

# PROGRESS.

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ST. JOHN, N. B., SATURDAY, APRIL 21 1900.

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## VERDICT OF THE PEOPLE.

And How it Affected the Common Council For the Year to Come—Dr. Daniel Gets a Splendid Majority for Mayor.

Tuesday was an ideal day for holding the civic elections. It was as fine and warm as Easter Sunday and that is saying a great deal.

Interested parties were at the polls when they opened at 8 o'clock and they began to work with eagerness and avidity. The mayor's fight was supposed to be a close one and the friends of Dr. Daniel were willing to work to see him reach the goal he tried for two years ago. The friends of Dr. Christie looked for the same result. They too were anti Sears men and, in the main, for Dr. Daniel.

The activity of these two parties gave a fairly good idea of how the contest would result. In the North End they had it all their own way. In some of the wards Dr. Smith did not have a representative. The men who had talked the most did not work for him on election day, and this is one of the reasons why Dr. Christie beat him so badly in his own ward and his own end of the town. In Lorne ward, particularly, the majority Dr. Christie got was sufficient to elect him. He won there by 198 votes and his majority over the whole city was only 177. This is what organization and a fair amount of cash did. There were no votes bought but teams were in abundance and voters like to be called for and driven to and from the polls election day.

An analysis of the votes shows some curious things—things no fellow can understand—which cannot be explained. Mayor Sears did not get a majority in any ward in the city. In Prince alone he tied his leading opponent, Dr. Daniel. In Victoria, on the contrary, Mr. Moulson received his only majority. There he counted 108 votes. In one other ward, Lansdowne, he beat Mayor Sears who in his turn was beaten three to one by Dr. Daniel. There is where Dr. Christie got in his fine work. It was said that the Mayor had stated that he had no wish to preside over the council again if Dr. Christie was elected. The latter did his best to satisfy him in this respect.

How Capt. Keast came to grief when all of his friends were away head can be explained by the candidature of Thomas Hilyard. The latter belongs to the North End and his friends gave ample evidence of that fact. Even in Lansdowne he beat the captain ten votes but in Lorne he was behind him 108. The result in the South End was disastrous to the captain and the majority against him 249 votes.

Another of the "ticket" Ald. Stackhouse, went out with Capt. Keast. He did not get the same solid support in the North End as his colleagues and he went under. Ald. Colwell had a handsome majority on the eastern side of the harbor besides carrying Carleton and the result was his victory.

The West side friends of Ald. Allan did not rally to his support as they should have. Dominion politics had an influence there that they failed to exert in any other section of the city. Colonel Armstrong is a strong conservative and the might of the Smith-Lochhead faction was for him. The result was that in one ward Col. Armstrong won by 16 votes. That by the way, is the ward that Mr. J. B. M. Baxter will represent in future and his association with Col. Armstrong in political and military affairs no doubt led him to give him an active support instead of remaining neutral. The "civic reform association" did not oppose Mr. Baxter and while that may not have made much difference in the end it was a surprise to learn that one candidate it endorsed was working against Ald. Allan, who was also endorsed. His defeat is more a matter of regret to his friends than to himself. The busy man of affairs once drawn into civic business can hardly explain why he continues to seek re-election. Frequently he is to try and carry out some suggestion he has made and which he would like to "father." But he has little regret and a sense of actual relief if the people say they want another man. So it is with Ald. Allan whose year's experience has enlarged his ideas as to the demands of the public even from a civic politician.

Ald. Seaton can well afford to be proud of his vote. As representing the South end upon the alderman-at-large ticket, he was pitted against a gentleman, Mr. C. E.

Wilson, who is practically unknown, save in his own ward. He was a close second to Mr. Hilyard who was only 60 votes behind Ald. Tufts, who led the poll. Last year Ald. Stackhouse received the greatest number of votes and this year he was defeated. So facile is public opinion. When the fight was over the workers



SUNLIGHT SCENES ON ELECTION DAY.  
Dr. Christie at Work on his Majority in Landsdowne Ward and Dr. Daniel Gazing complacently out of Queens Ward Booth Window. (Court House)

no matter how slight, which might influence them. "Say Jack wasn't it Mrs. who said there were too many dry goods clerk at the—and—ball a winter or two ago?"

The other fellow said he thought it was. Without hesitation they both scored out that lady's husband's name and voted for his opponent. But the clerks lost their votes in this ward.

### That Liquor Case Dismissed.

The decision in the liquor case against Mrs. McCutcheon was a surprise to those who listened to the evidence which of itself was one of the wonderful things heard in the court. The decision exonerated Mrs.

## NO FINE IMPOSED.

An Important Decision in the Police Court—Affecting Drunks in Charge of Their Friends

The activity of the police late last week and to some extent in this has provoked a smile around town. The "cases" they came across seemed to be of a different kind from those who usually occupy the benches. The power of the grape also appears to have increased if one may judge from the nature of the charges laid

respectable and reputable citizen should and he began to argue the question. There is always danger in doing this on Saturday night but the young man neglected this precaution and the result was in a short time he found himself in the police station with enough charges against him to make a deposit of \$80 necessary. His companions escaped arrest but they looked after their friend and soon saw him at liberty. When the case came on it was defended and while the evidence of the police was straightforward enough the magistrate dismissed the case because the prisoner was in the hands of his friends.

Another young man had \$50 deposited for him because he attempted to argue with an officer when he was arresting another man. At the same time the policeman was seeing him home in a friendly fashion and met the subject of the argument in a condition that he thought suitable for the lock up. The decision of a policeman upon such questions should be respected after midnight, and the young man erred when he interfered. The fine imposed against him was allowed to stand and the \$50 was returned.

One of the witnesses in the case first mentioned has suffered for his willingness to give evidence. He naturally told the court who he was and what business he was in. It seems that for some time—a year or two or least—he has been a clerk in the city and, just recently, started out in business for himself. The district commissioners have not handed his name in to the assessors and so he is not on the list of rate payers. The police listened to his evidence and they soon discovered that his name was not on the chamberlain's books. Then an information was laid against him for doing business without a license.

That was not the end of it. A Saturday night arrest is apt to lead to a liquor conviction. A man must get his liquor somewhere and in many cases the idea is not only to prove a man drunk but to make him an involuntary informer. He is asked where he got his liquor. Some are cute enough not to remember, others as witnesses, on their oath, have to remember but do not know that they are not compelled to answer such a question. This is what happened in this case and the chief who was on hand promptly laid an information on the answer of the witness. But that is another story.

The management of the police force never needed attention more than it does at present. Internal differences and favoritism are destroying its efficiency. The system of spying makes every man fear his neighbor and naturally that harmony so essential to successful work is lacking.

Progress' opinion on these police matters has always been outspoken—too much so, many think—but the necessity for fearless talk may not be so apparent to them as to newspaper writers who know what is going on. To show that "there are others" who think the same, read what appeared in an evening paper Wednesday.

Acting apparently by the orders of the chief of police and in direct violation of all law the police officers of the city have made a number of arrests recently which were entirely unjustifiable and for which the officers ought to be either punished by the magistrate or reprimanded or dismissed by the chief. The other day a respectable citizen was dragged before the magistrate for arguing with another some question in which both were interested. On another occasion recently an arrest was made for drunkenness and on top of that was placed two other charges. Again on Saturday night another citizen who is alleged was under the influence of liquor, was arrested and enough charges made against him by the officers to make the Chief call for an \$80 deposit before he would release him. On another occasion within a few days an officer went into a man's place of business at night when the proprietor was engaged clearing up and because the man wasn't sufficiently civil to suit the policeman he arrested him, and charged him with drunkenness. These are a few of the cases which have engaged the attention of the magistrate and have been briefly mentioned in the newspapers.

(Continued on fourth page.)

McCutcheon but confiscated the liquor. She swore she did not own it. Whether this will introduce a new element into liquor information remains to be seen. It will be an easy trick for an unlicensed vendor to transfer his stock to the premises of some other party and he need not have large enough quantity on hand to be afraid of confiscation.

against some of the offenders.

In clement times it was not considered a great breach against society to run into the arms of a policeman and be locked up. It was a part of the experience of many citizens who today are held in the highest esteem. Society has changed, however, and so has the police force. The young man who goes home nowadays has to be able to see things as they actually are. He is not supposed to take more than a portion of the sidewalk. The police do not take the trouble to mark chalk lines down the centre to guide the wayward pedestrians but they expect them to take an imaginary straight line and if that should be in the curve of an S some officers are not disposed to wait and allow his comrade on the next beat the chance of getting home earlier than him because he has made an arrest.

These recent arrests have caused a good deal of talk. They would have been passed over in silence had the offenders been the same old people who don't take a drink all the week, give no trouble to any body, but Saturday night fall easy victims to a few glasses of beer and the police. But these prisoners moved in high circles. They were young business men for the most part and they assumed that they had greater privileges than their brethren of the lesser order. Their ability to look after themselves or be locked after by their friends was no doubt the basis of their argument, but policemen in this city have not been educated to the fact that a man under "the influence" before looked after by his friends has much greater privilege than the one who has nobody to look after him and is apt to become an eyesore and a nuisance on the street.

Three young men last Saturday night were on Charlotte street and King Square. They were happy, noisy and in such a rollicking mood that they caused quite as much amusement as they seemed to be enjoying. They were not insulting anybody but snatches of song would occasionally testify to their exuberance of spirit. When they met the police on the square the officers asked them to make less noise. Now there are times when such a request appears out of place to some people and one of the trio took offense. He was inclined to resent the imputation that he was acting otherwise than a

## PROGRESS CONTENTS TODAY.

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- PAGES 5, 6, 7, and 8.—Social items from all over the three provinces.
- PAGE 9.—A big budget of bright breezy bits including: Saturday Night Drinkers; Capt. Hume's Sought Law; Chief Clerk and the Locomobile; One of Canada's Bulwarks; Forget to Remove the Ticket; Union Hall Disturbances; Etc., etc., etc.
- PAGES 10 and 11.—First instalment of a new serial story "For Jack Armour's Amusement."
- PAGE 12.—Sunday Reading including: Guard Your Thoughts; Attention in the Family; The Doctor's Advice; Etc., etc.
- PAGE 13.—A page of special interest with two big newspaper articles, "In Bedeviled Males" and "Mysteries of the Century."
- PAGE 14.—Woman's page and fashion chat from the style centres.
- PAGE 15.—Richard Harding Davis tells of "Fighting Under Buller."
- PAGE 16.—"Murder and Excitement"—a queer adventure of two boys and a girl.
- Deaths, births and marriages of the week from all over the three provinces.
- General miscellany.

Umbrellas Made, Re-covered, Repaired Special 27 Waterloo.

gathered to spend the hour or two before the returns would come in. The city building corner got the greatest crowd, for there, of course, the official returns would be received. But telephone messages are swifter than street cars or horses and a good idea of the result was soon furnished by the Globe bulletins. Aldermen and candidates watched the result as it appeared. Candidate Moulson sat in his carriage until the last bullet was shown and then drove home. Count deBury arrived on the scene too late. Mayor Sears was not around and Dr. Daniel and those elected were having a jubilation meeting on Germain street. Then the latest thing out, the automobile, took the mayor elect and Ald. Christie about the city. They thus had an excellent opportunity of viewing the condition of the streets of the city and all will hope that may result in some good.

There are four lawyers and three doctors in the present council, one grocer, one engineer, one fish and one lumber merchant, a contractor, a printer and an insurance agent.

Claims Col. Jones as Her Son.

Some time ago Col. Geo. West Jones of the Artillery received a letter from his brother in South Africa, which the military mail authorities out there had handed over to the lieutenant to forward to St. John. It was from an old lady in Scotland, who claimed the Colonel as her son, of whom she had not heard for years. Her son's name must have been Geo. W. Jones, for the old lady wrote very familiarly to our local militiaman, whom she thought to be among the soldiers in Africa. It was a reckless chance the good old Scotch lady took at having her strange missive delivered, but thanks to a combination of circumstances it found its destination, at least as far as the name Geo. W. Jones, is concerned, but there may be several persons of that name in her Majesty's domains.

Had a Grudge Against Candidate's Wife.

Two dry goods clerks were in doubt as to who to vote for in a certain uptown ward on Tuesday. They were on their way to dinner and did not have a great deal of time for pondering. Their ballots were all marked but for this one ward and somehow or another they hesitated about marking it, trying to think of some reason,

D. ROBINSON,  
DAS, ONT.,

Honest Opinion of  
n's Heart and  
erve Pills.

Robinson, a resident of Dun-  
found these pills to do all  
for them and made the  
ant of his case?

ago I obtained a box of  
and Nerve Pills, and I  
hesitation say that they  
cial in relieving me of an  
long standing complaint  
and nerves.

with sleeplessness, dizziness  
and neuralgia for such a  
had really given up hope  
that others may learn of  
this remedy, I give my  
opinion is that there is no  
heart and nerve troubles as  
and Nerve Pills.

and Nerve Pills are 50c.  
25, at all druggists.

RAILROADS.

DIAN  
ACIFIC

Holidays

will be sold for the Public

first-class fare for April 12th,  
13th, good for return until April

ool Vacations

here of schools and colleges, on  
of some of school vacation rates  
by the principal, will round

Atlantic Division and on the  
Division as far as and include  
the lowest first-class fare  
to, inclusive, good to return.

of Montreal at one way lowest  
fare, added to one way lowest  
and one third from Montreal,  
to, inclusive, good to return.

A. J. HEATH,  
D. P. & C. F. R. E.,  
St. John, N. B.

Atlantic R'y.

Monday, Feb. 6th, 1900, the  
service of this railway will

S. Prince Rupert.

HN AND DIGBY.

o a. m., Monday, Wednesday,  
Thursday; arr Digby 10 30 a. m.  
city same days at 12 30 p. m.,  
2 35 p. m.

SS TRAINS

Sunday excepted).

a. m., arr in Digby 12 30 p. m.

a. m., arr Yarmouth 3 30 p. m.

a. m., arr Digby 11 45 a. m.

a. m., arr Halifax 2 40 p. m.

a. m., Monday, Wednesday,  
Thursday, arr Digby 1 40 a. m.

p. m., Monday, Wednesday,  
Saturday, arr, Annapolis 4 40

nce Arthur.

ND BOSTON SERVICE.

nd fastest steamer plying out  
Yarmouth, N. S., Wednes-  
immediately on arrival of  
from Halifax 2 40 p. m.

morning. Returning leaves  
on Tuesday, and Friday at  
led cruise on Dominion At-  
mers and False Car Express

obtained on application to

tions with trains at Digby,  
City Office, 114 Prince William  
office, a 1 from the Parser on

time-tables and all informa-

GFFKINS, superintendent,  
Kentville, N. B.

onial Railway

Monday, Oct. 16th, 1899

daily, (Sunday excepted.)

L LEAVE ST. JOHN

Belton, Peggwash, Picton

Moncton..... 7.55

Halifax, New Glasgow and

Moncton..... 12.05

Moncton..... 12.40

Moncton, Truro, Halifax.

..... 22.10

be attached to the train leav-

o'clock for Quebec and Mon-

transfer at Moncton.

will be attached to the train

12.15 o'clock for Truro and

and sleeping cars on the

ARRIVE AT ST. JOHN

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# Arizona's Lone Robber.

"I've had a heap of experience with bandits along the south west border," said Sheriff Dentley of Globe, Ariz. "and I say it deliberately, there never was, in Arizona at least, another such outlaw as Bill Brazleton. If ever an outlaw ran things his own way Brazleton did in Pima, Cochise and Pinal counties for a few years. The fact is, no one wanted to run up against so ruthless and formidable a man and sheriff and their posse managed to keep out of his way."

"A dozen bandits in the West have been credited with inventing the lone bandit style of holding up stage coaches, but Brazleton was the originator. He was a marvellous shot, and I have seen him perform feats with the revolver that are almost incredible. Once at Yuma I saw him throw a roll of yucca of the size and shape of a croquet ball into the air and then whirl completely about on his heel and put two bullets through it before it reached the ground. I saw him sight a six inch circle on a board ninety feet away, and then, when some one had suddenly blindfolded him, he raised his weapon and put a ball into the circular mark. He was the quickest eyed and steadiest handed shooter I ever came across. It seems that there was a long chapter in his career before he came to Arizona in 1877. He was known as Hunter at Abilene, Kan., from where he was driven away for murder by a vigilance committee. We have heard that a man of his description bearing the name of Henderson served a term at Fort Smith prison in Arkansas for the murder of a soldier. In May, 1877, he made his appearance in Arizona. This was when two unusually bold robberies of the Florence and Yuma stage were committed by a lone highwayman. Each time the booty amounted to more than \$1,000. In July, 1877, another stage was robbed by a lone highwayman near Deming, N. M., and two gold bricks were taken from the express company's treasure box. For two subsequent years this lone highwayman committed daring crimes with impunity."

"The lone highwayman, as he came to be called, was a magnificent specimen of manhood. He stood six feet in his stockings; was handsome; his black eyes were bright; his countenance open. The method pursued was always the same. He always carried a brace of revolvers and a rifle. Resting on his right hand, by the side of the trigger of his rifle, was placed one of the revolvers, so that in case the cartridges in the rifle became exhausted the revolver would be brought into play. He could fire with either hand or with both hands, and could hit a five-cent piece in the air with a revolver. As the stage advanced at full speed, the lone highwayman would jump from his hiding place, cover the driver and guard with his rifle, and order every man and woman to get out; then he would take the valuables, order all back into the coach, warn them that an outcry meant certain death, mount and ride away as rapidly as his splendid horse could carry him."

"There was a prosperous little gold camp known as Oro Fino in the southern part of Cochise county, close on the border between Sonora, Mexico, and Arizona. Some of the hardest characters among the Mexicans and half breeds were there. Every man in Oro Fino went armed, and there were many good shots there. Not one person in ten thousand would think of a hold-up of a gambling game in such a community. It seemed almost like inviting sure death. But Brazleton was never daunted by odds. Late one night, when the men in camp who drank hard were the worse for the evening's dissipation and the crowd had thinned out, suddenly the door of the Bella Union saloon swung open, and in walked Brazleton with a revolver in each hand. The men there told me afterward that he looked enormous as he strode into the saloon. He wore no mask, and he was dressed with uncommon care. His great mustache was waxed to fine points, and an immense sombrero was on his head, pushed back from his forehead. Several men who were gaming in the saloon when he entered have said that his consummate coolness, his extraordinary daring and his impressive mien all had powerful effect like hypnotism upon them, and while they would have instinctively reached for their weapons had any other outlaw come to rob them, they sat there and simply gaped at Bill while he picked up some \$700 in gold of the fare dealer's money."

"Hands up, boys," he called as he crossed the threshold. "Keep your mouths shut

and hands up, and you want go to hell to-night!"

"Brazleton stood a second at the door, to make sure that he took in the whole scene and that no one was behind to shoot him. Then he strode forward to the fare table, while a masked confederate appeared from out of doors and stood upon the threshold to keep watch upon every one there while Bill Brazleton played the important role."

"The fare dealer made a faint at reaching down under the table for his pistol, but Bill called out: 'Hands up you dealer! One more move and I'll shoot you as full of holes as a sieve.' No one made an objection by word or act to Bill as, still keeping his black eyes upon the little assemblage and having his cocked pistol in his right hand, he calmly picked up, with his left hand, several six inch stacks of ten and twenty dollar gold pieces and dropped them into a hunting bag he carried at his side. Twice he stopped, and for a second or two with a pistol in each hand surveyed the crowd as if debating whether to shoot his victims to death then or wait."

"Now, gents, don't be foolish and coax your death. Mind what I say and you'll be glad. I'm Bill Brazleton and I never miss my shots. Keep your hands in sight," he said as he moved toward the open door, where his confederate held guard."

"At the door he stopped and gave another sweeping glance over the gambling room. Then, with his big weapon still up on the mute assemblage, he walked backward into the darkness and disappeared. Some confederate had held his horse ready for him. The whole robbery did not occupy more than two and a half minutes. A posse of men tried to follow and capture the bandit, but he disappeared in the Draagoon Mountains, and was next heard of 200 miles away months later."

"The most remorseless, cold blooded men I ever knew have had unusually tender spots in their hearts, which they tried to conceal as if it were a grievous fault. Once when a dance hall at Globe burned down and a baby was burned, Jack Her-ring, the meanest fellow in the whole camp, was affected to tears whenever the burning of that baby was mentioned for weeks after. Bill Brazleton was the same way. He held up the Benson and Deming stage in a narrow cut among the foot-

## REDUCTION IN PRICE.

### Dr. Agnew's Catarrhal Powder.

The price of Dr. Agnew's Catarrhal Powder has been reduced by the manufacturer from sixty cents to fifty cents per bottle. This remedy, which has been recommended as no other one in existence, by members of Parliament, ministers and educational men, can now be had of any druggist at 50 cents a bottle. It relieves in ten minutes, headache and all pain caused by colds or catarrh. It is difficult to use. It cures completely. Sold by E. C. Brown.

hills once, and when he saw a woman whose new black gird showed she was a recent widow he said:

"Well, madam, who are you?"

"I am the widow of So-and-so."

"How long has he been dead?" asked the robber as he stood with a revolver in each hand.

"Three weeks," was the reply.

"Well, I need money mighty bad, but I'd die before I'd touch a widow's. Now, gents, you just chuck out to me what change you can spare, and I'll call it square. It's worth something to be held by Bill Brazleton. You'll have something to brag about the rest of your lives."

"With that there were some silver and gold pieces handed out of the stage window, and the robber told the driver to go ahead."

"In 1879 there occurred the most startling robbery that had yet taken place. It was committed at a point not far from Prescott. There was \$20,000 or \$30,000 in the possession of the guards, whose number has been increased. As the stage was being driven along it was noticed that a big brown horse was tied to a cactus tree at the roadside. A few yards further on a man with a gunny sack over his face sprang into the road. "Throw up your hands and throw out the box," was the order peremptorily given. "The first man who moves I'll kill him. I'm a dead shot." At the same time he covered the driver with two revolvers, one in each hand. Every one laid down his gun. Then he ordered all to stand back from their arms. Next he commanded the box to be broken open. His orders were obeyed, the money was taken and the lone highwayman rode away."

"Next there was a robbery committed on the stage between Silver City, N. M. and El Paso, Tex. Again it was done by the lone highwayman. Seven Mexicans followed him. The seven were subsequently found dead on the road. The way he killed them, he afterward explained, was this: He lay down on the desert to rest, when he discovered that his armed pursuers were close upon him. He jumped on his

horse and rode fast until he got them strung out. Then he shot the men one by one until five were killed. The other two fled. He followed and killed them also. No one was left to tell the tale, and for a long time it was thought the crime came to their death at the hands of Indians."

"The next robbery was that of a California stage, and this occurred just a few miles west of Tucson. The stage was being driven through a country comparatively free from crime. Among the passengers was John F. Olson, formerly engaged in the post office department at Washington, and John Miller, editor of a newspaper at Tombstone, Ariz. The driver was telling the story of the last robbery when the lone highwayman stopped forward with the words, 'Here I am again, boys. Who have you here?'"

"A peace officer and editor," replied the driver.

"Well, peace officer and editor, step out," said the lone highwayman, and both stepped out accordingly.

"Olson had \$250 and Miller had \$10, which they gave up."

"I want some money for breakfast," said Miller.

"What will half a year's subscription to your paper cost?" asked the highwayman.

"Five dollars."

"Here, take it."

"Where will I address it?" asked Miller.

"Address it to hell," said the highwayman. "Get in there now and keep your mouth shut."

"Ex-Gov. L. C. Hughes of Tucson was then United States District Attorney, and he discovered the first clue to the robber. A man named Davis Nimitz was found riding a horse corresponding in every point with that of the lone highwayman. The district attorney ordered the arrest of Nimitz, who was induced to confess. Then United States Marshal Tuttle of Tucson devised a scheme for capturing Brazleton. It was planned that Nimitz should break out of jail and escape to Brazleton's hiding place in the San Georgonia Mountains. This was done, and Brazleton arranged to have Nimitz meet him the next night. Nine of the nerviest men and best shots in Tucson were chosen to help the officers in getting Brazleton. One man who resembled Nimitz was chosen to personate him. The posse went stealthily up into the mountains, and took places behind rocks overlooking the scene of the proposed meeting between Brazleton and Nimitz. Every man was well armed. It was slightly moonlight."

