand-children and great grand-children. The funeral service took place at St. Paul's church Oak Point on Sunday the Rev. H. A. Cady took for his text Revelation 21st chap and 4th verse from which he preached a touching and eloquent sermon. The casket was carried to the grave by the diseased four sons.

Mr. Medley Richard of Edmundston was here at the funeral of his mother's funeral.

Miss Wachen of Harcourt is the guest of her sister Mrs. Williams.

Mrs. E. F. Belyea and Miss Laura Belyea have returned to their home after spending the winter in St. John.

Death seems to have cast its shadow over us for the time being, four old people having passed away within a few days.

**MANLY'S EARLY Thoroughbred POTATO.**  
The Greatest Cropper  
The Finest Flavor  
I raised 569 pounds, or over 3½ 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  
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PLEASANT AND HARMLESS  
TO USE  
ZOPESA-CHEMICAL Co. TORONTO

**To the Electors of the City of St. John.**  
LADIES AND GENTLEMEN:  
Having been urged to become a candidate for the office of Mayor of Saint John by a large number of representative fellow citizens, who have signed a requisition to that effect, I readily comply with a request which entirely concurs with my personal aspirations.  
I have always taken a lively interest in all that relates to the city and having had considerable experience in the management of its affairs, I am not without reasonable confidence that, as its chief magistrate, I might be of some use in both guarding and advancing its welfare.  
I may be pardoned for reminding you that my ancestors and nearest relations, as well as myself, have in the past, each contributed towards the development and prosperity of this community, and I need only add that, while I shall always entertain supreme satisfaction in having passed my life in its midst, my proper ambition must remain unsatisfied until I shall have secured from my fellow citizens, the highest recognition of good citizenship.  
I therefore respectfully request you to give me your votes for the office of Mayor at the approaching election, assuring you that if elected I shall devote my very best efforts to the discharge of the duties of that most important as well as honorable position, and am always,  
Your Most Obedient Servant,  
CHARLES McLAUGH

**To the Electors of the City of St. John.**  
GENTLEMEN:  
I will be a candidate for the office of  
**MAYOR**  
at the coming civic election on the THIRD TUESDAY IN APRIL, and respectfully solicit your support. If elected I will use my best endeavors to promote the interests of the city.  
I am yours faithfully,  
T. H. HALL.

**To the Electorate of the City:**  
RESPONDING to a requisition of representative citizens, I announce my acceptance of their nomination for Mayor, and that I shall be a candidate for the office at the election to be held in April next.  
I elected I shall endeavour to merit the confidence reposed in me.  
Faithfully yours,  
EDWARD SEARS.  
St. John, March 28th, 1897.  
A. G. BLAIR, G. G. RUEL, A. G. BLAIR, JR.  
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**JOHNSTON'S FLUID BEEF**  
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**TRY IT.**  
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# ERRORS IN NUMBERING

## Music and The Drama

IN MUSICAL CIRCLES.

Unless all singers fail and unless all the musical critics of the leading cities of the United States are in error, then every anticipation now formed of the musical event provided for next week will be abundantly realized. The event as probably every one knows will be the annual complimentary concert to Prof. L. W. Titus and the feature of the evening will be the first appearance in this city of the lady who is called "the greatest alto in the United States,"—Miss Mary Louise Cary. She will be heard at the Opera House next Tuesday evening the 13th, inst., and in several numbers of the programme, thus furnishing to local music lovers a musical treat that never before has been approached in our midst, except perhaps when the celebrated Annie Louise Cary was heard here many years ago. There are hundreds upon hundreds of the musical people of to-day to whom the singing of Miss Cary is only a tradition or a mere memory, and there is now about to be afforded them an opportunity of re-visiting those past delights, and for others to have a demonstration of the possibilities of an alto voice. There are sopranos and sopranos (several of them have been heard here), and there are altos and altos but, in order to appreciate an what also voice cultivated and well trained, is capable of effecting, it is necessary to hear Miss Cary, or some other voice nearly as good. The names of several of those who will assist in Prof. Titus programme were given in this department last week and I have now the pleasure of adding the name of Mr. Manning, the young and earnest musical student and violinist who is also a contributor. The occasion should so inspire our home talent that they will surpass their previous best effort. Nothing need be said about the proportions of the audience because every one can who will want to be represented there next Tuesday evening.

The words of a college song I saw in a collection of such songs not long since occur to me as I learn that Signer Folt the famous English basso is coming here this month. Certainly that "There's music in the air" appears to be the fact for April of this year. This gentleman is under the management of Mr. C. A. E. Harris another English gentleman, who will be especially remembered perhaps as having so cleverly managed the Albany concert as it was called. Madame Albani it was said was then making a tour of Canada enroute to Australia. This tour I allude to has not yet materialized in its entirety, by the way.

The music people of the city and in an especial manner those who are members of the congregation of St. John's (Stone) church regret the resignation of Mrs. W. S. Carter as leader of the choir in St. John's. In "Parish Notes" for April the following tribute is self explanatory:

Dear Mrs. Carter:— We heard with much sorrow that you felt it your duty to resign the position which for so many years you have held in the choir of St. John's church. We cannot fully express to you the benefit we have derived from being associated with one whose vocal endowment, thorough knowledge of music, and personal courtesy, so amply fitted her for the position of leader. For the last seven years, each prominent performance and each musical service owed much of its effectiveness to your personal efforts and your example to others in the true method, earnest and devotional, of church music.

But our sorrow at losing your help is made more keen by our knowledge of the sad family bereavement which is in store. Thus loss is felt by our choir also, in whose ranks one who is now at rest gave us for a short time her most valued help. The sympathy of so many friends extended to you will in some measure we hope, alleviate your sorrow; and the assurance that your labours have contributed so greatly to our church's welfare will be a source of deep satisfaction, we feel sure, to yourself at all future times.

We remain sincerely and affectionately,

John DeSoyes, Rector.  
James S. Ford, Organist and Choir Master.  
Avis Davidson,  
Mary Patton,  
Mary Hampton,  
Jennie C. Keadell,  
Annie Wetmore,  
Jennette Ford,  
R. C. Farmer,  
Alfred DeW. Howard,  
W. H. Holder,  
S.D. Crawford,  
Florence Jardine,  
Helen Perkins,  
Louise M. Skinner,  
Carrie Fairweather,  
George A. Keadell,  
A. G. Barnham,  
Ralph F. Markham,  
G. C. Coster,  
R. Seelye,  
A. H. Lindsay.

Tones and Undertones.

Madame Scalchi the famous operatic prima donna contralto, is the latest addition to the vaudeville stage. Mme. Scalchi, accompanied Nordica in her recent western concert tour, and she is now singing in the music halls in western cities. Her agent has written to one of the large music halls in the east asking for an engagement. She wants to appear in the garden scene from "Faust" and will supply the company for the other four roles, in consideration of \$1,000 a week.

"The Chimes of Normandy" has been again revived and is occupying the stage at the Castle Square theatre, Boston, this week.

In a recent production of "Die Walkure" with Madame Lehman in the role of Brunhilde, a critical notice says, "Miss Lehman dominated the entire presentation as she never fails to do in whatever opera she takes part. This she accomplishes by the inherent force, dignity and sincerity of her own character, the power from which infuses every pose or gesture she makes, and sounds forth in every tone she utters. Possessing that irresistible magnetism lent by an indomitable will, the strongest possible self poise and an immovable individuality. Miss Lehman compels her hearers to follow her with absolute attention and undivided interest."

The old Music Hall organ, Boston, is to be sold by auction next month. It was removed from the hall in 1884 and for nearly thirteen years it has been stored in a shed at the back of the Conservatory.

The chorus of the opera company producing "St. Louis O'Brien" went on strike in Philadelphia last week and the season was closed. One week's back pay was due and although the management guaranteed salaries for the then current week, the strikers would not go on.

Jessie Bartlett Davis was unable to appear with the Bostonians in "The Serenade" last week owing to a slight attack of hoarseness. Her place was taken by Marcia Van Dresser.

Richard Strauss' symphonic poem "Also sprach Zarathustra" in which he endeavored to express in music Friedrich Nietzsche's idea of the Uebermensch, has been performed in London and has proved too much for the musical critics. They agree that it is extremely dull and disagreeable, while some suspect that they have been mystified by a ponderous German practical joke.

Madame Nordica has sailed for England. She told a friend that she expected to sing Elsie in grand opera on 19th April once that a week later she would appear as Valentine in "Les Huguenots." After that she will rest in Paris until the Covent Garden season opens.

A new comic opera to which has been given the odd name of "1999" will shortly be presented at the Fifth Avenue theatre, New York. Hugh Chilver has been engaged to sing the principal tenor role.

Punkett Greene, the Irish baritone singer, is again meeting with much success in New York. It is said there is at least a possibility that ere long he may be induced to visit this city. He was singing in Toronto last Wednesday evening with Madame Vanderveer. Green and Rudolph Von Scurpa formerly court pianist to the Emperor of Austria, assisting in the programme.

The Toronto Philharmonic's Queen's Jubilee Concert will be given on the 4th May and will be under the patronage of the Governor General and Countess Aberdeen. The production will consist of "The Erl King's Daughter." Miss Datta Zeigler has been engaged for the soprano parts and Mr. Watkins Mills as basso.

The Chicago Marine Band gave two concerts in the Boston theatre last Sunday—afternoon and evening—Miss Sammis sang "Kathleen Mavourneen." This band will play in Toronto next week.

The death of Johannes Brahms, the famous musician and composer is announced this week.

A portrait of Miss Frances Maud Cousineau of Toronto adorns the last issue of "Saturday Night", and shows her to be very attractive. Miss Cousineau is now studying grand opera under Madame Marchesi in Paris.

### TALK OF THE THEATRE.

"Hogan's Alley" with all the well known features of that neighborhood, including the Yellow Kid and Liz, is being presented each evening this week at the Mechanic's Institute, to quite large business. Mr. Murphy, the manager, is a veritable hustler and he is offering a number of excellent specialties in addition to the laughable afterpieces.

It is announced that Miss Mary Hampton will retire from the position of leading lady in the E. H. Sothern company on the 17th inst. She wants a rest and her health is somewhat impaired. It was expected she would go to London with the "Secret Service" company but she gave up the engagement to Miss Blanche Walsh. Miss Hampton however may go to England later on with one of Frohman's pieces.

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E. C. STEARNS & CO.,  
MAKERS,  
TORONTO, ONT.  
AMERICAN RATTAN CO.,  
CANADIAN SELLING AGTS.,  
TORONTO.

Mrs. E. H. Sothern (Miss Virginia Harrod) will succeed Miss Hampton as leading lady in her husband's company.

It is said that Felix Morris is making arrangements to go in the vaudeville ranks. The success of others of the legitimate who have joined the vaudeville stage is tempting. Mr. Morris will appear in a sketch called "The Old Musician."

Miss Fay Davis, a Boston girl, is one of the chief attractions in Pinero's new play "The Princess and the Butterfly" recently produced in London. Only two years ago Miss Davis was a London favorite as a reader in drawing rooms. Her first success was with Charles Wyndham in "A Squire of Dames" and English adaptation by McCarton of Dumas' L'Amie des Femmes.

In June next Sarah Bernhardt will visit England and endeavor to recapture London.

Henry Arthur Jones' new play "The Physician" introduces the dal-life idea which he has already made familiar in "Judah," "The Rogue's Comedy," "Michael and his lost Angel," A notice of this last named play say "it is unquestionably one of the most powerful of modern dramas, despite the summary manner in which the populace rejected it a year or so ago.

George Brandes, the Danish critic, who is the most cosmopolitan of literary men in his tastes and knowledge, has written a comprehensive study of Shakespeare, which is to be translated into English. Mr. Brandes writes in French and German almost as well as in his native tongue.

Henry E. Dixey who has been appearing in "In Gayest Manhattan" at Koster and Bial's in New York has been discharged from the company. A few evenings since he appeared and sang inaudibly and danced a few steps cautiously. He was so fatigued by this exertion he abruptly left the stage. The dust with Miss Flo Irwin had to be omitted.

John H. ("Jack") Bunny, the popular comedian who was here with Harkin's a few seasons ago, is now a member of Roland Reed's company producing "The Wrong Mr. Wright." This play was given its first New York production in the Harlem opera house last week. It is by George H. Broadhurst.

Linda Bainbridge is the name of a lady member of the company producing in New York a piece called "The New Dominion." This lady was at one time a member of the Lansdowne theatre company in this city.

James K. Hackett, through indisposition was not able to appear in his part in a recent production of "The Madwoman" in New York.

Sarah Bernhardt has taken up the theatre big hat nuisance and suggests that ladies wear mantillas in the evenings at restaurant dinners and subsequent visits to the theatres.

Sally Chew is the name of an actress who twenty years ago was a popular acrobatic but who is now a news girl in New York. Her husband who was George C. Stanley an actor—but whose real name is George Chew—deserted her about thirteen years ago with two children to care for. She is still an attractive woman it is said.

Jennie Worrell, one of the two Worrell sisters who came to New York with Lydia Thompson's blondes was fined \$3. in Jefferson Market police court for disorderly conduct the other day.

Sibyl Johnson, (Sibyl Greenwald) who first became at all known as an actress as Liza in "The Clemenceau Case," when first produced in New York, has been in the toils of the law recently. A judgment has been secured against her for \$395.

Charles French who played Nob in Harkins' production of "In Old Kentucky" in this city is still doing that character with much success. He is in Boston and Laura Burt is the Madge of the piece.

Julia Marlowe is playing in "For Bonnie Prince Charlie" in the Hollis theatre Boston this week. This is the tenth consecutive year she has played in that city, not having missed a single season since she became a star.

## Dr. Humphreys Says!!!

That Homeopaths don't go in for Spring medicine because they don't need it; the use Humphreys' No. 10 keeps the stomach right all the time and when your stomach is right, your head is clear; you feel good; no blues; no low spirits; no tired feeling.

"77" is to Grip

"10" is to Dyspepsia.

A single dose of No. 10 relieves an acute attack; its persistent use cures the worst case of Dyspepsia.

Dr. Humphreys' Homeopathic Manual of Diseases at your Druggists or mailed Free.  
Sold by druggists, or sent on receipt of 25 cts., 50 cts. or \$1.00. Humphreys' Med. Co., Cor. W. 4th & John sts., New York.

## GRAND DISPLAY

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CORSETS A SPECIALTY.

**SUCCESSFUL GROWERS**  
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SOLD BY ALL LEADING DEALERS IN CANADA  
CATALOGUES FREE  
The Steele, Briggs Seed Co.  
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## Cut Your Own Dress.....

And have a perfect-fitting costume. Abel Gaubaud's Celebrated Paris Fashion House System of Dress, Garment and Manse Cutting, practically and thoroughly taught in a few lessons. This system is simple and perfect in its application to all the whims of fashion in styles.  
Free for instructions small, write for full particulars.  
MADAME E. L. ETHIER,  
88 St. Denis Street, Montreal.

