

# PROGRESS.

VOL. XIII., NO. 667

ST. JOHN, N. B., SATURDAY JUNE 8, 1901.

PRICE FIVE CENTS

Woods, May 10, to the wife of M. Kennedy, a daughter.  
Richibucto, May 17, to the wife of E. Talbot, a daughter.  
Marshalltown, May 19, to the wife of A. Seelye, a daughter.  
Bridgetown, May 15, to the wife of F. Reffe, a daughter.  
Piedmont Valley, May 11, to the wife of D. McMillan, a son.

## MARRIED.

Dalby, May 6, Willard Ryan to Olive Marshall.  
Milford, May 21, Alex. Emsack to Lucy Dickson.  
Toronto, April 30, Harry E. Baine to Jean Squary.  
Bay's River, May 21, James Mills, to Ellen Leonard.  
Happas, N. S., May 22, J. Thomas Smith to Myra Read.  
Surgeon, May 16, John T. Moulton to Emma Jessie White.  
Cupids, May 8, Wm. Henry Snow to Martha Skanes.  
Canso, April 24, Joseph L. Gallagher to Beatrice George.  
Phipps, May 14, Benj. T. Chappell to Dolly Francis.  
Halifax, May 14, Allen W. McLean to Martha R. Downie.  
North Sydney, May 8, Harry McNeil to Lottie B. Annesly.  
Liverpool, N. S., May 9, Daniel Winters to Sarah Hemcon.  
Halifax, May 23, William Bremner to Julia Rodmond.  
Veret, Mass., May 1, E. N. Chisholm, to Alma T. Hyslop.  
Halifax, Mass., May 15, Joshua Brewster to Mary A. Macrae.  
Woodville, May 22, Alex. Robertson to Beatrice McDonald.  
Halifax, May 24, Robert S. Corning to Martha H. McConnell.  
Halifax, May 21, Robert Norman Weagle, to Alice May Lohme.  
St. John, May 21, Joseph Morsar to Elizabeth Haslett.  
St. John, May 8, Gilbert Roy to Mary Jane McLeod.  
St. John, May 1, Peter McDonald to Susan Jardie.  
Halifax, Mass., May 8, Chester Leroy Guild to Hattie L. O'Brien.  
North Cambridge, Mass., April 20, Nicholas Power to Minnie Murphy.  
Halifax, Mass., May 1, Bell Island, Charles Jenkins to Elizabeth Anthony.  
Halifax, Mass., May 17, Robert S. Corning to Martha H. McConnell.  
Halifax, May 11, John George McKerzie to Lillian Sophia McKerzie.  
W. Germany, Lunenburg, May 3, Walter E. Uquhart to Corea A. Silver.

## DIED.

Miss, Annie Pitt, 52.  
Halifax, Amos Carlisle, 49.  
Halifax, Hannah Carney, 51.  
Halifax, Patrick Haley, 40.  
Halifax, Wm. Olive, 94.  
Halifax, May 24, Edith Forhan.  
Halifax, May 19, Wm. Wallace, 84.  
Halifax, May 16, Susan Wilson, 78.  
Halifax, May 26, Laura Bradley.  
Halifax, May 25, Rebecca Allison.  
Halifax, May 25, Andrew Panley.  
Halifax, May 25, Fannie Rodgers.  
Halifax, May 25, Elsie Ayer, 76.  
Halifax, May 20, A. Whittman, 75.  
Halifax, May 23, George King, 75.  
Halifax, May 25, Richard King, 75.  
Halifax, May 21, Mary Foster, 2.  
Halifax, May 21, George Waters, 39.  
Halifax, April 7, Mr. Thos. Baker.  
Halifax, K. C. Andrew Beys, 71.  
Halifax, May 25, John Burgess, 66.  
Halifax, May 21, Mrs. Sanders, 64.  
Halifax, May 23, Samuel Wallace, 84.  
Halifax, May 18, Susan Sanford, 41.  
Halifax, May 25, Mary E. Rourke, 17.  
Halifax, May 21, Eleanor McDonald, 40.  
Halifax, May 25, Alice Mary Hare.  
Halifax, May 20, Annie Arsenau, 2.  
Halifax, May 21, Cecil Terrie, 9 mos.  
Halifax, May 15, Marie McDonald, 5.  
Halifax, May 11, Grace Thompson, 1.  
Halifax, May 18, George Randall, 42.  
Halifax, May 10, Lettie Wilson, 60.  
Halifax, C. B., May 8, Lottie McKay, 7.  
Halifax, R. I., May 12, Mrs. James Crouse, 65.  
Halifax, May 19, Carlisle Hudson 35.  
Halifax, N. S., May 6, Mrs. M. Marry, 22.  
Halifax, May 12, Asaritt Bailie, 21.  
Halifax, May 19, Laura Simonsen, 28.  
Halifax, May 23, Arthur E. Gesteles, 25.  
Halifax, May 10, Florence McDonald, 1.  
Halifax, West End, May 22, Wm. K. Vall, 1.  
Halifax, N. S., May 10, Alex. Wilson, 94.  
Halifax, May 19, Quincy Harrison, 11 mos.  
Halifax, May 17, John McDonald, 17.  
Halifax, May 20, Katherine Landisburg, 44.  
Halifax, May 11, Samuel West, 3 weeks.  
Halifax, Ontario, April 29, Jennie Robertson, 40.  
Halifax, Quebec, May 8, Nancy Poyant, 61.  
Halifax, Mass., May 16, Marion Brown, 8 mos.  
Halifax, C. B., May 16, Alfred L. Montgomery, 18.  
Halifax, May 25, James R. Stauchner, 18.  
Halifax, Colchester, May 12, Alex. McDonald, 29.

## RAILROADS.

### Intercolonial Railway

and after MONDAY Mar. 11th, 1901, trains run in daily (Sundays excepted) as follows:-

#### TRAINS WILL LEAVE ST. JOHN

St. John to Point du Chene, Campbellton	7:10
St. John to Halifax and Pictou	7:15
St. John to Sussex	7:30
St. John to Quebec and Montreal	7:40
St. John to Pictou and Sydney	7:45

Trains for Point du Chene, Campbellton, and Sussex will be attached to the train for St. John at 11:05 o'clock for Quebec and Montreal. Passengers transfer at Moncton. Trains for Pictou and Montreal will be attached to the train for St. John at 12:10 o'clock for Halifax, Pictou, Dining and Sleeping cars on the St. John and Montreal express.

#### TRAINS WILL ARRIVE AT ST. JOHN

From Sussex	8:30
From Quebec and Montreal	12:45
From Halifax, Pictou and Point du Chene	1:15
From Halifax and Campbellton	1:30
From Pictou and Sydney	1:45

Trains from Pictou and Sydney will be attached to the train for St. John at 11:05 o'clock for Quebec and Montreal. Passengers transfer at Moncton. Trains for Pictou and Montreal will be attached to the train for St. John at 12:10 o'clock for Halifax, Pictou, Dining and Sleeping cars on the St. John and Montreal express.

Trains are run by Eastern Stand four hours notation.

D. J. POTTS, Gen. Manager  
CITY TICKET OFFICE,  
7 King Street St. John, N. B.

## PROGRESS VISITED BY FIRE.

An Exciting Scene on Newspaper Row—A Story of a Conflagration.

Fortune raps at every man's door, so does misfortune. Life is made up of experiences of all kinds, some are of little interest, others are somewhat exciting. This week PROGRESS has had its full share of the exciting kind. It was shortly after seven o'clock on Tuesday evening, when most good people had retired for the night, that the fire alarm broke the quiet stillness of the air. It was with much difficulty that the number could be ascertained but after some delay twenty three became quite distinct. Box 23 is situated on the corner of Germain and Church streets, in one of the most important sections of the city and the one in which newspaper men especially have a deep interest. The word soon spread that PROGRESS building on Canterbury street was in flames and crowds of humanity poured in that direction. The news was unhappily too true, and as the fire apparatus began to arrive smoke was found issuing in dense volumes from the upper story windows. It soon became evident that the firemen had their work cut out. The entrance doors were soon smashed in and the Salvage Corps lent their best energies to covering up the exposed desks and stock. The task was a difficult one. The smoke filled the building from cellar to roof and time and time again a retreat had to be made. It was more than the strongest could stand. After the smashing of many windows, the atmosphere was somewhat cleared but still the smoke rolled in clouds down the stairs and shafts and filled the offices. It was found impossible at first to descend to the cellar floor where is situated the large presses and folders of PROGRESS and the big wharfside press, boiler and engines. At length an entrance was effected through the back and with difficulty the men succeeded in placing the large rubber coverings over the machinery, not until however, much of the water which was being poured into the upper part of the building had found its way through the floors. In the meantime the firemen had placed their ladders to the upper windows in the building, the windows soon submitted to the axe and the glass fell in quantities to the walk below. The crashing of the glass could be heard for blocks away. Two streams were taken to the upper story, but here on account of the smoke the firemen found it impossible to enter and from the tops of the ladders the streams were poured in through the broken sashes another hose was taken in through the business office and from here the stream was played up through the elevator opening. The volume of water being thrown in the building was very large and soon made itself felt. It came down through the ceilings in such quantities that it was next to impossible to stand under it. The office floor was soon covered by nearly three inches but by cutting holes in various parts an outlet was made but the water by no means ran off as quickly as it came.

On the second floor of the building it situated the Freeman's editorial rooms in the front part while in the rear PROGRESS has its job office. The firemen succeeded after much hardihip in effecting an entrance through the windows in the front part and it was at length discovered that the flames were situated in the walls that divided the two offices. It was impossible on account of the smoke to enter the job offices and here as in other parts of the building the windows had to be smashed, but by the time the men could enter the job rooms the and water had done considerable damage. It was then found necessary in order to get at the flames to chop down the intervening walls, an undertaking that formed no light job but at last the difficulty was overcome and after an hour's hard fight the flames were subdued. It was a most awkward fire to get at and the firemen worked under serious disadvantages, but every man did nobly. How the fire originated has not been determined.

The thanks of PROGRESS are due to all of those who assisted in this somewhat difficult and trying experience. The firemen did nobly and deserve the warmest praise for their timely saving of a valuable property. The Salvage Corps were there in force and prevented much damage while good friends assisted in saving what was portable and easily moved. The insurance on the building amounted to \$4000, half in the Commercial Union and half in the

## Excuse for Eight Pages.

Progress this week is compelled to go to its readers half of the usual size. The excuse for this was the fire that destroyed the publishing premises in part last Tuesday night. The insurances was not adjusted until Thursday evening and the time since then was too short to issue the usual number of pages.

### The New Dock.

Mr. Geo. Robertson M. P. P. who is at present in the city, speaks most encouragingly of the prospects of St. John having a dry dock. Mr. Robertson has been busy interviewing different members of the Dominion and Provincial governments with the result that he expects shortly to have the scheme take active shape. Plans and specifications are being prepared and it is thought that in a few months affairs will be in such form as to be able to call for tenders. The dock will probably cost in the vicinity of three quarters of a million, and the financial part of the undertaking is assuming such shape as to permit those interested in the scheme, of going ahead.

### Pure Politics.

Both political parties of York county have signed an agreement to run elections in the future on the purity line. There are some agreements that allow of much elasticity and an election agreement may be classed among these. It will be a unique thing to see an election run in York county without the spending of money, but strange things happen sometimes. It will be a grand thing if York county can set an example of purity in elections. There is much room for examples of this kind, but it is not too much to say that many a man will be disappointed if he does not see the coin on election day.

### The Late Fire.

The late fire has put the publishers of PROGRESS and Freeman at much inconvenience, but as a morning paper rightly says, that it takes more than a fire to dampen the ardor of energetic and enterprising journalists. PROGRESS has never been slow in presenting to the public the first class article and though it has to ask the in-

dulgence of its readers this week, next week it will appear as usual in its regular form and as good as ever.

### Play It Properly.

The baseball games between the Roses and Alerts have thus far been fairly successful. It entirely lays with the clubs themselves whether or not this success will continue. There are a great many in St. John who take a deep interest in the game and will always patronize as long as good clean ball is played. There is a tendency among the players to talk a little too much and this tendency is in the increase. This will not do. People do not care about paying their money to hear a lot of talk. Then again a bad feeling among the players themselves is quite noticeable. It is such things as these that have before hurt baseball in St. John and unless caution is used it will happen again. Let the boys do their share gentlemanly and their award will be all right. With some little carefulness the game can be made most popular. There is the material to put up the first class exhibition. The finest teams can be got to come here, all is wanted is gentlemanly ball and the people will do their part.

### Canadian Heroes.

Messrs. Fairbridge, Ardene & Lawton, barristers, of Cape Town, writing to Messrs. Hanington & Hanington, of this city, say: "We cannot let the opportunity pass without expressing our humble thanks for the very magnificent way in which the Canadian forces came to the rescue of the Empire, and for their noble and gallant services while in the field. Several of the members of our staff have taken part in the present war, and even at the present time our, Mr. T. E. Lawton is on active military service, having left the office as far back as October, 1899. Of course we, like your own citizens, are anxious that after so protracted a period matters should be brought to a close, although we prefer to put up with inconvenience for a time rather than there should be a half-hearted settlement."

### A Record Breaking Trip.

Capt. Lockhart of the Prince Edward is a record breaker. His good boat this week broke the best record from light to light between Digby and St. John by nine minutes and the captain and crew were

Umbrellas Made, Re-covered, Repaired  
Desal 17 Waterloo

that much happier. The bay was smooth, the trip was enjoyable and those who landed at the company's wharf regretted that they could not spend a longer time on the water.

### The Scott Act.

The Scott Act has been in force in Fredericton for some years, but that the act has been a success in the prevention of the sale of liquor is quite a doubtful question. Every once and awhile word is given out that it is the intention of the local authorities to enforce the act and for a time there is quite a little excitement. The past few weeks the Celestial has had one of those attacks and the citizens have become somewhat worked up. The city council became greatly interested but not enough so as to think it necessary to appoint an inspector, probably the council was influenced in its action by past history. The appointment of inspectors has not proved successful. The latest phrase of the case is that the police authorities headed by the magister have taken the matter in hand and have given it out that they mean business, so there is a great scare among the retail dealers. Just how long the scare will last remains to be seen. There have been no failures reported as yet in consequence of the action that has been taken.

### A Good and Well Conducted Show.

The boxing exhibition at the Pastime Club on Union street, Tuesday evening met with the keenest approval of all who attended. The bouts were good, the contestants doing their level best and the management Messrs. Keete and Powers, were energetic in their efforts to get events on as quickly as possible. Space prevents any extended notice of what was a good and well conducted show.

### Amateur Opera.

Mr. Collinson has commenced rehearsals for the comic opera, "Pinafore," which he has arranged to present at the opera house for three evenings during the latter part of June. It is some years since the popular opera has been sung in St. John and that together with the fact that the talent will be entirely local, should without doubt secure its success.

### Distinguished Passengers.

The steamer Commonwealth which sailed for Europe Wednesday included among its passengers many distinguished Canadians. Among these were the Hon. A. G. Blair, Hon. David Mills, Hon. W. S. Fielding, Judge Bingham and Archbishop Kane. These gentlemen visit Europe partly on business and partly on pleasure.

## THE CENSUS RETURNS.

The Work Of the Enumerator—What the Cities Will Show.

There has yet been no announcement of the work of the census enumerators, that is as to their work of the increase or decrease of the different parts of the country. Many interesting stories are told of the trials and tribulations of the census man and it may be that some day the enterprising writer may present to his readers some amusing stories. Many of the questions that had to be put have led to no few amusing instances, especially those that related to the industrial side of life. For instance, a merchant in St. John who carries on a small candy business was asked the question how many barrels of sugar he used in a year. The merchant replied that he could tell pretty well how many pounds he used, but not barrels. This was not satisfactory to the interrogator because the only question printed for him to ask was as to barrels, and how many pounds of candy could be made from a barrel. As barrels differ considerably in size, it can be seen that the merchant was not in a position to give a satisfactory answer. Such questions as those were numerous with the census man and when he visited the harness maker he was met with the same difficulty. Here the question allowed to be asked was how many hides were used in a year and how many sets of harness could be made from them. The clever maker of such question never seems to have considered that hides like barrels differ in size and the framers of the census questions will probably realize when they begin to look over many of the answers that there was something wrong somewhere. The census man has earned every dollar he has made, and to the man who is of an exact disposition his temper at times must have been sorely tried. As to the numerical standing of some of the cities there are all kinds of conjectures made. A Halifax man told PROGRESS that he had it on the most reliable authority that the Nova Scotia capital would show a population of forty-three thousand. If this is true Halifax has made a considerable gain during the past ten years. Fredericton it is expected will show an increase of one thousand or at the rate of one hundred per year. This gain is a substantial one. Just what St. John will do it is difficult to say.