"According to instructions the man who had been chosen to personate Nimitz coughed once at exactly 8 o'clock. Then Brazleton came crouching down the mountain side amid the boulders and granite

rocks. The man who personated Nimitz coughed twice, and then Brazleton coughed three times as he drew nearer. The other man was to have coughed again but he was too nervous. Brazleton seemed assured that it was all right, and he ran forward, with his rifle across his shoulder, to meet the supposed Nimitz."

"Come, let's go and pack up," he said. Just at that moment he saw that the man was not Nimitz. He whirled about to get his clutch in his rifle, while the man before him raised his pistol. Both men, however, were too slow. The eight concealed men among the rocks round about fired a volley and Brazleton sank on the earth. He gasped:

"Trapped! trapped! I trapped! and died choking with blood."

## A WOMAN'S BURDEN.

### THE STORY OF A WOMAN AD-DRESSED TO WOMEN.

It Tells How These Weak and Dependent Can Obtain New Health and Strength at a Small Expense—The Facts Fully Verified by Investigation.

From the Mail, Grandby, Wis.

The reading public have evidence put before them almost every day of the healing power of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. It is sometimes asked whether these cures are permanent, and in reply to this we would say that a case which recently came to the attention of the Mail indicates that the results following the use of this medicine are as lasting as they are beneficial. Some years ago Mrs. Robert Webster, who is well known in Grandby, passed through a very serious illness in which her condition very nearly bordered upon collapse. Her blood appeared to have almost turned to water. She was very weak, her appetite failed, and she suffered from severe headaches. Mrs. Webster had the benefit of excellent medical advice, but apparently without avail, as she seemed steadily growing worse. The least exertion would fatigue her, and finally she was for a time unable to do her household work, and was confined to bed. Her husband suggested the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills and purchased a few boxes. Mrs. Webster had not been taking the pills long before she found herself growing stronger. Her headaches disappeared, her appetite improved, new blood appeared to be coursing through her veins, and her nerves again became strong and active. After using the pills for a couple of months she felt as well as ever she had done in her life, and could do her household work without feeling the fatigue that had formerly made her life so miserable. This, as already indicated, happened some years ago, and in the period that has elapsed Mrs. Webster has enjoyed the best of health. She says that if she feels at any time a little run down she takes a few doses of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills and is soon all right, and she thinks there is no medicine to equal them. Mr. Webster, speaking of his wife's cure, says Dr. Williams' Pink Pills did her a thousand dollars worth of good, and friends who knew her condition before she began the pills and saw the effect upon her, say the same thing. There are a number of others in this vicinity who have used this great medicine, and so far as the Mail can learn the results have always been beneficial.

There are thousands of women throughout the country who suffer as Mrs. Webster did, who are pale, subject to headaches, heart palpitation and dizziness, who drag along frequently feeling that life is a burden. To all such we would say give Dr. Williams' Pink Pills a fair trial. These pills make rich, red blood, strengthen the nerves, bring the glow of health to pale and sallow cheeks, and make the feeble and dependent feel that life is once more worth living. The genuine are sold only in boxes, the wrapper bearing the full name "Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People." May be had from all dealers or by mail at 50c. a box or six boxes for \$2.50, by addressing the Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

"They say that in time the horse will become practically extinct," said the young woman.

"Well, then," said Broncho Bob "I'm glad to hear it. I'll save a powerful sight o' lynchin'."

Poor Poet—If ever I get famous I wonder what will be the first thing to happen.

Poor Poet's wife—I know; all the magazine editors that have abused you will hop up and claim that they discovered you.

Mr. Homewood—Are you doing any gardening this spring?

Mr. Wilkinsburg—I have made a beginning. I planted a cat under a peach tree yesterday evening.

Dr. Von Stan's Pineapple Tablets—Medical science by accident discovered the potency of the pineapple as a panacea for stomach troubles. The immense percentage of vegetable pepsin contained in the fruit makes it an almost indispensable remedy in cases of Dyspepsia and Indigestion, and the whole train of ailments that follow. One tablet after each meal will aid digestion and cure most chronic cases. 50 in a box, 36 cents.

Smith—Every Englishman is willing to bear arms for his country.

Brown—Yes; and every Scotchman is willing to bare legs.

Riggs—I told my barber to order a new mug for me.

Jiggs—I don't blame you.



A PLEASANT CHAT.

Music and The Drama

NEWS AND THEATRE

The Carleton vocal society held its concert as announced on Wednesday evening and was attended by many from this side of the harbor...

Vespers at the Cathedral on Sunday attracted many visitors to that edifice, many prominent musicians of other denominations being noticed in the congregation.

Miss Maude McCluskey who was recently been leader of the Main street Baptist choir has resigned her position...

Mr. Collinson has completed arrangements for a production of Iolanthe in Montreal, and the prospects of success in the railway towns now seem most favorable.

On Easter Sunday Centenary church had large congregation both morning and evening, the musical part of the services being of a very high order.

Joseph O'Mara has been engaged by Maurice Grau for the season of Grand Opera at Covent Garden, London.

Violat Barney owing to illness has been obliged to cancel her engagement for the London production of "An American Beauty."

Eliabeth Coghlan a sister of Rose and the late Charles Coghlan, and herself an opera singer of noteworthy achievements died of pneumonia in Stamford, Conn., on April 8.

The sixth annual musical festival of the South Atlantic States will be held at Spartanburg, S. C., May 3 and 4. Among the soloists will be Evans Williams and Gwilym Miles.

The Oratorio Society of New York sang Bach's mass in B minor for the first time in that city on April 6. The soloists were Sara Anderson, Gertrude May Stein, Nicholas Denty, and Joseph Baerstein.

The Jefferson de-Angelis opera company is having a most prosperous season. The tour of "The Jolly Musketeer" has extended over 18,000 and the opera has been received everywhere with unusually large attendance.

TALK OF THE THEATRE

The Valentine Stock Company returned to St. John last week and after a well earned rest, resumed work on Monday evening opening in "The Jilt," a bright and pretty thing that has proved a good attraction during its four performances.

Charles Frohman will not manage Julia Marlowe next season. Margaret Anglin is playing a pretty part in "The Bugle Call." Elsie Edmond will play the leading roles in "A Lively Legacy."

Marion Menola is seeking a divorce from her husband Jack Mason. Charles Hoyt is said to be writing a new comedy called "A Wooden Horse."

A theatre to be devoted to German drama is to be built in Harlem, N. Y. Henry Miller in "The Only Way" closed his Boston engagement last week.

Florence Rockwell has been engaged by Liebier and company for next season to play a leading part in one of their productions.

Nancy O'Neil was scheduled to open her Australian tour at Sydney on March 10. Modjeska has again been forced to deny the rumor that he is to appear in Vancouver.

Blanche Bates has made a series of respectable successes in Vienna where she is now playing. Max Phelps closed with Town Topics, which will be produced here this season, on March 31.

Frank Tannahill has been engaged for a good part in "A Young Wife," which will be given here in May. "The Gun Maker of Moscow," Sylvanus Cobb's story has been dramatized by William Otis Johnson.

Mrs. Langtry will close her American season in Boston on May 19, she will sail for England on May 20. Blanche Bates will sail for England on May 5, and will divide her summer holiday between England and France.

Julia Morrison began her starring tour in Dave Davidson's play "A Day of Boasting" on Monday of this week in Albany, N. Y. "Darkest Russia" has been secured of the Davidson Stock Company to be used in repertoire next season in all the western cities.

Madame de Meisner the novelist has just made for Richard Mansfield a translation of Tolstoy's Russian play "The Death of Ivan the Terrible." James A. Herts has recently had an operation for the removal of one of his toes. It will be several weeks before he is able to move around again.

Lawrence Underwood's new play "Dale Ranch" promises something new and interesting and will have an elaborate production the coming season. A live has recently been added to the St. John Opera house advertisement in the Mirror which says that "Cheap repertoire companies are barred."

Gertrude Dion Magill, Harkins' leading lady for one or two seasons is successfully playing the role of Nigida in the New York production of "Quo Vadis." J. Boyd Douglas has obtained the right from Mark Twain to dramatize his story "The man that Corrupted Hadleyburg" and has nearly completed the play.

Walter Hale has sailed for London to appear in "An American Beauty." Frank Worthing has succeeded him as Edmund Burke in Oliver Goldsmith with Stuart Robson. Blanche Bates, who was to have been a member of Lockett's Summer Stock Company in Washington, has a difference of opinion with the manager and will in consequence not be with the aggregation.

Clara Rainford who originated the part of Aunt Lydia in the recent production of "My Son Ben" has been engaged for a strong character part in "Border Side" which opened in Baltimore this week.

Arthur Sidman will star in a four act postural play. He will open in the spring of 1901 in Boston for a four or six weeks run in a first class house. Robert Fulgura, Sidman's present manager will direct the tour.

Anna Braga, for a long time a valued member of the Irving Place theatre, N. Y., has severed her connection with it and will go to London, renounce the German drama, and study with a view to playing in English.

The American authorities have let it be known that "L'Aiglon" will not be produced in that country. This is of course on account of the none too favorable light in which ancestors of the Royal family are shown in the play.

W. S. Harkins has gone back to New York to make preparations for his summer visit to the provinces. It is expected that his engagement will be of unusual interest, and he has some surprises for his friends in this part of the world.

Arthur Donaldson whose great success in the title role of Xou Xouson is acknowledged by press and public throughout the country has the new romantic comedy called "The Swedish Troubadour" which was written expressly for them.

Aida Blair has succeeded Elita Proctor Otis, in the leading role in Sporting Life, the latter being engaged in "Woman and Wine" in which she and Mabel Eaton, well known here, represent two members of the Paris demi-monde. The play is said to be one of the very warmest at present in New York.

Richard Golden will revive "Old Joe" next season under the management of William Henry Radolph, Harry M.

Morro has been engaged to appear in his old part of Job Hardy, and among other well known people who will figure in the cast are, Harry Rich, Randolph Murray, Robert Craig, Melville Collins, Laurence Flynn, John J. Gaffney, the original Dick Stubbs, Mrs. Frank Tannahill and Eugenia Costelli. The tour will begin in August and extend to the Pacific Coast.

Sergeant Patrick Campbell, husband of Mrs. Patrick Campbell, the English actress, was killed in battle in South Africa on April 6, 1899, and was received at the theatre at which Mrs. Campbell was playing, during a performance but she was not told until after it was over. She feels his death very deeply.

Charles L. Herman who created an excellent impression as Macbeth and Anthony in Modjeska's support last season is winning new laurels for his fine portrayal of the whimsical, good natured duke in Frederick Warde's new comedy "The Duke's Jester," also his strong impersonation of Friar Angelo in "The Lion's Mouth."

Lincoln J. Carter's eight travelling companies will close the season in a few weeks with the possible exception of "Just Before Dawn," they will be all be put on the road early next season. Mr. Carter will make a new production of "The Fast Mail" which will tour the Western States next season the following year returning to the east. In addition to his regular attractions he will put out three new productions next season the first at his Criterion Theatre on May 18—viz. The Eleventh Hour, a melodrama. In the second, Down Mobile, a Southern play, Mr. Carter will introduce the fire scene, for which he has secured the fire patent. His production will be a new play of Western frontier life, entitled The Flaming Arrow. One of its features will be a representation of the last stand of Ouster. The Criterion Theatre will close its season on June 15, when some necessary changes will be made in the building. Its next season will open Aug. 12.

Richard Mansfield has announced that his next season will be devoted almost entirely to New York with a brief Chicago engagement. Besides Henry V, and Paolo and Francesca he means to present Tolstoy's, "The Fool." The compliments that Mansfield and Joseph Jefferson have been paying to each other through the medium of the press recently are edifying.

Mr. Jefferson opened the discussion by asserting that Mr. Mansfield's intensity led him to overact, and that jarred upon the Jefferson nerve. He thought Mr. Mansfield might outgrow this failing in time. Mr. Mansfield retorted that he did not see why Mr. Jefferson should concern himself with his acting, but he was sorry to hear that it troubled him. He believed it was fifteen years since Mr. Jefferson attended one of his performances. When masks are taken off and actors speak what they really think of each other, and of each other's acting, the result is always amusing and sometimes surprising.

TABLE NUMBER FIVE. The Story of a Remarkable Murder and How the Truth About it Came Out.

The story was told by a Police Commissioner of another city who was in New Orleans recently on a visit.

"The most ingenious murder I ever knew anything about," he said. "He was committed by a young physician. He was a rising practitioner at a place where I formerly lived, and, with your permission, I will speak of him simply as Dr. Smith. About a dozen years ago, as nearly as I remember, this young man went on a visit to a relative in a neighboring city, and one afternoon, on the third or fourth day of his stay, he startled a lady member of the household by remarking that he had a feeling that some mistletoe had overtaken a wealthy planter whom they both knew very well, and whom I will call Col. Jones. The Colonel was a prominent resident of the doctor's home town and had a large outlying estate, which he was in the habit of visiting once a week. On the day of Smith's

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Sore Hands



Red, Rough Hands, Itching, Burning Palms, and Painful Finger Ends

ONE NIGHT CURE. Soak the hands on retiring in a strong, hot, creamy lather of CUTICURA SOAP. Dry, and anoint freely with CUTICURA, the great skin cure and purest of emollients.

Wear, during the night, old, loose kid gloves, with the finger ends cut off and air holes cut in the palms. For red, rough, chapped hands, dry, fissured, itching, feverish palms, with shapeless nails and painful finger ends, this treatment is simply wonderful.

Complete External and Internal Treatment for Every Humour. CUTICURA SOAP, to cleanse the skin of druse and scales and soften the thickened outside, CUTICURA Ointment, to instantly allay itching, inflammation, and irritation, and soothe and heal, and CUTICURA RESOLVENT, to cool and cleanse the blood.

A Sore Throat is often sufficient to cure the most torturing, disfiguring, and harmful, itching, skin, scalp, and blood humours, with loss of hair, when all else fails. FORTY-NINE AND CENTS. COAR, Sole Preps., Boston.

singular pronouncement he was on one of these tours of inspection, but failed to come back, and the following morning his corpse was found lying in a cornfield. He had evidently been dead about twenty-four hours, and from the appearance of the body seemed to have been seized with some sort of fit or convulsion.

Of course the affair created a great stir, and the police made a pretty thorough investigation, but the only thing they found that merited any special attention was a small, round vial in the dead man's vest pocket. It was about the diameter of a lead pencil by four inches long, and had originally contained a couple of dozen medicinal tablets, which, lying one on top of the other, filled the little bottle to the cork. A few still remained in the bottom.

Upon enquiry it was learned without trouble that the tablets were a harmless preparation of soda, and that Jones himself had bought them at a local drug store. That ended suspicion in that quarter, and for lack of anything better, the Coroner returned a verdict of death from sunstroke.

"Some time after Jones had been buried," continued the Police Commissioner, "I learned accidentally of Dr. Smith's curious prophecy, and it set him to thinking. Eventually I evolved a theory but it was impossible at the time to sustain it with proof, and for five or six years I kept it pigeon-holed in my brain, waiting for something to happen. Meanwhile, to everybody's surprise, Dr. Smith went to the dogs. He began by drinking heavily, gradually lost his practice and finally skipped out to avoid prosecution for cashing a fake draft. After his flight I learned enough to absolutely confirm my theory as to Jones's death. What has really happened is this:

"Dr. Smith owed the old man a considerable sum of money and had given a note, upon which he had forged his father's name as indorser. The planter was pressing him for payment and had threatened suit, which meant inevitable exposure. One day, while they were conversing, Jones pulled out a little glass vial and swallowed one of the tablets it contained, remarking that he took one daily, after dinner, for sour stomach. That suggested a diabolical scheme of assassination, which the doctor proceeded to put into execution. Repairing to his office, he made up a duplicate tablet of strychnine, and, encountering the Colonel next day, asked him to let him have the vial for a moment, so he could copy the address of the makers from the label. Jones handed it over unsuspectingly, and while his attention was briefly diverted elsewhere Smith put in the prepared tablet. He placed it under the top four thus making it reasonably certain that his victim would take it on the fifth day from that date. Next morning he left town, so as to be far away when the tragedy was consummated, and some mysterious, uncontrollable impulse evidently led him to make the prediction that first excited my suspicion. When I made certain of all this, I located Smith in Oklahoma and was on the point of applying for an extradition warrant, when he anticipated me by contracting pneumonia and dying. I thereupon returned the case to its mental pigeonhole, where it has remained ever since.

"I don't think that last publisher to whom you sent your story will return it, do you, dear?" Mrs. Author—It is doubtful, my love; I didn't have money enough to send him the necessary stamps.

"Rudward Kipling wrote two poems about 'The Absent-Minded Beggar.'" "I don't recall the other one." "Lest We Forget."

SILVERWARE OF THE HIGHEST GRADE. THE QUESTION 'WILL IT WEAR?' NEED NEVER BE ASKED IF YOUR GOODS BEAR THE TRADE MARK OF 847 ROGERS BROS. AS THIS IN ITSELF GUARANTEES THE QUALITY. BE SURE THE PREFIX '1847' IS STAMPED ON EVERY ARTICLE. THESE GOODS HAVE STOOD THE TEST FOR NEARLY HALF A CENTURY. SOLD BY FIRST CLASS DEALERS.

EVERY WEAK MAN SHOULD consider a Descriptive Treatise on the Modern and Successful Treatment of Nervous Diseases and Physical Weakness in Men, including Premature Exhaustion and Loss of Vital Energy, with other allied affections by local absorption (i.e., "fast stomach medicines"). Revised and in progress with the most advanced resources in the successful cure. Write at once and grasp this opportunity of being quickly restored to perfect health. Sent in plain sealed envelopes, free of charge.—E. ROBERTSON, 25, CHANCERY LANE, LONDON, ENG. Estab. over 25 years.

"77" "Breaks up" Spring Colds, Grip-Infuenza. HUMPBREYS' Manual of all Diseases sent free. Humpbreys' Homeopathic Medicine Co., 57 William & John Sts., N. Y. Be sure to get HUMPBREYS'

SPECIALTIES

Ladies' and Gentleman. We supply any specialties and novelties in Rubber & Metal Goods at lowest cash prices. If you require any article, whatever which is not to be found in the regular stock, write us and we will quote you prices, all correspondence confidential. Send no money for circulars.

Richard Golden will revive "Old Joe" next season under the management of William Henry Radolph, Harry M.

who presented him and then he was caught as he drove away. The to have caught again but was. Resolute seemed as all right, and he ran for his shoulder, to and him.

and pack up," he said. He wanted about to get rifle, while the man behind him. Both men, however. The eight concealed rocks round about fired a carload on the earth.

trapped I and died last.

AN'S BURDEN.

OF A WOMAN ADDED TO WOMEN.

Weak and Dependent Health and Strength as in The Police Party Western

Q. public have evidence put every day of the health. Williams' Pink Pills. It and whether these cures are in reply to this we would which recently came to the Mail indicates that the use of this medicine are they are beneficial. From Robert Webster, who is Granby, passed through a case in which her condition dered upon collapse. Her to have almost turned to a very weak, her appetite suffered from severe head-

Feister had the benefit of al advice, but apparent- well, as she seemed worse. The least ex- tinguish her, and finally she able to do her housework, to bed. Her husband use of Dr. Williams' Pink used a few boxes. Mrs. not been taking the pills she found herself growing headaches disappeared, her od, new blood appeared to rough her veins, and her became strong and active. pills for a couple of months as ever she had done in d to do her housework with- fatigue that had formerly no miserable. This, as al- happened some years ago, had that has elapsed Mrs. joyed the best of health. if she feels at any time she takes a few doses of Dr. Pills and is soon all right, there is no medicine to Dr. Webster, speaking at says Dr. Williams' Pink thousand dollars worth of ds who knew her condition an the pills and saw the say the same thing. There of others in this vicinity this great medicine, and so can learn the results have medicinal.

hundreds of women through- who suffer as Mrs. Web- pale, subject to headaches and dizziness, who drag feeling that life is a bur- ch we would say give Dr. Pills a fair trial. These red blood, strengthen the e flow of health to pale and and make the feeble and de- est life is once more worth ine are sold only in boxes, ceasing the full name "Dr Pills for Pale People." in all dealers or by mail at ix boxes for \$2.50, by ad- Williams' Medicine Co.,

at in time the horse will be- extinct," said the young said Broncho Bob "I'm It'll save a powerful sight

ever I get famous I won- the first thing to happen. write—I know; all the mag- have abused you will hop at they discovered you.

ood—Are you doing any spring? I—I have made a begin- ing a cat under a peach tree

is Pineapple Tablets—Medical ay discovered the potency of the ions for stomach troubles. The use of vegetable papain consist- it an almost indispensable re- Dyspepsia and Indigestion, and ailments that follow. One tablet will aid digestion and cure most a box, 25 cents.

Englishman is willing to his country, and every Scotchman is legs.

my barber to order a new it blame you.

PROGRESS.

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SIXTEEN PAGES.

ST. JOHN, N. B., SATURDAY, APR. 21

Subscribers who do not receive their paper Saturday morning are requested to communicate with the office.—Tel. 55.

THE RESULT OF THE ELECTIONS.

The result of the civic elections, while somewhat of a surprise, is not on the whole unsatisfactory. Little fault can be found with such men as Dr. DANIEL, Thomas HILYARD and Col. ARMSTRONG entering the council.

The defeat of Mayor SEARS was not unexpected by those of his friends who knew how little attention he had paid to the electorate. Organization is most necessary to political success now a days and the failure of his worship to provide himself with the active ward workers who carried him to victory two years ago may be assigned as the principal reason why the majority against him was so large.

Further than this the vote is a protest against third terms. Mayor SEARS had condemned this again and again and his candidature was not consistent. The contention that he had been opposed for a second term was evidently not regarded as a sufficient excuse by those who thought Dr. DANIEL's turn had come for the chief magistracy.

Messrs. MOULSON and DE BURY received more votes than many people expected. They were obtained by hard work and represent a personal following that must be gratifying to them. With due respect to their laudable ambition to be mayor of St. John Progress suggests that the road to their goal through the Council chamber, while longer, is much less difficult than that they have chosen.

It was expected that the taxpayers of the north end would stand by Ald. CHRISTIE, but the majority they gave him was a surprise even to his friends. It was rather indicative of the lack of organization on the part of his opponent, Dr. SMITH, than of his own strength. The large majority against him in the business centre of the city is a protest against his management of these civic matters under his control and will at the same time be a reminder to the aldermen, in the south end particularly, that the people expect a watchful eye kept upon civic expenditure. If the support that he received had remained where it was last year the result would probably have been in favor of Dr. SMITH. Still the people can thank Dr. WHITE and congratulate themselves upon the fact that Dr. CHRISTIE will not have two chairmanships another year inasmuch as water and sewerage are now controlled by their own department.

LIFE-DESTROYING AND LIFE-SAVING.

An eminent physician lately called attention to the important part was taken in hospital development. He declared that the Crimean War developed the trained nurse and the training school. In the American Civil War, medical men learned that small hospitals, and even hospital tents, are better than large enclosed structures for the sick and wounded. To the knowledge thus gained is due the pavilion tent.

It was war, also, it is asserted, that led, not to the discovery, but to the introduction, of anti-septic surgery. Medical science will profit by the conflict now in

progress in South Africa. Through disease and wounds there treated, benefit will come to the civilized world.

Thus out of a great evil may come a great good; for war compels us to every expedient to save the lives of one's own soldiers, no less than to destroy the lives of those in the hostile army.