**MINARD'S**  
"KING OF PAIN"  
**LINIMENT**

STAFFORD, ANG., 4th, 1860.  
Messrs. C. C. RICHARDS & Co.  
GENTLEMEN.—My neighbor's boy, 4 years old fell into a tub of boiling water, and got scalded fearfully. A few days later his legs swelled to three times their natural size and broke out in running sores. His parents could get nothing to help him till I recommended MINARD'S LINIMENT, which, after using two bottles, completely cured him, and I know of several other cases around here almost as remarkably cured by the same Liniment, and I can truly say I never handled a medicine which has had as good a sale or gave such universal satisfaction.  
M. HUBERT,  
General Merchant.

**MINARD'S**  
"KING OF PAIN"  
**LINIMENT**

## PUTTNER'S EMULSION

Is the best of all the preparations of Cod Liver Oil. It is pure, palatable and effectual. Readily taken by children.  
Always get PUTTNER'S. It is the original and best.

## WINES.

Arriving ex "Escalona"  
"The Nicest" in quarter cask and Octaves.  
For sale low.  
**THOS. L. BOURNE**  
WATER STREET.

## Throat Kumforts

"KUMFORT HOME REMEDIES" (Registered).

"Throat Kumforts" will stop that tickling, irritating cough; will relieve hoarseness, rawness and soreness of the throat almost instantly.

FOR THE VOICE—Singers, Clergymen, Speakers, Readers, or any Voice Worker, will find "Throat Kumforts" a ready aid, removing all huskiness and tire, clearing the voice and toning up the vocal cords.

FOR SMOKERS—They relieve all huskiness, dryness, or soreness from which smokers, especially cigarette smokers, suffer.

They afford instant relief and comfort to sufferers from

GRIPPE COUGHS, BRONCHIAL IRRITATION, CATARRHAL SORE THROAT, SMOKERS' SORE THROAT, CLERICAL SORE THROAT, or any irritation of the air passages.

PROGRESS.

EDWARD S. CARTER, EDITOR

Discontinuation.—Except in those localities which are easily reached, no notices will be accepted of the same paid for. Discontinuations can only be made by paying arrears at the rate of five cents per copy.

Progress is a sixteen page paper, published every Saturday, from its new quarters, 59 to 61 Canterbury street, St. John, N. B. Subscription price is Two Dollars per annum, in advance.

The circulation of this paper is over 12,000 copies; it is double that of any daily in the Maritime Provinces, and exceeds that of any weekly published in the same section.

Advertisements should always be made by Post Office Order or Registered Letter. The former is preferred, and should be made payable in every case to EDWARD S. CARTER, Publisher.

All letters sent to the paper by persons having no business connection with it should be accompanied by stamps for a reply. Manuscripts from other than regular contributors should always be accompanied by a stamped and addressed envelope.

Copies can be purchased at every known news stand in New Brunswick, and in very many of the cities, towns and villages of Nova Scotia and Prince-Edward Island every Saturday, for Five Cents each.

SIXTEEN PAGES.

AVERAGE CIRCULATION 13,640

ST. JOHN, N. B., SATURDAY, APRIL 10

AMENDED DIVORCE LAW.

North Dakota will no longer be a popular hunting ground for irresponsible married persons who desire to obtain decrees of separation. The Legislature has taken action regarding this important matter and by an overwhelming majority the members of the House voted to alter the existing statutes so that a person seeking a divorce must be able to prove that he, or she, has resided at least one year in the state. Heretofore the only condition has been that the divorce seeker prove himself or herself to have resided three months in the commonwealth. The result of the very iniquitous statute was that any married couple suffering from a little family quarrel found an easy way to sever the bonds of matrimony. Unhappy wives and husbands from all parts of the American union journeyed to North Dakota, "settled down" for ninety days, and at the end of that time secured divorce papers. The conditions were such that divorce was made very easy; and nothing could be more vicious in its effect on a nation of homes and of respectable married people.

RANAVALONA III., the Queen of Madagascar, seems to have more difficulty in establishing a comfortable reign than even her sister in royalty LILUOKALANI. This estimable dark lady, the third, has just been picked off, bag and baggage, to a near by island, where she can think black thoughts if she likes of the French who are responsible for her journey; for RANAVALONA is about to enjoy that royal privilege, exiled exile, and she expects to spend a long time at it if her health does not give out. She has been struggling against fate and French worship for some months; ever since, in fact, the French protectorate was declared, but her efforts to hold her own were destined to early collapse and now she has sailed away with her dusky court to try life on an island.

Lieutenant ROBERT E. PEARY has reiterated, with added emphasis, his remark on a recent occasion that with \$150,000 he could probably reach the North Pole. His new plan is based on the establishment of a colony of Eskimos at some point not farther than 350 miles from the Pole. By this means he would expect to be able to avail himself of the most favorable conditions. Meanwhile Explorer JACKSON in Franz Josef Land intends this summer to seek a northward passage along his newly discovered Victoria Lake. If NANSEN'S present view of an open sea around the pole be correct, however, it would seem to be impossible for any land expedition to succeed in attaining the pole itself.

There have been many unique manifestations of the new woman recently, but none that contains such an infinite variety of amazing prospects as that reported from Minneapolis. In that enterprising city a saloon is to be started of women, for women and by women. There is to be a woman proprietor; there are to be women "bar-keepers," and only women patrons will be allowed within the portals. Every liquid known to mankind will be served, in addition to all the brands of obnoxious cigarettes. At present this project is only in embryo and if the good repute of the city is not to be sullied it will remain in that condition.

At Rochester, N. Y. a featman who was hazed by sophomores is reported to have become a raving maniac. The young man was of a delicate constitution and the brutal treatment he received turned his brain. A despatch telling of the matter said that "the authorities of the university are distressed and some arrests may be made." This seems a very mild way of

putting it. Hazing should be made a penal offence by legislation on the matter. It is all arrant nonsense to say that it cannot be stopped. It can be stopped in any institution by the right men.

Two hundred people at a meeting called for the purpose of discussing the arrangements for the jubilee celebration shows a regrettable want of enthusiasm on the part of the citizens generally. It is all very well to talk about perfect faith in the committee but unless the people themselves become thoroughly interested and enthused the event is not like to be the great success that all loyal Canadians would wish to see it. Get the citizens interested by all means.

According to figures set forth in a Madrid dispatch, GUERRITO the king of the torpedoes earned \$61,200 in the last season of seven months. During that time over 6,000 horses and bulls to the value of \$300,000 were butchered in order to furnish entertainment on Spanish holidays while the number of persons killed or crippled exceeded in number the bulls that entered the arena.

The tubular boiler, which has been looked upon as a modern invention, is found to have been known, in principle at least, to the people of an ancient Pompeii. It is well known that the Romans used hot water pipes for heating their villas, so that our progress in the art of living is not so great as is sometimes fancied.

A learned pig of almost superhuman ability is astonishing the natives of a town in the upper provinces. The pig solves mathematical problems after the manner of a lightning calculator, and in all operations connected with the square root he is said to be particularly brilliant.

When a person falls asleep the order of surrender to the spell is: Light, taste, smell, hearing, touch. The sense of touch is the highest sleeper and most easily awakened, then hearing, then sight, while sluggish taste is small awake last.

The girls of one or two American universities have adopted what they term the "bear walk." Things will not become really exciting around the halls of learning, however, till the girls adopt the bear hug.

The offer of fifty thousand dollars to Doctor NANSEN for the exclusive right to publish the account of his exploration in the icy north is justly regarded as a substantial tribute to the value of cold facts.

The frequency with which European powers change the arms of their soldiers must be as fat a thing for KRUPP and his brethren as the changes in school text books are for the school book people.

There is nothing so very remarkable in the statement that the Prince of Wales smokes \$3 cigars. There are men in St. John who smoke \$3 cigars. Three dollars a box.

A number of newspapers in the United States are saving President MCKINLEY a great deal of embarrassment and worry by pointing out the many difficulties that confront him.

It has been remarked that sensational journalism is "as old as the shame of NOAH and the murder of CAIN." But in those days it was not a daily infliction.

The French Scientist who pronounces laughing a disease may be right. Many a man has become a physical wreck by smiling too often.

Anglers are getting rods and bait forks ready for the trout season.

Have you voted for "Rockwood."

HOW THE FIGHT GOES.

The Various Candidates are Making an Excellent Canvass.

The citizens are only now becoming thoroughly interested in the civic battle that is being waged, and pretty stiff canvasses are being put up by the candidates and their friends for the mayoralty and aldermanic seats. Various claims are put forth for the different men all of which constitute good arguments and a good canvass. In the mayoralty contest, it is said that Mr. McLaughlin's star is in the ascendant in the North End; but on the other hand it is well known that despite the sentiment against fourth term men Mayor Robertson's chances for re-election are by no means dark. Messrs. Sears and Hall are fighting every inch of the ground and if they loose it will not be the fault of their friends or themselves. Mr. Sears friends claim a large Carleton vote for him. In the aldermanic race it is more than likely that many of the old men will be returned.

THREE OF THESE DAYS AND TODAY

Chippie Chipp. Chippie chipp is a dear sweet child, And I am his Sue; We love to play together all day, As little girls often do. Chippie in eight and I am nine, We both can read and write; We always sit together in school, And in summer we dress in white. Chippie Chipp's home is with her aunt, Because her mother is dead; We often go, where she lies low, With roses above her head. Her name for true is Rachel Wood, And mine, Naomi Stone; But Chipp and Sue will us best "Till we are older grown." We play in summer and go for walks, And she reads to me after school; All about reading grain in fields, And hares; blown brown and cool. All about clover tops and bees, And streams that can dance and sing, Sunshine waking the whole earth up, And the robin's flying wing. She says a spirit tells her things, And we are his flowers too; Who made the woods, the seas the clouds, And all the sparkling dew. He made them all for love of us, To brighten all the way— We walk together while we live, And she knows what they say. I love to hear her read all that, And talk that way to me; She must have eyes that see within What I can never see. I just love clothes and things to eat, To wear my pink silk dress; My new felt hat and buckle shoes, And gloves, I must confess. She says we are like tender grass, And all we eat or wear, Come from the earth the Father made, And we are in his care. She says it is His blessed love, That gives us all we get; And then I say, well Chipp I pray, That you may be his pet.

Hypocrit Window. Feb. 1897.

Grates of Comfort. If fortune doesn't smile on you, And trouble seems to pile on you, For all its worth; Don't think that you're the only wight For whom events don't come just right Upon this earth— There are others!

If luck has naught to bring you, And fate does not a thing to you, And you are blue; Just steeper o'er some other wreck Who stopped a cyclone with his neck— Were of than you— There are others!

If some one doesn't come to you To pay a certain sum to you, Don't fret and kick; For you are not the only guy Who gets the d-w-a-to-zero eye— There are others!

If a sudden fair goes back on you, And you makes an attack on you, 'Till you're broke up; Remember, many a trusting lot Has pulled the rope till it went out— There are others!

If she becomes a 'sis' to you, And blows a farewell kiss to you, Just hold your ground; Console yourself by thinking that Your voice still penetrates your hat, And look around— There are others!

Cry of the Dreamer. I am tired of planning and toiling In the crowded lives of men; Heart weary of building and spoiling, And spoiling and building again. I would fly to the wood's low rustic, Where I dreamed my youth away; For a dreamer lives forever, And a toiler dies in a day.

I am sick of the showy seeming Of a life that is half a lie; Of the faces lined with scheming, In the throng that hurries by. From the sleepless thought's endeavor, I would go where the children play; For a dreamer lives forever, And a toiler dies in a day.

I feel no pride, but pity For the burdens the rich endure; There is nothing sweet in the city But the patient lives of the poor. Oh, the little hands so skillful, And the child mind so keen with wends; The mother's heart goes willful, And the father's heart that bends.

No, no! from the street's rude bustle, From trophies of mart and stage, I would fly to the wood's low rustic, And the meadow's kindly page. Let me dream as of old by the river, And be loved for the dream away; For a dreamer lives forever, And a toiler dies in a day.

—John Boyle O'Reilly.

Mr. Vanwart in the Field.

Mr. John W. Vanwart is out as a candidate for Duke's Ward. His requisition has been largely signed by many influential citizens, residing in that part of the city. Mr. Vanwart is a most successful business man and if elected he will no doubt be most energetic in looking after the city's interests generally but more especially that portion of the rate payers he will represent. His friends in Carleton and the North End are making a good canvass and his chance for being elected look very bright.

Getting Ready to Move.

Mr. H. G. Marr of Union street is kept very busy these days attending to his numerous customers and getting ready to move. He is selling many of his goods, at the lowest prices, and ladies who visit his establishment today are sure of wonderful bargains.

Cleanliness of the head usually insures a good growth of hair. An occasional application of Hall's Hair Renewer will aid to keep the hair of a natural color.

HE DIDN'T GET A CENT.

The Insurance Company Didn't Want His Certificate.

HALIFAX, April 8.—The high-priced Halifax physician who practically wanted the whole insurance policy as the fee for making out a death certificate has come out at the small end of the argument after all. The party to whom the policy was made payable, an Amherst man, not to be beaten by the grasping doctor, and having taken legal advice and found he was in 'the hands of the Philistines,' as stated in last week's PROGRESS hid himself away to the head office of the company in the United States to see what terms he could make to get the money independent of the high-priced Halifax medical certificate-maker. His trip has been crowned with success for the insurance company agreed to take a certificate from the two consulting physicians in the case in lieu of that from the doctor whom the policy provided must make it out. So now he who wanted everything gets nothing. It is not to be supposed from this incident, that it is a particularly dangerous thing for a man with insurance politics to die in Halifax, for there is probably not another doctor in this city who would thus act, and even if there were it is possible to get ahead of such men in one way or another. There is probably no city in Canada where the needy receive so much gratuitous medical attendance through the institutions like the dispensary and Victoria hospital, and where the doctors independent of the hospital give more free services. The Amherst man interested in this case thinks, however that one such doctor as he who figures so prominently in this affair is quite sufficient for a town twice the size of Halifax.

THE REAL GLADSTONE.

The Grand Old Man has a Very Impressive Personality.

Mr. Gladstone is an embodied expression of England's greatness; the most eminent representative of a nation over whose territory the sun ever shines. Such an imposing personality commands universal attention. We know that he is a scholar of superior attainments. We know that he is not only a believer in, but a defender of, Christianity. We know that he is a philanthropist, for his earnest and indignant words in behalf of the persecuted Armenians have thrilled the world.

We know that he is a statesman of supreme endowments, and one of the most notable conversationists living. Few men can compare with him in knowledge, experience, reminiscence, brilliancy. He has known all the men and women most worth knowing for the last two and a half generations. What a school to have graduated from!

But in all this astonishing superiority we do not find the real Gladstone until we recognize the moral motive of his life—the mainspring of his character. Perhaps the following simple story may help us to do this: During his last premiership one of Mr. Gladstone's house-servants was in great distress because of the increasingly bad habits of her son. Drink and evil companions were rapidly running him, and he seemed to be drifting irrevocably beyond her influence. The good woman had spent much time in prayer, and was longing and seeking for some way by which her wayward child could be saved.

In her distress she thought of her master. It seemed presumptuous that she should burden her sorrow to him—the great man, burdened with the cares of state, the master of England, India, Australia, Egypt and the great oceans—and tell him her trouble. She was ready for any ordinary endeavor to save the wanderer, but ought she, could she do this?