But its inhabitants live in hopes that a handsome increase will be shown. From what has been gleaned unofficially there is little doubt that mostly all the cities in Canada have felt the good times and that their population will show to advantage. Of course the greatest gain made by any one place in proportion to its size is Sydney. It is thought that that place and its vicinity will show something like twenty thousand. The growth of the west has evidently been steady and Winnipeg's increase has been very large, making that city one of the first now in the Dominion. Montreal and Toronto have gone ahead at an enormous rate. The population of the whole country should show over six million. The exact returns will be awaited with interest.

### Well Known Here.

The death of Mr. D. C. Blair of Toronto is heard in St. John with much surprise and regret. Mr. Blair in past years was a frequent visitor to this city, where he was well known as a most estimable gentleman. He was a keen curler one of the best and not a few have thought the best fight of the stones in the Maritime Provinces. The games in which Mr. Blair skipped against the Thistles and St. Andrews will always be remembered as great exhibitions of curling. As a cricketer also the deceased was in first rank and Toronto will miss the deceased in its gentlemanly sporting life.

### Happy June.

The wedding month has started out well and cupid is keeping up his June record. During the past week the number that has been discovered with "Two souls with but a single thought, Two hearts that beat as one" have been numerous. The weather man has done his part well, and Wednesday he smiled upon many happy couples. Wednesdays in June are great days. Judging by the number of marriages that have taken place and those that are booked ahead, marriage can hardly be said to be looked upon as a failure.

### Will Appear Next Week.

The second installment of the serial The Mystery of Muriel's Life will appear in next week's edition.

An Artist of Death.

Hans Kinnow, the portrait painter of Munich, is dead. The doctor who made the autopsy said he died of a broken heart, superinduced by grief and anxiety, but Hans' friends knew all the time it wasn't so.

Hidden away on the uppermost shelf of a disused closet was found a portrait of Hans Kinnow, which according to the date on the frame, was done some time in December last. It was a self-portrait, Kinnow had painted it from the reflection of his portrait in a mirror.

And thus the curse that attached to all his work had come true once more and for the last time. A customer of his own, he died like all his customers have died, after he finished painting their likenesses.

Here is the weird story. If any budding genius of the Robert Louis Stevenson kind reads it, he had better make a note of it, for properly 'sorked up' and elaborated it would furnish novels or the most blood curdling material for one of the most thrilling dramas ever written since Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde saw the light.

'I first met Hans Kinnow some ten years ago at the Munich Painters' Academy,' said Herr Friedrich Seeger. 'We were both poor boys then and the bohemianism of penury and enthusiasm cemented a hearty friendship between us that death alone could sever.'

'Kinnow's decided talent for coloring was equal to his diligence. He was one of the hardest workers in his class and his progress was remarkable, but, like other poor artists, he had to take to portraiture as a means for making a living when he got through with his studies.'

But even in this makeshift vocation, adopted solely to pave the way to better things, Kinnow's genius shone forth brightly. From painting his lady to wipe out a threatening board bill, and from winning money and laurels among parvenu house owners, bakers, butchers and brewers, the young artist rose to the distinction of receiving orders from ladies of fashion and of gentlemen who had achieved high honors in the service of the state, of science and of literature.

'For a time Munich art articles were alive with the gossip of Kinnow's success. The minister of culture had pronounced his color disposition 'remarkable,' several of the older masters had spoken encouragingly of his attention to detail.'

'About two years ago I began to notice in Kinnow's studio sketches and half-finished portraits of persons who, being in moderate or even poor circumstances, could not afford to pay his price for painting their likenesses. They were pictures of bedridden people, beggars, and little delicate babies, all remarkable for an aspect of suffering on the countenances. I asked Kinnow what he meant by throwing away his time on such subjects. He seemed not to like the question but finally he said he painted these people because they interested him and because he was trying on them some new method of color combination.'

'Meeting him a few days later he told me excitedly that one of his models, a mendicant of 50 or 60, had died that morning, and when I refused to see anything extraordinary in this he added: 'But Marie is dead also.'

'Who is Marie?' 'The baby with the waxen face and scornful blue eyes, whose portrait you admired so much the other day.'

'I believe you told me that her mother was a consumptive.'

'Maybe I did, but she died only two months after I finished her likeness. The same thing happened to Father Martin, the poor beggar man with the remarkable head of gray locks that hangs over my writing desk.'

'He conceived that in some way he was responsible for their death and nothing would do but to start in and investigate the records of other persons who had given him sittings. And unfortunately the further he got in his examinations the more convinced did he become that his brush was fatal to all whom it commemorated. The landlady for instance, a young woman in excellent health, with several children, who allowed him to pay of his debt in canvas and colors, had died suddenly from pneumonia after he had moved from the house.'

'Kinnow's head was swimming. The beggar, the landlady, the baby, the boss butcher—all died within a short time after'

sitting to him. His brush had been to them like an executioner's axe.

'As he was going home one afternoon to rest and think he passed the small roccoco palace where Fraulein Dina S., the ballet dancer, lived. Kinnow had sent her portrait from his studio to the annual picture show only a few days before. When he came within a hundred paces of the house he tried to look away, but his eyes involuntarily turned upon the gate. On it was an enormous crepe bow and in the house all the curtains were drawn.'

'Kinnow was half crazed with conscientious scruples and remorse when he rushed into my studio to tell the story. His heart was beating like a sledgehammer, he cursed his 'death bleeding art,' and I myself was so surprised by the array of undeniable facts that I had no words to dispel his melancholy conclusions.'

'Well, we went to work the same night and found everything as reported. Kinnow's assurances that the five persons were in apparently good health when they sat for him were corroborated by the family and friends of the deceased, and all had died rather suddenly some time after their portraits had been finished. There was no gain-saying that, but where the causative connection between the act of painting and death came in was a mystery.'

'Though I still continued to hold up to ridicule the idea of the thing, a feeling of horror crept over me when a few days later I read in the Nachrichten that Lieut. Count D— had broken his neck on the race track for the count was one of Kinnow's latest customers. Being out of town for a couple of days the young artist was spared this piece of distressing news. I was rejoicing over the fact when Munich society received a severe shock by the announcement that Dr. L., a well-known art connoisseur and collector, had been run over and killed by an electric car.'

'I am the painter of death,' he said, 'the death bringing painter. On his wanderings through the world the king of terrors stops at Munich every little while and by mysterious stratagem he compels his victims, marked for early demise, to go to my studio and arrange to have their portrait taken. There must be some cabalistic connection between death myself, but I won't act as his messenger any more. It would be criminal in me to accept further orders for portraits, or to hire models for portraits for my studios. They must all die and I cannot go on playing at murder.'

'He was downcast, sombre, despairing of himself and the world, tortured by fears of hearing of another victim. His morbid apprehension was so overbearing as to actually keep him from opening a newspaper.'

'It might contain an item about the sudden death of one of his customers or models.'

'When next I saw Kinnow he was head over heels in love with a young seamstress who lived in the rear of the apartment house where his studio was located. This girl was always sitting at a window that looked upon his own. Thus their acquaintance commenced. Soon they became more intimate. One day when I went to his room she was sitting for her portrait.'

'Let November she died and Kinnow was convinced that he, not any disease or complication of diseases, was responsible for her death.'

'Here is the letter he left about the sad affair.'

'Gretchen was lying upon the battle-field of life when I pounced upon her—I, the raven, who had already tasted so much blood. I sat on the breast of the dying girl, beak pointed toward her beautiful eyes—those eyes that were her joy, her pride.'

'Give me one more hour, only one hour, begged Gretchen, 'I will not,' croaked I, raising my beak. 'Then a nameless pain shot through Gretchen's poor head—a pain much more intense than that which her wasting lungs had caused her. Blood ran from the hollows of her eyes, darkness enveloped her—the obscurity of death.'

'Kinnow was little more than a shadow of his intended. Conscience-stricken and art dealers who had given him orders for work waited in vain for their pictures. The last months of his life he seems to have spent in painting his own portrait.'

'After it was done he daubed it with his fingers and then laid down and died.'

Herr Seeger will restore Hans Kinnow's portrait. He says it's a masterpiece—the best he ever painted.'

One Dose Hood's Pills. Tells the story. When your head aches, and you feel bilious, constipated, and out of tune, with your stomach sour and no appetite, just buy a package of Hood's Pills. And take a dose, from 1 to 4 pills. You will be surprised at how easily they will do their work, cure your headache and biliousness, rouse the liver and make you feel happy again. 25 cents. Sold by all medicine dealers.

ALABAMA'S FOUR LEGGED BABY. The Extra Legs Near the Arms and Well Formed. Physicians in Alabama are taking much interest in the case of the four legged child to whom Mary Maddox, a negress, gave birth at Opelika on May 24. The baby is a well developed male child.

One pair of legs are in the ordinary position, and, like the arms, are well formed. The extra pair of legs are near the arms, and while quite well formed, are small. The feet on the extra legs are regularly formed with toes and toenails, but have the appearance of belonging to a sickly child. The child is robust and healthy, with all the faculties of an ordinary child.

The child has been examined by leading physicians of the State and pronounced healthy in everything except the extra pair of limbs. He has good use of his regular limbs, but seems unable to control the others. The physicians after a careful examination, said that if the child lives, which seems altogether probable at this time, he will eventually get control of them, as there are about the same muscles and ligaments in them that are found in a cub bear of the same age.

Thousands of people have gone to Opelika to view the freak, of whom the parents seem to be very fond. Several theories are advanced to account for this monstrosity. One of them is that the mother was frightened by a great black bear during the street fair in Opelika last fall.

Dr. Williamson, a strong believer in the Darwinian theory, declares that the case is simply a retrogression of mankind — a step backward—and that the child demonstrates that the human race came from the monkey family. The features of the child are regular. They are those of the typical African, with the large mouth, flat nose and kinky hair.

Already the father of the child, John Maddox, is arranging to place him on exhibition, believing that he has the greatest human curiosity ever produced. He is awaiting the highest bidder, and as soon as the child and mother are strong enough they will take to the road.

Small Son—'Vy you lets dot got customer beat you down fifty zints on dose pants? Father—'Dot's all right, mine son. I left dose pizemarks on behind, and he will do us ten tollars worth of advertising bevore he gets to Broadway. Look at Your Coat Collar. Covered with dandruff, as usual. That means a diseased scalp. D. N. Rose's Electric Comb will soon cure that. The only patent comb in the world. Every one who has used it is wild with delight. Only 40c and 60c each. D. N. Rose, Gen. Mgr., Decatur, Ill.

'Marian, you have a hole as big as a quarter in the heel of your stocking, said an Indianapolis mother to her 5 year-old daughter one evening recently. 'Mamma, you exaggerate so,' replied the little one. 'That hole isn't bigger than 15 cents.'

Don't Waste. Your money on fake hair tonics. Dr. White's Electric Comb—Patented Feb. 2, 99, is the only safe, certain protection against baldness, dandruff and all diseases of the scalp. Worth its weight in gold. Send 60c in stamps for one NOW Guaranteed. D. N. Rose, Gen. Mgr., Decatur, Ill.

Sandy Hook is to have a coast defense gun that will shoot with alleged accuracy a distance of 21 miles. 'Say, it might be a good thing some time if Cleveland had one of those guns.' 'What for?' 'Why, it would only take about four of the shots to hit Canada.'

WANTED—Next people to talk to neat people about a neat article. Every one who dislikes dandruff and headaches buys one. Both troubles are impossible to those who use Dr. White's Electric Comb. Patented Feb. 2, 99. Agents are wild with joy. Write for time as a present. Send 60c in stamps for one NOW Guaranteed. D. N. Rose, Gen. Mgr., Decatur, Ill.

Jack—I just saw your wife and she was simply stupefied. Her eyes were staring out of their sockets. Her mouth was open and she was gasping for breath. She had been talking to you all the time, and she didn't know it. You ought to be ashamed of yourself for not telling her sooner. She's a real beauty, and she's got to be yours. Write to me and I'll tell you how to get her. My name is John Smith, and I'm in the city of New York. My address is 123 Main Street, New York City. I'll be glad to hear from you. Write soon. John Smith.

THE WEALTH OF THE OSAGES.

Latest Facts About the Resources of the Richest People in the World.

The popular conception of the Indian, even in this city, so near to the 'Nation,' is that he is an ignorant chaf, with a blanket and squaw, and that all he has in the world is a Government ration and a pipe. This is true, too, of some of the noble red men, but, in the language of the day, 'there are others,' and they are not a squallid, poor or unthrifty, either.

The Osages are not only the richest Indians in the world, but there is no other people on the globe that compare with them, in this respect, white, black, red or yellow. They live in Oklahoma, and they have more money than they know what to do with. So a man from their country, Major A. E. Whiting says, and he ought to know, for he has been trading with them for years.

'I was recently in Washington,' said Major Whiting the other day, 'and I learned while there that the Osages have made new contracts for the rental of their pasture lands. They have 800,000 acres of land altogether, and of these 600,000 acres are leased for grazing, at an annual rental of \$120,000. The Osages now have on deposit in Washington with the United States something like \$8,000,000, for which they sold their lands in Kansas, and this brings them annually \$400,000 income. Besides they own more than one and one half million acres yet, which are easily worth \$5 an acre. Their land holdings are worth nearly \$8,000,000 all told. There are 1,972 Indians in the tribe, and they have their holdings in common, men, women, and children. When a child is born it becomes a joint owner with all the rest. Thus there is a continual increase for the individual family to increase.'

'The profits from the money in the United States Treasury, the recent leasing of lands and other sources of revenue, give the tribe about \$600,000 annually as an income. This figures out a little more than \$300 for every man, woman and child. When a family consists of a half a dozen or eight or ten, as it often does, you can figure for yourself that it is a pretty good thing. The really holdings of the tribe have a per capita value of about \$4,000 and that means, for a small family of five—and that is a small one—about \$20,000.'

'As might be expected, this wealth has attracted to the reservation many white men, who seek alliances with the Indian maidens. The foxy old governors, however, have foreseen this, and they collect a poll tax of \$1 per month from every white man there. This keeps the white population down and makes it really desirable. The adventurer is given a cold greeting, let me tell you.'

'These Osages have not failed to profit mentally from their prosperity. They have fine homes and schools, and the sons and daughters are sent east to college, and their homes are richly and tastefully furnished with carpets, pianos and good furniture. Of course a few families still live in the old fashion, but they are becoming fewer and fewer all the time. In the main, the Osages are well worthy of their inheritance, and when, in a few years, they become citizens in full, they will not be the worst we have by any means.'

FATHER AND SON.

Separated By Failure To Find Gold: United By Success In Finding It.

After a parting of forty-five years, a father and son were united in Sausalito, California, last Monday under peculiar circumstances. In 1856, J. S. Bellrude the local justice of peace, left his home in the State of Wisconsin to visit California in search of gold. Behind him he left a young wife and an infant child, and he worked his way in the California wilderness with the thought ever before him of making a rich strike and returning to his little family with the wealth that would forever make him comfortable. But luck conspired against him and while success after success crowned the efforts of the man delving in the hills about him, his own little aim only procured a heritage of debts. The years passed, and Bellrude learned that his wife was dead. The son was living in comfort with his mother's people and the discouraged man, feeling that all was well with the boy, allowed him to drop from sight and his very existence became uncertain to the father. Thirty years ago the father mailed his picture to the son, and since that time the latter has always tried to keep trace of the father's whereabouts.

A year ago the son, who had become 46 years of age, left his home and emulating his father's example of years before, struck out into the frozen regions of Nome to search for gold. Luck which had never come to the father, showered its favors on the son and the latter located a number of good claims, which, he says will make him a wealthy man. A short time ago he re-

The Hand that Rocks the Cradle Rules the World. Johnson's Anodyne Liniment. As any season of the year it cures croup, colic, cramps, diarrhoea, cholera morbus, bites, bruises, burns, stings, chafing, in fall and winter it cures colds, coughs, catarrh, chills, bronchitis, influenza, lameness, muscle soreness and pain and inflammation in any part of the body. In two six bottles, 25c. and 50c. I. S. JOHNSON & CO., 22 Custom House St., Boston, Mass.

turned to Seattle, from which place he located his aged father in Sausalito. He at once came to this town and almost the first man he met was Bellrude. Sr. The latter was sitting on the front seat of the hack which he drives when the calls of justice are not pressing and he was at once accosted by the son. The latter held the picture sent him by his father thirty years ago in his hand, and carefully sized up the old man. 'Are you J. S. Bellrude?' the young man asked. 'Yep,' answered the Justice. 'Well did you know me?' asked the stranger. 'No, I don't know you, young man, and you can't tell me anything, either,' responded the Justice, who has not spent ten years on the Sausalito waterfront for nothing. 'Well, my name is C. M. Bellrude, and I guess you are my father,' said the stranger. 'Here is the picture you sent me thirty years ago in Wyoming.' The father recognized the likeness and then recognized his son. The pair walked home arm in arm, and the fatted calf was eaten in the Judge's furnished rooms that night. The son intends to put his father on an independent footing.