Moreover, the experience gained in the effort to save life is at the service of the world. There is nothing provincial or selfish in genuine surgical or medical skill. Its work and triumphs are for all men. Quackery conceals information which may help the race, except as it disposes of the knowledge for cash; but the surgeons and the physicians of approved attainment and experience feel that their mission is limited only by the bounds of possible service to their kind. In war, in peace, under favorable or perilous conditions, appreciated or criticized, the good physician, the conscientious operator, does his duty, and is discontented only when his service is less complete than his professional ideal.

Some surprise has been expressed in legal and other circles respecting the passage of a special rider to the Act governing the examination of judgment creditors. The haste with which it was done and the fact that an important case was going on in which prominent persons were interested adds an unfortunate suspicion to the act of the legislature. The explanation that was given by the chief government organ can hardly be termed satisfactory and yet for the time being at least it must be accepted.

The police magistrate rendered an important decision respecting the duties of the police this week. A young man in company with his friends was arrested and several charges made against him. These were such that a deposit of \$80 was demanded before he was released. He fought the case and the evidence showed that he was in the care of his friends. The decision of the magistrate was that the police had no right to interfere.

South Africa may well be termed the "grave of military reputations." BULLER, GATACRE and WARREN, once the pride of the British Army has been subjected to censure and in the case of the former, recall. As a military critic upon the scene of action, Lord ROBERTS remarks, have for the time being taken precedence of those fighting upon paper at home. SPRINGER WILKINSON must take a back seat.

"Spasmodic virtue" is the term given to the recent crusade against vice in New York. It is acknowledged that disreputable resorts are tolerated and even protected by the police. What can be said about this in St. John?

Mayor Elect DANIEL and Aldermen elect BAXTER and ARMSTRONG are all good, prominent conservatives. This fact pleases some of the party politicians who, no doubt, attach an undue significance to it.

Some of our Canadian boys who went to the war had an idea that they would be here in time for summer weather. But they must learn what a South African winter is like.

Promises are cheap. Don't you think so Mr. BERTON?

A Handsome Hotel.

Men who have travelled in all the big cities not only of America but of Europe, say that in proportion to its size and importance St. John can boast of having as fine hotels as anywhere. They are certainly equal to any in Canada and superior to most. One of the best hotels in this city is Mr. D. W. McCormack's, Victoria. Fresh from the hands of the painters and carpet-layers this well-known abode is in a magnificent state. The spacious halls throughout the various storeys have been tinted in the prettiest colors, the new pastel tints predominating, and an adjacent passage-way is colored in a deep, rich blue, with carpet to match. The contrasting set off of the two halls is very pleasing. All the main passages in the Victoria are oiled and walled in pressed steel, highly ornamented. The decorators have certainly worked wonders with this designed motif. New rich carpets heavily padded, luxurious furniture and brand new window trappings have greatly enhanced the beauty and comfort of the ladies' parlor, and the writing alcove has also been made much prettier. In fact the whole house has been clothed in a combination of the prettiest and most tasty colors, with additions in every department to the furniture and floor coverings. Nobody has ever yet found fault with the cuisine of the Victoria, a most important feature which Proprietor McCormack guards with jealous care.

The Three Months Farce.

The farce of withholding liquor licenses from certain persons and then granting them a three months permit to sell out

their stock has existed ever since the present law went in force. In this way the most excellent provision in the law, that limiting the number of licenses, is almost entirely done away with. If a new man wants a license and has enough influence with the commissioners they look around to see who can be placed upon the three months list. They find somebody and then there is another liquor dealer in town. When the three months permit expires the applicant says his stock is not used up and he gets it renewed. So on through the year. He does not have to pay any more for his license and has the privilege of dividing the fee into four payments of \$75 each. This year there are several new men on the three months' list but they are not carrying a bit.

Marriage Vows Broken.

North End husbands, at least some of them, have become very erratic of late to say the least. One fellow, a Main street tinmith, has flown to other parts leaving a wife and nine small children to make out as best they can. His business he sold before departing and pocketed the proceeds. Another husband has returned from a mysterious trip abroad of which his wife and friends know nothing, while a third has broken up housekeeping with a vengeance, with his better half in one end of town and he in the other. Cupid is certainly on strike in old Portland.

Is Better Side.

"This is a hard world," said the gloomy man. "You ought to come out and live where I do," said the cheery friend. "You want to get away from those asphalt pavements and come to our neighborhood, where the world is characterized by nice, soft mud of very consistency, from oat meal mush to angel cake."

Competent Testimony.

"How shall I prove the sincerity of my devotion?" asked the young man who had been so long coming to the point that doubt had begun to accumulate against him. "Call the parson in as a witness, suggest the young lady, who meant business."

JOYS AND PAINS OF OTHER PLACES.

Nelson's River's Wife. (Yarmouth Times.) Mrs. Dewey, the consort of Nelson's peer, has left the Roman Catholic church.

Biblical Up River. (New Canada Cor. Queens Co., N.S.) Moses and Aaron Humphrey, who have been very ill with grippe are recovering slowly.

A Business Boom. (Hibernia Cor. Queens Co., N.S.) Wm. G. McConeh is more than doing up our woodpile; from early morning till late at night you can hear the woodcutters going. He has a big run this spring.

They're Dead Onto Us. (St. Andrews Beacon.) The usual wave of C.V.'s reform is passing over St. John.

Telephonic "At Homes" Vetted. (Annapolis Spectator.) The Valley Telephone Company, Limited have issued a circular, stating that users of the trunk lines can only talk for the five minutes allowed by regulation; any time over will be charged for extra.

Up to His Old Tricks. (Sydney Advocate.) E. LeBel Willis has received from Henry M. Whitney a large double photo of Mr. Whitney a large double photo of himself and of the jumbo chair presented to him by Mr. Willis.

Post Lament Festivities. (Barton Cor. Digby Courier.) The young men of Barton and Brighton assembled in the back yard of Mr. A. A. Perry one afternoon last week where they held "high carnival" with the wood pile for a few hours after which they repaired to the house where the young ladies were gathered and spent a very enjoyable evening.

The World Says They're "Obesants." (Chatham World.) An automobile, or horseless carriage, has been placed on exhibition at St. John, and the people are flocking to see it. It is a greater drawing card than the Victoria Co. We are familiar with the mechanical horse on the Miramichi; Mr. John W. Miller having ridden behind one all last summer.

Log Lear Let Loose. (Annapolis Spectator.) In this age one can hardly be surprised at any thing, says the Farmers Record. Old men who boast of their skill in getting logs in bryans days can ponder over the following facts and must come to the conclusion that the succeeding race is not getting behind in this respect. The story was told today, and can be fully authenticated by many reliable witnesses, that two men, Edward Dove and Freeman Dove, who work for Hugh Brown and Sara Fullerton at Sand River road operations, cut and got ready 518 logs in one day, and they were yarded by one horse, driven by Robert Brown, son of Hugh Brown. If any other can beat this marvelous exploit let us hear from them.

The Never Ending Wall. (Amherst Gazette.) It is hard to run any business on wind, more particularly a primary, and at the March and April winds will soon be done so we see nothing at all to run business on—unless, [we almost forgot about it] some of our friends who have been owing us for 21 days to five years will cash up. All our accounts are overdue since thirty days. By the way some patrons keep owing we would judge they never saw a receipt for money. We would like a receipt well, don't you know, to give one of these things to some one deserving, but expect many a gentle breeze will trip through our windows before such a miraculous thing happens as some of these people paying the printer.

ROYAL BAKING POWDER. ABSOLUTELY PURE. Makes the food more delicious and wholesome.

VERSES OF YESTERDAY AND TODAY.

Master Song. What the watching angel Unto Mary said, 'Be not now affrighted, To this son-crown'd Christ disdain the scepter; Love has conquered death.'

Valued rock that held Him, Opened that breast, And holy thine, with pin and wings, To guard Him all around. Sing ye Master carolling, Christ is risen! He is King!

What unto His brethren, 'Tis risen Master said, 'I will be here to cheer you, To that marvel, Christ disdain the scepter; Love has conquered death.'

Seethings that had wrapp'd Him, Took too narrow gown, And angel might to come by night An angel among the stones! Sing ye Master carolling, Christ is risen! He is King!

The Secretarial Christ. The Man of Peace came back again one night; Passed slowly down a shell-bone battle height, Whence a note of purple victory, A whiff of war, had scarcely ceased to be.

And hurried home had sent their plumed yield Of brotherly love to that field, Hot, checking fumes across the hilltops sweep, Where into the little hands of flowers had kept An open house for kindly, wandering feet, While leaves had lying greenly in the trees, And wild, wet bloodmarks splashed the broken ground.

And I birds with knowing eyes were circling round, Frisking and cheering in their shining reel These men who die that birds may have a meal. Bleared bodies stretched them at the white Christ's feet.

Not men bent there the living God to meet, But hurried and heaped in hurricane of rage, And in their mouths a bite of dust for wage.

And they had starved and sweat and cursed and died To soothe some swaggering lordling's luffy pride, For some poor plume 'd the cap, some wistful chance, Some bragging boast, some strutting circumstance, For, hounded and led the vulture, and must like The hawkster stamens in their crawling greed.

And then I heard the tender Christ make moan, The Mothering One who makes all grief His own His face was drawn with pain; I heard him say: 'All the ages, till I die! Bloodshed and blame and bias of battle flames, Savage and sage, and yet they take My name!' —N. Y. Herald.

The Mermaid's Easter Hat. Down beneath the swirling sea Watch the mermaid in her glee, With her heart gone wild and wet, Trying on her Easter hat.

In the idyllic shell See her charm: a constant swirl As the merman banks a while In the Eden of her smile.

Who the fairy archited That this dream had bed bedecked, Builded, white and blue and red, For the sea queen's golden head?

'Twas no fairy—her dream's Beauty makes the hat a dream, For 'tis woman's beauty that Is the glory of the hat. —R. K. M.

A Spring Ditty. Music of the meek birds where wild the blossoms glow; Fifty million roses in a perfect storm of snow! 'An' all the groves rejoice, 'an' all the green hills A-lookin' glad 'n' giddy with the ripple of the rills

There's a twinkle in the maples, there's a whisper in the pines, 'An' the hummin' bird is hummin' 'er the mornin'-glory vines; There's a thrill of life pervadin' all the mountains 'An' music in the breezes where the cattle shake their bells.

Oh, the country's growin' brighter, 'an' the world in glory rolls; The sunshine's streamin' whiter through the windows of our souls, The Lord's unlocked His storehouse, with all His 'An' 'if He would last forever we'd just live, 'an' live 'an' live!

The Crows. What a jammed-noise there was In the mountains when I rose! All the air was hoarse with cawing, 'An' the sky was black with crows.

Hundreds circling round the trees Swooped down on a last year's nest; Rose and nestled, then, like bees, Swarmed again and could not rest.

Cawing, cawing all the time; Till I drew in one great voice And you could not hear the chime Of the school clock for the noise.

Every garden bush has heard, Through its tiny twigs and shoots; And the trees have all been stirred, Right down to their very roots.

Beds of green on branch and stem Glisten in the morning sun; For the crows have waddled them, and they open one by one.

On the hill, last night there lay A white patch from winter snow, Now 'tis melted clear away, With the cawing of the crows.

And a prairie, too, has heard, Peeping out to me and talk, From the hedge roots to a bird, Hopping down the garden walk.

What a famous noise it was! To make the trees and bushes hear, And fields and forests and meadows, The merry time of spring is near. —Gabriel Brown.

Power of Example. First Footpad—"They say this 'ere elctrocutin' is more humane than hangin'!" Second Footpad—"Yep."

"'An' they say that's why they adopted it, 'cause it's more humane see?" "Yep."

"Well, let's use sand bags hereafter. That's more humane than chokin'."

NO FINE IMPOSED.

(Continued From First Page.)

In two of the instances mentioned the magistrates imposed penalties after hearing the statements of the officers. In a case which he concluded today, the magistrate decided that where a drunken man was in the company of a sober man who was taking him home the police had no right to interfere and the case was dismissed.

"Half of the arrests made by the police of St. John for drunkenness are entirely unnecessary and if the chief of police did his duty as the head of the department he would put an end to this scandal which has attached to the city ever since he has held it, by dismissing over zealous policemen who think their sole duty is to arrest a man who is partially drunk, but who are always around the corner or in the next block where there is serious police duty to do."

Chairmanship of the Department.

Ald. McGoldrick has been chairman of the police and fire department—or rather of the safety board—for four or five years. Whether he will be chosen again this year remains to be seen. His election was not opposed and he has the good will of many of the aldermen but whether of enough to elect him against opposition is a question that has been quietly discussed. Ald. Stanton was the chairman before him and would, it is said, like the position again. The chairmanship of water and sewerage is a new one and perhaps as Dr. White had a good deal to do with this department he may be selected. Dr. Christie will probably take works again and Ald. Robinson finance. When the slate is made up Dr. White and Ald. Macrae will be absent from the city. Ald. McGoldrick is away at the present time.

Provident Savings Life Assurance Society.

A Successful Administration.

The policy-holders of the Provident-Savings Life Assurance Society are to be congratulated upon having its affairs conducted by a management active and aggressive and yet careful and conservative. In the march of progress it keeps pace with the most modern company and adopts the most modern plans of practical value, at the same time not forgetting the importance of transacting business upon well defined and well-matured methods. The present management of the Provident Savings has directed its affairs since the last part of December, 1896, and has so well succeeded in building up the company that today it occupies front rank among the strongest and most progressive life insurance companies. This has been accomplished not by accident, but by action, and the statement is confirmed by pointing to the many commendations given the Provident by the press and by its policy holders, and also by the very substantial growth of the Company, so that it is well alongside, "The Three Giants" in the essentials that make a prosperous and permanent company. It is a pleasure to confirm the general statement by a few figures, showing the growth of the Provident Savings during the last three years.

For the year ending December 31, 1896, the company reported amount of insurance issued, \$14,993,769, and reserve for policy-holders, \$1,949,941. At the close of the year 1897 it reported amount of insurance issued, \$35,173,904 and reserve for policy holders, \$1,689,941. At the close of 1898 it reported insurance issued \$90,868,550, reserve for policy-holders, \$1,994,058, and at the close of 1899 it reported amount of insurance issued \$47,859,898, and reserve for policy holder, \$3,481,461.

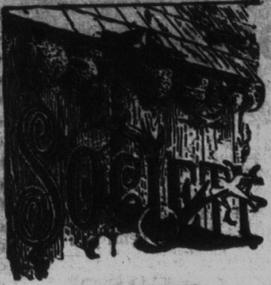
Mr. C. T. Gillespie of this city, Manager for the Maritime Provinces of the "Provident Savings", reports a gain of over 100 per cent., in volume of new business for the year 1899 over the year 1896 within his territory, and is prepared to negotiate on very liberal terms for the services of three good men as representatives.

Doctor—What you need is change and rest.

Patient—I can't afford it. My income's pretty well requisitioned already. My children get all the change, and my wife gets all the rest.



FOR ADDITIONAL NEWS, SEE PAGES AND SUPPLEMENT.



BARBARA NOTES.

Proceedings for sale in Halifax by the newboys and at the following news stands and counters.

Mr. J. A. O'Farrell, of the 6th Quebecian, who has been commissioned for a new garrison...

Mr. Ronald, vice president of the Dominion Atlantic Railway Co., Robert Campbell, secretary and R. G. Hines, superintendent of the road, and Mr. Ronald, jr. left Kentville on a special today...

Colonel and Mrs. Wilkinson were at the Chateau Frontenac, Quebec, on Tuesday.

Miss Helen Gough, of Halifax, lately one of the assistants at Madam O'Connor's well known millinery establishment, has taken charge of A. Kirk & Co's, millinery department, Antigonish.

The engagement of Miss Margaret Marie Pitts to Lieut. Richard Malcolm Cutts, U. S. NAVY, has been announced.

Miss Marie Crowe, who personally conducts the Canadian parties to Paris, will be at 1 North Park street, from 4 to 9 p. m. Monday and Tuesday, April 16 and 17 to give full particulars of the New York and Halifax tours.

Mr. E. Lantana, St. John, is in town.

Mr. J. F. Barry agent Merchants bank, Bathurst, is spending his Easter holidays in Halifax.

Chas. Main of the Halifax hotel is out again after two weeks serious illness of grippe.



"So you've set up a hired girl," said Farmer Muchland to his son. "Your mother never had a hired girl. She worked easy and late, and raised a family. Hired indeed! Look at your mother, sir."

The People's Common Sense Medical Adviser, sent free on receipt of stamps to cover cost of customs and mailing only.

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The deceased soldier had passed through a number of engagements, being with General French all through the war. He was a son commissioned officer in the 1st Life Guards.

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A Delicious Tubbing and then refreshing sleep - there is nothing better for any baby. Always use the "Albert".

Baby's Own Soap and your child will have a fine complexion and never be troubled with skin diseases.

The National Council of Women of Canada have recommended it as very suitable for nursery use.

The Albert Toilet Soap Co. MONTREAL.

Free Cure For Men. A rare remedy which quickly cures stricture, gonorrhoea, etc.

Butouche Bar Oysters. Received this day, 10 Barrels No. 1 Butouche Bar Oysters, the first of the Spring catch.

J. D. TURNER. THEODORE ROOSEVELT'S "Oliver Cromwell" (serial).

RICHARD HARDING DAVIS'S fiction and special articles.

HENRY NORMAN'S The Russia of To-day. Articles by WALTER A. WYKOFF, author of "The Workers".

SHORT STORIES by Thomas Nelson Page, Henry James, Henry van Dyke, Ernest Seton-Thompson, Edith Wharton, Octave Thanet, William Allen White.

SPECIAL ARTICLES The Paris Exposition. FREDERICK IRLAND'S articles on sport and exploration.

IT DYES SILK, COTTON WOOL AND MIXED GOODS MAYPOLE SOAP

FOR ARTISTS. WINSOR & NEWTON'S OIL COLORS, WATER COLORS, CANVAS, etc., etc., etc.

Use Perfection Tooth Powder. For Sale at all Druggists.

News and Opinions OF National Importance.

The Sun ALONE CONTAINS BOTH.

The Sunday Sun is the greatest Sunday Newspaper in the world.

Price 5c. a copy. By mail, \$2 a year.

A BOO WOME. Written by...

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Delicious Tabbings... BABY'S OWN SOAP... National Council of Women of Canada have recommended a very suitable for nursery

Cure For Men... Mr. J. D. Nichols spent the Easter holidays with friends in France.

Walter A. W. Scribner's... FOR 1900... (INCLUDES)...

Dr. Chase's Ointment... Men and women who are cured of piles are so grateful for relief from the acute suffering...

Dr. Chase's Ointment... Men and women who are cured of piles are so grateful for relief from the acute suffering...

Illustrated Prospectus free to any address... PUBLISHED BY SCRIBNER'S SONS, Publishers, New York.

A BOOK FOR WOMEN... A SPECIAL OFFER... A WOMAN IN HEALTH AND DISEASE

YARBOURH... Capt. and Mrs. Henry Lamb are on their way home from Colorado, and are due per steamer on Saturday morning.

YARBOURH... Among the passengers onboard per steamer Boston last evening were: Capt. Theo. Kilham, H. A. Crowell, M. E. Gougeon, of Windsor, Mrs. Al. Leitch, Harry Brown, Capt. Dolan, Amosport, Mr. Beale and a large number of others.

YARBOURH... [Progress is for sale at the Parthuro Bookstore] Apr 16.—The sweet singing of the choir boys of St. George's church on Easter Sunday certainly reflected great credit on Mr. Charles Hillcock the organist, who has been thus in training for a very short time.

YARBOURH... Our students from the different institutions came home for the holidays. Misses Maudie Dickson and Florence Corbett from Mt. Allison, Miss Pauline Price with a friend from Acadia Seminary, Mr. Elliott Teacher and Mr. Rex. Vickery from Dalhousie, Miss Edith Knowlton from the Normal school, Mr. Gordon Yates from Acadia college.

YARBOURH... Mr. Kenneth Wallis, Mt. Allison, was the guest of Mrs. Lane at Easter. Miss Maudie Corbett has returned from a visit in New Brunswick. Miss Edie Hatfield has come to Boston to become a trained nurse at the Massachusetts general hospital.

YARBOURH... Mr. and Mrs. Sazby Blair, Napton spent Sunday and Monday with Dr. and Mrs. Holmes. Mr. Robert Alkman has taken the home recently occupied by Mr. C. E. Eville and Dr. Sprague has purchased and moved with his sister into the home into which Mr. Alkman has been living.

YARBOURH... Mrs. McKay, Mrs. James Howard and Mrs. Thomson Coster, Amherst, had an Easter visit to Mrs. Grady Smith and other relatives. Mr. H. J. Logan, M. P., accompanied by Mr. G. A. Brassacconi, C. B., spent a part of last week here

YARBOURH... [Progress is for sale in Woodstock by Mrs. J. Doane & Co.] Apr 17.—Mrs. John Leane went to St. John on Thursday. Mr. S. Gilmor, Redrool, was in town Wednesday last.

YARBOURH... Charles Gardes, C. E., is the guest of Col. F. H. J. Dibble. Miss Frances Richard, of Hawkeham, is visiting friends in town. Miss Faye Cumber went to St. John Thursday, to spend Easter with the Misses Colter.

at business connected with the new pier which is talked of. Hon. T. R. Black was also in town from Thursday until Saturday. Misses Sarah and Nellie Leitch spent Easter with their sister in Halifax.

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Society Printing

IN addition to our already well-equipped stock, we are now adding a new series of the latest faces of Script Type, which will place us in a position to suit all in their choice of Visiting Cards, Wedding Announcements, and any other style of Society Printing that may be required. In addition to this we are also adding other new type, which will be of great benefit for all kinds of Job Printing. Write us for prices before placing your next work. PROGRESS JOB PRINTING DEPARTMENT.

CONDENSED ADVERTISEMENTS... WANTED... LADY'S BICYCLE for \$25—An almost brand new lady's Dominion Bicycle, of the famous Weyland Vale Co. make, ridden only a half dozen times.

BOYD'S SWELL "FLYER" 1900 MODEL New ideas, new design, 15 1/2 inch tubing, bush joints, Springfield cut-out pieces, cranks, high grade in every detail.

New York Millionaires... Only a few people reading advertisements of bankers and brokers, saying that money could be made through speculation, realize that the richest men in America have commenced life in a humble way and have made their fortune through stock exchange speculations.

GEORGE SKALLER & CO., BANKERS & BROKERS, CONSOLIDATED STOCK EXCHANGE, 60 BROADWAY, NEW YORK.

THE DUFFERIN... This popular Hotel is now open for the reception of guests. The situation of the Hotel, facing as it does on the beautiful King Square, makes it a most desirable place for visitors and business men.

CAFE ROYAL... BANK OF MONTREAL BUILDING, 56 Prince Wm. St., - - St. John, N. B. WM. CLARK, Proprietor

Victoria Hotel, 81 to 87 King Street, St. John, N. B. Electric Passenger Elevator and all Modern Improvements. D. W. McCORMACK, Proprietor.

Queen Hotel, Hollis Street, HALIFAX N. S. JAMES P. FAIRBANKS, - Proprietor.

BOURBON. ON HAND 75 Bbls. Aged Belle of Anderson Co., Kentucky. THOS. L. BOURKE

SOCIAL and PERSONAL

(CONTINUED FROM FIFTH PAGE.)

ten with their daughter Helen, to consult an oculist in regard to the condition of her eyes. Mrs. Hazel Grimmer and Miss Grimmer of St. Andrews are guests of Mrs. Waterbury. Miss Nellie Williamson has been spending a few days in Fredericton. Mrs. F. Bois has recovered from her illness and is able to go out again. Mr. and Mrs. Clarence Trimble have been visiting Portland. Miss Mary Phillips who was formerly one of our popular lady teachers, but now one of the corps of teachers in the model school at Fredericton, has been in town for a few days, the guest of Mrs. W. D. McLaughlin. Miss Agnes Alger of St. Andrews is visiting Mrs. John E. Alger. Miss Frances Lowell is visiting Boston. George D. Eaton has been visiting Nova Scotia. G. W. Ganson, M. P., and Mrs. Ganson arrived from Ottawa on Thursday. They went back to Ottawa on Tuesday. Mrs. W. H. Cole is improving daily from her illness. Mrs. Charles F. Neill gave a pleasant party one evening last week at her residence for the pleasure of her daughter, Miss Queenie Neill. Miss Florence Jones left on Monday for Lowell, to resume her studies at Rorer's hall. Miss Daisy Ganson of the King street schools spent Easter in Fredericton with her parents. Mrs. George H. Eaton is visiting Mr. Gates Barford in New York city.