Maternal love finally prevailed over fear, and the poor woman ventured to approach the Prime Minister's study. Her knees trembled and her heart sank. She knocked timidly and then went in. "Please sir, I have come to you because my boy is going to the bad, and my poor words have no weight with him. I made bold to come and tell you, hoping perhaps you might speak to him. No one can do what you can do. Forgive me, sir, but I had to come!"

The cry of supreme distress was sufficient. Mr. Gladstone threw immediately from his mind all affairs of state, and after a few words of sympathy, and in the hope that possibly he might save an erring soul, said, "Send him right in. I will speak with him," and waited patiently until the bold-eyed lad slouched into the room. The young man was somewhat abashed, but seemed resolute and almost defiant.

"Sit down, my lad," and let us talk together for a few moments," said the premier with the same courtesy that he might have extended to one of his Cabinet. In a few minutes the boy was disarmed by the great man's gentle manner. He expected to find a scolding judge; he discovered a tender man. Advice was followed by remonstrance. Then, when he had become responsive and was almost moved to tears, Mr. Gladstone said:

"Now let us kneel down to pray." The kindly action, the interest, the earnest prayer were too much for the young prodical to withstand. He arose from his



Celebrated for its great leavening strength and healthfulness. Assures its food against alum and all forms of adulteration common to the cheap brands. ROYAL BAKING POWDER CO., NEW YORK.

knives and left the study, let us hope a saved man.

Viewing a scene like this, we feel that we know Mr. Gladstone and the sources of his greatness is the Man of Galilee. Who was friend and brother to all mankind.

THE STORAGE OF FURS.

A Dealer's Advice to Women Who Wish to Care for Them at Home.

'Furs are easy enough to keep during warm weather,' said a storer of furs to another car, when approached on the subject. 'If ladies would only use a few simple preventives they could keep them home as well as we can in our storerooms. Of course a fur garment is better hung up than folded away in a box or trunk. First, because there is less danger of crushing and wrinkles; second, because moths can be more readily seen at their work. The best plan is to select a dark closet and have it papered all over, top and bottom, with tar paper. As its surface is sticky, it should be covered with a second coat of paper to prevent the clothes coming in direct contact with the tar. For this second coat I find newspaper as good as anything that can be used. Perhaps the smell of printers' ink helps the tar do its work, or it may be because newspaper is porous and allows the tar odor to come through more readily. Before hanging in this closet, all garments both fur and wool should be carefully beaten with a slender cane. Here is the great secret of keeping furs. It is in cleaning them before they are put away. If a moth or a moth egg goes into the closet with them the damage is only partially prevented. While the egg will hatch, the moth only lives for a short while and cannot increase during that brief life. I have known these little insects to spoil the beauty of an elegant garment. So the greatest care should be taken to beat and comb furs clean before storing them away. For this purpose a fur comb should be used, or a slender, strong cane, that will reach the skin itself. The safest plan is to remove the garments from this closet about once a month and give them a thorough beating. Some persons hang them to the sun on these occasions, believing that the sun destroys moths and moth eggs, while, as a matter of fact, it hatches the eggs, and, like any other heat, makes the moth thrive.

'Where only a chest or trunk or, as is sometimes the case, only a postboard box is so bad, then the management is different. After the cleaning process, which is always the same, it is best for the chest, box, or trunk to be lined with tar paper after the same manner as the closet. But where this is not practicable any of the numerous moth preventives may be used; though sold under different names, their ingredients are about the same. They should be carefully sewed in bags to prevent contact with the furs, as they invariably leave spots on dark-colored skins. The odor can be overcome by a thorough beating and hanging for several hours in the wind or open air; that is, where the furs have been removed and beaten during the season; otherwise, the odor is hard to get rid of.

'Some dealers use the fumes of sulphur to clean furs already attacked by moths, but that should be a last resort, as it discolors the garment and necessitates its being redyed. Many of the old-fashioned preventives have some virtue in them, as sassafras, china root, &c., and can be used to advantage by people in the country where they are easily obtained, but persons in the city have better means within their reach.'

Easter Excursion to Boston, via the all Rail Line. Tickets on sale April 13, 15, 20 and 22, good for return within twenty days from date of sale, at \$9 each from St. John, St. Stephen, and St. Andrews, and \$10 each from Fredericton. Trains leave St. John at 6 30 a. m. 4 10 p. m.

Send Along the New Address. PROGRESS will be glad to hear from those who intend making a change of residence this spring. When sending the new street and number include the old address too. A list of removals will be published in this paper.

We are in Business to Please You. Curtains 25c., Bankets 25c., pants pressed 25c., suits 50c. Try our dyeing and cleaning. Satisfaction guaranteed. Ungars Laundry and Dye works. Phone 68.

ST. STEPHEN AND CALAIS.

(Programme in the sale in St. Stephen by Master...

Mr. Frank A. Grimmer gave a pleasant but...

The Queen Anne entertainment to be given by...

Miss Helen Hanson returned to her home in...

Mr. and Mrs. Henry Todd have given invitations...

Mr. and Mrs. C. H. Grimmer are visiting St. John...

Mr. Alexander McTavish is expected home from...

Miss Jean Sprague is expected from Boston this...

Mr. and Mrs. William Hall will spend Sunday in...

Miss Ebel Hanson returned to her home in...

Mr. George Todd who has spent the winter in...

Mr. Charles A. Boardman is visiting Boston this...

Mrs. Frederic F. Pote, and Mrs. W. A. Lamb, are...

Mr. Arthur M. Hill has been confined to his...

Miss Helen Gillespie of Moore's Mills intends to...

Mr. and Mrs. Wellington Belyea return to their...

Mr. C. H. Ache-on of St. Andrews was in town...

Mrs. Charles F. Pote, and Mrs. W. A. Lamb, are...

Mr. William A. Murchie, accompanied by her...

Mr. James L. Thompson Jr. has returned to...

Miss Roberts Murchie who is a musical pupil at...

Lady Lillian has returned to St. John after a...

Mrs. Melbourne McConagie who has been very...

Mr. and Mrs. W. T. Drysdale, Mr. and Mrs. W...

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Mr. and Mrs. W. T. Drysdale, Mr. and Mrs. W...

Mr. and Mrs. W. T. Drysdale, Mr. and Mrs. W...

Mr. and Mrs. W. T. Drysdale, Mr. and Mrs. W...

Mrs. Dorothy Stevens most pleasantly entertained...

Mrs. William Vroom, one of the most elderly...

The late Mrs. of Mr. and Mrs. Charles Murchie...

After a long and painful illness of several weeks...

Colonel William B. King died at his residence...

Mr. and Mrs. C. D. Hill, who at the time of...

His death takes from our midst a kind hearted...

Mr. and Mrs. Charles F. McKenzie of Rumford...

Elaborate preparations are being made for a...

The evening of the ladies of the "Grub" club on...

Beautiful dresses being made for the occasion...

Bowling is greatly indulged in by the members...

Judge Stevens has been spending a day or two in...

WOODSTOCK.

(Programme for sale in Woodstock by Mrs. Loan...

April 7.—The tea given by the young men of the...

Miss Helen Gillespie of Moore's Mills intends to...

Mr. and Mrs. W. T. Drysdale, Mr. and Mrs. W...

Mr. and Mrs. W. T. Drysdale, Mr. and Mrs. W...

Mr. and Mrs. W. T. Drysdale, Mr. and Mrs. W...

Mr. and Mrs. W. T. Drysdale, Mr. and Mrs. W...

Mr. and Mrs. W. T. Drysdale, Mr. and Mrs. W...

Mr. and Mrs. W. T. Drysdale, Mr. and Mrs. W...

Mr. and Mrs. W. T. Drysdale, Mr. and Mrs. W...

Mr. and Mrs. W. T. Drysdale, Mr. and Mrs. W...

Mr. and Mrs. W. T. Drysdale, Mr. and Mrs. W...

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1897 CYCLES BUILT SPECIALLY FOR HIGH CLASS TRADE, and SPECIAL GRADE in every detail, is the world's standard Cycle. The King of Scorchers. And its mate the QUEEN OF SCORCHERS, built by the CENTAUR CYCLE Co., of England.

THINGS OF VALUE. Brown—Why do you refer to those very high buildings as skyscrapers? Because they're continued stories.

YOUR SPARE TIME. Men, women, to conduct business at home. Work in simple writing and copying lists of addresses received from local advertising.

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SOCIAL AND PERSONAL

(Continued from Fifth Page.)
Mr. Geo. Cook has returned from a business trip to Vancouver.
Miss Beulah Munro went to St. John on Wednesday to remain the summer.
The marriage of Mr. Walter Calhoun to Miss Chute of Middleton takes place today, he has many friends in town who will heartily congratulate him on the important occasion, Mr. W. G. Calhoun left Monday for Middleton to be present at his brothers marriage.
Mr. E. J. Day went to his former home on Tuesday in response to a telegram that his mother was dangerously ill.
Mr. and Mrs. Lawson Coates of Farrabro have moved to Amber and Mr. Calder and Family of Wolfville are among our new residents.

HARCOURT.

[Progress is for sale in Harcourt by Mrs. S. Livingston.]
APRIL 7.—Mr. Louis H. Balaie of St. John was here on Monday and went north by the express last night.
Mr. Alfred Baines of the Public Works Department was here yesterday returning from Kingston.
Rev. Wm. Byrnam of Beauceville held services in Harcourt and vicinity on Sunday last.
Mr. James P. Cole of St. John was here yesterday going south.
Rev. J. K. McClure spent Sunday in Rogersville.
Mrs. Gordon Livingston and Master Grover C. Livingston have been visiting at Richbrock for some days.
Alderman W. D. Martin of Moncton, and Messrs. James Hains and Samuel Hayward, of the I. C. R., passed through Harcourt yesterday on their way to Kouchibouguac beaches, wild duck shooting.
Dr. W. A. Ferguson and Thorne Bowser of Kingston left here by express train on Monday evening for Montreal whether Mr. Bowser goes for medical treatment.
Mrs. H. Barrisau of Campbellton is visiting her relatives here.
Mr. J. R. Ayer of Sackville was in town today.
Mrs. Lamkie, mother of Conductor Lamkie of the I. C. R., is dangerously ill.
Mr. Edwin Bowser of Kingston was here today en route to Rainbow, N. W. York state where he will remain for some time for the benefit of his health.

REASON IN ANIMALS.

Intelligent Orsters a Pet Caterpillar, an Ungrateful Butterfly, and Wise Fish.

Henri de Parville has written for a French newspaper the following article on the memory of fish, insects, and other creatures:
'Herr Edinger, the German anatomist, recently discovered that fishes have memories. Now it is believed that insects and mollusks are equally gifted. One of my lady readers, a teacher of drawing in the Paris schools, puts the following question to me: 'How can anyone imagine any animal to exist without a memory?' And, dwelling upon her query, she affirms that caterpillars have memories. She at one time possessed a big brown caterpillar with magnificent fur. She kept him in a work box and carefully fed him with choice leaves. Now this caterpillar, following the fashion of his kind, used to roll himself up in a ball whenever he was frightened. When the lady wanted to make his bed and fix up his apartments, she took him delicately on a leaf and brought him out of the box. At first the creature would roll himself up, but in a short time he became tame and remained in an outstretched condition, knowing well that no harm was intended.

'I was then a schoolgirl in the Sacre-Coeur de Beauvais,' said my correspondent, and with my caterpillar I gave exhibitions to the sisters and the girls.' Whenever she touched him he remained perfectly at ease and never coiled himself but when any one of the other girls touched him he instantly rolled himself up. He knew his mistress well; therefore the creature evidently possessed a memory.

'One morning the woman opened the box and to her astonishment, the caterpillar was gone. In his place there was a little heap of agglutinated hairs. Her pet had become a chrysalis. The Sisters and pupils awaited the arrival of the butterfly with impatience. The question was would the butterfly have any recollection of its existence as a caterpillar? And would it remember its mistress? The answer is easily guessed. Butterfly and caterpillar

Why Because

Do people buy Hood's Sarsaparilla in preference to any other,—in fact almost to the exclusion of all others?

Because

They know from actual use that Hood's is the best, i. e., it cures when others fail. Hood's Sarsaparilla is still made under the personal supervision of the educated pharmacist who originated it.

The question of best is just as positively decided in favor of Hood's as the question of comparative value.

Another thing: Every advertisement of Hood's Sarsaparilla is true, is honest.

Hood's Sarsaparilla

Is the One True Blood Purifier. All druggists, \$1. Prepared only by C. F. Hood & Co., Lowell, Mass. Hood's Pills are the only pills to take with Hood's Sarsaparilla.

ITCHING SKIN DISEASES

SPRINKLE OVER TREATMENT for itching, disfiguring, itching, burning, and scaly skin and scalp diseases with loss of hair.—Warm baths with CUTICURA SOAP, gentle applications of CUTICURA (ointment), and full doses of CUTICURA RESOLVENT, greatest of blood purifiers and humor cures

Cuticura

It is sold throughout the world. Preparing and Selling, CUTICURA SOAP, Boston, Mass. How to Cure Itching Skin Diseases, free. RED ROUGH HANDS Softened and Beautified by CUTICURA SOAP.

are two. And the butterfly has no recollection of its kind nurse and paid no attention to her whatever. When it arose in the world, it forgot its old friend.

'The young lady afterward raised several caterpillars, but none of them evinced such intelligence as the first. At all events her statement proves that it is quite possible that caterpillars have memories.

'Here is another example relative to mollusks. A civil engineer wrote to me as follows: 'While at Courasulles-sur-Mer I watched with curiosity the oyster floats. Noticing a workman at low tide shovelling out a great quantity of oysters upon a declivity, so as to keep them completely dry, I asked him what was the utility of the operation. He replied that the oysters were to be sent to Paris but before sending them it was necessary to 'educate' them and teach them to economize their water in their shells. If you export oysters that are accustomed to be always in the water, they open on the road and arrive at their destination dried out, dead, and spoiled. If, on the contrary, they are placed on a declivity so that they will be alternately under water and high and dry, they will be kept in liquid, and doubtless suffer considerable inconvenience. Consequently they wisely retain the liquid, and when they learn that tuck they are sufficiently advanced to tuck their examinations in Paris. Therefore the oyster, though inferior in intelligence to a fish, is susceptible of training. It must be admitted that it has a certain memory, since it recollects its sufferings from the imprudent opening of its shell when it is not in the water, and knows enough to keep itself shut when in a basket.'

'But here is another example in regard to fishes. It is given by Mr. Pierre Megnin of the Eleveur. 'It is not necessary to travel very far,' he says, 'to get the evidence of memory among fishes. One need only go to Fontainebleau and look at the historic carps in the pond of the castle. I often went there some years ago when I was camped in the forest with my regiment during the firing exercises. There is one spot behind the castle where people amuse themselves by throwing bread and fruit to the carps. The little pieces of bread are eagerly devoured and fought for by the fish. But, if an apple is thrown in, the fish, recognizing it, pass it by disdainfully. They know by experience that the thing is beyond the power of their jaws.

'There is one trick which is often played upon them, and that is to throw to them an entire loaf, and as hard a loaf as can be procured. The carps poke their noses at and retire, keeping it in view. They surround it, remaining at a little distance from it. One big old fellow approaches it from time to time to ascertain the progress of the soaking and softening, and in about twenty minutes, when the explorer discovers that the required degree of softness has been reached, he notifies his companions of the fact by a wig of his tail or by whatever means of communication the carps possess, and instantly they charge upon the loaf, tear it to pieces, and help themselves. In a few seconds nothing is left of it.

