

# PROGRESS.

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## WHO IS IN THE SWIM?

WHAT IS WHAT ALDERMEN ARE TRYING TO FIND OUT.

And Their Opponents are Doing Their Best to Oust Them From the Esteem of the Voters—Some Comments on the Strife and Who are in the Battle.

The sensation of this week in civic politics—if there could be a sensation in those affairs—was the letter of Mr. Edward Sears, one of the mayoralty candidates, referring to the agreement between the C. P. R., and the city. Mr. Sears sent his letter to both morning newspapers, the Sun and the Telegraph. The Sun published it, the Telegraph did not. But the Telegraph came out the next morning with a long editorial on Mr. Sears' attitude and endeavored to show that he was an enemy to the city and to the electors. They will, no doubt exercise their own judgment and the opposition to the agreement between the railway and the city may be stronger than it seems to be upon the surface.

That would not be surprising although the citizens as a body know very little indeed about the terms of this much talked about agreement but they have the general idea that the city has done more than its share toward harbor improvements and that the C. P. R. is ready to take all they can get and then ask for more. That is, without question, the policy of all great corporations but the people of St. John have been so generous in their appropriations that they have no reason to expect that the railway people will ask them to practically give them the control of the terminus.

At any rate Mr. Sears is out against the agreement and Dr. Daniel, so PROGRESS is informed, is a strong supporter of the measure. The portraits of both of these gentlemen were printed in PROGRESS last week, so the people are pretty well acquainted with their appearance. They are looking for the votes of the electors and quite unexpectedly to them an issue has been raised and they have taken it up. The question is simply whether the agreement between the city and the railway is for the benefit of the taxpayers or not. Mr. Sears says it is not. Dr. Daniel says it is.

For many years there has been no issue in civic politics and now when one comes into view, it is well indeed that the supporters of each should have their exponents. PROGRESS takes no side in this mayoralty battle. Both of the gentlemen who are asking the votes of the electors are very well known to all the people. They are simply doing their best to present the issues in the way most favorable to themselves and to the electors and it is well that both sides of this most important question should be shown. Mr. Sears takes the ground that there is really no agreement, that the city and the railway people have been changing the document so often that it has no "tangibility." That is the word his letter hinges upon.

The Telegraph, on the contrary, thinks that Mr. Sears is attacking the C. P. R. and of course make its attack upon him. Then, naturally, the war having opened, Mr. Sears is opposed for the chair of the chief magistrate.

Dr. Daniel comes to the front and purposes to support the agreement. That has made the issue. Every citizen will be glad it has arisen if it increases his knowledge of this most important business, an undertaking which is greater than the city of St. John has been involved in for many years.

Then, coming next to this question of who shall be mayor, the problem of who will represent Duke's, Queens, Stanley or other sections of the city comes to the front. In writing, "Dukes" came first to the pen, and it is, perhaps, a coincidence that there is no opposition announced up to this date. Alderman Tufts bids fair to hold down the seat for that ward. Then there is his neighbor, Sidney, with no opposition as yet spoken of. Ald. Waring seems to be one of the most fortunate men at the board. He can do most anything he pleases; leave his ward and his constituents, go to the West Indies or to Central America and return with a reelection as a gift from the people. Then to make everything all right, the alderman, who is an expert machinist, gets a position in Allan's Foundry. The city, or the citizens, did not have anything to do with this, and, no doubt, it was only a matter of a good man to fill a

good place, but there are people who have told PROGRESS from time to time that because Alderman Waring is foreman of the Allan Foundry, all the work of the city in that line goes to that establishment. That is natural, no doubt. The policy of "Scratch my back and I'll scratch yours," is quite in vogue yet.

Then there is Queens ward—the ward with the largest paid up vote in the city. The old men have retired because it appears that the only candidates for mayor come from this part of the city. Mayor Robertson is a Queen's ward voter. Mr. Chas. MacLaughlan who opposed him is also from the same locality. Then, this year, the alderman representing Queens, Dr. Daniel, is out for Mayor and the gentleman who has represented Queens in the past, Mr. Edward Sears, is opposing him. So everything comes from Queens in the way of the highest civic honors.

But in Prince they say that there is going to be a royal battle. Alderman McPherson thinks the people want him again and Mr. Robert Maxwell, a well known contractor and good citizen has been induced by his friends to place himself in opposition. Some say Mr. Kickham is out too, but the rumor is all the authority PROGRESS has. Alderman McPherson is a grocer and a man who speaks his mind upon occasions at the council board. When he is upon his feet you can always depend upon a declamatory effort.

To step around the corner and talk to Mr. James Dunlap, a voter will find that he is thinking of civic politics and not much else at this season of the year. And that is no reflection on Mr. Dunlap. He has gone into the fight against Alderman Macrae and he wants to beat him; therefore he is canvassing before he opens the store in the morning and when he is on his way home at night.

To gaze at Alderman Macrae as he hurries along the street with his silken tie or to hear him at the council board—as one does quite frequently—an elector would not imagine that he was worried at all about the result. Still he feels no doubt with the discernment of a man who can feel public opinion that he is going to have a fight and that he will do the best he can to save his aldermanic life.

In Victoria the deputy mayor will no doubt be returned without opposition. He is one of the best men at the board, and will, no doubt, some day occupy the chair that Mayor Robertson has filled with so much acceptance for four years. He was opposed for two years by Ex-Alderman Seaton, and the contest was always sharp and close. But, although Queens ward always defeated the ex-alderman, today he is offering himself as a candidate for that section. He is bearding the lion in his den. His opponent is Dr. W. W. White who has been at the board before and wants to get there again. Dr. White has this advantage over Mr. Seaton. He has a palatial residence on the corner of Princess and Sydney streets and in the popular way of phrasing "has money to burn." Mr. Seaton, on the contrary, is a quiet printer on a quiet street—Germain. He is asking the votes of Queen's ward electors because he is in business among them and has a good right to present himself as a candidate.

In Dufferin that able man, good lawyer and hard civic worker, Alderman Millidge, is to the front. He is opposed by N. W. Brennan and Mr. E. J. Armstrong has not changed his mind since PROGRESS saw him last there won't be any further opposition. Mr. Brennan is asking for votes; that is something that Mr. Millidge will not do. He said last year that if the people wanted him they would elect him—if they didn't, he was content. What a happy frame of mind for even a civic politician!

Two medical men are out, it is said, in the next ward—Lansdowne, Dr. Christie and Dr. Smith. The former is the present alderman, a physician, the latter, a dentist. In the words of a well known writer who contributes occasionally to these columns "you pay your money and you take your choice."

The small ward of Stanley—small, so far as voters are concerned, but larger in area than any or all of the city wards—is causing more talk than any of the contested districts. Alderman McGoldrick is representing it today and has done so for fourteen years. And yet there is a formulated effort to oust him from a place that affords him a revenue of \$100 a year and probably costs him \$1,000. He is chair-

man of the safety board and a catholic—the only one at a board of fifteen—and there is where the rub comes in. PROGRESS knows no religion when it talks of politics or anything else and proposes to judge Alderman McGoldrick by his civic record rather than by his belief. He is opposed by Mr. Holder who has been against him two years before. Mr. Holder has accepted the nomination and will no doubt retain many of the friends who have voted for him before.

What must be said about Alderman McMulklin and his doughty opponent, J. W. Keast? The latter has something to say for himself in the advertising columns. He promises his "most earnest attention" to the business of the city and he also says that he "wants to be elected by the citizens to represent all the citizens. If the electors will place me in that position I shall be able to do honest straight forward business at the council board."

"Straight forward business" is what Alderman McMulklin has tried to do and if he has ever been pushed aside from the narrow path the reason has been his inability to resist. His intentions are all right.

The only place left to deal with is Carleton—better known as the home of ex-alderman Baxter. As there is special opposition in the West End, PROGRESS will reserve its observation on this contest until next week.

## ELIJAH AND HIS YACHT.

What it Cost Mr. Ross to Headstrong—He Lost his Yacht and \$35.

The good yacht Maple Leaf has been sailing in troubled waters of late, and like the model skipper Elijah Ross has stayed by his ship to the bitter end, even when it became hazardous to the health of his pocket book. He has the quality, it may be grit or it may be stubbornness, which made the Paris crew win races, and that made them row as though their lives depended on the issue, and though in this case every one will agree that he carried it too far the public will regret that Mr. Ross and his yacht, associates of many a well fought race, have had to part company.

And it all arose out of a little claim for salvage preferred by three or four men of the city, the claim being for only \$25. Now the costs of the whole thing amount to a few hundred and both parties are out of pocket considerably as a result. Mr. Ross is not vindicated in his position and in no way is anyone done much good by the business.

The story has been told by the daily papers, how Mr. Ross protested against paying the salvage, how the salvors brought suit in the admiralty court and secured a judgment for \$25 and costs, how Ross even then refused to pay, how the boat was seized by the marshal of the court, how it was sold to one of the salvors for \$130. Then in getting the boat from the boat-house there was trouble with Mr. Ross and the boat was damaged the purchaser refusing to take delivery and it had to be sold over again to Robt. J. Armstrong for \$135, how Ross then refused to give up the rigging and when the marshal went over for it threatened him with his fist and swore to break his d— old head, how an action for contempt of court was brought against Ross and how the case was finally settled.

All this meant a lot of time and work for a good many parties and of course this costs money, and if the thing is gone into, it will be seen just how much it did cost.

Mr. Ross loses his boat and \$35 the amount of the settlement and has quite a bill for counsel fees beside. As his boat is worth a few hundred dollars he has been hit quite hard. The first sale of the boat realized \$130; of this \$55 was paid into the registrar of the court, \$20 to the marshal and five dollars for advertising leaving \$50 to pay the \$25 of the salvors and \$25 for their counsel fee. Then when the boat was sold again, the previous purchaser having refused to take delivery, it realized \$135. But \$56 more expense had been added, \$40 for moving the boat, beside advertising, etc. The whole \$135 was therefore appropriated leaving nothing for the salvors and their counsel.

As the action had been against the yacht not against the owner he could not be made responsible for any more than what the yacht would bring, but Mr. W. H. Trueman, counsel for the salvors, now brought an action against Mr. Ross for contempt of court on the ground of his

CONSIDERED ON PAGES 10, 11.

## STYLES OF THE SEASON.

WHAT LADIES WILL WEAR THIS SPRING AND SUMMER.

And What the Milliners are Devising to Attract the Fair Sex—Some of the Creations Shown at Messrs. Cameron's and H. G. Marr's Emporiums.

Most everybody likes to know what is the very latest in bonnets and hats and what fashionable milliners are devising in the way of Easter work to fascinate femininity, and incidentally to beguile them into spending all their spare time at that now most attractive of all spots—the milliners establishment.

It is said that milliners to be a success need quite as much artistic taste as an artist and one could not doubt the truth of this statement as they looked upon the rare examples of spring millinery displayed this week at Charles K. Cameron's. Such creations only veritable artists could conceive and make, eyes with the keenest sense to harmonious colorings, and discords in color which do not jar, but make us marvel at the daring in so combining them, and which also appreciate the artistic outline of form, and just the proper tilt or wave of the brim to preserve the general idea of outline and which shall be becoming to the fair head which it is to crown. The most acute discrimination in these minor details which give the coveted air of exclusive style was particularly noticeable in Charles K. Cameron's models.

Any number of hats and bonnets were shown to a PROGRESS representative who called at that establishment this week but the task of adequately describing them does not lend itself to cold type.

A very stylish affair was of fawn satin straw turned up at the left side where it was caught with pink and white lilacs; large loops and ends of fawn and brown ribbon stood up from the same side while on the other was a particularly rich looking fox tail feather in brown and white falling towards the back.

Another was done in turquoise blue and black, with a crown of sequins fluffed around with two shades of blue chiffon; the brim was of jetted lace and chiffon, while the rest of the trimming was made up of a long looped bow of black ribbon velvet across the front and some tall green and purple aigrettes.

A chic little affair was of cerise and fancy straw, with points of black lace and ospreys at the front, and long black chiffon ties. A tam of cerise satin straw was covered with black dotted tulle, and had jetted wings and foliage at the left side with a rosette of the straw at the back.

One of the loveliest of the many lovely things noticed was a large blue and white hat the brim of which was lined with white chiffon, while fans of the same filmy material in the palest pink, and blue bows are at the side, and a large wreath of forget me-nots are laid carelessly on the crown. A large shepherdess was trimmed in blue and white, with a wreath of pink rosebuds and leaves, and a cloud of tulle around the crown and brim; catching up the back was a cluster of pale pink roses.

Something to cast longing eyes at was a bonnet in heliotrope and black, with a sequin crown, loops of heliotrope ribbon and a spike of flowers of the same color. Narrow black velvet ties finished one of the prettiest things in the whole display. A penitential affair in all black was just chic enough to put its future lucky wearer in the happiest of moods. It was made up gauzy chiffon, and black leaves, black ospreys, gauze ribbon and straw trimming arranged most artistically.

A fashionable Napoleon toque was profusely trimmed with black and white tips, and an immense bunch of pink roses at the back. Cameron's have not forgotten the very young people, for many handsome and useful things are shown for their especial benefit. A large white pique hat with a fluting of lace on the brim and stiff white feathers at the left of the tam crown, attracted universal attention and admiration.

Mr. Cameron's millinery rooms were prettily arranged for the opening and despite the snow which fell all day Thursday the place was filled with ladies from early morning and a surprisingly large number of hats and bonnets disappeared quickly from the exhibit. Courteous attendants are always on hand in this establishment and a visit to it is a veritable pleasure, a fact that has been fully appreciated this week by St. John ladies.

After all Nature is slow—the live mer-

chant has already forced into bloom the spring hat, and to speak the truth his courage does him credit. Artistic workers have given themselves just enough latitude to get fetching results while yet stopping this side of ridiculous extremes.

Some of the nicest work of the season was displayed to an admiring public this week at H. G. Marr's establishment corner of Union and Coburg streets and found ready purchasers, many of the visiting milliners taking advantage of the opening to carry off some of the prettiest hats early in the day.

The store was elegantly decorated with chiffon and flowers in the latest shades of blue and orange, and the effect was wonderfully artistic.

The present season is decidedly one of color and the general effect is dazzling.

Mr. Marr has secured the services of a first class milliner and those who are an authority upon such subjects say is a past mistress of her art. Among the many pretty things shown at Marr's this week might be mentioned the following.

Among the leading models from Madame Pouyauve is a shepherdess of violet liberty silk, the drooping brim formed of three ruffles edged with black velvet ribbon. Black plumes drooping gracefully over crown and large rosettes of black velvet ribbon on hair.

Another shepherdess is found of black net ruffled with narrow French lace and trimmed with three long sweeping plumes; and net scarf caught to piece with rhinestone buckles.

A large black hat is finished on edge with drooping flounce of lace, the crown white mousseline de soie edged with black lace applique, black and white ostrich plumes in front.

A stylish model for a young girl is in a bright flame red, banded across back with scarlet poppies veiled with mousseline de soie, scarlet wings and rhinestone buckles in right.

Another stylish toque is in the new turquoise shade, fine fancy braid raised on left with two pair of black jetted wings turquoise aigrettes, and large velvet rosettes shirred on cord.

A very becoming round hat is in pale grey, tam crown overlaid with soft puffings of black and white net, a fluted brim of black, edged with grey, a wreath of pale pink chrysanthemums extending from crown over left side to fall on hair, cluster of grey ostrich tips on left.

## REFUSED TO PAY INSURANCE.

Because the Building Was Not Occupied at Time of Fire.

It is usual for a fire insurance company to be fairly liberal in dealing with losses in order to make themselves popular with the insuring public, but Mr. E. L. Whittaker must work in different lines. The Agricultural Society have a building at the entrance to the athletic grounds and it was damaged by fire recently. Mr. Bates appraised the loss for the society at \$60 but this Mr. Whittaker, who had the insurance, refused to pay. He said in the first place that the building was unoccupied and they did not consider that they were liable when a building was not occupied. Furthermore, they had not been notified that Mr. Bates was going to appraise the loss. Mr. Whittaker, however, offered to compromise for \$30.

The matter came before the directors of the Agricultural Society on Thursday and there was some pretty plain talk. It was proved pretty decisively that the insurance men had been notified when the building had become unoccupied and though they had cut down the amount of the policy from \$600 to \$300 it had not been totally cancelled and premiums had been taken from the Agricultural Society since then. Now it was very small business for the insurance man to refuse to pay the full loss. President Shaw said he would be willing to let the case go before the courts and find out whether insurance companies could shirk their liabilities. No definite action was taken at the meeting but the members of the society seemed to be all of one mind on the question.

## Only for Small Subscribers.

The Salvation Army does not need any hints about business. They can collect more in a week when they set about it than any religious organization in the city. Of course PROGRESS is speaking of small amounts. The latest idea in this direction is the "poor-box of the Salvation Army." This is placed everywhere—in hotels, in saloons—wherever they can get permission. And the results are surprising.

A BATTLE WITH PIRATES.

A LARGE NUMBER BEHEADED A DESPERATE FIGHT.

The Death of Lun Tai the Famous Chinese Pirate Recalls a Thrilling Incident—A Direful and Interesting Warning Given to Robbers of the Sea.

Lun Tai is dead. The famous Chinese pirate is no more. For more than thirty-five years he has been sought for by the European coast guards, at first eagerly, and later hopelessly, and has at last been brought to judgment by a shot from the rifle of a German marine in Kiao Chou harbor. The seaman aimed higher than he suspected. Seeing a Chinaman sneaking along the deck of a German man-of-war toward a sailor peering the deck, he caught the gleam of a knife, and without awaiting developments, opened fire, dropping the would-be assassin in his tracks. When the body was examined it was recognized as that of the worst desperado and pirate that the eastern seas have ever known, a man whose bloody deeds outnumber the most murderous, a fiend incarnate.

The story of his ravages is an old one. It has often been told by seamen, but the tale of the first capture of the gang, without a leader, for Lun Tai had fled, is well worth reciting. One of Lun Tai's bold raids had led to a combination between the English war vessels and the Chinese regular soldiers for united action against the pirates. Efforts were made to capture Lun Tai, for he was known to be head, front, and brains of the gang. After the famous engagement of the pirates' stronghold, the dead were all carefully examined, but Lun Tai had received warning from some of the very Chinese that the British had sent forward as spies.

Captain Samuel Jackson of this city was an officer in the British navy at the time, and took part in the raid. He tells the story of that three days' stubborn fight with the cornered pirates, of their desperate struggles to escape when hemmed in, and of the execution of about 450 survivors by the authorities as follows:

"I know now that one of these spies sent out by Lun Tai, warned that old fox, Lun Tai, of the trap we were preparing for him. But we never knew it then, and we set about drawing the net so as to capture every one of these 1,500 pirates. The forces on the gunboats numbered about 500 men all told.

"The hour the land forces set out to blockade the hills back of the pirate nest we sailed up the coast to blockade the entrance of the bay and keep in the junks.

"The pirates were ready for us. About thirty junks of all sizes flying innumerable flags set up a deafening ringing of gongs. They changed them at a tremendous rate, for this it was believed would insure their success.

"I was an officer on her Majesty's steamship Pearl, which happened to be ordered guardship at Hong Kong. Without any loss of life on our side we relieved the monotony there by capturing the pirates' junks that would creep into the entrance of Hong Kong under cover of darkness and spy out the rich sailing vessels. Once these vessels were under outside, the pirates would swoop down and loot them.

"Our ship, Pearl, was too heavy draught to use against the pirates' junks, which could wallow into very shallow water, but lying along side of us in the harbor were three gunboats—the Firm, the Haughty and the Cockchafer.

"The Pearl, commanding the squadron, with the three gunboats alongside, sailed up to Swatow. Lun Tai, the Mayor, would furnish men to help us. He sent out spies, who returned with a description of the pirates' stronghold, which was twenty-five miles to the northwest of Swatow. It consisted of several fortifications, mud forts, and breastworks, with odds and ends of cannon, bought, stolen, or looted.

"We were prepared for their first assault with the deadly stinkpots. A pirate at the junk's masthead lifted one, but before it could be thrown we were at them with a stream of boiling water. Again and again they attempted to hurl them, always to be met by the hot water, which put out the fuse and made the stinkpot harmless. At length they saw the fruitlessness of it, and yelling cursing like demons, they poured a savage fire on us from the earthworks on the shore and showered the gongs from the junks.

"It was now a hand to hand fight. When absolute disregard of death could not keep them from the stockade and up the hills. That was showing them out of the frying pan into the fire, for on the brow of the hill the Chinese regulars were drawn up, waiting for them.

ed in, all dragging heavy chains. They were battered, ragged and covered with blood. They looked the fighting devils they were.

"Lun Tai, the mayor, summoned all the inhabitants of the district on the plain before the town, and all the captured pirates—at about 450—were beheaded as a warning to all sea robbers.

"Men, chosen for the purpose gathered up the severed heads of the pirates and placed them at equal distances around the walls of Swatow where they hung for three days. It was horrible, but from that time pirates ceased their depredations in that locality."—Philadelphia Times.

Nurse Morris' Secret.

EXPLAINS HOW SHE SAVES MOTHERS' LIVES.

The Critical Time of Maternity and the Methods of a Famous Nurse to Restore the Mother's Strength

From the Evening News Detroit, Mich.

No woman is better fitted for nursing or has had more years of practical experience in that work than Mrs. Moses Morris, of 340 Fourteenth street, Detroit, Mich. For twenty years she has been recognized as the best and most successful nurse in confinement cases, and over three hundred happy mothers can testify to her skillful nursing and care. Always engaged months ahead, she has had to decline hundreds of pressing and pleading applications for her services. She has made a specialty of confinement cases, and has made so high a reputation in this city that her engagement, in all cases, is taken as a sure sign of the mother's speedy recovery.

Mrs. Morris was a nurse in England before she came to America, and so was her mother and her mother's mother before her. When asked once by a leading physician the secret of her great success in treating mothers in confinement cases, she said she used Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People in such cases, as they build up the mother more quickly and surely than any other medicine she had ever used.

Mrs. Morris was seen at her pretty little home on Fourteenth Street, and when asked regarding the use of these pills in her profession, she said: "I have used Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People since they were put on the market. They built me up when I was all run down and so nervous I could not get any rest. After they had helped me I began to use them in restoring mothers in confinement cases. There is nothing that can be prescribed or given by a physician that will give health and strength to a mother so quickly as Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People. It is true that in some cases where the father or parents were prejudiced against the much advertised Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People I gave them as 'Tonic Pills,' but they all came out of a Dr. Williams' Pink Pills box.

"I have given them in hundreds of cases of confinement to the mother, and it is wonderful how they built up the system. I have practically demonstrated their great worth many times and have recommended them to hundreds of mothers for their young daughters. Yes, I have been successful in confinement cases, but I must give Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People a great part of the credit for the speedy recovery of mothers. They certainly have no equal as a strength and health builder. You can say for me that I strongly advise that Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People be kept and used in every house."

All the elements necessary to give new life and richness to the blood and restore shattered nerves are contained, in a condensed form, in Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People. They are also a specific for troubles peculiar to females such as suppressions, irregularities and all forms of weakness. They build up the blood, and restore the glow of health to pale and sallow cheeks. In men they effect a radical cure in all cases arising from mental strain, over-work or excesses of whatever nature. Dr. Williams' Pink Pills are sold in boxes (never in loose bulk) at 50 cents a box or six boxes for \$2.50, and may be had of all druggists, or direct by mail from Dr. Williams' Medicine Company, Brockville, Ont.

The few men who have managed to reach heaven must be terribly spoiled by this time.

Ask your grocer for Windsor Salt

For Table and Dairy, Purest and Best

TALK OF A LONDON BOOTMAKER.

Size of the Princess of Wales's Feet—Shoes for American Women.

The agent of a firm of London boot-makers who is in this country taking orders told something about his business the other day to a Boston Herald reporter. Among the other things he said:

"I have measured the Princess of Wales and her daughters for shoes. I was a mere lad when I first paid a visit to Marlborough House, the town residence of the Prince of Wales, to measure the Princess and her daughters, and very kind and affable, they were, too. What sized boot does she wear? Oh, come now, that's asking me to answer an embarrassing question. Well, let us say that her feet are those of her daughters are about the same size as those of the majority of English ladies, which, by the way, will average from one to two and a half sizes larger than those of American ladies. I have always supposed that the great amount of walking done by our ladies is, in a measure, responsible for this. About what you would call a five is the average thing for an English lady, rather larger than that, I fancy, if anything. And the width? About medium—a 'C.' I should call it, according to your measurement.

"By the by, I may as well say that in beauty of the feet the American ladies altogether surpass those of any other nationality. Perhaps the Spanish ladies take as short a boot, but their feet are, as a rule, not nearly as slender, but more chubby, as it were. The Russian ladies also are the possessors of pretty feet, but hardly as much so as the Americans. As for the German—I'd rather not talk about them. Their feet are—well, beyond comparison.

But don't think that there are no exceptions to the rule among American women. Here is an exact sketch of the foot of a certain young New York lady. What do you think of that? The size? Well, that foot, to be comfortably shod, would take a No. 11 boot. The lady is about 5 feet six inches in height, and is a member of one of the best families in New York. She is shortly to become a bride, too; and there is another also. The lady is quite well known not only in New York, but also out of it. Nature has been unkind enough to bestow upon her a stature measuring 7 feet 8 inches, though, unfortunately, she is at the same time inclined to slenderness. And what sized boot does she wear? Well, I have never exactly reckoned up her size, but my impression is that it would be in the neighborhood of a No. 13. But the foot is slender in proportion to its length.

"I have visited Chicago, but I cannot say anything about the feet of the Chicago ladies by reason of the fact that I never measured them. Do you know, during my entire stay in that city, I never happened to see a man whom I called even decently dressed. I measured one of them for a boot, but when I told him my price he informed me that he was not in the habit of paying more than \$5 for russet shoes particularly. I did not attempt to do much business there after that.

If you are interested in obtaining property in England, Scotland, Ireland or anywhere, write us. Send 10 cents for Fortune Book, gives full name and description of 600 persons wanted to claim money.

McFARLANE & CO. Truro, N. S.

CONDENSED ADVERTISEMENTS.

Announcements under this heading not exceeding five lines (about 55 words) cost 25 cents each insertion. Five cents extra for every additional line.

A GOOD ACTIVE AGENT WANTED IN every locality to introduce our "Multum in Parvo" Iron. Big money for the right man on salary or commission. Only those who mean business need apply. CLARK & BROWN, Sole Agents for the Maritime Provinces. Bismarck, Kings County, N. B.

5 PACKS OF CARDS FREE. 1 Pack, May I.C.U. Home; 1 Pack, Rebuilding; 1 Pack, Finances; 1 Pack, Money to the Light; 1 Pack, Our Sons; 1 Pack, Two; 1 sample book full of Novelties. Send 5c. silver for postage. A. W. KINNEY, 3 J F Yarmouth, N.S.

WANTED: By an Old Established House—High Grade Man or Woman, good Church member, willing to see our business then to act as Manager and State Correspondent here. Salary \$900. Enclose self-addressed stamped envelope to A. T. Elder, Manager, 378 Michigan Ave. Chicago, Ill.

STAMPS: COLLECTIONS and old stamps collection or send list. For particulars address Box 553 St. John, N. B.

FOR SALE: A VALUABLE PROPERTY in the growing town of Berwick, N. S., known as "Brow's dock" and contains three stores all rented, also two tenements which can be easily converted into a Hotel. Orchard and stable in rear. Berwick is a noted health resort and is one of the most growing and prosperous towns in Nova Scotia. There is an excellent opening here for a Hotel. Terms \$400 down remainder on mortgage. Would exchange for good farming property. Apply to H. E. Jefferson or W. V. Brown, Berwick, Nova Scotia.

THE SCHOOL VERSUS THE OFFICE. THE SCHOOL. London has lately been greatly stirred by invasions of hosts of young seaman as well trained for office work that Englishmen stand no chance in competition with them.

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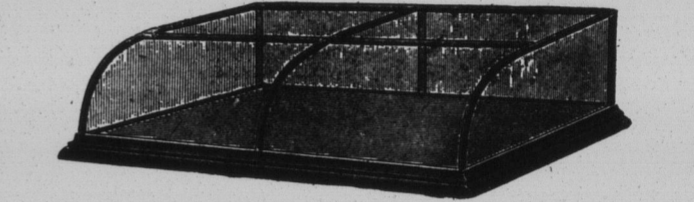


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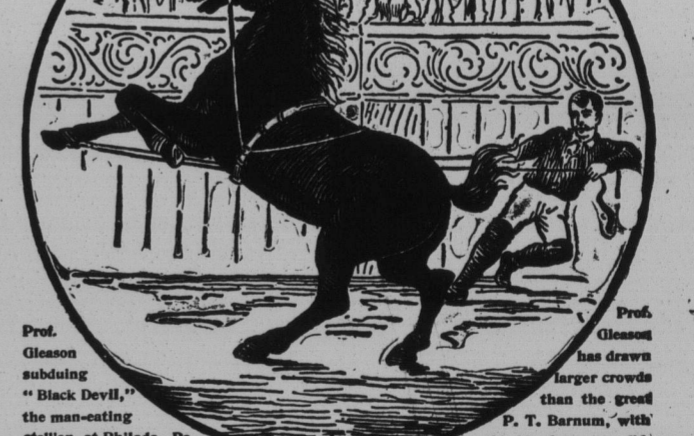
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MUSIC

St. John... unite in regard... the enterprise of... it possible for... in the vocal... next singer, to... Hitchock who... Professor Titus... April 12th. M... magnificent bar... best authorities... praise, and v... ing its hold... who know... music. I believ... programme num... derer" by Schu... to give an entr... other, and one... people of St. Jo... is "The Lost Ch... The array of t... the concert is o... the anticipated p... by the Orphan... Miss Trueman... recitation by M... Titus has alway... treat in his annu... every reason to... censes will be rep... event.

It is to be re... did not avail t... baldi the wonder... concerts in the... audiences, which... appreciation wi... The work of the... surprise to those... a forcefulness... playing that m... master of his ar... descriptive, and... iancy, power a... finish that won... ovation. Those... enough to atten... gratefully them... an artist a bette... difficult to find.

Tom's... May Irwin pai... New York dwell... worth \$100,000... two companies... She has two so... with her.

The Animat... London. Charles Em... opera, "The C... Waterbury, Con... have two weeks... before reaching

For a small... produces more g... country in the w... ed but peculiarl... nished great ge... and famous be... the "fair land of... by the distingui... tic and musical... Four of these re... and all of them... triumphs in their... are Modjeska, S... Jean de Reszke... people are the w... ates. It was at... the encouragem... Rasko gained... singer, and the... everywhere a fi... tenor, bearing a... translated reads... stage of the worl... retreats of our d... Little Jean." M... the patroness of... which the young... ki, gave when his... ing hair were stil... world. She and... from the same... been close friend... uished artists tak...

BUY Col

THE BEST Every pa... The 5 lb Ca... is the neate... market. Fo... class grocer...

Music and The Drama

IN MUSICAL CIRCLES.

St. John seems to be particularly fortunate in regard to good music this season...

The array of talent engaged to assist at the concert is certainly attractive...

It is to be regretted that more people did not avail themselves of hearing Theobald...

Tones and Undertones.

May Irwin paid \$85,000 in cash for two New York dwellings the other day...

The Animated Song Sheet has invaded London.

Charles Emerron Cook's latest comic opera, "The Chorus Girl," will open at Waterbury, Conn., on May 2...

For a small country Poland, perhaps, produces more great artists than any other country in the world...



Every package guaranteed. The 5 lb Carton of Table Salt is the nearest package on the market...

SALT RHEUM

Most torturing and disgusting of itching, burning, scaly skin and scalp humors is instantly relieved by a warm bath with CUTICURA SOAP...

Cuticura

Keels throughout the world. FORTY YEARS AND COUNTING. CUTICURA SOAP, Boston. "How to Cure Salt Rheum," Free. FALLING HAIR. Simply Face, Baby Remedies. Cured by CUTICURA SOAP.

in young Josef Hofmann, the latest instance of remarkable artistic genius which Poland has furnished...

Modjeska (whose name in Polish is really spelt Mowdjeska) was born in Cracow, Poland, on October 12, nearly four and fifty years ago...

Sir Arthur Sullivan's stage version of "The Martyr of Antioch" has been successfully produced at Edinburgh by the Carl Rosa Opera Company...

Moriz Rosenthal, the pianist, is pursued by ill-luck. He was engaged to play at the Philharmonic Concert in London and accidentally cut the middle finger of his right hand with a razor...

"Eve" is the name of an operetta given in Rome. The characters are Eve, Adam, Satan, and Satan. The animals are represented by pretty chorus girls and by men...

