

# PROGRESS.

VOL. XII., NO. 613.

ST. JOHN, N. B., SATURDAY, MARCH 10 1900.

PRICE FIVE CENTS

## A New Editor's Trials.

The new editor of the Telegraph, Mr. Walsh appears to be having troubles of his own. When he came to St. John Mr. James Hannay sat in the editorial chair of the morning liberal organ. Mr. Walsh was eager to go to work but his anxiety was not greater than that of the gentlemen who had dug into their pockets and put up the cash to make the old newspaper more modern.

The local representative of the syndicate introduced Mr. Walsh to the editor in chief and the upper Canadian took charge at once. He made the acquaintance of the composing room in the first place and inspected the 'copy' in hand. The blue pencil got in its work and thus the new chief set the seal of his authority upon the office.

Next morning there were new head lines upon the first page of the Telegraph. The staid old subscriber rubbed his spectacles and gazed upon the sheet in amazement. Surely it was a waste of space to give so much room to a single line when he had all day before him and wanted the worth of his money!

Nevertheless the headlines have continued. It may be remarked that they have grown more numerous and complicated. The night foreman and the compositors, who set heads and the display type, have their work cut out for them. So has Mr. Walsh. He came from a place where enterprise and cash make newspapers go. Montreal is a large city and the circulation and patronage extended to the newspapers there warranted lavish expenditure. To essay the same in St. John even on a much smaller scale, is a venturesome task. We hope the new editor will succeed and the proper results will reward his enterprise. But he must not be too sanguine. St. John is a small city—small, it may be said, in more ways than one—jealous of an opinion expressed contrary to its own and disinclined to argue some questions. There are certain topics, Mr. Editor, that must be handled with a velvet touch. There is the winter port—a subject that only a gloved hand can approach. Blind submission to the belief that this is the only winter port in Canada is insisted upon. The rise and fall of the tides are a distinct advantage—never forget that. Remember that while the channel into the harbor is somewhat tortuous and hasn't any more water than the International steamers need at low tide it is always in danger of being dredged out and made straight. This is one of the stock subjects of the board of trade.

"When summer comes do not expect any fog." If a mist arises, revel in it, glory in it, exist in it, say we would not be without it for the sake of our girl's complexion and incidentally, to emphasize the fact that the Bay of Fundy is so secure from danger that ships and steamers plough through it without hindrance. At all hazards maintain that our mist is of a better quality and less dense than the fog which prevails six days out of the week in Halifax.

If you propose to discuss politics as well as news go and make the acquaintance of Dr. Hetherington, the medical superintendent of the lunatic asylum. He is a good fellow and you will grow to like him—in time. We may remark, sotto voce, that news and politics frequently interfere in St. John. May your guardian angel protect you if you show up a good and prominent liberal in any wrong doing. The town is small, we told you, and newspaper directors are apt sometimes to think they are managers. This is so true, Mr. Walsh, that the idea often extends to advertisers. Personal experience has taught us that, an advertiser sometimes becomes arrogant, and get the idea into his head that his patronage is absolutely necessary to the support of a newspaper. This has been so evident in the past that Messrs. N. S. & B. upon one or two occasions thought the associated press (or was it the United Press?) cable despatches unfit to print in a newspaper. So they sent word to one editor that they wanted to see him. He went and listened to a lecture which wound up by a withdrawal of the firm's advertisement. The fact that there was a three years contract was overlooked by the firm member who was so suddenly seized with this fit of pique and so the grave danger was averted.

But even the publication of a Salvation Army street hymn has been known to produce like results, and a criticism of a federal minister by an opposition daily once drew an emphatic remonstrance from a liberal (?) concern that such articles must cease! Do not think for a moment that we mean such advice as general. It is not, but the importance of large advertisers becomes impressed upon them occasionally and they imagine that they have some interest in the paper beyond the space they buy and pay for.

This is one of the penalties of journalism in a small city but even here they may be surmounted if the situation is grappled with in time.