'Now this shows that experience has taught the carps that the bread, no matter how hard it may be at first, is bound in time to become soft enough to eat, and they wait patiently for the expiration of the necessary time. In this there is not only evidence of memory, but also the proof of a complex intellectual operation.

'M. Pierre Megnin may be right, because it is very difficult to explain in any other way than by cerebral action, that series of facts in some degree reasoned out exhibiting the carp waiting for the softening of the hard bread every time it is thrown to them.'

LOST THE THERMOMETER.

How Phillips Brooks was Made to Feel the Intense Heat.

After Phillips Brooks graduated from Harvard College, while he was in doubt as to what profession to choose, he taught in the Boston Latin School on Bedford Street. With his disinclination for detail and dislike of routine, it is not strange that he met with no very marked success as a disciplinarian. The boys liked him, but sometimes played practical jokes on him. Then, as now, some rooms were easy to heat and others not. Mr. Brooks rarely suffered from cold or heat, and never thought of the temperature of the room unless some one reminded him of it.

One winter day a rough boy managed to slip a bit of ice behind the bulb of mercury in the thermometer. Word was passed about, and the cue given that the 'room was cold.'

One boy passed near the thermometer, looked at it and asked, 'May I open the register? It's not quite sixty degrees.' Coats were buttoned closer and collars turned up. Soon a pupil asked, 'May I get my overcoat?'

'Certainly,' answered Mr. Brooks. He went forward and inspected the thermometer. 'Quaker,' he said, 'but the room seems warm to me.'

Both registers were open, but still the boys seemed to be suffering with cold. Some one was sent to the basement to turn the heat as much as possible into Mr. Brook's room.

'Wasn't that room hot?' said the narrator of the incident. 'But we were bent on making our teacher acknowledge it so.' The boys kept up the joke pretty well. Only here and there did one unbutton his coat.

Mr. Brooks wiped the perspiration from his forehead, but went on with the school work as usual. The ice meantime was melting and the mercury was rising. A teacher from another room came in to see Mr. Brooks about something, and was at once aware of the terrific temperature.

'Cold here!' he exclaimed. 'Why, it must be eighty-five at least, and he went to look at the thermometer. 'Well, it's not quite that, but it is seventy-eight.'

Most of the boys kept sober faces, but the keen-eyed visitor saw enough to divine the truth, and said in an undertone to Mr. Brooks, 'I suspect your pupils have been playing some joke on you.'

'May be so,' was Mr. Brook's audible reply; 'but if so, their punishment went with it, for they have evidently been warm enough.'

Windows were opened, registers closed, and the room was soon comfortable. Years afterward some of the 'boys' told Mr. Brooks about the ice in his thermometer, and his hearty laugh testified to his enjoyment of the story.

THE MAGNETIC HAMMER.

A Traveller's Tale of an Uncommon Episode in a Country Store.

'Standing one day in a country store,' said a traveller, 'I saw drive up a travelling dealer who carried his stock with him, his turnout being of a kind more commonly seen years ago than now, in these days of easier railroad communication and more frequent druggists. The wagon was big and heavy, but the body hung gracefully on platform springs, the rear hanging a little lower than the forward end. The running part was stout but well designed and finished. The body of the wagon was like a long, deep box, the top being fixed and permanent. For a space of perhaps three feet forward from the rear end of the body was built up a little higher, with a vertical face at the front, down to the roof; it was as though the rear end of the wagon had been carried up a low story higher than the rest. Midway between the face of this higher rear part and the driver's seat there was another higher section extending across the roof from side to side, but narrow.

'The sides of the wagon body were paneled off. The mouldings marked the spaces into which the interior was divided, and access to the compartments was had by doors in the sides and the end. The seat at the forward end of the wagon was capacious and comfortable, and there was over it a substantial leather top that would keep out any weather. Attached to this wagon there was a pair of big, good-looking well-told horses that could haul it anywhere. Take it all together the outfit had an air of solidity, combined with no small degree of rakishness: it was an outfit such as any man might reasonably be proud of.

'I don't remember what he was selling, but it was something packed in boxes. He brought in a sample—he was a rather tall man with a beard, with a good-humored eye, and a quiet manner, and the merchant bought some. Then he went out to his wagon again, and brought in the goods, and he brought with him a card-board placard which evidently he intended to put up in the store.

'Rising in the centre of the store was a large, square, wooden pillar supporting overhead a big cross beam, upon which I suppose, the inner ends of the floor beams rested. When he had laid the goods down on the counter he picked up the card that he had brought in with them and turned toward the square pillar in the centre of the store; he had located it when he came in, or I guess he knew it; he and the store keeper didn't talk very much, but I thought they seemed to know each other; no doubt he had been there before.

'The big, square post was covered with just such cards as he had brought in, tacked on all over, all around as high as a man could reach, and I couldn't see where he was going to get his card in; but he walked over to the post just as though there was plenty of room there. He took a paper of tacks out of his pocket and tacked out four into the palm of his left hand and then put them into his mouth. Then he placed his placard against the side of the post, and pushed it up until the bottom of it was clear of the top of the highest card on that side. He could do this because he was pretty tall, and he was simply holding on to his card at the bottom; but I couldn't see yet how he was going to reach up to tuck it at the top.

'But he tuck it up on the face of the post with both hands calmly, and then, holding it with one hand he reached into his outside coat pocket for his hammer. It

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to build, and will cost money to replace. Paint 'em and save 'em. Paint of the right sort, carefully used, will give good returns on the investment. The barn will last longer and look better. Lumber that has become weather beaten, is beginning to decay. Good paint closes the pores of the wood, stops decay, and preserves the structure.
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is the best barn paint. It is made for use on coarse grained woods. It is good for barns, roofs, and fences. The colors are right, the paint is right. It is economical.
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CARD.
St. John, N. B., Feb. 20, 1897.
George Robertson, Esq., Mayor of the City of St. John:
Your Worship—in recognition of the large amount of time and earnest efforts which you have devoted to your duties as chief magistrate of the city during the past three years, and fully realizing the deep interest that you have taken in the work of harbor improvements, and the general development of the city:
Feeling that it is in the public interest that all the experience available should be utilized for the completion of the improvements which the increased traffic of our port will still require to be carried out: We, therefore, trust that you will give your another year to the service of your fellow citizens, and assist in carrying to completion the work in which you have taken such an active part.
If you will accept the position, we will have much pleasure in nominating you on the 19th April, 1897. We have the honor to remain,
Yours sincerely,
THOMAS McAVITT,
W. S. FISHER,
And many others.
Gentlemen.—In compliance with the above most influential and numerous signed question, representing the manufacturing, shipping, labour, retail estate, professional, mercantile and other important interests in the city, I feel it to be my duty apart from all personal considerations to accept your nomination, and offer my services to the citizens for another year.
Yours sincerely,
GEORGE ROBERTSON.
TO THE ELECTORS OF THE CITY OF ST. JOHN:
Ladies and Gentlemen.—I respectfully solicit your support for the office of Mayor at the coming election.
Yours faithfully,
GEORGE ROBERTSON.
To the Electors of the City of Saint John.
LADIES AND GENTLEMEN.—At the earnest solicitation of a large number of electors, I have consented to become a candidate for Alderman for Wellington Ward at the approaching civic election. I respectfully solicit your support, assuring you that if elected, my best efforts shall be directed to the promotion of the city's best interests.
Having never sat on the Council Board I have no record to meet your approval or to merit your commendation, but I believe that the affairs of the city should be conducted on the same business principles as those of private concerns, combining enterprise with economy.
Yours faithfully,
JAMES DUNLOP, Grocer,
Cor. Waterloo and Padlock Sts.

Worry Flurry
Is life worth living with the cross lock 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.

Mechanics' Institute
GO AND SEE.....
The Yellow Kid
In real life in HOAGAN'S ALLEY, TO NIGHT.
ALSO.....
THREE - NEW - PERFORMERS - IN SPECIALTIES.
Admission 10 and 20 Cents.
ANOTHER GOLD WATCH will be given away to night by the Union Blend Tea Company.
T. O'LEARY,
...RETAIL DEALER IN...
Choice Wines and Liquors
and Ales and Cigars.
16 DUKE STREET.

LIFE'S A BURDEN
If the Stomach is Not Right.
Is there Nausea? Is there Constipation? Is the Tongue Coated? Are you Light Headed? Do you have Sick Headaches?
Any and all these denote Stomach and Liver Disorder.
Dr. Agnew's Liver Pills act quickly and will cure most stubborn and chronic cases. No unpleasantness. No griping. These little pills are little wonder workers and are far famed. 40 in a vial for 20 cents.

ST. JOHN, N. B., SATURDAY, APRIL 10, 1897.

THEIR LIVELY MEETING.

MONCTON HAS NOT YET DECIDED HOW TO CELEBRATE.

The Diamond Jubilee Celebration Question is Agitating That City to a Great Degree—An Interesting Meeting and Some of Its Amusing Incidents.

The arrangements for the proper celebration of the diamond jubilee are not getting along with just that smoothness and ease which all good and loyal citizens would like to see! In fact the most marked feature of the proceedings seems to be the singular lack of unanimity among those in authority. The members of the new city council are too busy engaged in reconstructing the police force and trying to enforce the Scott Act, to have time or money to spend on such a trifling matter as the jubilee celebration—unless of course it could be postponed until the twelfth of July and made a sort of subordinate adjunct to the yearly commemoration of the battle of the Boyne, when it would meet with their hearty support—Their one idea of good municipal government seems to consist of a frantic pursuit of everyone who keeps a restaurant or oyster saloon and an equally insane persecution of every private citizen who takes the liberty of indulging in an oyster stew at his favorite restaurant. To such an extent have the new council carried their love of the pleasures of the chase, that it is no longer safe to partake of an innocent specimen of either Connors' or Sam Seaman's culinary skill, in the shape of a stew, unless one is prepared to be subpoenaed and hauled before the Cadi next day, in order to take a solemn oath that the feast was not accompanied by a glass of ale, and that deponent observed no indications of the sale of "licker" anywhere on the premises. Of course it is very unpleasant for those who have strong views on the subject of personal liberty to have to submit to such a state of things; but then we have been getting accustomed to middle age methods lately, and it is one of the penalties one must pay for the privilege of living in a city like Moncton. Still there are other things in a city that require a little attention besides the police force and the bar-rooms, and I notice that the council has actually neglected to supply us with the usual complement of cinders to tramp down and track into our houses this spring. So great has been the zeal displayed in other directions that they have left us the pure undiluted mud to wallow through, on the side streets. But to give them their due they are cleaning up a good deal of another kind of mud that has long disgraced our city, and though the process is causing the hearts of many of our gilded youths to quake with apprehension it is giving great satisfaction to the more respectable members of the community. But to return to the jubilee celebration—If nothing very definite has been decided upon so far, the preliminaries have at least afforded a good deal of amusement to the onlookers, and in one case a healthy amount of excitement as well. A meeting was held in the Opera house last Wednesday evening, in order to discuss ways and means of doing honor to our revered sovereign with as little outlay as possible.

The rival merits of the park and hospital schemes were thoroughly discussed, and while the balance showed a decided inclination in favor of the hospital the decision to lay the matter aside for a month until further information could be obtained was a wise one, as the subject is one requiring careful consideration.

With regard to the proposed celebration of the day itself there was great diversity of opinion the majority being in favor of a demonstration worthy of the occasion, while a respectable minority objected to the necessary outlay, and thought the money should be put into a permanent memorial. The amount asked for by the committee in charge of the celebration is a thousand dollars, which is of course quite a sum of money, but then it is most unlikely that the city council will ever be asked for a like sum, for the same purpose as the longest reign will probably not be duplicated during the present generation. But at the same time the more economical of the citizens decided that loyalty at that price came too high, and some parsimonious souls suggested two hundred dollars, as coming more near the mark for a great municipal demonstration in an important city like our own. There were just two generous, and public-spirited citizens at the meeting who were in favor

of voting the whole sum asked for among so many; their opinion counted for little, and it was finally decided to ask the council for a grant of five hundred dollars, and endeavour to raise the remaining five hundred by private subscription. During the discussion, the president of the Law and Order League, who was present because incensed at a fancied insult, and promptly diverting himself of his coat, squared off at his supposed enemy and called upon him to wipe out the affront, if not exactly in blood, at least with fists. The latter was nothing loth, and for a few moments a person with a very vivid imagination might almost have imagined himself in Carson city; but friends interferred, to prevent bloodshed, and when it was ascertained that the deadly insult had in reality proceeded from two young boys, who happened to be seated between the doughty president and his opponent, and who had ventured to express their disapproval of the suggestion that there should be no demonstration whatever, by groans and hisses—peace was restored, and the meeting adjourned for one month.

By a coincidence which is indeed singular, a clause was inserted in the new lease of the Opera house at the next meeting of the city council, prohibiting that building being used in future for boxing exhibitions or "fistic" exhibitions of any description whatever. Therefore, if any of the citizens should feel beligerently disposed at the next meeting a month hence they will have to restrain their feelings until they get outside.

I have not heard that the council have taken any action with regard to the five hundred dollar appropriation, but it seems to me that things look slightly blue for any extensive celebration of Her Majesty's diamond jubilee by her loyal subjects in Moncton.

I have been looking up some hospital statistics since last week, and I find that even a small hospital is a much more expensive luxury than I had thought, though I took a far from optimistic view of the outlay connected with such institutions. The Royal Victoria Hospital at Montreal was built and endowed by Sir Donald Smith, and I think Lord Mount Stephen each of whom contributed half a million dollars towards the work. In spite of the popularity of the institution, and the support given to it in a city like Montreal, the sum was found insufficient to keep up the hospital, and a further gift of two hundred and fifty thousand dollars was bestowed lately by the ever generous Sir Donald. Of course the Royal Victoria is in every respect a model hospital, and no money is spared in its equipment, or management, but if such an institution with the reputation for general excellence enjoyed by the Victoria, cannot be made to support itself with the aid of so liberal an endowment, in such a city as Montreal, how would it be possible for even a cottage hospital to be self supporting in Moncton? The citizens may be called upon to answer that question at some future time, and it is as well to give the subject serious thought before coming to a decision. The experience of the people of Halifax with the Victoria general hospital in that city has been far from encouraging. It has already cost the tax payers sixty four thousand dollars merely for enlarging it to afford more accommodation, and the nurse's home in connection with it, which was found to be an absolute necessity, cost over ten thousand more. With the most careful financing the annual cost of a patient is four hundred and sixteen dollars and some cents and as the expenditure last year was fifty-three thousand and ninety-five dollars, against an income of six thousand four hundred and sixty-one, the hospital cost the province just forty seven thousand two hundred and thirty-four dollars. How figures are popularly supposed to be as incapable of telling an untruth as dear little George Washington was, and if that is the case, I should think these would prove discouraging to even the most ardent supporters of the hospital scheme in Moncton, as the question, "Who is going to pay it?"—is a very burning one.

GEORFFREY CUTHBERT STRANGE.

The Commandant of Staley Team in 1894. Dr. E. B. Ibbotson, Major Royal Scots, Montreal, writes: "Quickcure" is a treasure, and does just what you say for it; when it is known every household will have it. It is worth its weight in gold to parents, who should keep it in the house for emergencies such as toothache, burns, cuts, etc.