ABSOLUTE SECURITY. Genuine Carter's Little Liver Pills. Must Bear Signature of Aunt Wood. See Fac-Simile Wrapper Below.

CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS. FOR HEADACHE, FOR DIZZINESS, FOR BILIOUSNESS, FOR TORPID LIVER, FOR CONSTIPATION, FOR SALLOW SKIN, FOR THE COMPLEXION. PURELY VEGETABLE.

CALVERT'S 20 per cent. CARBOLIC SOAP. Cures and prevents Insect and Mosquito bites. The strongest Carbolic Toilet Soap. F. C. CALVERT & Co., Manchester, Eng.

BRANDIES! Landing ex "Corean." Quarts or Pints. THOS. L. BOURKE 25 WATER STREET.

# Waiting for a Wife.

There's a man out on Bass Lake. It's a fine county, Minn., that's been waiting the night and narrow path for five years now, because the time I went through those woods and stopped at his clearing I jokingly promised to send him a wife when I got back to the East,' said ex-almighty Brandt, picking up a letter, and giving vent to amused chuckles, as his eye ran over the lines. 'That letter,' he continued, 'fills me with remorse, because it tells me that I have scandalously imposed on one of the most beautifully simple characters I ever met. I really must send that fellow a wife, although I declare I never thought I would have to make good when I promised him a helpmeet.

'It was during that trip that Comstock and I took, five years ago, that I ran across Chase of Bass Lake. You won't find Bass Lake on the map, but you will find Iroquois county, and let me tell you a more beautiful county for virgin forest than the eye of man has ever lighted on. Comstock and I decided to penetrate those woods alone, so we left our guides behind and started out one morning, intending to stay in the woods several weeks. Her and there through them we knew 'ere were settlers, for at that time the Government was giving away the land to any one who had energy to make a clearing for himself, and we were told that half a dozen had gone into the woods a couple of years before and were probably there yet. We know, too, that there were several lumber camps, any one of which we might encounter, and so had no fear of getting lost. As a matter of fact, on the morning that we started out we didn't care whether we got lost or not, for certainly the glories of nature had seldom been shown to city men as they were revealed to us there.

'I think it was about the third day that Comstock shinned up a tree and espied a little thin curl of smoke in the distance. We were fully fifty miles in the forest then, and the smoke was about five miles away. We couldn't tell whether it came from a lumber camp or from one of the settlers we had heard about, but the next morning we decided to make for it and treat ourselves to the company of some one beside each other for a while. Up to that time we hadn't encountered a living soul, nor seen a sign of any life but animal. When we got within a few hundred yards of the place we saw that it was a small clearing, with a neat little cabin squarely in the centre. Off to one side was a patch in which vegetables were growing, and beyond that was a pretty flower bed. It was like running into a little New England homestead, and certainly in New England, nor in fact anywhere else, had I ever seen a neater place.

When we made the edge of the clearing Comstock stopped and whistled. The door of the cabin opened slowly and standing there we saw the trunk and limbs of a man. His head came into view a moment later, when the body doubled up a bit to get through the doorway, and it revealed a face of majestic beauty. I had never seen a finer specimen of manhood in my life, and I never expect to again. It would be useless for me to describe him farther than to say that he was six feet three inches in his stocking feet, and broad and sturdy in proportion. His hair was rather long and he had a magnificent brown beard, but his skin was as fair and pink and soft as a baby's. The muscles on his arms stood out like whetstones, and one could see at a glance that he was a super-human strength. I stood looking at the man in admiration, and Comstock was speechless, too, for the sight of this enormous figure approaching across the clearing had bereft us both of all power of expression. I fully expected to hear the earth rumble when he opened his mouth, and across my mind floated a doubt of the cordiality with which we would be received. I never made two greater errors in my life. The man looked at us a moment, and then in a voice that was ridiculously mild and soft, said that he was glad to see us and wouldn't we honor his poor home with a visit. I laughed right in the man's face. It was beastly rude, but I couldn't help it, for there was something irresistibly funny about that little mild voice coming from such a giant.

'However, he never seemed to notice my merriment, but getting between Comstock and me, took an arm of each, and led us over to the house. There another surprise awaited me. I expected of course to see all the confusion of the new settler's cabin, but on the contrary I have never seen the

time when my own home was as neat as was that little place. He had no handsome furniture, but what he had was polished to the last degree and everything was as neat and orderly as though he had a whole corps of servants to put things in their places after he was through using them.

'Expecting some one wasn't you?' I asked as I glanced around the place.

'Ain't seen but two men in a year and a half,' he replied, and 'I had to walk twenty five miles to see them.'

'There was no doubt but what he told the truth, for if ever there was an honest man on the face of the earth it was this one. He told us that his name was Chase and he displayed an almost childlike interest in us. We had to tell him things of the world outside, half of the night, and he got so interested that he forgot to ask us to have any dinner. His seriousness in this matter flashed on him suddenly, and I never saw a man so embarrassed over so trifling a thing. He apologized with an amount of humbleness that made me positively uncomfortable, and then hastened out into another room, to which he summoned us in a few moments. There we found a small round table, spread with a white cloth, and covered with dishes that put our camp outfit to shame. Chase served us himself. He had cold fish, coffee, potatoes and bread, and when we had finished he produced with almost childish delight, a hugh apple pie. When I stole a bread that he gave us I thought that I had never eaten such white, light bread in my life, but when I got a hold of that pie, I dreamed of home, mother, and boyhood days. That pie was beyond the power of human tongue to describe, and it was hard to believe Chase when he told us that he had made it as well as the bread. All through the meal he watched us eat with a grin that threatened to become permanent on his face.

'The modesty of the man was best shown after dinner, when Comstock and I threw ourselves on the ground in front of the house and lighted our pipes. I saw Chase looking at us and noticed that his face was twitching, as though he was worried about something. It wasn't until Comstock and I had been smoking for five minutes that it occurred to me that Chase might like a smoke too, and I mentioned it to him. I never saw such a happy look come into a man's face as when Comstock tossed over his tobacco pouch. Chase filled an old pipe that he had in the house, with hands that fairly shook, and for five minutes he was absolutely silent as he puffed. Come to find out, the poor fellow had run out of tobacco six weeks before, and unable to get a bit anywhere, had had to satisfy his cravings with dry leaves. He had given us a meal and a good time, as an invitation to settle down with him for as long as we liked, yet he was too modest to ask us for a pipeful of tobacco. When we heard of his predicament we gave him half of our entire stock and the poor fellow almost wept with joy.

'Well, the more we saw of Chase, the more we realized that this was the simplest mind he had ever encountered. Not that he was mentally stunted or anything like that. On the contrary, he was bright and quick, but so thoroughly honest and so above the contaminating influences of the world that he couldn't even think a mean or an evil thing. The mere sight of him was a treat, but I couldn't help thinking, as I studied him, what a fearful thing it would be to see such a man in anger. I got some idea of his strength the next day, when Comstock and I decided that we would spend some time rafting down the river, and proceeded to construct a raft. Chase told us we could have all of his logs that we needed, but refused to take any money for them. We found after a couple of hours work that building a raft of logs, cut by Chase, was not so easy a job as it looked. We hadn't pulled a dozen down to the river before we were both played out. Chase saw us tugging away at one big log, and noticing our distress, motioned us to drop our gay lines and then tilting the log on end with the greatest ease, let it fall across his shoulders. He carried it down to the river as though it was a bag of potatoes, and in less than three hours he had in similar fashion brought us enough logs for our raft. It was a feat of strength such as I had never seen before.

'That night as we lay on the ground smoking, Comstock asked Chase why he didn't get a wife to share his life in these woods. The man looked so embarrassed that I was sorry for him. Finally he said: 'I suppose any woman'd have me?'

'Why, I know women that would jump

at the chance to marry a man like you,' I put in, and then I went on to manufacture a yarn about the unmarried women there were in my town, while Chase wriggled around in an embarrassed fashion, but showed the most intense interest. Just in fun I said that I would send him a wife when I got back East. I expected he would laugh it off with a 'No thank you,' but he didn't do anything of the kind. Instead he came over to me and looking me squarely in the eyes asked me if I meant what I said. I saw that he was terribly in earnest, and didn't dare to tell him I'd been joking.

'Well, for the next two days Chase couldn't talk of anything but his wife. He made me describe every unmarried woman that I knew, and at each description that pleased him he would ask me if I thought she would marry him. He was as happy as a child and in the evenings he would figure out how soon I would be back home if I left the woods by such and such a date, and then how long it would take the wife I was going to send him to get out to Iroquois county. He took us fishing in Bass Lake that afternoon, and in an hour landed forty-five bass. It was just a case of throwing in a line and hauling it out again. He told me that out side of himself, but two men had fished in the lake in five years.

'But the fishing trip was somewhat spoiled by Chase's constant chatter about the wife I was going to send him. He couldn't get his mind off that and he was constantly asking me if I thought she would be appointed when she saw him. This seemed to work him a good deal, and when we got home he gave me a picture of himself taken some ten years before by a traveling photographer, which he said I was to show his wife before she started out. Before we left Chase for good he warned me to use every care in shipping a wife to him as women were scarce out that way and any man who clapped eyes on her was just apt to cut in and marry her whether she would or not. I promised to safeguard her in every way, and resumed the trip through the woods.

'I don't suppose I've thought of Chase a dozen times since then, certainly I never sent him a wife, nor had any idea of doing such a thing. But it's a letter from him that has just found its way to me, shows that he has never lost his confidence in my promise. He says that the girl is picking up any about going so far away from other people, to say that he will move into one of the settlements if she 'kes it better. He seems to think that the delay is over the girl and not due to my neglect of mine. How's that for confidence? I'm afraid now that if I don't send him a wife he'll come on here to see about it and let me tell you I want to be far, far away when Chase finds out that I was simply jollying him. If any of you fellows know a nice girl that would like to be the wife of the handsomest man in the west just ship her out to Chase of Bass Lake, Iroquois county, Minnesota.'

**Don't Forget About Your Grains**

If they give you pleasure and you have them as an adornment don't apply Putnam's Painless Corn and Wart Extractor for in twenty-four hours they will be entirely removed and the beauty destroyed. Now this is known to nearly everybody, including your druggist, ask him if it is not so.

**Monkey Talk**

Richard Lynch Gardner, who spent some time in a cage in the African forest, listening to the conversation of monkeys, has evolved certain simple rules which, as he imagines, may govern their speech. All the sounds made by them refer to their physical wants. It is impossible to represent their speech by any literary formula, but a word or two will give some hint of its nature. Says Mr. Gardner:

In the tongue of the brown capuchin monkey, the most important word sounds something like 'who' uttered like 'who o w'. The meaning of the sound is food, which is the central thought of every monkey's life. The word may be taken somewhat broadly for it not only refers to the article of food, but to the desire of eating.

Another word, which means drink, begins with a faint guttural 'ch,' glides through a sound resembling the French diphthong eu and ends in y.

A striking point of resemblance between human and simian speech is found in a note which one of my pets, Nellie, always used in warning me of danger. As nearly as can be represented by letters, it resembles e-o-g-k.

Nellie's cage stood near my desk, and one night, about one o'clock, I found her wide awake. Without letting her see me do it, I tied a long thread to a glove, and

placed it in a corner of the room several feet away from her.

I held one end of the string, and drew the glove obliquely across the floor. At the first visible movement of the glove, she stood on tiptoe, her mouth half open. Then in a low tone, verging on a whisper, she uttered the sound e-o-g-k!

Every second or two she repeated it, at the same time watching to see whether I were aware of the glove's approach. As the glove came closer, she grew more demonstrative. When at last she saw the creature climbing the leg of my wardrobe, she was wildly excited. She evidently thought it a living thing, and tried to get at it, while she uttered her warning very rapidly in a loud voice.

When she was allowed to examine the glove, her anxiety was relieved. She turned away from it with an air of indifference, and could not be persuaded even to look at it again.

**8,000 MILES TO WAKE HIM UP.**

A Message Crosses the Ocean Twice to Rouse a Sleeping Operator.

Out among the beautiful green groves of Northampton lives Dr. C. H. Crosby, who once was the champion telegraph operator of America. He is an M. D. with a large practice, a member of two or three clubs and a prominent secret society man, who has quite outlived the days when the 'key' was his constant companion.

Once in a while, however, of an evening when cigars are lit and the company is of the right order he can be induced to tell a good story. Perhaps the rarest of the lot, one that has never been printed, although lots of them have found their way about, is about the time when the French cable people telegraphed 8,000 miles to have him waked up when he was asleep in the next room, not twenty feet away from the operator who received the message.

The French line from this country to France was the second of the transatlantic cables. The line stretched from Duxbury by way of Newfoundland to Brest, in France. Dr. Crosby was the responsible night man in the lookout at Duxbury. It was a night in October and the future disciple of Galen had taken his usual station at his key. Between the hours of 8 and 1, when the foreign news known in those days as Reuter's cablegrams used to come over the wires, there was usually very little doing. To sleep at his post was death or equivalent to it, and this he well knew, but the winds of autumn bowling around the lonely little house crooned a melody that reminded him of his mother's lullabies, and he fell forward on the table and was soon past two continents in his dreams. This happened, on his own recollection, and he is the only witness, about 8:30.

At 9 o'clock the New York office called him. They had a private message for transmission.

'Tick,' went the little tormentor under his nose, but the operator heard it not. After hammering away in vain for several minutes the New York operator gave it up and thought a minute. There was but one way out of it. The receiving end of the line was in the next room to that of the sleeping operator, and there was a man in charge who could undoubtedly tell what was wrong. To reach him an inquiry would have to be sent the whole length of the company's circuit, a matter of 8,000 miles or so. So calling up North Sydney at Cape Breton he began his task.

From Cape Breton the inquiry was flashed to Heart's Content, on the bleak coast of Newfoundland, thence across the Atlantic ocean to Valentia on the south

# Dr. Chase Makes Friends of Hosts of Women

By Curing Their Peculiar Ills—Dr. Chase's Nerve Food a Surprising Restorative for Pale, Weak, Nervous Women.

As a result of much confinement within doors, and the consequent lack of fresh air and healthful exercise, most women not only lose much in figure and complexion, but also suffer more or less from serious bodily derangements as the result of thin, watery blood and exhausted nervous system.

More than nine tenths of the cases of diseases peculiar to women are directly due to a weakened condition of the nerves, and can be cured thoroughly and permanently by taking mild outdoor exercise, breathing plenty of pure, fresh air and using Dr. Chase's Nerve Food to form new blood and revitalize the depleted nervous system.

It takes time to build up the system anew, to fill up the shrunken arteries with new, rich blood, restore the wasted nerve cells, and renew the activities of the bodily organs, but the persistent use of Dr. Chase's Nerve Food will accomplish these results and bring health and happiness to weak, nervous and suffering women.

Mrs. Chas. H. Jones, Pricetown, Que., writes: For years I have been a great sufferer with my heart and nerves. I placed it in a corner of the room several feet away from her.

I held one end of the string, and drew the glove obliquely across the floor. At the first visible movement of the glove, she stood on tiptoe, her mouth half open. Then in a low tone, verging on a whisper, she uttered the sound e-o-g-k!

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would take shaking spells, and a dizzy, swimming feeling would come over me. Night after night I would never close my eyes, and my head would ache as though it would burst. At last I had to keep to my bed, and though my doctor attended me from fall until spring, his medicine did not help me. I have now taken five boxes of Dr. Chase's Nerve Food, and it has done me more good than I ever believed a medicine could do. Words fail to express my gratitude for the wonderful cure brought about by this treatment.

Mrs. Margaret Iron, Tower Hill, N. B., writes:

'Dr. Chase's Nerve Food has done me a world of good. I was so weak that I could not walk twice the length of the house. Since using Dr. Chase's Nerve Food I have been completely restored. I can walk a mile without any inconvenience. Though 76 years old, and quite flashy I do my own housework, and considerable sewing, knitting and reading besides. Dr. Chase's Nerve Food has proved of inestimable value to me.

Dr. Chase's Nerve Food, 50 cts a box, at all dealers, or Edmanson, Bates & Co., Toronto.

west coast of Ireland, and so across the English Channel to Brest. From the end of the route it was doubled back to St. Pierre et Miquelon, and so slanted down to Duxbury. The whole matter took only about fifteen minutes.

At about twenty minutes past 9 the man in charge of the French end of the wire, whose table was not more than twenty feet from the sleeping operator in the next room, began to get intelligence. In a few seconds had recorded this somewhat surprising message: 'Go into the next room and wake the man there.'

Crosby was aroused at once and the position explained to him, when he picked up his key and the business of two hemispheres was resumed again.

C. I. Hood Company.

This is the name of a newly incorporated company organized yesterday under the laws of the State of Maine, with a capital of \$1,000,000, divided into shares of \$100 each. The officers of the Company are as follows:

President and General Manager, C. I. Hood.