A theatre is to be built in New York for Heinrich Conreid.

Flora Irwin is to appear next season in a musical farce called "The Gay Miss Conn."

It is said that Madame Patti's fortune will now go to her kinsman, Alfredo Barcelli, a musician of Atlanta, Ga., who is the son of her half-brother.

Miss Kendal Grimstone, a daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Kendal, has been singing in Boston.

"The King's Sweetheart," a new comic opera, has been disclosed in London.

Sarahet will shortly appear in London, Paris, and Berlin music halls.

Jean de Reszke will, it is stated, never again sing Faust or Romeo.

"Max," an opera by a woman, was recently sung at Florence, Italy.

Adèle Ritobis and Perugini are to play the chief roles in an opera called "Susanne at the Bath."

The New York Commercial Advertiser in speaking of one of Hofmann's concerts said: "When the slight, boyish figure clad

in ill-fitting clothes appeared upon the stage of the Metropolitan Opera house last night there was a warm and cordial burst of applause from the immense audience...

Max Bruch has just completed a new secular oratorio for chorus, solo voices or orchestra which will receive its first performance at Barmen, May 25, under the composer's direction...

The Salem Oratorio society will give Haydn's "Creation" April 25th, under Mr. Carl Zerrahn's direction.

Plunkett Greene is coming to this country early next year to a series of concerts.

The Boston Symphony orchestra gave their last concert of the season at the New York Metropolitan Opera house Thursday evening.

The world of music sustained a serious loss this week in the sudden death of Anton Seidl the celebrated musical director of New York, which event occurred Monday night from ptomaine poisoning...

Anton Seidl was born in Buda-Pesth, Hungary, May 6, 1850. While attending the university there his musical inclinations outweighed his ambition for the priesthood...

He was engaged to conduct the performances of the Nibelung drama in 1882, after which he joined the Wagner Theatre of Angelo Neuman which toured nearly all of the great European cities.

In the same year he was summoned to New York to take the place left vacant in the Metropolitan Opera House by the death of Dr. Damrosch.

At the time of his death he was conducting the concerts given in the Waller-Astoria, and was recently selected as the director of the permanent orchestra of New York City, which has been recently organized, and for which the sum of \$100,000 is being raised by subscription for maintenance...

In 1897 he was conductor of the Covent Garden opera, and it was his intention to produce a series of Wagner operas in London this spring.

TALK OF THE THEATRE.

The Frost Dramatic Company will occupy the stage of the Opera house next week, and are preceded by notices that would seem to denote much excellence.

Nervousness

CELERY KING REMOVES THE CAUSES OF THE GREAT NERVE TONIC. Pure herbs and celery—nature's cure for nerve disorders. Sold by all druggists. Large packages, 50c. WOODWARD BROS. CO., TORONTO, CANADA.

Margaret Mather has a new drama of modern American society, and will abandon her old repertoire.

Pretty Annie Hart, who is but 18 years of age is treasurer of the Kensington Theatre, Philadelphia.

Eben Hympton appeared in "Old Love Letters" at Proctor's Vaudeville Theatre, N. Y., last week.

"The A. B. C. Girl," is the latest thing in "girl" pieces in England. Marie Lloyd is to play the principal part.

In 1850 Denham Thompson appeared in Charlotte Cushman's production of "Macbeth." He was a member of the army.

A member of the company at a Munich Theatre who marries without permission of the director forfeits all claim to salary.

Miss Olga Nethersole is looking for a London theatre with a view of producing at Easter, a new play, written by Mr. G. Stuart Ogilvie.

Bernhardt is a fair shot.

Julia Arthur's repertoire next season will include Viola, Juliet, Rosalind, and Portia.

Tony Pastor celebrated his thirty-third anniversary as a manager on Tuesday last.

In Boston on Easter Monday Richard Mansfield will produce "The First Violin."

"Chittanooga" is the title of Lincoln J. Carter's new play.

Clyde Fitch has provided "The Marriage Game" for Minnie Seligman's use.

The Paris police will not permit a production of Hauptmann's "The Weavers."

Coquelin may play Jean Valjean in Hugo's "Les Miserables" in Paris, next fall.

Mrs. Fiske has postponed her production of "Becky Sharp" till next season.

Ellen Terry has been on the stage 46 years.

Margaret Fuller, a niece of Chief Justice Fuller, a staid Camille in New York on Tuesday last.

Beecham Tree is to be seen next year in "Three Musketeers."

Frohm has purchased "Controller de Magonitz," a French comedy.

The betrothal of Lionel Barrymore and Angela McCaull is announced.

The period of Brando's Ellis' new historical costume play, "A Queen's Vengeance," to be staged in London in July, is that of the reign of Henry II.

"Beside the Bonnie Briar Bush," with J. H. Stoddard and Marie Burroughs in the cast, had its first production on any stage in Washington this week.

Julia Arthur, says the Chicago News, used to play all day in museums where the lions roared through her best scenes and the monkeys shrieked with joy at her Juliet and Parthena.

Augustus Pitou is writing a new romantic play for Chauncey Oloott, the scenes of which are laid in Ireland in 1800. There will be four acts to the play, with the introduction of some new songs, which will be written especially for Mr. Oloott. A duel with rapiers will be one of the incidents.

There are tragedies that are not on the stage. Ada Rohan is growing old. Deep lines are in her face and silver is in her hair, though not in the ratio of 16 to 1. Years are remorseless robbers of woman to whom youth (and the comeliness thereof) means fortune, peace of mind, most things that make life a joy.—Detroit Free Press.

In Sir Henry Irving's new play, which is called "The Medicine Man," he is to appear as a hypnotist of extraordinary powers. For the first time in many years it will present Sir Henry in modern clothing.

Although it is said that Charles Frohman will seek in England a new leading actress for the Empire, the talk in the company is that Ida Conquest has been chosen for the place left vacant by Viola Allen's retirement.

Lawrence Irving, whose "Peter the Great" and Barrymore engagement was a nine days' wonder, has resumed acting, taking the part of Swallow in a revival of "Henry IV" at Manchester giving an artistic impersonation of senility.

E. S. Willard is ill with typhoid fever, and it is announced will not play again this season. All his engagements have been cancelled. For some time Mr. Willard has been on the verge of breaking down with nervous prostration, keeping up by sheer will. While on the way from Columbus, O., he ate some sardines, and later showed symptoms of lead poisoning. It was noticeable to close observers that he was laboring under some strain during his performances of "David Garrick" and "Tom Pinch" on the evening of his arrival in Chicago. He managed to keep up, however, until

OUR OPENING OF—

Spring and Summer MILLINERY

Will take place on THURSDAY, FRIDAY and SATURDAY March 31st, April 1st, and 2nd, when we will show the latest novelties in Patterns Bonnets and hats direct from Paris, London and New York.

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Illustrated Pamphlet of Calvert's Carbolic Preparations sent post free on application.

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Saturday morning. The house was sold out for the Saturday matinee, but Mr. Willard could not leave his bed. His physician says the illness is serious.

Josef Hofman met with an accident in New York Sunday morning, March 13, while out on a bicycle ride, and in consequence his manager was compelled to cancel dates in Philadelphia, Baltimore and Washington, where the pianist was announced to play the early part of the week.

Mrs. L. Thorndyke Boucicault, widow of the playwright, Dion Boucicault, has brought suit in the Federal Court in Chicago for \$5000 damages against Thomas L. Grenier, of the Lyceum Theatre, New York, and Herman Vinton, manager of a theatrical company, for unlicensed use of the copyright play, "Lod Astray."

The ownership of "Hazel Kirke" was decided last week after seventeen years of litigation. Judge H. A. Wheeler awarded the sole right to the play to Marshall A. Mallory, and gave the estate of Steele Mackaye, the author, judgment for \$7,323.49, with interest.

E. H. Sothern will soon put in rehearsal "The Courtship of Morris Buster." It is an adaptation of an English novel, and if a success when produced later in Philadelphia will be used as his piece de resistance next season.

Chas. Frohman sailed for England March 16. In a recent interview he said: "I have a lot of hard work awaiting me in London. 'The Dove Cote' is now running at my theatre there, the Duke of York's, but later on I expect to produce 'The Adventures of Lady Ursula' at that theatre. I shall present 'The Heart of Maryland,' with Mrs. Carter and a full American cast, at the Adelphi on April 9. On April 14 'The Conquerors' will be done by Mr. Alexander at the St. James, and on the 16th Mr. Gillette will open in 'Too Much Johnson,' at the London Garrick. I also have a farce by DeCourcelle, the author of the 'Two Little Vagrants,' which I shall do probably at the Vaudeville. Besides that I am taking 'A Virginia Courtship' over to place."

Julia Marlow will next season be under the management of Chas. Frohman.

"77"

FOR

Spring Colds

These are the most annoying of all Colds; they are disappointments; coming when most people think bad weather is past and the season for catching Colds is over. This makes the Spring Cold aggravating and the victim wants to get over it in a hurry, and so he can by taking "Seventy-seven;" it "breaks up" Colds and checks the Grip. You have tried "77" now try Humphreys' Specifics for Dyspepsia, Indigestion and Weak Stomach; for Rheumatism and Lumbago; for Infant Diseases, Croup, Whooping Cough, &c.

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SIXTEEN PAGES.

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ST. JOHN, N. B., SATURDAY, APR. 2nd.

Subscribers who do not receive their paper Saturday morning are requested to communicate with the office.—Tel. 95.

PROGRESS PRIZE PUZZLE.

Over three thousand answers to PROGRESS Prize Puzzle have been received, and they still continue to come. This is the last issue of the paper in which the coupon will appear, so that all who have not yet taken advantage of the opportunity to win the prize should do so at once.

The first day of the announcement with-in three hours of PROGRESS' appearance, answers began to pour into the office by the dozen every hour, and by every mail since, dozens upon dozens of answers have been coming in, until already several thousand have been received—and still they come.

As before stated the competition will remain open to all who wish to try for the money prize for this weeks issue, but it should be distinctly remembered that no answers will be accepted after noon of April 6th.

In its issue of April 16th, PROGRESS will take pleasure in announcing the names of the successful competitor or competitors. Should there be more than one correct answer, the prize will be equally divided.

THE BICYCLE AND BUSINESS.

Not so long ago in this good city of ours there were certain business men who maintained that the bicycle was an injury to their business because their clerks, weary with hard long rides a wheel, were unfit for their duties the next day. Indeed this objection reached such a degree that one firm issued an order that none of their clerks should enjoy the recreation afforded by a bicycle on Sunday. Now we read in an exchange that the farmers in a certain section of New England are conspiring to rid themselves of hired men who ride the bicycle. The farmers, we are told, reason that "any young man who rushes his day's work through so that he can take a thirty-mile spin in the evening and on moonlight nights be gone nearly all night, with likely a century run into the bargain on Sunday, is not worth his board on a farm."

When it is considered that heretofore agriculturists everywhere have been sorely harassed with the problem, how to keep the boys on the farm, it is much to be deplored that at the first sign that this problem is solvable they should begin to set their faces against its solution. The claim that the rural wheelman who looks forward to a spin in the evening is, for that reason, unfitted for his work, is wrong on its face. As a matter of fact, the converse is generally true. The wheelman, who sees an invigorating evening's sport ahead of him when his day's work is done, has manifestly more cause to be content with his lot and therefore to throw his whole heart into his labor than the spiritless fellow who finds no means of varying his existence. This holds good in the case of clerks and professional men as well as in that of farm hands. Let the boys ride wheels if they want to, and out-half the difficulty of keeping them on the farm and getting the maximum of work out of them during legitimate working hours will be overcome.

Nothing is heard these days about the exhibition. It is time something was said about it.

The opportunities for instruction in building different kinds of roads afforded occasionally at fairs and institutes, and by sample sections that have been laid under government auspices, have been very valuable, and have aroused the people somewhat to a realization of the importance of regular instruction on this subject. The Worcester (Mass.) Gazette suggests that it would be well if the state spent a portion of the enormous sum appropriated annually for the highway system in holding institutes of instruction for highway super-

visors, commissioners, selectmen, and all others who have to do with road-building. It thinks the trouble with the highway builder usually is that he does not consider his business a profession, and needs to learn from the experience of others. "By establishing a school for construction in road-building, the state could do a greater service to the public than by using the amount such a school would cost in building macadam roads through the country."

It is something of this kind that New Brunswick needs. Probably none of the eastern provinces have as bad roads as we have. The good roads association should begin work in earnest and try to promote the spirit of improvement.

The liquor license commissioners have fixed the date of their decision upon applications at April 9th. There are some reasons why an earlier date would have been fairer to the applicants. Some men who are in the business will not get a license again. They should have a month at least—say all of April—to make other arrangements to make a living. And landlords whose premises are occupied by these unsuccessful applicants may not think such short notice just to them.

The Telegraph is after Mr. EDWARD SEARS because he wrote a letter to the Sun objecting in a measure to the terms of the C. P. R. contract with the city. Anything that touches the Canadian Pacific provokes the wrath of the monopolist organ. And yet Mr. BLAIR has not yet been scored because he favors the road of Mr. CORBIN in the Kootenay district which is being opposed with all the skill and resources of the C. P. R. magnates.

Mr. Brydson Jack Talks Business.

TO THE EDITOR OF PROGRESS: It was with the greatest pleasure that I read your defence of the University of New Brunswick in the editorial page of last week's PROGRESS—Such an attack as that made by Mr. Fowler in order to withdraw the Government grant and practically abolish the Institution must indeed arouse the ire of every graduate at home and abroad.

As a graduate of, and also on account of my father's long connection with, and interest in the welfare, development and increased sphere of influence of my Alma Mater, though I am sorry to say it has not been increasing as rapidly of late years, as I would wish. It should be The University of all others in N. B. and I sincerely hope that now it will arouse from its lethargy and be brought by energetic measures to its proper position as the head of the educational system of N. B.

If at any time I can be of any assistance by way of contributing to any fund that might be raised to bring the University before the public or a fund to increase her efficiency, energy and vitality, I would be only too glad to do all that lay in my power.

E. BRYDSON JACK, B. A.; C. E. Steelton, Pa. Mar. 26th, 1898.

NAUTICAL INGENUITY

A Novel Way by Which one Comrade Hunt-ed up Another.

A striking instance of nautical ingenuity and fraternity is furnished by a writer in the London Telegraph.

A sailor from her majesty's ship Ganges arrived in one of the side streets of Walworth, in search of a shipmate passing a half-holiday with his parents, who had recently moved to that neighborhood. He had lost the address his friend had given him, and proceeded to ask policemen, post-men and shopkeepers if they knew where a sailor-boy from her majesty's fleet lived. None of them could give the desired information, and the dwellers in private houses whom he summoned by knocks at the door, were equally devoid of knowledge on the subject. The gallant tar was somewhat nonplussed, but at length he met a venter of paper decorations for Christmas. These hawkers always carry a long tin trumpet through which they announce their wares to the public. The sailor gave the man a penny for the use of the instrument for one minute, and then sounded with all his force the Ganges dinner-call, adding, "If that don't bring out Joseph, then he ain't in this locality, that's all." Sure enough, in less than half a minute a window was raised fifty yards farther down the street, a nautical-looking head appeared at the aperture, and, from strong, healthy lungs came the cheering response, "Ship ahoy! Full speed, and here you are! Why, the grog's been s-waitin' for you this half-hour!"

Thus the two friends found each other through a bugle-call on a tin trumpet, and spent a jolly holiday together.

Double Stars.

Among the multitudes of stars filling the heavens, about ten thousand have been found to consist of at least two stars, and in many cases these companions are so coupled together by their mutual attraction so that they revolve around one another. As telescopes improve, the known number of double stars rapidly increases, and some of those found in recent years are very remarkable. Since August, 1896, 600 new double stars have been discovered in the southern hemisphere of the heavens at Mr. Lowell's observatory near Flagstaff, Arizona.

VERBS OF YESTERDAY AND TODAY

A Remarkable Revue.

Sailing the river St. Lawrence, From the stormy gulf below; A square righed Indian trader, With canvas as white as snow. Clear of old Anticosti, Sighted Rimouski Light; Beaten by wild-ast weather, A hurricane through the strait. That was an awful night indeed, When the gale was East by North; And the yellow screeching lightning, Above us flamed forth. The proud ship struck with fury, There on her beam ends lay; Her anchor slowly dragging, Waiting the dawn of day. Still lark black was the darkness, We heard the breakers roar; When the hawser broke and dritter, We seemed to be near shore. We thought from the frightful plunging, And ever increasing shocks, We were nearing Cape Eternity, Striking on sunken rocks.

With the dawn of the mighty surge, Swept us through shad-ow dim; With the foaming waters dashing, Chasing their ancient foe. Over a sunken rocky reef, The brave ship lifted far; Rocked like a swinging cradle, Under the morning star. Groaning and parting in pieces, And the drowning seaman's call; Filled us with mortal terror, As the sea swept over all. There she lay like a giant; Trembling in every joint; Seem'd just in a glimmer, The light house on Farther Point. Soon as the light came clearly, Out of the eastern sky; A village loomed up before us, But never a soul drew nigh. Then the captain threw his trumpet, Bawled to the mate aloud, "Run up her name the F. A. M. To the top of the foremost shroud."

"Run up the flag that all might see, From the wharf below the tower, It may be seen where that steamship lies, Before we all go down." Hoist all the flags just underneath; Make letters that some may guess,— And spell, that one perchance may know, Our signal of distress.

"See from the dist-ant steamships bow, A fish, and a signal gun; And up the fore now fall in sight, Another flag is run.

Now two or three are shaken out, And answer a quickly sent;" "Hold on brave lads a boat will come, On a brother's rescue bent." See, from the steamship lowered fast, The ready life boat speed; Though tossed aloft, and plunging down, Brave hearts know we'll be need. The strong hand bending to the oar, Deth the r-aging gale; Still hoping some are left alive, To tell the mournful tale. How grand a brother's life to save, Risking your own to be; The first to reach a sinking wreck, Loar bestan by the sea. The Hebe's leaps the moaning waves, And in the dark night's breath; Reveals the truth the ages held, Love still is strong as death.

A sailor on the life boat's bow, The wreck now holding by; But stads a Mason's life is true, Where greatest dangers lie. His hand is given with a clasp, Far more than words can say; "Pass all on board there saved at last, Full brothers, pull away."

But one they hand across the spray, The captain's child; so more Shall bid him happy welcome home When voyages are o'er. A daughter beautiful as good, Here sleeps her dreamless sleep; With the life boat gently laid, Borne o'er the sobbing deep.

Saved all but one, how sweet the word, To brethren firm and fond; Still doing well the Master's will, Whose love is life beyond. One lovely in his silent sleep, Borne to her rest that day; Speaks well of love's immortal birth, To bright Canda far away.

CYRUS GOLDS.

Light at Eventide. The day had been, oh! so dreary, With its tempest—winds and rain; I had longed for one ray of sunshine, But a day long in vain; And the night was closing round me Lonely and cold and gray, As I sat by the window watching The death of the dreary day. I opened my mother's Bible, And on its page I read What one of the grand old prophets In time of trouble said— The sweet and comforting promise, That bids us in faith abide, When the day in dark with tempest— "There'll be light at eventide."

Lo! as I read the chapter, Dear to each true heart— The clouds above the hillsops Sudden broke apart. Bright with mearily beauty The valley stretched away, And God's sunshine was all about me, At the close of the dreary day. —Eben E. Rexford, in the Ledger.

"What Might Be Done." What might be done if men were wise! What glorious deeds, my suffering brother, Would they unite In love and right, And cease their scorn of one another.

All slavery, warfare, lies and wrongs, All vice and crime might die together, And fruit and corn To each man born Be free as warmth in summer weather.

The meanest wretch that ever trod, The deepest sunk in guilt and sorrow, Might stand erect In self respect, And share the teeming world to-morrow.

What might be done? This might be done, And more than this my suffering brother; More than the tongue E'er said or sung, If men were wise and loved each other. —Charles Mackay.

REAR AND HIS YACHT.

(CONTINUED FROM FIRST PAGE.)

harsh treatment of the marshal of the court, and also on the ground that he refused to deliver up the rigging and spars, and that he caused damage to the vessel. This was to be used as a handle to make Mr. Ross pay up in order to settle and escape being imprisoned for contempt.

The case came up on Monday and affidavits were read on both sides and then his honor adjourned the court to allow of a settlement. On Tuesday afternoon no settlement had been effected, and the case was resumed. His Honor asked what had been done. Mr. J. B. M. Baxter, counsel for Mr. Ross, stated that he had offered Mr. Trueman \$25 which the latter had refused. His Honor then made some remarks in which he gave the defendant a pretty broad hint as to what his judgment would be. He strongly advised a settlement and said that he had his mind pretty well made up and it would be better for Mr. Ross to settle. If the case was on taken up there would be no opportunity then to retract his course. He advised him what the penalty was, imprisonment, and told him to make his choice.

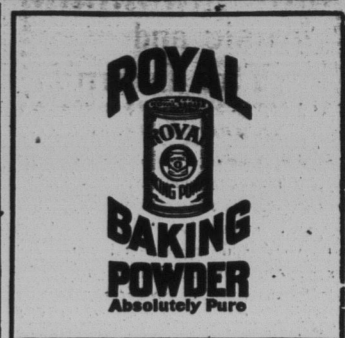
Mr. Baxter said that Mr. Ross was a poor man and he could not pay any more than \$25.

Mr. Trueman was just about to open the case, to prove contempt of court, fortified by authorities on the subject, when his honor asked to have a word with him in private. He asked all in the room to go out and he then represented to Mr. Trueman that it would be rather hard if Mr. Ross had to go to prison, he had lost his yacht already and he asked Mr. Trueman to accept from Mr. Ross, \$35 in settlement, \$25 for himself and \$10 for the marshal for extra trouble in connection with the sale of the yacht that he had been put to. Mr. Trueman decided to agree to these terms and the parties being called in again His Honor stated the terms to Mr. Baxter who conferred with Mr. Ross and then accepted them.

The salvors will therefore be out of pocket for their disinterestedness in succoring the yacht for this \$25 will have to go to their counsel and considerable more beside. They have the satisfaction, however, of having won their case, vindicated themselves and made Mr. Ross' stubbornness cost him dear.

A Good Opportunity.

Don't miss it. Curtains 25c, per pair returned always in 3 days or sooner if necessary. The up-to-date laundry. Ungars Laundry & Dye Works, Telephone 58.



Proof Against Footpads.

When the timid looking man got out of the barber chair after being shaved he fumbled in one pocket after another while the porter dusted his clothing.

"Well," he said, with a note of astonishment in his voice, as he plunged his hand for the fourth time into his right trousers pocket and felt around. "That's funny. I had a quarter in that pocket."

He repeated the search of his other pockets, while the barber who had shaved him leaned his elbow on the back of the chair, crossed one leg over the other and eyed him suspiciously.

"Guess I must've lost it," said the timid looking man as he put his right foot up on a chair and began to roll up his trousers leg. The barber winked at the artist in charge of the chair next to his and moved nearer the razor case. The man rolled and pulled his trousers leg above his knee, and by that time every one else in the shop was watching him with intense interest. They saw that he wore a woman's black stocking. Just above his knee he wore two garters, one about four inches above the other. He slipped the upper garter down, rolled down the top of the stocking carefully, and there were several Treasury notes lying spread out flat against the underclothing that covered his leg.

"What do you carry money in that way for?" asked the barber as he handed the man change for the \$5.

"Footpads," was the laconic reply of the stranger.—Kansas City Journal.

According to Contract.

"Excuse me," said the collector, "but twenty-five cents isn't an appreciable payment on what you owe."

"You are only collecting the interest, I believe."

"Yes."

"Well, this is according to contract. It was stipulated that the interest should be paid quarterly."—Washington Star.

A discolored, faded or gray beard does not appear tidy, but may be made so by Buckingham's Dye for the Whiskers, which colors an even brown or black.

Something for Puzzle Workers.

To sharpen up the wits of its readers, PROGRESS opens the following competition: What line or lines among the poetical selections in Royal Reader No. 5 is illustrated by this picture?

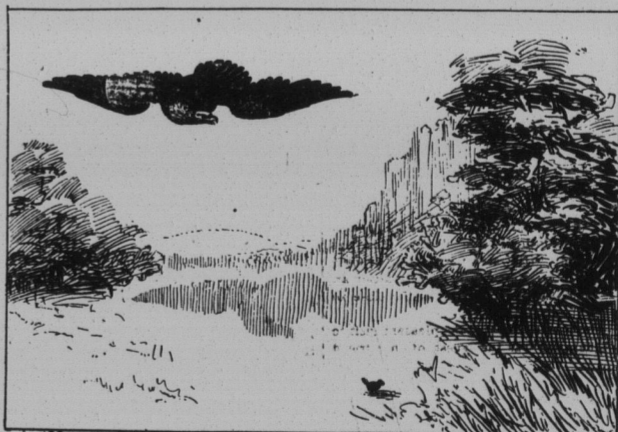
The picture and coupon will appear for the last time on April 2nd and the result be announced on April 16th.

As many answers can be sent as one chooses, provided each one is on a properly filled out coupon, including the picture.

No answers received after noon on April 6th will be considered.

A prize of Ten Dollars will be given to the fortunate winner or should there be more correct guesses the money will be equally divided.

PROGRESS hopes that the prize will go to one or at most to two bright readers. Care has been taken to make the puzzle hard enough, but not too hard. Only experiment can tell how successfully the idea has been carried out.



What line or lines found in the poetical selections of Reader No. 5 does this picture illustrate?

Give your full name and address.

Mr. Frank E. ... arrived home a week ... Mr. C. A. Everett ... Miss Annie Wallis ... on a brief visit to ... Miss C. E. Kane ... of Mr. J. B. Wilmore ... Mrs. R. Bruce ... month, were in the ... Miss Y. ung and ... from St. Stephen for ... Mr. A. J. Gregg ... visit to St. John rec ... Mrs. Prendergrass ... were among rec ... Mr. W. Horn ... a brief visit. ... The friends of Mr ... this city, will be int ... rings which took pl ... Ill. The bride w ... daughter of Mr. W ... have the good wis ... upon the happy eve ... The death occur ... D. V. Roberts, a w ... at the age of 77 year ... who will have th ... bereavement. The ... day and was very l ... The Ontario Soc ... now actively engag ... St. Paul. Over six ... last practice and m ... fested by the mem ... Mr. Stanley Wi ... three or four week ... Mrs. N. J. Bonds ... days in the city dur ... Miss Maggie Bell ... attend the annual ... which took place b ... Carmichael Street ... bishop party on ... ance was large, an ... grams was rende ... Cochran; solo, Mr ... Cecil Jones; banjo ... Cunningham; violi ... reading, A. W. Ba ... solo, Fred Fowler; ... Mrs. L. A. McAlp ... solo, Miss Marce ... church quartette, ... Mr. George Mi ... Calais were in the ... Miss Mary Magors ... week for a short s ... Mr. and Mrs. Jos ... in the city on Tues ... Mr. A. J. Lohy ... made a short visi ... week. ... Miss Minnie An ... in St. John this we ... ery openings of the ... Mrs. D. J. Seeley ... Miss May Hanfor ... Rev. John 45 Boy ... from Fredericton, ... verity. ... Miss May Harris ... visit to friends in P ... Mr. B. H. McAl ... trip to Ottawa. ... Miss N. I. Hoag ... ing a few weeks wi ... Miss Bessie Rich ... extended visit to ... health. ... Mrs. S. F. Belyea ... returned to their ... spent the winter her ... The benefit conc ... last Tuesday even ... family, the husband ... so suddenly a few ... success, the buildi ... despite the fact th ... evening. The pro ... one and all whose ... themselves much c ... to note, consideri ... just as great a suc ... was artistically. ... The Hiawatha Cl ... of a very interest ... evening at the res ... German street. T ... wore picture que ... most cases more pic ... they succeeded in ... point need not be ... were given sum ... proved a most inter ... Dainty refreshment ... the evening. ... Miss Pender has ... Moncton, where she ... Mrs. Rippey. ... Mrs. George Car ... line of St. Steph ... week. ... A very successful ... Court St. John, C ... which the followi ... excellent manner at ... Selections ..... Solo ..... Flute Duet ..... Reading ..... Song ..... Piano duet ..... Antharp Solo ..... Reading ..... Duet ..... Song ..... Recitation ..... Address—The Bri ... Recitation ..... Mr. and Mrs. Al ... Whiston who have ... very pleasantly left



Mr. Frank E. Smith, who for some time past has been attending a dental college in Baltimore, arrived home a week ago.

Mr. C. A. Everett returned last Saturday from a pleasant trip to Boston.

Miss Annie Wallace of Elizabeth, N. J., is here on a brief visit to friends.

Miss C. B. Kane of Eastport, is this week a guest of Mr. J. B. Wilton's family, Carleton.

Mrs. B. Bruce and Mrs. S. J. B. Tilley of Yarmouth, were in the city this week for a few days.

Miss Young and Miss McDonald were down from St. Stephen for a part of this week.

Mr. A. J. Gregory of Fredericton, paid a short visit to St. John recently.

Mrs. Frendergrast and Miss Bodkin of Fredericton were among recent visitors to the city.

Mr. W. Hora went to Montreal last Saturday for a brief visit.

The friends of Mr. W. F. H. Geldert, formerly of this city, will be interested in hearing of his marriage which took place on March 12th., at Clinton, Ill. The bride was Miss Evelyn F. Green, a daughter of Mr. Wm. H. Green. Mr. Geldert will have the good wishes of many St. John friends upon the happy event.

The death occurred at midnight Monday of Mr. D. V. Roberts, a well-known resident of this city, at the age of 77 years. He leaves a large family who will have the deepest sympathy in their bereavement. The funeral took place on Thursday and was very largely attended.

The Oratorio Society has resumed work and is now actively engaged in rehearsing Mendelssohn's St. Paul. Over sixty members were present at the last practice and much enthusiasm is being manifested by the members.

Mr. Stanley Williams who was quite ill for three or four weeks is able to be around again.

Mrs. N. J. Bourdeau of Buctouche spent several days in the city during the past week.

Miss Margie Beliveau came from Buctouche to attend the annual wholesale millinery opening which took place here this week.

Carmarthen Street church held a very successful birthday party on Tuesday evening. The attendance was large, and the following excellent program was rendered:—Piano solo, Miss Edith Cochran; solo, Mr. Rodgers; reading, Miss Annie Cecil Jones; banjo solo, G. S. Davidson; solo, Miss Cunningham; violin solo, Miss Nellie Thompson; reading, A. W. Baird; solo, Mrs. W. Davidson; solo, Fred Fowler; reading, Miss A. C. Jones; solo, Mrs. L. A. McAlpine; piano solo, Miss Pender; solo, Miss Munroe; selection by Exmouth street church quartette.

Mr. George Marchie and Mrs. Murchie of Calais were in the city for a day or two recently.

Miss Mary Magee arrived from Mangerville this week for a short stay with city friends.

Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Demers of Newcastle, were in the city on Tuesday of this week.

Mr. A. J. Libbey and Miss Libbey of Marysville, made a short visit to the city the middle of the week.

Miss Minnie Anderson of Springhill N. S., was in St. John this week to attend the spring millinery openings of the wholesale houses.

Mrs. D. J. Sealey of Peter street is entertaining Miss May Hanford of Amherst, for a few days.

Rev. John de Soyres returned Tuesday evening from Fredericton, where he lectured at the University.

Miss May Harris left the first of the week on a visit to friends in Portland Me.

Mr. E. H. McAlpine returned Tuesday from a trip to Ottawa.

Miss Nellie Horan of Charlotte street, is spending a few weeks with an aunt in Bangor.

Miss Bessie Richards of Greenwick is making an extended visit to this city for the benefit of her health.

Mrs. S. F. Belyea and Miss Laura Belyea have returned to their home up river, after having spent the winter here with friends.

The benefit concert in the City Hall, Carleton, last Tuesday evening in aid of the bereaved Sealey family, the husband and father of which met death so suddenly a few weeks ago, was a very great success, the building being crowded to the doors despite the fact that rain fell incessantly all the evening. The programme was a most interesting one and all whose names appeared thereon did themselves much credit. It is especially pleasing to note, considering the object, that the affair was just as great a success financially as it undoubtedly was artistically.

The Hiawatha Club closed this week, the finale of a very interesting season being a delightful evening at the residence of Mrs. Victor Gowland, German street. The lady members of the club wore picturesque Indian costumes—perhaps in most cases more picturesque than truthful, but as they succeeded in looking very charming, that point need not be followed too closely. Readings were given from "Hiawatha" and the evening proved a most interesting one in every particular. Dainty refreshments were served at the close of the evening.

Miss Pender has returned from a pleasant visit to Moncton, where she was the guest of her friend Mrs. Rippey.