Two Entrances { 27 and 29 King Street, } Furniture Warehouse, 13 and 15 { 39 and 41 Germain St. } GENERAL TELEPHONE, 123. CARPET DEP'T TELEPHONE, 864. FURNITURE DEP'T TELEPHONE, 979.

P. N. CORSET IS THE BEST.

All genuine have this "Trade P. N. Mark" printed on the inside of each Corset. . . . .

This Corset, after many years' trial in the United States and Canada, is acknowledged to be superior to all others. It has served as a model for many imitations, none of which have ever equalled it in form, finish or material. Its points of excellence are a perfectly formed waist, gracefully curved back, properly shaped and easily fitting hips, with the bust and shoulder lines so proportioned in each model as to insure a faultless fit, combined with perfect comfort and freedom to the wearer.

P. N. CORSETS are made in every variety of shape and style, and the prices range from 85 cents to \$5 25 per pair.

Manchester Robertson & Allison, St. John

TOLD BY DICKENS'S MANAGER.

Reminiscences of the Man Who Piloted the Novelist Through America.

Does any one remember George Dalby? I imagine not. Yet thirty years ago this very winter he was one of the busiest and best known men in America. In 1867 Charles Dickens determined to give a series of readings in the United States. Mr. Dalby, as manager, preceded him, and assumed entire charge of the business arrangements. That the venture was a success may be judged by the result. Dickens remained five months in America, during which period he gave seventy-six readings. The receipts for these entertainments were \$228,000, the expenses \$39,000.

I went to call upon Mr. Dalby not long ago, because everything pertaining to the personality of the novelist has for me a wonderful fascination. I have talked with Scott, who was Dickens's valet, and so have formed a new and pleasant idea of the genius of the master, as viewed from the standpoint of his servant. Prior to his death I sat for two hours with the late Frederick Chapman, the head of the firm who were Dickens's earliest publishers, and listened entranced as he related reminiscences of the great author's career. But neither of these men knew Dickens's so intimately as did George Dalby, nor had they such opportunity of studying his moods and characteristics.

Time and fortune have been unkind to the former manager. I found him in humble lodgings, broken in health and spirit and partially dependent upon charity. Yet he received me graciously, and once aware of the object of my visit he became enthusiastic. It was easy to divine that his connection with the novelist had formed the chief episode in the life of the white-haired old man sitting before me.

"I became acquainted with Dickens in 1866," said Mr. Dalby. "In that year the firm of Messrs. Chappell offered him £1,500 for thirty public readings in London and the provinces. I was selected as manager. I shall never forget the first interview I had with him in relation to the project. I went to the office of 'All the Year Round,' in Wellington street and submitted my plans, with which he expressed himself thoroughly satisfied. When I took leave he shook me heartily by the hand and with a deep, earnest look in his eyes said: 'I hope we shall like each other on the termination of the tour as much as we seem to do now.'

"Thereafter until his last public appearance I was his only manager. I accompanied him everywhere while engaged in reading, and went with him to America. My experience with him was ever delightful, and I love to recall it while sitting alone here. He was the kindest hearted man I ever have known. Many and many a time when on tour we came across old associates who were down on their luck.

"Dickens would say to me, after the reading: 'Joey let me have £30 in crisp, new bank notes, and I want to be alone to-morrow from 12 to 2.' I knew what this meant. He had invited his old friends to call at this hour, and such friends didn't go away poorer.

"Let me tell you why he called me 'Joey.' Dickens was exceedingly fond, when

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in merry mood, of assuming, for the moment, the role of clown in the stock pantomime. You know he was a wonderfully clever actor. Well, if I had happened into his room at the hotel and said, 'Every seat is sold—a great house to-night,' he would get up, if in the mood, instantly, assume the attitude of the clown when particularly pleased, and thump me approvingly on the back. Taking my cue, I would say, 'Keep it up, old Ua.' You know that in theatrical phrase the clown is dubbed 'Old Ua,' the pantolon 'Joey.'

An amusing instance of this fooling comes to me. Mr. W. H. Wells and myself were one day walking with him at South sea. We came upon a small square the houses in which resembled a scene set for the comic business of a pantomime. Here the temptation to Mr. Dickens to indulge his predilection presented itself. The street being entirely clear of people, Mr. Dickens mounted three steps leading to one of the houses, and, having given three raps on the door post, was proceeding to lie down on the upper step, clown fashion, when the door suddenly opened and a stout woman appeared, to the intense amazement of Mr. Wells and myself, who immediately beat a retreat, followed by Dickens with an imaginary policeman after him. We turned to take a parting look at the scene of action, when, to our dismay, we saw every doorstep and doorway occupied by the tenants of the house.

"Dickens had certain peculiarities which I had opportunity of observing. He greatly disliked, for instance, to enter any shop to make small purchases. Many a time I have been called upon to purchase gloves or other trifles for him. I never could understand the reason for this, unless it was that he objected to being recognized and stared at. He was certainly on the watch for new and striking names, and with this object in view was always reading shop signs. He was, I remember, particularly pleased with the name 'Pumblechook,' one of the characters in 'Great Expectations.' He had, I imagine, evolved the name from his own imagination. Once when we were at Birmingham I noticed that he kept his head out of the carriage window while riding from the station to the hotel. Finally I asked him the reason, and he replied: 'I am very much afraid that I may come across the name 'Pumblechook.'

"Dickens was fond of reading his own books. Once at Liverpool, where we had an off night, I was obliged to leave him to himself for an evening. He asked me to call at a bookseller's and send him something to read. I asked him what he would like, and he replied, 'Anything of Sir Walter Scott's or my own.' I purchased 'Old Curiosity Shop' and took it to him myself, whereat he was delighted, saying he had

not read the book for years. I was curious to see the effect of his own work on him, and upon my return was amused to find him laughing immoderately at certain incidents in the book. He explained, however, that he was not laughing at his own creations as much as at the recollection of the circumstances under which certain passages and incidents had been written.

"Dickens was one of the most abstemious men I have ever known. He ate but sparingly, and rarely took more than two glasses of wine at dinner. He was a charming host at the dinner table, and could brew a gin punch that was famous among all his friends. He liked to dilate in imagination over the brewing of this punch, but when it was ready I always noticed that he drank less of it than any one who might be present. Never but once did I see him 'merry.' This was in Dublin, where we had a particularly large house. Dickens had invited a Dublin friend to sup with him after the reading. Coming into the room rather late, I noticed that both were slightly happy. Dickens greeted me with a shout, arose from the table and insisted upon giving him a back at leaping. My pockets were bulging with money, the receipts of the night, and as he went over my head his foot caught in this protuberance of my coat, and down we both came, the coins flying in all directions. But you should have heard his peal upon peal of laughter as he scrambled to his feet and assisted me to pick up the scattered gold and silver.

"I saw Mr. Dickens for the last time on Thursday, June 2, 1870, when I called upon him at his office. He looked then sadly worn and ailing, and as if he were in great pain. Seven days later, at my own home in Ross, I had just finished shaving when my wife came into my room with a white, scared face.

"What is it? I asked. 'Charles Dickens is dead,' was the reply. 'Alas! it was true. This world had lost its favorite author, and I the dearest and best friend ever man had.'

Mayonnaise Dressing. Put the yolk of an egg into a bowl with saltspoonful of salt and beat until light, then add a half teaspoon of dry mustard and beat again; then add olive oil, drop by drop, until it is thickening, then a few drops of vinegar and the same of lemon juice. Continue this process until the egg has absorbed a little more than a gill of oil. Finish by adding a little cayenne pepper.

A Kindly Hint. If, as asserted, the new consul-general to Paris eats pie with his knife, he should be informed that the most enjoyable way is to take both hands.—Boston Transcript.

Advertisement for Dr. Maybe and Mustbe, featuring a decorative border and text describing the benefits of the medicine.

Vertical text on the left margin, including 'Paint care-look rather paint, and', 'use on bars, at, the', 'chairs, floors, stoves, and', 'a good handy booklet', 'CO.', 'EARTH on's ee ky HED 1815', 'D.', 'B., Feb. 20, 1897.', 'of the City of St.', 'tion of the large', 'let magistrate of the', 'and fully realizing', 'taken in the work', 'the general develop-', 'lic interest that all the', 'be utilized for the', 'is which the increas-', 'quire to be carried', 'that you will do vote', 'your fellow citizens', 'supplication the work in', 'a active part. My', 'we will have much', 'in the 19th April, 1897', 'AS McAVITT, 1388B.', 'And many others.', 'with the above most', 'signed questions, re-', 'ing, shipping, labour,', 'cessible and other im-', 'feel it to be my duty', 'considerations to accept', 'my services to the', 'erely.', 'ROBERTSON.', 'THE CITY OF ST.', 'I respectfully solicit', 'Mayor at the coming', 'nally.', 'ROBERTSON.', 'of the City of', 'MEN.—At the earnest', 'number of electors, I', 'a candidate for Alder-', 'the approaching civic', 'your support, earnest', 'best efforts shall be', 'the city's best interests.', 'Council Board I have no', 'al or to merit your con-', 'at the affairs of the city', 'same business principles', 'combining enterprise', 'UNLOP, Greener, 20 and Paddock St.', 's Institute', 'ND SEE.....', 'llow Kid', 'S ALLEY, TO NIGHT.', 'PERFORMERS', 'CIALITIES.', 'and 20 Cents.', 'ATCH will be given away', 'The Company.', 'LEARY,', 'DEALER IN ...', 'and Liquors', 'Ales and Cigars.', 'STREET.



Woman and Her Work

The Easter souvenir is a comparatively new, and distinctly attractive addition to the list of appropriate gifts for different seasons of the year.

In place of these perishable, and often expensive tokens of good will, the number of pretty and appropriate trifles shown at this season of the year in all the fancy shops, goes to prove that Easter is now a recognized time of present giving, and that almost as much time and thought are expended in the choice of suitable presents for the church's great festival, as we devoted to our Christmas gifts, a few months ago.

Last year the easter photograph frame was the fancy of the hour, and the proper gift with which to express the season's sentiments to a friend, was a photograph frame in any of the endless varieties of painting, silver filigree, embroidery or stamped leather, containing a portrait of the Saviour, the Madonna, or some saint.

Some of these cushions are most beautiful and original in design and execution, the Easter emblems being effectively employed in decorating them. For instance—the butterfly which bursts through the dull chrysalis and soars away into the sunshine, gorgeous in all the colors of the rainbow, is emblematic of the soul bursting the bonds of the tomb and mounting to the sky, thus a butterfly pillow is especially suitable as an Easter gift.

The reverse side contains the words 'Easter Greetings' embroidered solidly in white, and outlined with gold. A heavy cord of green silk and gold finishes the edge.

Daintest of all, is a pillow of heavy white satin embroidered with large green palms while the reverse side bears the first line of 'The Palm' set to music in notes of gold.

A flower pillow, especially a violet or rose one, is especially attractive, but in order to make one there must have been some prethought and preparation, as the flowers are from last summer, and have been carefully dried and preserved until the time came to use them.

A flight of swallows painted in their proper colors, on a background of chamois with a church spire, and the top of a telegraph pole showing in the background is another emblem of spring that is appropriate for Easter; such a cushion is finished with a full ruche of brown silk with frayed out edges.

One very great advantage of these Easter cushions is the fact that they are useful as souvenirs for one's gentleman friends, and what an acceptable gift a cushion is to a man, only the man himself knows. It mitigates the hardness of his 'easy chair', if he boards, and, supplements the scanty pillows of his bed when he wants to lounge

comfortably of a Sunday afternoon, while, if he possesses a sofa of any kind it is a boon indeed.

For souvenirs of this kind, is the smokers cushion which is worked on art ticking in a new shade of yellow. The bunch of cigars, pipe, tobacco pouch, even the match, all have their place, and all worked in reds, browns and yellows, the inscription 'May all your troubles go up in smoke.' or some such motto, being worked in brilliant red. A heavy silk cord in shades of brown and yellow finishes the edge.

Then there is the cycling pillow bearing a huge wheel embroidered in delit blue upon white duck, and the yachting pillow, which is in delit blue, bearing a sailing vessel and high waves as a design, and finished with ruffles of delit blue India silk. For children's souvenir Easter pillows there are the ever new Brownies with their fat stomachs, and goggle eyes, the April Day cushion showing three tiny girls huddled under a dripping umbrella in a rain-storm, and with 'Rain rain go away, come again another day!' embroidered at the bottom; black, yellow and red are the colors used in outlining the figures. 'For Thoughts'—from poor Ophelia's—'Here's a rosemary, that's for remembrance, here's pansies, that's for thoughts' is another beautiful Easter cushion. It is of yellow uncut velvet, strewn with purple pansies which have long slender green stems, the flowers are solidly embroidered in their natural colors, and the four sides are finished with a puffing of heavy yellow satin. All, or any of these, make beautiful Easter gifts, and the donor will have the satisfaction of being thoroughly up to date with her souvenirs.

The very oddest looking costume that I have seen this season, illustrated a new phase of the ruffia mania. It was a simple little gown enough, made of figured taffeta, and the skirt was plain except for a bias band of silk about two inches broad, and bordered on each side with a ruffia of the same with which extended down each side of the front breadth, from the waist, to the foot. The bodice was made in blouse fashion with a perfectly plain yoke of the silk below which, four narrow ruffias of silk well arranged to form a bolero jacket. The sleeves were plain, and very close fitting up to a few inches above the elbows where they blossomed out six narrow ruffias which turn upward, instead of downward, and continue to the shoulder, where the last one stands up aggressively. The idea is decidedly new but not very practicable, as the ruffias would be sure to fall down, and their beauty depends upon the stiff perkiness with which they hold themselves erect.

It is a fact that the Queen's diamond jubilee is having a very decided effect upon the fashions and the inclinations towards the styles in vogue in the early Victorian era, is very noticeable. We already have the puffs and ruffias, and the evening dresses display straight cut across the neck with the shoulders apparently slipping down over the arms, and only held in place by ribbon straps which pass over the shoulders and support them. Later in the season we are promised that the muslin and organdy gowns will have lace edged ruffles from the waist to the hem. Ruches are also greatly in favor for the trimming of thin skirts and they are placed with the first one directly at the foot, and the others about a quarter of a yard apart. They are very narrowly hemmed, sometimes edged with lace, and, newer still, when the material is flowered, satin baby ribbon in a color that appears in the flowers, is seen on the edge of organdy, or ruffias.

Challies are back again in favor, and very pretty dresses they make for summer wear, having all the beauty and freshness of an organdy without the twin drawbacks of being both perishable and expensive, which place organdies beyond the reach of so many women. Of course an old favorite never comes back in just the same guise, and the challies have been improved a good deal since their last appearance; most of them have a satin stripe in the same tone as the groundwork, and these stripes are usually decorated with flowers. The preference is for light grounds, but one occasionally sees a dark one, just for variety; for instance a dark blue challie shows a satin stripe of the same color, embellished

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. F. Hall & Co., Props. Nashua, N.H. Sold by all Druggists.