Vice President, Willard Everett.

Treasurer, Charles Stickney.

Clerk, Hiram Thomson.

Secretary, George H. Taylor.

Directors, C. I. Hood, Willard Everett, Charles Stickney, George H. Taylor, George W. Putnam.

The incorporation is purely for business reasons, the management and heads of departments remaining the same as heretofore. The Company is preparing to introduce some new and valuable medicines, and the business will be pushed with the same aggressive vigor which has characterized C. I. Hood & Company.

'This said the hostess, presenting the social lions of the evening, is Mrs. Secretary of the Commonwealth Bank. I beg pardon—I don't recall your name.'

'Mrs. Postmaster and President of the General Merchandise Company of Perkinsville Perkins,' replied the other lady.

'You seem resigned to this life of constant travelling,' remarked the clerical passenger, 'but don't you often realize that there is no place like home?'

'Yes, I do,' replied the bespeckled drummer, 'that's why I'm resigned to a life of travel.'

To prove to you that Dr. Chase's Ointment is a certain and absolute cure for each and every form of itching, bleeding and protruding piles, the manufacturers have guaranteed it. See testimonials in the daily press and ask your neighbors what they think of it. You can use it and get your money back if not cured. See a box at all dealers or Edmanson, Bates & Co., Toronto.

**Dr. Chase's Ointment**

Use the genuine

## MURRAY & LANMAN'S FLORIDA WATER

The Universal Perfume. For the Handkerchief, Toilet and Bath. Refuse all substitutes.

**APOL & STEEL'S PILLS**

A REMEDY FOR IRREGULARITIES.

Superior Bitter Apple, Fil Cocchi, Pennyroyal, etc.

Order of all Chemists, or post free for \$1.50 from E. FAY & SONS, LTD., Montreal and Toronto, Canada. Victoria, B. C., or Martiu Pharmaceutical Chemist, Southampton, Eng.

**The Hand that Rocks the Cradle Rules the World.**

**JOHNSON'S Liniment**

It has been the best remedy for inflammation in every form. It can be used either internally or externally.

JOHNSON & CO., 100 State St., Boston, Mass.

**JOHNSON'S Liniment**

from which place he father in Sausalito. He has not spent ten years on the front seat of the car. The latter held the picture you sent me from Wyoming.

**WATER PURITY!**

**Water's Purifier Pills.**

Signature of

**C. I. Hood**

WRAPPER BELOW.

FOR HEADACHE, FOR DIZZINESS, FOR BILIOUSNESS, FOR TORPID LIVER, FOR CONSTIPATION, FOR SALLOW SKIN, FOR THE COMPLEXION.

**WATER'S Purifier Pills**

Prevents Insect bites.

Water's Purifier Pills, Manchester, Eng.

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### PROGRESS.

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**SIXTEEN PAGES.**

**ST. JOHN, N. B., SATURDAY, JUNE 8.**

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

#### A QUESTION OF CANALS.

Germany, as well as the United States, has its canal question. Emperor William formed, years ago, a great scheme for a system of canals would give Germany an inland waterway across the empire from the frontier of the Netherlands on the west to that of Russia on the east.

The first part of the project was completed two years ago, in the canal connecting Emden with Dortmund. The next step was to be the building of a canal uniting the Elbe and the Rhine, which is called the 'Midland Canal.' It would connect the western provinces of Prussia, where great industries are established, with the eastern agricultural provinces. It was expected that the farmers of eastern Prussia would welcome the chance for cheap freight rates to the profitable markets of the Rhine and Westphalia industrial districts; and that their representatives in parliament would support the project by their votes. But they could not be made to see that the canal would benefit them; and it was by 'agrarian' votes that the bill was defeated in the Prussian Landtag in 1899.

The emperor does not easily abandon a cherished plan. When the Landtag assembled last January, the government again introduced the canal bill, providing not only for the Elbe-Rhine canal, but for many others, the total cost of which was to be about ninety million dollars. But although attempts were made to placate the agrarians by the promise of protective duties on agricultural products, they could not be induced to vote for the canal bill.

As the Elbe Rhine canal lies wholly in Prussian territory, the opposition of the Landtag, if persisted in, is fatal to the whole project. Already the controversy has caused a break up of the Prussian ministry, and the emperor king dismissed the Landtag as soon as its obduracy was apparent; but it is not clear that the election of a new Landtag will help him.

#### A FORMIDABLE FOE.

The opinion is gaining ground that in the plague in South Africa the British have a more formidable foe than the Boers. An American paper calls attention to the fact that up to the middle of May there had been 600 cases and 240 deaths. These cases were widely scattered. Most of them occurred in the towns, but all through the back country the epidemic has been reported. The government, if it has not concealed the facts, has put the best construction on them and made light of the danger to the army. To make the situation worse, (enteric fever and dysentery are claiming a great many victims. There is a temptation to describe the cause of death in some doubtful cases as one or the other when it is in reality the bubonic plague. While the plague has attacked the natives more than Europeans, a considerable number of the latter have died. The most serious view of the situation is that this terrible epidemic cannot be eradicated for some years to come, and that its persistence will ruin the country for colonizing purposes.

Dr. J. NICHOLSON KAYE, a medical authority says: 'I have no fear of contradiction when I say that plague will not leave South Africa for many years to come. The enormous native bare-footed population, wandering from one colony to the other, the notorious lack of sanitary requirements where the population is thickest, dust, insect pests and other factors will all tend to make the bacillus pestiferous feel quite at home, to multiply and de-

populate the country. When the war is really over, the plague will still be in evidence; natives will carry the infection to the mines, to their kraals, and the disease will be endemic and epidemic for years. This is seemingly a harsh view, but it will prove true.'

The effect of such gloomy predictions on recruiting in England may be imagined. Dr. KAYE does not hesitate to advise his countrymen to think twice before they enlist. If they have not gone through one course of enteric fever, he says, they should stay at home. His counsel applies to would-be settlers as well as to those who want to serve with the colors and see fighting. The Boers may be depended upon to take the plague into account when considering the chances in favor of at least a temporary triumph of their cause. They know all that is going on in the British camps. If the military authorities are deceiving the people in England about the virulence of the plague they are not fooling the Argus-eyed Boers. In the Cuban insurrections yellow fever was admitted to be a more redoubtable enemy than the patriots. It carried off its hundreds of men where one was laid low by an insurgent's bullet. The ordinary camp fevers in South Africa have already killed thousands more than the deadly rifles of the sharpshooting burghers. If the ravages of the plague should defy sanitary science and medical treatment, the republicans may yet be able to delay England's triumph for some little time.

#### At The Crossroads.

A rich farmer who died recently in Erie county, Pennsylvania, provided in his will for the foundation and maintenance of a library at a crossroads, remote from any village. The building which will shelter it is designed to serve many other intellectual and social uses. It will contain a kitchen, reception rooms, and a hall that may be utilized for lectures, entertainments and religious gatherings.

This action is hailed by the Independent as indicating the growth of a belief that wealth which has been accumulated in the country should be used for the benefit of the country. Our grandfathers felt this more strongly perhaps, than our fathers did, or than we have. Rich farmers—and poor farmers, too—bore manful parts in establishing the older colleges. When they could not give money they gave labor, realizing, doubtless, that the first students at these colleges would be the lads from the farms.

The farmer of that earlier day never dreamed that, because he was 'twelve miles from a lemon,' he must forego intellectual stimulus and social recreation. But the movement toward the cities and toward the west affected seriously many little neighborhoods which had been centers of wholesome and vigorous life. Pending the readjustment to changed conditions in the east, and the success of the first pitched battle with nature in the west, it seemed that the farmer must needs be a man of one idea—to 'hold on.'

The general demand for rural free delivery showed that the evil days are over for both sections. The farmer knows where he stands. He has leisure to renew relations with the world, and he means to do so. The will of the Pennsylvania suggests the spirit in which to meet the reasonable demands of the people in the 'outlying regions.' If the farmer cannot go to the library, take the library to him.

#### The Way of Safety.

Unless a cyclist is a 'sorcerer' there is no need, generally speaking, to make any effort to avoid him. He will look out for the collisions.

A lady was crossing the street when she saw a bicycle rider coming toward her. She stopped, then dodged backward, and as he swerved in order to pass behind her there was a collision, and both took a fall but neither was much damaged.

'If you hadn't wobbled, sir,' she said angrily, as he assisted her to rise, 'this wouldn't have happened!'

'Neither would it have happened, madam,' he replied, 'if you hadn't wobbled, or if you had wobbled in a contrary direction from my wobble. It was our concurrent and synchronous wobbling, so to speak, that caused it.'

Then the cyclist, a college professor, doffed his cap, mounted his wheel, and rode on.

#### Saturday-Monday Excursions.

Commencing Saturday June 8th the Canadian Pacific will run a special Suburban express to Welford leaving St. John at 1.00 p. m., on Saturday and Wednesday, making all intermediate stops. This will give suburban residents on that company's lines and their friends an opportunity to spend two afternoons a week in the country.

After the Doves of Peace has hovered a good while it generally finds no place to settle except on an indemnity.

### VERSES OF YESTERDAY AND TODAY

Beneath the Pine of Canada.  
To the footpath winding through the pines,  
To the old home near the wood;  
Where drake spruce mountain still inclines,  
To the widely plunging flood,  
Where tangled red wild roses grow,  
And the great pine branches bend;  
My soul walks forth where years ago,  
I loved you my faithful friend,  
I long for you here where languor heats,  
Whither the dusty city street.

Is the wild azalia blooming fair,  
With its purple ribboned hair;  
Does the swamp magellan scent the air  
By the blue bell's fragrant bed?  
Sweet flower of all that sweet time knew,  
Sweet love, sweetheart of all the best;  
Wild rose of love to me for ever true,  
The earth had no such flower on all its breast  
When you were but a girl and I a boy,  
And drank the rose cap's dew with purest joy.

I were vain to call thee now across the world,  
Or seek the waters where white lilies grow;  
We could not find them as in days of old,  
Or balmly fir trees there are presence know  
Together then we roved no coming years  
Should ever change affection warm and true,  
The fondest heart must fill with saddest tears,  
No charmed exemption came to me or you.  
The white wild cher, blossoms bloom and wane,  
Since then o'er many a silent grave,  
Does sunset crimson on the windows yet,  
As the old place seeks the dark;  
With the rosy tints I can ne'er forget,  
At twilight we loved to mark  
Where the great one over us seemed to form,  
In the shadows vast and dim;  
The tear of night and the coming storm,  
And then on the brighter stars above,  
Taught us to trust Him with our love.

Is bright June weather and the balmly breeze  
Still lovely where the footpath climbs the hill;  
And where the leaping torrent gladly sees,  
The way it wanders from its old home mill?  
The moon tonight is shining as it shone,  
Up the wild glen by hemlocks dark and high;  
And in the sad wood loneliness alone,  
My spirit wails where we said good bye.  
And you are with me in transfused light  
And there again we breathe our last good night.

Murray Hill, New York. *CEPHEUS GOLDB.*

#### The Keepers of the Seal.

I sing the song of labor, of the lowly smelling soil,  
The whirling of the spindle, and the whirling of wheels;  
The hand that guides the ploughshare and the  
The sowers of the country and its weal.  
For the pulses of the nation beat within the sturdy arms  
That are bared before the avvil, or they wear an  
humble guise;  
And the sentinels of liberty, the shields from war's  
Are wholesome hearts and honest seeing eyes;  
Those who feel the sweat of labor ere they break  
The wage of bread,  
Nor covet goods beyond the pale that bounds an  
honest man;  
But give to God the glory, and the thanks that they  
are fed,  
And rather live a principle, than preach.

Ah! God of Heaven, pity for the chattering drops  
That creep  
In tortuous threads, where living strength should  
twirl the nation's veins;  
The sloth that cumber progress, and the useless  
The curse that follows idle hands and brains.  
I sing the song of labor, for the keepers of the seal  
For a new way broke in radianse on the wardens of  
the land;  
Clearer thought to those who ask it, heaping store  
to those who kneel,  
To the sons of stewart heart and berry hand.

#### He Told Her She Was Beautiful.

He told her she was beautiful,  
She frowned and bade him go;  
She knew he sought her for some, for  
Her glances had told her so:  
Still, still he called her beautiful—  
She knew her law was plain,  
For twenty times a day, alas!  
The truth was told by the glass  
That had no prize to gain.

He told her she was beautiful,  
"Nay, do not just," she cried;  
He told her she was beautiful,  
And knew she knew he lied;  
Still, still he called her beautiful,  
She answered: "Cease, I pray;  
Your words are false, as your heart;  
It is not love suggests the part  
You basely seek to play!"

He told her she was beautiful,  
And, chiding, she fled;  
He told her she was beautiful—  
She stopped and turned her head;  
Still, still he called her beautiful,  
And rushed to where she stayed,  
And prying still about her charms,  
He told her within his arms,  
And rapture sated the maid.

#### Barefooted.

The girls all like to see the blisters in the lace  
But we boys, wanter see the dog food blooms again  
The new shoes are better than the old ones,  
For the very first mild mornin' when the woods  
are white  
(An' we needn't even ask our ma about it)  
We leave our shoes right where we pulled 'em off  
at night,  
An' barefooted once we run an' about it:  
You may take the country over—  
When the blizzard turns a rover,  
An' the wind is soft an' hazy,  
An' you feel a little lazy,  
An' the nigger quits his possums—  
It's time for dog food blooms.

How light! help! help! I wish there was more  
sauce here:  
We'd like to jus' 'keep jumpin' em' together!  
No sheds for us, no guns, not even 'nimum beer,  
No nobs! no the blossoms an' fair weather!  
The madder is a little sticky right at first,  
But a few short days 'll wipe away that trouble.  
To feel so good an' ray I wouldn't mind the worst  
That kin be done by any kind of saddle.  
O all the trees are lookin' sappy!  
O all the folks are smilin' happy!  
An' there's joy in every little bit of room!  
But the happiest of 'em all  
At the mornin' rooster's call,  
Are we barefooted when the dog food burst bloom.

JOHN CHARLES McNEILL.

'We bought little Percival some pretty  
new shoes, said the proud  
dear little darling was so  
that insisted on sleeping with them on.'  
'Ah, yes, observed the sarcastic uncle  
'That shows that he inherits some of his  
father's characteristics.'

'But is the dog gentle?'  
'Gentle! Well, say, that's his long snout  
Hes so gentle that when a sneekthief  
along one night and stole the door mat  
from under this dog, he just rolled over  
and slept on boards rather than make him-  
self disagreeable.'

**ROYAL BAKING POWDER**  
ABSOLUTELY PURE  
Makes the food more delicious and wholesome  
ROYAL BAKING POWDER CO., NEW YORK.

#### A. O. U. W. AT BUFFALO.

June 19th is A. O. U. W. Day at the Exposition—Building to be Dedicated.  
The Supreme Lodge Ancient Order of United Workmen will hold its twenty-ninth stated meeting in the city of Buffalo, N. Y., June 11, 1901. This fraternal benevolent order was organized at Meadville, Pa., October 27, 1868, and is now completing its third-of-a-century history. The headquarters of the order is located in Meadville, Pa. The present membership is about 425,000, and its business extends over the entire United States and Canada. It has paid out to the widows and orphans of its deceased members about \$108,000,000.00, and is now paying annually over \$800,000.00.  
The Supreme Lodge which meets in Buffalo in June, is the highest legislative body of the organization and is composed of delegates from thirty-seven grand jurisdictions, representing six thousand subordinate lodges. Hon. W. A. Walker, of Milwaukee, Wis., is the Supreme Master Workman, and as such is the present head officer of the order. The Supreme Foreman, A. C. Harwick of Buffalo, N. Y., is the second officer in control and will, no doubt, be elected to the chief position at the coming session. The following are other executive officers of the order: Supreme Foreman, A. C. Harwick of Buffalo, N. Y., is the second officer in control and, no doubt, be elected to the chief position at the coming session. The following are other executive officers of the order: Supreme Foreman, Webb McNeil, Gaylord, Kan.; Supreme Recorder, M. W. Sackett, Meadville, Pa.; Supreme Receiver, John J. Acker, Albany, N. Y.; Supreme Medical Examiner, D. H. Shields, M. D., Hannibal, Mo.

Wednesday June 19, has been set apart as special A. O. U. W. Day at the Pan-American Exposition, when the handsome building of Ancient Order of United Workmen of the Exposition will be dedicated. This building is situated in the Court of State and Foreign Buildings. It is a one-story structure with a pavilion and balcony above, and in dimensions is 50 by 40 feet. The walls are covered with staff and beautifully colored. Over the main entrance are the initials A. O. U. W. In this building are entertained the members of the Ancient Order of United Workmen who visit the Pan-American Exposition, the arrangement of the rooms for this purpose being excellent.

An elaborate programme is being arranged for A. O. U. W. Day. There will be a big parade and special ceremonies. Special banners, badges and flags are being designed for the day.