Mrs. George Carvill entertained Miss Mary Cullinan of St. Stephen, for a few days during the week.

A very successful concert was given this week by Court St. John, C. O. F. on Wednesday evening, at which the following programme was rendered in an excellent manner and very greatly enjoyed:

Selections.....Stokes's Orchestra

Flate Duet.....J. M. Rogers

Reading.....Stokes and Seely

Song.....A. McGinley

Piano duet.....Dr. Preston

Assisted by Mr. Stokes.

Autoharp Solo.....Miss Dunn

Reading.....Robert Maxwell

Duet.....Misses McFee and Maxwell

Song.....M. W. Gally

Recitation.....Miss Florence Preston

Address—The Bright Side of Insurance.

Recitation.....Edward Shaw

Mr. and Mrs. Alexander White and Miss Nellie Wheaton who have been spending the winter here very pleasantly left this week for home, a large num-

ber of friends whom they made during their stay, assembling at the depot to see them off.

Miss Bessie Fogarty came from New York this week to spend some time with her sister Mrs. George Carvill.

Mrs. E. C. Bowers of Westport, N. S., is here on a short visit to friends.

Miss John M. Robertson has gone to California to visit their son.

Dr. F. L. Kenny's friends were greeting him warmly this week, upon his return to the practice of his profession after an illness that kept him a prisoner for some time.

Mr. E. K. Kelly of Liverpool was among the city's recent visitors.

Mr. L. F. D. Tilley went to Fredericton for a little while during the week.

Mrs. Willard Smith is paying a visit to St. George as the guest in the family of Mr. Hill Cowley.

Miss Ella Dick was called to St. George this week by the serious illness of her mother Mrs. John Dick.

Mrs. H. H. Pitts has returned to her home in the Capital after a visit here to her sister Mrs. J. R. McIntosh.

Mr. John Salls spent Sunday in the Celestial with Mr. and Mrs. H. C. Creed.

Miss Maud Golding has returned from a visit to Fredericton where she was extensively entertained by friends.

Miss Downing of Marysville has been spending a few days with city friends.

Mr. and Mrs. F. R. Eaton of Parrsboro were among the visitors from Nova Scotia, who were in the city this week.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles F. Parker of Fredericton are spending a part of their honeymoon in St. John. Mr. and Mrs. George S. Murchie ran down from Calais for a short time the middle of the week.

Hon. A. T. Dunn returned this week from an extended visit to Boston where he has been in connection with the New Brunswick exhibit at the Sportsman's Fair.

Miss Mona Cahill is spending a week or two with relatives in the west side and north end.

Miss Steadman and Miss Lee who have been here visiting friends lately, returned to Sackville on Wednesday.

Miss M. Morras of Buctouche has been paying a few days visit to Mrs. R. L. Turner. She expects to return home this afternoon.

Miss Helen Roberts who has been spending the past two months with her aunt Mrs. Stewart of Sackville has returned to the city.

Mr. Guy Humphrey who is attending Mount Allison has been quite ill but was slightly improved at the latest accounts received by his relatives here.

Mr. and Mrs. Edmund Carlin are receiving congratulations on an arrival in the family this week; the tiny stranger is a girl.

The Willing Workers of German St. Baptist church held a sale and tea in the basement of the church this week and was very successful indeed. The booths where the articles were offered for sale were prettily trimmed with colored paper and flowers in the arrangement of which exquisite taste was displayed.

The fancy table was in heliostopes with chrysanthemum decorations. It was loaded down with useful articles and rare opportunities for bargains were given. The ladies in charge of it were, Mrs. T. B. Lavers, Mrs. E. H. Nash, and Mrs. D. Brown.

The candy table stood in the centre of the room and was most attractive. Pink and white had been used with fine effect and the sweets displayed to good advantage on mirrors, which not only reflected the face of the purchaser as they bought, but also the countenance of the fair attendant at the booth.

The young ladies in charge were Miss Boyer, Miss Ethel Estey, and Miss M. Colwell. Among the special attractions at this table were Easter kisses and Klondike nuggets.

The tissue paper table, decorated in green and yellow, was very attractive. It was presided over by Miss Ella Francis, Miss Bessie Botwick and Miss Bessie Allingham.

The ice cream was served in a Gypsy tent by Mrs. E. H. Mott, Miss Fannie Everett, Miss Florie Rutherford, Miss Margaret Black and Miss Nellie Burditt.

One of the special features was the oyster tea served in the parlors in charge of Mrs. C. Rutherford, Mrs. D. Hunt, Mrs. Coboon, Mrs. T. B. Belyea, Mrs. Steeves and Miss Hicks, who had as waiters Miss Lulu Estey, Miss Estella Vaughan, Miss Irene Vaughan and Miss Grace Galloway.

During the evening an impromptu musical programme was carried out. To the work of Miss Alice Estey, the president of the society, is greatly due the success of the affair.

SACKVILLE.

[Progress is for sale in Sackville by W. J. Goodwin.]

March 30.—The chief excitement last week was the concert of which Mr. Max Well, Halifax, was the bright, particular star. This concert was the closing entertainment of the Algonquin course, and in every way upheld the high aim of the promoters of the series. Friday evening being fine Beethoven hall was full even to the aisles. Every number received the closest attention, and to each performer was awarded a just meed of praise. The two competitors of Mr. Chisholm's for the orchestra which opened the programme were beautiful creations, the farewell to the class of '98 being in particular the music that knocks at the door of the heart. Both were admirably rendered.

The vocal music was furnished by Miss Harrington but under a great disadvantage, as that favorite singer was afflicted with a bad cold, but in spite of this untoward circumstance Miss Harrington sang well, bringing out good tones. Her rendition of Meyerbeer's "Robert" was especially admired as well as the touching ballad "Where'er my bitter tear drops fall," the artistic production of Mr. Woodton. Mr. Woodton covered a wide range of piano music in his selections and seemed thoroughly at home in all. His playing which is steadily growing in the popular favor, was never better than on this occasion. His execution of Beethoven was excellent though perhaps the delightfully sweet "Anc Moor" from Schubert-Liszt was nearer to the general taste.

Mr. Well as he stepped with easy confidence on the stage received a warm round of applause. His first number, a suite by Franz-Bizet, at once placed him as a finished violinist, the technique in the "Furiantin Mobilis" being remarkably good. Mr. Well also favored the audience with the aria for the G string from Bach, the Heuser rhapsodie, and in response to his third encore a Berceuse from Godard, played with the mute. This last was "Music that gentler on the spirit lies, than tired eyelids upon tired eyes" and was indescribably soothing. The evening closed with a brilliant arrangement of Mendelssohn's Wedding March, played with appropriately brilliant execution.

The audience dispersed fervently hoping the Algonquin course like a serial story is "to be continued" next year.

A very pleasant At Home was given Saturday evening by Prof. and Mrs. Andrews, the object of the entertainment being the christening of their little son. Invitations were issued to the faculty of the institutions and their families, only with the exception of the pastor and his wife. Those

present were, Dr. and Mrs. Borden, Dr. Smith, Dr. Allison, Dr. Brecken, Mr. Paisley, Prof. and Mrs. Hinton, Prof. and Mrs. Woodson, Mrs. Wood, Miss A. Trueman, Miss Stewart, Mr. and Mrs. Howard and Prof. Tweedie. The ceremony was performed by Rev. Mr. Howard assisted by several of the other ministers present. The little fellow who is not an infant by any means received the name of Cyprian Herbert, and conducted himself with great dignity throughout the service. The feast usual to such occasions was served shortly after on small tables at a very social time was spent by all present.

Mrs. McCready, Mrs. Albert Carter, Mrs. Johnson Trueman and Miss Eveline Carter, Point de Bute were in Sackville Friday the guests of Mrs. Pickard Trueman.

Miss Sale Harper G. T. Bryant and Geo. Welling Bate Verté, were among the strangers present at the concert Friday.

Mrs. Thos. Bosch and Mrs. Gilbert Biekhorn Nappan have been making Mrs. D. G. Dickson "a week's end" visit, arriving in time for the concert.

Mrs. Tweedie from Hampton is spending a few days with her son, Prof. Tweedie of the University. Miss Murray of Springhill is the guest of Miss Hattie Cahill.

Mrs. Charles Cahill has been seriously ill.

Mrs. Geo. Dobson, Cape Tormentine, is visiting friends in Lower and Upper Sackville.

Mr. Ernest Wheaton, Upper Sackville who has had a long tedious illness is sufficiently well to appear once more at church much to the pleasure of her friends.

Mrs. Hanson returned from Fredericton last Friday. The same day Mr. and Mrs. Donson the parents of Mrs. F. McDougall left for their home in Pictou.

Mrs. Morris Robinson is visiting at the J. F. Allison's.

Miss Helen Roberts left for St. John Saturday. She has been spending the last two months with her aunt Mrs. (Dr.) Stewart.

Miss Vanning the guest of Mrs. R. M. Fulton, returned to her home in Sussex the same day.

Mrs. J. F. Allison went to Halifax Tuesday to visit her sister Mrs. Chas. McDonald who leaves this spring to join her husband in the north west.

Mrs. J. H. Copp, and Miss Anderson of Port Egan and Mr. Frank Harper of Bayfield were in Sackville, Monday, en route for St. John.

Mrs. T. Charters who has recently undergone a difficult operation is doing well up to date of writing. Dr. Carruthers is the physician in attendance.

Mrs. S. Howard gave a small tea last evening. Rev. Dr. Steel of Amherst was in town Tuesday.

Thos. Murray who with Judge Webberburn of Hampton has been up north attending Forester's meetings, won many musical laurels. Mr. Murray sang five or six times in Chatham, Blackville and Kingston and after every song the different audiences would beg for "just one more."

With the exception of last week's concert things are quiet at Mt. Allison at present. There is one case of illness at the university residence, Mr. Guy Humphrey of St. John. His brother has lately visited him.

Mrs. Allison, wife of the president is better from the last reports but does not yet see her friends.

There was a somewhat startling occurrence in the chemistry class not long ago. Precipitations are not unusual in chemical experiments, nevertheless Prof. Andrews and his class were a trifle surprised while at work in the basement laboratory, when a small boy was suddenly precipitated from the ceiling.

The little fellow was on a tour of the college on his own account and had walked into an open trap door. Strange to say, though he fell at least ten feet he was not in the least hurt and in reply to anxious inquiries said he felt like a shooting star. Probably his star course will not be repeated very soon.

At the ladies college Mrs. Archibald though still very weak and requiring careful nursing, is progressing favorably.

The general health of the school is good. The semi-annual examinations are concluded and reports sent to parents and guardians.

An interesting feature of the school routine is the weekly lecture on current events by Dr. Borden. This Monday the subject was the Cuban question. After these talks the latest newspapers are in great demand in the reading room. As there are several Cuban students at the academy there is probably a slight personal tinge in the interest shown in this particular topic.

The piano recital of Prof. Woodton's pupils which was to have been given this Friday evening will be on Saturday in consequence of a special service in Methodist church.

It has been a long time since a reception has taken place. When Friday evening is engaged, Saturday must be kept free for study. There have been many Friday concerts of one kind and another this winter and more are to follow. It looks as if "the grand" was to be the only reception this season. Music is sweet but communion of two souls that think as one is sweeter, hence many long drawn sighs on the march of events.

Prof. Andrews delivered a stirring address in the Methodist church last Sunday evening.

Miss Ethel Ogden is the guest of Mrs. Hammond during Prof. Hammond's stay in Montreal.

Miss Latham, Miss Cook and Miss Webster were entertained by Mrs. Wood, Sunday.

Miss Vroom and Miss Harrington were the guests of Mrs. Batty, Amherst, Sunday last.

A pie social is to be held at Mrs. Chas. Scott's tomorrow evening. A good time is anticipated. LADY OF SHALOTT.

DORCHESTER.

[Progress is for sale in Dorchester by G. M. Fairweather.]

MAR. 30.—The popular Lenten entertainment the ladies' tea is still the rage here.

On Thursday last Mrs. William Hickman gave a small ladies' tea to a few friends.

On Monday evening Mrs. W. Hazen Chapman entertained a few ladies at tea. The guests were Mrs. Landry, Mrs. David (Chapman), Mrs. Wm. Hickman, Mrs. Outhouse, Mrs. H. W. Palmer, Mrs. M. B. Palmer, Miss Moran and Miss Gilbert.

Miss J. F. Ford entertained a few friends at tea on Monday evening, progressive whist was indulged in during the evening. Miss Florence Palmer was the fortunate winner of the lady's prize while the gentleman's was captured by Mr. George R. Payant.

Rev. D. W. Pickett spent Tuesday in Sackville guest of Rev. Cecil Higgins.

Mrs. George Robinson, of Digby is visiting her sister Mrs. A. E. Oulton.

Miss Blanche Hamilton returned from Moncton on Saturday.

Mr. Justice Hamilton spent Saturday in Moncton.

Miss Constance Chandler returned from Fal-mouth on Monday. PASCAGOIC.

ANAGANIC.

MAR. 30.—Miss L. Brown who has been visiting her friend Mrs. George Davidson for the past two weeks left for Sussex on Monday to visit her aunt Mrs. John G. Smith at Elm Cottage on Church avenue ere her return to her home in Fredericton. (Continued on Next Page.)

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 A guaranteed High-Grade 1898 Wheel for  
**200 "Welcome" Soap Wrappers and \$35.50 Cash.**

Here is an easy way of getting a good Bicycle for very little money. Your grocer has the Famous old reliable "Welcome" soap and specifications of the "Welcome" Bicycle, or write us for particulars. This is the most liberal Premium proposition ever offered to the public. Remember we guarantee the wheel.

They are being snapped up quickly, the supply is limited. Place Your Order Now.

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**Fry's Cocoa.**

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 INDO-CYLON TEA

Is composed of pure leaves.  
 25, 30, 40, 50, and 60 cts. per lb. All grocers keep it. Black and Mixed.

Try it any way it is always the best.

Weight it, Drink it, Examine it.

**The Patent Felt Mattress, \$15.00**

is equal to the best \$40.00 Hair Mattress in cleanliness, durability and comfort. The best homes and thousands of institutions in the United States have adopted the felt mattress in preference to hair on account of its being more sanitary, verminproof, more durable as it never loses its shape, packs, or gets lumpy, and cheaper.

If you wish to try one write us the exact size of your bed (inside measure), and the name of your furniture dealer; and the mattress will be delivered at your door free of transportation charge and if not satisfactory in every respect at the end of thirty days free trial, we shall refund your money.

References: The Merchants' Bank of Halifax or any wholesale Dry Goods House in Canada.

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"Pure Wine is incomparably superior to every other stimulating beverage for diet or medicine."—DR. DUBOIS.

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HALIFAX NOTES.

PROGRESS is for sale in Halifax by the newsboys and at the following news stands and centres. C. S. DE FREITAS, Brunswick street...

- Gladya Greig, Harry Caldwell, Willie Spencer, Waitford Brown, Russell Brown, John Fullerton, Percy Williams, Willie Williams, Katie Cameron, Pearl Seale, Sadie Sutherland, Winnie Sutherland, Laura Anderson, Blanche MacDonald, Edna Fenton, Annie Campbell, Lily Wilson, Lizzie Ross, Maggie Patterson, Reginald Bower, Fenton Scott, Reginald Hart, Geoffrey Harrington, Murray Mellich, Harry Guthrie, Nellie Dixon, Gerrie Bowen, Iris Lucas, Eva Johnson, Anne Allison, Ethel Finhero, Pearl Isenor, Winnie Stevens, Phoebe Carson, Florrie Bower, Winnie Hancock, Millie Hancock, Daisy French, Alice Seale, Eva Sutherland, Edith Nickerson, Alice Nickerson, Sadie Ridgeway, Elizabeth Turner, Jean Ewing, Nellie Gould, Maggie Holoro, Annie Kennedy, Hattie Fisher, Hayward Hawkins, Freeman Hawkins, George Harris, Willie Fellows, Frank Baker, Percy Crowe, Edna Taylor, Russell McLellan, Bertie King, Roy Robinson, Edith Wonnocott, George Redpath, Ella Stewart, Hattie Blois, Hettie Leitch, Pearl Moore, Pauline Murray, Bella Mowatt, Edna Murray, Sadie Archibald, Florrie Leitch, Mabel Harvey, Edith Gibson, Minnie Drake, Laura Anderson, Katie Cameron, Ralph Upham, Fred Gunn, Cecil Blois, Frank Hope, Willie McKenzie, George Kemp, Frank Archibald, Frank Burgess, Willie Burgess, Mabel Dunbrack, Blanche Dixon, Willie Francis, Harold Johns, Lillie Dixon, Ethel Johns, Florence Davis, Jessie Murray, Willie Ross, Annie Lovett, Willie Graham, Mary Crais, Bessie Hawes, Rebecca Grant, Nellie Morris, Etta Wilson, Ella Tomlin, Blanche Murphy, Maggie Dunbrack, James Graham, George Holder, Alice Ferguson, Ethel Corbin, Gordon Einar, Duncan Patterson, Alex. Ferguson, Lillie Ward, Bella Brown, Winnie Stevens, Mary Gulloch, Pearl Isenor, Winnie Hancock, Millie Hancock, Bessie Carmichael, Bessie Carmichael, Jessie Henry, Clara Henry, Estu Wambolt, Gladys Wallace,



ANOTHER BIG CUT.

Solid gold frames for \$2.35 Or the best gold filled frames, 1.10 Or the first quality lenses, .90 Or the aluminium frames, .35 Or the alloy frames (note), .35 Or the steel or nickel frames, .10

Free examination by M. G. Thompson, Graduate Teacher's Optical College, Boston, for a short time only. Come now. Don't delay.

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BOSTON OPTICAL CO.

25 King Street, St. John, N. B. Next to Manchester, Robertson & Allison.

- Clara Wallace, Arthur Dyer, George Rosengrand, George Henry, Stanley Yallock, Carl Wallace, Harry Walker, Earle Wall-cut, Beattie Yallock, Willie Stewart, John Stewart, Ernest Robinson, Stewart Robinson, Fred Iboon, Harry Ward, Phoebe Carson, Mark Ward, Lottie Verge, Ethel Johnson, Monte Walker, Victor Hancock, Emma Thorborne, Harry Ward, Nellie Grant, Lillie Mitchell, Ethel Sweet, Edith Grant, Mabel Grant, Mary Morrison, Gladys Greig, Minnie Balcom, Roxane Fullerton, Willie Spencer, Nellie Rogers, Ethel Bower, Winifred Brown, Frank Greig, Wilton Greig, James Fullerton, John Fullerton, Annie Montgomery, Lillie Keating, Lillie Greig, Edna Longwell, Roy Woodill, Dolis Caldwell, Martha Mellish, Egeena Mellish, Nan Fardon, Lela Scott, Edith Archibald, Alice Hames, Gerrie Greenough, Sadie Priest, Robert Campbell, Mildred Brown, Bryce Greig, And many others.

of the programme, and sang Rubenstein's "Yearning" in fine style. Miss Fraser's elocution was delightfully done, and as a part of her reward she was presented with a bouquet. Miss Page was the accompanist. Miss Holmstrom is to be congratulated on the success of the exhibition.

The many friends of Mrs. W. E. Fayzant were deeply grieved to hear of her death at the age of 27 which took place at her home in Falmouth, at an early hour Sunday morning. She leaves four children.

PHOTO.

[Progress is for sale at James McLean's.]

MAR. 30.—Mr. Harry Stewart leaves for Truro on Thursday where he will take a course of instruction at the agricultural school.

Mr. Bug who has been spending the winter in town left for Truro on Thursday to join her husband.

Mr. H. Cross who was spending a few days at his home in Antigonish has returned to town.

Mr. Will J. Thomson leaves this week for the West and perhaps Klondyke.

Miss Kate Thompson who has been on the sick list for some time is now pleased to say recovering.

Miss Belle Patterson spent last week in Halifax. Mr. McDonald of Wellville is in town visiting her mother Mrs. Logan.

Capt. Thor. Taylor of Charlottetown was in town last week.

The entertainment given by the Y. M. C. A. last Friday evening was a great success, much to the satisfaction of the promoters.

Senator Ferguson of Charlottetown spent Monday in town. He was on his way from Ottawa home to take part in the bye election in West Prince.

Mr. D. S. McKay of Sydney intends to spend his Easter holiday in town. Mr. McKay spent four years here attending the academy before going to McGill to study medicine and made many friends who will be delighted to see him back.

Miss Dumas of Halifax who has been visiting her brother Mr. Wm. Dumas left for home last week.

Mr. R. Leslie leaves on Wednesday for a trip to Montreal.

Previous to his departure for British Columbia some of Mr. Will Jefferson's friends entertained him at supper at the Royal hotel. After the wants of the inner man were attended to in a most satisfactory manner, a pleasant evening was spent with songs, speeches, toasts etc. Some of those present were Messrs. John, McDonald, A. Frisbie, J. Frisbie, F. Yorston, Webster, Fraser.

Mr. and Mrs. Thompson of Charlottetown spent Sunday in town, the guests of Rev. Mr. Moss.

Miss Minnie McKenzie is making a lengthy visit to Boston.

The hockey season is now over and our club has now a chance to pause and look back over their winter record and is one out of which they will be proud. They have met defeat at the hands of one team only The Wanderers of Halifax. They have met and defeated badly the Antigonish, Stellarton, New Glasgow and Amherst clubs. Some of the above named they have defeated several times. The following are the members of the first team, Messrs. F. Carrol, G. Skinner, C. McKinnis, G. Glennie, C. Wisener, E. Fullerton, A. Macdonald, Lillie Keating, Lillie Greig, Edna Longwell, Roy Woodill, Dolis Caldwell, Martha Mellish, Egeena Mellish, Nan Fardon, Lela Scott, Edith Archibald, Alice Hames, Gerrie Greenough, Sadie Priest, Robert Campbell, Mildred Brown, Bryce Greig.

TRURO.

[Progress is for sale in Truro by Mr. G. O. Fulton, & Messrs. D. H. Smith & Co.]

MAR. 30.—Miss Annie Cunningham, Antigonish, who has been visiting friends in Halifax, is spending a few days at the "Leasrann" on route home.

Mr. A. S. Murphy, spent last Sunday in Wallace. Miss Ogden, Sackville, N. B. is visiting Miss Blanche Nelson, Pleasant St.

Mr. S. L. Walker and Master Arthur, were in Wallace last Sunday. Dr. Folan, being seriously ill, Dr. Walker is attending to his practice.

Mrs. Harry Crowe and her two little daughters Majorie and Glendon left town on Saturday last to visit Mrs. Crowe's parents in Canning. Kings Co. Miss Crofton, Halifax, is visiting her aunt, Mrs. Kaulbach, at the "Rectory."

Miss Romans, Acadia Mines, is visiting friends in town this week.

Mr. C. E. Bentley who has been abroad in the interests of his firm, is expected home next week.

MONCTON.

[Progress is for sale in Moncton at Hattie Tweedie's Bookstore, and at M. B. Jones Bookstore.]

MAR. 30.—The military opening is the excitement of the hour in Moncton, and it is doing yeoman's service in filling up the schilling void which the close of the hockey season has left. Society people have become accustomed to the fact that the seasonal season is here and have ceased to celebrate it by giving parties, the novelty has worn off as it were, and things would be very dull if it were not for the spring openings. Last week there was one this week there are three, and daintily printed notes and cards of invitation to join the merry throng are the order of the day. I only wonder why some of our enterprising milliners do not originate the custom of serving afternoon tea to their customers since we already have one who regales us with sweet strains of music. The several displays are not attractive and the different millinery establishments thronged with admiring spectators from morning till night. Probably after Easter there will be some social functions to record but at present there is a decided lull in society circles.

Mr. F. B. Archibald ex-chief engineer of the I. C. R. left town last week for Ottawa, where he has been called to give evidence before the parliamentary committee on the Drummond railway affair.

Miss Pender of St. John, who has been visiting Miss Rippey of Church Street, returned home last week.

The Moncton friends of Dr. Minnie A. Charters of this city, who have watched her career with interest will be glad to hear of her continued success in her chosen profession. Dr. Charters who has been settled in Philadelphia for nine years recently in the practice of her profession, was engaged to accept a position on the staff of the hospital for the insane at Jamestown, North Dakota, and after a residence of six months in the institution the management were so pleased with Dr. Charters professional skill that the post of assistant physician on the regular staff was offered to her, and accepted. Moncton has reason to be proud of her talented young daughter.

Mr. John McSweeney, who has been spending a week in town visiting relatives, returned home on Friday.

Mr. and Mrs. E. C. Jones left town on Saturday to spend two weeks visiting friends in Boston.

Miss Webster, of Shediac who has been spending some months in town visiting her sister Mrs. F. J. White, of Botsford Street returned home on Saturday. Mrs. Webster has made hosts of friends

Vapo-Cresolene Cures While You Sleep Whooping Cough, Croup, Colds, Coughs, Asthma, Catarrh. During recent years an important change has taken place in the treatment of certain diseases of the air passages. While formerly it was the custom to rely almost entirely on internal medications in this treatment, the importance of direct applications of medicines to the diseased parts is becoming more and more generally recognized.

Millinery Days.

The impetus given to Hats and Bonnets by our marvellously and successful opening a week ago is making Marr's Millinery Parlors talked of in the best homes of city and country, for visitors were here from near and far. We have never within the same time in any former season booked so many orders for Spring Millinery, whilst the daily sales from stock show a large percentage of increase. It could hardly be otherwise, with the beauty and style in Hats, Bonnets, Flowers and Feathers that meet you in these exceptional Millinery Parlors and the Best Milliner in Canada direct from New York City.

H. G. MARR, MONCTON, N. B.

OUT OF SORTS?

If you are run down, losing flesh and generally out of sorts from overwork, worry or other cause, use

Putner's Emulsion

Nothing else will so promptly restore you to vigor and health.

Always get PUTNER'S. It is the original and best.

CROCKETT'S... CATARRH CURE!

A positive cure for Catarrh, Colds in Head, etc., Prepared by

THOMAS A CROCKETT, 162 Princess St. Cor. Sydney

Tongues and Sounds

Received this day—3 bbls. Codfish Tongues and Sounds. Wholesale and Retail at 19 and 23 King Squars.

J. D. TURNER.

Miss Jessie Campbell Whitlock.

TEACHER OF PIANOFORTE. ST. STEPHEN, N. B.

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

Fresh killed Turkeys and Fowls, Lettuce, Radish, and extra fine Snowflake Potatoes.

THOMAS DEAN, City Market.

THE HORSE CAN'T... Tuttle's Elixir

to his poor lame joints and cords. This Elixir locates lameness, when applied, by resinous acids in the joint affected; the resin drives out. \$100 REWARD IF NOT CURED of Colic, all kinds, Cough, Croup, Splines, Contracted and Knotted Cords, and Shoe Sores. Prepared and endorsed by Adams Express Co.

\$5,000 Reward to the person who can prove one of these testimonials bogus.

Dr. S. A. Tuttle. St. John, N. B. Oct. 8th, 1897, Dear Sir:—I have much pleasure in recommending your Elixir to all interested in horses. I have used it for several years and have found it to be all it is represented. I have used it on my running horses and on my trotting Stallion "Special Blend," with the desired effect. It is undoubtedly a first-class article.

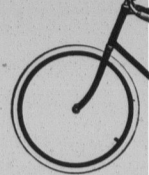
I remain yours respectfully, E. LE ROI WILHELM, Prop. Hotel Duferin.

PUDDINGTON & MERRITT, 55 Charlotte Street, Agents For Canada.

When more than \$500 have Now OUR \$60 E

Highest quality has everything machine has

Special King of



Special quality tubing, special special oil bathments to bearing features. \$85 List, AGENTS

E. C. HILL

101 Yonge

ST. STEPHEN

[Progress is for book stores of G. S. W. Vroom & Co. In Canada]

MAR. 30.—The past week has been a most successful one for both public and private spring; and delightful amusement instead of lent.

A very delightful tea evening by Mrs. Henry of Mrs. Egan. There was a "High tea" was served decorated of the dining table, a beautiful bouquet of flowers and a beautiful table set entirely with china in pale green and the drawing room an Easter lilies, white call palms. After supper, the evening hours of the were awarded to Mr. W. H. Cole. The Co. Chapman and Mrs. Willard Pike, and Mrs. of the "booby" prettily gowned. Mrs. silk with waist of pale green, trimming. Mrs. Murray dress of black silk trim lace. Very noticeable was a terra cotta silk emmae worn by Mrs. J. very smart and fashion was situated in her wedding looked very pretty and also looked extremely well. Her white satin, richly trimmed, numerous other smart descriptions. The most full party were Mr. and Mrs. W. T. Boardman, Young, Mr. and Mrs. H. and Black, Mr. and Mrs. W. W. White, E. Curran, Mrs. Harriet W. A. Murrie, Mr. and Mrs. O. Bailey, Mr. and Mrs. Cole, Mrs. Fred E. The Current News club Tuesday evening and the Misses Stevens.

for this season of this has been "so much been members.

Mr. and Mrs. George on Thursday evening very merry party and they had come to spend the gave them a hearty welcome in full swing. The evening passed very served at midnight.

Mrs. Frederick Hall the pleasure of her young eleventh birthday. A and at the place of each candle. There were eleven many as the young host also looked extremely well. Dean Marchie, Z. Harold Murrie, Sarah cock, F. Annie Parrington, ter supperly and exc. in until nine o'clock.

Mrs. Dorel Grimmer on Monday afternoon an sister Mrs. V. A. W. Miss May Simpson, Thursday afternoon. Mr. and Mrs. Edwin Boston, where they spent stay in the city will be Mr. John M. Stevens in town.

On Monday Mr. J. W. only elected mayor of D. Deson resigning, after for two years.

Mr. and Mrs. Archibald Ridge some five or six in the twentieth anniversary

Friend Tires

Every cyclist our Catalogue "GOODYEAR" A BROADWAY 1 164 King Street

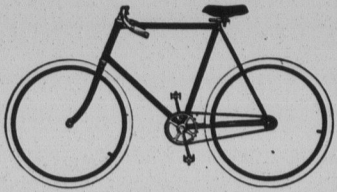
When You Pay

more than \$60 for a Cycle you should have something special. Now OUR

\$60 Empire

Highest grade American goods, has everything that any other machine has at \$75, except our

Special Grade 'King of Scorcher'



Special quality, special duplex tubing, special chain alignment, special oil baths, and locked adjustments to bearings, and other special features.

\$85 List, \$75 Cash.

AGENTS WANTED.

E. C. HILL & CO.,

101 Yonge St. Toronto.

ST. STEPHEN AND CALAIS.

(Progress is for sale in St. Stephen at the book store of G. S. Wall & Co. in Calais at O. F. Frost's.)

Mar. 30.—The past week has been greatly enlivened by a number of parties and entertainments both public and private. The weather has been so springlike and delightful, it urges society on to amusement instead of being the quiet season of Lent.

A very delightful tea party was given on Friday evening by Mrs. Henry S. Murchie at the residence of Mrs. Eaton. There were about thirty-five guests. "High tea" was served at eight o'clock. The floral decorations of the dining room were in green and white, a beautiful bouquet of white carnations, white lilies and smilax was the centre piece on the table from which the corners of the table were stretched pale green and white ribbons. The table was set entirely with cut glass and the most delicate china in pale green and white, the effect was lovely, the drawing room and hall were adorned with Easter lilies, white carnations, lilies, smilax, and palms. After supper, drive wheels filled in the remaining hours of the evening. The first prizes were awarded to Mr. George Murchie, and Mrs. W. H. Cole. The consolation prize fell to Mr. W. Chapman and Mrs. George Murchie, and Mr. Willard Pike, and Mrs. O. S. Bailey, were the winners of the "hooby" prize. The ladies were all prettily gowned. Mrs. Eaton wore a skirt of black silk with waist of pale pink silk, with green velvet trimming. Mrs. Murchie was attired in a pretty dress of black silk trimmed with cream satin and lace. Very noticeable gowns worn by the guests, was a terra cotta silk trim and with velvet and ermine worn by Mrs. Frank P. Woods, this was very smart and fashionable. Mrs. Ralph Horton was attired in her wedding gown of cream satin and looked very pretty and petite. Mrs. F. L. Wood, also looked extremely well in a handsome gown of white satin, richly trimmed with lace, there were numerous other smart gowns but space forbids the description. The guests who enjoyed this delightful party were, Mr. and Mrs. George Murchie, Mr. and Mrs. W. T. Boardman, Mr. and Mrs. Charles Young, Mr. and Mrs. Ralph Horton, Mr. and Mrs. Howard Black, Mr. and Mrs. Frank Woods, Mr. and Mrs. Willard Pike, Mrs. Nellie, Mrs. George Curran, Mrs. Harriett Washburne, Mr. and Mrs. W. A. Murchie, Mr. and Mrs. Chapman, Mr. and Mrs. O. S. Bailey, Mr. and Mrs. Percy Lord, Mr. and Mrs. Cole, Mrs. Fred Hall, Mrs. E. Farrington.