Popular Price \$1.50 Popular Styles

- MEN'S FINE BALMORALS, Pointed Toes, - \$1.50
MEN'S FINE BALMORALS, Round Toes. - 1.50
MEN'S FINE CONGRESS, Pointed Toes, - 1.50
MEN'S FINE CONGRESS, Round Toe, - 1.50

Not the BEST shoe in the market at any price, but the BEST \$1.50 shoe at the present time. A little better in every detail—Style, Workmanship, and Material. That's what we claim.

WATERBURY & RISING,

61 King and 212 Union Street.

with small white polka dots. A cream white ground has a stripe of white satin over which are scattered sprays of pink forget-me-nots and their delicate green leaves. The figures and flowers are rather small in challies, while in organdies they are just the reverse, very large and very close together.

It will be good news for most of us that four yards of organdy is now quite sufficient to make the most fashionable of blouses but as they must be made up over a lining of what the dressmakers call 'some inexpensive silk' they are far from being a cheap luxury. In the United States where 'silk' for linings can be purchased for the modest sum of nineteen cents a yard, it is all very well to invest in organdy; but I usually find that an inexpensive silk means seventy-five cents a yard, so I don't indulge in silk linings to any large extent.

Apart from this trifling consideration however an organdy blouse is not only very dressy and pretty, but also very easy to make, and there is nothing to prevent any girl who can sew, from making it at home, after getting a dressmaker to cut and fit it, which she will do for a very small sum. The lining is made to fit the figure comfortably but by no means tightly, as this silk will not stand a very severe strain; the organdy is then draped over the lining, being laid in small plaits at the waist, to give the necessary fullness. The neck is merely finished off with a straight band, over which any variety of ribbon or lace stock can be worn. The sleeves are cut long and plain until near the shoulder, where there is a small puff of the organdy draped on the lining, and below this the outside material is laid in small tucks which run across the arm down to the wrist where the sleeve is cut into a point that droops over the hand, and is finished with a lace trim.

I regret to say that the skirt of the blouse is to be worn outside the dress during the coming season, and many of the new shirt waists are finished with a fine knife plaited flounce at the waist. It is in every way prettier, and nearer to let the skirt be invisible but I suppose a change is what most people are looking for, and in that case anything new is welcome.

The revival of the Eton jacket is something astonishing, because in many cases it is absolutely unchanged from the jacket we wore three years ago; in fact anyone would be perfectly safe in bringing out one that had been laid away since they went out of fashion, and denning it this spring, provided it was in good preservation. Wide belts sometimes folded, and sometimes of plain ribbon are worn with these jackets as are also full bloused vests.

There are rumors abroad that the reign of the caps is over, and even the jaunty little combination of chiffon and lace which reached only to the shoulders, and was such a charming finish to a street costume, will soon be numbered with the slain. I suppose it is only what might have been expected when the large sleeves went out; the cape came in as a necessary accompaniment to the gigantic sleeves, and when once its day was done there was no further need for the cape. Most of us will regret the convenient cape, for even with moderate sized sleeves it is always more or less of a struggle to clamber into a jacket unassisted.

EASY VITIMS.

A Large Percentage of Members in the Common Suffer From Catarrh—The Hope of Fifty Found in Dr. Agnew's Catarrhal Powder—They Tell Their Own Story of Successful Recovery Through This Remedy.

Mr. W. H. Bennett, Member for East Simcoe, and forty-nine others of the House of Commons, have, over their own signatures, told of the good effects of Dr. Agnew's Catarrhal Powder. What the remedy has done for these Parliamentarians it is doing for thousands of others in public and private life the Dominion over. With cold in the head it gives immediate relief inside of half an hour, and a little perseverance quickly rids the head of all trouble. It is easy and pleasant to take and produces no harmful after effects.

THE QUEEN'S CHORISTERS.

How They are Dressed and Incidents of Their Lives.

Boys are not, as a rule, given to being proud of their clothes, but a lad whose Sunday suit costs two hundred dollars, and is of so striking a character that it is not considered safe for him to go out walking in it alone, might perhaps be excused for being a trifle lifted up.

There are ten boys in London who are thus expensively and brilliantly habited every Sunday, and on state occasions beside. They are the ten choristers belonging to Her Majesty's private chapel in St. James's Palace, and truly gorgeous they are when arrayed in their 'state suits.'

Scarlet cloth is the foundation of the costume, and bands of royal purple between rows of heavy gold lace are the adorning of it. Grandest of all, old lace ruffias are worn at the neck and wrists; but these are so valuable and difficult to replace that it has to be a special occasion on which they are donned, white lawn bands being substituted as a rule. A boy has to take care of his state suit, for it must last him three years, while his undress suit is replaced every eight months.

The choir of the Chapel Royal, St. James's, is one of the historical institutions of England, and many of its old-time customs—including the dress of the boys—are retain to this day. It has numbered among its singers Sir Arthur Sullivan, Edward Lloyd, Sir John Goss, Dr. E. J. Hopkins, the veteran organist of the Temple Church, and many other famous English musicians.

Some curious customs, peculiar to St. James's chorister's, are mentioned by Mr. F. Klickmann in the Strand Musical Magazine. The most interesting of these, perhaps, is the right of the head boy to demand one guinea, as 'spur money,' from any officer entering the chapel wearing spurs. It is said that when Sullivan was head boy the Duke of Wellington would always come to the chapel in his spurs, in order to have the pleasure of paying the forfeit to his favorite chorister.

A new boy at St. James's had some of the same sort of experiences that come to all new boys, only from the nature of things his mistakes are apt to be a little laughable. 'That seems to be a nice old gentleman,' remarked one such new-comer to an older boy, as the two stood in a corridor after the service, and was greeted with, 'A happy New Year to you, my lads,' by the gentleman in question.

'A nice old gentleman, indeed! Don't you know who he is?' was the response. 'Well, you must be a greenhorn! I say, you fellows, he doesn't even know Mr.

Gladstone!' and the nine waxed derisive over the the mistake of the unlucky new boy.

This unfortunate might still further impaired his reputation when, a few days later, he meekly inquired why they had all raised their hats to a certain officer whom they had passed on horseback in the street. The head boy merely ejaculated, 'Who in the world does the duffer know, if he doesn't know the Prince of Wales?'

Mrs. R. H. Smith, wife of President, Quebec Bank, writes: "Quickcure" stopped toothache and its use prevented any further trouble during a trip to Europe and back.

Warranted Brown.

Ever tried any of those cures for the tobacco habit? Jones—Yes. Here are some cigars my wife bought for me.

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

SEE OTHER RECIPES ON PACKAGE. THE EDWARDSBURG STARCH CO. Works: Cardinal, Ont. Offices: Montreal, P.Q.

CLEAN TEETH

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

ABOUT DROEVING BUTTERFLIES.

Why a Naturalist Preferred Moths When Looking After Them.

The collection of butterflies and moths is carried on so industriously and systematically in all parts of the world that it may almost be called a trade. As a rule, each butterfly or moth has its regular catalogue price, varying, of course, with its rarity or the difficulty of its capture. As much as a thousand dollars has sometimes been offered for a single specimen. A butterfly that is worth twenty-five dollars to-day may be worth less than half as much to-morrow, if a collector in the Himalayas, or where not, happens to find the species swarming. Some idea of the difficulties which entomological collectors meet with may be gathered from an experience of Mr. S. W. Denton during his trip to Australia, as narrated in the New York Sun.

'I had heard of a very big butterfly,' he says, 'of brilliant coloring, which was said to inhabit the tops of trees in partly cleared places in the forest, and I made up my mind that I would get some specimens of it before I left Australia, for from the description given of it by the natives, I supposed the insect to be one of the ornithopteræ, and one which I very much wanted. My informants also stated that these butterflies were the freed souls of dead children, and that he who killed them would have bad luck forever. As they added that nobody had ever succeeded in catching one, this last statement seems lacking in proof. Accompanied by two natives and equipped with a shotgun in addition to my long-handled net, I set out for one of the semi-clearings, which I reached after a long journey. Several of the ornithopteræ, magnificent big fellows, were flitting about the tops of the trees.

When I had put my net together the two natives grinned cheerfully. They decided without hesitation that no bad luck would accrue to me on account of any slain souls of infants; and it certainly did look so, for if I had been on a roof, my net would still have come several rods short of penetrating the region which the butterflies inhabited. For an hour I sat and waited for a visit from them, but they appeared to be perfectly contented where they were.

Finally I hit upon a plan. Selecting a shell loaded with very fine shot, I fired at one of the insects and brought it down, too badly riddled, of course, to be of much use for mounting, but still good enough for my purpose. I spread it carefully out upon the leaves of a big shrub, and waited.

Presently the others caught sight of their late companion, apparently resting quietly far below his proper region, and after fluttering about for a time, came down to see about it. This curiosity proved fatal, as I captured four of them, one after another. That night a great storm came up, and in the morning the two natives came around to my place, and were much amazed to find that I had not been struck by lightning. They thought that storm had been sent to destroy me for capturing the butterflies. Since then I have used decoys in other cases.

MORE THAN HE COULD STAND.

The Sudden Ending of a Mountain Girl's Breach of Promise Suit.

While some of the members of the local bar were entertaining an attorney from North Carolina, he told this among a good many other professional experiences:

'Though our mountain people are not educated, no Yankee can beat them in a dicker or go after a dollar with greater avidity. A rich young fellow from our place went up among them for a time to take on some health, and while there paid more attention than he really meant to one of the few beauties that live there. She was a creature of magnificent proportions, naturally brilliant, and as relentless of purpose as any moonshiner that ever went after a revenue officer. She sought to recover \$10,000 damages for breach of promise, and I had the young man's case.

'On the trial the girl made a star witness. When I asked her pointblank if he had ever proposed to her, she replied that he had not, in so many words, but his every action, look, even his tones, was a proposal. She admitted that she had not gone into a decline because of his inconstancy, but graphically pictured months of agony, unrequited longing, and wounded pride. It looked bad for us.

'At this stage of the case a lank six-footer from the mountains came to me and whispered that he wanted to be called as my first witness. He sternly declined to answer questions till on the stand, but reckoned that his word was good, that he would pull the young fellow through.

'All I ever asked him was his name, and you couldn't have stopped him with a gun. He was the girl's husband. He had married her a week after the young man left the mountains. He had consented to her bringing the suit in her maiden name and saying nothing about her being a wife. 'But if it's so,' he roared, 'that she's been a mournin' and a pinin' an' a dyin' afteh this heah dude critter, I ask th' covt fuh a divo'ce.'

'The girl rushed to his arms. She sobbed that she never loved another. The case was won for me, but the young man never goes to the mountains or makes any miscellaneous bestowal of his affections.'—Detroit Free Press.

Men and Women Agree.

That corns are painful, not easily cured, and quite useless. Men and women who have used Putnam's Corn extractor testify that it is the best, acts without pain, and cures. Use Putnam's Painless Corn Extractor.

A GREAT deal of nonsense has been written—and believed, about blood purifiers. What purifies the blood? ...

THE KIDNEYS PURIFY THE BLOOD AND THEY ALONE.

If diseased, however, they cannot, and the blood continually becomes more impure. Every drop of blood in the body goes through the kidneys, the sewers of the system, every three minutes, night and day, while life endures.



puts the kidneys in perfect health, and nature does the rest. The heavy, dragged out feeling, the bilious attacks, headaches, nervous unrest, sickle appetite, all caused by poisoned blood, will disappear when the kidneys properly perform their functions. There is no doubt about this. Thousands have so testified. The theory is right, the cure is right and health follows as a natural sequence. Be self-convinced through personal proof.



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DRUNKENNESS Or the Liquor Habit Effectively Cured by Dr. Hamilton's Golden Specific. It can be given in a cup of tea or coffee without the knowledge of the patient. It is absolutely harmless, and will effect a permanent and speedy cure. IT NEVER FAILS Mothers and Wives, you can save the victim. SOLE DISPENSERS GOLDEN SPECIFIC CO., TORONTO, Ont.

CUNNING WILD TURKEYS.

Their Ways With the More Cunning Wildcat and the Less Cunning Hawk.

'It is curious how a wildcat gets the best of young wild turkeys,' said a native of the Juniata Valley, in the mountains overlooking which the wild turkey still finds secure covert and congenial environment. 'The wild turkey is about as wary a thing as lives, whether it is young or old, and the wildcat knows it. As soon as a brood of young turkeys are big enough and strong enough to be turned adrift by their mother to earn their own living, the wildcat's mouth begins to water for them, and he brings his cunning in play to capture them. He needs his cunning, too, for the young turkeys, although they cannot fly yet, can run faster than a deer, and their habit of hiding at the faintest suspicion of danger—as they are always on the sharp lookout for danger—is as invaluable as that of the young grouse and quail. A wildcat stands but little chance of catching a young wild turkey by crouching on a limb and pouncing down upon it, as the suspicious fowl surveys its surroundings on every side and above and below, with every step it takes and every mouthful it eats. It has to be a more than wary beast that takes it by surprise.

'But the wildcat has tactics. Discovering a brood of young turkeys, he knows that there is no use trying to keep his proximity a secret, so he takes pains to let the turkeys see him stealing along in their rear. That buries the flock onward, but the birds presently stop and look back to see if the enemy is still in pursuit. The wildcat keeps himself in sight, but always comes into view of the turkeys as sneaking out of a hiding place. He does this three or four times, and then disappears in the forest. He has satisfied himself as to the exact direction the flock will keep, and has left on their suspicious natures the impression that he is on their trail. Believing that the foe is creeping in the rear, the turkeys are on the alert in that direction particularly. The wildcat knows his business, and, making a circuit of the woods, he comes out far ahead of the turkeys right in the path they are feeding along and hides himself behind a log, a rock, or any obstacle near which the turkeys will pass, still guarding cautiously their rear. The flock feed on their way. They reach the spot where their unsuspected foe is lying in wait. Suddenly their is a spring, a scuffle, a faint gobble and a scattering of the brood, and away bounds the wildcat with one of the number for his dinner.

'During the callow period of the turkey hen's brood the mother turkey constantly watches for and instantly warns the chicks against another ruthless foe. This is the chicken hawk. It is wonderful how quickly the hen turkey detects the coming of the hawk. She discovers it nearly as soon as the hawk, in his soaring place among the clouds, has got his eye on her and her brood. While the hawk is dropping down upon them the old turkey utters a sharp and peculiar cry, and instantly every chick either scampers to a hiding place or falls over on the ground and simulates death as perfectly as the possum ever did. The preying chicken hawk will dine on nothing but what he captures alive and kills. How the young turkeys know that is more than any one can say, but it is evident that they do know it. If they are true to their instinct, and remain as they fall until the mother gives them the signal that all is well, the hawk, seeing nothing but dead game, as he supposes, will sail away again. The mother will not give the signal to her brood that all is well until the hawk is out of sight, and then at the cluck up will jump every chick. It sometimes happens that a chick is impatient, and attempts to run things itself, coming to life before it gets the word from its mother. The chick that does so is lost, for the hovering hawk will have its talons on it almost instantly, although the chick has quickly obeyed a second order from its mother in the bushes.

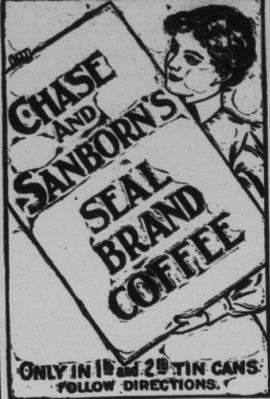
An Unappreciated Partner.