#### Corpulence.

The amount of fat normally present in the body varies with age. It is considerable in infancy, slight in childhood, least of all from the fifteenth to the twentieth year, increases gradually from this time to about the fortieth, increases more rapidly for a time, and finally diminishes again in old age.

Generally speaking, an increase of fat within moderate limits is a sign of health, just as a decrease may be the reverse, but when the increase is excessive it constitutes a true disease.

It is difficult to define the limit where a healthy embonpoint ends and abnormal corpulence begins. Life insurance companies have tables showing the proper ratio of weight to height at the different ages, but the figures are of course only averages.

In general it may be said that when the accumulation of fat causes discomfort, short breath on moderate exertion, and a feeling of fullness in the head on stooping, it constitutes obesity or corpulence.

The trouble is a disorder of nutrition characterized by faulty elaboration and deficient oxidation of the food, in consequence of which an undue amount of fat is formed and deposited in various parts of the body. It is as often hereditary as acquired.

the amount of fluids is greatly restricted. The management of a case of obesity is in general similar to that of gout in the intervals of the acute attacks, or of the uric acid diathesis, with some slight modification in the diet necessitated by the altered conditions. The patient should live much in the open air, drink freely of water between meals and at bedtime, and exercise systematically. Red meats should be partaken of sparingly, or better not at all, and starchy foods and sweets should also be excluded for the most part.

#### Photography Without a Dark Room.

The continued experiments of Prof. F. E. Nipher of St. Louis with 'positive photography' have produced some very interesting results. He says that the plates may be separately wrapped in black paper at night, or in a dark room, and all the remaining work can be done in the light. A plate is taken from its wrapper in the light and placed in the slide holder and an exposure—a long one—is made. After exposure the plate is taken out in the light again, and placed in the developing bath and the picture is developed, and may be fixed in the light. The result is positive. Fine pictures are thus obtained. While it is desirable to shield the plate from the light as much as possible during the changes, yet Professor Nipher says all the operations may be carried on without any dark-room conveniences that may not be secured even in the open fields.

#### A Cinematograph for the Blind.

Doctor Dussaud of Paris has invented a cinematograph, by means of which blind persons can experience the illusion of moving objects as people with sight do an illuminated screen. The apparatus consists of a machine that causes a series of reliefs, representing trees, birds or other objects, to pass rapidly under the fingers. The reliefs are so graduated that the delicate sense of touch possessed by the blind translates their variations into apparent movements. Doctor Dussaud employs the apparatus mainly for educational purposes. He has also devised a system of electric vibration for conveying to the deaf an impression of musical rhythm.

#### Giants' Kettles in Minnesota.

In the Interstate Park near Taylor's Falls, Minnesota, has been discovered a singular group of 'giants' kettles, or pot holes, covering an area of two or three acres and ranging in diameter from less than a foot to 25 feet, and in depth from one foot to 84 feet. They have been bored in exceedingly hard rock, and in many cases they are like wells in shape, the ratio of width to depth varying from one to five up to one to seven. Mr. Warren Upham ascribes their origin to torrents falling through glacial 'moulins' at the time when the northern territory of the United States was buried under ice. As with similar pot-holes elsewhere, rounded boulders are occasionally found at the bottom of the cavities.

#### You Ought to Know This:

Bronchitic Asthma can be cured by inhaling Catarrhazone. So says Captain McDonald of Kingston, Ont., who was positively cured after years of suffering, by Catarrhazone. Mrs. Dinsmore, Shubencade, N. S., says: 'Catarrhazone cured me perfectly of Bronchitis and Catarrh of the nose and throat.'

Mr. Wm. Pollock, Plym. Ont. says: 'Catarrhazone positively cured me of Bronchitis.'

Catarrhazone relieves quickly, cures surely, is safe, pleasant, and guaranteed to cure. Two sizes 25 cents and \$1.00. Druggists or N. C. Polson & Co., Hartford, Conn.

#### Dangerous Escapes in Books.

A special committee appointed by the Chicago Public Library board reports that the books of the library ought to be immediately sterilized on account of the large number of bacilli, representing a hundred different poisons and disease-germs, found in them. Doctor Kufawski reports that all of the 50 books submitted to him for examination were more or less infected. The dry process of sterilization, he thinks, will serve the required purpose.

Regular Patron.—That was a frightful bill you presented to that man—even for you.

Dentist.—Yes; he's the man we buy our butter from. This is the first chance I've had at him.

The many weeks of those weeks is the all-present writing. Weddings are today recorded.

The marriage of Mr. W. H. S. Frederick E. Luke's church, church at Providence north end where the ceremony was held. About fifty guests were present, the officiating minister being Rev. Dr. E. I. I. The many cost friends and from connected only to is held.

The engagements of Miss Alice Lo... part collector of son of San Doming... here for some time Scammell.

The young people wishes and have little social gatherings that their marriage. They will...

Miss Nellie M... pleasant visit w... Mrs. Thomas V...

thought w... economy... in addition... and rich... Fry's Co... household... Briefly, thi... in

Sold by te...

BAKING  
POWDER  
wholesome

fluids is greatly restricted. ment of a case of obesity is ilar to that of gout in the e acute attacks, or of the e, with some slight mod- e diet necessitated by the ions. The patient should e open air, drink freely of eals and at bedtime, and ically. Red meats should e sparingly, or better not at e foods and sweets should e for the most part.

Without a Dark Room. d experiments of Prof. F. t. St. Louis with 'positive e have produced some very in- s. He says that the plates ely wrapped in black paper a dark room, and all the k can be done in the light. a from its wrapper in the eed in the slide holder e—long one—is made. e the plate is taken eht again, and placed in g bath and the picture is e may be fixed in the light. e. Fine pictures are thus e it is desirable to shield e light as much as possible eges, yet, Professor Nipher eations may be carried on rk-room conveniences that eed even in the open fields.

At Trinity church on that day many friends witnessed the nuptials of Miss Sadie Muriel Golding daughter of Mr. Stephen Golding of Princess street to Mr. City Branscombe, traveller for Messrs Manchester, Robertson and Allison.

Miss Golding wore a very pretty and becoming going away gown of slate blue broadcloth, heavily trimmed with satin and applique. Her hat was of tulle with black veils, flowers and foliage. She carried the customary bridal bouquet of roses and maiden hair fern.

Both bride and groom were unattended. The wedding was a very quiet one only relatives being among the guests. At the conclusion of the ceremony a dainty wedding breakfast was served at the bride's home and the young couple left on the early train for Boston and New York. They will return in ten days and will then take up their residence on Princess street.

The marriage of Miss Mabel Smith daughter of Mr. W. H. Smith of Douglas avenue, to Rev. Frederick E. Flewelling formerly curate of St. Luke's church, but now rector of St. Thomas' church at Providence, R. I., also occasioned much interest in social circles of the city as well as in the north end where the bride is very popular.

The ceremony was performed in St. Luke's church on Wednesday morning at seven o'clock. About fifty guests, mostly relatives of the bride and groom, were present and occupied the front pews, the edifice being completely filled with interested friends.

Spilling hands had decorated the interior with apple blossoms and ferns and its artistic and dainty appearance was much commented upon. As the bride entered the church leaning on the arm of her father, the choir of which she had been an able and constant member rendered The Voice that Breathed O'er Eden in a splendid manner.

Miss Smith was gowned in a travelling suit of periwinkle blue broadcloth trimmed with folds of black satin. A becoming incense hat with decorations of chiffon and foliage, and a grey ostrich feather boa completed the attractive and stylish outfit.

After the ceremony the young couple held an informal reception and then amid showers of rice and good wishes left for the I. S. S. Company's wharf where they embarked on steamer State of Maine, enroute to their future home in Providence, R. I.

The many costly gifts received by the bride from friends and from societies with which she had been connected testified to the esteem in which she is held.

The engagement was announced on Sunday last of Miss Alice Lockhart, daughter of Mr. W. A. Lockhart collector of customs and Mr. Clarence Henderson of San Domingo. Mr. Henderson has been visiting here for some time, the guest of his cousin, Miss Scammell.

The young people are being showered with good wishes and have been the guests of honor at several little social gatherings during the week. It is said that their marriage will be solemnized in the early fall. They will reside at San Domingo.

Miss Nellie McAvity has returned from a very pleasant visit with friends in Toronto. Mr. Thomas Walker and her son Mr. T. Dyson



The many weddings of the week and the discussion of those to take place within the next few weeks is the all-engrossing subject of interest at the present writing.

Weddings are always pleasant events and those today recorded were no exception from the old rule.

Wednesday seems to be the day most favored by those on matrimony intent. There is probably a considerable amount of superstition attached to the choice of this day, for we are all familiar with the old rhyme which goes:

"Monday for health,  
Tuesday for wealth,  
Wednesday the best day of all."

However, it would appear that old saying is of much importance to the world at large, St. John being no exception to the rule, for on the Wednesday last passed no less than eleven marriages took place in different parts of the city.

At Trinity church on that day many friends witnessed the nuptials of Miss Sadie Muriel Golding daughter of Mr. Stephen Golding of Princess street to Mr. City Branscombe, traveller for Messrs Manchester, Robertson and Allison.

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Walker are home from Peabody, Mass., whither they had gone to witness the nuptials of Mr. Deane Walker. Miss Jessie Walker who accompanied them to that city is still visiting friends and relatives in the different cities of Massachusetts.

Mrs. Bostwick and Miss Bostwick were among the St. John people who went to Wolfville to attend the closing exercises at the institutions there. Miss Josephine was among the graduates at the Seminary.

Mrs. Lynch of Bangor is paying a visit to relatives here. Miss Marie Furlong is expected home next week to spend the summer vacation at her home here.

Mr. Edward Ryan who has been studying at the N. B. university is here spending his vacation with his parents.

Miss Helen Dick, who has been in Boston for several weeks returned home on Monday. Mr. and Mrs. R. J. Houghton of Boston are here paying a visit to Mrs. Houghton's mother, Mrs. J. F. Steevas of Wellington Row.

Mr. and Mrs. D. J. Brown are home from a trip to the Pan-American.

Mr. and Mrs. J. F. McBride of Montreal who came here to attend the funeral of Mrs. McBride's father, Mr. Harding, have returned to their home.

Miss Louise Beer, who has been practicing professional nursing in the United States arrived here this week to spend her vacation with her mother.

Mr. and Mrs. Strass Robinson are home from New York. Miss Elsie Holden, daughter of Dr. Holden of Charlotte street, will leave in the near future with a party of friends for Europe and will devote the next couple of years to the study of music.

Miss Gertrude McDermitt is home from a short visit to her friend Miss Bourque at Montreal.

Miss Eleanor Robinson will leave very shortly for England, where she will spend the summer with relatives.

Miss Bruce of Moncton is paying a visit to friends here. Mr. and Mrs. W. G. Taylor of Halifax were here for a few days this week.

The marriage of Mr. Bedford Phillips of the Fredericton Post Office to Mrs. Mabel Edgecombe formerly of St. John, is announced to take place on the 12th of this month.

Dr. Wm. Sears has been visiting his brother Ex-mayor Sears, Pitt Street. The golf links were formally opened for the season on Wednesday afternoon, when a large number of the members, both ladies and gentlemen were present.

The members expect a pleasant season. The ladies' committee added to the enjoyment of the occasion by serving tea and light refreshments.

Mrs. Warren C. Winslow of Chatham, spent last week in the city the guest of Dr. and Mrs. Boyle Travers.

Mrs. Homer has returned from a pleasant visit of five weeks with relatives in Chicago and other western cities. Dr. and Mrs. Fraser of Halifax accompanied by Miss Gertrude Coulthard of Fredericton left last Wednesday on an European trip.

band and infant child for whom much sympathy is felt. Mrs. Belyea was before her marriage, Miss Fanny Wood.

**GREENWICH.**  
JUNE 4.—Mrs. Holder has returned from Boston, where she was called on account of the death of her son's wife, Mrs. Job Holder which occurred after a short illness. She was accompanied by her little granddaughter Florence, who will make her home with her grandmother. Much sympathy is expressed for Mr. Holder in his sad bereavement.

Miss Haines of Nova Scotia is the guest of Mrs. Leverett Belyea. Miss Addison and Miss Cliff of St. John were the guests of Miss Flossie Marley last week.

Mrs. Lawrence Belyea is very ill and not expected to recover, her many friends will be sorry to hear of her serious illness. Miss Mabel Smith is the guest of her aunt, Mrs. Jos Starr, in Cornwallis, N. S., where she will spend the summer.

Mr. James Harnay, St. John, was the guest of Mr. D. Marley on Sunday. Messrs G. & Scovill and Ora P. King made a visit here recently.

Dr. J. H. Morrison and Mr. Lee Flewelling were here on a fishing trip last week. Miss Alma Jones is visiting friends in St. John. Mr. Geo. R. Vincent and family spent Sunday at their summer residence here.

Miss Ethel Dalton, St. John, spent Sunday here the guest of her sister. Miss Jennie Fowler, St. John, is the guest of Mrs. Geo. Fowler.

Mrs. Geo. Whalley's friends will be glad to learn that she is improving in health after being seriously ill at her home in Winnipeg, Man.

**TRURO.**  
JUNE 5th.—Mrs. Arthur Fleming is in Woolville, attending the Seminary closing, her daughter, Miss Jennie Fleming being one of the graduating class this term.

Mrs. A. C. Patterson, is visiting home friends in Newcastle, and attending the festivities, incident to her sister's (Miss Thompson's) wedding.

Mr. Walter Stanfield is home from Sydney, for a few days, and was present yesterday at his father's Mr. Frank Stanfield's marriage, which was quietly solemnized yesterday afternoon at the bride's home the residence of D. J. Thomas, Esq., only the very near relatives of the families were present. Mr. and Mrs. Stanfield left per Maritime express for Quebec and Montreal, in route to the Pan-American Exposition. Hosts of the bride's friends were at the station to wish she and her husband bon voyage.

Mrs. A. D. Wetmore entertained three tables of white table Tuesday evening, in honor of her guests, Miss Hilyard, who left on Saturday last, for St. John, en route to her home, in Fredericton.

Miss McKay gave a very successful luncheon Friday, for Miss Hilyard, at which were present Mrs. W. S. Muir, Mrs. Oliver Cummings, Miss A. D. Wetmore, Miss Wetmore, Miss Dismock, Mrs. Yorston, Miss Watson, and Miss Longworth.

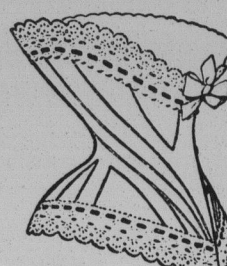
On the same afternoon Miss Bligh, gave a small tea in the same young lady's honor, at which among others were present, Miss McKay, Miss Yorston, Miss Maud Archibald, Miss Bigelow, Miss Nelson, Miss Watson, Miss Longworth.

Mr. Geo. Donkin is visiting Halifax friends. Mr. E. M. Kenzie, of the Royal Bank Service was in town, last Sunday, on route to Woodstock, where he goes to relieve.

Expressions of regret were heard on all sides, at the news of Mr. D. C. Blair's death which occurred during the night after a short but painful illness, which has been watched from day to day, with keenest interest, by his large circle of friends. To his bereaved wife, young son and immediate family the whole community tender, very sincere regret.

**ST. ANDREWS.**  
June 6.—Mrs. George S. Grimmer is visiting friends in Upper Woodstock. Owing to the illness of her mother, Miss Stella Wilson, organist of All Saints' church, has been compelled to tender her resignation and take her departure from town.

The D. & A. Straight Front is hygienic—it does not strain the abdomen nor compress the bust. The lungs and digestive organs have full play. Pressure of lacing is all put upon the hips and back muscles, forcing the shoulders erect.



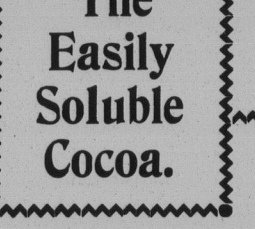
Price \$1.00 to \$2.00 per pair.

Leave Your Orders Early for Spring Painting, etc. At ST. JOHN PAINT STORE, 158 PRINCESS ST. TEL. 697. H. L. & J. T. McGowan. We sell Paint in Small Tins, Glass, Oil, Turpentine, Whiting, Putty, etc. WHITE'S For Sale by all First-Class Dealers in Confectionery. Caramel Snowflakes Don't take inferior goods; the best do not cost any more than inferior goods.