Be careful of the police station. There are rival factions there. The police magistrate is a catholic, one of the lights of the laity, and the chief of police is a protestant, an orangeman—some even say a P. P. A. Do not take any part in their quarrel. If you find fault with the chief his protestant friends will be down upon you, and if you question any set of the magistrates—look out for the A. O. H. One term, the "P. P. A." you are, no doubt, acquainted with. There used to be some in Upper and Western Canada, they say, and it was said that they existed here. It is stated they are dangerous, that they have lists of the A. O. H. members posted up in their lodge rooms, and every man has his opponent picked out. But they say too same of the A. O. H. so keep clear of both of them. Don't touch the catholic and protestant question. It is apt to burn. A St. John editor should have no more religion than Mr. Nothing from Nowhere. Wear a shamrock in your button hole on St. Patrick's day and don't forget the rose and the heather on St. George and St. Andrew's anniversaries. Above all get a bit of orange ribbon for the 15th of July.

If we told you all that experience teaches in newspaper life in St. John space would fail us and you would get weary, but remember every small place has its weaknesses and that this is true of our town. For example, it would not do to forget the fact that every newspaper gets two pass books from the street railway, touch lightly upon accidents. The C. P. R. is also generous (as far as Megantic) and so correspondents are out of place when an accident happens on that line; the tourist association needs must be promptly attended to—always remember that the Rhine of America flows through New Brunswick and that the Land of Evangeline is a pleasant myth. Encourage the park management, find no fault with anything there, not even with the lack of drinking water. Pat the animals and give it an editorial every fortnight. Remember that the hotels advertise with you and that so far as they are concerned there is no license law. True, they pay \$400 a year but do not inquire too closely into the whys and wherefores.

If you receive a letter that you feel should not be published get the first Globe that is issued and read it—addressed to yourself! This will give the impression that you are afraid of something in it. But you have had experience on this point.

Be loyal, no matter what it costs. Wave the old flag upon the slightest provocation and do not take a back seat for anybody on this point. Insist that your devotion for the Union Jack is as keen as that of the Mayor himself—and he likes the sight of it so well that his fox terrier wore one last week! Loyalty pays even more in a newspaper than in a man; Bores are at a discount.

These few suggestions are not offered in any facetious spirit. The necessity for considering them may not arise at once but, in due season, the woes of journalism in St. John always crop up. It is well that some joys are sandwiched in. They are few but healthy. That the new editor in chief of the Telegraph may get his share of them is the best wish of PROGRESS.

### Freed and Doing Better.

Some North End people have been enquiring with a mysterious air of late the whereabouts of a man named John King, who was arrested for a robbery 15th for stealing a ham from Spragg's grocery on Main street, but of whom nothing further was heard from police circles save that his case remained. There need be no mystery

about the matter for King is at present working in Boston. His crime of stealing a ham, while it was not a heinous one, was amply paid for by his many days of confinement, the authorities finally releasing him on the representations of several worthy citizens who said his family were in dire want and King himself promised to do better and provide for his own it allowed his liberty. Accordingly he was freed and to all appearances seems to be keeping his promise.

### Death of Collector Ruel.

The death of Mr. James R. Ruel removes one of the best citizens in St. John. His efforts to advance the interest of the community have always been regarded as unselfish and praiseworthy. It is because of Mr. Ruel that we enjoy a free public library to day and had he been permitted to have his way we would have had a building to do it credit. It is because of him that we have a beautiful cemetery conducted upon proper plans and upon a sound financial basis. Even at the time of the seizure that caused his death he was the energetic treasurer of the contingent fund. As collector of customs he was affable and obliging but he knew his duty and he did not permit his friendship to cause him to depart an inch from that path. His life was more useful than that of the majority of men. For nearly 80 years he lived and his name and work will remain even longer.