Bilkins—'How is business, Wilkins?' Wilkins—'Can't make it go. At this rate I'll be bankrupt in another month. I don't seem to have any head for business.' Bilkins—'No, you haven't; but you have a good stand, and if you'll promise to keep hands off and let me run things, I'll go in with you as partner.' Wilkins—'Done. A friend in need is a friend indeed.' Guest of Mr. Wilkins (ten years after)—'What a magnificent place you have! Everything that wealth could buy or health wish for. You have been wonderfully prosperous, Mr. Wilkins.' Wilkins (sadly)—'True, but after all I get only half the profits of my great establishment. I just tell you, my old friend, the mistake of my life was in taking a partner.'—N. Y. Press.

STRAFORD, ARK., 4th, 1893.

Messrs. C. C. RICHARDS & Co. GENTLEMEN—My neighbor's boy, 4 years old fell into a tub of boiling water, and got scalded fearfully. A few days later his legs swelled to three times their natural size and broke out in running sores. His parents could get nothing to help him till I recommended MINARD'S LINIMENT, which, after using two bottles, completely cured him, and I know of several other cases around here almost as remarkably cured by the same Liniment, and I can truly say I never handled a medicine which has had as good a sale or gave such universal satisfaction.

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Gray's Syrup of Red Spruce Gum For Coughs, Colds, Bronchitis, Sore throat, etc. KERRY, WATSON & CO., PROPRIETORS, MONTREAL.

AN ARABIAN WEDDING.

Picturesque Ceremony Described by an American Girl.

The following extract from the letter of an American girl in Cairo describes an Arabian wedding which the writer was permitted to witness as one of a small party of favored guests.

At 8 o'clock in the morning our Arabian, who, by the way, is a fascinating and picturesque fellow, well supplied with letters of recommendation from many famous people, met us at the door of our hotel with three enormous bouquets. Arriving at a very narrow street, we proceeded a short distance on foot under red rag, striped awnings and lanterns which were stretched over our heads the length of the street. The ground was sprinkled with sand, and along the sides of the houses were seats provided for the men, as none of the sterner sex were allowed in the room or house of bride. We, the women, mounted three flights of stairs, and found ourselves in a large room filled with Arabian women of various classes, also some Grecian and Turkish women. They were arrayed in many-colored garments, pink silk scarfs, gold embroidered jackets, blue plush and wool stuffs, combinations I cannot begin to describe. The women gathered around us and led us to the divan arranged for the bride, seating the oldest in the party in the middle, while the rest of us were given places on either side. We remonstrated, but they assured us that the bride could sit upon a chair. We were great curiosities to them, apparently, and we certainly enjoyed the novelty of our positions. In their simple way they showed us great hospitality. The approach of the bride was heralded by a most congregate lot of howling women and children, playing tom-toms, tambourines and native instruments anything but musical. We arose to rejoin our seats of honor in favor of the bride and her attendants, but she insisted that we two remain on either side of her, while she occupied the middle seat just vacated by one of the party, and so we sat through all the howling and banging, and pushing and jostling of these half-civilized creatures. After every one had seen the bride an enormous woman laden with jewelry and golden chains, began to howl and hammer on a tambourine, then the guests threw coins into the bride's cup while the women howled and made other hideous noises. After this the guests began to mingle with one another, and we found some who spoke a little English, some French and some Italian. Finally a very intelligent Greek woman took us in charge; she was quite a linguist, and we were enabled to appreciate what we had seen after her explanations. Then came the refreshments, and we had to eat little cakes and big cakes, all shapes and flavors, and last one awful affair soaked in wine. This was the end of the bride's part of the entertainment. We went down stairs to join the men of our party, and there met a very jolly priest, who had been to London and Paris, spoke good French, and who interested us very much. He is the man who was to perform the ceremony. The man we had not yet seen, but we were soon presented to him, with his attendants who were parading up and down this inclosed street preceded by an Egyptian band. We presented him with our two remaining bouquets, having left one with his 16-year-old bride. Again we all went upstairs, and saw the groom lift the veil of the bride, supposed to be the first sight of her fair countenance. This was the ninth and last day of this wedding performance, and the most important one for they were at last duly tied by the old priest, and went home by morning light. It was a weird performance. Through it all they showed us, the only Europeans present, great respect, and a good English said they hoped we had had a pleasant time and were glad that we came.

On the following day (Friday) we were taken to see the famous Whirling Dervishes. Friday, one must bear in mind, is the Mohammedan Sunday, and an eventful day. The court surrounding the arena in which this weird and uncanny performance takes place holds about 500 persons, and it was filled with all sorts and conditions of people, Americans and English predominating element. Soon after we entered the court the whirlers made their appearance, dressed in short white skirts and on their heads the funniest looking chimney pot hats. After marching around and around for fifteen minutes to the hideous noise of a band composed of tom-toms, tambourines and some wind instrument they began to whirl and whirled until it seemed to us to whom the sight was new, that we must cry out to them to cease. The sight was positively maddening. After fifteen minutes of constant whirling they dropped to the ground from sheer exhaustion, apparently. It appears, however, that this part of the programme is for effect entirely.

From this place we drove to hear the 'Howlers,' quite as famous as the 'Whirlers,' who were a horrid lot of healthy, lusty men, simply howling and making as much noise as possible in a most unpleasant manner, which gave one the 'creeps.' One old fellow kept it up until he had by antics and frothed at the mouth.—Detroit Free Press.

Cured of Chronic Catarrh.

A remarkable cure.—J. W. JENNISON, Gilford, spent between \$200 and \$300 in consulting doctors; tried Dixon's and all other treatments but got no benefit. One box of Chase's Catarrh Cure did me more good than all the other remedies, in fact I consider myself cured, and with a 25 cent box at that.

WEDDING. Described by an old Girl.

Extract from the letter of a friend in Cairo describes an occasion which the writer was present at of a small party

On the morning our way, is a fascinating show, well supplied with information from many families at the door of our hotel as bouquets. Arriving at the street, we proceeded a few feet under red rags, lanterns which were held the length of the ground was sprinkled along the sides of the road for the men, as for sex were allowed in the street. We, the three flights of stairs, in a large room filled with men of various classes, and Turkish women.

It is so in every really great and good life. Now and then there may be some conspicuous deed done which wins the applause of men, and an account of which gets into the newspapers, and is talked about near and far. But on all the days of all the years there is going on a ministry of love which makes many people happier, which gives pleasure to old and young, which leaves inspiration of good or of beauty in countless hearts, which makes one spot of the world sweeter.

Sometimes it happens that those who seek human applause for what they do—striving to do things that are conspicuous and make a sensation in the world—have no beautiful ministry of kindness to fill and brighten the days of their common life. When they do aim they sound a trumpet proclaiming the fact, that their good deed may be seen and praised of men. But when they are not exhibiting their charity and their generosity they are neither charitable nor generous. They do not take the trouble to be kind or loving when there is nothing to be gained by it. That is, their doing of good is spurious, because it is something enacted for men's eyes, not for God's. The staple of their life is selfishness. When they are not posing for effect, their days are full of things which are not lovely.

It may be set down as a principle that the true test of a life is found in the things that are done when no eye is watching,—the things of the quiet days. The ten thousand little acts, and words, and manifestations of disposition, which make up the substance of living, much more fairly index the real character than do the one or two things which people talk about.

After all, the greatness is not in the conspicuousness of that which is done, but in its spirit, its moral quality. 'With God there is neither little nor great; there is only straight and crooked.' That which we do really for God is great, though it seem but a trifle in human eyes. That which we do only for men is small, though in bulk as large as a mountain.

We never know what the end will be of the smallest good we do in this world. It may start a series of blessings which shall extend, with increasing benefit, through centuries. There are single sentences in the Bible which have been helping, comforting, strengthening, guiding, cheering, and inspiring men and women for thousands of years and in all lands. There have been single acts of simple kindness, done even without the thought that they would be helpful, which have proved the beginning of endless chains of blessing.—S. S. Times.

Sunday Reading.

MINISTRIES THAT ARE BLESSED.

It Does not Require Great Deeds to Make Worthy Service.

We mistake when we think that only great deeds make worthy service. In every life there cannot be many large and conspicuous things; the years must chiefly be filled with little things. Take even the story of the life of Jesus. In it there were as recorded, a definite number of miracles which stand out in the narrative like stars of the first magnitude in the heavens. But strewn through the days, filling all the moments, crowded into all the interstices of that wonderful life, were innumerable kindnesses and thoughtfulnesses, unrecorded, even unremembered words and acts. He was not always working miracles, but he was always doing good; and the great bulk of the blessing he left in the world came not from his few marvelous works, but from the many common kindnesses he wrought.

It is so in every really great and good life. Now and then there may be some conspicuous deed done which wins the applause of men, and an account of which gets into the newspapers, and is talked about near and far. But on all the days of all the years there is going on a ministry of love which makes many people happier, which gives pleasure to old and young, which leaves inspiration of good or of beauty in countless hearts, which makes one spot of the world sweeter.

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THE SOUL'S ENQUIRIES.

A Consecration That Comes From the Heart Is Best.

Not one whit less precious to the Lord than the consecration to go is the consecration to give when it comes from a heart in touch with Jesus, and that would be ready to go, if the Lord should make it possible. Such was the spirit of a letter that called forth our heartfelt praise as we read it a few days ago. The writer is matron of an institution in one of the Middle States, with a salary of four hundred and eighty dollars a year in addition to her board. As she cannot be a messenger of the gospel in South America herself, she promises to give three hundred dollars a year, over three-fifths of her income, towards the support of a missionary in that land. Oh! for more of such consecration of money and life to God.

What is the fidelity to say in the sick room, or at the bedside of the dying, or at the funeral? Who would wish to invite even one of the chiefest apostles of that heartless belief or unbelief to officiate on such occasions? It is said of one who had

been persuaded to accept the skeptic's creed, that when he lay upon a bed of death his friends gathered around him, and fearing that he might in the trying hour of approaching dissolution recant, urged him to hold on. 'Yes,' he cried, as he was about to take a leap into the dark. 'I would gladly hold on, if you will only tell me what to hold on to.' Infidelity has indeed, nothing to hold on to. In the solemn hour that tests the foundation of our hope, it leaves its votaries to blank despair. It robs the pilgrim of the staff of God's word on which he might lean, and he must go through the dark valley alone. Of the cheerless and chilling teachings of skepticism and unbelief we may well say:—'Miserable comforters are ye all.'

The founder of one of the largest dry-goods houses (Brooklyn, who has reached the ripe age of eighty-eight years, but is in good health and is active in mission and sabbath-school work, and especially interested in the Italian mission in his city, a few days ago related to one of the secretaries the following interesting incident. He said that when he was a young man he was working for \$300 a year in the leather house of Mr. Van Nostrand. The American Tract Society had only recently begun its work, and one day he saw an appeal for funds in its behalf. The next morning he was passing by its store at the corner of Nassau and Spruce streets with only five dollars in his pocket, and was seriously thinking the matter over whether he would go in and make a contribution. As he drew near the door he decided to give the entire amount to its work. He stepped in and handed the money to one of the officers. The next day Mr. Van Nostrand, his employer, sent for him, stating that they were pleased with his services and wished to add one hundred dollars to his salary. The addition of one-third to his income within twenty-four hours after he had given all he had to the noble work of the Tract Society made a very strong impression upon his mind, and had much to do with his interest in missionary work throughout his life. He is a generous giver to all beneficent causes, and makes an annual offering to the Tract Society. He has found it good to 'honor the Lord with his substance and the first-fruits of all his increase.'—American Messenger.

THE GOVERNING MOTIVE. The Pictures Prized Because They Told of the Babys Love.

'I am going to show you some pictures that our baby painted for us,' said a lady to me the other day; and she brought me two pieces of paper covered with pencil marks and streaks of red and yellow paint. One was marked 'For Grandpa,' the other, 'For Grandma.' The five-year old boy holds a warm place in my own heart and I could almost see the earnest face bending over his work and hear the merry laugh as he saw it put into the envelope with his mother's letter. Little would he care, could he know, that in the room with his 'pictures' were works of art wrought by trained hands. His only thought was to get some of the love that was in his heart to the grandparents whom he had left on the other side of the continent, and every mark on those scraps of paper told of that love.

Suppose, now, that this child is many years older and has been abroad and become a skilled artist, and the pictures shown me are so beautiful and so finely executed that I exclaim at their beauty and praise the skill of the artist. I do not discern so clearly in these the love for the home people. If the artist could know this would he feel ashamed of what his loving child-heart had wrought? You are asking, 'Does the beauty always hide the motive? Cannot skilled work tell of love?' Yes, it can. Among the decorations of a cathedral in northern Europe a century ago, was a sculptured face of rare beauty. It was carved by an aged man whom they found lying dead by his finished work one day. The face, they said, was the face of one whom he had loved in his youth; for many weary years he had had only the memory of her, for God

calling her to himself. Men came from far and near to see the completed cathedral. They admired its beauty, but they lingered longest by this face, and as they looked they said one to another. 'This is the greatest work of all: Love wrought this!' Beginner in the Christian life! Does your service show more love than skill? Thank God that it does. He can train loving hands for great usefulness. But in proportion as you gain skill, you need all the more to open your hearts to the love of Christ, so that the motive power shall always be felt; and if the work is such that others can praise, they shall know beyond the shadow of a doubt that it was done for love's sake and may be impelled to say, 'The love of Christ wrought this!'

Do not be discouraged because you cannot do what older Christians can do. There will tell you that there lurks in itself power to do, the danger of being satisfied with the doing of that which looks beautiful to others and not attempting the much harder task for the human will, of letting Christ work in us and through us. But in this way, and in this way only, can God train his fellow-workers for truest service. Bear in mind always, the words written by the greatest of all Christian workers to the young pastor, Timothy: 'Study to show thyself approved unto God.' Then, indeed, you will be 'a workman that needeth not to be ashamed.'

"SAMARITANS IN EXILE."

The Passengers: 'Were Gay and Wealthy But Had Kind Hearts.'

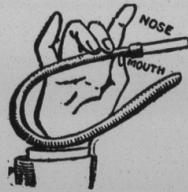
Last year I was in a railroad train passing through that part of Palestine which lies between Jaffa (Joppa) and Jerusalem. We had stopped at Lud—the 'Lydia' where Peter healed Ananias—and had crossed the plain of Sharon, and were now winding upward among the hills where Samson fought the Philistines.

Right there a terrible thing happened. A native employe of the road carelessly jumped off the cars while they were in motion; another moment and the wheels had passed over him, maiming him for life.

The passengers were all wealthy people, traveling for pleasure, finely dressed, refined in speech and manner. You would have said they had no thought above the light amusement and luxury of the journey in the special train; and you might have reflected bitterly that these were the rich who cared nothing for the poor.

But when the accident happened it was a passenger who stopped the train and insisted that it should run back to the little mountain station where the man was hurt. As soon as it was reached and the train came to a stand still, gentlemen leaped off and ran to minister to the sufferer while ladies offered every assistance in their power. A young doctor set two or three men at work making splints, and skillfully bandaged the wounded limb. Assistance was given in bearing the poor fellow into the car, where a section was quickly vacated for the patient, the passengers crowding into uncomfortably close and narrow compartments. Every one was eager to help, and in a few min-

DR. CHASE'S CATARRH CURE



CURES cold in the head in ten minutes. CURES incipient catarrh in from one to three days. CURES chronic catarrh, hay fever and rose fever. Complete, with blower free.