WHERE THE WEAR IS. Contaxol SKIRT PROTECTOR. When You Want a Real Tonic 'ST. AGUSTINE' ask for (Registered Brand) of Pelee Wine. GAGETOWN, Sept. 21, 1899. E. G. SCOVIL, — "Having used both we think the St. Augustine preferable to Vin Marian as a tonic. JOHN C. CLOWES. E. G. SCOVIL, 62 Union Street. FOR ARTISTS. WINSOR & NEWTON'S OIL COLORS, WATER COLORS, CANVAS, etc., etc. BOUTOCHE BAR OYSTERS. Received this day, 10 Barrels No. 1 Boutouche Bar Oysters, the first of the Spring catch. At 19 and 23 King Square. J. D. TURNER. Pulp Wood Wanted. WANTED—Underlined saw logs, such as Batting or Spilling. Parties having such for sale can correspond with the St. John's Pulp Company, Ltd., stating the quantity, price per thousand superficial feet, and the time of delivery. M. F. MOONEY.



The Easily Soluble Cocoa. A moment's thought will convince you of the economy of using the Cocoa that, in addition to its absolute purity and richness and delicacy of flavor, Fry's Cocoa goes farthest in the household because it is concentrated! Briefly, that means "much in little" in Fry's. Sold by leading dealers everywhere.



light to know this: ... can be cured by inhaling ... So says Captain McDonald ... at., who was positively cured ... suffering, by Catarrh of the ... ore, Shubenacadie, N. S., ... zone cured me perfectly of ... Catarrh of the nose and ... ollock, Plym. Ont. says: ... positively cured me of ... relieves quickly, cures ... pleasant, and guaranteed to ... ces 25 cents and \$1.00. ... C. Polson & Co., Hart- ... us Bacilli in Books. ... committee appointed by the ... Library board reports that ... library ought to be imme- ... on account of the large ... li, representing a hundred ... and disease-germs, found ... or Kudzwski reports that ... books submitted to him for ... are more or less infected. ... of sterilization, he thinks, ... required purpose. ... on—That was a frightful ... ed to that man—even for ... he's the man we buy our ... this is the first chance I've

A Visiting Ghost At Sea.

'They're a queer set of spirits that frequent the seas and they do some mighty queer things, as any sailorman knows,' said Capt. Bill Kinsman as he cut a pipeful off a plug and proceeded to roll it between his horny palms.

'It happened when I was a young man on a voyage from Maracaibo to Liverpool on the bark Ingomar with a cargo of mahogany. A chap by the name of Teague was the captain, and the sickest looking skipper he was that ever let a ship's crew do as it pleased.

'Instead of taking his rest like a Christian, he set up on the taffrail, in his watch at odd of it, fair weather or foul, sleeping sometimes but most while looking out over the sea like a man in a trance.

'Mates, says Ben Wicks, who'd lost one of his eyes on a mar-o'-war, 'I know the signs. It's blood spots he sees out there—blood spots of his own making and they're no good goin' to come to them as travels with him.'

'I don't know just what the crowd's done if it hadn't happened that Ben's remarks come to the ears of the first mate. Soon they did the mate comes thumping down the deck and says Ben out with a able market he ear.

'Teague went over, pulled the tarpaulin off and picked the woman that was lying under it up in his two hands. They said afterward that she'd been dead three days. He looked at her a minute and put his face down to hers. Then he holled out:

'After that nobody felt called on to give his opinions of the captain. I reckon the crew was more sorry for him than anything else, though Ben Wicks shook his head and did a heap of mumbering under his breath. And we certainly begin to have a queer voyage.

'That same night, it come up to rain on the captain's watch and he sent me down after his oilskins. Foot of the companion-way I looked into the cabin and there at the captain's table, as I'm a living man, sat a little brown-haired woman writing.

'Where's them skins?' says Teague. 'If you please, sir,' I says, 'they's a lady at the cabin table writing.'

'Teague looked at me for full half a minute and his eyes was like them of a man that's gone blind. Then he spoke kind of soft.

'That kind of a looking woman was it?' says he. 'She was a little plump woman,' I says, 'with brown hair that was brushed back.'

'Teague's face became white as a corpse's and he held up his hand.

'I wasn't banking after that cabin just then, but it was better than Teague's voice. Before I got to the foot of the companion-way I see she was gone. I went over to

where she'd been sitting and there on the table was a sheet of paper and on it in a woman's writing was the three words, 'Steer due south.' I grabbed the paper and went back on deck. As I came up it seemed as though Teague's eyes grabbed hold of me.

'The lady's gone, sir,' I says, 'but this here paper was on the cabin table.' 'I don't know how he got the paper. I didn't hand it to him. He jest had it. Then there come a sound like a herd of bulls bellowing and it was Teague calling to the man at the wheel.

'Hard starboard,' says Teague and around she swung. 'Keep her due south,' says Teague, 'and mind your eye.' 'That minute the breeze shifted fair and begin to freshen and inside of two hours we was jumping along at 10 knots. The first mate looked feezed when he come on deck to take his watch, but Teague gave his orders and didn't make no explanations. Then he went up into the bow and took his seat in the knighthead.

'For seven days that fair breeze lasted and for seven days we went clipping South, with sun so hot that it boiled the pitch out of the decks and po... of destina'on further and further over our port quarter. And for seven days Teague set up there on the knighthead looking forward out over the sea. We passed ships and then got past the levelled way and Teague paid no heed.

'But on that seventh day we raised a speck on the horizon and Teague jumped to his feet when he see it. We come up to it in the first dog watch. She was what was left of a fine schooner her masts gone and laying so low in the water her decks were partly afloat.

'Lower away the yawl,' says Teague. It was his first word since he'd turned the bark south.

'I was in the yawl's crew. There was a dozen starving men with bloodshot eyes on the wreck and two or three dead ones.

'Water,' the men whispered as Teague came aboard, and held out their hands.

'Where's the woman?' says Teague. 'Dead—under you tarpaulin,' says one of the men. 'Poor little woman. Barker bat her to death before she starved.'

'God be praised,' says Teague in a quiet voice that shook that waterlogged wreck. 'And which of you's Barker?'

'Dead a week,' says the man. 'Give us water.'

'Teague went over, pulled the tarpaulin off and picked the woman that was lying under it up in his two hands. They said afterward that she'd been dead three days. He looked at her a minute and put his face down to hers. Then he holled out:

'Some brandy here—this woman's alive.' 'They passed him a flask out of the yawl and he forced some down between her set teeth. Then he loosened her dress and rubbed her body and blew in her mouth and worked over her for two hours without raising her head. And then, as I hope for mercy, the woman's eyelids begin to flutter like a loose studdin' sail in a light breeze and her eyes opened and she smiled with 'em up at Teague. And Teague, as I live, set there swelling up to the size of his clothes with every second that passed.

'Come here, Bill,' says he to me, speaking soft as a woman with a young baby; 'is this her you see in the cabin?'

'I crept over and looked at her. 'Yes, sir,' I says, 'though not near so pale.'

'Well, how,' says Teague, 'could that sperrit of her come to be settin' in that there cabin, with her not dead yet, down here fourteen hundred miles away?'

'At that the woman opened her eyes and smiled up at Teague again.

'You was a long time coming, Jim,' she whispered. 'I—I been a dreaming that I was writing you a letter.'

'They was married when we got to port a month overdue. Teague lived to be 78 but his wife was 81 when she died. Sometimes I've felt sorry for that poor little brown-haired ghost that had to wait them sixty long years before it had a chance to get about again.'

The Phantom Ship.

While the captain of an English steamer was standing on the bridge of his vessel as it passed down the English Channel, a thick fog came on and he began to sound the fog-horn. To his dismay, after he had sounded the signal, he heard the 'Boo-o' of the horn repeated directly ahead of him. He turned the ship's head sharply to the right to avoid a collision and sounded an-

other warning. 'Again the Boo-o' was returned. The vessel was put back on its former track and the fog horn sounded, with the same result.

'I could not make it out,' said the captain, in narrating the story, 'and a strange feeling of superstitious awe began to creep over me: Just as I was giving myself one last pull together the lookout man called: 'It's the old coo, sir!'

'And so it was—the coo kept in the forecastle for the use of the ship. Undoubtedly she took the sound of the fog-horn for the cry of a companion in distress and gave a sympathetic response.'

Perils of the Deep.

CREAT HARDSHIP AND EXPOSURE ENDURED.

Capt. Adnah Burns, of Dayspring, N. S., tells an interesting story from his own Experience.

From the Progress, Lunenburg, N. S.

Capt. Adnah Burns, of Dayspring, Lunenburg, Co., N. S., is a prominent representative of a large class of men in Nova Scotia, who during much of the year follow the dangerous occupation of deep sea fishing. When not at sea Capt. Burns' avocation is that of ship carpenter. He is 43 years of age, and is today a healthy, vigorous representative of his class. Capt. Burns, however, has not always enjoyed this vigorous health, and while chatting recently with a representative of the Lunenburg Press, he said he believed that but for the timely use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills he would have been a chronic invalid.

'From 1895 to 1898,' said Capt. Burns, 'I was the victim of a complicated condition. I suppose they had their origin in the hardship and exposure I so frequently had to undergo. My illness took the form of dyspepsia and kidney trouble. The foods which I ate did not agree with me, and frequently gave me a feeling of nausea and at other times distressful pains in the stomach. Then I was much troubled with pains in the back due to the kidney trouble. Finally I took a severe cold which not only seemed to aggravate these troubles but which seemed to affect my spine as well, and I became partially rigid in the arms and legs. I was forced to quit work, and doctors were time with little or no benefit. Then I dropped the doctor and began trying other medicines, but without no better result. By this time I was run down very much, had no appetite, and was depressed both in mind and body. While in this condition I chanced to read in a newspaper the testimonial of a cure made by the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, which in some respects presented symptoms like my own. The straightforward manner in which the story was told gave me new hope and I determined to try these pills. I sent for three boxes. Of course I did not expect that this quantity would cure me, but I thought it would probably decide whether they were suited to my case. I must say they seemed to act like magic, and before the pills were gone there was a decided improvement in my condition. I then got a half dozen boxes more and before they were gone I was back again at work in the shipyard, and enjoying once more the blessing of vigorous health. This was in the spring of 1898, and since that time up to the present I have not been laid up with illness. Occasionally when suffering from the effects of exposure or over work I take a box or two of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills and they always put me right. Since my own marvelous rescue from premature usefulness and suffering I have recommended these pills to many persons variously afflicted and have yet to hear of the first instance where they have failed to give good results where they were fairly tried.'

'It is such endorsements as these that give Dr. Williams' Pink Pills their great popularity throughout the world. Neighbors tell each other of the benefits they have derived from the use of these pills and where a fair trial is given the results are rarely disappointing. Dr. Williams' Pink Pills go directly to the root of the trouble, they create new, rich, red blood, stimulate the nerves to healthy action, thus bringing health and strength to all who use them. Sold by all dealers in medicine or sent post paid on receipt of 50 cents a box or six boxes for \$2.50, by addressing the Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

Two Views.

Different sermons may be preached from the same text, and there may be more or less of truth in each of them.

'Here is an account,' said Mr. Morse, pointing to a paragraph in the evening paper, 'of the way in which a boy was saved from drowning by a mastiff which belonged to his cousin. The boy ventured too near the edge of a treacherous bank, lost his footing and fell into the lake. The dog dashed it after him, and succeeded in pulling him out.'

'There,' said Mrs. Morse, turning an accusing glance upon her ten-year-old son, 'that shows how dangerous it is for a boy to go too near the water!'

'Why, mother,' said the boy, in sorrowful astonishment, 'I thought father read it because it showed how perfectly safe I'd be wherever I went, if you'd only let him buy me a big dog!'

Mr. Morse coughed, and became discreetly absorbed in the quotations of mining stocks.

A Reasonable Precaution.

One of the stories which Levi Hutchins, the old time clock maker of Concord, New Hampshire, delighted to tell related to the youth of Daniel Webster.

One morning said the old man, while I was trking breakfast at the tavern kept by Daniel's father, Daniel and his brother Ezekiel, who were little boys with dirty faces and snarly hair, came to the table and asked me for bread and butter.

I complied with their request, little thinking that they would become very distinguished men. Daniel dropped his piece of bread on the sandy floor, and the buttered side, of course, was down. He looked at it a moment, then picked it up and showed it me saying:

'What a pity! Please give me a piece of bread buttered on both sides; then if I let it fall one of the buttered sides will be up.'

Very Mysterious.

Mrs. Jessie De Mercado, writing in Harper's Magazine of her experience in Jamaica, tells the story of two treasure's stored away beneath a buggy seat. She lived at Old Harbor, a small place about twenty miles from Kingston.

'One day,' she said 'when a visit to my dressmaker was a necessity, I ordered a young negro boy to get upon the trolley and drive me to the town.'

'I paid my visit to the dressmaker, received my lock—a light summer thing—and placed it in the box beneath the buggy seat. Then I drove to my sister's, where I went in to escape the heated part of the day, giving my boy six-pence and telling him to see the rigths and return at four o'clock.'

HUNDREDS OF OPINIONS agree upon the fact that Pain Killer has alleviated more pain than any other medicine. Unqualified for diarrhoea and dysentery. Avoid substitutes, there's but one Pain-Killer, Perry Davis'. 25c. and 50c.

Three ladies (a mother and two daughters, one of the latter a very young girl) were making a call on a friend. The mother and elder sister presented their cards to the servant girl and requested her to give them to her mistress. Leaving the visitors in the hall, the girl, holding out the cards between her fingers, went to her mistress, exclaiming:— 'Please m'am, there's three ladies with only two tickets. Must I let 'em all in?'

When a woman tells you she can't understand why you care for her when there are so many more beautiful than she who would be flattered by your smiles—run.

'Take keer mah. en's' said de preacher, solemnly; 'take keer dat when de time comes to shuffls off his brav mortal coil yo' doan' git lost in de shuffls!'

The Same Piece of Soap

in Maypole Soap, dyes all wool, all cotton, all silk goods equally fast and brilliant. It washes and dyes at one operation—please remember that. Think of the time and mess you save. It

Dyes All Materials

and dyes to any shade. Perfectly—quickly—easily. The colors are absolutely fadeless. Free book all about it by addressing the Wholesale Canadian Depot, 8 Place Royale, Montreal.

Maypole Soap.

Sold everywhere.

Use Perfection Tooth Powder.

For Sale at all Druggists.



'You Are So Slow.'

If the woman at work should make answer to the other woman, she might, perhaps, say: 'You never had to scrub and clean when your back ached so that it seemed that every movement would break it in two.' It's bad enough for a woman to suffer. But when she must suffer and slave at the same time she reaches the limit of her endurance.

'I have been ailing some time now, being troubled with female weakness,' writes Mrs. Wm. H. Johnson, of Avondale, Chester Co., Pa. 'Every month I would have to lie on my back. I tried many different medicines and nothing gave me relief until I began Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription, using two bottles of it. These medicines have cured me. When I began your treatment I was not able to do very much, but now I do the work for my family of nine, and feel better to-day than I have for a year.'

Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets cure biliousness and sick headache. They do not create the pill habit.

Eugene Field's Poems A \$7.00 Book. Given Free to each person interested in subscribing to the Eugene Field Monument Souvenir Fund.

NOTICE. Through the efforts of Mr. W. A. Hickman, Immigration Commissioner, who has been in England for some months past, it is expected that in the coming spring a considerable number of farmers with capital will arrive in the province, with a view to purchasing farms.

Table with 2 columns: Train Name and Price. Includes Intercolonial Railway and Trains will leave St. John.

Table with 2 columns: Train Name and Price. Includes Trains will arrive at St. John and City Ticket Office.

Shipping report that blocked with that it will vessels are mel. Owing the navigation now on foot arates New as the sole commencement of The danger St. Lax list of disaster is about fifty ten miles wide does not excenotorious for dangerous l and cannot b danger is fro The fog at imposable to ahead and m big passenger souls on board escapes from fog. A coup largest Montr of going to pi Harbor in a twenty-one d Dr Green Deep Sea Fish relates that l through the when he sigt along, heading half a mile be must have str warning whi alzar her ou many fine sh Straits with l goes. Then there Straits and the winter the im studded with es t coast of the waters of the surface of the from the froz last from Dec after the Gulf s sending it into the fiore contin Isle. Owing to no iron steamer among the froz there would m line which might ship. When the seen to be cover Lawrence steam around the so foundland and Strait, separating foundland and the ocean. As the sum barge is remove some years it is the Straits by th July, but in other remains consider was well into Au was considered a that this year practical purpos available for only out of the sev Lawrence is navi with the greatest The route by t longer, but its sates for the diff sum of money ha adian Parliament the St. Lawrence the sea, and the spend it on which can be use son, instead of or Your own, or keep your own b White's Electric C and hair falling w yet costs no more Sold on a written 60c, gent's size 4 N. Rose, Gen. M The First B A minister livin received a call on 'Will you go, to asked. 'We have there for an opera encouragement t to see.' Johnnie had b and now, a little

### The Dangers of Belle Isle.

Shipping masters arriving at Montreal report that the Straits of Belle Isle are blocked with icebergs and it is expected that it will be well on in the season before vessels are able to pass through the channel. Owing to the great danger attending the navigation of the Straits a movement is now on foot to abandon the channel altogether and to use Cabot Strait, which separates Newfoundland from Cape Breton, as the sole ocean gateway for the maritime commerce of the Dominion.