ST. ANDREWS.

APRIL 18.—Miss Lizzy Robinson, of Harvey York County, accompanied her cousin, Mr. Warren Stirling to St. Andrews on Thursday evening train, to spend Easter with relatives. Mr. and Mrs. G. D. Grimmer went to St. John on Monday night. Bert Clinch, who has been nursing a sore foot for a day or two came down from Calais on Tuesday. Manager Black of the Bank of Nova Scotia, and Miss Black drove down from St. Stephen on Tuesday. Clinton A. Lord of Deer Island, registered at the Lansdowne on Friday. Miss Lillian Calder went to Calais on Saturday and returned on Monday. Clifford Holmes returned on Tuesday from St. Stephen Business College. Miss McGourty of St. John is nursing Master Geo Cockburn through his illness. Rev. C. E. Maimann, Episcopal clergyman and Rev. Father Lavery, Roman Catholic, St. George, drove over to St. Andrews together on Tuesday. Mr. Charles McKee the well known druggist of Woodstock, visited his brother in St. Andrews last week. Miss Annie O'Neill returned home from Boston on Thursday last. Among those who spent the Easter tide in St. Andrews were Mr. and Mrs. Samuel Worrell, of Fairville, Miss Beattie Grimmer, student at the Bethesda school; Warren Stinson, student at Kerr's Business College, St. John; Miss Bessie Richardson, teacher at Hollisdale; Miss Florence Hubbard, teacher at Booboc Ridge; Charles Richardson, teacher at Lord's Cove; Ernest Shirley, student at N. B. University; J. W. Richardson, barrister, St. Stephen and Miss Jones, teacher of the Booboc school. Mr. and Mrs. G. H. Stickney were in St. John on Monday. Mrs. Albert Simonsen of Jacksonville, paid her son, Rev. E. W. Simonsen an Easter visit last week. Mrs. Quinn, Mrs. Simonsen's mother, who spent the winter here returned to Wolfeville, N. B., this week.

NEWCASTLE.

APRIL 18.—Mr. C. E. Fish M. P. P., returned from Fredericton Friday night. He intends leaving this week for Lunenburg, P. Q., on a business trip. Mr. Earl Crocker of Bathurst, is spending the holidays with his parents Mr. and Mrs. T. W. Crocker. Mr. James Whalen returned from Moncton on Saturday. Mr. Whalen is in the employ of Barker Bros. He has been offered a lucrative position here and may not return to Moncton. Mr. and Mrs. George Brown intend leaving shortly for a tour around the world. They will probably visit the World's fair and Oberammergau where the Passion Play will be produced. Miss Snowball of Chatham in company with a St. John party will leave on the 18th for a European tour. Spondipary Magistrate Kay of Moncton spent the holidays with friends in Chatham. Mr. Charles Sargeant and the Misses Burchell were in St. John last week. They arrived in Nelson on Saturday. Mr. Henry Reeves of Zionville, York Co., is the guest of Mrs. W. C. Anslow. Hon. J. B. Snowball left England for home on Saturday last. Mr. F. E. Neale is to leave for England on Saturday.



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"Winter Finds Out What Summer Lays By."

Be it spring, summer, autumn or winter, someone in the family is "under the weather" from trouble originating in impure blood or low condition of the system.

All these, of whatever name, can be cured by the great blood purifier, Hood's Sarsaparilla. It never disappoints. "I was troubled with boils for months. Was advised to take Hood's Sarsaparilla, and after using a few bottles have not since been bothered." E. H. GLADWIN, Truro, N. S.

Hood's Sarsaparilla Never Disappoints

Hood's Pills cure liver ills; the non-irritating and only cathartic to take with Hood's Sarsaparilla. He has arranged for the shipment of about fifty million feet of deals the coming season from Miramichi and other North Shore points. Cova. Tozer was in town Thursday. Miss Budd who has been visiting friends here has returned to her home in Moncton. Mrs. Smith, Shediac is visiting friends in town. Mr. W. Whitney of West Superior, Wis. is spending a few days in town. Mr. E. C. Talbot, wife and children of Toronto are visiting Newcastle. Stanley Miller returned from a trip to Campbellton Monday night. Miss Minnie Harvey of Campbellton is visiting friends here. Messrs Gordon and Frank McNaughton of Chatham were in town on Sunday. Miss Estelle Williston of Douglastown is visiting friends here. Miss Annie Clark spent the Easter holidays at her home at Kingston, Kent Co. Mrs. Harvey Phisley, Sackville is the guest of her sister Mrs. T. W. Crocker. Mr. Wm Corbett's was greatly improved yesterday.

DEATHS.

APR. 18.—Mr. W. J. Loggie has returned from a business trip to Fredericton. Mr. Loggie reports things quiet at the capital. Senator Snowball has returned home from England. Miss Lottie Kane who has been visiting friends in New York for the past two months, returned home last week. The many friends of Mr. J. R. Goggin will regret to hear that he is seriously ill. Mr. Stafford Goggin was in town last week, having come home to see his father. Mr. and Mrs. P. A. Noonan's little daughter, Florence, has returned from boarding school at Halifax, being very ill.

HAYSTACK.

APRIL 17.—Mrs. Dobson of Sussex is the guest of Mrs. A. H. Robinson. Miss Minnie Price has been visiting friends in St. John and Hampton. Mr. Dan Keith is home from Boston. Miss Taylor returned on Monday from Dorchester where she spent her Easter holidays. Mrs. S. Perry is visiting her sister in St. John. Mr. J. D. Seely is visiting friends in Sussex. Miss Lottie Price is in St. John. Mr. Ross N. Keith has returned from Dental College, Philadelphia. Mr. Fred Price is visiting friends here. Miss Blanche Alward spent Sunday with her mother.

GASSTOWN.

APR. 17.—Senator King is home from Ottawa. Mr. E. H. Gilbert went to St. John on Thursday and returned Saturday. Mrs. Wm. Hamilton is very ill with measles. Mrs. T. H. Gilbert is convalescent. Miss F. Peters is improving slowly. Mr. and Mrs. G. DeVeber arrived here on Tuesday, having spent the winter months in Florida and other places of interest in the United States. Miss Ella Curry of St. John is visiting her sister, Mrs. Thomas Henry Gilbert. Mr. Lewis S. Dinges of Mill Road, who has been employed in the Gazette office here for the past three years, left for Boston on Thursday of last week where he has secured a good position in a drug-store. He was accompanied by his brother, Mr. Hazen Dinges and sister Miss Bessie Dinges.

His Business Career. "I should think you would have your boy trained for some business." "I am." "But he's never done a day's work in his life." "That's true." "He doesn't know anything except how to dress, dance and talk nonsense." "True again, but that's part of the training for his life purpose." "Well, what do you expect to make of him?" "The husband of an heiress."

His Growth. Mrs. Grumm (persuasively)—My dear dear, tomorrow is Easter; will you go to church with me, won't you?" Mr. Grumm (snarlingly)—"Great guns, Theodosia! I want to church with you last Easter; do you want me to be always on the gad?" He Should be Caged. Jingo—"I tell you when it comes to treacherous tactics the Filipino leads the band. He's a bird." Bingo—"That's right, and from our standpoint a bird in the hand is worth two in the ambush."

ENGLAND'S BOW WITH ASHANTI.

The "Golden Stool" figures in the Present Uprising of the Fetichees. England is now sending a few hundred troops from the coast to Cumasi, the old capital of Ashanti, to punish the natives there who have taken up arms against their white rulers, killed and wounded a number of the British police and prevented the missionaries and other whites from leaving the town. An official report received at the coast says the uprising is due to the efforts of the British to obtain possession of the golden stool of Ashanti. At the time King Prempeh surrendered to the British expedition which defeated him four years ago, it was asserted that the king had buried the golden stool with thousands of dollars worth of other valuable property, hoping that some time he might be able to regain these treasures and use them to his own advantage.

The golden stool was the Ashanti substitute for a throne, and it was reputed to be made for the most part of gold. It was a large article of furniture and was perhaps worth some thousands of dollars. The British have been searching for this valuable relic and in fact have been digging holes far and wide around Cumasi in the hope of unearthing other treasures. A great deal of gold was produced in Ashanti for many years and most of it found its way into the hands of the King and the nobles. The precious metal was worked up into rudely fashioned jewelry or ornaments for the attire and furniture of the wealthy class and a great many of these products of the native goldsmiths were buried with every man of importance. The natives say their fathers have believed for hundreds of years that the burial of gold in their graves assured them of great blessings in the next world; and white men who have visited the country say that gold to the value of \$5,000 or more, is hidden in many a grave. Perhaps these stories are exaggerated, but at any rate, there has been, in the past three years, a good deal of this sort of gold mining near Cumasi. It is possible that the whites in their efforts to bring the golden stool to light have been getting quite near the object of their search and this fact may have incited natives who are in the secret to begin this quarrel with the foreigners. King Prempeh is now in exile in Sierra Leone, far from his native land, and though he promised, when he begged the British to make peace with him, that he would reveal the hiding places of his buried treasures, he did not keep his word. He is still permitted to retain the rude but valuable jewelry which was in his possession when he surrendered, and he is quite a gorgeous object when he shows himself in state at Freetown wearing his yellow satin trousers and a weight of gold ornaments that makes him appear like a beast of burden.

Buried Under a Snowslide. Railways in the Rocky Mountains sometimes treat the workers along their course to adventures not readily forgotten. Such an adventure happened in December, 1892, and a worker on the line tells in Chamber's Journal how he and others raced with an avalanche. He had gone on a relief-train to dig out a passenger-train that was stuck in a snow-drift at Bear Creek, in the heart of the mountains. A little before noon the relief-train started for the section-house backing down-hill, the cars being pushed by the engine. The writer was riding on the engine. Just before rounding the curve on the side of Mount Donnington the engine pulled the whistle cord as usual. Perhaps it was that whistle that caused the mischief. At all events, something stirred the snow on the top of Mount Donnington, nearly a mile above the train. At first the loosened mass was small, but



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Are made in Canada by Canadian mechanics, backed by Canadian capital, for Canadians or the world. We are the largest manufacturers of Bicycles under the British flag and our modern and well equipped factories are turning out wheels unsurpassed in quality and finish. Agents everywhere.

Canada Cycle and Motor Co., Ltd. TORONTO. ST. JOHN REPRESENTATIVES: Cleveland, W. H. THORNE & CO. Welland Vale, H. HORTON & SON. Gendron, R. D. COLES. Brantford and Massey-Harris, OUR OWN STORE 54 King St.

it gathered force and volume, and swept downward like a torrent, some hundred yards wide and sixty feet deep, bringing with it rocks and trees, and coming straight for the train.

The men on the engine saw it, and the engineer threw the throttle wide open putting on full steam in the hope of pushing his train past the west of the slide. The act saved the lives of thirty men who were in the car (the rest removed from the engine. The car was overturned, but no one was seriously hurt. The rest of the train did not fare so well. The writer says: "A snowslide travels with a terrible roaring, hissing quickness, and in an instant the great wall of snow was upon us. As if we had been toys, our train and engine were swept off the rails, turned over and over, and hurled fifty feet deep in hard packed snow. "The fireman and I sat and watched the slide coming, but we could do nothing. Its front wave poured into the cab window swept us through the window on the opposite side, and, incredible as it may seem, bore us on its crest some three or four hundred feet into the river valley beneath the track. "I knew nothing from the moment the slide struck us until I saw the fireman, with a bleeding face, bending over me and trying to drag me out of the snow. Both of us were badly cut by broken glass, and I had a scalded hand, caused, no doubt by scratching at and breaking the gage-glass as I was swept through the cab of the engine. "The engineer and four other men were killed. Late that night, after much digging their bodies were recovered, crushed out of all recognition, but the fireman and I were all right in a week or so."

Dogs Not Admitted. He strolled into the corridor of the hotel. At his heels, and rather slunk a fairly good-looking fox terrier. It was plain that the dog knew he had no business there. A uniformed attendant touched the man on the arm. "Beg your pardon, sir," said he, "you must not bring that dog in here." "Dog, dog," exclaimed the man; "dem th' dog. I told him to stay out," and he made as if to kick the dog, which darted out of the place. "That's my hardware dog," said the man. "Hardware dog?" said a bystander. "Queer name; why do you call him that?" "Why? why every time I kick at him he

makes a bolt for the door," and he hurried on and was lost in the crowd before the bystander had a chance to hit him.

An Exclamatory Name. "Oh, Mye," called Justice Prindiville, in the Harrison street police court Chicago, and a silence fell over the room, while the crowd looked around to see why the Justice had uttered the sudden exclamation.

"O. Mye! O. Mye!" again called the Magistrate, more loudly, and Bailiff Barnett hurried to the bar and asked the Justice what was offending his dignity. "Call O. Mye, Mr. Bailiff," ordered the Court, and Barnett repeated the words in tones that could be heard on the street. The officer glared about for the person who he thought was guilty of contempt of court, and when a meek-appearing man left his seat and walked toward the bar Barnett seized him and declared him under arrest. "Is this the man who is guilty, your Honor?" asked the bailiff. "What is your name?" asked the Court, without heeding Barnett's question. "O. Mye," answered the prisoner, and the bailiff took a tighter hold on his collar. "O. Mye?" queried the court. "Yes, your Honor," from the prisoner. Then it dawned on the bailiff that he had made a mistake. O. Mye, who said his first name was Oliver, had been arrested for begging on the street. When the policeman who arrested him told him that he had abused several persons who had refused him alms his name was altered by several in the court. The prisoner likewise said "Oh my?" when he got a fine of \$50.

A Serious Symptom. Mr. Hoon—"I am afraid my dear, that your Aunt Philenda's mind is weaker." Mrs. Hamm—"Marj! What makes you think so?" Mr. Hoon—"Well, I saw she took particular notice of Mrs. Flitter's new Easter hat at church, today, and she hasn't said a word since about being afraid that woman's extravagance will drive her husband to the dogs."

Carpets, Carpets, Carpets. No process better than ours. If we renovate them we remove all spots and stains and bring back the original color of carpet no matter how faded. Ungate's Laundry Dyeing & Carpet Cleaning Works. Phone 58.

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WAROGERS

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ST. JOHN, N. B., SATURDAY, APRIL 21, 1900.

LIVE LOCAL TOPICS.

SATURDAY NIGHT DRINKERS.

The Rush on the Saloons Just Before Seven O'Clock.

Did you ever notice the rush on the saloons just before seven o'clock on Saturday nights, well it is interesting, in many cases...

Then there's the old rum-hardened habitual drinker who makes no bones about stepping boldly into the grog shop...

Perhaps one of the saddest sights during the anti-prohibition hours is to see the number of the youths who flock into the bars...

desire soon gives way to the genuine hankering.

The writer witnessed the following incident last Saturday night. Crowds were passing a big barroom in a central part of the town...

Seven o'clock arrives the curtains are partially drawn, a big crowd flock in to have "just one more" and they are quickly served.

But perhaps a small establishment next door under the same management looms up more brightly as the main shop is darkened.

Forgot to Remove the Ticket.

Last Sunday afternoon when the parade of the newly clad was at its prettiest and everybody thought he or she was just the "stunningest" person in St. John...

wear, and like a giant ornament in white and gilt the makers name etc., was readable even across the car.

Union Hall Disturbances.

An evangelist with a stereopticon is delighting large audiences every night in Union Hall, North End but of late he has been complaining greatly of disturbances from small boys and boys big enough to know a whole lot better.

One of Canada's Bulwarks.

A crowd of interested spectators thronged the quay, the blue naval ensign of Great Britain fluted proudly at the overhanging stern and flung lazily in a long narrow pennant from the topmast.

wives, the captain's tiny son was carried up from the steamer to the dock and his miniature ship handed after him by a blue-jacket.

CAPT. HAMM BOUGHT THE LAW.

Because an Indiantown lad would not be roughly handled. Allan Johnston, an Indiantown lad, was up in the Police Court last Monday at the instance of Capt. Phillip Hamm...

He said he was roughly grabbed by the fire chief in question and thrust back into the crowd, which without any warning naturally angered him.

The Magistrate read the law on the case and said there was only one penalty, viz: a fine of forty dollars, but if Capt Hamm did not press the charge he would allow the fine to stand.

The above incident caused quite a flurry of talk in Indiantown, especially among those who saw the alleged trouble at the fire, all of whom agree that Johnston acted only natural.

freely than is really necessary, and have license to go as far as being discourteous, even if it is a beardless youth they are dealing with.

The same thing is found in the city Salvage Corps. Certain members, many of whom are subservient in the daily duties, when suddenly they find themselves possessed of a little authority at a fire, use the general public sometimes scoundrelously.

By the way, the North End Salvage Corps seemed to have some internal trouble and last Monday after the re-election of officers Capt. Hamm proclaimed his iron-bound policy of discipline for the ensuing year.

Chief Clark and the Locomobile.

The locomobile made its first appearance on the streets election day and was an object of great interest. In the short space of a few hours it had shown itself to all part of the city under the guidance of a New York expert.

He drifted down King street and found out that the locomobile was the cause of the juvenile unrest. An invitation was extended to him to have a ride in it and over toward Indiantown the Chief flew with the expert.

MAN AND BIRD IN COLLISION.

A Locomotive Engineer Has His Eyeball Pierced by a Pigeon's Bill.

A dove wringing its flight over the tracks of the Southern Railway near Juliet, in Monroe county, Ga., collided with a passenger train going in the opposite direction at a high rate of speed yesterday afternoon.

The engineer's seat in the cab faces the track ahead. A window of glass an eighth of an inch thick protects him from the draughts, smoke and cinders.

The fireman on the cab with Engineer Wallace saw the accident and relieved him of his post. The pain increased in Wallace's eyes until it was almost unbearable and he finally went back into the baggage coach to get such assistance as was possible on the train.

The dove was killed by the sudden contact with the cab window. Its quivering body fell on the iron floor of the engine cab after striking the engineer, and was picked up by the fireman.

According to the Indianapolis Journal, Bob said: "Papa, what is a bookworm?" "A bookworm," replied papa, "is a person who would rather read than eat, or it is a worm that would rather eat than read."

FROM THE BOER POINT OF VIEW.

Confidence of Ultimate Success Exp. ced in a. Burgher's Letter.

A British Uitlander, now a naturalized Transvaal burgher, gives in a letter dated Johannesburg, Feb. 20, and written to a friend in New York, an interesting account of the situation as it appeared from the Boer point of view at that date.

The guns incident you refer to betokened carelessness on our part. Our men were so confident that Ladysmith was completely cowed that they never anticipated such an event happening, but having been once hit, there is very little likelihood of such a thing happening again.

As regards the future of the Republic it seems to possess every possibility of success. It is well that the war did occur. Our position will be all the more secure for the future, and the intolerable interference of the Colonial Office and the British Gov-

ernment in the internal affairs of this state will be for all time impossible. If the war brings us nothing else it will not have been waged in vain. But I am sure that it will mean more than this, and that in the days to come, our country will be looked upon by the nations with that esteem and respect which is hers by right of her prompt and courageous action.

Arthur Lynch is here and leaves for the Tugela front in a day or two as Colonel of the Second Irish Corps. No doubt you will hear of him when there happens to be more fighting. Would we had a few hundred more like him! It would make the struggle all the easier.

The Boers are spoiling the prisoners taken by their kindness, and I can assure you that I have heard from the lips of prisoners taken, that they were really glad to be out of the war, for they had no heart in it.

Miss Poehle—Everybody seems to think I'm the picture of mamma. Do you? Mr. Galland—Well, I should say a very flattering picture.

MIXED UP WITH A WATERSPOUT.

A Stirring Episode in the Voyage of a Little Schooner in the Pacific.

It swayed and zigzagged over the ocean like the staggering gait of a drunken man, then swept with a roar just under our stern and carried away the spinnaker boom with it.

That was the way Capt. Rice described the encounter his vessel, the schooner Metha Nelson, had with a waterspout on the morning of Oct. 18, about thirty miles northwest of Point Reyes, while she was making for San Francisco, Cal.

The schooner was holding well up to the northeast to get a good slant of wind for the port after taking bearings from the Farallone Light. The wind, which had been pretty brisk at the break of day, kept increasing and a few hours after the sun broke through the banks of fog clouds in the eastward it was almost blowing a hurricane from the northwest.

When nearly abreast of Point Rego the vessel's course was changed and she was bowling in toward the harbor, with the wind almost astern.

Suddenly and almost directly ahead of the vessel there arose a great, tall column of water. For a moment it stood almost directly in the track of the schooner and only a few yards in advance of its jibboom. Just as the vessel seemed about to pierce it, it moved slowly from the schooner, then swung off to starboard. Capt. Rice ordered the helm hard over, to pass to port of the column, and at the same time jumped down from the poop deck to give the men a hand in hauling up the sheets.

The work was hardly half done and the jibs and mainmasts were flapping in the wind, when the great column of water changed its course and came swirling back toward the schooner as if to strike it al-

most amidships.

This time it came racing over the ocean with a roar and with the speed of an express train. The sailors dropped the ropes on which they were hauling and sought the protection of the heavy beams of the fore-castle head from the spars of the rigging, that they expected the next moment would be torn from the vessel and come tumbling down, a mass of wreckage on the deck.

Almost before the men could reach the shelter the vessel was caught in the vortex of air which accompanied the mighty twisting column of water, and she spun around like a top, lurching her port side under the water as she went. The vessel's stern swung into the twisting base of the water spout and it was lifted high in the air while the bow sunk down into the waves and the water rushed in on the sailors over the bulwarks forward.

It was only for an instant, but in that instant there was a crackling of timbers, and the little heavily laden vessel groaned as though the life was being choked out of her. There was a loud report of smashing timbers, in the midst of it all. Then the vessel's bow rose, and with a quick roll to starboard that put her almost on her beam end the vessel sprang around, the waterspout travelling almost parallel to her inclined decks. The point of the jib boom all but poked into the twisting column as the schooner twirled around.

Slowly the schooner righted and when she came to an even keel the waterspout was well off to starboard of the vessel and travelling rapidly away. All danger to the vessel was past, and the greatest surprise to the crew was the little damage that had been done.

Home Science.

According to the Indianapolis Journal, Bob said: "Papa, what is a bookworm?" "A bookworm," replied papa, "is a person who would rather read than eat, or it is a worm that would rather eat than read."

"I want you to understand, sir, that I and I make 4." "Did you ever try to prove that in a court of law?"



for the door," and he hurried out in the crowd before he had a chance to hit him.

Exclamatory Name.

called Justice Prindville, in street police court Chicago, fell over the room, while the around to see why the Justice he sudden exclamation.

O. My! again called the more loudly, and Bailiff Bar-

to the bar and asked the Jus-

offending his dignity.

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Delicious Symptom.

"I am afraid my dear, that

tenda's mind is weaker."

"Mercy! What makes

Well, I saw she took par-

Mrs. Flitter's new Easter

today, and she hasn't said a

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will drive her husband to the

Corpses, Corpses.

rester than ours. If we

remove all spots and stains

the original color of cas-

now faded. Ungar's Lams-

Carpet Cleaning Works.

# For Jack Armour's Amusement.

IN TWO INSTALLMENTS.

## CHAPTER I.

The sultry August sun is shining down fiercely upon yellow cornfields, straggling scarlet poppies, dusty white lanes, shadeless meadows.

Penelope Graham, looking cool and composed, in spite of the heat in a simple muslin dress and shady hat, has been strolling quietly through one of the same meadows, her thoughts as tranquil as her face.

But suddenly, with no apparent reason, she increases her pace to a rapid walk, and diverges from the straight path before her towards a little stile on the left.