## PROGRESS CONTENTS TODAY.

- PAGE 1.—A glance at this well filled page gives you its contents.
- PAGE 2.—The Fire Traps of St. John—a article telling of the dangerous parts of the city and risky buildings.
- PAGE 3.—The Musical and Dramatic events of the week in the city and elsewhere.
- PAGE 4.—Editorial on Fire escapes for public buildings—French and English Differences—The Queen's visit to Ireland. A good thing on the P. P. A.—St. Patrick's Day and other selected verse. Joys and Woes of Other Places—Good things from all over the country.
- PAGE 5.—Straight talk on all subjects—Correspondents write about the charges against Inspector Vincent and hint at his licensed Road Houses—Insulting Ladies at the Opera house entrance. Judge Vanwart's case, etc., etc. Many short items of real worth.
- PAGES 6, 7, 8.—City Society with the happenings of the week in social circles. Also similar correspondence from Halifax, Fredericton, St. Stephen and Calais, Truro, Parr'sboro, Moncton, Woodstock, Annapolis, Campbellton, Bridgetown, Wolfville, Digby, Hampton, Sussex, and smaller places.
- PAGE 9.—A whole page of South African features, including an article descriptive of the Boer woman and the part they are taking in the present strife, where Kruger will go when the Transvaal is annexed, fording the Modder River, the prescribed prayer for British soldiers, and a budget of good stories about the stern Kitchener. Indeed a tempting array of good reading.
- PAGES 10 and 11.—Another new story in two installments, "Sworn Foes."
- PAGE 11.—Sunday Reading department, with a powerful sermon on the study of the parables. Other Sabbath day literature.
- PAGE 12.—Allen writes still another most interesting story for Progress entitled "My Feather Canoe"—a story for boys and girls. Miscellaneous items.
- PAGE 13.—Fills of Fashion fresh from the centres of style, verily by women's page.
- PAGE 14.—"Long Distance Cavalry Riders"—an article on feats of horsemanship in war by Col. Dodge U. S. Army.
- PAGE 15.—Adventures of Linemen—telling of narrow escapes from death telegraph, telephone and electric light wire hangers have had.
- Births, Deaths and Marriages of the week all over the Maritime provinces.

## Red Tape That Kills.

Within the last ten days two more deaths have been added to the fast-enlarging list of "jail cases" at the General Public Hospital, namely Frank Hams and a man named Holman. It seems strange, but nevertheless true that the great majority, if not all, of these jail patients seldom recover. Perhaps because they are allowed

The case has aroused a lot of comment, and certainly would have stirred the people generally had the facts been less obscure. Hams might be termed "only a jail case," but in the interests of humanity he is as much of a human being as the most respected citizen, and worthy of just as much consideration. It is not the first time either the hospital authorities have carried this red tape business too far, and many precious lives have been endangered and lost thereby. Some day, it is to be hoped, there will be a shaking up of the dry bones in regard to the workings of this public institution, and that beside some interior changes for the better, the musty old rules and regulations will be modernized and christianized.



LITTLE "BOBS."

The above illustration shows Master G. Clifford McAvoy, aged eight years and son of Mr. George McAvoy, as he skated at the children's carnival at Victoria Park last Saturday, winning first boy's prize. His suit was the regulation British Army South African khaki and Clifford deserved his cash reward.

to become dangerously ill in the King Street (east) prison before being removed to the hospital, perhaps because their worn-out constitutions make them an easy prey to their ailment, or is it because these poor unfortunates are considered lightly by the staff of the big Waterloo street institution?

At any rate the death rate among them is of a very high percentage. The case of Daniel Higgins told of in PROGRESS Feb 24, was a brutal act on the part of the police. This man dying in an epileptic fit was carted to a stone cell of the Central Station and set to the hospital only when it was too late. Profiting somewhat by the censure incurred by this episode the police authorities were a little more prompt in seeking medical aid for their next patient, Frank Hams. During the latter part of last week he was taken quite ill in the jail and Dr. Berryman ordered his removal to the hospital. Turnkey Clifford accompanied Hams in the ambulance, but when the vehicle pulled up in front of the big granite steps the officials in charge flatly refused to admit the suffering prisoner.