The Current News club met at Hawthorn hall on Tuesday evening and were entertained by Judge and the Misses Stevens. This is the last meeting for this season of this very interesting club, which has been so much benefited and instructed to its members.

Mr. and Mrs. George Gay were greatly surprised on Thursday evening when their door bell rang a merry peal and they found a large party of friends had come to spend the evening with them. They gave them a hearty welcome in a few minutes, games were in full swing, and with music and conversation the evening passed swiftly, a basket supper was served at midnight.

Mrs. Frederick Hall gave a party last week for the pleasure of her young son Charles, it being his eleventh birthday. A dainty supper was served and at the plate of each guest was a lighted colored candle. There were eleven set around the table, as many as the young host has year; they were: James Eaton Dean Murchie, Zettie Dixon, Edin Murchie, Harold Murchie, Sarah Farrington, Chester Haycock, Fannie Farrington and Isaac Farrington. After supper jolly and exciting games were indulged in until nine o'clock.

Mrs. Durell Grimmer came up from St. Andrews on Monday afternoon and spent a day or two with her sister Mrs. V. A. Waterbury.

Miss May Simpson gave a "lumber" party on Thursday afternoon. The was served at five o'clock Mr. and Mrs. Edwin B. Todd left Tuesday for Boston, where they spend a fortnight. During their stay in the city will be guests at the Adams House. Mr. John M. Stevens is spending a week or two in town.

On Monday Mr. J. Whidden Graham was unanimously elected mayor of Milltown. Dr. J. M. LeVelle Deacon resigning, after holding the position of mayor for two years.

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Monday. They invited a number of friends from town who drove out in the evening to congratulate and present several handsome pieces of china as souvenirs of the occasion. The evening was spent pleasantly, games, music, and conversation ruled the hour. Before the guests returned home a substantial supper was served. The party arrived in town about midnight.

Mr. and Mrs. Frederick Pike MacNicol are congratulated on the birth of a daughter on Sunday.

Miss Mary Oulman is visiting in St. John, Mrs. George Carvill.

Mrs. E. C. Young of "Thornhill" entertained the ladies of the Travellers club on Monday afternoon.

The Harmony Club held their last meeting for this season at the residence of Mrs. Hazen Grimmer.

Mrs. Waterbury entertained with the game of Preference, a few lady friends on Thursday evening.

Miss Daisy Hanson invited a party of young lady friends to a "Thimble" party on Saturday afternoon. I hear it was a very jolly pleasant affair, and was much enjoyed by the young ladies who were present.

Mrs. A. E. Neill opened her handsome residence to the ladies of the Park Improvement Society on Saturday afternoon.

A "Water Picnic" was given on Thursday evening by the ladies of the Methodist church in the vestry of the church, which was prettily decorated with flags, bunting, evergreen trees, flowers and palms. All sorts of delicacies were sold for refreshments. An orchestra played softly throughout the whole evening. It was one of the most social and enjoyable evenings enjoyed here for some time. The sum of sixty dollars was the amount of money realized, which I understand is to be given to a mission fund.

Mr. B. Curran is enjoying a trip to Washington and other southern cities.

Miss Edith Johnson's friends most gladly welcomed her home last week. Miss Johnson is a pupil of the Coburn Classical Institute at Waterville, Maine.

Mr. Charles E. McKenzie has returned to his home in Stamford Falls after a brief stay of three days in town.

Mr. M. N. Cockburn of St. Andrews was in town on Thursday and Friday last week.

Miss Florence Mitchell left this morning for Halifax, where for the next three months she will attend the Ladies College and devote herself to the study of music. Miss Mitchell has great musical talent and much is expected and prophesied for her in musical circles in the future.

Messrs John B. Eaton and Harry Eaton, are home from Brown's University for the Easter holidays.

Miss Mattie Harris is visiting in Washington, D. C. She will remain away for some time visiting friends in several other cities.

Mr. Verce Whitman, the principal of the Calais High School, left last week for Boston to spend his vacation.

Miss Hattie Grant, has gone to Washington, D. C., where she will make a brief visit.

Mrs. D. W. Brown and her little daughter Carolyn, left on Friday for their home in Buffalo, Pa., after a visit of a few days with her mother Mrs. P. M. Abbot.

Mr. and Mrs. Henry D. Pike, returned from Baltimore on Saturday. Mrs. Pike has been absent since the beginning of the New Year.

Miss Winifred Todd, arrived today from Anlover, Mass., to spend the Easter holidays with her parents Mr. and Mrs. W. F. Todd. Miss Todd is a pupil at Abbot Academy, an old and famous school for girls.

Miss Victoria Vroom, still continues an invalid much to the regret of her friends and family.

Miss Bessie McVey, has returned from a pleasant visit in Boston.

Mr. Charles E. Haydon, left on Monday for a trip to Portland and Boston, and will be gone a week or ten days.

Miss Annie Rumery, of Eastport, was in Calais last week for a brief visit.

Miss Lydia Ridout, of Westminister B. C., is here, the guest of her sister Mrs. W. H. Clark.

Hon. George F. Hill, has returned from Boston, where he attended the Sportsman's Exhibition in that city.

Mr. I. W. Leeman, left on Monday for a visit in Boston and New York city.

Mrs. Wallace Haycock, Missie Haycock, and Miss Mina McKusick are spending a few days in Boston.

Mr. and Mrs. Elgar W. Thompson, have returned from a brief visit to Boston.

Mrs. Fredric Pot, and Mrs. W. A. Lums, are among the Calais ladies who are visiting Boston this week.

Mr. Henry W. Nichols, left on Monday for a short visit to Boston and a vicinity.

Mrs. Carter of Kingston, is visiting her daughter Miss May Carter.

Capt. Howard B. McAllister, arrived home from Boston on Friday, greatly benefited in health from his trip.

(Progress is for sale in Fredericton by Messrs W. T. H. Fenerty and J. H. Hawthorne.)

Mar. 30.—The musical club spent a pleasant evening last night at "Glenora" the residence of Mrs. Wm. J. Fryer. The programme for the evening contained thirteen numbers.

1. Piano duet, Sonata V.....Weber  
Mrs. Cameron and Mrs. Flawelling.

2. Vocal duet, Greeting.....Mendelssohn  
Mrs. Sewell and Miss Carman.

3. Solo, "Wishes".....W. H. Holmes  
Miss Fenerty.

4. Solo, Out on the Rocks.....Miss Saddle Dolby  
Mrs. Flawelling.

5. Reading, The Lightning Rod Dispenser.....Will Carlin  
Mr. Flawelling.

6. Solo, The Hearts Fancies....A Goring Thomas  
Mrs. Sewell.

7. Solo, Walking.....Millard  
Mrs. W. T. H. Fenerty.

8. Flight of Ages.....Seven  
Mr. Bristowe.

9. Solo, Gondolien Serenade.....Barres  
Mr. Bristowe.

10. Solo, The Children Home.....Cowan  
Mrs. Jaffrey.

11. Duet, I Would that my Love.....Mendelssohn  
Mrs. Sewell and Mrs. Flawelling.

12. Piano duet, Il Barbiere di Seregna.....Rossini  
Miss Carman and Mr. Bristowe.

13. Solo, Grandma's Rings.....  
Mrs. Jaffrey.

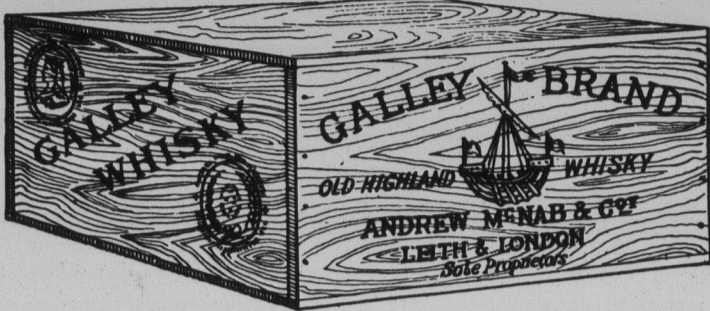
Mr. and Mrs. Thos. Elliott who have been visiting with Postmaster and Mrs. Hilford for the past ten days, left today for North Bay, Ont., where they will permanently reside.

After a pleasant visit with her aunt Mrs. G. Y. Dibble, Miss Annabel Hathway left yesterday for Boston.

Mr. Bruce Lemont left yesterday afternoon for the Yukon, where he has a situation at Crow's Nest Pass.

The "Up-to-date" Waist club met on Monday evening with Mr. and Mrs. E. McKee, a very enjoyable evening was passed and at eleven o'clock a

A CASE OF IMPORTANCE



DIRECT FROM SCOTLAND

BY WILLIAM McINTYRE, St. John, N. B.

Sole Agent for Maritime Provinces.

FOR SALE WHOLESALE BY

WILLIAM McINTYRE JOHN O'REGAN,

12 and 14 Water St. 1 " 3 Union St.

delicious supper was served. Miss Maude Golding was the happy winner of the ladies first prize.

Mr. F. B. Edgecombe, Ex-Mayor Vanwart and Mr. E. V. Edgecombe returned from Boston on Saturday.

Miss Grace Porter has returned from a pleasant visit with friends at Woodstock.

Mrs. Woodbridge and son Norman, left today for Boston to visit Mr. Howard Woodbridge, who is taking a medical course at Harvard.

Mr. F. B. Cooman and Mr. G. W. Randolph returned home from Boston on Monday.

Mr. Geo. Clarke, of the firm of Tennant, Davies & Clark, is receiving congratulations to-day, upon the arrival in his home last evening of a baby daughter.

Mr. and Mrs. Herbert C. Creed are also very happy having received a telegram announcing the arrival of a son to Mr. and Mrs. Harry Dean Creed of St. John, it will be remembered that just about a year ago Mr. and Mrs. Harry Creed lost their only son, a beautiful boy of two years, thereby making the present arrival doubly precious.

After a visit of three months spent with friends in Backville and Sussex, Mrs. James Fraser returned home Saturday evening.

Col. Manuall, D. O. C., returned home from Ottawa on Monday.

Dr. Seabury Bridges, spent Sunday in the city having been called on account of the serious illness of his mother Mrs. Henry Bridges.

After a visit of several weeks, spent with her sister, Mrs. J. B. McIntosh of St. John, Mrs. H. B. Pitts returned home on Thursday last.

Dr. and Mrs. Cliff and Mrs. P. A. Yerxa of Boston were here last week, they came to visit Mr. A. D. Yerxa, who is ill at Victoria Hospital.

A very enjoyable parlor social was held last evening at the residence of Mr. and Mrs. Hobbs of Gibson, a fine programme was carried out, after which refreshments were served.

Miss Mabel Fawcett has returned to her home in Hampton, after several weeks spent here very pleasantly with her grand mamma Mrs. Lemont.

Mr. F. Dole is spending a few days in the city with friends.

Mr. John Sills, of St. John, spent Sunday in town the guest of Mr. and Mrs. H. C. Creed.

Master Roy Morrison has issued invitations for a large party at "Riverside" for tomorrow Tuesday March 31st.

Mrs. Peter Macdonald has returned home from her transatlantic trip, and is looking remarkably well after her long journey.

Messrs Frederick Rowley and Will Rowley are at home on a vacation.

Mrs. A. W. Edgecombe gave a small dinner party last evening for her niece Miss Maude Golding, covers were laid for twelve. Miss Golding left today for home.

Judge Vanwart returned from St. John on Saturday evening.

Mr. Wm. Lemont has returned from his trip to New York and Boston.

Miss Maule Whitehead left on Tuesday for Vancouver where she has accepted a position.

Mr. Jacobs and Mr. Trusman of Montreal spent Sunday in town.

Mayor Whitehead is visiting Montreal.

Miss Downing of Maryville has been spending a few days in St. John.

ST. GEORGE. Mar. 30.—Mrs. Brittan of Sydney C. B. has been a recent guest at the rectory, and Mrs. Wills of Smith of St. John at the home of Mr. Hill Cavley. On Monday evening the ladies of the W. C. T. U. paid a surprise visit to their president Miss May Russell it being her birthday. The evening was spent in social conversation and music, Mrs. Lavers on behalf of the ladies presented Miss Russell with a very handsome bouquet, Miss Russell in reply thanked the friends for their kind feeling so warmly expressed. A dainty luncheon was served during the evening.

The Athletic club opened their hall informally on Monday evening. The hall is finely fitted up and a large number have joined. Mr. N. Meating is president and Mr. Vaughan Dewar treasurer.

Mr. and Mrs. James O'Brien have returned from Fredericton.

Between twelve and fifteen of Miss Flo Lavers friends called at the parsonage on Friday evening to offer congratulations on her eighteenth birthday. Rev. and Mrs. Lavers are perfect hosts and a very perfect evening was spent.

On Saturday evening a number of Mr. Arch Mac-

CAMPBELL'S WINE OF BEECH TREE CREOSOTE CURES OBSTINATE COUGHS. DOCTORS RECOMMEND IT HIGHLY. ASK YOUR DRUGGIST FOR IT.

Vicar's friends called at his home to extend to him their best wishes on his birthday. Rev. Mr. Lavers on behalf of the friends presented him with a bible in appreciation of his service in church work. Miss E. L. Dick has been called from St. John on account of the serious illness of her mother Mrs. John Dick at Hasselale. It is with the deepest regret I write this week of the death of a very nice young girl Violet Johnston second daughter of Capt. and Mrs. Charles Johnston whose death took place at her late home on Friday afternoon after a severe illness of six weeks. The funeral took place on Sunday afternoon from St. Mark's church and was very largely attended the Sunday school teachers and scholars walking in a body from the house to the church. The floral offerings were lovely. The family have the deepest sympathy in their sad bereavement. Rev. R. E. and Miss Smith entertained a party of lady friends at tea on Tuesday evening. Mrs. Fred Seely and family leave town this week. They have made numerous friends during their residence in St. George and will be much missed in church circles and in society. MAX.

THINGS OF VALUE. Boarding House Keeper—How sorry I feel for those poor Londoners who are cold weather Boarders—Madam, there is no need of going so far to place your sympathy. You need not forget that I occupy one of your hall rooms. Why will you allow a cough to lacerate your throat and lungs and run the risk of filling a consumptive's grave, when, by the timely use of Bickie's Anti-Tosin and Syrup the pain can be slayed and the danger avoided. This Syrup is pleasant to the taste, and unsurpassed for relieving, healing and curing all affections of the throat and lungs, coughs, colds, bronchitis, etc., etc. CHOLL 6—Er—ay—I do believe a good deal in this—be ready theory. Miss Smart—Your own case shows it. You would never have seen rich if your father had not been so.

In his VEGETABLE PILLS, Dr. Parmelee has given to the world the fruit of long scientific research in the whole realm of medical science, combined with new and valuable discoveries never before known to man. For Delicate and Debilitated Constitutions, Parmelee's Pills act like a charm. Taken in small doses, the effect is both a tonic and a stimulant, mildly exciting the secretions of the body, giving tone and vigor.

My dear Miss Ballygan, said the imperious youth, I love you more than words can tell—Will, then, interrupt the heiress, why don't you try fuses? PARMLEE'S PILLS possess the power of acting specifically upon the diseased organs, stimulating to action the dormant energies of the system, thereby removing disease. It is of great value in the power of this medicine to cleanse and purify, and drive out every noxious and noxious element from the body. Mr. D. Carwell, Carey St., P. O., Ont., writes: "I have tried Parmelee's Pills and find them an excellent medicine, and one that will sell well."

Laura—When Bob proposed last night did you what was common? Lucretia—No; I didn't know papa was within hearing; neither did Bob. Poor Bob!

Fagged Out—None but those who have become fagged out, know what a depressed, miserable feeling it is. All strength is gone, and despondency has taken hold of the sufferers. They feel as though there is nothing to live for. There, however, is a cure—one box of Parmelee's Vegetable Pills will do wonders in restoring health and strength. Manufactured and Sold in two of the articles entering into the composition of Parmelee's Pills.

Are you the boss of the house? Inquired the man at the door. No; I'm only the boss' understudy, was the much-married man's answer.

The Hero—nobles of the brute creation—when suffering from a cut, abrasion, or sore, derives as much benefit as his master in a like predicament, from the healing, soothing action of Dr. THOMAS' EMULSION OIL. Lameness, swelling of the neck, stiffness of the joints, throat and lungs, are relieved by it.

Georg, father has fed'd. That's just like him! I tell you all along, darling, that he was going to all he could to keep us from marrying.

The healthy glow disappearing from the cheek and moaning and restlessness at night are sure symptoms of worms in children. Do not fail to get a bottle of Mother Graves' Worm Exterminator; it is an effectual medicine.

How is your wife? I see her very seldom. Why, how's that? Because she sits behind me on our tandem!

Are your corners harder to remove than those that others have had? Have they not had the same kind? Have they not been cured by using Hol-lisays-Corn Cure? Try a bottle.

Not so Remarkable—De Guppie—I believe my dog knows as much as I do. She—I've seen smarter dogs than that.

THE DUFFERIN. This popular Hotel is now open for the reception of guests. The situation of the House, facing as it does on the beautiful King Square, makes it a most desirable place for Visitors and Business Men. It is within a short distance of all parts of the city. Has every accommodation. Electric cars, from all parts of the town, pass the house every three minutes. E. CAROL WILLIS, Proprietor.

BELMONT HOTEL ST. JOHN, N. B. Directly opposite Union Depot. All modern improvements. Heated with hot water and lighted by electricity. Baggage to and from the station free of charge. Terms moderate. J. SIMS, Prop.

QUEEN HOTEL, FREDERICTON, N.B. J. A. EDWARDS, Proprietor. Fine sample rooms in connection. First class Livery Stable. Coaches at trains and boats.

Havana Cigars. Just received, a supply of genuine GOLDEN EAGLES, CLEMENTINAS, LA PUREZA, and CADORES QUEEN.

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OYSTERS always on hand. FISH and GAME in season!

MEALS AT ALL HOURS. DINNER A SPECIALTY.

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IMPORTED CIGARS. First Spring Import. 5000 HAVAANS. For Sale Low. THOS. L. BOURKE

Friend-Making Tires. Every cyclist is interested in our Catalogue, all about the "GOODRICH" brand. AMERICAN TYRE CO., 154 King Street, West, Toronto.

CANCER. And Tumors cured to stay cured, at home, no knife, plaster or pain. For Canadian testimonials & 150-page book—free, Dept. 22, MAISON MEDICINE CO., 577 Sherbourne Street, Toronto, Ontario.



(CONTINUED FROM FIFTH PAGE.) Mrs. Davidson accompanied Miss Brown to Sussex and was also the guest of Mrs. Smith for a day or so. Mr. Thos. J. Dillon of Charlottetown spent Friday last in town. Mr. Edgar Davidson of St. John arrived in town on Wednesday and has been admitted as a student to the I. C. B. depot to study telegraphy. Mrs. Byard McLeod and children returned home on Saturday from a very pleasant visit with friends in Apohaqui. Mr. Stanley Hopkins of St. John was visiting at Mrs. E. Brown's last week. Mr. Lester Stockton spent Tuesday in Petticoat. Mosquito.

BUCTOURE.

MAR. 26.—Miss Maggie Hannigan left for Moncton yesterday where she expects to remain a few months. Mr. James Johnson has gone to Winnipeg to spend the summer. Mr. Neil J. Ross is visiting friends in St. John. Messrs. Robinson of Toronto, Isaac Trenholm of Amherst and R. Barker of St. John are in town. Congratulations are being extended to Mr. and Mrs. A. J. Gorman of the Bayview; it is a boy. YANNA.

THE YUKON MOSQUITO.

Drives Moose, Deer and Caribou to the Snow Line, Stings Bears Blind.

Not only do the Yukon mosquitoes attack men and overwhelm them, but they drive the moose, deer, and caribou up the mountains to the snow line, where these animals would prefer not to be in berry time. They kill dogs, and even the big brown bear, that is often mis-called a grizzly, has succumbed to them. Bears come down to the river from the hillside in the early fall to get some of the salmon that are often thrown upon the banks when the "run" is heavy.

It bruis runs foul of a swarm of mosquitoes and has not his wits about him his day has come. The insects will alight all over him. His fur protects his body, but his eyes, ears and nose will be swollen up and bleeding, and unless he gets into a river or a strong wind he will be driven mad and blind, to wander about hopelessly until he starves to death.

Although the Alaska summer is short, two broods of mosquitoes hatch out each year, and are ready for business from one to ten seconds after they leave the water. It rains a good deal along the Yukon, and rain is welcomed, for it drives the mosquitoes to cover. They hide under leaves and branches until the storm is over; then they come out boiling with rage at the time they have been forced to spend in idleness, and the miner has a harder time than ever after his respite. Mosquitoes and snowflakes are not contemporaries in the States, but in Alaska it is different. Snow does not bother them so much as rain, and an early snow may fall while they are still on the wing. Fog does not choke them, either. They appear to like it. They float about in it as in ambush and take the unwary prospector by surprise.

The Longest Fence in the World.

The longest fence in the world is probably that which has just been finished by the Erie Cattle Company along the Mexican border. It is 75 miles in length, and separates exactly from its entire distance the two republics of North America. The fence was built to keep the cattle from running across the border and falling easy prey to the Mexican cow punchers. Although it cost a great deal of money it is

Sleep

Induced by the use of coca, opiate or narcotic compounds is bad, decidedly bad. They undermine health and shatter the constitution and the patient is steadily growing into a worse condition—often resulting in the terrible slavery and misery of the cocaine and opium habit. Sleep induced by the use of Hood's Sarsaparilla does not perhaps come as quickly, but it comes more surely and more permanently through nature's great restoring and rejuvenating channel—purified, vitalized and enriched blood. This feeds the nerves with life-giving energy and builds up the system and constitution from the very foundation of all health and life—the blood—pure, rich, red blood.

Hood's Sarsaparilla

Is the One True Blood Purifier. All druggists. \$1. Hood's Pills cure liver ills, easy to take, easy to operate. 25 cents.

ENLIGHTENING THE WORLD.



We want to enlighten our little world about us in regard to wall paper buying. We want you to know that right here you will find the choicest and cheapest and cheeriest patterns. Buy nowhere else till you have looked about you enough to see what we are showing. We don't want you to buy from only examining our stock for we want you to see other stocks and know the superiority of ours.

DOUGLAS MCARTHUR 90 King Street. SHOW ROOMS UPSTAIRS.

Wanted at Once

A good, live, hustling agent to work for Progress. Only reliable, and wide-awake men, with some experience in canvassing need apply.

The Progress Printing and Pub. Co. Ltd.

estimated that enough cattle will be saved in one year to more than pay for it. It is a barbed wire fence, with mesquite and cottonwood poles and for the entire length runs as straight as the crow flies.

THE RUINS OF PALENQUE.

Interesting Observations on the Ruins of an Ancient City of Mexico.

Prof. Saville, connected with the American Museum of Natural History, has returned from an interesting journey of exploration in the State of Chiapas, where he visited the ruins of Palenque, and his report confirms the previous reports of the vast extent of that ancient city and the elaborate character of the ornamentation of the houses which are now concealed within the dense forest growth. Before Prof. Saville could begin his investigations it required a force of men working three days to clear out the growth before he could get anywhere near the ruins. Inside of the ruins magnificent stucco and terra cotta figures are covered with incrustations and from the walls hang hundreds of stalactites. Prof. Saville said this was wonderful and is one of the few places in the world where such could be found. He said that the Government should do something toward keeping the ruins in a better condition.

The Professor says: 'I made investigations among the types of Indians which are very scarce. I spent some time with the Tuntalocans, Bachajons, and the almost unknown Lacondones. I got a complete set of their musical instruments, garments, and household utensils, and from the latter tribe I got their bows and arrows. They use these weapons with remarkable skill. One of them can send an arrow so high into the air that it is hardly perceptible, and when it returns it will fall almost at his feet. They use four styles of arrows for shooting different kinds of game. I had good luck to see them make these arrows, something that they rarely do in the presence of white men. The heads are made of obsidian, a form of volcanic glass. These are chipped with remarkable skill. The different specimens and photographs I made were sent directly to New York, and on my return will be placed in the National Museum. These natives speak a dialect of pure Maya, and a very few understand Spanish.'

Prof. Saville now goes to Oaxaca to study the ruins at Mitla.

Guessing at the Song.

Two sailors, returned from a long voyage, strolled into a public house near the docks. Above the rumble of the traffic on the street could be heard at intervals the loud, unusual voice of a lunkster. After listening intently for a minute one of the sailors turned to his companion and said: 'Eh, Jack, lad; it's a long time since we heard that song.'

'What song?'

'The one that fellow's singing in the street—'The Light of Other Days.'

'Stow it,' ejaculated the other gruffly. 'That fellow ain't singing 'The Light of Other Days' at all, man. I've been listening to him. He's a-piping 'The Banks of Allan Water.'

Each sailor was certain he was right, and with characteristic contempt for money a wager was made—a month's wages depending on the result.

'Here, Tommy!' called out one of the men to the little son of the landlord, 'run out and get to know what that fellow's singing.'

'Well,' demanded Jack, when the youngster returned, 'which of us is right?'

'Nayther of ye,' replied Tommy grinning. 'The feller's not singing. He's hawking fly papers!'—Answers.

ESCAPADES OF A DESPERADO.

Rode Over the Country and Dared the Odds to Shoot.

'Doc' Middleton was the most daring desperado that ever terrorized the Elkhorn Valley, and ruled the Black Hills country with a high hand,' said John C. Barclay.

'Middleton always bore the sobriquet of Doc,' but nobody seems to know how he was dubbed. Before the railroads were built into Deadwood, S. D., I used to make one trip a year by stage to that country, and I saw 'Doc' Middleton several times. He was a powerful fellow, with quick elastic step, and wore a dark sombrero, an overcoat of wildcat skin and a bright handkerchief and his cowboy makeup gave him the appearance of a typical Western frontiersman. Leading a band of rangers he waged war on the Sioux Indians and protected the settlers of the Elkhorn Valley, Neb. Government officials in those days feared him, and for years he was the chief of desperados in those parts. But he settled down to a respectable life in Nebraska over fifteen years ago, and was engaged in the cattle business.

'When I first knew 'Doc' he was freighted from Sidney, Neb., to the Black Hills. One night, in a Sidney dance house, a half dozen soldiers engaged in a quarrel with 'Doc,' and there was a shooting scrape. Middleton escaped and hid in the hill sands on the plate River. While living in the hills he picked up a bunch of horses and started out with them. He was captured and thrown into jail in Sidney. The second night there he got the jailer drunk and walked away. He next appeared at a road ranch up the Elkhorn, having been without food for five days. Soon after that he was hurrying down the Elkhorn Valley with a bunch of horses that belonged to the Indians. 'Doc' and his party were pursued by a company of United States soldiers, about fifty settlers, and a band of Indians. The white men gave up the chase in a few days, but the Indians kept on the trail. One night the thieves were overtaken by the Indians. The red men dared not shoot Middleton, so they took the horses and returned home. Middleton's front teeth were filled with gold, and he was known to all the Redskins as 'Gold Chief.' The Indians believed that 'Doc' must have been favored by the Great Spirit in order to have gold teeth, and they would not kill him.

'One of Middleton's escapades was known over all the country. He was at North Platte, and a Sheriff tried to take him. 'Doc' mounted his horse, pulled a couple of revolvers, and rode over all the town daring any man to shoot at him. The Government finally made a determined effort to capture 'Doc' and sent out four secret service men. They met 'Doc' at a Fourth of July celebration at Atchison, Neb. He took their pistols away, and made them run foot races and join in the other festivities of the day. Once Judge Moody of Deadwood demanded Middleton's surrender. He made the Judge throw up his hands, and then took all the valuables he had. 'Middleton was finally captured by Deputy Lewellen and Hizen, who were sent out by Gov. Thayer of Nebraska. 'Doc' was taken to Omaha, where he received a sentence of five years in the penitentiary. He was shown leniency because he always protected the white settlers and only stole the stock belonging to the Indians. At the expiration of his term 'Doc' returned to Atchison, Neb., and became a law-abiding citizen.'—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

A Bad Country for Jugglers.

Most of the current stories about conjurers are at the expense of the public, some one of whom is commonly made ridiculous by the juggler. A story of Bellachini, a famous conjurer of an earlier time, goes the other way. Bellachini, who had travelled almost all over the world, found himself at last in Morocco, where he gave a performance before the sultan. By way of climax, he took a snow-white and a gray pigeon, cut off the head of each, and then placed the white head on the gray pigeon and the gray head on the white pigeon, after which the two birds, each with the other's head on, flew away alive as if nothing had happened—or appeared to do so, since of course it is a necessary inference that Bellachini in some way managed a substitution of live pigeons for dead ones. The sultan liked this performance very much, and having ordered two of his men, a negro and a light Berber, to be brought forward, he commanded Bellachini to cut off their heads, and to exchange them as he had done with the pigeons. Bellachini was much taken aback by this proposition. He was unable to perform any such 'trick,' of course, but he did not like to confess it. He said to the sultan through the interpreter: 'Pardon, your most gracious majesty, my

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CARRIER, LAINE & CO., 236 St. Joseph Street, QUEBEC, LEVIE, P. O. (PLEASE MENTION THIS PAPER.) 145 St. James Street, MONTREAL.

FACTS ABOUT LAKE SUPERIOR.

Peculiarities of the Largest Body of Good Drinking Water in the World. Lake Superior is, to begin with, the largest body of fresh water in the world. It is water of wonderful purity, which it holds too; and some time, and in the not very distant future, either, the people who live in the large cities to the west and south will come to this lake to get the water for their homes. It will not be so remarkable an engineering feat to pipe the water of this lake, pure and sparkling and fresh from its cold depths, to these cities which are now struggling with the question of their waste supply and meeting all sorts of difficulties in their efforts to get water fit to drink.

All down through this thousand feet of blue there is a peculiar coldness. At the very most the temperature varies through winter and summer not more than 6°. Winter and summer this great lake never changes to any appreciable extent, so that if you dip your finger tips in the blue surface on a day in July, or if you test it some day in the early winter when you have been out on some belated, ice-mailed fishing smack, or when you have gone out to watch the fishermen spearing their supplies through the thick ice in mid-January, you will find but a trifling difference in the temperature. Away down at the bottom, too, there is but little variation in the temperature, for it stands at nearly 40° Fahrenheit at the bottom, and varies from 40° to 46°, winter and summer, at the surface. The other lakes, though cold, are not in this respect like Superior.

The whole bottom of the lake is believed to be a strong rock basin, though it would seem that there must be great springs at the bottom to help keep up the enormous volume of water. From the north there is a large amount of water pouring into the lake year in and year out, the swift-rushing, narrow-banked Nipigon and other streams furnishing no small part of the supply. These streams in a large measure make up for the loss from the surface. One of the old lake Captains, a bronzed, kindly faced man, who had been for thirty five years on the lakes and had faced death many a time in the frightful storms which sometimes sweep across these beautiful bodies of water, told me, as we were passing along one day near the north coast of Superior, with the headlands and inlets and glossy green bays of that most picturesque shore in full view that the theory that the lake was slowly going down in size was true. He maintained that he could tell from certain landmarks along the shores, with which he is as familiar as he would be with the streets of his old Scottish birthplace, that the lake was slowly—very slowly—but surely receding. However, it will be some centuries yet before there will be

any appreciable lessening of the great lakes, so that we need not be concerned. Strange as it may seem the lake has tides, too, well defined tides, discovered in 1860. It is what is called a self-registering tide, with a regular flux and reflux wave, caused, so the scientific men say, by the sun and moon. The average rise and fall every twenty four hours is 1 1/4-100 of a foot; the maximum tide at new and full moon is 128-100 of a foot.

To the Electors of the City of St. John.

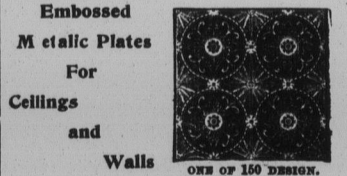
LADIES AND GENTLEMEN— AT THE SOLICITATION OF A LARGE number of the electors of this city I shall be a candidate for Alderman for Lorne ward, at the coming election. I elected I shall give the business of the city my most earnest attention. I cannot place myself in the hands of any particular party or faction. I want to be elected by the citizens to represent all the citizens. If the electors will place me in this position I shall be able to do honest, straight forward business at the council board. Yours faithfully, J. W. KEAST, 80 Bridge street.

To the Electors of the City of St. John.