In the distance has appeared a tall loose-jointed, rather ungainly-looking figure, attired in clerical garb, which Penelope knows only too well and by no means desires to meet.

Fate, however, is against her. Before she can reach her goal, the Reverend Patrick Colquhoun's rapid strides have brought him up to her.

'How do you do, Miss Graham! Penelope is disappointed, but politeness compels her to disguise the fact and smile sweetly.

Indeed, having a genuine liking for Mr. Colquhoun, she would not be averse to sparing him half-an-hour of her drowsy summer day did not her instinct tell her that danger lies ahead of them.

In his dark brown eyes—the only good feature of his plain face—there is a certain dog-like look of tenderness and fidelity, whenever he turns them upon Penelope, that has made her for a long time suspect that she is dearer to him than she fain would be.

She is not a coquette, Miss Graham, and even for the sake of being able to boast of an extra conquest, like so many of her friends, would not wish to give a moment's pain to any living creature.

Mr. Colquhoun, however, rushes upon his doom in spite of all her gentle, cold avoidance of him.

'Miss Penelope,' he says, after they have walked along and talked common-places for about ten minutes, 'I never seem to see you now. You have given up your class at the school, Mr. Merryweather tells me.'

'Yes, says Penelope, quietly, but feeling secretly uneasy.

'The hot weather is trying, of course,' says Mr. Colquhoun, with kindly allowance, and he glances tenderly down at the slight pretty form at his side, 'but we miss you.'

Thank you. It is not exactly that I feel the heat, Penelope's honesty forces her to admit. 'Still, I did not feel that I wanted to keep on with the school just now; perhaps later—happily and vaguely—I may take it up again.'

Patrick Colquhoun hides the little twinge of pain it gives him to hear her speak like this, under his usual kind smile.

'But you are going to keep on with your private little class on Wednesday evenings, are you not?' he inquires.

'No, Mr. Colquhoun, I don't think that I can,' explains Penelope, glancing up with her sweet grey eyes. 'In fact, I am sure I can't. You see, I am going away.'

'Going away!' echoes Mr. Colquhoun. 'You mean for the usual summer holiday of course?'

'No; I am going away for good.'

'Going away for good!' repeats her companion, in a stupefied voice. 'Then what did you mean a minute ago by saying you might—later—'

'Oh! next summer, if I come over, or at Christmas, or any time like that,' says Penelope.

A heart sick look has crept over the curate's face, and it is mingled great surprise.

'But, Miss Graham—forgive me, but you have always allowed me to consider myself your friend—I thought your home was with your aunt, Mrs. Armour, at the Court?'

'Yes, it is—it was, I mean—but another aunt has arisen on the scene, and Aunt Margaret at the Court thinks I ought to give some of my future to Aunt Maria, in Ireland, as I have given so much of my past to her. So I am leaving the Court. Aunt Maria is a sort of invalid. You—smiling a little—would tell me my duty lay with her.'

'Yes, yes, I should, of course—no doubt,' assents poor Patrick Colquhoun, with a pale face. 'But it seems very sudden—I had no idea—oh, Miss Penelope! he bursts out, his hopeless love unable to smother itself under the cruel blow that had just been dealt him, and forcing itself suddenly to the front, 'what can I say to you—what can I say to tell you what it will be to me if such a thing comes to pass—if you disappear utterly out of my life? I know it is madness—mad presumption—on my part to speak to you like this, but I love you, I love you so dearly, that I feel as if I can't face the thought—'

'Oh, Mr. Colquhoun, pray don't!' ejaculates Penelope, with distress in her voice and eyes.

'I have loved you so long,' says the poor fellow, unheeding for once her gentle interruption in his pain, 'ever since I first met you, Penelope. I have had no thought of anything but you.'

'Yes, yes, you have thought of your work; you are better than anyone who has ever been here,' breaks in Miss Graham again, anxious to stop his declara-

tion of passion for herself. 'You are the best man I have ever met, Mr. Colquhoun, and please—please don't be offended with me when I ask you to say no more. I esteem you, I respect you, I like you more than words can say—'

'But,' says Patrick, with a gulp and a clasping together of his big jointed fingers 'you—you can't do more. I know it; I quite understand. Don't let me pain you, Penelope; I could bear anything but that it has all been a mad dream on my part. I ought never to have spoken to you. It was presumption—'

'It was not presumption,' contradicts Miss Graham, indignantly, with tears in her eyes. 'It is the greatest honor I could have been offered, that a man like you should care for me, Mr. Colquhoun. It is simply a sort of perversity that makes me unable to say truthfully that I can love you in the same way as you have just told me you love me, not that you are unworthy. And I could not marry anyone unless I could give him my entire heart—deprecatingly.'

'No, no! I wouldn't wish you to,' cries the curate, firmly trying to crush down all evidence of his suffering. 'Forgive me and forget what I have been betrayed into saying, Penelope. You are so dear to me that the thought of parting with you for ever cut into me like a knife. I will try never to distress you in such a way again. You will let me say just this, that I shall never forget you.'

'And you will let me say that I shall always think it an honor to be your friend, won't you, Mr. Colquhoun?' says Penelope, earnestly and sadly, as she stretches out her small hand to his big one.

It is perfectly true, no mere attempt to soften her blow to him, that she sincerely, though her heart is not his regards him as the best man she knows.

When he has left her she sadly wends her way home to the Court, thinking of two fine, bold, laughing eyes, and wondering why they are so much dearer to her than Patrick Colquhoun's brown ones, for she instinctively knows that Jack Armour, her cousin, and Mr. Merryweather's curate ought hardly to be mentioned in the same breath though she has never heard of anything in the least degree to Jack's discredit and loves him as it is not likely poor Patrick will ever be loved, perhaps all the more passionately that the fact is secret and known to nobody but herself.

Penelope Graham is not one to wear her heart upon her sleeve and Jack has never asked her to marry him.

But still, it is the thought of him that has caused her to send Patrick away this afternoon with a 'Nay,' instead of the 'Yes' that would have made him bleat above all his fellows.

## CHAPTER II.

'Down in a flowery vale' stands Stane Court, a not overpoweringly large abode, but reckoned one of the 'grand' places of the neighborhood.

The Armours are not rich—poor, rather—but their birth and standing are exceptional.

While Penelope Graham is sauntering through the meadows with her unwelcome suitor, her aunt, Mrs. Armour, is seated under a cedar on her lawn, and Jack, big and strikingly handsome, lies in the shade on the grass at her side.

They are talking, or rather, Mrs. Armour is, earnestly.

'I can't bear the thought of her going, Jack,' she is saying. 'I know it is her duty. I know her father's sister requires her more than I do, but Penelope away from me is a fact I can hardly face. Oh! my dear boy, what is to prevent you keeping her here?'

'I know what you mean, of course,' says Jack. 'But really, mother, to tell the truth, I don't want to marry Penelope the least bit in the world.'

'Oh, Jack!—in an accent of keen reproach—you must love her. Who could help it?'

'I have managed to help it,' says Jack, rather sulkily. 'I don't see any attraction in her at all mother. Of course I'm fond of her—I look upon her as a sort of sister, and of course, also, I shall miss her in a way; but I don't see any reason why I should sacrifice myself in the way you mean. She isn't the sort of girl I admire, or ever shall. I've let you understand so before.'

'But, Jack,' exclaims Mrs. Armour, weakly, 'I'm sure she is fond of you dear. I'm sure you have her whole heart.'

'Nonsense; nothing of the sort!' cries Jack, who, however, has no doubt of the fact, and closes his eyes for a moment, with the air of a coxcomb.

'Oh, yes you have! I know that is why she refused Charles Hunt; such a good offer for her, too; better than she will ever get again, poor child! No, Jack, she loves you, I have long known it, and I think you ought to make me happy by asking her. You know I love her as well as if she were my own daughter.'

'But, mother, I must marry money, if I marry at all; and you know Pen hasn't a penny.'

'Oh, Jack, dear! you could live as we do now. I should be so happy in my old age—Mrs. Armour cannot be more than fifty—and it would be luxury for her.'

'I shouldn't be happy in my youth, though,' remarks Jack, with a rather surly laugh, 'and I don't regard this sort of thing as luxury—waving his hand to the quiet, grey house and shady garden.

'No, I'm afraid you have more extravagant ideas,' says his mother, with a sigh. 'Ah! Penelope isn't really pretty—but she's so good, Jack, that's why I want to see her your wife. Can't you, won't you, dear boy ask her?'

'No,' says Jack, restlessly. 'You want to make me miserable, mother. I don't care for her goodness. I shouldn't care for her for a wife. Don't bother me any longer, pray!'

With a deep sigh, Mrs. Armour lets the subject drop, but it is the one earnest desire of her heart, that Jack should marry Penelope Graham—the child of her dead sister—the girl who has lived with them so long, and, next to her son, is Mrs. Armour's idol.

It has seemed to her lately as if her life will become utterly blank without Penelope, for Jack, in spite of her adoration for him, often shows her, by little selfishness and by lengthy absences from her, that she has made the usual parental mistake—indeed crime—of over indulging him in his childhood and boyhood.

He is very fond of her in a way, but he does not, and would not, give up much for her; whereas Penelope is like some loving daughter, grateful for the home that has been bestowed upon her, and anxious to please her aunt by every possible means in her power.

It is no new idea of Mrs. Armour's that the two should marry.

She has always wished it, and now she yearns for it passionately.

It seems, however, as if it is not to be, so she has to stifle her desires, that she may not irritate Jack, to whom the idea seems so distasteful.

He, indeed, is now amusing himself in a way that, if she could but guess it, would soon show her the futility of her hopes.

In the evening, after dinner, Jack Armour, lighting a cigarette, strolls away in the calm August sunset, while Penelope's grey eyes and his mother's blue ones gaze after him admiringly.

He is, indeed, well worth looking at. He disappears gradually from their sight and when he is well beyond it, somewhat increases his pace.

His step leads him to a sort of common, about a mile from the Court.

Here, long before he comes up to it, he perceives waiting for him the slight pretty figure of a young girl.

Jack Armour has a refined taste, and Lizzie Talbot is not so much a rustic in appearance as her birth and upbringing might have made her.

Her face is very daintily colored—no apple red or dairymaid bloom blushes up her cheeks; her red lips are not the full and pouting ones of a village beauty but softly curved and beautiful.

Her tawny brown eyes are very innocent, and their lashes are long and curling, one shade only darker than the brown hair that ripples softly over her small head.

She may be seventeen or eighteen years of age, and is dressed in a shabby black skirt and a faded pink blouse, while a big hat is tipped over her face.

She is altogether very fair to look upon, as Mr. Jack Armour discovered almost before her eyes met his, on the common a few days ago, and they fell into natural talk, or what seemed natural to the girl.

She is ignorant of evil, of the world and its ways; and this, their first appointed meeting, does not seem to her a wrong or foolish thing, or one that both his people and her own rather stern mother would condemn.

She is already, or foolish child, believes she is, athoms deep in love with the handsome young man, so greatly her superior although she knows nothing of him, still less that he is the owner of Stane Court.

She imagines he may be an artist or an author staying down in the neighborhood for work or rest, for he has told her nothing, and she cares less.

'How good of you to come!' he says, tenderly, as he comes up to her, putting on an appearance of greater speed. 'I am sorry I'm so late Lizzie,' squeezing her hand in his. 'I hope you haven't been here long?'

'Not very long, sir—I mean—now very long,' she answers, too shy to use the name he has begged her to call him by—the safe name of 'Jack.' 'I didn't mind waiting at all,' she adds, hastily and obligingly.

'Ah, but I mind it for you,' replied Mr. Armour.

## STRENGTHENS WEAK LUNGS.

Many persons are in a condition to invite Pneumonia or Consumption by reason of inherited tendency or other causes. They catch cold easily—and it difficult to get rid of an ordinary cough or cold. We would advise all such people to use Dr. Wood's Norway Pine Syrup.

It is a wonderful strengthener and healer of the breathing organs, and fortifies the lungs against serious pulmonary diseases.

Miss Clara Marshall, Moore, Ont., writes: 'I have suffered several years with weak lungs and could get no cure, so became discouraged. If I caught cold it was hard to get rid of. I started using Dr. Wood's Norway Pine Syrup, and as a result my cough has been cured and my lungs greatly strengthened.'

Dr. Wood's Norway Pine Syrup.

25c. and 50c. a bottle. All Druggists.

**Make More Muscle**  
And keep the same in firm flexible condition. A brisk rub down after exercise or severe work, then bathe with JOHNSON'S ANODYNE LINIMENT, the great muscle nerve will strengthen the muscles invigorate the tired nerves and make you feel like a new person. Tennis, Golf, Cricket, Base Ball Players, Outmen and Bicyclists.

**THESE ATHLETES USE AND INDORSE JOHNSON'S ANODYNE LINIMENT use and indorse it.**

The Leading Physical Culture Teacher of America, Prof. ROBERT J. ROBERTS, of the Y. M. C. A. Gymnasium, of Boston, says: 'DEAR SIR:—I can only speak of the "old Johnson's Anodyne Liniment" in the highest terms. I have used it in the gymnasium when the boys have strained or overworked their bodies. It has worked like magic in reducing swollen joints and in removing soreness of the parts. At home my wife has used it with our boys and speaks enthusiastically. In fact for most of the slight ills of the flesh, internal and external, it has proved valuable. (Signed) ROBERT J. ROBERTS. Send for our Book on INFLAMMATION, mailed free. Sold by all Druggists. Put up in Two Sizes, Price 25 and 50 cts. I. S. JOHNSON & CO., Boston, Mass.'

Armour, who, nevertheless, has not hurried himself overmuch, and has done lengthy justice to his evening meal. 'It shan't occur again, Lizzie. Tell me did you have any difficulty about meeting me?'

'No; none. I think mother thought I was starting off for a walk as usual. You see, on these fine evenings she doesn't expect me to stay always. I work hard, she says, during the day, and she thinks I ought to have an hour or two in the evening to myself.'

'Just so,' says Jack complacently. 'Your mother seems a very nice woman, Lizzie; and what sense she has!'

'Yes,' assents, Lizzie, soberly. 'She does not like to say she is afraid of Mrs. Talbot, but it is the case, and she would not mention her new friendship to her mother for the world.'

'She thinks it is a friendship, poor child—a pleasant friendship than she has ever known in all her life.'

This gay young man with the bright blue eyes and gentle voice—he is like some fairy prince to her.

She could not up give the chance of coming out and seeing and speaking to him, she thinks, passionately, and her mother would be sure to make curious and dissatisfied inquiries about him which she could not answer.

She would not presume to question him for the world.

Mrs. Talbot would be sure to end in forbidding the companionship, and then she would seem too black and empty to be borne, so she has said nothing, and hopes that she may keep the secret to herself.

They stroll along side by side, over the soft turf, in the gathering twilight Jack well entertained in making himself agreeable to the pretty country girl, who evidently thoroughly believes in him, and Lizzie transcendently happy.

She has not the resolution to remove the arm he presently slips round her waist when they reach the cool, foxglove bordered lanes.

The passion of first love is claiming her for its easy prey, and she is foolish enough to believe that Jack's soft whispers mean that she must be something to him, incredible as it seems to her.

She only shyly shrinks a little away from his side, looking at him half wonderingly with her innocent eyes.

'How pretty you are, Lizzie!' he says. 'But why do you look at me like?'

'I—don't know. Please don't' she answers, trying to unclasp his strong, brown fingers with her own timorous ones.

'But it's so much nicer to walk like this. Don't you like it? You are not angry, are you?'

'No, oh, no, sir!' she falters uneasily, happy, nevertheless; 'but I—'

'Sir!' he echoes reproachfully. 'You promised to call me "Jack," Lizzie. I shall think you don't want me for a friend, if you behave like that.'

'Oh, sir,' she bursts out, 'it isn't that—you know it isn't that; only, I'm not a lady I'm so far below you, it doesn't seem right to speak to you like that.'

He interrupted her by gently placing his hand over her lips.

He is not touched or made ashamed by her admitted inferiority, which might have appealed for her to a better man.

He never entertains any consideration but his own amusement.

'You're lady enough for me, Lizzie,' he replies. 'Come, doesn't it make this lovely evening pleasanter to spend it together? I believe you think there's something wrong in being happy!'

'No, I don't,' she answers, yielding to the spell his blue eyes and tender tones have cast over her, and leaving her slender little hand in his.

'You are happy, aren't you?' he exclaims asking a question, of which he knows the answer only too well.

He has to ask it more than once, however, before Lizzie's timid little 'Yes' comes in reply.

And then it is followed by a sigh. 'Why do you sigh?' he asks quickly.

He feels sincerely fond of this little country girl at the moment, and, during the last week, he has felt once or twice that he admires her more than he has ever admired anyone before, in spite of her circumstances.

He presses the slight form to him more closely as he looks down at her.

'I don't know,' she says, with a vague wistful mournfulness. 'It was because you are a gentleman, I think, and I'm so poor and low, and don't know anything.' 3.f.4

'How do you know I'm a gentleman?' he exclaims, hoping she has not found out his identity, and almost inclined to wonder if she has been prying into affairs he would fain keep from her.

He little knows Lizzie, that he can think of her so.

'Oh, as if everybody couldn't tell that! she cries, with a little note of despair in her low but rather pretty voice.

'Well, if I am a gentleman, why should it make you sigh?' he asks rather relieved that she does not seem to have discovered the truth.

'I don't know. I know it is foolish, but it makes me wish I knew things,' she says, vaguely, uncertain how to express herself.

'There is such a difference between us. It is a condescension for you to speak to a girl like me—a poor, common working girl.'

'You may be poor, Lizzie, and you may have to work like many other people,' he says, 'but you could never be common. You must not speak of yourself like that. You are a dear little girl, and I—like walking with you and talking to you better than I do with the people you call ladies.'

Lizzie blushes with deep delight at this sweet flattery.

'Oh, do you?' she cries, trembling with pleasure.

'Much better. You know that, bending and kissing the soft cheek that none of her rustic admirers have yet dared to approach. She starts, and seems about to flee; but Jack clasps yet closer her girlish form.

'I never saw anyone as beautiful as you, Lizzie,' he says, for once speaking sincerely. 'I have thought about nothing else since I first saw you.'

Is it any wonder the simple child's very soul seems subjugated by such words from one who appears to her a prince among men, a being to be set up on high and idolised and adored in secret?

Her bliss is so great that she does not speak for a long time, and when she does it is to occur to the point that rangles even in her happiness.

'If I knew more—if I had read the things you have, and seen the things you've seen! she murmurs, wistfully.

'I doubt if I should like you as much if you had,' he answers, consolingly. 'But, if you want to make yourself wise, silly child, I suppose I must help you. I will bring you some books tomorrow night, and you shall try and find happiness in studying them.'

'Oh, how I will try to understand them! Oh, when will you have the time? Remember, I shan't bear of your curtailing our time together.'

Such a thing had not occurred to Lizzie. 'Oh, no! I shall read them when I go to bed,' she says.

'But I won't have you spoiling your eyes and ruining your beauty over histories and grammars,' he protests, tenderly, and his care of her seems so sweet to poor Lizzie Talbot that she would follow him to the world's end to repay him.

They wander on and on in the sweet summer dusk, another Faust and Marguerite.

How often have such sad little dramas been played!

What heavenly nights these seem to Lizzie, and how Jack Armour exalts himself in making her believe she is all the world to him!

Little do Mrs. Armour and Penelope Graham guess what takes him common-wards every evening; Lizzie and she share their secret between them.

## CHAPTER III.

Penelope Graham has made all her preparations for departure from the Court, when, one day, Jack approaches her, as she comes in from the garden, with a telegram in his hand.

'It has just come,' he explains.

'It must be from Aunt Maria!' she cries, tearing it open.

It is, truly enough.

It tells her that Mrs. Stapleton, her father's sister, thinks she had better put off her visit for a month or two, as she—

(CONTINUED ON SEVENTH PAGE.)

**CANCER** And Tumors cured, or may be cured, by homeopathic medicine. Write for free book. Send 25c. for book. MASON MEDICINE CO., 377 Sherbourne Street, Toronto, Ontario.

Sunday Reading.

Guard Your Thoughts.

What thoughts flow, Simon—Matthew, xvii, 21. If thoughts are forces, then we must select them with great care.

Our thoughts are to our lives about what steam is to the engine. If the steam is under intelligent control the hum of the machinery will be like agreeable music and the machinery will accomplish a definite and desirable purpose.

The way a man thinks decides the way he lives. It is as impossible for pure thoughts to produce an impure life as for vinegar to resemble honey to the taste.

In the long run a man lives as he thinks. Give me the thoughts which you cherish most kindly, and it is like giving me the mine and major premises of a proposition—the conclusion is logically inevitable.

Give me the power to sow what thoughts I please in your mind, and you put into my hands your destiny here and hereafter. Examine yourself critically and you will discover that your moral altitude exactly accords with the kind of thoughts you entertain.

A strong emotion—sudden fear, for example—will send the blood through the body like the water in a mill race. It controls the body as perfectly as a giant handles a child.

If a man cherishes the vice of avarice, or dissipation, or unhealthy stimulus, or selfishness, to such extent that the habit becomes chronic, a chemical change takes place in his molecules, and the expression of his countenance advertises what is going on within.

Health and happiness are founded on wholesome thoughts. The mind is master, not the body. Think toward God and you become godlike; think evil and every pore is a wide open door through which disease may enter.

This rule applies also to our environment. You can be happy and useful under any circumstances if you fill them with heavenly purposes. Greed, and envy, and selfishness are the bane of our human life.

We long for what we have not, and are thus unfitted to do the best with what we have. We live in a dream of what we hope to acquire, and are always restless, uncomfortable and discontented.

This is Christianity rightly understood—to do all you can in whatever position you occupy and to make your little life great with great thoughts.

The spirit of Christ is the spirit of love and contentment, and though you have hard-

EXPERIENCE

has taught us how to make the best Emulsion in the world; Experience has proved that this Emulsion is worthy of entire confidence.

There are many imitations of Scott's Emulsion and all kinds of substitutes for it; but none equal it.

If we had your address we would send you a sample and a pamphlet telling more about it.

The Doctor's Advice. Several years ago a physician started a young woman's Bibleclass in a milltown in Maine.

As invariably happens in such cases, the heaven worked up, and without realizing it, the people of the churches became laxer and more skeptical.

One day the writer was making a call where the only children, two little girls, were sitting on the floor busy with their dolls.

The child stammered in fright, 'She—she's cryin' 'cause I won't make her one like this, holding up a newly finished doll-garment.

I continued to observe the two children, and saw the older girl smiling with malignant hatred while the younger one, with triumphant, taunting looks, adorned her doll with the ruffled garment.

Many times afterward I heard this mother lamenting that her children 'quarrelled constantly, acting as if they fairly hated each other.'

But the tyranny of weakness is the exception rather than the rule. It is the tyranny of superior age and strength that is to be found in most families.

A mother well known to me decided every quarrel between her children according to the age of the disputants.

The younger child was always forced to give up to the older. These children, a large family, showed a positive hatred for one another, and always chose to play with the children of other families rather than among themselves.

A family of little children was left to the care of an older sister, who took the ground that they had no rights that she was bound to respect.

The least awkwardness or hesitation was rewarded by a ringing box of the ear. She never thought it necessary to say 'please' or 'will you?'

Yokohama and the neighboring Tokyo are said to have about fifty earthquake shocks a year.

her whims. She was the eldest; they were only the children; they had no rights.

When the children grew up this older sister all at once made a discovery. She found that while not one of them had either respect or love for her, regarding her as a selfish tyrant, they had a strong affection for one another.

No. There will not be family affection unless all matters in the family are decided on their merits, without reference to age or strength.

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He had just finished dressing when the

first shock came. He crawled and dragged himself out of the house, for to walk was all but impossible.

Then looking over his shoulder, he saw a great and ancient temple, which he had been admiring the previous day, leap into the air and fall in dreadful ruin.