They said these were not the hours for receiving other than emergency cases and Hams must be brought back at the proper time. Naturally Turnkey Clifford was very much exasperated by this bewildering show of red tape and said, the hospital people would either take Hams into the building or he would leave him there on the steps. This did not effect those in charge very much and still they held out against the unfortunate being allowed treatment. The outcome of it was that Hams was carted back to jail and next day after being again wheeled to the hospital died a very short time after he had been put to bed.

This time it is the hospital and staff that can claim what credit there may be in the case of Hams, in the Higgins instance it was the police. It can hardly be doubted by any sane person had the sick prisoner been allowed admittance the first time he sought it, his illness might have been checked and his life spared. But instead of this the red tape of the Waterloo street establishment, which all citizens help to keep up, put the suffering man back into a cold, clammy jail, there to grow rapidly worse, beyond all recovery.

His Worship's Snow Unshovelled. An oblong block of snow, cut as even as if from marble, barred the passage of King's street in front of the dilapidated Newport House (after the storm of the early week. That little bit of snow signified a whole lot. It stood directly in front of the narrow doorway leading to the old Newport House apartments, the stores on either side being those of John K. Storey and L. L. Sharpe, the jeweller. Now His Worship Mayor Sears owns the building and is responsible for the removal of the snow from in front of it, as far as the unoccupied parts of the premises are concerned. In this case his share of snow shovelling amounted to about twelve by four feet, and couple of feet deep—the work of (at least) ten minutes.

But since Mr. Sears persists in refusing to rent the two rooms up stairs to Mr. Storey the latter no doubt feels justified in not cleaning the snow from the entrance to these departments and so far as Mr. Sharpe is concerned it was none of his business to have the snow in front of the Mayor's property removed. So there it remained, like a barrier in a steeply chise, or a tablet in a cemetery, until crowding pedestrians kicked it about and kindly Old Sol persuaded the fallen flakes to resign altogether.

### Mr. Estey on Stone Crushers.

Mr. James Estey writes a letter to the common council once in a while. One of his was read Thursday and provoked a smile; because someone had said that it was about the purchase of the aerial ladder truck and there a lot of discussion arose just on this account. Ald. Tufts evidently had wind of the letter because he asked the mayor if he had not received a letter from Mr. Estey about the truck business. He moved that it be read before any action was taken. This brought Ald. McGoldrick to his feet. He objected to letters about matters that his department going to his worship or any one else. Then the debate wondered and there was amendment upon amendment and finally Mr. Estey's letter was taken up. It was about a stone crusher and the council neglected to answer a former letter of his. There was a general laugh and someone suggested that the writer might be an authority on wind mills but not on stone crushers. The last transaction Mr. Estey had with the Board of Works did not please the aldermen.

### Ald. White's Attempt at Reform.

Ald. White's attempt to reform the board of management is not meeting with that sudden and complete success that might naturally have been expected. The chairman Dr. Christie, is not giving it his ardent support: in fact when it was referred to the board of works for consideration that body, of which he is also chairman, failed to consider the matter and so there was no report upon it at the meeting Thursday. But Ald. White noticed the fact and reminded the chairman and so it is presumed that he will follow the matter up. The expenditure of the board of management is very large indeed and is controlled entirely by a few aldermen (five) who meet when they please (privately) report when they please and, in fact do as they please. Ald. White seeks to have them based upon the same basis as the other boards, to have meetings open to the press and report all that is done and there is no doubt that his move is one in the right direction.

Undressed Man, Recovered, Reported Dead at Waterloo.



# HOME-MADE STRATEGISTS.

### St. John Has a Board of Men Who Furnish the War Office With "Tips."

The City Building Strategic Board has not held a meeting for several days past, chiefly owing to the scarcity of important despatches from South Africa, and otherwise in dignified disapprobation of the rigorous censorship of Lord Roberts, who has unblushingly extended his veto even to the "special" news service of the aforesaid Board. This was indeed a cruel stroke and already several cables full of frigid words are hastening toward "Africa's sunny fountains" and will no doubt have the effect of cooling off to a considerable degree the inconsiderate commander-in-chief.