The dangers attending navigation by the St. Lawrence route is shown by the long list of disasters at Belle Isle. The Strait is about fifty miles in length, is less than ten miles wide at its narrowest point and does not exceed sixteen at its outlet. It is notorious for its currents, which are doubly dangerous because they are so variable and cannot be charted. But the greatest danger is from fog and ice.

The fog at times is so dense that it is impossible to see more than a few yards ahead and many instances are related of big passenger steamers with hundreds of souls on board which have had hair-breadth escapes from going to the bottom in the fog. A couple of summers ago one of the largest Montreal liners was within an ace of going to pieces on the reefs of Battle Harbor in a dense fog. The vessel was twenty-one miles out of her course.

Dr Greenfield, superintendent of the Deep Sea Fishermen's Mission at Labrador relates that last summer he was passing in through the Strait in his steam launch when he sighted a large liner speeding along, heading right for a shoal which lay half a mile before her and on which she must have struck in five minutes had his warning whistle not caused the ship to alter her course. In the last few years many fine ships have gone ashore in the Straits with loss of life and valuable cargoes.

Then there is the danger from ice in the Straits and the adjacent waters. Every winter the immense Arctic floes, thickly studded with bergs, drift down along the east coast of Newfoundland and are sucked through the Straits and discharged into the waters of the St. Lawrence Gulf until the surface of that sea is thickly covered with the frozen fields. These conditions last from December until May, but even after the Gulf relieves itself of the ice by sending it out through Cabot Strait the floes continue to be embayed near Belle Isle. Owing to the thinness of her plates no iron steamer would dare to venture among the frozen masses, as contact with them would mean a puncture at the water line which might involve the sinking of the ship.

When the ocean beyond Belle Isle is seen to be covered with the bergs the St. Lawrence steamers have to go south, steam around the southern seaboard of Newfoundland and avail themselves of Cabot Strait, separating Cape Breton from Newfoundland and affording a clear path to the ocean.

As the summer advances the ice embargo is removed by the sun and wind. In some years it is possible to work through the Straits by the end of June or early in July, but in other seasons the obstruction remains considerably longer. Last year it was well into August before the passage was considered safe and the indications are that this year it will be as late. For all practical purposes the Belle Isle channel is available for only three and a half months out of the seven during which the St. Lawrence is navigable and it is attended with the greatest danger.

The route by Cabot Strait is 150 miles longer, but its safety more than compensates for the difference in time. A large sum of money has been voted by the Canadian Parliament for the improvement of the St. Lawrence route from Montreal to the sea, and the government is being urged to spend it on the Cabot Strait route which can be used during the whole season, instead of on the Belle Isle channel.

#### Whose Hair?

Your own, or a wig. If you want to keep your own hair into old age use Dr. White's Electric Comb. It cures dandruff and hair falling when everything else fails, yet costs no more than any ordinary comb. Sold on a written guarantee. Ladies size 60c, gent's size 40c, the 85c (stamp). D. N. Rose, Gen. Mgr., Decatur, Ill.

#### The First Sight of His Mother.

A minister living in an Indiana village received a call one night from a parishioner. "Will you go to Indianapolis for me?" he asked. "We have decided to send Johnnie there for an operation. We have received encouragement that he may yet be made to see."

Johnnie had been born without sight, and now, a little lad of six, bright and

sunny, and hardly realizing that he lacked anything to make life happy, he was facing a future of darkness, little hope having till now been given to the parents that anything could be done for his eyes.

"Go with my wife and Johnnie," said the father. "I cannot go; I dare not go. But stay with her till it is over, and either rejoice with us or comfort us, and send me word as fast as the lightning can bring it."

The minister went and stayed with the lad while the oculist, not overconfident, began his work, and till at last, with a thrill of triumph in his tone, he said: "The boy will see!"

The glad wire tingled with the message to the father, and the minister, with the overjoyed mother, retired to wait for the time when the bandaged eyes could bear light enough for a first look at the beautiful world.

At last came the notification of the expected test. In the dimly lighted room the mother and the minister stood breathless while the doctor carefully raised the shade. The little lad, overwhelmed by a sudden possession of a new sense, cast a bewildered look from one to another of the three.

"Johnnie, said the minister, 'this is your mother.'"

The little arms went up and clasped her neck, the happy boy verifying his new sense by those already tested; and caressing the loving face that he saw leaning above him, he cried, "O mother! Is this really you, or is it heaven?"

It was indeed like a glimpse into heaven I felt, said the minister, as if I had witnessed something of the glad bewilderment of a newly translated soul in its first sight of the face of our Heavenly Father.

#### Cramps Are Like Burglars.

"They come unexpected, and when they are least welcome. Be armed with one minute cure for cramps and keep Polson's Nerviline handy; it acts instantaneously. Nerviline's anodyne power is unique, for its composition expresses the highest medical progress of the age. Polson's Nerviline is a true comfort in the family for in all ailments of the stomach and bowels it is an absolute specific. Nerviline has five times greater medicinal value than any other remedy and is sold in large 25 cent bottles. Try it."

#### What Ailed Mother.

Last summer a famous specialist in nervous diseases visited a little village on Cape Cod. One day a tall, awkward young man called on him. He had a weak face which bore signs of dissipation; he wore cheap clothes cut in the latest fashion; there were rings on his fingers, and a gold chain swung ostentatiously over a gray waistcoat. He came to consult the doctor about his mother, who had some obscure ailment, as he feared, mortal ailment. He spoke with much feeling, but did not forget to adjust his chain, and to twirl his mustache as he talked.

"She has been a very active woman," he said. "Had tremendous energy all of her life, but now she seems to have gone all to pieces. She has no pain, no disease; but she can't eat nor sleep much, and she is so weak she can hardly walk. She cries if you look at her. What is the matter? Can you help her?"

"What work did she do?" asked the doctor.

"She was a tailor, and she worked harder than was necessary," said the young man, reluctantly. "She used to sew until two or three o'clock in the morning."

"What is your trade—your business?" demanded the doctor.

"Well—I'm not in business at present. It's pretty difficult to make a start, you know. I've considered several different occupations, but I have not found anything suited to my peculiar bent as yet. But I came to consult you about mother. What do you think is the matter with her?"

"You?" said the doctor. "Nothing else. She has sapped her life for you; and now, when you should be supporting her and bringing comfort and honor to her old age, you are a dead weight and a disgrace. If she dies, you and you only are to blame."

When he was gone, the doctor said, "It is a common enough case. A woman is unselfish and energetic. She gives her life to serve a husband or a son. Her devotion only encourages them in idleness and selfishness. At middle age her vitality is exhausted. Her nerves give way under the long strain, and tonics are of no more use than putting wood on a fire that has gone out."

Poor, unhappy husband or son whose eyes open too late to the fact that mother's sinking is a most notorious disease, who must bear from the doctor the frank verdict, "It is you, and nothing else!"

#### Not a Hero.

My first experience was with a recording machine. I was recording Sport on the Phonograph. He was walking down a path leading his horse and looking for deer. Suddenly the horse

snorted, and four silver-tips stood directly in his path! At the same moment the horse tore the bridle from his rider's hand and galloped back to camp.

Meantime the bears had not stirred, although the biggest of them was staring disdainfully straight into my eyes. I was idiot enough to drop on one knee, and fire pointblank into that gray, grim face.

The unearthly roar that followed shook the firmament. I can swear that I was cool till I pulled the trigger; but that hideous bellow, running the gamut of sound between rage and surprise, and culminating in a shrill scream of agony, unaided me. The air seemed to be full of bears.

In a jiffy I was up a tree, rifle in hand. It is my honest conviction that I pulled myself up to the first branch with one hand a feat that I have attempted many a time upon a horizontal bar, and never accomplished. Perched aloft, my wits returned.

#### CAPTAIN KIDD IN NEW YORK

The Notorious Pirate Once Lived in Wall Street.

With the growth of interest in the decorating of historic sites in New York with memorial tablets, it may not be far distant when some society will place a modest little bronze plate on the building at 56 Wall street, recalling the fact that Captain Kidd, the pirate bold, lived there for several years over two centuries ago.

The exact date of the notorious seaman's arrival in this city is not material, but it was previous to 1691, for he had been here long enough to woo and win a wealthy widow and be accepted as her third husband. In the old marriage licenses of New York appears the following under date of May 16, 1691:

"A license of marriage granted unto Captain William Kidd of New York, Gent., of the one part, and Sarah Oort, the widow of John Oort, late of New York merchant, deceased."

Kidd's wife owned the house at 56 Wall street, which had been left to her by her first husband, William Cox, a prosperous merchant, who owned considerable property in the lower part of the city. He was drowned in Staten Island bay in August, 1689, and between that date and May, 1691, his widow had married and lost her second husband. It may be interesting here to state that, undaunted by the decease of so many husbands, Mrs. Kidd, after the execution on the gibbet in England of the pirate husband in 1701, married for the fourth time. This was on November 4, 1703, and the husband of her final matrimonial venture was Christopher Rousby.

A further indication of the esteem in which Kidd was held by his friends and relatives during his days of peace in New York is given in the will of Samuel Bradley, a brother of the captain's wife. Before going on a long ocean voyage Bradley, who was a young man, made his will on July 5, 1693, appointing Kidd his sole executor.

A portion of this interesting document, which is said to be the only one extant saying a good word for Captain Kidd, is: "Whereas, my loving brother-in-law, Captain William Kidd, hath been very careful of me and hath likewise for my encouragement, now in my minority, at my desire and request, advanced and paid unto me the sum of £140, current money of New York, which I now employ in trade and merchandise. For and in consideration of his so great love to me I do give and bequeath unto my said brother-in-law, Captain Kidd, one-half a certain lot of ground known as lot No. 6 in the street commonly called Dock street and one-half of the dwelling house in Wall street and my lot of ground in the new street without a gate of the said city, called King street."

Captain Kidd never enjoyed possession of these generous gifts. Before coming to New York he had acquired considerable fame as a brave seaman and had several successful encounters with the French. Pirates infested the seas, and the English government decided to make war upon them and drive them from some of their most frequented localities. A ship of 287 tons and carrying thirty guns was accordingly fitted out, and the command given to Captain Kidd, who sailed from Plymouth harbor, England, in 1696, on his mission against the pirates.

The story of how, yielding to the temptation to turn pirate himself, he soon became the most famous and ferocious of those ocean robbers, is well known. He was never in New York city again, although he buried a quantity of treasure on Gardiner's island, much of which was afterward recovered. He is supposed to have

#### WANTED—LADIES AND GENTLEMEN

My first experience was with a recording machine. I was recording Sport on the Phonograph. He was walking down a path leading his horse and looking for deer. Suddenly the horse

## Job ... Printing.

Are your Letter Heads, Bill Heads, Statements, or Envelopes running short? Do you consider that you could effect a saving in this part of your business? Why not secure quotations your work before placing an order?

### Consult Us for Prices.

And you will find that you can get Printing of all kinds done in a manner and style that is bound to please you. We have lately added new type to our already well-equipped plant, and are prepared to furnish estimates on all classes of work at short notice.

## Progress Job Printing Department.

29 to 31 Canterbury Street.

landed at or near Oyster bay and buried another quantity of treasure. He was finally arrested in Boston in 1699, taken to England, where he was tried for the crimes of piracy and murder, and sentenced to be hanged, which sentence was carried out on May 12, 1701.

As they reached the corner he turned and whistled and then called "Here, Collier Button!" As the puny little fellow came scurrying up his companion said, "Why on earth do you call your dog that?" "Why?" replied the proud but worried owner, "just because he gets lost so easily."

It was in a Beacon Hill parlor. He said: "I have long searched for the true, the beautiful, the good, the—"; and she interrupted: "I comprehend, dear Cecil, what you would convey. My reply is in the affirmative."

"I didn't know Bragg was a publisher," "A publisher? Who told you he was?" "He did. He said he was a disseminator of light literature."

"Hab! He's a bill clerk in the employ of the gas company."

"I've noticed," said the observant girl, that the big men are the most demonstrative in their love making. Perhaps, remarked the wise girl; but, after all, a girl should never judge a lover by his sighs."



### He ran a mile,

and so would many a young lady, rather than take a bath without the "Albert"

### Baby's Own Soap.

It leaves the skin wonderfully soft and fresh, and its faint fragrance is extremely pleasing.

Beware of imitations.  
ALBERT TOILET SOAP CO., INC.  
MONTREAL.

She—I haven't had a chance yet to read that new novel everyone is talking about Who is the hero?  
He—Well, there's a cad and an army officer and a fool!  
She—Do you mean to say there are three heroes?

Yellow or brown cottons and silks, can be dyed black. Try Magnetic Dyes, black costs ten cents only.

This world grows easier for the milkmen Their horses are no longer frightened by the woman who used to come out for milk wearing her hair in curl-papers.

#### SOVELS.

### CAFE ROYAL

BANK OF MONTREAL BUILDING,

56 Prince Wm. St., - - St. John, N. B.

WM. CLARK, Proprietor

Retail dealer in.....

CHOICE WINES, ALES and LIQUORS.

OYSTERS PISH and GAME always on hand. in season.

MEALS AT ALL HOURS. DINNER A SPECIALTY.

#### QUEEN HOTEL,

FREDERICTON, N. B.

A. EDWARDS, Proprietor.

Fine sample rooms in connection. First class Livery Stable. Coaches to trains and boats.

### 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.  
A. CAROL WILLIAMS, Proprietor.

### Victoria Hotel,

51 to 57 King Street, St. John, N. B.

Electric Passenger Elevator!

and all Modern Improvements.

D. W. McCORMACK, Proprietor

#### 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.

#### HUSTLING

YOUNG MAN can make \$50.00 per month and expenses, permit agent position, experience unnecessary. Write quick for particulars, Clark & Co., 414 & 416 Loew's streets, Phila., Pa.

### "You Are So Slow."



The woman at work should make up the other woman, she might, say, "You never had to scrub an when your back ached so that that every movement would be a suffer. But when she must and slave at the same time she the limit of her endurance.  
women who have been made by the use of Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription, recommend it to others. It establishes regularity, weakens drains, heals inflammation and ulcers and cures female  
some time now, being with female weakness," writes Mrs. Johnson, of Avonlake, Chester Co., Pa. "I would have to lie on my back, many different medicines and nothing relieved until I began Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription. I bought two bottles of 'Favorite Prescription' and two of 'Golden Medical Discovery' and they have cured me. When I began to use them I was not able to do very much, but I do the work for my family of nine, better to-day than I have for a year."  
Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets cure biliousness and sick headache. They do not create the pill habit.

### Given Free

to each person interested in subscribing to the Eugene Field Memorial Souvenir Fund. Book contains a selection of Field's best and representative works and illustrations by the greatest artists. This book could not be manufactured for less than \$7.00. Fund created is divided equally between the family of the late Eugene Field and the fund for the building of a monument to the memory of the beloved poet. Address: EUGENE FIELD MONUMENT SOUVENIR FUND, At Book Store, 150 Monroe St., Chicago.

so wish to send postage, enclose

### NOTICE.

Through the efforts of Mr. W. A. Hickmation Commissioner, who has England for some months past, it is expected that in the coming spring a large number of farmers with a view to improving the province, with a view to disposing of will please cooperate with the undersigned, when forms will be sent, to be filled in necessary particulars as to location, terms of sale, etc. Quite a number of agricultural laborers are also and farmers desiring help will be glad to communicate with the undersigned.  
St. John, N. B., Feb. 9th, A. D. 1901.  
ROBERT MARSHALL.

### Colonial Railway

Express for Monday June 10th, 1901, to a daily (Sundays excepted) as follows:—  
3 WILL LEAVE ST. JOHN

### 3 WILL ARRIVE AT ST. JOHN

Halifax and Sydney..... \$6.00  
Express for Hampton..... \$1.16  
Express for Moncton..... \$1.16  
Express for Miramichi..... \$1.16  
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SOCIAL and PERSONAL.

(CONTINUED FROM FIFTH PAGE.)

where she has been studying music under the direction of Miss Eleanor Nelson.

Miss Winifred Todd left this week for Boston to attend the commencement day exercises at Abbot academy.

G W Ganong, M P and a party of young ladies will leave here next month to take in the Pan American at Buffalo.

Miss Louie Taylor has succeeded Mrs. Geo. J. Clarke as soprano in the Congregational choir at Calais.

Mr. and Mrs. Geo. A. Marchie expect to reside in Fredericton this summer. Their daughter, Helen is already visiting in that city.

Mrs. John Prescott has gone to Boston for the benefit of her health.

Mr. and Mrs. J. Dickerman Bates are visiting Calais. They expect to leave early in the autumn for the Philippine islands where they will make their future home.