Looking again to his front he saw the whole town in an instant swept away before his eyes, and out of the great cloud of dust came a screaming, gesticulating, wildly frantic crowd of men, women and children, rushing hither and thither, they knew not where, for refuge from the great destruction which had come upon them.

STAGGERING UNDER BURDENS.

PAINE'S CELERY COMPOUND

Is the Power That Removes Every Load Of Disease In Springtime.

Now that Spring is at hand, the body is ready to cast off unhealthy tissues if it is only given a chance.

The great work of renewing and building up health and strength is surely and quickly done by Paine's Celery Compound.

Paine's Celery Compound cleanses and purifies every drop of blood in the body; the excretory organs, kidneys, skin and bowels are made to work actively and the nerves are able to furnish sufficient energy to the digestive organs.

Paine's Celery Compound is the best spring medicine in the world because it is far more than a mere spring remedy.

Thousands of men and women have found from personal experience that Paine's Celery Compound makes sick people well, and keeps all from sickness who use it in springtime.

'Is the Rev. Mr. Brown at home?' asked a stranger, confronted by a smiling Irish maid at the parsonage door.

'No, sorr, he is attending a wedding,' answered the maid.

'Can you tell me when I shall be likely to find P?' asked the caller.

'Well, sorr,' was the smiling reply, 'I don't know just when he'll be back, for he has another funeral to attend after, and the both will delay him some time, sorr!'

She seemed inclined to doubt the intensity of his love.

'But I fairly burn!' he protested.

'How may I convince you that I burn?' 'Quit smoking!' said the beautiful wretch with cold intonation.

FLASHES OF FUN.

A woman may have a will of her own. But, be she daughter or mother, she never objects if her same opinion is in the last will of another.

Spring sunshine is delightful, but fit has a way, I'm told, of making furniture look like worn and winter clothes look old.

Mistress—Mary, didn't I see you talking to the policeman this morning?

Mary—No'm; it was him talking to me.

'Your wife has a very sensitive, clinging disposition hasn't she?'

'Clinging? Well, it's rather more like what you might call grasping.'

'He sat on my joke.'

'That was safe.'

'Yes. There wasn't any point to it.'

Bobby—Say, Ma, I lost several pounds at school today.

Mother—Who-at!

Bobby—Yes. The teacher was goin' 't lick me, but I sneaked out.

Tourist in Chicago—What's all that crowd looking at?

Policeman—There's a bit o' sunshine comin' down into the road, and dey's bettin' how long it'll last.

There is bustle in the harvestyard, And between the various broods There is lively competition In preparing Easter goods.

Snarley—Henpeck, poor old Henpeck! Yow—What's the matter?

Snarley—Never anything came his way. He died last week, and I hear that his wife has just now lost the power of speech.

'A man can't be too careful whom he snubs.'

'What do you mean?'

'Why, every once in a while I've snubbed some plain people who afterward came into a lot of money.'

Miss Gabby—I think Cholly Softleigh is just horrid.

Miss Pert—What has he done?

Miss Gabby—He asked me to marry him, and when I said 'Yes,' he grinned and cried: 'April Fool!'

'Auntie thought it was dreadful because I went to the dentist on Sunday.'

'But she let you go?'

'Oh, yes, when I told her I thought it would be worse to stay home and let my toothache dance all day.'

'Stinson is a mean man.'

'Why so?'

'He's got a way of keeping his wife from going through his pockets for loose change.'

'How's that?'

'He spends it all before he gets home.'

The silly season now is here; The pussy willows we may stroke; The daisy dandelions appear, The crocus now begins to croak.

Mrs. Haukeop—Er—Bridget—I don't suppose you would—er—object to my getting an alarm clock?

Bridget—No, indeed, ma'am. Them 'ginge never disturbs me at all, but, av course, it may be all right for ye, ma'am.

Father—That young man who is calling on Edith is absolutely worthless.

Mother—Ah, well; she loves him, and I suppose what can't be healed must be endured.

Father—Huh! What can't be healed can be toed, and I think that's what will happen to him if he calls tonight!

'How she hates me,' sighed the little woman, referring to a neighbor.

'Hates you?' exclaimed her husband.

'Have you ever heard of her saying an unkind thing about you?'

'Oh, no. It's worse than that. She calls our little Willie into her house every chance she gets and gives him things.'

'What does she give him?'

'Dyspepsia, principally.'

AN EASY WAY TO SAVE MONEY.

DIAMOND DYES.

Used by All Economical Women.

Don't throw away your old blouse, skirt, waist or dress simply because you are tired of the color or because it is faded or soiled.

Buy a ten cent package of Diamond Dyes and with little work you can produce a garment that looks like new.

If you make over clothing for yourself or the children, be sure to dye it with a new color of the Diamond Dyes.

Beware of imitations; ask for the Diamond Dyes and take no others. Direction Book and Card of 48 Colors sent free to any address. Wells & Richardson Co., 200 Mountain St., Montreal, P. Q.

Johnson—Jackson, how would you get into society?

Jackson—Oh, if I felt like it, and had the clothes, and was invited, I'd go.



Muscle from flexible down after ten baths with

I'm a gentleman? he has not found out his incline to wonder if inclined to affairs he would

ie, that he can think y couldn't tell that I note of despair in her

gentleman, why should asks rather relieved to have discovered

know it is foolish, but new things,' she says, w to express herself. ence between us. It for you to speak to a common working girl.'

Lizzie, and you may any other people,' he never be 'common,' of yourself like that. le girl, and I—I like talking to you better ple you call ladies.'

ies, trembling with u know that, 'bending heck that none of her et dared to approach. me about to flee; but her girlish form. e as beautiful as you, nce speaking sincere- about nothing else

a simple child's very d by such words from ber a prince among et up on high and n secret? at that she does not , and when she does oint that rankles even

If I had read the things e things you've seen I y.

I like you as much if consolingly. 'But, o yourself wise, silly ust help you. I will oks tomorrow night, nd find happiness in

'How kind you are! understand them? have the time? Be ar of your curtailing

not occurred to Lizzie. the two when I go to you spoiling your eyes nity over histories and ts, tenderly, and his t sweet to poor Lizzie ld follow him to the him.

he explains. Aunt Maria! she cries, Mrs. Stapleton, her she had better put nth or two, as she,

And Tumors cured to stay cured, at home, or here, by the use of Dr. J. C. Marshall's...

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# In Besieged Mafeking.

The most dramatic of all the features of the war, the siege of Mafeking, continues to occupy the first place in the attention of the British people, and every scrap of information that comes from the beleaguered little garrison is welcomed. There are strong expectations in official as well as general circles at this time of writing that news of relief by Plumer's or some other force will come soon. It is certain that no disaster in South Africa would cause such deep and widespread disappointment and grief in England as the failure to save Baden Powell's brave band. A budget of interesting details of the siege, which somehow has found its way through the cordon of Boers around the town and then through Rhodesia and overlaid to the sea, has at length reached London. It brings down the story of the siege to Jan. 20, two long months ago. Later news has come by cable but it is the bald, scrappy intelligence. The writers of these communications are Lady Sarah Wilson and the correspondent of the Times. Lady Sarah's letter appears in the Mail and from it the following paragraphs are taken.

A feature of the town at present is its bombproofs or shelters from shell fire. From rough holes, hastily dug and covered over with deal boards and earth, which were at first constructed at the arrival of the monster 'Cresset' Boer gun, which fires a projectile of 94 pounds, these refuges have been improved upon till they are now luxurious chambers, roofed over with best steel rails and sand bags, ventilated and lighted by round windows and large drain pipes.

One, for instance, measures 18 feet by 15 feet and is 8 feet high with boarded floor covered with matting and paneled wood walls painted white. With three large portholes for windows, it much resembles the cabin of a yacht, and its efficacy has been thoroughly tested, as it is, I think, the only shelter in the town on the top of which a 94 pound shell actually exploded—without even making the glasses jingle, or disturbing various war trophies hung on the wall inside. As an example of the curious effects of these shells and the marvelous escapes recorded I may mention that a fragment of this one went through a room of Mr. Well's adjacent house, taking a canary and cage with it through the window, and leaving them at some distance, while another piece went into a house across the street, making mince meat of a sewing machine and a new dress a young lady was making, and which she had felt but three minutes before. Except this misfortune and the death of the canary no harm was done—but, alas, the same tale cannot always be told.

Scarcely a day passes without some white man or native being added to the already sadly long lists of those in this tiny community who have been martyrs to this one-sided bombardment. Women and

children have not escaped scot free; only this morning a shell exploded in the women's laager—the locality of which the Boers know perfectly well—killing, curiously enough, a little Dutch girl of 13 years of age, holding a baby (the latter was uninjured), besides fatally injuring a Kaffir girl.

And thus it is most days; apart from our losses among the soldiers—B. S. A. P. [British South African Police] and Cape police in the various and gallant sorties which have been all duly recorded in the papers—civilians and innocent individuals are struck down and terribly mutilated, suddenly and almost without warning. I say almost, for when the big gun is loaded the lookout at headquarters, from whence all her movements can be accurately watched gives the alarm by spinning a deep-toned bell, and when the gunners go to fire her this is supplemented by the shrill tinkle of a smaller bell—not much louder than our ordinary muffle bell—but which can be distinctly heard in this clear atmosphere. After this second warning about three seconds elapse before the explosion.

Appropos of this wise measure, which has been the means of saving many lives, the town dogs have by now fully grasped its meaning, and whenever the bell rings begin to bark loudly in all quarters; so that if by chance one fails to hear the hasty shrill tones of our trusty little friend the dog's voices in unison cannot fail to warn one to take shelter.

The dogs, indeed, play a great part in this siege—one belonging to the base commandant has been wounded no less than three times; another, a rough Irish terrier, has accompanied the Protectorate Regiment in all its engagements; a third amuses itself by running after the small Maxim shells, barking loudly and trying hard to retrieve pieces; while the Resident Commissioner's dog is a prudent animal, and whenever she hears the alarm bell tears into the bomb proof attached to her master's redoubt, and remains there until the explosion is over.

What are even more to be feared than the monster gun's projectiles are the shells from the high velocity Krupp gun, for which no warning can be given, as the flash and explosion are practically simultaneous, and the poisonous little 1 pounder Maxim shells, which seem to come everywhere, and are generally fired in threes or fours. As the latter whistle overhead the sound resembles that of a very long cattle whip sharply cutting the air, cracked and manipulated by a master hand; very different is the sickening whirr of a big shell, followed by the dull thud and crash denoting where it has dealt death and destruction. At least 700 of the 94 pounder shells have been fired into this undaunted little town, and it is computed in all cer-

tainly 5,000 missiles of different kinds of destructive power from the Boer artillery have found their billets here. There is something very cowardly in the fairly regular evening shell from the big gun, which is usually loaded and aimed at sundown and fired off between 8 and 9 p. m., or even later, over a partially sleeping town, very early hours being kept here, when the Boers must know men and women may be killed indiscriminately.

For this last shot women and children generally wait before leaving their shelters and seeking their beds in their various houses; but sometimes as a refinement of cruelty, it is not fired at all, and these evenings the poor things creep to bed at last with many forebodings.

A curious phase of the Boer character is the much vaunted observance of the Sabbath, and on this day, by a sort of mutual agreement, neither side fire a shot. Pale women and children emerge from the laager, dressed in their Sunday best, the shops are open and do a lively trade, ser-vices go on in the little English church, still almost uninjured, and every one is able easily to ride and walk about the town and outside on the veldt within our lines. So different is the aspect of everything that one could hardly believe it is the same town. In the afternoon, under the auspices of the C. O., sports are organized, the band plays, and every one thoroughly enjoys himself.

Other Sundays the officers of the garrison engage in a polo match and dispense tea to their friends, and almost the whole town turns up on the polo grounds, fairly revelling in the fresh air and sunshine. There is no doubt that to every one, but more especially to the women and children, this happy one day in the seven is an inexpressible boon and that their spirits are kept up and their health improved by living in anticipation of this outing.

The Times correspondent sends this graphic personal sketch of the man who is undoubtedly the greatest hero of his day in the eyes of the English nation.

Col. Baden-Powell is young, as men go in the Army, with a keen appreciation of the possibilities of his career. His countenance is keen, his stature short, his features sharp and smooth. He is eminently a man of determination, with great physical endurance and capacity, and extraordinary resilience. His reserve is unbending, and one would say, quoting a phrase of Mr. Finero's, that fever would be the only heat which would permeate his body. He does not go about freely, since he is tied to his office through the multitudinous cares of his command, and he is chiefly happy when he can snatch the time to escape upon one of those nocturnal, silent expeditions, which alone calm and assuage the perpetual excitement of his present existence. Out-

wardly, he maintains an impenetrable screen of self control, observing with a cynical smile the foibles and caprices of those around him. He seems ever bracing himself to be on guard against a moment in which he should be swept by some unnatural and spontaneous enthusiasm, in which by a word, by an expression of face, by a movement, or in the turn of a phrase, he should betray the rigors of the self control under which he lives.

Every passing townsman regards him with curiosity not unmixed with awe. Every servant in the hotel watches him, and he, as a consequence, seldom speaks without a premeditated deliberation and an air of incisive finality. He seems to close every argument with a snap, as though the steel manacles of his ambition had checked the emotions of the man in the instincts of the officer. He weighs each remark before he utters it, and suggests by his manner, as by his words, that he has considered the different effects it might conceivably have on any mind as the expression of his own mind. As an officer, he has given to Mafeking a complete and magnificent security, to the construction of which he has brought a very practical knowledge of the conditions of Boer warfare, of the Boers themselves, and of the strategic value of the adjacent areas. His espionage excursions to the Boer lines have gained him an intricate and accurate idea of the value of the opposing forces and a mass of data by which he can immediately counter act the enemy's attack. He loves the night and after his return from the hollows in the veldt, where he has kept so many anxious vigils, he likes awake hour after hour upon his camp mattress in the veranda, tracing out, in his mind, the various means and agencies by which he can forestall their move, which, unknown to them, he had personally watched.

He is a silent man. In the noisy day he yearns for the noiseless night, in which he can slip into the vistas of the veldt, an unobtrusive spectator of the mystic communion of tree with tree, of twilight with darkness, of land with water, of early morn with fading night, with the music of the journeying winds to speak to him and to lull his thoughts. As he makes his way across our lines the watchful sentry strains his eyes a little more to keep the figure of the Colonel before him, until the undulations of the veldt conceal his progress. He goes in the privacy of the night, when it is no longer a season of moonlight, when the fresh fragrances of the Melopo, although, as he walks with rapid, almost running, footsteps, leaving the black blur of the town for the arid and stormy areas to the west, a new wind meets him, a wind that is clear and keen and dry, the wind of the wastes that wander forever over the monotonous sands of the desert. He goes on, never faltering, bending for a moment

behind a clump of rocks, screening himself next behind some bushes, crawling upon his hands and knees. His head is low, his eyes gaze straight upon the camp of the enemy; in a little he moves again, his inspection is over, and he either changes to a fresh point or starts some dog's entry as he slips back into town.

The same correspondent describes the process by which the besieged sometimes get supplies of fresh beef at the Boers' expense.

Black and white alike take part in sniping, but to the native here the siege has brought the means and opportunity of indulging in a pastime of quite a different character. It sniping by the rule by day, cattle raiding by night gives to the natives some profitable employment. During last night the Baralongo scored by a successful raid some twenty-four head of cattle, and in the course of last week another raiding detachment looted some eighteen oxen.

The native enjoys himself when he is liable to participate in some cattle raiding excursion to the enemy's lines, and, although the local tribe may not have proved of much value as a unit of defense, their success at lifting the Boer cattle confers upon them a unique value in the garrison. We were deploring the poorness of the cattle which remained at our disposal only a few days ago, but the rich capture which these natives have made has given us a welcome change from bone and skin to juicy beef.

These night excursions are eagerly anticipated by the tribe, and almost daily in the consent of the Colonel sought in relation to such an object. During the day the natives who have been deputed to take part in the raid approach as near to the grazing cattle as discretion permits, marking down when twilight appears the position of those beasts that can be most readily detached from the mob. Then, when darkness is complete, they creep up, divested of their clothes, crawling upon hands and knees, until they have completely surrounded their prey. Then quietly, and as rapidly as circumstances will allow them each man gets a move on his particular beast, so that in a very short space of time some ten or twenty cattle are unconsciously leaving the main herd. When the raiders have drawn out of ear shot of the Boer lines they urge on their captives, running behind them, and on either side of them, but without making any noise whatsoever. As they reach their stand, their approach having been watched by detached bodies of natives who, lying concealed in the veldt, had taken up positions by which to secure the safe return of their friends, the tribes go forth to welcome them, and when the prizes have been inspected and reported duly made to the Colonel, they celebrate the event with no little feasting and dancing. Upon the following day merriment reigns supreme, and for the time the siege is forgotten."

# Mysteries of the Century.

Sixty years ago Englishmen and Americans were rejoicing that steamers had succeeded in regularly crossing the Atlantic, that a voyage could be made in a fortnight and that the first of the Cunarders, the side-wheeler 'Britannia,' had come into Boston after one of the quickest passages ever known. Steam it was said, had conquered the terrors of the sea, and men who had gone to London, spent nearly a week in England, and come back all within thirty-three days, were regarded as wonderful examples of the new celerity in trans-Atlantic travel. One of the vessels which had not long before been launched, and which the English-speaking world hailed with admiration as a steam leviathan, was the 'President.' The liners which now plow their way across the Atlantic in five days are not more impressive than this ship with her two hundred and sixty-eight feet in length, her sixty-four feet in width, and her twenty-three hundred and sixty tons' register was to the generation which welcomed her into the harbor of New York. The ship was less than a year old when, on March 10, 1841, she left her dock and steamed slowly down the bay, her figurehead, which was a bust of Washington after Canova, pointing, proudly along the ocean route to England. In April reports began to come from Liverpool that the 'President' was overdue, that nothing had been heard of her, and that great anxiety was rife. The only ray of light that was shed upon the mystery was that a Portuguese brig had sighted a large steamer moving slowly under sail, but she did not hail the brig, nor did she appear to

be in a disabled state. Through the spring and far into the summer of 1841 there was agony of suspense in England and the United States. The superstitious fancied strange omens in the coincidence the first President of the United States who died in the White House—William Henry Harrison—had passed away at the time when the ship which bore the name of his office began to be missed.

Among the passengers were two men who, although they had little in common with each other, had been each an idol in his profession, and who had given delight to multitudes in the United States. One was an actor who for the first time had raised the portrayal of Irish character upon the stage to the level of an art, and whose rich sense of native humor even Dion Boucicault probably failed to surpass in later years. Tyrone Power had been hailed in American theatres as the prince of comedians; he had made three tours of the country; we had written a book on his American impressions, and he was now returning to England at the height of popularity, still in middle age.

Even more striking was the personality of George Clingston Cookman, whose eloquence had spread his fame among American methodists, and to whom even men of the world, like Henry Clay and Daniel Webster, listened admiringly. Indeed, he carried with him when he went on board the 'President' the first dispatch which Webster as Secretary of State had written to England. The fate of these men, as well as of a son of the Duke of Devonshire,

and a hundred other passengers on the ship, had never been known. Whether the steamer foundered in some tremendous storm, as was thought most likely, or was crushed and sunk by an iceberg, or was destroyed by fire, no man to this day has been able to tell.

But no crime against the living has ever startled the country more by its mystery than a crime against the dead committed in New York a little more than twenty years ago. When Alexander T. Stewart died, in April, 1876, at the age of seventy three, he was reputed to be worth not less than thirty million dollars. The aggregate of the sales in his two great stores in New York during the last three years of his life was upward of two hundred million dollars, and he was commonly recognized as the richest and most powerful merchant in the United States. He died without children or blood relatives in this country, bequeathing the bulk of his estate to his widow, and one million dollars to Henry Hilton as executor of his will. In the great funeral procession there appeared a multitude of the most eminent Americans of the day who followed the body to the grave in St. Mark's Churchyard, New York City.

One morning in November, 1879, or about two years and a half after the body of the millionaire had been entombed, the late Judge Hilton walked into the office of the New York Police Department with the startling news that the grave had been rifled. It appeared that in the course of the autumn there had been some tamper-

ing with it, and that Judge Hilton had caused the slab which rested upon it to be removed to another place, and then shrewdly, as he believed had the words out on the slab, 'A. T. Stewart Family Vault.' The knowledge that this had been done was confined to four persons. But so well planned had been the operations of the ghouls that they not only knew where the body was, but had made their excavations with almost mathematical precision. Three flagstones covered the entrance to the vault; the earth had been dug down to within a hair's breadth of the side of the central stone—it was undoubtedly the work of shrewd men.

When Mr. Stewart died his body was so emaciated that it was supposed to weigh not more than eighty pounds. It had been placed in a coffin covered with black cloth and fringed with gold braiding, and its coffin rested in a leaden case, which, in its turn, was inclosed by an outer box. From this the lid had been unscrewed; the leaden case was out through and the inner coffin was opened. It was supposed that the thieves had deposited the corpse in a sack and carried it off in a wagon. Nobody had seen them; they had chosen a rainy night for the deed, and it was not until several hours after daylight that the discovery was made. They had left behind them only a newspaper, an iron shovel, a small bull's eye lantern, and a pile of fresh earth. But it seemed impossible that the ghastly plunder could be carried through the streets of the city or concealed without detection, or that if it had been taken out

of New York, it could have been transported across the ferries or reburied without exciting suspicion somewhere or leading to a sure clue.

Judge Hilton declined to make overtures for the surrender of the body; he declared that he would not be blackmailed, and when twenty five thousand dollars reward was offered it was with the condition that the sum should be not only for the body, but for information that would lead to the detection of the persons who committed the outrage. He counseled Mrs. Stewart not to compound with crime; and the widow, who is said to have been terribly affected by the blow, followed this advice during the ten years in which she survived her husband. Some time later there were clandestine hints of negotiations with the ghouls, who were said to be in Chicago. A vague impression was allowed to gain ground that the body had been procured, and that it had been placed in the vault of the beautiful cathedral at Garden City, Long Island. But there has never been any proof of these assertions, and what became of the body, or who stole it, is still a mystery.

There is, perhaps, hardly an American family in the last twenty five years which at some time has not compassionately and tenderly pronounced the name of Charles Ross. The pathos of that little fellow's abduction touched millions of homes with the sense of bereavement. For years all the agencies in the pursuit of crime on which modern civilization prides itself were

Chat of the Boudoir.

Dress assumes fresh importance at the opening festival of spring fashions on Easter morning when women cast aside her metaphorical cocoon of sackcloth and sales and appears again in all the glory of new attire. At least it is one of her prerogatives to blossom out in a new hat and gown and join in the procession which parades Fifth Avenue on Easter day. But if she wishes to acquire real elegance and be quite distinct from the motley throng she will modestly don her accustomed costume and avoid the appearance of being clad in new finery. The elements are a prime factor in the success or failure of the dress display, but however few or many new gowns there may be in sight this annual pageant is the dividing line between winter and summer fashions, and serves to launch the new modes.

The season's plan in regard to clothes is defined, the theme is given out to the multitude, and while there may be additions and endless variations later on, fashion has become a visible demonstration much to the joy of the woman who has kept her as a season of self-denial. Considering the early display of summer novelties flaunted temptingly in her face it would seem as if there must be a genuine trust conspiring against her lenient principles of abnegation and her failure to resist must be judged only as a sort of tribute to her femininity. A wholesome measure of the love of dress is a part of a woman's charm, and if she does not possess it she is lacking in one of her most fascinating possibilities of social success.

Very attractive elements of the new fashions are the daintiness of the new fabrics, their exquisite harmony of coloring, and the wealth of handwork employed in the finish of the gowns. "Seven maids with seven needles stitching seven years" could not accomplish the intricate details of detail which this one season offers to the modish world. Machine stitching, too, has a large place, and its value as a means of decoration is more fully appreciated than ever before. The Queen's visit to Ireland is expected to influence the fashionable opinion in favor of Irish guipure and crocheted laces which are such an industry among the Irish. Wide insertions of Cluny lace shaped in and out like the links of a chain are very popular for trimming the skirts of froulards and muslin gowns. Cluny, combined with medallions of embroidered bastiste, is another very attractive form of trimming.