Perhaps the people of St. John, eye of the Empire, have been unaware that a strategy board of four members has been deliberating twice daily with unflinching regularity ever since the war cloud loomed up on the southern horizon. Those constituting the Board are, Mr. Clarence Ward, architect, Mayor's clerk, and officer of the N. B. Historical Society; Dr. W. W. White, alderman and Major of 3rd Regiment C. A.; Mr. George Hare, gentleman and for nineteen years an African resident, and Mr. Hurd Peters, city engineer. What more ideal board could be asked for?

As a life long student of history and a man acquainted with men of all nationalities, through typographical mediums, Mr. Ward is eminently fitted for a chair at the strategy board's map-strewn table. He is naturally, through much reading, aware of the peculiarities and eccentricities of the Boers and their probable modes of warfare, even perhaps making a diagnosis of their mental make-up under the existing circumstances, arriving at some definite idea thereby as to what they intend doing next.

On the other hand he is capable of furnishing his conferees most materially in furnishing historical parallels and similar cases to those now being enacted on the veldt, which in turn prompts them to look up the receipts for gaining the needed victory in old military records, and in that way valuable "tips" are flashed to Lord Lansdowne at the War Office or "Bobs" himself.

Doctor White being a much younger man than his fellow war trickers, has the distinction already enjoyed by Lord Kitchener in that regard. Though sparsely mixed with grey his locks do not proclaim him old, but military experience and exalted rank in the local militia, stamp him as one of clear headedness in matters pertaining to the mobility, fighting capabilities and general manoeuvring of troops. Thus the well known city father and medic-militant yields no sinecure sceptre at the meetings of the Strategic Board.

Mr. George Hare is more of a stranger to the people, that is, in comparison with the gentlemen already mentioned. He is retired and for nearly a score of years lived with his family on the South African continent, several of his children being born there. Being well informed generally and possessing practical knowledge on the Strategic Board's subjects, he is indeed most a valuable member of the quartette. His vivid descriptions of the veldt, the kopjes, the kops, the kraals, the lager, the 'fonteins', 'burgs', 'smiths' and 'dorps' of the land of Kruger and Steyn are of the 'spellbound' order. Besides Mr. Hare can speak the tongue of the national enemy and knows considerable of the tribemen and their lingo.

The fourth but by no means the least important percentage in the strategic group is Mr. Hurd Peters, city engineer, whose clever draughting of plans for St. John's improvement and Sand Point's dock building have marked him as a genius in that profession. None the less a close student of the hostile relations between Queen Victoria and Oom Paul than the others he is a very potent factor at the Board's sances, pointing out by dots, lines and dashes on his well made plans the latest moves of the British forces, where they are likely to proceed, where they will probably retire, and with a keenness quite his own, draught out the best way to proceed in order to be successful. It is over these drawings of Mr. Peters the wit and wisdom of the Board, which combined is strategy, is born.

The bloodiest of battles which the strategists could see inevitable upon the map, have either been side-tracked or fished out, somehow or another Buller reached Ladysmith several weeks, days and hours ahead of the chronology of the city building war students and as for Generals Clements, French et al, they have most outrageously disregarded the tactical 'tips' so slyly smuggled to them from the Stra-

tegic Board. In fact the whole plan of campaign as charted out by Messrs. Ward, White, Hare and Peters has gone wrong, and yet these gentlemen ever had their strategy of months ago, which was thankfully returned from London, been used the first confederated South African parliament would even now be sitting and would have long since passed unanimous votes of thanks for their war directions, so effective in bringing together the republics under the British flag and into one parliament.