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN— THE VERY LARGE VOTE I POLLED LAST year, has prompted me again to offer myself as a candidate for Alderman of Dufferin ward, at the coming election. Should I be honored with an increase of your confidence this year, and elected, my every act will be for the very best interests of the city generally. Yours, etc., N. W. BRENNAN.

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Are used all over the country, in every style of building, because they give the very best economical satisfaction. You can use them over plaster if necessary, and will find them enduringly handsome, as well as fire proof and hygienic. Easily applied. Moderate in price. Just what will please you. Write us for full information. METALIC ROOFING CO., Limited 1189 King St. west, Toronto.

The Boston Fern

is an entirely new variety of the charming Sword Fern, it is by far more graceful than the old variety. It has created a furore in floral centres, and is at present enjoying the greatest popularity of any decorative plant. For the we will mail you a healthy specimen of this Fern (usual price 50c.) and our book of 'Canadian Plants for Canadian People' a most complete catalogue of Roses, Greenhouse Plants, Hardy Perennials, Ornamental Shrubs, Climbers, and Flower Seeds. This offer is to secure hundreds of new customers. Let us convince you by this trial order, of the high grade of our stock. Leading Canadian Florists.

WEBSTER BROS., Hamilton Ont.

TO CURE A GOLD IN ONE DAY. Take Laxative Bromo-Quinine Tablets. All Druggists refund the money if it fails to cure. 25c.



ST. JOHN, N. B., SATURDAY, APRIL 2, 1898.

## HAVANA AS IT IS TODAY.

THINGS SEEN AND HEARD THERE BY A TRAVELLER.

Guard Mount—Few Bicycles and no Dogs—Costumes of Women Who Resort to Cosmetics to Make up Their Beauty—Lottery Tickets and the Cemetery.

The one predominating element in Havana at the present time is the soldiery. The streets are literally filled with uniformed men and youth. The average Spanish officers or soldiers would not impress a stranger favorably. As a rule they are not well set up and they are generally underdressed. They may understand the theory and practice of war, but the true martial ardor does not seem to reach down into their backbone and legs. None of the officers would ever be accused of wearing corsets as some of our fledglings in the military service are. The uniform of officers and men seems to be of the same material—a fine green and white stripe gingham or some similar fabric for both coat and trousers. The officers wear a few gilt stars on their coat sleeves and a white canvas cap; the enlisted men a panama straw hat, with one side folded up and fastened with a rosette.

The volunteers, are doing duty in the city as an adjunct to the police. They have an inspection and guard mount every morning on the Prado. I twice saw this ceremony performed and never saw anything so slovenly done before. There was no sizing up of the men; a boy of 5 feet 2 inches would be between men six or eight inches taller. Talking in the ranks seemed to be allowed at all times. At the inspection the man became immovable only when the officer approached him and relaxed into sociability immediately after the officer had passed. Some had leggings, many had not. They were a job lot of misfits, assorted sizes and colors from 15 to 40. The regulars are having a hard time of it. In summer about 50 per cent sicken and die. At the present time some of them are begging on the streets not having received their pay for more than six months. This refers to the enlisted men. The officers are paid and, apparently, enjoy themselves. They seemed to have just war enough on their hands and no desire to increase the volume of that kind of business.

One might imagine that everybody in Havana was rich, as there is an utter absence of dogs, which cannot be accounted for by lack of poverty. Without asking for an explanation, one may conclude that they have gone with the reconcentrados. The bicycle fad doesn't seem to have taken hold of the Havanaese. I saw but two bicycles on the streets and those were on the outskirts of the city, where there was a little patch of concrete pavement. There are very few streets in Havana where it would be a pleasure to ride a wheel. The business portion is paved with black granite in very good condition. The roads in the suburbs are execrable. The favorite drive is on the beach road, but there is very little pleasure in driving—the road is so full of ruts and depressions that carriage springs are severely tested. The condition of the streets and the almost entire absence of country roads is probably the excuse for not indulging in bicycling.

There are a few lines of street cars with mules for motive power. The charge is 10 cents, and travel by this method is naturally somewhat restricted. When the war is over there ought to be a grand opportunity for enterprising Americans to put in a first-class trolley system with five-cent fares. The favorite means of transportation in the city is by their one-horse victorias, of which there are thousands, and they will carry two persons from one point to another within the city limits for a peso, or 20 cents of their money, equal in value to 14 cents English money. This is about the only cheap article in Havana.

A casual observer would say there was very little difference between the gowns and costumes of the Havanaese ladies and those seen in the large cities of the United States or Europe. They catch on to the prevailing fashions without much delay and adopt them to the extent of their purses. One does not see seal cloaks or other furs on the streets even in the winter months, when the temperature is between 70 and 80 degrees, although I saw one fur cape for sale in one of the shops. If a sale of them ever occurs, the purchaser is undoubtedly one who contemplates a trip North. Most of the women who appear on the streets in the daytime hood their faces with black lace

scarfs and use fans to protect their faces from the sun. Frequently you see young women walking together dressed exactly alike. This is so frequent as to be noticeable to strangers. On a Sunday afternoon I noticed in front of a fashionable residence five women, probably members of the same family, all gowned precisely alike, in a heliotrope fabric. It was suggested that the head of the family was pleased with the goods and bought a whole piece. Very few of the women are pretty, according to the recognized standard of beauty. They age early and rapidly, and resort to cosmetics and powders to continue their youthful looks long after their beauty if they ever had any, has passed away.

The Hotel Inglaterra is considered a fine hotel for Cuba. You would not be satisfied with the cooking and general conduct of the dining room. There is scarcely any variation of the menu from meal to meal and day to day. It is printed in both Spanish and English, but as the waiters cannot understand the English part of it, you are hopelessly lost if you undertake to give them an order. But I started to tell you about the bedroom. It is very roomy and at least twenty feet high. Broad wooden blinds open out on an iron balcony. Iron bars perpendicularly placed make access to your room from the outside impossible. The floor is marble and the walls are covered with a heavy dark paper of Moorish design. A half circle of colored glasses over your window make a very beautiful rainbow effect on the marble floor when the sun shines into the room. The beds are a pretty picture to look at. The bedsteads are brass, with a symmetrically curved mosquito canopy tastefully draped to protect the sleeper from those musical pests, which do business every month in the year. The picture is somewhat dispelled when you discover there is nothing between you and a very flexible wire mattress except one thin quilt and a sheet. The effect is something like getting into a hammock. Another peculiarity of the room is that the partition which separates you from the adjoining room reaches only eight or nine feet from the floor, and by standing on a chair, if inclined, you can look in on your neighbors. We distinctly heard the voices of two females in liquid Spanish from the other side of the partition, but, having an insurance policy, insuring against all accidents, we went soundly to sleep without fear.

It seems to a stranger in Havana that one-half of the population are engaged in selling lottery tickets. They are offered to you by all classes, ages and sexes. They are hung on hooks in elevators, and the boy or man in charge of the lit suggests that you invest. Almost every store can supply you if you want them. Half-clad men, women and children importune you in Spanish to help them out. The wonder is where all these wretched people get the money to start in business. Probably they sell on commission, but it must be a great deal of confidence to trust them on the streets with so much valuable (?) property.

There is considerable absence of drunkenness in Havana. I saw but one person intoxicated and he was hanging around the American Consulate asking assistance. He was an American, I am ashamed to say. His story was that he had been stranded here, and being an American sailor, had been abused by the Spanish, to prove which he showed me the cuts on his head. He apparently deserved all he got.

The cemetery is an interesting place to visit and one is repaid for the trouble of a two or three mile drive to see some of the fine monuments there, especially one erected by the city to the memory of thirty-six firemen who perished in a conflagration several years ago. It is of Italian marble, grand in proportions and elaborate in workmanship. Medallions in life size of the dead firemen are cut in relief on one of the supporting blocks of marble, nine on each side. The main shaft is surmounted with the figure of an angel holding the dead body of a fireman in its arms, and on each side and angel is some beautifully worked design commemorating the occasion. The whole structure must be about 75 feet high and possibly 80 feet square at the base. It was made in Italy and must have cost several hundred thousands of dollars. The Havana funerals all occur at 5 o'clock in the afternoon, and soon after that time you see processions coming into the cemetery from all directions. The carriages remain at the entrance while the bearers carry the casket to the grave, followed by the mourners. I saw several funeral processions wending their way slowly up the hill without hearse or carriages. These were

of families too poor to have anything but a plain coffin. This was being carried on the shoulders of men, and as the distance is sometimes several miles, it requires quite a number of able-bodied men, who relieve one another frequently. Nearly all the lots in the cemetery are inclosed with iron fences, and almost every grave mark has a wreath of metallic flowers attached to it. There is an appearance of neglect noticeable throughout the cemetery, but that seems to be characteristic of the people.

## UNDERGROUND STREAMS.

Thousands of Miles of Subterranean Rivers in Kentucky.

Mr. John R. Proctor, formerly State Geologist of Kentucky, has written an article for the Century on 'The mammoth Cave of Kentucky.' Mr. Proctor says:

Passing southward through Kentucky on the Louisville and Nashville Railway, the observant traveler will notice that about forty miles from Louisville the road climbs Muldrow's Hill, which is the northern encampment of an elevated limestone plateau sloping gently to the south and west. The road traverses this plateau for about one hundred miles, and descends a southern escarpment into the basin of central Tennessee. In this distance only three streams are crossed—Nolin, Green, and Barren Rivers; and between these rivers the entire surface-drainage passes away through subterranean channels, giving rise to a curious 'sink-hole' topography which is peculiar to this region. These circular and oval-shaped depressions are so numerous that in places the rims almost touch one another, and one can sometimes count several hundred to the square mile. Through vents at the bottom of these sinks the surface-water passes downward into caverns and underground streams, emptying into the above named rivers through arched ways near water level, and in places beneath the surface of the rivers.

The surface-rock of this plateau is the Subcarboniferous limestone, which is here several hundred feet thick, a massive, remarkably homogeneous rock, with no intervening strata of shale or sandstone—conditions most favorable for the formation of caverns; consequently this region contains more and larger caves, in a given area, than any other region in the world. In Edmonson County, where the celebrated Mammoth Cave is located, it is claimed that there are as many as five hundred known caverns.

A range of hills of uniform height, running parallel with the railway and several miles distant, will be observed to the north. On nearer inspection this will be seen to be a level plateau rising out of the limestone plain, and held up by a capping of massive sandstone. It is beneath the protection of this sandstone-capped plateau that the larger caves are found. Green River has cut through this plateau to a depth of about 320 feet; and as the sandstone cap is about 70 feet thick, we find about 250 feet of massive limestone exposed above the drainage level, we thus have 250 feet as the present limit of the vertical extension of these caves. The evidence is conclusive that these caves have been cut down to correspond with the deepening of the channel cut by Green River. In the region immediately along the line of the railway, where the sandstone capping and the upper limestone have been removed by erosion, the caverns have less vertical extension, and correspond to the lower avenues of the Mammoth and other caves to the north. Doubtless large caverns, corresponding to those now remaining beneath the sandstone plateau, existed here before the upper member of the limestone was eroded from this area.

There is no means of estimating the extent of the caverns and subterranean streams in this region. Every one of the innumerable depressions of sinkhole—save where the vents have been closed, thus forming ponds—communicates with an underground channel or cave, and the aggregate length of such channels has been estimated at many thousands of miles. Nor can we form any estimate of the number and extent of large caverns yet undiscovered.

But for the erosion caused by a small stream cutting through the roof of Mammoth Cave the present entrance would not have been broken open, and this, the greatest of caves, might have remained unknown. Several other of the largest and most beautiful caves in this region have been found by accident. Hidden grandeur doubtless yet remain untombed beneath the extensive uplands reaching out on both sides of Green River.

In crossing the southern upland we come upon oval-shaped limestone valleys, surrounded on all sides by a sandstone rim, with no outlet save through vents in the bottom. These valleys are sometimes hundreds of acres in extent, and are probably formed by the falling in of extensive caverns, the debris, disintegrated by the elements being carried away through the subterranean channels. The fact that existing caves under the hills surrounding these valleys have been found through entrances in the sides of some of the valleys is an indication that this may have been the condition.

## HOW HARRY TRIPP DIED.

Incident of the Blowing Up of the Mississippi Steamboat Oceanus.

Any man who faces certain death without a tremor has in him an element of bravery and heroism. No matter what may have been his faults, a man's unflinching bravery at his dying hour commands the admiration of the living. Such a hero was Harry Tripp, one of the most noted gamblers on the river steamers in the palmy days of the Mississippi.

'The Oceanus was in the Red River trade out of St. Louis in 1871,' said an old steamboat man. 'Those were the days when the Mississippi River steamboat trade was yet in its glory. St. Louis was holding the trade in the richest selections of the South and one of the prosperous concerns in the city then was known as the St. Louis Merchants' Arkansas, White and Red River Packing Companies. This corporation sent boats down the Mississippi and up the Arkansas, White and Red Rivers. Some of the best known men in St. Louis today held salaried positions with the river transportation companies in those times. Some of the big fortunes in St. Louis today were made by men who were at the head of those river packet lines or were in some way engaged in commerce connected with the river trade was something to be proud of.'

'The steamboat Oceanus was in the Red River trade. Her pilot, in the latter end of the river's palmy period, was Harry Tripp. Every old steamboat man remembers Tripp. He was a typical sport and steamboat man of these days. He was known from St. Louis to New Orleans as a king among sports and a prince among good fellows. He was tall and slender, but wiry. He was the most elegant dresser in the city of St. Louis. His linen was always as immaculate as the virgin snow; his suits were always of the finest black doeskin, which was then the fashion, and he wore a silk hat and kid or morocco boots with high heels. At that time it was fashionable for a man to wear a diamond cluster in his shirt bosom, and Harry Tripp had a cluster that was the envy of the social and the sporting world. From each side of this immense cluster of diamonds ran a delicate gold chain, which was fastened on the side of the vest with golden pins. Tripp was not a 'loud dresser' like the sports of to-day—he was always attired in black and his clothing was in excellent taste.

'Although of slight and slender build, there was no effeminacy in Harry Tripp's nature. To the contrary, he was bold, brave, and daring, and he was noted along the river as one of the most venturesome gamblers that ever dealt a card. He had physical bravery to equal that of a lion, and he was handsome to a fault—yes, to a fault, for he had a sweetheart in every port. He was a perfect type of the dandy, and wo-

men simply raved over him. He was about 40 years old at the time of his death.

'The Oceanus was coming up the Mississippi and was flying light one afternoon of a fine day in 1871 or 1872 when her boilers blew up just above Cairo. Twelve or fifteen lives were lost, many persons were wounded, and the boat was a complete wreck. The boat took fire and sank, but the water was low, and the hull didn't go under. When the boilers let go Harry Tripp was blown from the pilot house and landed on the forecastle, close to the captain; a heavy timber fell across his legs and he was tied down as securely as if he had been placed in a monster vise. When the boat sank the forecastle rested on a bar. Tripp lay on the forecastle, and, although pinned down, he was not injured. He had no broken limbs and was not suffering to any great extent apparently. All was excitement after the explosion, and it was some time before Tripp succeeded in attracting the attention of the officers of the boat and of the survivors. It was discovered that the fire was making rapid headway toward Tripp, and a desperate effort was quickly begun to rescue him. Then transpired one of the most terrible scenes in the annals of steamboating in this or any other country.

'Tripp was a very profane man, and at first he used tongue-blistering blasphemy while cursing the officers and negro roustabouts in giving them directions how to save him. He was absolutely unharmed, was cool and collected, and he raised himself to a sitting posture as he talked to the men about him and told them how to proceed to cut away the heavy timber which held his lower limbs in a vise-like grip.

Men used big axes and saws and crow-bars diligently in an effort to remove the large piece of timber, but the wind fanned the flames into a fury and the men were working in a fierce heat. The hungry flames were fast eating the wrecked forecastle and Tripp damned and cursed at the top of his voice as he urged on his rescuers. The flames grew nearer, and Tripp used a less number of oaths. The surging flames darted still nearer and nearer, and finally Tripp ceased swearing altogether. Still perfectly cool and collected, he became quite and talked in lower tones as he gave directions to the men who were working to save his life. When he saw death staring him in the face he quit cursing and not another oath fell from his lips. The angry flames now surged around the rescuers, and still the heavy timber held Tripp beneath its cruel weight. It was now apparent that Tripp could not be saved, and none knew it better than he. With perfect composure he said to the men:

'Leave me! Leave me! Why sacrifice or place in danger other lives for me?' Realizing the impending fate of being burned alive, Tripp begged the men to knock him in the head with an axe before leaving him, but nobody observed his request for a coup de grace. As one by one the men were forced by the intense heat to leave the wreck, Tripp shook hands with them and said good-bye. Two negro roustabouts were last to leave. Tripp begged them to kill him, but they would not obey his command. The flames now burned so close that each of the two negroes struck his last blow at the timbers and they were forced to jump into the water and swim to a spot on the bar. The last the survivors saw of Tripp he was in a half sitting posture when the flames rolled over him and burned him to a crisp. Thus passed away as brave a man as ever turned a card or a pilot wheel.'—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

Longest Arch in the World.  
A steel arch is to be thrown across the Niagara River near Clifton which will be 840 feet span—a greater distance than was ever yet spanned by an arch.

## Bad Blood

is a good thing to be rid of, because bad blood is the breeding place of disfiguring and dangerous diseases. Is YOUR blood bad? You can have good blood, which is pure blood, if you want it. You can be rid of pimples, boils, blotches, sores and ulcers. How? By the use of Dr. Ayer's Sarsaparilla. It is the radical remedy for all diseases originating in the blood.

"Dr. Ayer's Sarsaparilla was recommended to me by my physician as a blood purifier. When I began taking it I had boils all over my body. One bottle cured me."  
—BONNER CRAFT, Wesson, Minn.

## Take Ayer's Sarsaparilla

BYRNE.

One youth was shoving the sand up into little heaps with a very clumsy shabby shoe. The other lazily hung his jaw and did nothing. He was not too lazy, however, to growl out a word now and then in a manner which was a singular mixture of good nature and sulksiness.

They were both porters from the great hotel just behind us, and were unconscious of my proximity as I lay on the sand, sometimes reading and again looking out over the short, pebbly beach and the sea. The only break in the semicircular line was a lighthouse on its small island a mile away to the eastward.

'Well mumbled the fellow nearest me, the one who was doing nothing, 'I'm g-ttin about sick of this.'

'Well, I dunno, Bin, said his companion. This indifference where sympathy was looked for, seemed to put a little life into Bin. His full name was Abinadab, as I happened to know. 'I'm goin' to stop it I tell yer,' Bin ejaculated, suddenly picking up a bit of driftwood and slinging it far out into the water. 'This everlastin' haulin' trunks up and down-stairs for everlastin' swells that's too confounded lazy to do anythin' for themselves! It's degradin' and I'm done.'

Presently I heard the name of my friend Byrne in the talk of my two neighbors. 'It didn't hear him preach last Sunday in the hotel parlor! Ha! ha! ha!' It was Bin again. 'Ain't been to anythin' of that sort before—dunno when. But—' with a chuckle. 'Jennie, she made me promise to listen outside the window.'

I smiled under my umbrella, for Jennie was a comely maid, and I was glad her influence was so wholesome; but I sobered again quickly. 'Well, yes, I heard him, and I heard enough, too. I am sick of all the old bosh they're at, and 'Be ready to do for folks, and 'No matter how much you do, you can't do it too strong,' and so on and so on, only he put it different, so it seemed mighty fine and easy, and Jennie she like to die, it was so awful sweet. And I said to her, 'Good gracious, what does he know about it? He aint never worked in his life. He aint never done anythin' he didn't want to.' And she says, 'How do you know?' And I says, 'Can't you tell by lookin' at him? He's a swell through and through, just a big, lazy swell, that's what he is. Let him preach,' says I. 'He can't pull wool over my eyes!'

By this time I had risen and was on the point of trying a different kind of sermon on my friend Bin, though I am no preacher. I am only a clerk for a business firm, and no talker about anything but goods. But I happened to know something about Byrne, and thought a little simple biography might improve Bin's mind. Just as I was about to open my mouth, however, I noticed the approach of a tall man, walking with a beautiful woman. It was Byrne himself, and the girl to whom he was engaged—in my eyes the handsomest couple the world ever saw. I naturally reserved my conversation with Bin for a future time, and hastened to join my two friends in their promenade, catching these mumbled words as I passed the two porters: 'And marries a rich girl, too, for all his 'umble talk!'

The next afternoon was sultry. Byrne and I were on the beach for a talk and a breath of air. He was telling me about his proposed trip to Europe and his plan for a course of study before settling down to parish work. I was listening in a halting way, for Byrne was superior to me in education, and in fact in real mental strength, and no man altogether likes to be overtopped. But he didn't know it. He thought he had a great deal to learn before he could be of use in the world. He had only been first in his class at college, and three times first—it there is any such thing—at the seminary, and then he had built up only one broken-down parish since he came out. And now he had just declined a call to a New York church, one of the largest, because he had too humble an opinion of his abilities to let him take it. The fact was, he was a great man in both soul and body.

Everybody saw that except him self. We expected great things of him. When we were in college, I thought we should go on working along the same lines together, but I became poor and had to stop studying and take a business offer, which brought me the income I must have for the sake of those I supported. But that is neither here nor there. Byrne and I kept up our friendship and I was quite proud of it. From theology to travels I was his confidential adviser. So now he had consulted me about going abroad and had announced his own decision, and all in his own delightful way. He towered a head above me as we walked.

'And when do you sail?' I asked, trying to keep the envy out of my voice. And then I endeavored to persuade him after all to accept his call to New York. 'What's the idea in going now?' I said. 'Why not wait till you get a little lagged? You'd better accept your call to St. —' 'After you have been there a while they will allow you to go abroad. In the mean time, you would have a local habitation and a name.'

'There's a good deal in that,' said he. 'You evidently understand the clerical nature, and ought to have been a minister. A man feels as much lost without a parish as a dog without a master. It's a dragged, hungry feeling, but—'

A puff of wind carried his voice from me just then. In fact, while we had been talking, the wind had been rising uncomfortably, and we began to think of turning back to the broad hotel veranda. But it was tempting to stay and watch the clouds. There were immense columns of them whirling rapidly up from different quarters

of the sky, and they were black and threatening. From one of them came an angry tongue of lightning. We did not need to remark, what was quite obvious, that a small hurricane was brewing. We held on to our hats and amused ourselves studying the effect of the rising wind upon the water. When a few large rain-drops hit our cheeks, we turned to go in, but just then passed my friend Bin, on his sultry way down to the beach after a pail of salt water. Inwardly I said, 'When we get into the house, Byrne shall know our sturdy youth's opinion of him. Perhaps it may be good for both of them.'

We had gone but a few steps when we heard a man's voice shouting to us from behind: 'Say! Hello! Turn round can't you?' We turned. There stood a man who had evidently just managed to land on the beach, for he was dripping wet, and he held in his hand the painter of his dory, which was tugging away and almost standing on end in the rough water behind him. The instant we turned he beckoned to us wildly.

Bin stood at a little distance, his jaw down and the pail dangling at his side. He was always ready to look on I had noticed, and he looked on now.

'Say!' shouted the man to us, before we had come up to him. 'Say! I want to know where I can find a minister. Thought maybe there was one up there 't' hotel.' He rushed up to Byrne and seized his arm in his excitement.

'Look here, sir,' he grasped, 'my wife's a dyin'. She's over there in the lighthouse all alone. She's a waitin' for somebody to say the right kind of thing to her. I can't. She's got to have a minister.'

'I'm the man you want,' said Byrne, stepping quietly towards the water. 'Come along and hold your boat while I see in.'

The wind was now howling furiously, and there was an incessant growl of thunder. Outside the point the sea was fearful. I took hold of Byrne's arm and shouted above the roar: 'For heaven's sake wait till the storm is over!'

His face was full of animation. He loved a rough sea, and he loved to have such an errand. He was at home with sick people. As he turned from me he fell into the hands of Bin, who had dropped his pail, and came up to us, setting his usually hanging jaw into a firm, square line.

'Now, mister,' shouted Bin, his eyes fiery and fierce, 'don't! don't!' Then he turned to the lighthouse-keeper. 'Aint you ashamed of yourself, to ask a gentleman out on that there sea?'

Byrne put his hand on Bin's shoulder with a smile. 'Thank you,' he said. 'But it's all right, you know, for him to let me decide whether I shall go or not. His thoughts are with his wife over there.' 'An' she's dyin', put in the other man; 'dyin' fast!'

'And,' added Byrne to both Bin and me as we stood side by side, we are both strong men, acquainted with water and boats, and the distance is short. So please hold the dory!'

They were in and off. I stood there till they rounded the point. It was so thick the lighthouse couldn't be seen. I felt thoroughly alarmed.

Bin, puzzled and angry,—why, he knew not,—uttered one strong word of profanity, and seemed to cast himself free of the affair. He caught up his pail, filled it with water, and carried it doggedly back to the house.

I passed an anxious night. At one moment the clutch of fear nearly stifled me, at another I tried to persuade myself that I was a hysterical fool for my pains; but I sleep I could not. Why had not Byrne come back to the boat after the gale had set in down into the steady downpour which I could hear as I lay on a sofa in the smoking-room? I stayed there, so that I could be ready to get him something hot



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THE GREAT SPRING MEDICINE MAKES PEOPLE WELL.

At the present time there are many thousands of men and women in Canada who are suffering much the same as did Mr. T. Deschamps, of 248 Atwater Avenue, Point St. Charles, Montreal. Such sufferers may now rest assured that the same medicine that made Mr. Deschamps a well man will bestow the same gift—good health—to others.

Mr. Deschamps' marvellous cure by the use of Paine's Celery Compound, after failures of doctors and hospitals is already well known to many hundreds in St. Gabriel ward, Montreal, for the cured man has never ceased to sing the praises of the remedy that restored him to health. Mr. Deschamps writes as follows: "Having been a great sufferer for four years from nervousness and weakness, and having been completely cured by Paine's Celery Compound after failures with all other means, I desire to make the following statement: "I became so bad from nervousness and nervous prostration that I was unable to sleep or assist myself in any way. My

limbs were numb and useless, and for a long time I was not able to stand alone. I was under the care of several doctors in Ottawa City, but their treatment did not better my condition. After coming to Montreal I was a patient in the Western Hospital, but after three months' treatment I left there no better. I thank Heaven that I was advised to use Paine's Celery Compound. This great medicine commenced to do its good work from the time I used the first bottle, and now, after having used six bottles, I am a cured man."

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when he should get back. I remained awake till the clock struck three.

'Almost morning,' thought I. 'As soon as it is daylight I will row over and get him, and bring him back to a good breakfast,' and then I fell asleep.

I woke to see a sunbeam dancing on the wall. It was fully seven, and I had slept so soundly that I had not heard the servants about their daily tasks. But as I sat up with the uncomfortable feeling of a man who has slept in his clothes, I saw Bin's rough head looking in at the door.

'I've got a boat ready for you, sir,' said he, in his peculiarly sulky drawl, and disappeared.

At first I was too sleepy to understand. Then it went like a knife through my heart. So this rough fellow was anxious lest—I would not face the thought. It was quite too early to expect Byrne. It was singular that Bin should have a boat ready which I had not ordered. It annoyed me that the fellow had been more zealous for my friend than I had been.

In a few minutes I was on my way to the water. Bin was holding the dory's nose and waiting. There was a stern expression on his face. I got in and he altered me. I had not asked him to go, but he took the oars without a word, and not a word did we speak all the way over.

It was a glorious morning. The white finger of the lighthouse gleamed against a cloudless, limitless sky. The whetcaps, tufting up in the sunlight, were all that remained of the storm. The fresh west wind, after yesterday's heat, made the blood bound in the veins. Already, before the mile was rowed, last night's feverish fears seemed far away. They were phantoms. This July morning, with its sparkle, its life and its health, was a reality.

And as we drew up our boat at the one possible landing-place on the rocky island, I bounded out like a boy. Glancing up at the house, my mind's eye seemed to show me Byrne's great figure striding down the path to meet me, his face radiant with the keen air of the morning.

'Byrne!' I called. I felt a strong grip on my arm. It was Bin.

'Don't!' said he; and then, with a face of choking grief, he muttered, 'I've been over here before this mornin'.' And he threw himself down on the stones and buried his face in his hands.

I knew the truth at once. Byrne had probably gone out of the world. I wondered what difference it made to this clumsy fellow. Then I turned and walked hurriedly up to the little wooden house which formed the base of the lighthouse. There was no sign of life near it, except a few breeze-blown hens pecking about the stone doorstep. I lifted the latch and found myself in a narrow entry, which led into a diminutive sitting-room.

Two rocking chairs stood in the room, and over the back of one of them lay a knitted shawl. Some newspapers were piled on a small table in the middle of the room, and near them a half finished stocking with yarn and needles spoke of a woman's fingers.

From here I went into the kitchen, where the cold stove and the unfinished litter told of a place hastily left. It startled me when a Maltese cat jumped down from the dresser. I was impelled to search the place, as if some message might be found from the bottom of the sea, where I now was sure Byrne was lying. My great Byrne, the watching of whose future was to have been my glory.

The cat gave me a dumb welcome, overjoyed to see a human being thus late in the day. She rubbed against my legs; then she went to a closed door, and rubbed back and forth against it, looking up and inviting me to lift the latch for her. I opened the door and passed up the

narrow staircase. At the head was the bedroom, and the piteous sight which there met me told its own story. The room was very bare and very neat. Three or four scriptural mottoes, worked in red wool upon canvas and framed, hung on the walls. The bed had been turned about in such a way that it could command a view of the beach, where only yesterday Byrne and I had been walking and taking and where from this very spot might perhaps have been seen the small boat landing its messenger from this sick-room.

On the bed, bolstered up with pillows the better to see from the window, lay a little woman, pale, thin and still. Perhaps she had died while watching for the boat which never came, for her eyes still scanned the line of beach.

I read in the poor, dead face the record of a starved soul, which had lived solitary, far away from that which it had been taught to prize. I could understand how the visit of a minister might have seemed to her like the one great boon which she as a dying person had a right at last to demand. I could understand how her husband would risk much to get it for her. But the price!

Then I thought how the storm must have thundered round the lonely island, and how this small, timid human creature had lain alone amidst it all, with no one to take her hand: and in my pity tears came to my eyes, while the peace on her face mocked my aching heart.

On the way back I looked at Bin, and wondered what he thought now of the sermon which yesterday he had criticised so harshly. But I could not talk, and he said not a word.

The sea was kind, and gave us back all that was left of Byrne. So many people who had heard him preach the Sunday before, or had heard him talk, or had loved and admired him for other reasons, wanted to see his face again, that was laid for a day in the hotel parlor.

There came an hour when the people were busy with dinner and I only was in the room. The door opened softly and a hesitating pair came awkwardly in. It was Bin and Jennie. They stood and looked upon the dead, peaceful face, she crying, he quiet. Not a word was said. Finally they both knelt down. It was he who made the first motion to kneel. His lips moved. For some time no sound came from them. It was very hard for Bin to say the word 'God,' but finally it came, and when it came it meant much.

'God, that there sermon was all right.'

Bring Health, then Beauty without Health is impossible.

LAXA-LIVER PILLS

Bring Health, then Beauty follows. They clear the muddy complexion, chase away Sick Headaches and Bilious Spells, cure Dyspepsia and remove all poisonous matter from the System.

Mrs. Addie Therriault, 236 Brussels Street, St. John, N.B., says: "Laxa-Liver Pills cured me of Constipation, Indigestion and Bilious Headaches. They have corrected the irregularities of Liver and Stomach, and restored my entire system to healthy natural action."

I'm sorry now I run it down.' He looked at the quiet face. 'I didn't know you was that kind of a man. Jennie, she's goin' to teach me so's I can do some of them things you spoke about. I will try. God help me.'

This was a solemn consecration service, although the minister was silent: —REV. FREDERICK PALMER.

EASY? YES, VERY EASY!

Any Inexperienced Person Can Dye Successfully With Diamond Dyes.

There are no mysteries about the use and handling of Diamond Dyes. The directions given on each package are so concise and simple that the dyeing of a dress, costume, blouse, jacket or suit of clothes is made easy and pleasant work.

We are aware of the fact that some ladies are badly disappointed after a trial of dyeing work. The reason is obvious; they unfortunately have used some make of worthless dyes foisted on them by some unscrupulous dealer.

A child that can read can dye any article successfully with Diamond Dyes. These world famed dyes are but by experienced chemists, which accounts for their uniformity in quality, strength and brilliancy. When you buy Diamond Dyes you get the world's best dye.

Valuable book of directions and color card sent free to any address by Wells and Richardson Co., Montreal, P. Q.