Gold and silver tissue enriched with embroidery and jewels and used as a wide belt is one of the many forms of elegance in decoration which appear, principally on the evening gowns of lace or chiffon. Gold galleon combined with colored panne or black velvet is a distinctive feature of belts on the less dressy costumes, and gold and white silk braid are effectively used in combination to decorate cloth revers and finish the edges of bands of silk. The wide belts which are so much in evidence on the new gowns are seen at their best on the full bodice which pouches a little at the back as well as the front.

Transparent fabrics and effects are dominant among the new summer gowns, and while the most delicate colors are set forth as the thing to have, the report comes from Paris that the pastel tints are going out, and brighter, more pronounced shades are to supplant them, yielding more striking effects as a feature of the summer landscape. Wedgwood blue in a soft but decided tint is one of the popular colors and is very effective in the new veiling. Canvas veiling is indeed one of the leading fabrics of the season, and while it is unusually plain there is one pretty variety striped with fine white cords half an inch apart. In pale gray made over white silk it is most charming, especially with the white chiffon flounces at the feet. The flounce is gathered, finished with a narrow ruche, and worn on the white silk foundation skirt. The gray skirt is made with groups of ruffles extending down so within twelve inches of the hem, which is trimmed with lace set directly on the edge, the chiffon



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HOOD'S PILLS

underneath adding much to the effect. Insertions with the deep scalloped edge are very effective for this purpose, and so are the festooned designs, and a very elegant skirt is made by adding medallions of lace down the spaces between the groups of tucks. The use of chiffon as described above is seen again in a white crepe de chine gown, falling in soft fullness over the plaiting of silk on the underkirt. The upper portion of the crepe skirt is tucked in vertical lines to the knee or a little below, where there is a band of the tuck crepe scalloped on both edges and finished with a cream lace applique. The lower half of the skirt is a wide plaiting. The mode of using tucking in bands out in deep scallops on both edges, and shaped in so narrowly that the points almost meet, is one of the special fancies of fashion for trimming transparent materials. The tucks may run crosswise or up and down, and with lace spreading out from the edges and filling in the spaces between the scallops it is an extremely stylish skirt trimming. The tucked material may be cut out in oblong pieces and set in like medallions, which are trimmed around with the applique lace. Sometime two of these bands of tucking and lace are set in around the skirt, one at the knee and the other a few inches above, and again there is one wide band at the hem.

White nun's veiling, very fine and sheer in quality, makes up charmingly for the dressy afternoon gowns for summer wear. A rather unusual model is tucked from the bust to the knee, where the tucks are confined by two rows of cream lace insertion. A wide belt of white panne, fastened with handsome buttons, defines the waist, and lace finishes the edge of the bodice around the shoulders below a guipure neck of lace not dotted over with applique lace designs. A narrow cap arrangement of the tucked veiling forms the line over the shoulder and the sleeves of elbow length are of lace finished with a frill.

The new sleeve, which is a revival of the 1880 modes, must be considered seriously since it has been lauded by Paquin, the leader of all things fashionable. In general outline his gowns are bell shaped, narrow across the shoulders and spreading out at the feet, with gathers around the hips, and the sleeve in question lends itself well to the promotion of this scheme. It is close fitting at the top and ends in a flowing line a little below the elbow over an underleeve of white chiffon dotted over with small applique lace designs and gathered slightly into a narrow cuff at the wrist. The upper sleeve may turn back in a narrow revers faced with a contrasting color, or finished with applique lace directly on the edge. The underleeve is made of fine lawn, or all over lace, as well as chiffon and of soft silk in contrast. The whole effect is very quaint and, while the sleeve may not be so graceful and becoming as the long close sleeve flaring over the hand, it has the merit of novelty and seems to be a harmonious part of the gown with a gathered skirt. This sort of gown is striped entirely of the fluff and frills, fat the feet, which have been such a feature of our frocks, and the underkirt is plainly hemmed and weighed down with shot sewn in between two tapes. The outside skirt, which is not joined to the under one except at the waist line, is also plainly hemmed with a group of tucks above or worn around with rows of narrow velvet ribbon matching the color of the gown from the upper one of which extends a pointed band of Russian lace. Lead is certainly a distinctive as well as new feature of dress this season; and it is used not only around the hem of the skirts but in portions of the bodice as well, wherever it is needed to hold down ends of any sort.

A decidedly novel mode of trimming is seen on some of the new froulards gowns with white grounds. For the cloth bands which were used on the froulards last season wool canvas veiling is substituted. A bias fold of the veiling matching the color in the figured design and fully two inches wide is covered with rows of stitching and used to edge the shaped flounces on the skirt. Shaped flounces are still in sight, adding variety to the many ways of trimming skirts, but they are out with very little flare. Another unusual trimming on a froulard with a white ground patterned over

with a blue design is a rather narrow flounce of blue-mousseline finished with two narrow bias folds of the muslin with blue silk Tom Thumb fringe on the lower edge of each.

FRILLS OF FASHION.

Considering the limitations of the diminutive face veil there is nothing else in which the season so especially excels in variety and novelty of design. From the most shadowy spider-web nets to a rather fantastic decoration of birds and butterflies, hats and beeties, there is, as it would seem, every conceivable kind and condition. Talltale crows' feet and trivial defects in the complexion disappear like magic behind the becoming veil, which, however, must be selected with great care. It is the mesh which makes or mars the becoming effect, quite as much as the ornamentation, and then apart from the qualifications as an improving accessory of dress there is always the question of choosing the tasteful veil rather than the striking one which proclaims itself loudly at a distance. The special novelty most generally worn in Paris is the ransage veil, with chenille dots scattered over the net in a dainty scroll design, the dots varying in a little in size. The veil comes in black and the pastel colors especially designed for the very bright hats which will be worn later on. For those who rejoice in the extreme novelty in all matters of dress there is a fine net dotted over with a flight of shadowy swallows in graduated sizes, the very tiny ones at the top, and there are dainty nets with round and oblong velvet spots arranged in the form of a fly, nets with two and three threaded square meshes thickly covered with pin points of chenille put in by hand, and every sort of fancy net of spider web fineness, without any dots at all. The most fantastic novelties among the new veils is the bat design woven in on the edge, the head directly in front and the wings spreading out at either side of the face, butterflies, too are disposed of in the same manner. The veil which speaks the loudest and manifests itself at the longest distance has a rather large square mesh made of an unusually heavy silk thread and at each crossing there is a little circle instead of a dot. Another veil which may rank with this is a white net dotted over with velvet spots in varying sizes, the largest fully the size of a five-cent piece. Some of the white nets are very tasteful, however, and especially desirable for summer wear. Double veils are still worn, being especially desirable for driving in the country.

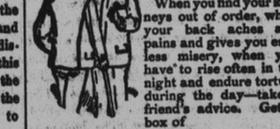
The latest fashion in linen collars is made to pass twice around the neck like a stock with an opening at the back, through which the ends pass, and it fastens in front in small buttons. These collars are not more than an inch wide at the fastening where there is a narrow tape to hold the necktie in place. A short close bow of silk or lawn is worn with this collar, which requires no band around the neck.

A novelty among the imported silk petticoats is cut with a box plait in the back, fastened at one side of the front, and finished around the hem with two medium wide-shaped ruffles with very fine cords stitched in closely around the edge, forming a trimming fully two inches wide.

Fans for decorative purposes are not a novelty, but something quite new in this line is the cat fan displayed in the window of a little store on Fifth Avenue. It is made of thin silk, is in folding shape, is huge in size, and the cats at the races, are artistically hand-painted and decked out with eyeglasses and hats of various kinds and conditions.

The Easter display of millinery has been

A Friend's Advice.



When you find your kidneys out of order, when your back aches and pains and gives you endless misery, when you have to rise often in the night and endure torture during the day—take a friend's advice. Get a box of DOAN'S KIDNEY PILLS. There are lots of people in your town, who have been cured by this remedy. Mr. T. Sarchet, merchant tailor, Brockville, Ont., says they cured him of a severe attack of backache and kidney trouble. They cured Mrs. E. Ford, St. Thomas, Ont., of dropsy. Mrs. Wm. McNeill, 93 St. James St., St. John, N.B., says they cured her of distressing backache, from which she suffered for over six months. From nearly every city and town in the Dominion we get statements similar to the above. People who have used them are always glad to say a good word for Doan's Kidney Pills.

ROBINSON & CLEAVER BELFAST, IRELAND. AND 164, 166 and 170 REGENT STREET, LONDON, W. IRISH LINEN & DAMASK MANUFACTURERS. AND FURNISHERS TO H. M. THE QUEEN, EMPRESS FREDERICK, Members of the Royal Family, and the Courts of Europe. Household Linens From the Least Expensive to the FINEST in the WORLD. Irish Linen, Irish Damask Table Linen, Matchless Shirts, Irish Cambric Pocket Handkerchiefs, Irish Linen Collars and Cuffs, Irish Underclothing.

a tantalizing temptation in the shops for some time now and the street parade this morning was a sweeping demonstration of its varied shapes and modes of trimming. There are hats off the face, hats pointing down over the face, hats with wide brims bent in undulating curves to suit the face, hats in round turban effects make with soft puffy brims covered with lace, tucked maline or lace straw and toques of every kind. Low broad effects are very smart, and the new turban-shaped toque in the lace straw, with a big rosette of soft glace ribbon at one side, is one of the desirable shapes. Insertions of Irish guipure lace alternating with bands of colored straw form one variety of trim in different shapes. All black hats of fine net shirred and tucked, and hats all of one color, are special features. Black flowers, black and green grapes, and green foliage are more fashionable than the flowers of brilliant hues; in fact, the most elegant French hats have no flowers at all except perhaps a little bunch of the 'natural' fruit blossoms with the grapes and cherries. One of the pretty youthful hats in the season's assortment is black chip with a rather high crown and a wide brim caught up at one side so that it curves over on the edge like a mushroom. This space is filled in with bunches of Banksia roses, and the brim underneath lined with killed pink chiffon.

clear across the room. The Colonel upended the bottle quickly. 'Didn't lose a teaspoonful,' said he. 'Drinks are on me,' said the man who had taken the bet, 'but I don't see how it was done.' 'You must have seen how it was done,' said the Colonel. 'If there is an inch of air space in the bottle between the bottom of the cork and the liquor the cork is bound to come every time. The air drives it out and there isn't any danger of breaking the bottle either.' All that party are around this town now winning drinks on the Colonel's idea. If you meet a fellow who wants to bet he can pull the cork from a bottle without using corkscrew, knife or teeth, don't take him up, for he'll win your money.

How to Open Bottles with Two Knives or no Tool at all. The talk turned on the opening of bottles without the aid of a corkscrew and the freshest man in the party called for two penknives and a bottle with a cork tight in. Everybody else pushed back from the table and gave him plenty of room. He opened the biggest blade of the two knives and then inserted one between the glass of the bottle and the cork. He pushed it down as far as he could. Then he took the other knife and shoved it down the same way on the opposite side of the bottle. Seizing the handles of the knives he pressed them together and pulled upward. Up came the cork with them. 'That's a neat trick,' said the Kentucky Colonel, 'but what are you going to do if you don't have two knives? Here, now, I'll show you how to open a bottle without any paraphernalia. You know we occasionally get caught out in Kentucky with nothing on us but our guns. Give me a bottle.' The waiter brought a fresh bottle. The Colonel took his handkerchief out, wadded up, and then seized the bottle firmly by the neck. He put the handkerchief against the wall and poising the bottle drove it bottom first against the wadded handkerchief. Everybody dodged and protested that he'd smash the bottle. The Colonel did not heed the protests, but again drove the bottle bottom first against the wall. There was a little snap that sounded like the cracking of the glass and that brought out more protests. The Colonel grinned and offered to bet the drink that he'd pull the cork without breaking the bottle. The bet was taken. The Colonel drove the bottle solidly back again and then a fourth and a fifth time. At the fifth drive the cork flew

AN EXPLANATION. Helen—How in the world did you ever come to accept old Wigby? He must be seventy years old, if he's a day. Grace—Well, what if he is? He's carrying \$100,000 life insurance. Helen—Oh, that's different—Chicago News.

Not In Favor. The Podler—Madam, can I sell you a pair of felt pads to wear in the bottom of your shoes? The Lady—I should think not! Why haven't you heard that the ladies of Chicago are arming against the footpad?—Chicago News.

Retort Courteous. 'You are a jewel,' said a lady to a gentleman who had given up his seat to her. Oh, no,' he replied. 'I am a jeweller; I have just set the jewel.'

No Dye is sold in more shades, or finer ones, than Magnetic Dyes, Price 10 cents for any color. 'What reason do you think that Boston girl offered for rejecting me?' 'I can't imagine.' 'Land of goodness! She said she was afraid to marry me for fear she would out-grow me.'

'Of course,' said the Publicist, with his habitual hauteur, 'you wish to hear both sides of the money question?' 'The end of it, if you please,' ventured the Man of Affairs timidly.

TO THE DEAF.—A rich lady, cured of her Deafness and Noise in the Head by Dr. Nicholson Artificial Ear Drums, has sent \$1,000 to his Institute, so that deaf people unable to procure the Ear Drums may have them free. Apply to The Institute, 7th, Ninth Avenue, New York.

USE THE GENUINE MURRAY & LANMAN'S FLORIDA WATER THE UNIVERSAL PERFUME FOR THE HANDKERCHIEF TOILET & BATH REFUSE ALL SUBSTITUTES

g. rocks, screaming... a little he moves again... over, and he either... slips back into town... dependent describes the... he besieged sometimes... h beef at the Boon... alike take part in... here the seige has... and opportunity of... of quite a different... ing by the rule by... night gives to the... employment. During... is secured by a success... four band of cattle... of last week another... rided some eighteen... says himself when he... is in some cattle raiding... enemy's lines, and... albio may not have proved... unit of defence, their... the Boer cattle confers... as values in the garrison... the poorness of the... at our disposal only... the rich capture which... made has given a well... bone and skin to juicy... courses are eagerly... rible, and almost daily... Colonel sought in relief... object. During the day... been deputed to take... approach as near to the... discretion permits, mark... light appears the posi... ts that can be most read... the mob. Then, when... lets, they creep up, di... clothes, crawling upon... until they have complete... prey. Then quietly, and... sometimes will allow them... move on his particular... very short space of time... cattle are unconscious... in herd. When the raid... out of ear shot of the... urge on their captives,... them, and on either side... about making any noise... they reach their stand... having been watched by... of natives who, lying... it, had taken up positions... the safe return of their... go forth to welcome... the prizes have been in... port duly made to the... celebrate the event with... dancing. Upon the fol... ment reigns supreme, and... siego is forgotten.

ary. could have been trans... terries or reburied with... sion somewhere or lead... w. declined to make over... render of the body; he... would not be blackmailed... five thousand dollars re... it was with the condition... could be not only for the... formation that would... of the persons who com... age. He counseled Mrs... compound with crime; and... is said to have been terribly... blow, followed this advice... case in which she survived... some time later there were... of negotiations with the... re said to be in Chicago... session, was allowed to gain... body had been processed... been placed in the vault... cathedral at Garden City... But there has never been... these assertions, and what... dy, or who stole it, is still

Fighting Under Buller.

COLOENSO STATION, Feb. 26.

For twelve days Buller's column has been within five miles of this place trying to advance fifteen miles and relieve Ladysmith. It has been a battle lasting day and night for almost two weeks. Sometimes the column reached out to the left and was turned back, as at Spion Kop; sometimes it twisted its great, bulky length to the right and gained the hill of Monte Cristo. Now, it is bucking the centre at Railway Hill—beating itself against a natural fortress of rock covered with huge uncountable bowlders, and is thrown back, breathless and bleeding.

The column is like a lion in a cage that finds fixed bars of iron on every side of it, against which it throws itself fiercely, or with which it wrestles strenuously and with desperate courage. But without result. The iron bars remain fixed in their sockets the lion only bruises himself by his efforts. In the world outside the relief of Ladysmith has been proclaimed hourly for the last two weeks, but at this moment we are as far from the beleaguered city as we were on the 15th day of December, when Buller met his first 'repulse,' at Colenso. That was ten weeks ago, and the column is still at Colenso. Its fighting force has crossed the Tugela at Colenso Station, its transport wagons and its thousands of steers trample the immense plain on the Tugela's banks, but over the great horns of the steers and over the heaps of fodder, and ammunition and piles of rations the English guns and the Boer artillery are exchanging shells as frequently as a ball is volleyed back and forth across a tennis net. The column is still upon the Tugela's banks, so near that last night from the door of my tent, in the rear of the column, I could see the flashes of the Boer Mausers from the kopje two short miles in front of us. The column has been fighting here ten weeks, and fighting steadily for two weeks to gain those two miles—two miles still raked by the 'Long Toms' of the Boers.

No maps nor no written description can give any idea of the difficulties of this country. Photographs of it show only the hill or ridge immediately in front of the camera. They do not help one to comprehend the fact that every hill is joined to a dozen more bristling with guns, riveted with stone trenches. Each hill can be enfiladed by three or four brother hills, and the defensive or offensive value of each cannot be learned until it is taken. The Boers have occupied these hills for three months; they have had time to ride over every one of them, to note their height, their distance one from another, and which commands which. Now they have withdrawn for two miles and have allowed the English to occupy the positions they originally held and with which they are intimately familiar. They occupy a hill for the express purpose of luring the English on into taking it, and then abandon it to them, knowing that their hidden batteries can bombard its new occupants from heights on either flank and beyond, and so they drive them out with a cross and direct fire. Then they return and reoccupy

So the English have two elements against them—an unknown country, wonderfully fortified by nature, and an opponent who enjoys an intimate knowledge of its defensive possibilities, combined with the most remarkable strategic acuteness. Also another element, they are opposed to the best and the most deadly of modern weapons. the hill.

Three nights ago, the 23rd, the Inniskillings, with some of the Dublin Fusiliers and the Connaughts, charged a trench half way up Railway Hill. The attack was made at night, and the Boers abandoned the trench and settled themselves on the crest of the hill and threw a force out on either flank of it. For ten hours the English were exposed to these three fires, but they clung stubbornly to the trench until reinforcements reached them at ten the next morning. It was magnificent, but it was paying a fearful price for a very few hundreds of feet. When the role of the Inniskillings was called at sunrise only five officers and four hundred men answered to their names. They had lost fifteen officers and 252 men. Since this column began to move this regiment has lost nineteen out of its twenty four officers. It is now commanded by a captain. In taking this one trench three colonels had been killed and five hundred men were killed or wounded. Remember, it was a trench only half way up a hill. The Boers were and still are on top of the hill. As the English say, it does not seem 'good enough.' And as our oft quoted military attache said, 'But, Colonel wasn't there a way to go round?'

And yet that is not altogether fair either for the way around that hill, or any hill, means a way lying between and at the

What Men in High Places Say.

DOCTORS, LAWYERS, MINISTERS, EDUCATIONALISTS AND POLITICIANS JOIN FORCES AS ONE MAN,

And Put the Great Seal of Their Approval on Dr. Agnew's Catarrhal Powder as the Greatest of Healers.

Personal Experience is the best evidence, and a man's Own Signature Seals His Faith. Hundreds of Canada's Most Illustrious Sons Are Its Heartiest Endorsers.

Perhaps no ailment to which flesh is heir brings men down to a more common level than catarrh and catarrhal affections.

base of a dozen hills. It is the most difficult country as a military proposition one can well imagine. Not half has been told of its inaccessibility, of its inconceivable intricacy. From a high kopje you can see hills below and beyond you, bleak or light green, dark with shrub or yellow with dry grass; hills of every shape and at every angle, burdened by thousands of stones and bowlders just large enough to hide one of the enemy. The hills stretch on as though they were reflected in giant mirrors, and from behind them the Boers move with marvellous rapidity, now opening fire from the right, now from the left. It is sometimes hours before the whereabouts of their guns can be located for the smokeless powder makes but little showing. The stone hills hiding their secrets are as unreadable as the face of the Sphinx.

Some one might answer to this that they must be equally effective in hiding the English, but the English are the attacking party; they must expose themselves; they must advance; Ladysmith calls to them by heliograph, by Kafir runners, by the reverberation of her naval guns. Fifteen miles distant from us men and women are dining on dead mules and horses, living cramped in bombproofs or dying of fever; their lives are at stake; the honor of the relieving column is at stake.

The English must attack, and the Boer to keep them back must use the shelter Nature had mapped out for him. Before this reaches you you will know the end, but here on the bank of the Tugela, facing the sunny, inscrutable hills, with the naval guns answering the Boer 'pom-poms' and the hot air quivering from time to time with the ripple of musketry, the end is not in sight. We can see the hill that looks upon Ladysmith, but between that hill and

When it is rated that ninety in every hundred are subject in a lesser or greater degree to the ravages of this universal disease, the high, the low, the rich, the poor, must naturally come within its grasp. And it is not to be wondered at that such a galaxy of Canada's best men as have done so are willing, having themselves been sufferers, to "let their light shine" that others may be warned of the malady, and herald the world the efficacy, the quick relief, the absolute cure they have proven to be in so

splendid a compound as Dr. Agnew's Catarrhal Powder.

Thus it is considered no breach of etiquette on the part of the professional men, no indignity on the "bench" nothing unparliamentary on the part of the lawmaker, and no discredit on the pulpit, to say the good thing that many of these men in high places have attested to over their own signatures.

Here are a few names of prominent Canadians who have used and are believers in Dr. Agnew's Catarrhal Powder: The Right Reverend Dr. Sweatman, Lord Bishop of Toronto; Rev. Dr. Lantry, of the Anglican Church; Rev. Dr. Withrow, editor of The Canadian Methodist Magazine; Rev. A. B. Chambers, Toronto; Rev. William Galbraith, Toronto; Hon. George Taylor, George H. McDonnell, M. P., Dr. Godbout, M. P., Robert Beith, M. P., Hon. David Mills, M. P., H. Car-

They are wearied with battles. The Tommies stretch themselves in the sun to dry the wet khaki in which they have lain out in the cold night for weeks and yawn at battles. Or, if you climb to the hill where the general staff is seated, you will still find men steeped in boredom. They are burned a dark brown, their brown mustaches look white by contrast; theirs are the same faces you have met with in Piccadilly, that you see across the tables of the Savoy restaurant, that gaze depressedly from the windows of White's and the Bachelors'. If they were bored then, they are unbearably bored now. Below them the men of their regiment lie crouched amid the bowlders, hardly distinguishable from the brown and yellow rock. They are sleeping or dozing or yawning. A shell passes over them like the shaking of many telegraph wires, and neither officer nor Tommy raises his head to watch it strike. They are tired in body and in mind, with cramped limbs and aching eyes. They have had twelve nights and twelve days of battle, and it has lost its power to amuse.

There is no holding back, there is no difference. When the sergeants call the companies together they are eager enough then. Anything is better than lying still looking up at the sunny inscrutable hills or down into the plain crawling with black oxen.

Among the group of staff officers some one has lost a cigar holder. It has slipped from between his fingers, and, with the vindictiveness of inanimate things, has slid and jumped under a pile of rocks. The interest of all around is instantly centred on the long cigar holder. The Tommies begin to roll the rocks away, threatening to destroy the regiment below them, and half the kopje is obliterated. They are as keen as terriers after a rat. The officers sit above and give advice and disagree as to where that cigar holder hid itself. Over their heads the shells chase each other not twenty feet above. But the officers are used to shells; a search for a lost cigar holder, which is going on under their very eyes, is of greater interest. And when at last a Tommy pounces upon it with a laugh of triumph, the officers look their disappointment and pick up their field

glasses with a sigh of resignation. This is a true incident, reported as it occurred.

It is all a question of familiarity. On Broadway, if a building is going up where there is a chance of a loose brick falling on some one's head, the contractor puts up red signs marked 'Danger' and you dodge over to the other side. But if you had been in battle for twelve days, you would forget that shells are dangerous, that they can kill and mangle, and you would become greatly excited over the recovery of a lost piece of amber.