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Walter Baker & Co., Limited.

Dorchester, Mass., U. S. A. The Oldest and Largest Manufacturers of PURE, HIGH GRADE Cocos 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.



utes silver and gold coins were clinking into a hat for a relief fund as the train sped on again toward Jerusalem.

After all, were not these men and women brothers and sisters of God's family?

HIS UPLIFTING. How the Earnest Young Man Told His Religious Experience.

A young man wishing to become a member of a church in an Eastern city came before the church to relate his experience and to make his confession of faith. He was a poor, uneducated young fellow and lacked words with which to express himself clearly. But there was no mistaking the shining light in his face and in his eye, and there were those who understood his meaning when he said:

'I feel as if I was on the top of a high mountain, with all the world below me and God so near that I could almost see and touch him. That's just the way I feel, and I don't know any other way to tell you about it.'

'You need not try to tell us about it in any other way, my dear boy,' said the pastor, whose quick perception had led him to understand the young man's real feeling. 'Every true religious experience lifts one up out of the valley of worldly life, to heights of exultation around which the very angels of God seem to hover. But you must try not to come back into the valley again, and you will not if you keep your face and your thoughts heavenward.'

The religion of Christ is always uplifting if the heart be full of it, and there are moments of spiritual exaltation when God and his holy angels seem to be almost visible to one's eager vision.

Extract from Editorial in "Dominion Dental Journal."

Since the article appeared by Dr. Ievers in the last issue, a large number of testimonials from outside and impartial sources, have been sent to us as to the value of 'Quickcure.' Eminent physicians express the same opinion from practical experience in its use in boils and wounds. We have had practical proof of its value in a burn, and repeated experience in its efficacy in exposed pulps, and various pathological condition of the gums and the mouth. Dr. Ievers of Quebec city, has for eleven years had such invariable success with his preparation, that he had little trouble to persuade many of his colleagues to experiment in the same direction, and the general consensus of professional opinion has been decidedly in its favor.

He Raised Them.

A few nights ago a miser from the North who had lately sold a claim, had money to burn, and was in an incendiary mood, came down to Spokane to make the currency bonfire. He was rather rusty looking when he struck Spokane, but he was hungry, and before going to a barber shop or bath, dropped into an uptown restaurant to get something to eat. There was but one waiter, and he, busy carrying champagne to a party at another table, paid little attention to the hard-looking miser. Finally the waiter was called over, when the miser said:

'See here, kid! Do I eat?' 'Sorry I can't wait on you now,' was the prompt reply, 'but the gentlemen there have just ordered a \$50 dinner.' 'Fifty-dollar be hanged! Bring me \$100 worth of ham and eggs, and be quick about it! Do I look like a guy who can be bluffed by a mess of poppajays?' He was waited upon promptly.—Spokane Republican.

TERRORS OF RHEUMATISM.

A Remedy Which is Instantaneous and Permanent in Effect—A Languid Rest, Crumpled for Three Years, Becomes Strong as an Athlete.

No subtle or mysterious force could be more miraculous in its effects than is South American Cure in all cases of rheumatism. James A. Anderson, of Calgary, N. W. T., says that seven or eight years ago he became afflicted with rheumatism, and for three years it made him a cripple, so that he had to use a stick to get about. In his own words: 'I suffered untold misery, and though treated by the best physicians in the country, and I spent a term in the hospital, recovery seemed as hopeless as ever. A friend recommended South American Rheumatic Cure. It gave help immediately and after the second bottle I threw away my stick. To-day I am as strong as an athlete.' Price 75 cents.

Alarm.

First farmer—'My boy is learnin' so fast at school I'm gettin' worried about him!'

Second farmer—'Afeerd he'll get brain fever!'

Frist farmer—'No, but I'm afeerd he might take a notion to be one o' them unfort'nit school-teachers that can't more'n earn their salt.'—Puck.

Saved by His Thick Best Leg. Last summer an acquaintance of mine was strolling across a wide, grassy upland, or prairie, in America. Here and there lay an old dead tree covered with moss—bright flowers growing out of its fissures along its length—a sad effigy of a human grave. The day was warm and the air vibrant with insect life. Suddenly he felt something strike the leg of his boot—worm with the trousers tucked inside. Turning quickly he saw a rattlesnake recovering its coil, after having struck its fang into his boot leg. The reptile was sunning itself within a foot of the path. The man had not noticed it. It had also sprung its warning rattle. The man had not heard it. The thick leather of his boot leg was all that saved his life. 'What a fool of a man to be on a snaky prairie on a hot, snaky day,' you say. Yes, he was. But there are a lot more of us. Having eyes, we see not; having ears, we are deaf as posts.

Another man, quite as intelligent and observing as you or I, turns back the leaves of his diary and extracts from it the following incident:— 'One night in March, 1884, whilst walking home from my work, I was suddenly taken in the street with dizziness and pains in the head. A mist came over my eyes so that I could not see; and I lost the use of my legs, and had to support myself by taking hold of some railings until the attack passed.

At this time my appetite was poor, and after eating I had a heavy pain at my chest and also at the pit of my stomach. I had a dreadful pain in my head, and in my back and legs. In fact, I had pain in my nerves all over my body. My legs trembled and shook under me until I could hardly stand; and as I walked along I reeled almost as if I were drunk. When in bed my legs twitched and jumped as if the nerves were wrong.

'I had a hacking cough which never left me day or night, and a pain in my left lung as if a knife were cutting it. At times I could scarcely draw my breath. As time went on I got very weak and thin, losing over two stone in weight, so that my clothes merely hung on me.

'I kept up with my work as well as I could, having a large family to support, but it was in great suffering that I did so. Many times the dizziness came over me, and I felt as if I should fall down dead. I saw a doctor who gave me medicines; and I also took cod-liver oil and other drugs, but received no benefit from them. I went on suffering until November, 1891, when by chance came upon a book describing Mother Seigel's Curative Syrup and the cures it had effected in cases like mine. After taking one bottle I felt relieved, and when I had taken the second bottle I felt better than I had done for years. Since that time I have kept in good health by taking a dose when I need it. You are at liberty to make this letter public if you think it may be of use to others. (Signed) William Henry Kirkham, 8, Newham Street, Fylde Road, Preston, February 6th, 1894.'

In his work on 'Slight Ailments,' Dr. Lionel S. Beale, F.R.S., Fellow of the Royal College of Physicians, &c., &c., says: 'Illness which apparently comes on suddenly are themselves but the consequence of prior changes which have been going on some time previous to the attack.'

This explains the dizziness with which Mr. Kirkham was seized in the street ten years ago, and the seven and one-half years of illness which followed. His blood was already poisoned by the habitual fermentation of food in his stomach, although he did not probably regard the early symptoms anything more than disorders of an hour or of a day. What they really meant he discovered later, when indigestion and dyspepsia had fastened its fangs deep in his tortured body. Get a copy of the book which our friend speaks of, and read what those early symptoms are. The information may be worth to you ten shillings for every word. Had he possessed it Mr. Kirkham would never have been dragged through that illness which at the best was terrible and might easily have been fatal. While walking through what Bunyan calls 'the wilderness of this world,' the wise man keeps an eye open for snakes.

A Flat Tale From the H.H.P.

It was at a table d'hote dinner at a hill station in India that a very young officer just up from the plains found himself seated next to a lady whom he took for one of the grass widows common in those parts. He made himself agreeable, but his neighbor seemed a good deal out of spirits; so he said, sympathetically: 'I suppose you can't help thinking of your poor husband grilling down below?' But the lady was a real widow, and when he learned that he changed his seat.

WONDERFUL.

Piles Cured in 3 to 6 Nights—Itching, Burning, Skin Diseases Relieved in one day.

Dr. Agnew's Ointment will cure all cases of itching piles in from three to six nights. One application brings comfort. For blind and bleeding piles it is perfect. Also cures tetter, salt rheum, eczema, barber's itch and all eruptions of the skin. Relieves in a day. 85 cents.

Notches on The Stick

The daintiest of the dainty, may be affirmed of such a snow-pure thing as Dr. James D. Kenyon's "Little Book of Lullabies."

Whisper, whisper out of the west, Fold thy plumes o'er my birdling's nest. Come, O wind, whence the popples blow, Come whence the lullaby fountain's flow.

What do they do in Bylo-land, Silvery, shadowy Bylo-land? They swing so fast, they fly so kite; The tattered dolls are forgotten quite.

Dr. Kenyon is the author of "At The Gate of Dreams," "An Oaten Pipe," and "Thoughts in Verse For Lent,"—books, it will be remembered, which have before been mentioned in these columns.

New tastes form slowly; yet we may acquire an appetite for garlic; the longing for tomatoes establishes itself in the room of that late disgust. And we come round to Kipling, and feed out of the dish we have picked at and passed with turned-up nose.

English they be and Japanese that hang on the Brown Bear's flank, And some be Scot, but the worst, God wot, and the boldest, they've be Yank.

Much in Little

In especially true of Hood's Pills, for no medicine ever contained so great curative power in so small space. They are a whole medicine.

Hood's Pills

Interdependence absolute, forenoon, ordained, desired.

To work, ye'll note, at any tilt an' every rule of speed. Free sky-high-lift to furnace-bars, baked, boiled, broiled and stayed.

An English publisher made the great mistake of rejecting Kipling, and had the privilege of gnashing his teeth. It turned, however, to the advantage of Mr. Anthony Hope, when he came forward with his "The Prisoner of Zenda."

The modern Englishman speaks through "The Seven Seas." Since Thomas Campbell was silent no such sea-songs have arisen in Britain. But the life of the whole Empire is here, in picture as well as song.

Or in his ringing, "Song of the Banjo," we catch a strain of the Western mountains: Through the gorge that gives the stars at noonday clear—

Green against the draggled drift, Faint and trail and first— Bay my Northern blood-root And I'll know where you were nursed!

Marie Corelli has the best of it, when it comes to a retort, as is the habit with certain ladies. She has taken "Figaro," as a vantage ground from which to immolate her critics.

William Lee, Esq., Mayor of Parish of Quebec, writes: "I have used 'Quickcure' for most painful rheumatism and got almost instant relief, and the pain has not returned since last Spring; it also healed a wound caused by a rusty nail in a marvellous manner. I consider it the healing remedy of the age. We do not fear even toothache now, as always keep 'Quickcure' on hand."

surely some pap will "yap," when he hears this: "I envy no one their public,—no one should envy me mine. And least of all should they make that envy so broadly evident that it has become the open comment, byword and laughter of the 'great heart of the vulgar.'"

How many agreeable phrases of Mr. Gladstone are lately turned to us! In great things and in little, he seems admirable; not only when he delivers a speech, or dictates the policy of an Empire, but when he dictates a complimentary sonnet to his grand-daughter, Dorothy, or mounts and masters a wheel.

Miss Gladys, ten-year old daughter of Cornelius Vanderbilt, Jr., is acquiring literary distinction. She is an associate editor of "Spring Blossoms," a paper published by the Episcopal church Mission House in New York.

GENIUS AND OLD AGE.

The Gentleman's Magazine, in an article on the "Age of Genius," tends to dispense the assertion that brain power is incompatible with health. Once we were told that if we wished to become octogenarians, we must lay aside ambition.

First, to take the great men celebrated in war and conquest, since theirs, also, is a species of genius, is to find the list headed with Xenophon, Dumouriez and Wellington at eighty-six, eighty-four and eighty-three.

Then, beginning with the great names of statecraft there are Franklin and Talleyrand, both at eighty-four, Palmerston at eighty-one and Washington at sixty-seven, with the list keeping well up over the fifties, and at the end slowly falling to forty-two.

A curious effect of the plague in India has been a sudden increase in the number of pear's reaching the London market, and a consequent fall in prices. This is not due to unusual industry on the part of the divers, but to the fact that the native dealers at Bombay have been in such haste to quit the stricken city that they have eagerly disposed of their wares at far below the customary market value.

There were six guests at the table, and each had a mouthful of the bread and a

Colds Coughs Catarrh Chaps Chafing Chilblains Colic Croup Cramps

Are ill to which all flesh is heir. You can relieve and speedily cure all of these by the free use of our old reliable Anodyne. Generation after generation have used it with entire satisfaction, and handed down the knowledge of its worth to their children as a valuable inheritance.

Johnson's Anodyne Liniment

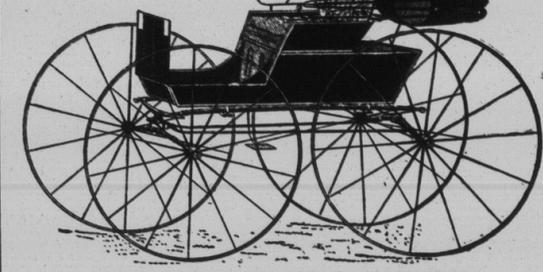
It soothes every ache, every bruise, every cramp, every irritation, every lameness, every swelling everywhere. It is for INTERNAL use, as much as EXTERNAL use. It was originated in 1810, by Dr. A. Johnson, an old Family Physician. Every Mother should have it in the house.

Parsons' Pills

Positively cure Biliousness and Sick Headaches. Have tried almost everything recommended for catarrh, but find Johnson's Anodyne Liniment far superior to any. I use it as you direct.

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SINGLE-SEATED BUGGY. 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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Or at Warehouse, Corner Brussels and Union Sts.

BARE OLD DAINTIES.

A Wonderful Feast That was Given by an Antiquarian. Perhaps the most remarkable dinner on record was given by an antiquary named Goebel, in the city of Brussels.

At that dinner I ate apples that ripened more than eighteen hundred years ago; bread made from wheat grown before the children of Israel passed through the Red Sea, and spread with butter that was made when Elizabeth was Queen of England; and I washed down the repast with wine that was old when Columbus was playing barefoot, with the boys of Genoa.

The apples were from an earthen jar taken from the ruins of Pompeii. The wheat was taken from a chamber in one of the pyramids, the butter from a stone shelf in an old well in Scotland, where for seven centuries it has lain in an earthen crock in icy water, and the wine was recovered from an old vault in the city of Corinth.

There were six guests at the table, and each had a mouthful of the bread and a

teaspoonful of the wine, but was permitted to help himself bountifully to the butter, there being several pounds of it. The apple-jar held about two-thirds of a gallon. The fruit was sweet and as finely flavored as if it had been put up yesterday.

Saved by a Sleigh Box.

From Wadena, Minnesota, by way of the St. Paul Dispatch, comes a story of a narrow escape from death on the part of a farmer and his family—who live two miles out of the town—during a snow storm in January last.

They attended church in Wadena on the night of the storm and about nine o'clock started for home. As the road is straight and well sheltered most of the way, and as their horses had travelled it hundreds of times, they had no misgivings.

They had proceeded about half-way, however, when they discovered that they were lost, and instead of being on the road were driving round in a circle. They at once unhitched the horses from the sleigh, turned the box over, crept under it, and being well provided with robes and wraps, stayed there till daylight without freezing.

The horses were found next morning in a grove not far from the house, where they had been sheltered.