About the Heart. The human heart is six inches in length four inches in diameter, and beats on an average 70 times per minute, 4,200 times an hour, 100,800 times a day and 36,792,000 times in the course of a year. So that the heart of an ordinary man eighty years of age has beaten 3,000,000 times.

Skin Diseases. Eczema, Tetter, Salt Rheum, Scald Head, Barbers' Itch, Ringworm, and other skin diseases and eruptions cause it. Dr. Agnew's Ointment cures it. One application will allay irritation. 35 cents. Dr. Agnew's Liver Pills are smallest, cheapest, best, 20 cents.

Unconventional. The simple ways of the unobtrusive rector of a small country parish in England had endeared him to the hearts of the people to whom he ministered. He was eccentric, and in conducting the services of the church, unconventional. Says a writer in the Cornhill Magazine: From the reading desk could be seen the fields stretching away to the rectory gates. One morning instead of beginning the service as usual, he announced:

'As I see my sister, somewhat late, approaching the church through the fields I shall postpone the commencement of divine service till her arrival.'

In very cold weather he would invite the congregation to come and warm themselves at the stove before leaving the church. Under other conditions of weather his thoughtfulness for the comfort of his flock took a somewhat different form, and at the end of a half hour's sermon he would sometimes say:

'As the weather is still so inclement, I will my dear friends, lengthen my discourse somewhat, in the hope that it may clear later.'

The Queensland yield of gold in 1897 was 787,000 ounces.

Sunday Reading.

Miss Smith, Missionary.

Miss Smith was not a foreign but a home missionary, and the particular work of hers that I want to describe was done in a quiet little farmhouse above Warabee Township.

At the time of which I write there were two people in the farmhouse, a young couple who had been married but three years.

For the last year of her married life Annie had thought herself the happiest woman in Warabee. She was very proud of her stalwart young husband, of the pretty home and well-kept garden, and their well-ordered and profitable dairy farm. But the second year of their life's partnership was not far advanced before her love's young dream was rudely broken in upon, and Annie was awakened to one of the saddest of sad disenchantments. Her husband, once so kind and attentive, had become careless and indifferent. Her society had ceased to be sufficient for him, and his evenings were spent with a lot of idle young men, lounging around the 'Commercial,' while Annie sat reading or sewing, vainly trying to find succor from the present misery, and thinking sadly of the days when all Tom's spare time was spent with her; when they would talk about their house and farm, and discuss improvements and reckon up losses and profits, and look on to a future which they would share in competency and bliss.

On Sundays Annie went to chapel by herself, while Tom who had before seemed so proud to go with her, took his kangaroo dogs, and with his new-made and dissolute companions, went into the scrub hunting wallabies and hares.

At first Annie tried to coax him back into the old ways, but talking proved useless and incensed him most unreasonably, so she gave that up. She did not fail, however, to make known her wants about him to God, and the peace of God guarded her heart and thoughts as the days went by. But she grew silent and sad, and Tom grew sullen and unkind.

In vain Annie cooked the daintiest of meals, and garnished her table with flowers, and scrubbed and cleaned, and scrupulously discharged every wifely duty; things grew no better, but steadily worse.

But when their home affairs seemed darkest, a ray of hope shone into poor Annie's loving but clouded life. It was the expected visit of this home missionary, and Annie grew brighter at the anticipation and shed fewer tears, and seemed not to mind so much her husband's unkind treatment. For she expected great things from this visitor, and hoped, in fact felt certain, that all the crooked places would then be made straight.

And her husband was certainly not happy in his evil courses. He was doing wrong, wickedly wrong, and he knew it; he would come home from the township at night calling himself by all sorts of hard names, and vowing he would do better, but the sight of Annie's pale, patient face and listless manner would irritate him and make him wish he could get away from home and wife, and if such an eviction had been possible, to get away from himself. He mistook Annie's woe and weariness for want of love, and told himself that she could never have cared for him, and since he had spoiled his life and hers, it didn't matter what became of him, and so he alternated between desperation and remorse. 'She doesn't even care enough about me to nag at me,' thought the wretched man as he came in late one Saturday night, and Annie, whose heart was too full for words, silently set his supper before him.

There was a little break in the cloud one night, when, as he was about to depart to his accustomed haunts, Annie asked him to stay with her that evening, as she had something very important to tell him. To her great joy he consented, and went and sat beside her. She told him about their expected visitor, but he answered her not a word, and when she ceased speaking he sat staring into the fire.

'Aren't you glad, Tom, dear?' she said in a gentle, pleading voice.

'Yes,' he answered, then added, gruffly, 'I'll be company for you.'

His better self prompted him to take the sweet-faced woman into his arms, and tell her of his love, and how he hated his present conduct, and promise to live differently.

He turned and looked at the face of the woman sitting beside him, the firelight shone upon her features as she watched the blazing wood; he started at the look of radiant happiness on her face, and that checked the torrent of penitent love that was rising to his lips.

'She does not care about me now, she

is perfectly happy at the thought of this visitor that is coming.'

Angry with her for the happiness so vividly expressed in her face, and pitying himself for his misery, he rose abruptly and left the house.

Annie sat quietly for some time gazing into the fire. The reverie seemed to be for the most part pleasant, for every now and then her features brightened into a happy smile. The hush of God's own peace wrapped her about, and steadily the assurance grew that her husband would share it soon.

And the days went quickly by. Tom still found his way to the parlor of the 'Commercial,' and the farm that had been a model to the district began to wear an untidy appearance; but Annie lived above these causes of sorrow, and even when things reached a climax and Tom returned late one Saturday night in an intoxicated condition and announced his conviction that it 'was very nish plashe anyhow, and he was happy, darn if he wasn't,' though she spent a miserable night, still her sorrow was as the fitting of a cloud across a shining landscape, and next day Tom heard her singing at her work.

'There,' thought the unhappy fellow, 'that shows how little she cares for me. If I go to the devil she'll keep singing.'

Then one day when the farmhouse was fragrant with the odor of the wattles that grew on the hill behind it, and the sun shone on a world of fresh green foliage and September flowers there was an unwonted stir, and immense preparations onward in Annie's home. Tom stayed in all day in keen expectation, Annie's mother was there directing affairs, there had never been such commotion before, since Tom and Annie's wedding day. But at evening the excitement was over, and Miss Smith the home missionary had arrived. For that evening and very many afterwards, Tom forgot the 'Commercial,' and kept company with Annie and their visitor.

Miss Smith was a quiet little body, more addicted to thinking than speaking, but if anything was done that did not accord with views, she protested with a vehemence that considerably astonished Tom.

Annie grew her old self again; she had built so much on this visitor, and now it seemed that her fondest hopes were realized, and she saw with a great inward joy that filled her eyes with tears, that once when Tom had prepared to go the Township, when he came to say 'good-bye' to Miss Smith she made no subtle objection, but simply looked at him with her brown eyes full of reproach at least so Tom thought, as he sat down by her and overcame his desire to join his public-house companions.

But Miss Smith's missionary work was not yet thoroughly done. Scarcely was the harvest ripened before Tom was once more mastered by his evil habit, and the thought of Miss Smith's reproachful eyes and Annie's unhappiness only goaded him to greater success. His neighbors began to shake their heads and say, 'Tom'll go to the dogs, if he doesn't mind.'

It was midnight, but in our farmhouse there were no sleepers. Lights flared in every window. The Doctor stood by a little cot whereon lay Miss Smith. Tom crouched in a corner of the room, his head in his hands, making no sound that could be heard by the rest who watched the occupant of the little cot, but those round the great white throne heard the heart-broken cry, 'God be merciful to me a sinner.'

The crisis with the little sufferer was approaching, the little life would soon flicker out, or kindle into renewed strength. The clock ticked on, and they watched through what seemed like a lifetime of suspense. Tom rose and came and stood by his wife. This grief had drawn the two together. They feared as they entered into the cloud, but it was something to go into hand in hand.

The Doctor took into his, one dainty little hand that lay outside the coverlet, and for some minutes eagerly watched the white little face of the exhausted sufferer.

Gently laying down the limp hand he whispered to the anxious mother: 'The

crisis is past, with care she will pull through.'

It was too much for Annie and she who had suffered so intensely and had been so brave through it all, sank over wrought into the arms of her husband.

He took her into the next room, carrying her in his hands as if she had been a child. When the swoon passed he said: 'My darling wife, I have been a brute to you, will you forgive me and help me to be a better man?'

Need we record her answer? When Miss Smith awoke from her sleep with the waking day, and saw Tom and Annie watching, Annie's head on Tom's shoulder she looked very content, and seemed quite to comprehend the situation. She smiled a wan little smile and remarked, 'Ah-h-h. Goo-o goo-o,' which, though it didn't mean much to anyone to whom Babesee is a dead language, to those thankful parents it was an expression of satisfaction at the result of her mission.

The doctor failed to interpret, for he merely remarked: 'It's astonishing how quickly these little ones recover. We'll have her all right in a few days, for she has a splendid constitution.'

'A little child shall lead them.' Since those days many missionaries—home and foreign—have found a hearty welcome to Tom Smith's hearth. But to the daughter that God gave him was conferred the honor of leading him into the path of life. And she did not succeed until it looked as if he who had first given was about to take away his priceless present. How many have failed to learn what claims the Divine Father has upon them, until they realize by experience what Fatherhood means. It is an old story newly written up in every generation—'And Enoch walked with God after he begat Methuselah.' The whole its upward movement from the night when the Virgin Mother was turned from the door of the crowded caravansary in Bethlehem to cradle her Son where cattle were wont to feed.'

STOP AND THINK.

Before the First Drink is Taken Pause a Moment to Think.

Young man, about to lift the glass of strong drink to your lips, surrounded by gay companions, and intent on having a good time—stop and think. 'Wine is a mocker, strong drink is raging, and whoever is deceived thereby is not wise.' Think of the risk you run. You say, 'It is no risk for me to take a glass, I know when I have enough. I have a thorough contempt for a man who makes a beast of himself.' Thousands have said this before your time, and they lie to-day in the shadows of silence that surround a drunkard's grave. Are you stronger than they? Be warned in time. Habit becomes a strong cord, but the appetite for intoxicating liquor is a strong chain that eats into the flesh and dwarfs the man; yet, more than that, it will not let him go. Think of the bright intellects clouded and ruined by this enemy of souls—this strong drink—think of the friends of your friends, to come no nearer, that have been deceived by this deceiver. Their appetite for liquor has grown with the years, while to satisfy it their hard earnings have been passed over the bar daily.

Look around you as you go into the village tavern or ordinary saloon, and you will see there, looking towards that glass in your hand, with all the longing of a perishing soul, one who not many years ago said as you do, 'I can take care of myself.' You say 'Poor old—', he ought to have stopped long ago.' Can you tell me just when he ought to have stopped? Let me tell you. Just when he lifted the first glass to his lips, before he began to feel the need of it and be bound by it. When he stood as you stand to-day, in his young manhood, with all the hopes and the promises of the future before him, with a will that was master of himself and strong to bend and trample or surmount difficulties in his way, with a faith in his mother's God, and a respect for all that was pure and noble in life at that point where you stand to-day and from which you are even now descending, he ought to have said, 'God helping me, I'll be a man my whole life



—the one showing the disappointment caused by using ordinary soap, the other showing the satisfaction there is in using

ECLIPSE SOAP

Send us 25 "Eclipse" wrappers or 6c. in stamps with coupon and we will mail you a popular novel. A coupon in every bar of "Eclipse."

JOHN TAYLOR & CO., Manufacturers, Toronto, Ont.

Spring Purification.

The clogged-up machinery of the system requires cleaning out after the wear and tear of the winter's work. Nothing will do this so thoroughly and perfectly as the old reliable

Burdock Blood Bitters.

It cures Constipation, Sick Headaches, Feeling of Tiredness, and all the evidences of Sluggish Liver and Impure Blood, which are so prevalent in the spring. It makes rich, red blood and gives buoyancy and strength to the entire system.

through, and not a slave to any appetite or habit.' Young man, will you say this? Will you put down the glass? Turn your back on the saloon, on the bar-room, on all that is impure and unholy, and strive to make the world a little better for your having been in it.

Father stop and think. You are taking your glass of beer or port daily at your dinner table. Is it necessary? Is it conducive to health or happiness? While it may give a passing feeling of comfort, it is at its best a dangerous luxury. Do you say it aids digestion? Dr. Norman Kerr says: 'The pain in the stomach following eating or drinking is merely a telegram to the nervous centres that something is wrong, and all that alcohol does is to make insensible the telegraph boy, who is thereby rendered incapable of conveying the message.'

WHAT SYMPATHY COULD DO.

How Prison Inmates Lightened the Burden of Other Unfortunates. It is difficult to imagine a brighter side to this saddest of the prisons of Paris (St. Lazare, for women. The sick and worn-out were always tenderly regarded by their prisoners, and if a woman died in the prison, it was not unusual for the rest to club together to provide a costly funeral. In the early years of the Restoration, a pretty peasant girl named Marie was sent to St. Lazare for stealing roses. She had a passion for the flower, and a thousand mystical notions had woven themselves about it in her mind. She said that rose-trees would detach themselves from their roots, and glide after her wherever she went, to tempt her to pluck the blossoms. One in a garden, taller than the rest, had compelled her to climb the wall and gather as many roses as she could, and there the gendarmes found her. This poor girl excited the most vivid interest in that sordid place. The prisoners plotted to restore her to reason, christened her Rose, which delighted her, and set themselves to make artificial roses for her of silk and paper. Those fingers, so rebellious at allotted tasks, created roses without number, till Marie's cell was trans-into a bower. An interested director of prison labor seconded these efforts, and opened in St. Lazare a work room for the manufacture of artificial flowers, to which Marie was introduced as an apprentice. Here she made roses from morning till night, and her dread of the future being

dispelled, the malady of her mind reached its term with the end of her sentence, and she left the prison cured and happy. She became one of the most successful florists in Paris.

The Passing of Years. Beyond eight beginning, and ending; But the band that unites them is subtle and strong And each erases each, with a sob, or a song, In unvoiced utterance blending.

We reckon them, first as years, And note their beginning, and ending; And carefully measure their falling tears, And bow, 'supine to their phantom fears, As the weapon's of life sure ending.

But they come, and they go, and we learn They are not the great Idylls ending; And, though they leave us, with much, in turn, For which, with a backward look, we yearn And a heart schooled to tear: as swelling.

They are, at length, but the tide, Unchanging, restless in flowing, Where our life, for a season, at anchor rides, And the soundless depth, in mystery hides The wreckage the sea floor stowing.

That wreckage—ah, who may tell What treasures abide in its keeping; And o'er them, forever, a cloud wrapped bell Tells low,—when adversity's night winds swell And the sound is as sounds of weeping.

But wide is the deep where we sail, And screened the expanse that is o'er us, And the world, behind and beyond, they veil And Memory's hands with long emptiness, fall But Hope beckons, ever, before us. —Annie S. Marsh.

FOUGHT CATARRH FOR FIFTY YEARS.

Eighty Years of Age When Victory Came—Dr. Agnew's Catarrhal Powder the one Remedy.

George Lewis, of Shamokin, Pa., says: "I was troubled with catarrh for fifty years. I am eighty years old. I used a great many catarrh remedies, but Dr. Agnew's Catarrhal Powder gave immediate relief and cured me of the disease." At Ottawa, D. M. Northrop, a prominent member of the Civil Service, used this medicine and tells of its benefits in the case of catarrh and cold in the head. It relieves in ten minutes.

Another Wast?

Some simple-souled people have a singular notion of the nature of a repartee. A lady was remonstrated with by a male relative for wearing false hair. 'I do not see,' he said, 'how you can possibly reconcile yourself to wearing the hair of another.'

'You do not?' she answered, scornfully, pointing to her relative's coat. 'And pray don't you wear the wool of another on your back?'

Mystery Explained.

The following incident is related by an English journal, but it might have happened almost anywhere:

A lady who kept poultry had, among others, some Andalusian fowls. One day she had one killed for dinner which proved to be very tough.

'Rachel,' she said to her servant, an elderly woman who had been with her some time, 'what fowl is this? It seems to be a very old one.'

'Well, mum,' replied she, 'it's one of them there antediluvians.'

Among the Arab tribes, bad cooking is a sufficient cause for divorce.

Advertisement for Walter Baker & Co., Limited, featuring 'PURE, HIGH GRADE Cocos and Chocolates'. Includes an illustration of a woman and text describing the products and their quality.

Advertisement for Packard's Special Combination Leather Dressing for Brown or Russet Shoes. Includes an illustration of a shoe and text describing the product's benefits.

### Notches on The Stick

With the mention of Leigh Hunt, again returns to us a sunny summer afternoon in the Acadian land that overlooks the Basin of Minas. The school-house door and windows are open; the green leaves of orchard trees rustle; then outside in the teacher's small domain; and through on the slumberous air comes to the passer the monotonous concert-readers, rendering the following rhymes out of the new reading book recently put into the school:—

"A brook went slinging on its way,  
From hill to valley leaping,  
And by its sunny margin lay  
A lovely infant sleeping:  
The music of the paring stream  
Broke not the spell that bound him—  
Like gladness breathing thro' his dream  
A lullaby around him."

We may give this inaccurately, as we are obliged to quote from memory;—but this was our first acquaintance with Leigh Hunt, who then began to have a charm, which, on wider acquaintance has continued, notwithstanding the ascendancy with us that other writers have gained. When we had added to our repertory the delightful "Rimini," "Abou Ben Ami," "To The Grasshopper and the Cricket," "Jaffar," and The Essays, we better understood the rare personality who left his impress on Keats and other gifted writers of his time, and who was for a season the literary associate of Byron.

William Howitt gives his early impressions of this graceful, agreeable poet in the following paragraphs:

"Some thirty years ago three youths went forth, one fine summer's day, from the quiet town of Mansfield to enjoy a long luxurious ramble in Sherwood forest. Their limbs were full of youth—their hearts of the ardor of life—their heads of dreams of beauty. The future lay before them full of brilliant but undefined achievements in the land of poetry and romance. The world lay around them, fair and musical as a new paradise. They traversed long dale's dark with heather—gazed from hilltops over still and immense landscapes—tracked the margins of the shining waters that hurry over the clear gravel of that ancient ground, and drank in the freshness of the air, the odors of the forest, the distant cry of the curlew, and the music of a whole choir of larks high above their heads. Beneath the hanging boughs of a wood-side they threw themselves down to lunch, and from their pockets came forth, with other good things, a book. It was a new book. A hasty peep into it had led them to believe that it would blend well in the perusal with the spirit of the region of Robin Hood and Maid Marian, and with the more tragical tale of the Scottish Queen, the grey and distant towers of one of whose prison-houses could be described from their resting place, clad as with the solemn spirit of a sad antiquity. The book was "The Story of Rimini." The author's name was to them but little known; but they were not of a temperament that needed names—their souls were athirst for poetry, and there they found it. The reading of that day was an epoch in their lives. There was a life, a freshness, a buoyant charm of subject and style, that carried them away from the sombre heaths and Italy wastes around them to the sunshine of Andalusy to gay cavalades and sad palaces. Hours went on, the sun declined, the book and the story closed, and up rose the three friends, drunk with beauty, and with the sentiment of a great sorrow, and strode homewards with the proud and happy feeling that England was enriched with a new poet. Two of those three friends have for more than five and twenty years been in their graves; the third survives to write this article.

"For thirty years and more from that Thin in flesh? Perhaps it's natural.

If perfectly well, this is probably the case.

But many are suffering from frequent colds, nervous debility, pallor, and a hundred aches and pains, simply because they are not fleshy enough.

Scott's Emulsion of Cod-liver Oil with Hypophosphites strengthens the digestion, gives new force to the nerves, and makes rich, red blood. It is a food in itself.

See and get it, all druggists,  
SCOTT & BOWNE, Chemists, Toronto.

### Much in Little

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

## Hood's Pills

Always ready, always efficient, always satisfactory; prevent a cold or fever, cure all liver ills, sick headache, jaundice, constipation, etc. See the only Pills to take with Hood's Sarsaparilla.

time the author of "Rimini" has gone on adding to the wealth of English literature, and to the claims on his countrymen to gratitude and affection. The bold politician, when it required moral bravery to be honest; the charming essayist; the poet, seeming to grow with every new effort; still more young in fancy and vigorous in style—he has enriched his country's fame, but his country has not enriched him."

Leigh Hunt was born at Southgate, Middlesex, England, Oct. 19, 1784, in the home of a clergyman, Rev. Isaac Hunt, at that time a tutor in the family of the Duke of Chandos. His mother, Mary Shewell, was the daughter of a Philadelphia merchant, and was by marriage nearly allied with the American painter, West. The praise of the mother is on the lips of the son: "If any one circumstance of my life he says, 'could give me cause for boasting, it would be that of having had such a mother. She was, indeed a mother in every exalted sense of the word—in piety, in sound teaching, in patient care, in spotless example. Married at an early age, and commencing from that time a life of sorrow, the world afflicted, but it could not change her: no rigid economy could hide the native generosity of her heart, no sophistical skulking injure her fine sense, or her contempt of worldly-mindedness; no unmerited sorrow convert her resignation into bitterness. But let me not hurt the noble simplicity of her character by a declamation, however involuntary. At the time when she died, the recollection of her sufferings and virtues tended to embitter her loss; but knowing what she was, and believing where she is, I now feel her memory as a serene and inspiring influence, that comes over my social moments only to temper cheerfulness, and over my reflecting ones to animate me in the love of truth."

This is such an eulogium as might make any mother's heart beat proudly. There is a happy road to power open to many an obscure life. A woman's life seems often bounded by four walls; but she reaches out her hands and an unconscious influence radiates across a continent, and moulds a commonwealth. How can womanhood sigh over her withheld rights and her bounded sphere? Character and maternity can defy all. Who asks an influence superior to that of Mary Washington? How may the mother of Edmund Burke better live than in her son? So the mother of this man gave life and color and vivacity to writings which have charmed the English speaking world; though she herself may never have written a line for publication. And, in disguise—as many a writer is content to remain—she operates an unspent force upon our minds, who delight in the page of the essayist and poet.

The roots of Hunt's life were untransferrably in Britain; the soul of the man was English with a sort of French flowering. Honestly he came by that outspoken independence, as well as the buoyancy and grace of his temperaments. He was a lithe, tough evergreen shoot, out of a stiff and vigorous stalk. A High Church man and a Tory he was not; but such had been his father's ancestry, who when they counted the rough and ready Cromwell not so smooth a tyrant as they had been used to, left their own for sunnier shores. For several generations they flourished in the West Indies, mostly as clergymen; the grandfather of the poet having been a rector of St. Michael's, in Bridgetown, Barbadoes. It was quite fit for that this father of a poet should be a priest also, if the traditions of a line already well established were to be fulfilled. He is destined therefore to this profession. It seems evident however that it is not his accepted vocation; no motion then impels him; for when he is at the college in Philadelphia he determines for the law, and also upon that costly business, matrimony,—cost what it will. The poet was not excessively prudent, neither the father of the poet. The commencement of heart burning and hostilities preceding the Revolutionary struggle in the colonies sent Hunt's father to England and, we may suppose made a minister of him; for when his wife, who followed him shortly, arrived in the old land, "she found him who had left America a lawyer, now a clergyman preaching from his pulpit, in tranquility. But he was not one with the energy and the art to succeed. It availed him not

that he had suffered for his loyalty to the Crown, while yet in America; that he had been whirled by a mob, infuriated by his plainness of speech, along the streets of Philadelphia, and would have been taken from the cart to the tar barrel in waiting, had not some friendly hand overturned it. Little it availed that he had escaped perilously to the land of his forefathers out of a prison, from which by night a bribe released him; that he preached with ability, and commanded attention; no preferment waited on him from lords spiritual, and he was left to subsist in a corner, and subsist on the stipend of a starvingling. One can but sympathize with the kindly patient Mrs. Hunt, who covers her mortification as best she can. The "tall, lady-like . . . brunette, with fine eyes, and hair blacker than is seen of English growth" whom her sons resembled, knew many a secret pang that the poor, who are not driven to the show of respectability, may never feel. We, who have seen the proud lips of sensitive maiden quiver at the thought that no housewifery could disguise the fact of penury, know the emotion which often arose in the matronly heart to whom a poet was given, in the house at Southgate, known as Eagle Hall.

The poet's name entire is James Henry Leigh Hunt. Leigh is from the nephew of the Duke of Chandos, to whom his father was tutor, at the time of his birth. His school-days were at Christ's Hospital, where he stuttered with the quaint, lovable Lamb,—an infirmity he outgrew,—and might have drawn mysticism with the "inspired charity boy," had he been so minded. But Hunt abounded in animal exuberance, and had rather leap like a wild creature at liberty, than confine himself in cloister or class. A passionate friendliness and an absorbing love of poetry were his distinguishing boyish characteristics. Imagine the afterward exquisite essayist writing prose so bad as to make him the butt of the master's sarcasms! Imagining, too, a preceptor so free and indignant in manner, who would crumple his manuscript into a wad and fling it to some of the brighter boys (?) for their amusement! That "tropical blood in his veins," of which Harlist speaks, might well have boiled, as it had occasion to boil more than once in after days.

But for this little bit of stuttering, Hunt might have gone to the University, and followed his father into the church, but we may thank the impediment. At fifteen, well grounded in Greek and Latin he left the school, and as it would appear, enjoyed some coveted liberty. The dry bones and arbitrary conditions of knowledge are necessary affliction to such natures as his.

One of the most picturesque and poetically beautiful of all descriptions of a fountain may be found in "Rimini."

"And in the midst, fresh whistling through the scene,  
A lightsome fountain starts from out the green,  
Clear and compact; till, at its bright o'er run,  
It skak-s its loosening silver in the sun."

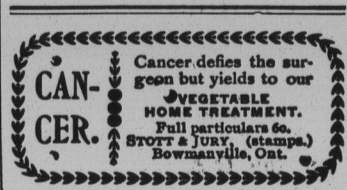
A sonnet of Keats or Hunt would seem to have been a birth of solitude and sylvan meditation; but the dedicatory one beginning, "Glory and loveliness have passed away," was written by Keats, in the midst of a noisy circle of friends and while the printer's messenger waited. So, on another occasion, the two poets being together, it was proposed that they should try their hand on a sonnet, taking the same subject, to see how well, and in how short a time, it could be accomplished. The fruits of this friendly rivalry were the two well-known sonnets—"To the Grasshopper and the Cricket." Hunt's, in this case is rather the best.

Green little vassler in the sunny grass,  
Catching your heart up at the feet of June,  
Solo voice that's heard amid the lazy noon,  
When even the bees lag at the summoning brass;  
And you, warm little housekeeper, who class  
With those who think the candles come too soon,  
Loving the fire, and with your tricksome tune  
Nick the glad silent moments as they pass;  
O sweet and tiny cousin, that bringest  
One to the fields, the other to the hearth,  
Both have your sunshine; both, though small, are strong  
At your clear hearts; and both seem given to earth

To ring in thoughtful ears this natural song—  
Indoors and out, summer and winter, Mirth.  
A lily light hallow's his legend of "Abou Ben Adhem and the Angel,"—but everybody should know it. An inimitable grace possesses the rondeau,—"Jenny Kissed Me,"—which, it is alleged, owes its origin to a magic kiss from the grateful lips of Carlyle's Jennie, when the poet came to announce a peculiar bit of good fortune that had fallen to the philosopher:

Jenny kissed me when we met,  
Jumping from the chair she sat in:  
Time, you thief! who love to get  
Sweets into your list, put that in!

Cancer defies the surgeon but yields to our VEGETABLE HOME TREATMENT. Full particulars 6c. STOTT & JURY, (Gt. Stamps.) Bowmanville, Ont.



### What Do You Think of it?

A dollar and a half book for only 50 cents

We are offering as an inducement to new subscribers, the book, *Life and Times of Hon. John Howe*, by G. E. Fenety, together with a year's subscription to *PROGRESS* for \$2.50.

This book is handsomely bound in different colors and profusely illustrated, and one that should be in every home of the Maritime Provinces.

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"The PROGRESS Printing and Publishing Co., Ltd."  
St. John, N. B.

Say I'm weary, say I'm sad,  
Say that at health and wealth have missed me,  
Say I'm growing old; not add,—  
Jenny kissed me!

Hunt, when a prisoner of state in Surry jail,—deprived of that liberty which most poets love,—allowed his fancies to run where once his feet had unrestrained liberty to wander, and so, on the 27th August, 1813, wrote this sonnet—

To Hampstead.

Sweet upland, to whose walks with fond repair,  
Out of thy western slope I took my rise  
Day after day, and on these feverish eyes  
Met the moist faggers of the bathing air,—  
If health, unearned of thee I may not share,  
Keep it, I pray thee, where my memory lies,  
In thy green lanes, brown dells, and breezy skies,  
Till I return and find thee doubly fair,  
Wait then my coming on that lightsome land,  
Health, and the joy that out of nature springs,  
And Freedom's air-blown locks; but stay with me  
Friendship, frank entering with the cordial hand,  
And Honor, and the Muse with glowing wings,  
And Love Domestic, smiling equably.

The literary activity of Prof. Charles G. D. Roberts is in itself encouraging, when we consider the quality of what has already come from his pen since he gave himself to authorship, pure and simple. The Bookman announces a second book in the projected trilogy, of which "The Forge in the Forest" was the first. It will be entitled "A Sister to Evangeline," and will deal with aspects of life and historical events occurring in Nova Scotia during the regime of New France; several of the main characters figuring throughout the series. The Messrs. Lumsden, Wolfe & Co. will be the publishers of this tale, as also of the volume of poems, entitled "New York Nocturnes."

Mr. Edward McQueen Gray, an Englishman, and member of the Author's club, London, now domesticated on a ranch in New Mexico, has issued a volume entitled, "The Alamo, and Other Verse," which is well spoken of. "Here is something," one critic declares, "that is worthy of Watson himself."

"Thou art the sister of the Blood,  
Thou art the daughter of the House;  
Great offspring of a giant brood,  
Thy heart aroars.

"Upon the shore thy brother stands,  
Thy mother looks across the sea;  
Ere, step forth and take the hand  
She offers thee.

"Forgotten be the former feud,  
Remembered not the bitter score;  
Be mutual love and faith renewed  
For ever more."

Verily, no mistiness is in this meaning, to which we give, also, our Amen! Why may not all the Anglo-Saxon people be one?

Ian Maclaren speaks in terms of the highest approbation of his brother-romancer and fellow-countryman, George MacDonald, to whom he has paid a recent visit at his home at Bordighera, Italy. To him belongs the double praise of living and of writing nobly. The world may not agree with him in preferring, as Maclaren declares he does, his poetry to his prose, but he has written not a little that a pure and cultivated taste may admire.

Mr. Everard Appleton, writer of critical notices in The Commercial Tribune, Cincinnati, speaks highly of Dr. S. Weir Mitchell's "Hugh Wynne," which, he says has been averaging 300 copies a day since publication. This, he thinks "is about 100 less than the book deserves," and he advises that when we have tired of foreign sensationalism, we "try reading a thoroughly good American novel by a thoroughly talented American."

Alfred Austin, the Laureate has issued a volume of selections from his works entitled "Songs of England," and dedicated to Lord Wolseley. The Macmillans are to be the publishers. PASTOR FELIX.

Conquering an Audience.

A writer in the New York Times narrates an incident which shows that Artemus Ward's unique and kindly humor was not dependent upon adventitious circumstances. He was to lecture at a town in central Pennsylvania. On the morning of his lecture a fierce snow-storm broke over that section, and raged so long and so furiously that few people braved the tempest. When Artemus Ward appeared on the platform, he faced an audience of three men, each in the seat his coupon called for; all three far in the rear of the hall. Artemus kept his solemn face at its solemnest, as he advanced to the footlights, and beckoning to the men, said:

"Come up closer, gentlemen. I want to speak to you."

He had to repeat the invitation before his auditors understood that he meant what he said. When they had taken seats together in the front row, Artemus said, "There, now, that is more sociable." He paused a moment and went on:

"Gentlemen, you are entitled to see my show and hear my lecture, if you are so disposed. But I understand that beneath this hall there is an excellent cave, and I suggest that we spend the evening there, you as my guests."

Though reluctant to forego the show and lecture, as they saw Artemus had no mind for them the three agreed to his proposition, the lights were turned out, and the little party descended to the cave, where for hours they made merry, and whence they were reluctant to start for home. If Artemus Ward was not at his best, then his best must have been past all telling; for the stories he told and the way he told them made his audience forget time and circumstances, and completely banished any lingering regret for what they had not received upstairs.

### A CLEGGYMAN'S THUMPING HEART.

Cured After Years of Tedious but Fruitless Treatment—These are the Words of Rev. L. W. Showers, of Elderton, Pa.