Mr. Mrs. Fred W. Butler left on Monday morning for Bangor, with the intention of making their future home in that city.

Mr. and Mrs. Fred W. Grimmer drove to St. Andrews on Sunday and spent the day with relatives.

Miss Alice Bates is visiting Wolfville to attend the closing exercises of Acadia seminary. She will also go to Waterville, Me., before she returns to attend commencement day exercises at Colby college.

Frank V. Lee has returned home from Colorado where he spent the past six months.

Miss Grace Delinhardt has arrived home from Mount Allison academy, Sackville, to spend the summer vacation. Her young friends extend to her a most cordial welcome.

Mr. and Mrs. H. H. Jordan are now residing with Miss De Vos.

Mrs. W. W. Colby and Mrs. Jordan are home from a brief visit to Portland.

Mrs G D Grimmer of St Andrews with her daughter Annie, is spending a few days in Calais.

Miss Maude Maxwell is going to Sackville to visit Mrs. Powers, whom she will accompany to the Pan American exhibition. Miss Maxwell will also visit friends in Moncton and St. John before returning home and will be absent about two months.

Horse back riding is being revived by some of our young ladies who enjoy this exhilarating exercise nearly every day.

Mrs. Ernest I. Lee is in Boston spending a short time before returning to her home in Calais.

Mr and Mrs Henry B Eaton left on Friday for Boston. Mrs Eaton sailed yesterday from that city for Europe with a party of lady friends, with Miss Eleanor Nelson in charge of all travelling arrangements.

Misses Edith Delinhardt, Helen Grant and Constance Chipman have returned from Sackville where they went last week to attend the graduating exercises of Mount Allison.

Mrs C H Newton has returned to her home in Red Beach.

Mr and Mrs Albert Forbes Constant and Miss Helen MacNichol are now at Nahant, Mass, where they spend the greater part of the summer.

Miss Millie Sawyer has returned from Boston where she spent a month with relatives.

Mr and Mrs Wm Lowell of Boston have been guests for several days of Mr and Mrs Frank Todd.

Miss Theodora Hayward has gone to Boston for a visit of a few days.

THINGS OF VALUE.

There can be a difference of opinion on most subjects, but there is only one opinion as to the reliability of Mother Gray's Worm Expeller. It is safe, sure and effectual.

Penelope—Why how could you break off your engagement with him?  
Perrida—We were seasick together.

Are you a sufferer with vertigo? If you are get a bottle of Holloway's Corn Cure. It has never been known to fail.

"What makes you so sure that man is less than 32?" asked the young woman.  
"There isn't the slightest doubt in the matter," answered Miss Caylene. "He keeps bragging of what he knows about human nature."

You need not cough all night, and disturb your friends; there is no occasion for you running the risk of contracting inflammation of the lungs or consumption, while you can get Bickel's Anti-Coughing Syrup. This medicine cures coughs, colds, inflammation of the lungs and all throat and chest troubles. It promotes a free and easy expectoration, which immediately relieves the throat and lungs from viscid phlegm.

His Solo—Mrs Fitz Fidd—"Who was that snored in the choir this morning during a pause in the singing?" Mr. Fidd—"None. Great heavens, woman, that was my bass solo."

His, Certain, Prompt, Economic.—These few adjectives apply with peculiar force to Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People. A standard external and internal remedy, adapted to the relief and cure of the breathing organs, kidney troubles, excoriations, sores, lameness and physical pain.

"I wonder what is meant by a green old age."  
"I guess that's the age attained by the venerable victim of the bunco man"—Philadelphia Record.

Good Digestion Should Wait on Appetite.—To have the stomach well is to have the nervous system well. Very delicate are the digestive organs. In some so sensitive are they that atmospheric changes affect them. When they become disarranged no better regulator is procurable than Farnell's Vegetable Pills. They will assist the digestion so that the hearty eater will suffer no inconvenience and will derive all the benefits of his food.

"Why don't you marry?" they asked.  
"No one," replied the man who prided himself on his business head. "I've thought of it several times, but a careful investigation shows me that it costs more to keep a wife than a family man's exemptions amount to."—Chicago Post.

A Pill for Generous Eaters.—There are many persons of healthy appetite and poor digestion who after a hearty meal, are subject to much suffering. The food of which they have partaken lies like lead in their stomachs. Headache, depression, a smothering feeling follow. One so afflicted is unfit for business or work of any kind. In this condition Farnell's Vegetable Pills will bring relief. They will assist the assimilation of the aliment, and used according to direction will restore healthy digestion.

He Pleads Not Guilty—Mamma—"Fighting again?"  
"Why a good little boy would not hurt a hair of another boy's head." Johnny—"Well, I didn't. I just punched his nose."—Pack.

The Last Stroke Of Misery.

Lady Anne Barnard whose life and letters have just been edited by W. W. Wilkins, was the author of the well-known Scotch ballad, 'Auld Robin Gray.' Her story of the composition of this ballad, as related to Sir Walter Scott, is worth relating.

There was an ancient Scotch melody, she said, of which dad was passionately fond. —, who lived before your day, used to sing it to us at Balcarres. She did not object to its having improper words, although I did. I longed to sing old Sephy's air to different words, and to give

its plaintive tones some little history of virtuous distress in humble life, such as might suit it. While attempting to effect this in my closet, I called to my little sister who was the only person near me.

"I have been writing a ballad, my dear. I am oppressing my heroine with many misfortunes. I have already sent her Jamie to sea, and broken her father's arm, and made her mother fall sick, and given her auld Robin Gray for a lover; but I wish to load her with a fifth sorrow within the four lines, poor thing! Help me to one."

My sister thought a moment, and then, the climax of misfortunes coming to her, called out:  
"Steal the cow, Sister Ann!"  
The cow was immediately "lifted" by me, and the song completed.

Remembrance and Resemblance.

Living near a monarch does not necessarily make a man courtier, as we may see by a story which the London Chronicle prints of King Edward VII. Every Christmas for a number of years his majesty has given to an old tenant on his Sandringham estate a pair of boots.

The old man's feet are just the size of those of the king, who always tries on the boots before presenting them. This, adds, of course, to the old man's pride in his gift.

On one occasion, some months after the regular gift had been made, the Prince of Wales, as he then was, met the tenant, and noticing that his boots showed palpable signs of wear and neglect, advised him to polish them.

"Ah," returned the old man, "I never look at those boots, dirty and worn as they are, without being reminded of your royal highness!"

In relating this incident at home,—for a prince tells his family funny things as readily as the plainest citizen,—his royal highness said:  
"A well-meant compliment, I dare say, but a very doubtful one!"

Too Mercenary.

"Here's more strange talk in this magazine," said Mrs. Ransom, with an expression of scorn on her sharp features. "I guess it's just as well, Hiram Ransom, that we never were blessed with money so's we could immigrate down below, as you've always wanted to."

"What's the matter now?" inquired Mr. Ransom, patiently, although his wife's snort of contempt had waked him from an agreeable slumber on the haircloth lounge.

"Matter?" echoed Mrs. Ransom; "matter enough, I should say! Here's a column of questions asked by a parcel of young folks, and what does one of the young men want to know?"

Mr. Ransom leebly shook his head.

"He wants to know," said his wife, rattling the magazine, "what salary ought a young man to have to marry?" That's the way these city folks marry off their daughters so easy! But I guess Sarah and Ellen and Jane will stay with us till they're sixty before I'd beamen myself, or let you Hiram Ransom, by offering a young man a salary to marry one of 'em!"

Much Abreviated.

A customer from one of the suburbs dropped into a paint shop, took a slip of paper from his pocket, looked at it, knitted his brows, shook his head, put on his glasses, inspected his paper again, and gave it up as a bad job.

"I made a hasty memorandum," he said to the proprietor of the shop, "of something I was to call here and buy, but I trusted too much to my memory. I seem to have dotted down nothing but the initials, and I've forgotten what they mean."

"Let me see the memorandum," said the proprietor. "It may be that I can help you."

"It's nothing but three letters," replied the customer, handing it over. "Only C. P. A."

"So I see. 'C. P. A.' why that's sepia, a kind of brown paint. Wasn't that it?"

"What a fool I am! Of course it was."

He got his sepia, threw a big red apple on the counter in lieu of "hush money," and went away with a sheepish look on his face.

EASING THE CHEST.

It is the cold on the chest that scares people and makes them sick and sore. The cough that accompanies the chest cold is racking. When the cold is a hard one and the cough correspondingly severe, every coughing spell strains the whole system. We feel sure that if we could only stop coughing for a day or so we could get over the cold, but we try everything we know of or can hear of in the shape of medicine. We take big doses of quinine until the head buzzes and roars; we try to sweat it out; we take big draughts of whisky, but the thing just shakes loose.

If the irritation that makes us cough could be stopped, we would get better promptly, and it is because Adamson's Botanic Cough Balsam is so soothing and healing to the inflamed throat that it is an efficient remedy for coughs and colds. This really great medicine is a very simple preparation, made of extracts of herbs and gums of trees, and it never deceives. It heals the throat and the desire to cough is gone. When the cough goes the work of cure is almost complete. All druggists sell Adamson's Balsam, 25 cents. Try this famous Balsam for your sore chest and you will find prompt relief.

"Never Quit Certainty For Hope."  
You may take Hood's Sarsaparilla for all diseases arising from or promoted by impure blood with perfect confidence that it will do you good. Never take any substitute. In Hood's Sarsaparilla you have the best medicine money can buy. It cures, completely and permanently, when others fail to do any good.

Tonic—"I have taken Hood's Sarsaparilla as a tonic and general builder of the system with excellent results. It restores vitality, drives away that tired feeling, quiets the nerves and brings refreshing sleep." John Y. Patterson, Whitby, Ont.

Hood's Sarsaparilla Never Disappoints

When Ole Bull Showed His Colors.

Although Ole Bull, the violinist, crossed the ocean many times, he made it a strict rule never to play at the 'Charity Concert', always a feature of the Atlantic voyages.

He made one exception, however, and that exception was recalled with keenest interest by an old resident of New Orleans in conversation with a representative of the Times-Democrat.

The incident occurred in 1873 on the steamer City of Chester, which had on board, among other notable passengers, Ole Bull, Chief Justice Waite and Prof. Anderson, afterward minister to Denmark.

The steamer concert was proposed, and as usual Ole Bull declined to take part. The passengers were deeply disappointed, and at this crisis Professor Anderson came to the rescue.

"There is one way only," he said, "in which our man may be caught. A fund is being raised at present to erect a statue to Ole Bull, the Norwegian, at Madison, Wisconsin, where I live. Ole Bull is intensely patriotic, and if we made a written statement to him that the proceeds of the concert were to be contributed to do this honor to his immortal fellow countryman, I am sure he would consent to play."

The suggestion was greeted with applause and Chief Justice Waite prepared the memorial, which was a most ingenious and elaborated document. Duly signed by all the passengers, it was presented to Ole Bull, and when he saw the purport of the paper his face lighted up with pleasure.

Time and Energy ARE WORTH SOMETHING.

Chickering's Furniture Polish

Saves both, and makes the furniture look like new. Thoroughly clean the furniture and apply a small quantity on a cotton cloth, then rub the surface lightly with a soft cloth, when a most brilliant polish will be produced.

Be sure and get the genuine CHICKERING POLISH, with the Trade Mark on every label.

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Chemist and Druggist,  
87 Charlotte Street, St. John, N. B.

Telephone 239 and have a bottle sent to the house. Mail orders promptly filled.

CANADIAN PASSENGER TRAIN SERVICE.

From St. John.

Effective Monday, June 10th, 1901.

(Eastern Standard Time.)

All trains daily except Sunday.

DEPARTURES.

6:15 a. m. Express—Flying Yankee, for Bangor, Portland and Boston, connecting for Fredericton, St. Andrews, St. Stephen, Houlton, Woodstock and points north.

PARLOR CAR ST. JOHN TO BOSTON.

1:00 p. m. Suburban Express, Wednesdays and Saturdays only, to Wolford.

4:30 p. m. Suburban Express to Wolford.

6:10 p. m. Montreal Short Line Express, connecting at Montreal for Ottawa, Toronto, Hamilton, Buffalo and Chicago, and with the "Imperial Limited" for Winnipeg and Vancouver. Connects for Fredericton.

Palace Sleeper and first and second class coaches to Montreal.

palace Sleeper St. John to Lewis (opposite Quebec), via Megantic.

12:35 p. m. Suburban Express, St. John to McAdam Jct.

6:30 p. m. Boston Express, First and second class coach passengers for Bangor, Portland and Boston. Train stops at Grand Bay, Riverbank, Ballantine, Westfield Beach, Linsley and Wolford. Connects for St. Stephen, Houlton, Woodstock and Fredericton after July 1st.) Boston Pullman sleeper of Montreal Express attached to this train at McAdam Jct.

8:20 p. m. Fredericton Express.

10:00 a. m. Saturdays only. Accommodation, making all stops as far as Wolford.

ARRIVALS.

7:20 a. m. Suburban, from Lingley.

8:30 a. m. Fredericton Express.

11:20 a. m. Boston Express.

11:35 a. m. Montreal Express.

12:35 p. m. Suburban from Wolford.

3:10 p. m. Suburban Express, Wednesday and Saturday only from Wolford.

7:00 p. m. Suburban from Wolford.

10:30 p. m. Boston Express.

C. E. USFEE,  
G. P. A. Montreal.

A. J. HERATH,  
D. F. A. C. P. R.,  
St. John, N. B.

and he declared immediately that he would play.

He was as good as his word, and although I have heard him many times, I never heard him in such wonderful form (and spirits). He responded to encore after encore, until at last the captain, who was a typical Englishman, rose in the audience and asked me to play 'God Save the Queen.'

New Ole Bull was a violent republican, and had little respect for monarchical institutions of any kind. However, he bowed courteously and whispered to me: 'You heard me promise to play 'God Save the Queen.' Now wait till I come to that. Finally it was reached and, true to his promise, he gave the British anthem, but without spirit or color.

Instantly upon its conclusion he swept into the stirring strains of 'Hail Columbia' and played with magnificent dash and fire. Then, with no stop, he passed to the Norwegian 'Hymn of Liberty,' a most thrillingly patriotic composition. The manner in which he rendered it was simply electrifying. Then, as he finished, he caught my eye and smiled. He had buried 'God Save the Queen' so deep that nobody remembered that it had been played.

The Dimensions of Saturn.

Mr. T. J. J. See of the Naval Observatory has announced the results of new measurements of Saturn and its rings, which differ somewhat from older determinations. He makes the exterior diameter of the rings about 173,226 miles, the equatorial diameter of Saturn 74,990 miles, and the polar diameter 67,395, the difference between the two diameters being 7,595 miles, almost equal to the entire diameter of the earth. Mr. See's measures make the diameter of Titan, the largest of Saturn's moons, 2,092 miles. It had previously been estimated as high as 3,500 miles.

Professor—If you attempt to squeeze a solid body it will invariably resist the pressure.  
Pupil—Then, you would not consider a girl a solid body, eh, professor?



YOUR BEST FRIEND

On wash day and every other day is

SURPRISE SOAP

It will give the best service in always uniform in quality, always satisfactory.

You cannot do better than have Surprise Soap always in your home.

SURPRISE is a pure hard Soap.

Seal Brand Coffee

(1 lb. and 2 lb. cans.)

Its Purity is its Strength

Flavor and Fragrance its natural attributes.

Imitations are numerous. Avoid them.

CHASE & SANBORN, MONTREAL AND BOSTON.

Flying Through the Air



In the feeling experienced when riding a CLEVELAND CUSHION FRAME BICYCLE. Every ounce of power applied to the pedals is utilized; there is an increased sense of power, because power is wasted.

The Cushion Frame leaves the rider free to enjoy to the utmost the pleasures and benefits to be derived from cycling, as there is no jar or vibration, and it is a fact that one can ride fifty miles on a miles on a Cushion Frame with less fatigue than in riding twenty-five miles on a rigid frame bicycle.

Can be had in connection with the Cleveland Bicycle at

W. H. Thorne & Co., Ltd., MARKET SQUARE.

There's More in the Pedals than the Looks.



In other words, looks aren't everything. Perfects and Deminions for 1901 are fitted with the best Pedals, Handlebars, Saddles, Grips; perfect in every essential point for comfort and safety—worthy of the high grade machines that they are—several options in styles.

Parts always in stock.

J. CLARK & SON, King Street, Near German.

Very Few Left.

Those Gendrons at \$5. Better Gendron Wheel a little higher.

Crescents, Orients.

Repairing a Specialty. Sundries.

R. D. COLES, 191 Charlotte Street.

You Will Never Break a Finger Nail

on the new Brantford chain adjustment—a very desirable feature on 1901 models. It is very simple and positive in operation. Chain can be tightened without throwing the wheel out of true. A Big improvement in Massey-Harris cranks.

North End Agency, S. L. SPRAGG.  
West End Agency, E. R. W. INGRAHAM.

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