Mr. Ward of the Strategic Board was horrified a short time since to find in a list of the most prominent Boer leaders one Commandant De Waard. With his characteristic honesty of heart the strategist imparted the fact to his fellow war wagers, confessing at the same time his relation to the hostile chieftain, who was undoubtedly a branchlet of the great Dutch family tree—the Waards. For a time this intelligence cast Mr. Ward into the shade of suspicion, but when to the Board's surprise the War Office backed up the statement that Ladysmith had been relieved on Thursday week the Dutch blooded anti-Krugerer clinched the question of his loyalty by entertaining the Strategic Board in his office to a sumptuous repast of dried-apple pie and doughnuts. He promises other than an impromptu feast when General Buller carves that postponed turkey in Pretoria.

#### FACTS ABOUT THE BRITISH EMPIRE.

A correspondent has compiled for us the following array of facts to illustrate the vastness of the British empire.

Half the ships in the world are British. The best of them can be converted into war ships in 48 hours.

We have a million of soldiers in India. Some of them have been brought to Malta.

As the sun rises the British drum beat follows it around the world.

We can travel entirely around the world without leaving the British Empire.

There are 400,000,000 of people in the British Empire.

It is said that our Queen would have to live 70 more years to enable her to see them all pass before her night and day for all that time.

She is the greatest Mahommedan ruler in the world.

'God Save the Queen', is sung in twenty languages.

The total value of the United Kingdom is now said to be £10,000 millions.

Added to this, several thousand millions are invested out of this country.

We own one fourth of the railways in U. S. America.

And half of the railways in South America.

We own the largest part of North America, that is, Canada.

The house property in the British Isles is valued at £2000 millions; the railways at 900 millions; the shipping at 120 millions.

Olive Schreiner, authoress of an African Farm, says that, if any big misfortune were to happen to England, 60 millions of English speaking people in other countries would leap to their feet.

Neither of the ancient Empires, like that of Persia, Greece, nor Rome, were equal in size or wealth to the British Empire of to day.

British manufactures are now valued at 800 millions a year.

Two-thirds of the ship building of the world is done by the British.

As much as 2,500 millions sterling have been lent to other nations by the British.

The annual revenue of the British Government is now 96 millions sterling.

One remark of the New Zealand Premier the other day is suggestive of the latent strength of British power. He was justifying the sending to England of a Maori contingent, and said that any foreign foe of New Zealand would have not only to reckon with its European settlers but with the Maoris fighting shoulder to shoulder with them, one of the finest fighting races in the world. That is true, too of the French Canadians, the fighting native races of India, and scores of diverse people under British rule.

The British have 689 ships of war. They could fire off 7580 guns at once.

Three-fourths of all the letters that are posted in the world are written in English and sent to persons who speak English.

The trade of Great Britain is worth £700,000,000 a year.

Half the exports from the U. S. America are brought to England, and for all this food we pay 85 millions sterling yearly.

The British Empire, if cut into a strip a

mile wide, would reach round the world 450 times.—Montreal Star.

# A GIRL WHO WAS SAVED.

### HAD SUFFERED FOR NEARLY 12 YEARS WITH ANAEMIA.

Severe Headache, Heart Palpitation, Nervousness and Extreme Feebleness made Her Life Miserable—Her Doctor Told Her She Could Not Recover.

Doctors have given the Greek name anaemia, meaning "bloodlessness," to a disease which is much more prevalent among young women than is generally believed. In its early stages the disease is not marked by any decided symptoms, and often makes considerable advance before its presence is noticed. A feeling of fatigue after slight exercise, breathlessness and pallor of the face are the first noticeable signs. Unless there is prompt and effective treatment the disease makes rapid progress, and the victim presents every appearance of going into a decline or consumption. The only successful method of treating anaemia is to build up the blood, and the best medicine in the world for this purpose is Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People.