"My case was chronic. Had uneasiness about the heart, and palpitation since I was a boy. As soon as I saw Dr. Agnew's Cure for the heart advertised, I procured it. I am now using my fifth bottle and experience great improvement. The choking, abnormal beating and warm feeling and thumping have entirely disappeared. This remedy will save your life if you are a victim of heart disease."

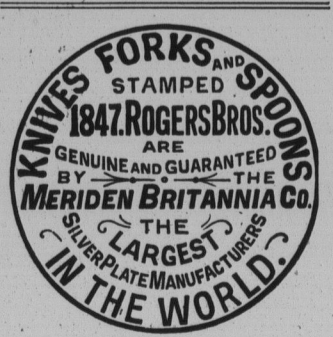
Suspected Because he was Sober.

This is how he came to swear:  
It was 4 A. M. when he got home.  
He didn't fumble around the latch for an hour, stutter in his talk or awaken everyone in the house with uselessly noise. He was sober hadn't drunk a drop.

Instead, he struck the keyhole at the first attempt and entered. All was quiet. He put his hat and coat on the hall rack and was about to take off his shoes before going upstairs when an old familiar voice sounded gratingly on his ear:  
"Is that you, Jack?"  
"Yes, Nell."

Then he began: "It's three minutes after 4. I did not let the cat follow me in. I've just returned from one of our caucuses. The gas is turned down low. The doors are all locked; the windows fastened. I paid the taxes this afternoon. Mary's baby's got the measles. That isn't our dog a-barking."

And when he tumbled into bed Nell looked at him out of sleepy eyes and said: "Jack you've been drinking."



### Woman and Her Work

Our sex has always been accused of a tendency towards the superficial! Of a light and airy gift in fact, of skimming the cream off things without ever taking the trouble to go beneath the surface, and an extraordinary faculty for reaching at a single bound a conclusion which it would take a man hours of earnest thought and hard work to arrive at. Critics assert that the woman, however correct she may be in her position, will be unable to explain how she reached it, while the man can report progress step by step, but that makes little difference to the woman, since the result is identical, and in the forcible language of the small boy, she "gets there just the same." I never half believed in this theory of woman's irresponsibility, preferring to think that she worked as hard for her knowledge as man, and had merely the gift of applying it more rapidly, but lately—well I don't know.

I had my faith in the solidity of woman's attainments rather badly shaken the other day, and my respect for her magnificent audacity, and rapid intuition wonderfully increased at the same time while listening to a bright girl of my acquaintance discussing Sir Charles Tupper's speech on the Yukon Railway bill, with a man who was a keen politician, and particularly interested in the subject. I was greatly struck by this damsel's intelligent remarks and clear grasp of the different points brought out in the speech. As I knew her to be a young lady with many interests and frequent calls upon her time I was so surprised at her familiarity with the political situation that I asked her how she ever found time to keep up with what was going on in parliament and read all the speeches. She laughed with great enjoyment of my simplicity. "Why you didn't imagine that I read that whole speech did you," she said. "I think Sir Charles is the dearest old love in the world, and just as great a wonder as Gladstone, in his own way, but all the same I haven't time to read all he says in parliament. I read the first paragraph of that Yukon speech, and the last, so I could talk about his clever opening sentences, and his grand peroration, and then I read all the headlines between, so I knew just what he was talking about, and his line of argument. Besides that, Mr. Blank had read it so carefully, and quoted from it so liberally that I had only to listen attentively in order to keep my bearings, so I never lost the thread once, and I really think he formed quite an opinion of my mental acquisitions!"

The superb nerve of the thing almost took my breath away, and I was ready to admit the truth of a good deal that was said about woman's superficiality, but also to contend that nature had endowed her with other qualifications which stood her in just as good stead as the most solid of mental acquisitions, and that if her gift for skimming cream was as pronounced in all cases, as in this one, those things beneath the surface—the skim milk for instance, might safely be left to take care of themselves.

In spite of all the diet cures that one reads about daily, and which would lead one to suppose that the remedy for every ill that flesh is heir to in this world, has a judicious course of dieting, people who are supposed to know all about such things say that it is absolutely impossible to make a woman really diet, even when her complexion is the stake involved, and the difference between beauty and plainness is the penalty of disobedience. We all start out with the best of intentions they say, and then get tired and make an ignominious failure, beginning first by taking just a tiny bite of some forbidden dainty merely to see if we have forgotten what it tasted like. This breaks the ice and having transgressed once the next offence is easy, so we take a larger bite, and finding no violent ill effects, proceed to reason with

### THE LIQUOR HABIT—ALCOHOLISM.

I guarantee to every victim of the liquor habit, no matter how bad the case, that when my new vegetable medicine is taken as directed, all desire for liquor is removed within three days, and a permanent cure effected in three weeks, failing which I will make no charge. The medicine is taken privately, and without interfering with business duties. Immediate results—normal appetite, sleep and clear brain, and health improved in every way. Indisputable testimony sent sealed: I invite strict investigation.

A. Hutton Dixon,  
No. 40 Park Avenue, Montreal, Que.



### A Protection...

Baby's Own Soap is something more than a cleanser. It is a protection against the annoying and irritating skin troubles so often endured by infants.

It makes Babies happy and healthy, and keeps the delicate skin rosy, pink and clean.

Fragrant and pure, it is a perfect soap.

THE ALBERT TOILET SOAP CO., Mfrs. Montreal.

CAUTION.—Many of the Imitations of Baby's Own will burn and ruin the skin.

ourselves that there must have been some mistake and this is probably not the article that disagreed with us at all—and after that—the deluge.

Physicians say that very few women attain the age of forty without having been put on a diet at one time or other. When our mothers were young no one ever heard of dieting except for sickness! The idea of a sensible woman eating this, and doing without that, merely that she might grow fat if she was too thin, and thin if she was too fat, would have been considered too absurd to be tolerated for a moment; dieting meant gruel and beef tea and those nourishing liquids; indicated aggravated indigestion at the very least. But now our very first resource is the diet system if we discover that our complexions are not quite right, that the "salt cells" are becoming two prominent in our necks, or that last year's bodice will not meet by an inch. A clever woman has said that the system of dieting described in a few words as possible meant simply "eating all those things which one should not eat and leaving uneaten all the things one would eat. Whether this is true or not it will probably serve as an excuse for the habit of persistently disregarding orders when told to diet, and then declaring that there is nothing in the diet theory after all, which doctors say is one of the difficulties they have to contend with when treating our sex.

"There is just this difference between a man, and woman patient" said a busy physician. "You tell a man that he must either give up smoking, eating turtle soup and drinking port wine, or else make up his mind to endure the agonies of gout; but you know all the time that he won't do anything of the sort—he won't even promise to do so, and he scouts the idea of dieting being necessary for him. He has been doing these things all his life and they have never hurt him, so why should they now? But the woman is easily frightened and promises everything. By and by she comes in to report progress, and I know the moment I look at her I know just how she has been keeping her promises. Has she taken her tonic? Certainly she has not missed a dose. Has she eaten lobster salad, ice cream or pastry? Well perhaps once or twice, but not often enough to make any difference. Has she eaten the raw beef sandwiches, the oatmeal porridge and drunk the hot water I prescribed? She says yes, but her looks tell me that she might truthfully add 'once or twice, to the yes. Has she gone to bed at ten, got up at seven, and taken a nap after dinner every day. And then this daughter of eve wonders why she does not get well and continues cheerfully paying me for giving her advice which she will not take. On the whole I prefer the man patient, for then I know just where I am standing." So if all this is true, dear girls, what in the world is the use of my spending valuable time in hunting up diet schemes which shall make you beautiful forever.

The woman to whom a sailor hat is not becoming is really to be pitied now-days; and yet she is by no means a rarity. There are faces which look absolutely grotesque beneath a sailor hat, and yet are comely enough when given a proper setting. It is really a serious inconvenience to any woman to be unable to wear a sailor because it really seems as though most comfortable of head coverings would never go out of style. Already the first sailors

have made their appearance in the shop windows, and they are not by any means things of beauty. In the first place the colors are absolutely hideous, and the shapes instead of being only moderately high crowned and rather broad brimmed, as they were last year, show high crowns which seem to fall in at the top and stiff looking narrow brims. The straws of which these monstrosities are composed are a coarse mixture of green, blue, white, purple, red and brown. Brilliant bands of plaid velvet and sometimes quills and wings add to their ugliness. It is to be hoped that, as often happens, the advance styles are not really an indication of what will be worn later on.

One of the latest fancies in millinery is the doing away with the cluster of flowers beneath the hat brim, which has been a feature of all the winter hats, and the absence or presence of this ornament serves to distinguish the new from the old hat. Shapes which are turned up at one side are filled in with bunches of leaves, while a wreath of roses rising in a bunch at the back may adorn the outside of the hat. Some of the crowns are entirely covered with flowers, and crowns made of silk and satin in Tam o'Shanter shape are supplied with brims of straw. A curious rainbow cloth which resembles horsehair in texture is also used for the crowns in hats of this kind, which are usually worn by young girls.

The prejudice against bonnets for any but quite elderly ladies seems to be melting away, as numerous lovely bonnets intended to be worn by young women are being shown at the different millinery openings. It is said that the fact of large hats becoming so common, has had something to do with this revival amongst more exclusive women. Some of these little bonnets are dainty affairs of steel and jet, with a sort of butterfly's wing at each side and a small crown just large enough to take in the little coil of hair at the top of the head.

There are also the close Dutch shapes, and a very pretty model for elderly ladies, with a Marie Stuart print in front, cut up high at the back, and extending well down to the ears. Made of black lace and jet, with violets or wall flowers for trimming, it makes an exceedingly pretty headdress. One of the newest toque shapes has a low crown and a brim which turns up at the back, and droops in front. One model in pale green straw is well covered with violets, one bunch of white violets in front, forming a pretty contrast, and where the brim is raised in the back a cluster of leaves fills in the space.

Scarcely ever have the trimmings seemed to be such a feature of the dresses as now! In fact with the ruffles, and puffs and panels as lavishly distributed over the fashionable gown, it is sometimes rather difficult to decide what the dress itself is made of. Garnitures in the shape of yokes, boleros and skirt panels, are shown in almost endless variety, and are made of silk and mohair braid, silk and jetted net and lace, and gorgeously jewelled lace. Lace applique of any sort is very fashionable and it properly applied it is sure to be pretty. Applique sprays are sewn on velvet, satin, and silk, as well as chiffon and net, of which yokes and vests are made. Beaded effects are also to be popular this spring, but as the summer advances, black braid, black satin and black velvet ribbon will supersede them and be very much used in trimming the new gowns of light wool goods, and net. Narrow and wide fringes of silk and beads, and narrow gimps of gold cord and spangles, are also amongst the fashionable trimmings. Black, or colored silk braid with a cord on the edge, is made very effective by sewing a gold and black mixed cord through the centre.

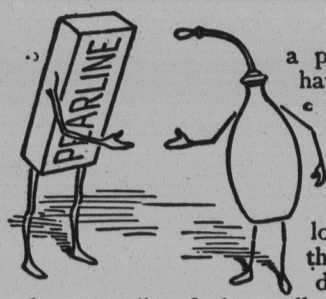
### The D & A CORSET.



### For Evening Dress

Women find the D & A CORSET as well suited for evening wear as it is for ordinary purposes. It gives "chic" to the figure, without stiffness or discomfort. It is sold at popular prices.

Wear the D & A Corset.



### This is what

a prominent physician says: "I have given my own children the benefit of very careful study in the matter of absolute cleanliness in bottle feeding. I have studied the so-called easily-cleaned nursing bottles, and I long ago came to the conclusion that a little Pearline would render ordinary nursing bottles the safest utensils of them all. I firmly believe that children properly fed and cleanly fed will avoid the majority of the difficulties which they encounter during the first two years of life. I believe that if every feeding bottle was washed with Pearline, many innocent lives would be saved."

Surely, this is a matter to interest every mother. Nothing so thoroughly cleanses as Pearline.



Very stylish gowns are made of the new wool canvas which is in a much finer weave than the canvas of last season, in fact most of the materials which promise to be popular are fine, soft and dainty both in color and texture. Red, in a pretty cherry shade is very fashionable for bodices and blouses of taffata or foulard silk, patterned with white. One pretty example has a yoke of alternate rows of guipure and lawn insertion; below this the silk is laid in plaits all around, and the edge, which laps onto the yoke, is finished with a fancy red silk braid. The sleeves are plaited in at the shoulder and again at the wrist, in the form of cuffs. Taffata silk in red and white checks forms another new bodice. It is folded back in V shape at the neck and filled in with frillings of white chiffon. Small back satin revers finish the edge, narrow folds of satin trim the chiffon collar band, and the cuffs and belt are of the black satin, thus giving a very striking but stylish effect to the bodice.

### DEARLY BOUGHT.

He Lost his Tooth but had his two Weeks Vacation.

Only those who work fifty weeks in the year in some office in a crowded city can appreciate the eagerness with which such a worker looks forward to his two weeks' vacation, and the zest with which he enters upon it. A young newspaper man in one of our large cities had laid aside his pen, paste pot and scissors for a rest of a fortnight, and was preparing to start for his boyhood home in the country, when a sharp ache in one of his teeth impelled him to visit the dentist.

It was the first day of his vacation, and he had his valise with him, packed and ready for the journey. The dentist examined the aching molar, and shook his head.

"I have been afraid of this," he said. "The nerve is dying. The gold filling in that tooth will have to be taken out, and the nerve treated."

"How long will it take?"

"It will take two weeks."

"Will it hurt?"

"Yes, it will hurt some."

"You can treat it now, and I can come again in two weeks. Will that do?"

"No. You will have to come every day."

"Then I'll let it go. I'll wait till I come back from the country."

"You can't. It will drive you crazy."

"Great snakes! I'm not going to let an aching tooth spoil my vacation! Pull it out!"

"No, sir. That would be simple lunacy. The tooth is one of the best in your head. It can be easily saved, and it's worth five hundred dollars to you."

"Doctor," said the young man, "it would hurt to pull this tooth, wouldn't it?"

"It would be very painful. I should have to make several attempts, in all probability. It has three prongs, and is deeply rooted."

"Yank it out, doctor."

"But I tell you—"

"Yank it out!"

"My dear boy—"

"If you don't pull that tooth, doctor, I'll go to the dentist across the street and have him do it, and I'll give you just three seconds to decide!"

The man across the street was a rival, and the dentist hesitated no longer. Before the three seconds were up he had his forceps in hand.

He was right. The tooth came hard. It took several pulls, but it 'let go' at last.

With a yell in which pain and relief were mingled the young man sprang out of the chair, looked at his watch, stuffed a handkerchief into his mouth, grabbed his valise, and started for the train.

He had traded a five-hundred-dollar tooth for a vacation, and it is to be hoped the vacation was worth it.

A Providential Escape.

In 'Manitoba Memories' Rev. George Young relates an experience of his boyhood which, he says, formed the turning-point in his career, and led him eventually to choose the life of a missionary in the north land. Early one morning, when I as a boy, says Mr. Young, I was feeding

Progress begs to inform its patrons and the public generally that the "Progress" Job Printing Department is now in a position to turn out work of a very high order.

Our outfit is one of the most complete in the City.

A trial order will show what we can do.

the cattle in the basement of a stable when a terrific wind storm struck the building and crushed it like an egg-shell. Hearing the crash of the falling and breaking timbers I fell on my knees in terror, and began to pray. In a moment, as it seemed, the storm passed and stillness prevailed. I was completely encompassed by the broken timbers and the mows of hay and grain which had been stored in the upper part of the barn. I was in utter darkness, too, and at first completely dazed. Finding myself unharmed, however, I recovered my senses and began to dig into the hay to escape. After a long struggle I worked myself free from the hay, and stood in the midst of the wreck. It was afterward ascertained how narrowly I had escaped being crushed to death by the falling timbers. Had I been standing at the moment I must have been killed. The space wherein I had knelt was about a yard square, and the only place where I could have escaped instant death. Much was made of my remarkable escape, which I have always regarded as a direct interposition of Providence, and in consequence I have devoted my life to the Master's service.

Quick as Thought  
The maddening toothache stops when Nerviline—that wonderful nerve-pain cure—is applied to the tooth. Nerviline is the only positive, never-failing remedy for toothache and all nerve pains. Be advised and try it.

His own Spoon.  
"I heard a capital story of Charles Matthews," writes Mr. Joseph Hatton "from an old actor at the Lotus Club in New York. He was invited with his manager and two others to dine with a citizen who carried on the business of pawn-broking, and though well off kept but one assistant. Matthews was well known among his friends and admirers for his remarkable powers of rapid imitation and characterization, off the stage as well as on, but probably he never gave a more remarkable illustration of those powers than on this occasion. The host being called out of the dining-room at the back of the shop, Matthews altered his hair, turned up his collar, and put on another man's hat. Then making a suitable change of countenance, he took a large silver gravy-spoon from the table, ran into the street, and entering one of the little boxes which universally shield one customer from another at pawnbroker's counters, pledged to his unsuspecting host his own piece of plate, and returned to his place at table as the pawn-broker reentered the room."

### E. L. ETHIER & CO.,

MANUFACTURERS AND IMPORTERS OF  
Billiard and Pool Tables  
and Supplies.  
Bowling Alleys, etc.  
SECOND-HAND TABLES \$100 to \$200.  
Our Columbus Electric Cushions are known to be the best in use.  
288 St. Denis St.,  
Montreal.

POLITENESS IN TATTERS.

Not Easy to Judge a Man by the Condition of the Clothes He Wears.

The Utah Northern train was disappearing in the distance when Arch Cridge, the storekeeper at Market Lake, who had gone over to the station to ascertain if any oysters had come up from Granger for him saw a badly battered and tattered figure hobbling along the ties, coming from the direction of the vanishing train. Cridge forgot his oysters in wonderment at the outlandish raggedness and general damage and disaster revealed in the person of the oncomer.

He was a tramp, and his face was scratched and his eye was blacked, as Cridge saw when he drew near. But he was a polite tramp, nevertheless.

'Good morning, my friend,' he said, bowing courteously to the storekeeper. 'Can you tell me the name of a man who would care to share in the benefits arising out of \$50,000?'

He did not appear to be crazy, so Cridge who had once chased elusive gold mines, gave him some attention.

'I don't just know,' he said. 'I myself—'

'Exactly so. And a first-class partner you will make. Twenty-five thousand sounds nice, doesn't it? Let me have a chew of tobacco please.'

Cridge gave him a lump of the desired commodity and asked him to explain what he meant.

'You observe the train now coming in the distance?' inquired the tramp. Cridge did.

'You might not believe it, but I was ejected from that train for the vulgar reason of poverty.'

'But you have—how about your fifty thousand?'

'One moment. Wait. I was thrown off like a mere bag of rags. I rolled. I scraped. I skinned myself. I tore my apparel. I cracked my kneecap. I dug up the soil and turned seven somersaults.'

'Cridge nodded sympathetically.

'In other words I was treated vilely. By a brakeman. A red-headed brakeman who used profane language. I think he also struck me, but there was some confusion, and perhaps it was a telegraph pole. Receiving such indignity you can readily understand what must be the prompt action of a gentleman.'

'Well, I do no,' said Cridge, guardedly. 'But a man with money—'

'Exactly, I see you perfectly understand. You appreciate the enormity of the offence. I shall sue for \$50,000 damages. You will pay the costs and give me \$5 now as a guarantee of good faith. When I win I shall levy on the road to pay my claim, and you will be made general manager with power to issue passes. Please give me the \$5 as soon as possible. I am aware that my present guise and garb—'

'Well, I do no,' said Cridge, drawing back. 'You see—'

'You surely don't doubt my word? You surely don't question that I was thrown off the train substantially as described?'

'No. I should rather guess there was more bustle to it than you've told. But—'

'You don't deny that I was damaged seriously? This eye; this peeled arm; this ear?'

'No, that's all right, but I can't go into it.'

The tramp looked upon the storekeeper with great politeness beaming from his one good eye.

'I see. You are not in sympathy with the poor and oppressed. You are allied to the money power. You are subsidized. Your finer feelings of humanity have been crushed out by your association with capital. Never mind. I am used to disappointments. If you will give me 10 cents I will dance three extremely interesting jig and will then by a clever feat of parlor magic swallow a knife and withdraw it from my ear.'

But Mr. Cridge said he had to go and see about his oysters.—Chicago Record.

HOLDING BY THE TAIL.

While the Buffalo tall held out the Hunter was Safe.

An amusing story tells how a belated hunter dropped into a hollow tree, intending to 'bunk' there for the night, but fell so many feet that he became alarmed fearing he should never get out. Toward morning a bear began descending the hollow trunk, stern foremost. The hunter grasped the bear's tail, and the frightened animal, scrambling out, drew the man after him to the exit. In Colonel Inman's description of 'The Old Santa Fe Trail' there is a story which illustrates the fact that a tail hold is a safe hold.

One of the Kansas pioneers, the Hon. K. M. Dodge, started out one day with a stage-driver, named Harris, to hunt for buffalo. They were hungry for fresh meat, but buffalo was scarce, and after hunting all day, they were returning without having seen one.

Suddenly an old buffalo bull jumped up from a sand hollow, and both hunters emptied their revolvers into his body. The bull, though bleeding and staggering, stood on his legs defiantly, as if waiting attack. Harrison dismounted that he might hamstring the animal, which had finally lain down. The cut of his knife brought



SEE THAT LINE

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

Pure Soap did it SURPRISE SOAP

with power to clean without too hard rubbing, without injury to fabrics.

SURPRISE is the name, don't forget it.

Thorough Work.

It is to be regretted that the good work credited to a Southern cyclone by the New York Tribune cannot be generally extended over the country, unhindered by any attempt to repair damages. So will think those who dislike to see landscapes and roadways disfigured by flaring advertisements.

A cyclone in a Georgia town recently blew away a big fence, on which the "after-taking" picture of a local farmer had been painted by a patent medicine firm. Soon afterward the old fellow received the following note from a neighbor: 'I'm sorry the cyclone blew your picture so far, but I've got good news for you. Bill Jenkins found yer left leg, Mart Wilkins is got a hunk o' yer back, Dan Jones found yer right arm, an' I understand Sister Molly Brown is got 'other arm, likewise yer right leg. All the pieces I seen fit together good. What I wants to know now is, How much will yer give for your head?'

When a woman laughs at her husband's jokes, it as often indicates that she realizes the importance of keeping him good humored as that she loves him.

A tipster man sits down before the fire to dry his boots and warm his feet. Five minutes later, in a sudden sleep, he sticks out his legs and deposits both feet on the red hot coals. Before you can count twenty he yanks his boots off with a yell.

Now, what conveyed to the unconscious man the information on which he acted—thus saving himself serious injury? It was what Dr. Mitchell calls a riddle—Pain.

At this stage of the argument I beg to introduce our friend Mr. May, of Ramsgate. He is a well known florist there, and the story he tells may be trusted in every particular, and will lead us straight to the conclusion we want to come at.

'In the early part of 1898,' he says, 'I began to feel ill and out of sorts. I felt low and dull as if something had come over me. I had a bad taste in the mouth a poor appetite, and all my food lay like a lump of lead on my chest. I had a sinking sensation at the pit of the stomach which made me feel wretched.'

'I passed restless nights, and soon got so weak and dejected that I wished to have no company.'

I got about my business, but it was in pain and misery that I did so. In this state I continued for six months, getting worse and worse, until I thought I should have died. I saw a doctor but his medicines did not suit my case.

'Mr. Longley, plumber, St. Lawrence, then recommended me to try Mother Seigel's Curative Syrup. I got a bottle of this medicine from Mr. Saunders, chemist, and after taking it I found great relief. My appetite improved, and the food I greed with me, and I felt brighter and stronger. When I had taken two bottles I was as well as ever, my friends asking what had wrought the change.'

'I tell all that Mother Seigel's Syrup restored me to sound health. My wife, who suffered for a long time from indigestion, took the same medicine and soon was completely cured. You can publish this statement, and refer any one to me. (Signed) R. May, Manstone Cottage, St. Lawrence Ramsgate, January 27th., 1897.'

If the sleeping man with his feet on the hot coals (assuming that he was alone in the room) had not been warned by the pain of the burn, he might have been crippled for life in ten minutes. The obvious purpose of pain, then, is to let us know when things are going wrong with these bodies of ours. Distress, discomfort, misery, the observed failure of some organ to perform its duty, the interruption of the customary habits and workings of the body—all these things, and others, are in the nature of messages or notifications to the mind that there exists a condition we call disease; which must be attended to at once if we value our lives. In medicine these sensations are called symptoms; by their variety and relation to one another, enabling the doctor to judge what ails us.

This is the common sense of pain. It is no more a "riddle," as Dr. Mitchell pleases, than the clouds that tell us when to expect rain.

The disease from which Mr. May suffered, whereof he feared he might die, was that prevailing and dangerous complaint, dyspepsia. His weakness resulted from his inability to digest sufficient food to maintain his strength. Now suppose there had been no other sign of ill-health about him save mere weakness. That would have been bad enough, but it was the pain and misery, and positive wretchedness, caused by the disease, that compelled him to continue seeking a cure until he fortunately found it in Mother Seigel's Syrup.

No, no, pain is not a riddle. It is one of Nature's most merciful agents, as Mother Seigel's Syrup is one of her greatest remedies.

A Frederickton Lady's Terrible Suffering.

Mrs. Geo. Doherty tells the following remarkable story of relief from suffering and restoration to health, which should clear away all doubts as to the efficacy of Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills from the minds of the most skeptical:

'For several years I have been a constant sufferer from nervous headache, and the pain was so intense that sometimes I was almost crazy. I really thought that I was going to die. I consulted a number of physicians, and took many remedies, but without effect. I noticed Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills advertised, and as they seemed to suit my case, I got a box and began their use. Before taking them I was very weak and debilitated, and would sometimes wake out of my sleep with a distressed, smothering feeling, and I was frequently seized with agonizing pains in the region of the heart, and often could scarcely muster up courage to keep up the struggle for life. In this wretched condition Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills came to the rescue, and to-day I state, with gratitude, that I am vigorous and strong, and all this improvement is due to this wonderful remedy.'

Which can write the worst hand, a doctor or a lawyer? If the following story, told by the Cleveland Plain Dealer is true, there is little to choose between the two professions:

Not long ago a gentleman of Cleveland received a letter from his lawyer. He could not read a word of it, but thought that perhaps his wife, who had once or twice before deciphered had hand writing for him, could do so, and took it home with him. His wife had no better luck than he.

'Why don't you take it over to Jimmerson, the druggist?' she said. 'They say he can read anything.'

He knew it referred to an important law matter and was anxious about it. So he put on his hat and overcoat and went over to the drug store.

'Can you make this out?' he said. The druggist took it and glanced over it. He took it to the nearest gas jet and looked it over again. After a long scrutiny, he marched to the back of the store and disappeared behind a partition. The gentleman thought that very likely he had gone to get a magnifying glass. He was gone a little while, and then came back with the letter in one hand and a good sized bottle in the other.

'There you are,' said the druggist. 'What is this?' inquired the gentleman.

'Why, your tonic.' 'Who said anything about tonic?' 'Why you handed me the prescription.' 'Yes, here it is.'

'What?' roared the other. 'Did you think that was a prescription? It's a letter from my lawyer about a suit!'

He went out, chuckling with delight. The Cleveland paper does not tell, however,—as it certainly should have told,—whether or not he paid for the tonic.

English Rapid-Firing Guns.

In recent experiments with Vicker's 6-inch rapid-firing gun the accuracy was such that two of the projectiles in a round of ten discharges went through the same hole in the target. It is anticipated that picric acid will be adopted by the British authorities as an explosive for shells.

Assist Sluggish Kidneys, The seat of inflammation, congestion and pain that tend to cripple their vital functions, by applying Benson's Porous Plasters

across the back on line with the lower ribs. They promptly relieve the Backache, Pain in the Loins, or heavy dull feelings in the region of the kidneys, and aid in stimulating and re-establishing a healthy condition of the organs. No external remedy so effective, reliable and prompt as a BENSON. All Druggists. Price 50 cents. Leeming, Miles & Co., Montreal, Sole Agents for Canada.

RAU DRESSMAKER Ever-Ready DRESS STAYS

Silk Stitched, Impervious, Pliable, Durable, Reliable.

ATTRACTIVE SHADES OF ALL PRINCIPAL COLORS. SEND POST CARD FOR SAMPLE CARD.

Give the Baby a Chance

The only food that will build up a weak constitution gradually but surely is Martin's Cardinal Food

a simple, scientific and highly nutritive preparation for infants, delicate children and invalids.

KERRY WATSON & CO., PROPRIETORS.

Teaberry FOR THE Teeth AT ALL DRUGGISTS

PLEASANT HARMLESS 25 cents a Box

ZODESA-CHEMICAL CO. TORONTO

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REPRESSING INSOLENCE.

How an Officer Always Made his Authority Respected.

'Edwardes found Bannu a valley of forts, and left it a valley of open villages,' wrote Sir Richard Pollock. 'Nicholson found it a hell upon earth, and left it probably as wicked as ever, but curbed to fear of punishment.'

These wild people were impressed by the commissioner's activity and endurance. Nothing seemed to tire him. He would ride twenty miles before breakfast to visit the scene of a crime, and then hold court all day with the thermometer over ninety degrees. 'You can hear the ring of his horse's hoofs from Attock to the Khaibar,'—a thousand miles or more—the people said.

'Nikalsain!' exclaimed a border chief, speaking to an English general of the terror excited among evil-doers by Nicholson's severity in repressing crime; 'Nikalsain! he is a man. There is not one in the hills who does not shiver in his pajamas when he hears his name mentioned.' 'To this day,' said another chief, twelve years after Nicholson's death. 'Our women at night wake trembling and saying they hear the tramp of Nikalsain's war-horse.'

Nicholson was a stalwart Irishman, six feet two, gited with the Celtic temper and the Celtic contempt for a coward. While serving as a volunteer aid to Lord Gough at the Battle of Chillianwalla, he noticed an English officer not so forward in attack as he should have been. Dismounting, Nicholson seized the officer by the shoulders, and literally kicked him into the hottest of the firing.

Not long after Nicholson came to Bannu, he received, as commissioner, a deputation of border chiefs, whose insolence in speech and behavior was very marked. At last one of them spat on the ground between himself and the commissioner—an intentional insult.

'Orderly!' called out Nicholson, 'make that man lick up his spittle, and kick him out of camp.'

The orderly seized the chief by the back of his neck, pushed him down on the ground, and held him there until the deed was done. The lesson in politeness was appreciated by the border chiefs, who quizzed the offender unmercifully.

While riding one day through a Bannu village, with an escort of mounted police, Nicholson was saluted by every villager save one, a mullah, or Mussulman priest. He sat in front of the mosque, and instead of salaaming, scowled vindictively at the English commissioner.

'Bring that mullah to my camp,' said Nicholson to an orderly, and then sent another to summon the village barber.

When the mullah appeared his replies to questions were a confession of guilt. He had meant to show insolence to the "infidel." Whereupon Nicholson ordered the barber to shave off the man's beard—a dreadful ignominy to a Mohammedan. The beardless mullah, on his return to the village, became the talk of the neighborhood.

A RIDDLE SOLVED.

The Druggist Thought he Could Decipher the Writing.

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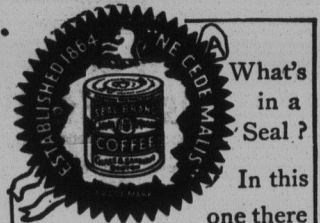
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What's in a Seal? In this one there is health and keen enjoyment, for it is the symbol of the finest coffee grown.

Chase & Sanborn's Seal Brand Coffee

is always the same. It is the Coffee that is bought by the best families of America, people who appreciate the good things of life and insist upon having them. When you buy Chase & Sanborn's Seal Brand Coffee you get the Best.

It would be impossible for money or position to procure anything superior.

A RECORD OF MANY YEARS IT NEVER FAILS

HAVE YOU A COUGH A FEW DOSES WILL RELIEVE IT

HAVE YOU A COLD A FEW DOSES WILL REMOVE IT

TRY IT ALSO FOR Whooping Cough, Asthma, Bronchitis

DR. HARVEY'S SOUTHERN RED PINE CURES

ONLY 25 CENTS PER BOTTLE As good for children as for adults

THE ESSENCE OF THE VIRGINIA PINE THE HARVEY MEDICINE CO., MONTREAL (A)

Give the Baby a Chance

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### Barraud's Vengeance.

"Take my advice, Morris. Leave pretty faces alone or you'll get into a scrape—as I once did," he added reflectively.

It was Max Deuchars, the well-known baritone, who had spoken, and the room instantly divined that an adventure lay beneath.