DEATH OF A WONDERFUL DOG. She had Human Intelligence in a Remarkable Degree and was a Mind-Reader. There may have been greater dogs in the opinion of the experts who run kennel shows than Bozzie, the remarkable collie that died from poisoning in Chicago, but on one who ever witnessed her wonderful performances will acknowledge it. Other valuable dogs are chiefly noteworthy on account of their pedigrees and 'points' under the eye and spe of the judge in the ring or perhaps for their superior gifts in the field or chase. They win fame for excelling in doglike qualities according to breed and class.

But in Bozzie was developed something that made her more than dog, something so near the human and a gift in some way transcending the intelligence of man that we are not likely ever to see her like again. It is only a few days since that Bozzie gave an exhibition of her powers before members of the University Club. She added, subtracted, multiplied and divided as accurately and rapidly as a well trained schoolboy. Bozzie had no words to give her answers, but gave them in quick, short barks. When the number ran over eleven or twelve she would divide her barks, as two barks, then a pause, and four more barks for twenty four.

On the occasion just referred to she was asked the number of those present. After taking note of them as a well trained collie might of a flock of a sheep she barked off the number correctly. Then she was asked, 'How many wear glasses?' Taking a rapid survey of the room she barked three times. She was wrong, and was told to try again. This time she poked around among those present and found a fourth wearer of glasses who had been completely hidden from her casual glance, and then she gave her four sharp barks with an emphasis that challenged dispute.

On one of her welcome visits to the Times-Herald building Bozzie was asked how many persons were in the business office. After inspecting the whole department she barked twenty-six in her peculiar method of two and six. She was then asked, 'How many are women?' and promptly answered four. This was thought to be a mistake, for only three were visible. So Bozzie was asked to try again. But she stuck to her four barks, and running behind one of the desks indicated where the fourth girl was hidden by the top of the desk as she bent over her work.

Similar instances of Bozzie's remarkable arithmetical gifts could be multiplied indefinitely. It remains, however, to speak of the inexpressible feats she performed, which discount those of legerdemain and enter the domain of the marvellous if not incred-

gill, M. P., James H. Metcalfe, M. P., and a hundred more as prominent public-spirited men.

Too many people have dallied with this dreaded disease, experimenting with worthless, untried and irritating so called cures, only to find disappointment and a deep seating of the malady which means years of misery if not checked. Why not trust the man's testimony whom you think worthy to represent you in the House of Parliament—the man you would trust as your spiritual adviser—the man you would trust the education of your son—to be your adviser in the matter of your health. Take warning, and if there is hint of the catarrh taint apply Dr. Agnew's Catarrhal Powder without delay. It will save you suffering, heal you surely, absolutely and permanently, whether you have been a slave one month or fifty years. It relieves cold in the head in ten minutes.

DR. AGNEW'S CURE FOR THE HEART gives relief inside of 30 minutes, and no heart trouble so hopeless it will not cure.

DR. AGNEW'S OINTMENT heals "pimply" faces and other skin affections. Cures piles in from 3 to 5 nights.

DR. AGNEW'S LIVER PILLS, smallest and cheapest pill made—20 cents for 40 doses.—Sold by E. C. Brown.

able. An observer would be asked to place his hand on Bozzie's head and think of a number. In response to her master she would bark out the number. Her owner, George B. Olson, to whom we tender the sympathy of all who knew Bozzie and love dogs, would give the correct answer all the same. She could be blindfolded and in silence the company would fix its thoughts on a number indicated by one holding up fingers. Bozzie would instantly respond with the corresponding number of barks.

On one occasion when Bozzie visited the office of the Times Herald she was asked to tell the age of Peter, the colored sentinel of the editorial room. Peter was asked to place his hand on Bozzie's head and think of the two figures representing his age. Without hesitation or a word spoken Bozzie barked four times. Then after a pause she barked eight times, hesitated and gave a half hearted yelp for nine.

During this performance Peter's face was a study of mingled amazement, incredulity and awe. When Bozzie had stumbled over the ninth bark Mr. Olson asked Peter how he had thought of his age. Peter exclaimed that he first fixed his mind on 48, but while Bozzie was barking he bethought himself that he was nearer 49 than 48 years old, and so began questioning mentally whether he should not have given himself the benefit of one more year's experience of this vale of tears.

By what process of mental telegraphy did this dog read the thoughts of Peter or anyone, concentrating them on numerals? This is a question that baffles the wisdom of the wisest, and yet this dog, the victim of as criminal a piece of brutality as was ever committed performed it without hesitation and without mistake. Bozzie was as beautiful and gentle as she was gifted beyond her kind. The disposition and human intelligence of such an animal almost makes us question whether, like Byron's Newfoundland 'Boatswain,' she will be Denied in heaven the soul she held on earth.

What is Needed By every man and woman if they desire to secure comfort in this world is a corn sheller. Putman's Corn Extractor shells corns in two or three days and without discomfort or pain. A hundred imitations prove the merit of Putman's Painless Corn Extractor, which is always sure, safe and painless. See signature of Putman & Co. on each bottle. Sold by medicine dealers.

'Did you ever call upon Dr. Moque professionally?' 'Yes. Once, I was drowning.'

'Drowning?' 'Yes. He diagnosed on the instant and wrote a prescription on a chip, and threw it into the water where I could get it.'

'What was the prescription?' 'Rx. Swim.'

Master—Describe the route you would have to follow to get to the Martinique Islands?' Pupil—I first proceed to Southampton—'Well, and then?' 'Then I go on board a steamer, and leave the rest to the captain, who knows the way much better than I do.'

'Did you lose any money at the races?' 'Not a cent,' answered the patient man.

'That was lucky?' 'Well, I suppose so. But I was entitled to some luck. You see I had my pocket picked just before the first race started.'

ABSOLUTE SECURITY. Genuine Carter's Little Liver Pills.

Must Bear Signature of [Signature] See Pac-Style Wrapper Below. Very small and as easy to take as sugar. CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS. FOR HEADACHE. FOR DIZZINESS. FOR BILIOUSNESS. FOR TORPID LIVER. FOR CONSTIPATION. FOR SALLOW SKIN. FOR THE COMPLEXION. PURELY VEGETABLE. CURE SICK HEADACHE.

Mrs. Stapleton... SHOE... IT ME... PAC... Dress... Large... L. H. PAC

Say.

H. Metcalf, M. P., re-prominent public

have dallied with this experimenting with worth-... appointment and a deep... which means years... asked. Why not trust... whom you think worthy... in the House of Parliam... would trust as your... man you would trust... your son—to be your... or of your health. Take... re is hint of the catarrh... new's Catarrah! For... It will save you suffer... y, absolutely and per-... you have been a slave... years. It relieves cold in... nites.

CURE FOR THE... of inside of 30 minutes... able so hopeless it will

ointment heals... other skin affections... 3 to 5 nights.

LIVER PILLS, small-... ll made—90 cents for... E. C. Brown.

would be asked to place... his head and think of a... use to her master she... number. Her owner, ... to whom we tender the... knew Bozzie and love... the correct answer all... ld be blindfolded and... mpany would fix its... iber indicated by one... Bozzie would instantly... responding number of

when Bozzie visited the... Herald she was asked... ter, the colored senti-... room. Peter was asked... on Bozzie's head and... gures representing his... tion or a word spoken... times. Then after a... eight times, hesitated... orted yelp for nine.

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is needed... woman if they desire to... this world is a corn... Corn Extractor shells... e days and without... A hundred imitations... utman's Painless Corn... always sure, safe and... ture of Polson & Co... d by medicine dealers.

upon Dr. Moque pro-... s drowning.

the route you would... to the Martinique Is-... eed to Southampton—... eard a steamer, and... e captain, who knows... than I do.

money at the receiv-... ered the patient man.

so. But I was er-... You see I had my... before the first race

continued from page 14.

Mrs. Stapleton does not feel 'up to the mark,' and Penelope would only be in the way, as she has engaged a nurse as well as her maid, and keeps her room entirely.

Penelope cannot help a thrill of relief, though she regrets to hear of her aunt's disposition.

'Well?' says Jack. 'I am not to go yet. She is not very well, and can't do with me,' replies Penelope.

'By Jove! What luck!' exclaims Jack. He says it with his usual careless way of making himself pleasant, not because he was very much grieved over the idea of her loss, but Penelope glances up at him with a sudden joy that her going has been a grief to him.

His blue eyes are looking down into hers, and she thinks relief and happiness shine within them.

Her heart bounds, for Jack Armour has long been dear to her.

'Did you mind, Jack?' she asks, softly.

'Why, what did you think?' he asks, teasingly.

He is an ardent flirt by nature, and does not object to befouling poor little Penelope among the rest, cousin though she is.

'I certainly didn't think it affected you much,' she remarks, her heart still beating as Jack's words and glances have never made it beat before, for he has always seemed all—to entertain feelings quite like ordinary mortals.

'Oh! you don't know everything, little Pen,' he says, with what Penelope thinks a mysterious sadness. 'Some day you may understand me better.'

Penelope nurses this little speech in her heart for days.

Jack himself goes away smiling. He is very amiable and sweet in the home nowadays, for he is in the height of his passion for Lizzie Talbot, and knows himself loved by her in return.

But Penelope Graham—poor Penelope!—thinks he is brighter and happier because her scheme of going to reside with Mrs. Stapleton has fallen through, and cherishes a little fool's paradise of her own.

Mrs. Armour herself, although knowing better Jack's views even begins to hope that he has changed them, and intends to think of Penelope, after all.

He goes about with a gay smile than usual, and unconsciously deceives everyone around him, for nobody guesses the wheels within wheels.

All this time, Penelope, having given up her school, does not encounter the Reverend Patrick Colquhoun, although she often gives him a regretful thought, and a wish that he may find some good woman to make him happy.

One morning, however, she meets him unexpectedly as they are both turning in at the gate of a pretty cottage that stands in a row at the other side of the common.

It is the abode of a Mrs. Talbot, a wash-erwoman, but a rather superior person for such a position, and considered by her neighbors as "very respectable."

She is none other than Lizzie's mother. Penelope is a not infrequent visitor at the cottage, and has more than once seen and spoken to Lizzie herself, little sus-pecting she will one day be mixed up with her late.

This morning, as Mr. Colquhoun sees her, he gives a glad start of surprise.

'Miss Graham! Penelope!' he exclaims. 'Then you did not go?'

'No; I am going later on.'

She shakes hands, and explains the cause of the delay.

Patrick's honest, plain face looks bright-er than the girl has ever seen it.

'I was afraid to call at the Court, he says. 'I felt you would be gone. The new may have you with us for the autumn?'

'Yes; I expect I shall be here,' she says slowly, anxious not to excite his hopes.

'My aunt is always more or less of an invalid, and, when she has a sort of relapse like this her recovery is generally slow.'

They enter the cottage together.

Mrs. Talbot, usually a cheery, rather clever woman, looks, this morning, gloomy and out of spirits.

The cause comes out before long, for she is not one to keep things to herself, with such a sympathetic friend and admirer as Mr. Colquhoun, and such a gentle visit-er as Penelope, to listen to her.

It is concerning Lizzie, the much-loved daughter.

'The girl doesn't seem herself—don't eat nothing, and don't seem to rest. Sits about reading all day, and burns the candles at night over the same game.'

LOOK OUT FOR ALL BAD SHOE DRESSING

IT MEANS RUIN TO YOUR SHOES

PACKARD'S Dressings

will save you from an untimely fate, and can be had at all shoe stores. Large size, 25c. Fancy size, 15c. L. H. PACKARD & CO., Montreal.

### Spring Weather Weakness

Try as you may, you cannot escape the weary, worn out, dont-care-to-work feeling that accompanies spring weather.

Brain is not as clear as it ought to be; there is languor and listlessness instead of energy and activity.

Burdock Blood Bitters is what people need this weather.

It sets the liver, bowels, and kidneys acting, whereby all poisons are eliminated from the system; cleans the tongue, improves the appetite, purifies and enriches the blood.

MISS MARY J. IRWIN, Holland, Man., writes:

"I have used Burdock Blood Bitters as a spring medicine for three years now and don't think there is its equal anywhere. When I feel drowsy and tired, and have no desire to eat, I get a bottle of B.B.B."

"I think it purifies the blood and builds up the constitution better than any other remedy."

Sits wrapped in a sort of dream, don't answer when she's spoken to, and is that silent there's no getting any satisfaction out of her. She must have a secret of some sort, that's what it is, and it makes me that uneasy, I'm regular upset," says Mrs. Talbot.

'Wouldn't she tell it to you if you asked her?' says Penelope, thinking that, with Lizzie's innocent eyes, there cannot be much amiss.

'Oh! she always wriggles out of it, miss, with one excuse or another. She's a changed girl, that's what she is.'

'Is she not as good and dutiful daughter to you as she was?' inquires Mr. Colquhoun.

'Oh, yes, sir, as far as that goes; but there's something very strange about it to me,' replies Mrs. Talbot, with a wrinkled brow. 'I'm afraid I've spoilt her, and now she's beginning to have secrets from me.'

They try to console the disatisfied and rather anxious mother, and then depart, Penelope little imagining of what interest Lizzie Talbot's shortcomings might be to herself.

It is some weeks later when she has a great shock.

She has been visiting some poor cottager and has been delayed in her return home therefore it is rather late when she finds herself hurrying through the dew laden meadows in the direction of the Court.

A little way before her, over one of the hedges, she perceives what she takes to be two rustic lovers, wandering slowly and happily along, the girl leaning upon the man's arm and looking up into his face adoring affection.

Yet, something seems so familiar to Penelope in the young fellow's broad shoulders and general air, that she is puzzled, and involuntarily hastens her steps a little to catch them up and satisfy her curiosity.

When she does so, and recognises in the man her cousin, Jack Armour, and in the woman Lizzie Talbot, the fields, road, sky, and hedges seem all to swim around her, and her heart to stop beating.

Jack walking with his arm around another girl, and that girl one so far beneath him in social position as Mrs. Talbot, the washerwoman's daughter.

Jack looking lovingly down into her brown eyes, and whispering tender nothings into her too attentive ear.

Can it be possible? Is it true, or is it some horrible nightmare?

She goes home, without being seen by the lovers, but from the hour that this unexpected sight confronts her, Penelope feels that the world has changed, and herself with it.

She had never suspected that her cousin was the sort of man to descend to find his pleasure in the society of girls of Lizzie's stamp, or rather class, for she does not feel much inclined to blame Lizzie herself.

She is more just than the generality of her sex, and gives the reproach where it should be, and that is to the man.

He is forgetting himself utterly in associating with a girl so far beneath him and he is deceiving her in any way he is capable of like a villain.

So Penelope Graham says to herself, and in spite of her usual gentleness, says it with burning indignation.

She thinks over the matter for a long time, but she does not see how she can act in it.

She does not wish to make her Aunt Margaret uneasy by detailing to her the fact she has discovered, she cannot attack Lizzie on the subject, and to Jack she would not say one word for any consideration.

Conscious of her own secret she fears he might construe her righteous rebuke into a more expressive of jealousy.

So she carries about with her a heavy and watchful heart in silence.

The very next day however, a month later than the one on which she was bidden to delay her visit, a telegram is again handed in at Stane Court.

Mrs. Stapleton is dead! Penelope will now never more be wanted to beguile her dreary hours, and Patrick Colquhoun may hope to keep her yet awhile in the neighborhood where, even if she is set for him, he can at least occasionally hear her voice, or catch a glimpse of her sweet face.

But Mrs. Stapleton's death makes a material difference in Penelope's fortunes.

It is only a few days after the receipt of the telegram that they hear the whole of the deceased woman's wealth is to become the possession of her brother's daughter, Miss Graham, her only relative in the world.

Mrs. Stapleton having been a rich woman, Penelope has become one also, to her own unbounded amazement.

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## Seal Brand Coffee

(1 lb. and 2 lb. cans.) Every bean effuses fragrant coffee of absolute purity.

It is largely imitated. Examine your purchase closely. CHASE & SANBORN, MONTREAL AND BOSTON.

and deliberately butted its companion into the pool, and made its escape.

A man who had several elephants under his observation in India once told this story: 'One of the elephants was kept in a corral, the door of which was bolted.

This elephant came one day to the gate, carrying a pitcher in its trunk, which it overturned when we approached. Its master opened the gate whereupon the elephant marched to the spring and drank.

Then it turned and opened the gate, by sliding back the bolt and entered the corral, then puts its trunk over the fence and ran the bolt in again. This man would speak in a low voice as follows: 'Maggie, I wish you would come and take my friend on your back.'

The elephant would immediately respond. At a luncheon given by this gentleman he said, 'Maggie, will you oblige me by opening the claret?'

The animal at once took up the bottle, in which the corkscrew had been inserted, and opened it without spilling a drop. An instance of the intelligence of the elephant is seen in the yards at Madras. Here many work, and gather as human laborers at the sound of a bell; but when the noon hour comes they invariably stop and cannot be deceived by delirious the ringing of the bell.

Elephants are afraid of fire, but they have been known to work in tearing down buildings, aiding the men in preventing the spread of flames.

Perhaps one of the most interesting features about the elephant is the fact that at certain times it becomes dangerous. Whenever trainers or keepers are killed by elephants it is by those animals which are said to be "must." It is the head of an elephant's carefully examined, between the eye and the ear a very small hole or orifice not much larger than a head of a pin will be seen. This is the opening of a gland according to all elephant experts, is the seat of trouble in the case of ugly elephants.

A keeper who was with elephants all the time said that he had often seen elephants select a small twig or straw and carefully probe the opening. The keepers are of the belief that when this duct becomes clogged the elephant becomes insane.

Elephants that are must, or mad, are affected in different ways. Some become very sleepy; others are seized with a mania to kill everything in sight; others brake away and take to the woods and never recover, seemingly venting their spite against all mankind. So universal is the belief among elephant men that the period of must or madness is associated with the little orifice in the side of the head that when they see oily fluid coming from it, the animal is shackled and watched, and considered dangerous. This peculiar secretion flows for a while, the temples swell and the elephant is as mad as it can be.

In India the term rogue, or mad elephant, is applied to the must elephants, and if their was an elephant insane asylum such elephants would be the patients. The flow of must from the little orifice referred to is observed in both male and female, but curiously enough not in females in confinement. When an elephant becomes insane from must, or [some other cause the first symptom as a rule, is a desire to kill every other living thing. It will allow a keeper to approach, then suddenly snatch him up with his trunk and hurl him to the ground, or if excited by a crowd, it will burst its bonds and rush into it trampling people down, or trying to kill them. In many cases this period of must is temporary; again the animal appears to go insane in every sense of the term.

In their native wilds a must elephant becomes what is termed a solitary; in other words, it avoids its own kind very much as does a human lunatic. Last year these solitary killed sixty one persons in India. Parts of that country are frequently terrorized by mad elephants, and rewards are offered to hunters to kill them. Some time ago the natives of Jubbulpore, in a central province of India, appealed to the Government to protect them from a mad elephant. This elephant was called a man eater from the fact that it was supposed erroneously to devour its human victims.

The elephant undoubtedly had a craze for killing human beings. To secure its prey this elephant, which was called Mandia, and was once a tame animal, would break into homes, rushing at the frail walls like a battering ram and seizing the occupants as they ran out. The Government sent a detachment of troops to the haunts of this beast and finally this mad elephant was brought down by a rifle bullet, but not until it had destroyed hundreds of dollars' worth of property and many human beings.

A remarkable mad elephant patrolled the country known as the Doon in India, killing natives for fifteen years before it was slain; and in that time it destroyed a vast amount of property and scores of lives and many domestic animals. The elephant was originally owned by the Government, and when it escaped it wore a shackle and chain, the clanking of which became well known to the natives, who, when they heard it, ran for their lives. In Ceylon the mad elephant is called a horajor ronke-dor, and some years ago one took possession of the famous Rangoode Pass and held it against all comers. This elephant had a peculiar method of destroying its victims, which was to seize them by the feet and beat out their brains against a bank. Coming upon a party of travelers it killed those it could catch, tore the carriage in pieces and destroyed every article that could be pulled apart. Another mad elephant rushed at a gentleman and his valet, killing the latter, but in trying to wrench an arm from the former the elephant threw the man aloft with such force that he landed in a tree and so escaped. It is not uncommon to read advertisements in the Ceylon papers to the effect that a reward will be offered for the destruction of an insane elephant that has taken possession of some part of the country.

Mad elephants are not unknown in the United States. The famous Don Pedro, owned in Philadelphia, went mad. The well known Chief, owned by a circus, went mad, and in Charleston, S. C., killed its keeper before hundreds of people, and would have killed others had it not been for the coolness of the other keepers. The pet elephant of the Duke of Edinburgh, Tom, went mad in the same manner and killed its keeper. Perhaps the greatest pain ever occasioned by an elephant in this country was that caused by the sudden madness of Emperor, which belonged to Barnum. The elephant first displayed evidences of insanity in Troy, where it suddenly ran away and plunged into the iron foundry of Erastus Corning. Then it rushed out and killed or injured several persons. In addition it destroyed \$4,000 worth of property. The elephant, named of the Forepaugh company, was undoubtedly insane and had a record, when it finally died, of having killed three men and destroyed \$50,000 worth of property. Barnum's Albert was another insane pachyderm.

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Mortar and Excitement.

There is something instructive as well as amusing in a misadventure which recently befell one of our youthful subscribers named Hamlin Cobb. Master Cobb and a companion were near falling victims to what might be termed an unpremeditated chemical experiment. Some may even fancy that there was a flavor of the romantic in their adventure, although it is doubtful whether either of the young participants thought so at the time.

weighing about two hundred pounds, down to the boat on a barrow, and rolled them aboard, taking care to keep them dry. They settled the small craft well in the water. But the two packages of hair were light, and on the whole the boat trimmed well.

heard, supporting themselves with the bow line of their boat, while the boat itself went up a vast white pillar of steam and smoke as it drifted on with the squall.

three years. During much of that time there was hardly a day when he was not seeking to fathom the mystery, or when he did not receive a letter from some part of the world about the fate of his boy.

GRIPPE'S LEGACY.

Shattered Nerves AND Weakened System. A Montreal Gentleman Tells About It.

CANADIAN PACIFIC

FOR PASSENGER FREIGHT RATES AND STEAMER SAILINGS to the Cape Nome Gold Fields, FOR SPACE IN TOURIST SLEEPER

Dominion Atlantic R'y.

On and after Monday, Feb. 6th, 1900, the Steamship and Train service of this railway will be as follows:

EXPRESS TRAINS

Daily (Sunday excepted). Lvs. Halifax 6.30 a.m., arr. in Digby 12.30 p.m.

S. S. Prince Arthur.

YARMOUTH AND BOSTON SERVICE. By far the finest and fastest steamer plying out of Boston. Leaves Yarmouth, N. S., Wednesday, and Saturday immediately on arrival of the Express Train from Halifax arriving in Boston early next morning.

Intercolonial Railway

On and after Monday, Oct. 16th, 1899 trains will run daily, (Sunday excepted.) TRAINS WILL LEAVE ST. JOHN

MYSTERIES OF THE CENTURY.

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE TWELVE.)

exhausted in the vain attempt to detect the piteous secret. Only four years old, a pretty child with bright curls, dancing eyes and winsome face, and still wearing the frocks of babyhood, the boy had been tenderly reared by his parents in their old-fashioned mansion at Germantown in the suburban region of Philadelphia.

DIED.

Fiction, Apr. 3, Andrew McKay, 92. Amherst, Apr. 9, Gertrude Laws, 56. Halifax, Apr. 12, William Spence, 59.

MARRIED.

Rhode Island, Feb. 6, Patrick Amiro to Alice Charland. East Boston, Mar. 10, by Rev. O. D. Fisher, Hovey

TRAINS WILL ARRIVE AT ST. JOHN

Express from Sussex. Accommodation from Moncton. Express from Halifax, Quebec and Montreal.