"The story! Let's have the story! we cried, with one accord, and some one, with delicate forethought, filled up his glass.

"Well, I suppose there is one if you care to call it such," he said, "so here goes. Most of you remember my entering the profession—there was only one profession in Deuchars's eyes—but you did not probably know that it was pure accident that gave me my first chance. But so it was. I was cast for a very minor part, indeed, but I was always ambitious, and even then I had understudied Barraud, the principal baritone, so thoroughly that I was practically word-perfect in his lines.

"He was a good actor and the cleverest I have ever known at make-up but careless and indifferent and endowed with a temper the reverse of serene, which caused him to fly off at a tangent on the slightest provocation. One night he failed to show up at the proper time. Dickenson, the manager, was at his wife's end. The regular understudy was taking a holiday. The audience could not be pacified much longer, and he was at loss what to do. Then I stepped in and volunteered to play the part. He eyed me dubiously for a second or two, but I suppose I looked pretty confident for he said:

"All right; try—and for goodness sake be quick.

"I tried, and—well, I made a hit. A few weeks later, when Barraud's engagement required renewing, Dickenson offered me the part as a permanency. Naturally, I accepted. This turned the chagrined baritone's resentment against me, though his dismissal was entirely the result of his own negligence, and he went away uttering vows of vengeance against what he termed my sneaking ways.

"So much for Barraud. I did not see him again for nearly two years, during which I played the hero nightly with modesty forbidding me to say more than a fair amount of success. And now, having got rid of what a novelist would call the prologue, let me commence in earnest with the story.

"I had been asked to sing at a morning concert somewhere in the suburbs in aid of a charity. Immediately I ascended the platform I became conscious of the surpassing beauty of one face among the row after row in front of me. The girl did not look more than 19 or 20. The exquisite contour of her cheeks, the shapely mouth and nose, and above all her eyes, fringed with lashes that seemed to droop instinctively to conceal their depths of hazel, all went to make up a face that was well nigh perfect in its loveliness.

"I had a hazy idea of having seen her before somewhere, but could not resolve it to anything definite. Each time a few bars' rest gave me the opportunity I looked down upon her. I began to say she was generally gazing at me at the same moment, and that she even smiled at the circumstance and lowered her eyes purposefully. It was the same during my second song. A subtle kind of magnetism seemed to play between us.

"I was enraptured, and this time I responded, going no further from the platform than just out of sight of the audience. When I ascended it, the seat she had occupied was empty. I was disappointed, and racked my brain again to think where I had seen her.

"When I returned to the artists' room a surprise awaited me. A tiny note lay on the envelope. Instantly I jumped to the conclusion that it was connected with the owner of the lovely face, and tore it open in a little flutter of excitement. Inside was just a plain card, and traced in pencil, in a plain card, in a dainty feminine hand, this:

"Come and see me. I have something to tell you."

"I was at once elated and disappointed. Elated because I felt that my guess was correct; disappointed that she had given no name, nothing whereby I could identify her. She gave an address, 15 Osborne Terrace.

"I looked at my watch and hesitated. I could spare half an hour and still be in time for the theatre. My mind was soon made up.

"Taking a card out of my pocket, I scribbled a few lines on the back hastily. 'Dear Jack,' I wrote, 'Awfully sorry I cannot meet you as promised. Pressing engagement—Max.' They were to Jack Albany, our tenor. I had promised to meet him at the club and go down to the theatre together afterward. That much accomplished, I proceeded to the address given by my fair correspondent.

"I began to trim the household maid who answered my ring, and then I stammered and looked foolish. I had forgotten that I did not know her name.

"The girl smiled behind her apron. It's all right, sir. Will you come this way, please?"

"She showed me into the daintiest of boudoirs. Rich curtains and rugs, the thick axminster on the floor, and the array of little ornaments scattered profusely around the room proclaimed its owner to be accustomed to luxury. A second or two later the curtains opened and in walked, not she whom I was expecting, but—Barraud! I gave a start of amazement. I had pretty nearly forgotten his existence; but the insolent smile, just showing the white of his teeth, on his face as he advanced, brought back vividly to my recollection the circumstances of our last meeting.

"So we meet again, Mr. Deuchars?"

"It seems that we do," I replied coldly;

and, seeing that he was about to speak, I added: "But will you please acquaint your mistress that I am here? My time is limited." I took him to be a servant. I had heard that since his dismissal he had contracted habits of intemperance and gradually sunk down the social ladder.

"Much to my relief, after a moment's hesitation, during which he appeared undecided whether to continue the conversation or accept rebuff he chose the latter and vanished five minutes, perhaps, elapsed. Again the curtain divided, and this time—ah! I stepped forward to greet my divinity.

"I must apologize most humbly for keeping you waiting, Mr. Deuchars," she said. "I hardly dared hope that you would find time to pay me a visit."

"Beauty has but to express a wish and it immediately becomes a command," I replied in my most tender manner, and bent low to take her hand when—

"Ho! ho! ho! ho!—ha! ha! ha!"

"A burst of derisive laughter checked the gallant intention and caused me to start back in dismay. A furious clench at a fawn wig, the sound of a dress being roughly torn down the middle. Barraud! Again! It was a grotesque figure that confronted me. Shreds of feminine attire clung to him here and there, and the heavy wipe he had given his face had had the effect of distributing the grease paint and powder on it in blotchy, even patches.

"Then I comprehended. I have said that he was a consummate master of the art of make-up, and his slight girlish frame had lent itself to his talent with marvelous effect. I had been tricked, duped, deceived completely.

"And now! For what purpose had he lured me into his power? For in his power I felt that I was. There was a gleam of incipient madness in his eyes, and a smile of mocking triumph on his patched and powdered features gave him the appearance of some unreal, fantastic figure; some bizarre conception of an overheated imagination. A sense of impending danger caused me to shiver slightly.

"As last he broke the silence, which was fast growing oppressive.

"Well, Monsieur Deuchars, do I not make a charming young lady? Does not your mouth water when I cast my eyes up at you—so? I suppose you thought that because my revenge was long in coming I had forgotten. Barraud never forgets. But now—You see that?" he said, breaking off suddenly. It was a revolver, and I looked apprehensively at the polished barrel. "Shall I tell you what I propose to do with it? But let me congratulate you before I do. You sang well this afternoon; exceedingly well—for the last time."

"The emphasis he threw into the last words confirmed my worst suspicions, and I heard my heart beat faster. Bitterly I cursed the headstrong foolishness which had placed me in his grasp. I looked round the room. I was caught like a rat in a trap. There was apparently only one exit, and he sat guarding that and toying carelessly with the revolver. I waited in trepidation for him to resume.

"It is now 5:35. At 6:30 or soon after you ought to be at the theatre; is not that so? But you will not be there, make up your mind to that. I propose to—to—kill two birds with one stone."

"In the next hour you and I will have a nice, quiet conversation—we will recall old memories—and by that time, my very dear friend, the stage manager will be saying to himself: 'Where the dickens is that Deuchars?' He will begin to fret about and get excited, as he did on a former occasion, for the understudy is away and there is no one who can take Deuchars's part—ah! you are surprised to find that I know anything about that, are you not?"

"With callous refinement of torture he prolonged his words until a cold perspiration came out all over me as I sat there helpless and inert.

"So much for the stage manager; I shall consider that we are quits. For you, my dear friend, I have another method. At seven o'clock I shall invite you to play a little game of chance with me. I shall place two pieces of paper in that hat of yours. On one your name will be written; on the other mine. You may then take one out; I give you the privilege of drawing. If it bears

your name, you will be free—you will have won the game. If mine is the name, I have won, and at 7:30 o'clock I shall shoot you through the head with this revolver. I give you half an hour, you see, to prepare. I have only one more thing to say. Do not make any attempt to escape; it will be useless, as I have here an effectual means of preventing it. Another thing; the servant who let you in at the door is my wife; she is the only person in the house besides ourselves. You need not waste your breath in calling out, therefore; you understand?"

"He ceased, and I was left to my own thoughts. What they were you a madman, of course, there was little doubt. I had something over an hour on which to ponder on the very slender chances of life I possessed after that time, for how did I know that he would keep faith even if our bout with chance resulted in my favor.

"If the worst came to the worst, I was resolved to make a fight for life, at any rate. I would not sit there and be done to death like a dog. Another fifteen minutes—seven! As the last chime fell on the silence he got up. My hat lay on a table near by; carefully he measured two pieces of paper of exact size, wrote on them in a firm hand, and placed them in it.

"Now, let us take our little gamble with Dame Fortune. Monsieur Deuchars, I invite you to draw. It she favors you, very good; if I come off the victor—"

"A loud knocking at the door interrupted me. But I had caught the sound of a voice I knew. I rushed to the window and shouted with all my strength: "Jack! help! Jack!"

"He raised the revolver, but I was on him before he could draw the trigger, and pinned him with my arms. Fiercely he strove to wrench himself free, but I held on like grim death, till Jack Albany and another man burst into the room. Barraud's little scheme was foiled. He saw it, and had the good sense to give in quietly.

"Their opportune arrival was brought about in this way: Jack went down to the club as arranged, and my missive was duly delivered to him. He thought nothing of it, and proceeded to the theatre in due course, but as the time passed and I did not arrive, he began to wonder what had happened. Then, in feeling for something in his pocket, he chanced to pull out my note again. This time he was surprised to see some writing he had not noticed on the previous occasion. It was the card I had received at the concert.

"In the hurry of the moment, when pencilling my message, I must have written on the back of that instead of my own card. He waited another few minutes and then decided to come in search of me, feeling sure that it was no trivial affair which would keep me from the theatre. For prudence sake he had taken a companion, and they arrived, as I have described, just in the nick of time.

"Well, my friends, that is about all. I was not anxious, as you may guess, for the affair to become public property, and we let Barraud off, after promising that he would clear out of the country and give up his murderous intentions. However, I heard a day or two afterwards that his brain had become completely deranged and that he was confined in a lunatic asylum."

**PURE BLOODED HORSES.** Your horse will look twice as well, feel twice as well, do twice as much work, sell for twice as much money, if you tone him up with --

**DR. HARVEY'S CONDITION POWDERS**

No other condition powder gives the results that this old tried remedy does. If your dealer does not sell it, we will send you a full size package, as sample postpaid, for price 25cts.

HARVEY MEDICINE CO., 434 St. Paul Street, Montreal.

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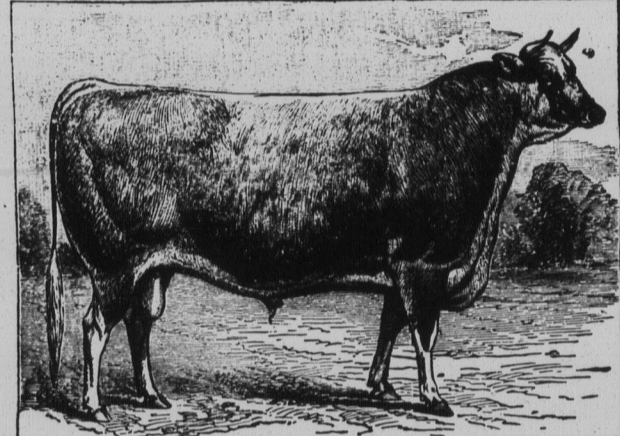
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This great work gives all the information concerning the various breeds and their Characteristics, Breeding, Training, Sheltering, Buying, Selling, Profitable Use, and General Care; embracing all the Diseases to which they are subject—the Causes, How to Know and What to Do given in plain, simple language, but scientifically correct; and with Directions that are Easily Understood, Easily Applied, and Remedies that are within the Reach of the People; giving also the Most Approved and Humane Methods for the Care of Stock, the Prevention of Disease, and Restoration to Health.

Determined to outdo all others ever sold, we have secured this celebrated work, the most complete and practical yet produced, heretofore sold at \$5.00 per copy, and offer a Copy Free to every new subscriber to our paper.

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at once and secure this unrivalled and useful premium.

**Disordered Kidneys.**

Perhaps they're the source of your ill health and you don't know it. Here's how you can tell:—

If you have Back Ache or Lame Back.

If you have Puffiness under the Eyes or Swelling of the Feet.

If your Urine contains Sediment of any kind or is High Colored and Scanty.

If you have Coated Tongue and Nasty Taste in the Mouth.

If you have Dizzy Spells, Headaches, Bad Dreams,—Feel Dull, Drowsy, Weak and Nervous. Then you have Kidney Complaint.

The sooner you start taking **DOAN'S KIDNEY PILLS** the more quickly will your health return.

They've cured thousands of cases of kidney trouble during the past year. If you are a sufferer they can cure you.

Book that tells all about Doan's Kidney Pills sent free to any address.

The Doan Kidney Pill Co., Toronto, Ont.

**"In the Soup."**

This expression comes from the German, some say, but its birth as slang took place at a game of baseball between New York and Chicago in June, 1888, at the Polo Grounds, in New York. It seems that the members of the Chicago team had made themselves conspicuous by marching about the field before the game in dress suits and had consequently been dubbed "waiters" by the beachers crowd. The game was a disastrous one for the visiting team. They suffered a defeat by the ignominious score of 10 to 2. At the close an enthusiastic New York roofer yelled, "The waiters have fallen into the soup!" This took the fancy of the excited crowd and was shouted all over the grounds. The newspapers repeated it in the accounts of the game and the theatres promptly took it up.

Papa Brindle—"Matilda, I seriously object to you encouraging the attentions of that young Spoiler. He is the most rakish looking youth I ever saw."

Matilda—"What do you mean papa?"

Papa Brindle—"Why, I mean the way he wears his hat on one side."

Matilda—"That isn't rakishness, papa."

Papa Brindle—"What is it, then?"

Matilda—"It's a boill."

**CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS**

**SICK HEADACHE**

Positively cured by these Little Pills.

They also relieve Distress from Dyspepsia, Indigestion and Too Heartly Eating. A perfect remedy for Dizziness, Nausea, Drowsiness, Bad Taste in the Mouth, Coated Tongue, Pain in the Side, TORPID LIVER. They Regulate the Bowels. Purely Vegetable.

**Small Pill. Small Dose. Small Price.**

Substitution the fraud of the day.

See you get Carter's,

Ask for Carter's,

Insist and demand

Carter's Little Liver Pills.

**ROUNDING THE CURVE.**

A Passenger Describes a Rough Ride on a Locomotive.

An engineer's life is full of excitement, and also of a strange, wild joy in the power of the great creature under his control. No wonder the strain at last becomes too great, and he requires rest from his nerve-destroying occupation. A writer in McClure's Magazine gives a vivid picture of some rides he has enjoyed on the engine with fireman and engineer. He says:

When we were a little late and had a passing point to make, the engineer would sometimes say:

"Don't you set no brakes goin' down here; I got to git a git on 'em."

Then when the train pitched over the top of the hill, he would cut her back, a notch at a time, till he got her near the centre, and gradually work her throttle out wide open.

How she would fly down-hill, the exhaust a steady roar out of the stack, the connecting-rods an indistinguishable blur, the old girl herself rolling and jouncing, as if at every revolution she must leave the track, the train behind half-bid in a cloud of dust, and I hanging on to the side of the cab for dear life, watching out ahead where I know there is a sharp reverse curve, and hoping, oh, so much, that he'll shut her off before we get there!

I watch that grimy left hand on the throttle for the preliminary swelling of the

"An Awkward Fix."

Confound it! Wherever can Charlotte be? It is M. Chapoulot who speaks, and as the words show, M. Chapoulot is out of humor. Ordinarily M. Chapoulot is as good-tempered and easy going as one would expect in a man of sixty, who had been like John Gilpin, in his day, a linen draper bold, and has in good time retired to enjoy a modest competency in repose.

There he now lives with his only daughter Charlotte and an old faithful servant of the family, and it is the former whom he is at this moment impatiently awaiting.

It is dinner time with the Chapoulots, who dine at six. M. Chapoulot always begins his dinner with punctuality, but he has never begun it without Charlotte. And Charlotte comes not five minutes past six, and M. Chapoulot's impatience becomes annoyance; ten minutes, and it is even anger; a quarter past, and he is furious. Hunger, they say, will tame a lion, but it will none the less ruffle the equanimity of a saint. Wherever can Charlotte be? She has gone this afternoon to take her music lesson in the Boulevard Barbese.

But suddenly there was a merry little tap at the door, and Charlotte enters. No evil can have come, for there she stands in the doorway, smiling radiantly, in all the ease and grace of la petite Parisienne.

But M. Chapoulot's fear gone, his impatience again usurps supremacy, and reassured about the safety of his daughter, he begins to feel anxious for the flavor of his dinner.

'Come to the table first. You can tell me while eating. I shall understand better then.'

'Oh, but papa! You don't know. I have had an adventure!'

'An adventure!' exclaimed M. Chapoulot starting from his seat and dropping his spoon into the soup upon which he had already commenced.

'Yes, papa! An adventure in an omnibus with a young man! Parbleu!'

'But with a young man comme il faut has no adventures, above all in an omnibus. Whatever do you mean?'

'It is very simple, papa. You need not make such a cruel face. I had forgotten my purse. That is the thing which happens often enough—'

'Yes, yes; especially to those who haven't got one. Go on.'

'I never discovered it until the conductor held out his hand to take my fare. What could I do? What could I say? I should be taken for a pauper—for an adventuress, perhaps. I was crimson, I was pale, I felt that I should faint; when happily a young man who sat next to me gave the conductor a piece of silver, saying: 'Take for two.' This gentleman, seeing my embarrassment, had kindly paid for me.'

'Well, miss, you have done a nice thing. Accept six sous from a stranger! You had better have explained to the conductor, to the driver, to all the company. But people should not forget their purses—I never do. And now, how will you return his money? You will never think of keeping it?'

'I have his card, papa; M. Agenor Baluchet, clerk at the ministry of—'

'But papa, without hearing another word, had snatched the piece of paste-board from her hand, exclaiming: 'What? This gentleman, not content with insolently lending his six sous, has had the impudence to force his card upon you in the bargain! He is a very scoundrel, your young man comme il faut.'

'But, papa, I could not return his money if I did not know his address. M. Chapoulot has not a word to answer to this ingenious argument, but with a gesture of the intensest irritation throws down his serviette upon the table.

'It is written that I shall not dine this evening,' he says to the old servant. 'Find me a cab at once. I am going to restore to this Agenor his six sous immediately, and to tell him a few truths as well.'

'But, papa, that will be ingratitude. You must remember that this young man has saved your daughter from an faux pas.'

'Un faux pas! He has rather led you into one. But silence, miss! I am not going to receive lessons, above all lessons in memory, from a silly girl who forgets her purse.'

M. Chapoulot has taken his hat, and looks even more enraged than ever. The old servant comes back. 'A cabman is at the door, but he will only agree to a single journey.'

'Oh, that will do! I can easily find another to return.'

she has noticed that he has noticed, etc., etc.

Agenor, in his bachelor apartment, sits thinking over his experience of the evening, and vowing he will not wash until the morning the hand that had been touched by the dainty fingers of Charlotte when she received the card.

Suddenly a sharp rap at the door, a violent opening, and a stout gentleman, out of breath, his hat upon his ears and cane in hand, breaks in upon his dreaming.

'Monsieur!' exclaims the invader, 'your conduct is scandalous. You are not worthy the name of a French gentleman. An honest man would never take advantage of the embarrassment and inexperience of a young lady. To profit by the absence of a father and a purse, to offer your money—and your card into the bargain—to an unprotected girl, it may be a good investment, but it is a bad action. I have brought you your six sous again, and would have you to know, sir, that, as for my daughter and myself, we wish to have nothing to do with you.'

And the stout gentleman, trembling with his vehemence, puts his hand into his pocket to get the money, when, before Agenor has time even to recover from his bewilderment, a new actor enters upon the scene. It is the cabman, all furious, with an oath up on his lips, and brandishing his whip in a threatening manner.

'Eh! you! What do you mean? You engage me for a single journey. I tell you I cannot stay. You even order me to hurry. And then you jump from my cab like a madman, and rush in here without a word. None of that for me. I have only thing to ask. Pay me my money quickly, or—' And the whip goes round again more emphatically than before.

Agenor understands nothing of it. But the stout gentleman, who has searched vigorously in all his pockets, becomes suddenly pale, then red, then redder still, then crimson, then violet. He is silent in stupefaction a minute, and then in answer to a more vigorous demand from the cabman he manages to falter: 'I have—forgotten—my—purse!'

'Oh, yes! I know,' cries the enraged cabman. 'I have seen that dog before. You needn't try it on with me. Come along! you shall tell your tale at the police office.' And he begins to drag away by the shoulders the unfortunate Chapoulot, who is ready to fall into an apoplectic fit.

But Agenor, a true providence for the family, draws from his pocket the necessary sum and dismisses the driver.

'You will allow me, sir,' he says to M. Chapoulot, who, all at once understanding that it is possible to forget one's purse, and that of all friends a friend in need is one indeed, can only reply with a smile: 'Monsieur—M. Blanchet, I believe—30 centimes for the omnibus and 1 franc 75 for the cab, that makes 41 sous I owe you. If you will be good enough to dine with me this evening we will settle our affairs at once. As an old business man I like not outstanding debts. Besides, ready reckonings always make good friends.'

A quarter of an hour later the servant puts a third plate upon the table in the Cue de la Trocadero. A month later there is still a larger party, when the wedding of Charlotte and Agenor is celebrated, and M. Chapoulot will often say to those who care to hear him: 'Beware of borrowing, oh! fathers of families. I made once a debt of 41 sous, and could only repay it with a dowry of 20,000 francs.'

THE ONE WET SPOT.

The Weary Drug Clerk and the Sign Giving Warning of Fresh Paint.

It was printed in big, black, bold-faced letters on a wide piece of cardboard, and it hung out conspicuously in front of the newly painted drug store:

DO YOU WEAR SUSPENDERS? WEAR Trade-Brand SUSPENDERS GUARANTEED BORN.

Truro, March 18, to the wife of A. Dunn, a son. Farnboro, Mar. 12, to the wife of James Bowden, a son.

Amherst, March 17, to the wife of Dan Bredure, a son. Shelburne, Mar. 21, to the wife of J. G. Rutherford, a son.

Annapolis, Mar. 23, to the wife of E. W. McBride, a son. Springhill, Mar. 20, to the wife of Edgar Harrison, a son.

Richibucto, March 12, to the wife of Peter Barnard, a son. Digby, March 18, to the wife of Joseph E. Snow, a son.

Hartville, March 19, to Mr. and Mrs. A. J. Watts, a son. Digby, March 13, to the wife of George Everett, a son.

Lunenburg, Mar. 18, to the wife of Searforth Brahm, a son. Springhill, Mar. 22, to the wife of E. Keith, a daughter.

Halifax, March 18, to Rev. and Mrs. Z. L. Fish, a daughter. Digby, March 10, to the wife of Joseph Rogers, a daughter.

Yarmouth, March 16, to the wife of James Ellis, a daughter. Amherst, March 21, to the wife of Tom Fillmore, a daughter.

Halifax, March 16, to Mr. and Mrs. Martin Murphy, a daughter. Dorchester, Mar. 22, to the wife of J. H. Hickman, a daughter.

Yarmouth, Mar. 21, to the wife of Frank W. Allen, a daughter. Sussex, Mar. 28, to Mr. and Mrs. W. W. Hubbard, a daughter.

Pine Ridge, Kent Co., March 8, to the wife of James Beers, a son. Pine Ridge, Kent Co., March 4, to the wife of James Wilson, a son.

Truro, March 21, to Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Blanchard, a daughter. Kingston, Kent Co., Mar. 10, to the wife of R. W. Mitchell, a son.

Yarmouth, March 18, to Mr. and Mrs. J. E. Ferguson, a daughter. Fredericton, March 7, to the wife of Prof. Geo. M. Downing, a son.

Advertisement for WANZER LAMPS. Features include: NO CHIMNEY TO BREAK, NON-EXPLOSIVE, MORE LIGHT, LESS OIL. Text: Boils water in a few minutes. Gives a pure purified light. Pays for itself in a short time. WASHNER LAMP & SIGN CO. HAMILTON, ONT.

'Why,' continued the professional, 'that sign outside. That paint's as dry as some of the literary criticisms in the yellow journals.'

'The newspaper man who usually stopped by on his rounds wandered in next. 'Little early for spring painting, ain't it? he inquired.'

'I don't know as it is,' replied the clerk. 'It's just about the right time.'

'Just about the right time?' repeated the newspaper man. 'Well, I guess that's right, too; but that painting has been done for some time. It's dry.'

Forty-six more people followed him in rapid succession, each one looking carefully at the index finger of his right hand. When the forty-seventh man had told the clerk that the paint was dry he ran to the front of the store, grabbed the sign of warning from its fastenings and flung it into the street. A few moments later a small boy ran in, holding the sign in his right hand.

'Say, mister,' he said, 'some guy coped yer sign an' 'trew it in de mud.'

But the clerk had gone to luncheon, so the proprietor took the sign and laid it on a shelf. Half an hour later the clerk stood in front of the store leaning against the door talking to some friends. When he came in the proprietor looked at him and smiled.

'Say, John,' said he, 'you've got paint all over your back.'

'I know it, he replied: 'I leaned up against the only spot that people hadn't wiped dry with their fingers.'

And when he returned to the front of the store he found that the proprietor had hung the sign out again.

Electricity in the Catacombs. The catacombs of St. Calixtus, near Rome, were recently illuminated with thousands of electric lamps, filling the gloomy vaults and passages with a bright light, whose effect, as it fell upon the rows and bones and skeletons, is described as being startling and almost uncanny.

The use of electric lights in the catacombs is perhaps the latest example of modern practical science brought face to face with antiquity.

St. John, March 26, John Horther. Doaktown, March 19, Robert Swin. Boston, March 30, Margaret Stanton.

Montreal, March 16, Jane McCallum. Milton, March 17, Nathan R. Freeman. St. John, March 27, John McConall, 39.

St. John, March 27, Francis J. Hake, 28. New Ross, March 10, Mary Ellen Ross. Lorneville, Feb. 2, Timothy L. Fisher, 38.

Farnboro, March 17, Owen McGuirk, 77. Halifax, March 17, Edward Marshall, 15 mos. Bridgewater, March 18, Ernest B. Young, 15.

New Glasgow, March 4, Miss Eliza McNair, 76. Whiteville, Lunenburg, March 17, Lucy Wile, 76. Halifax, March 23, Clara Gordon Robertson, 44.

St. John, March 20, Michael V. Sweeney, 4 mos. Main River, Kent Co., March 12, Susan Clare 16.

Chatham, March 19, Griselde M. Gamble, 11 mos. Greenfield, March 4, Mrs. Anna Belle Elkin, 35. Moncton, March 18, Percy McDonald, 11 months.

Moncton, March 28, Edmund F. Arling, 5 weeks. Lewisville, March 4, A. Seaman, 3 months. Balton, Colchester, Feb. 21, Mrs. John McDonald.

St. John, March 20, Robert Kenneth McJunkin, 1. Roxbury, Mass., March 17, Mrs. Cowperthwaite, 89. Surrey, Albert Co., March 16, Elias Messenger, 86.

Lower Wentworth, March 19, Fred O. Bingley, 20. Mahone Bay, March 9, Mildred Stanchevitch, 33. Basin, East River, March 10, James W. Fraser, 69.

Black Brook, Pictou Co., Mrs. William Mason, 82. Halifax, March 22, Russell Laurier Brown, 7 mos. Halifax, March 24, Ernest Clifford Hartling, 6 mos.

Pleasantville, Lunenburg, March 17, Hazel Cross, 6. St. Martins, N. B., March 24, David J. Bradshaw, 61.

West Berlin, Queens, Mar. 19, to the wife of Thos. A. Hemcock, twin boys. St. Nicholas River, Kent Co., Mar. 14, to the wife of W. Mundle, a daughter.

MARRIED.

Halifax, by Rev. W. J. Rutledge, Edward L. Greer to Bertha Allison. Halifax, Mar. 23 by Rev. H. How, James Eason to Bertha Allison.

Albo, Mar. 15, by Rev. D. B. Scott Beverly Ferguson to Ellen Holmes. Truro, Mar. 17 by Rev. T. Cumming, Hugh R. Hale to Fannie Hughes.

Chelsea, Mar. 1, by Rev. E. Hitchcock, Alfred W. Bowser to Maude Kimball. Arctavia, Mar. 21, by Rev. J. W. Shepherdson, William Ellis to Margie Ellis.

Cape Island, by Rev. G. M. Wilson, Murdoch Quinley to Gertrude Nickerson. Macfar, Mar. 24, by Rev. W. H. Evans, Alpine W. Truro, Mar. 22, by Rev. E. K. Maclean, Leonard Rowe to Annie Randall.

Truro, Mar. 23, by Rev. Mr. Waring, Capt. Wm. Uquhart to Bertha Fletcher. Truro, Mar. 14, by Rev. G. W. Healy, Anna M. McLellan to Henry Hamilton.

Truro, Mar. 17, by Rev. H. F. Adams, Hance D. Bridgewater, Mar. 15, by Rev. F. A. Buckley, John W. Conrad to Annie Johnson. Fredericton, Mar. 23, by Rev. F. C. Hartley, Nathaniel Jones to Emmeline Jones.

Bridgewater, Mar. 17, by Rev. J. A. Brood, Wm. Taltzman to Laurensa Dominico. Loch Katrine, Mar. 18, by Rev. A. J. Macdonald, George Kelsor to Mary A. Sinclair.

Wooly Harbor, Mar. 19, by Rev. W. Miller, John W. Nickerson to Lella Nickerson. Centerville, Mar. 9, by Rev. George A. Sellar, Arthur C. Fryer to Myrtle L. Fryer.

Ecum Secum, Mar. 14, by Rev. E. A. Heath, Alexander Pyle to Marjory Whitehead. Springhill, Mar. 18, by Rev. J. W. Bancroft, Euseben F. Spence to Lillian M. Card.

Little Bras Fort, Mar. 8, by the Rev. Dr. McMillan, Leonard Jones to Estelita E. Jardine. Mill Creek, Kent Co., Mar. 16, by Rev. Wm Hamilton, James McNair to Flora Dixon.

Philadelphia, Mar. 19, by Rev. Alex. W. Wiggins. Upper Merquodobb, Mar. 17, by Rev. F. W. Thompson, Henry Redden to Maude Miller.

Paradise, Mar. 9, by Rev. Mr. Stevens assisted by Rev. A. H. Wallace, Minard Brenton to Laura M. Hicks. Truro, Mar. 23, by Rev. H. F. Waring assisted by Rev. A. H. Rose, James S. Moore to Minnie E. McDonald.

DIED.

St. John, March 26, John Horther. Doaktown, March 19, Robert Swin. Boston, March 30, Margaret Stanton.

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RAILROADS. Dominion Atlantic Ry.

On and after Nov. 1st, 1897, the Steamship and Train service of this railway will be as follows: Royal Mail S.S. Prince Rupert.

EXPRESS TRAINS Daily (Sunday excepted). Lvs. Halifax 6.30 a.m., arr in Digby 12.50 p.m. Lvs. Digby 1.02 p.m., arr Yarmouth 3.02 p.m.

Fullman Palace Buffet Parlor Cars run each way on Flying Business between Halifax and Yarmouth. S. S. Prince Edward, BOSTON SERVICE.

CANADIAN PACIFIC RY. Easter Holiday Excursions. Tickets on sale to Teachers and Pupils in Schools and Colleges (on presentation of proper certificate from principal) March 19th, to April 9th, good for return until April 19th, and to the Public April 7th to 11th, good for return until April 12th, at ONE WAY FARE.

Intercolonial Railway. On and after Monday, the 4th Oct. 1897 the trains of this Railway will run daily, Sunday excepted, as follows: TRAINS WILL LEAVE ST. JOHN.

Express for Campbellton, Pugwash, Pictou and Halifax..... 7.00 Express for Lunenburg..... 13.00 Express for Sussex..... 13.00 Express for Quebec, Montreal..... 18.00 Express for Halifax, Pictou and Campbellton..... 18.00

Trains will arrive at St. John: Express from Sussex..... 8.30 Express from Montreal and Quebec (Monday excepted)..... 10.30 Express from Moncton (daily)..... 12.30 Express from Halifax..... 16.00 Express from Lunenburg, Pictou and Campbellton..... 18.00 Accommodation from Moncton..... 24.00

Buy Dominion Express Co.'s Money Orders FOR SMALL REMITTANCES. Cheaper than Post Office Money Orders, and much more convenient, as they will be Cashed on Presentation.

CANADIAN EXPRESS CO. General Express Forwarders, Shipping Agents and Custom House Brokers. Forward Merchandise, Money and Packages of every description; collect Notes, Drafts, Accounts and Bills, with goods (C. O. D.) throughout the Dominion of Canada, the United States and Europe.