Miss Adeline Dumas is one of the thousands of young ladies who can testify to the efficacy of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills in cases of anaemia. Miss Dumas resides with her parents on a farm near Lindsay, Beauce Co., Que. To a reporter who called upon her for the purpose of getting the particulars of her illness and cure, Miss Dumas said:—"Since I was about sixteen years of age I have been ailing more or less, but for a long time, except for periodical headaches, the trouble did not seem serious. About two years ago my case began to assume an alarming nature. The headaches came with greater frequency, I became very pale, and the slightest exertion would leave me breathless. I tried several medicines, but instead of finding benefit I was steadily growing worse, until at last I was unable to do any household work, and had to sit in a chair almost the entire day. I had now become extremely nervous, and the least noise would set my heart wildly palpitating. I had neither desire nor relish for food, and the doctor who attended me finally said that he could do nothing more for me. I did not despair, however, but tried other medicines, but still without relief, and then I began to feel that death only would release me from my suffering. At this time a friend brought me a newspaper in which was the story of the cure of a girl whose symptoms resembled mine, through the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, and urged me to try them. I set for a box, but they did not seem to help me, and I was afraid they would prove like other medicines, not suited to my case. My parents insisted that I should continue their use and my father got me all used I had more. Before these were all used I had doubt that they were helping me, but they completely restored my health, and I am able to go about and do work with an ease I have not enjoyed for years before. I think Dr. Williams' Pink Pills are a great blessing to the sick, and I always urge my friends who are not well to take them, and I will be glad if this statement is the means of bringing new courage and health to some other sufferer."

#### Depravity of the Stage.

Speaking on the depravity of the stage at the present time the St. Louis Globe-Democrat says: During the present theatrical season a startling number of vile plays has been placed before the public. Their main theme is the dissolute life of women. Some gloss it over, others make light of it and turn social evil into what pretends to be a merry lark. Protests against the invasion of rottenness have become general of late. There are laws against obscenity and societies organized to suppress obscene literature. A play in itself is a literary production, and if meant to catch the patronage of those confirmed in evil ways, the foolishly curious and the moths that flutter around, is doubly hurtful, for to the suggestion of the text is added that of the acting and the setting. A low play made glittering by the modern art of the stage is vice intensified. Some apologists contend that such dramas pay and therefore meet a public demand. The circulation of obscene books also would pay if the crime of dealing in them were not sternly repressed. Practically, an obscene play and an obscene book are offered from precisely the same motives, and appeal to the same forms of moral weakness. The police court is the proper place to investigate the new theatrical raid upon public decency.

Remarkably Experience of a Fell Etogor.

A singular accident occurred at the People's Church at Galesburg yesterday morning. The regular sexton being ill, a colored man, formerly body servant to Gen. Shafter, was engaged as a substitute. While ringing the bell for the morning service his neck by some means became encircled by a loop of the rope, and he was drawn upward with such terrific force that his head penetrated the ceiling, breaking an oak joist three by twelve inches in size. Beyond a slight abrasion of the scalp the man suffered no injury.

# ST. JOHN'S FIRE TRAPS.

### Dangerous Districts and Buildings That Menace Public Safety.

A few days ago the attention of Progress was called to the dangerous state of the old Everett foundry property on Bruscel street. After years of disuse and no care having been taken of it the big building has grown very much a wreck. The dwelling apartments in one end of it are still occupied, but are not very desirable lodgings, and at the other end of the huge structure the police authorities have a look-up. However, this fact of the look-up being on the premises does not lend support to any plea that might be put in for the building's existence, as in such matters the police are not considered a criterion.

In times gone by Everett's foundry was famous for its fires. For a stretch of years the fire department was called out with unflinching regularity about once a month to extinguish some puny blaze or another on its expansive shingle roof or spacious interior. However, as it grew older and moss-grown, with the clang of hammers ceased, the danger from the fiery element grew less, but now the old foundry stands a menace to the safety of pedestrians and those living nearby, as well as a first class conflagration conductor. And the town is simply treckled with such dangerous buildings.

When Chief Kerr of the fire department was asked about these menacing structures he referred Progress to the Act of Assembly and Bye Laws regulating the construction of buildings in the city of St. John, which was formulated in 1877, directly after the big fire. He said he was well aware of the presence of these old and delapidated fire traps and had used his best endeavors to have them removed. They were certainly of great danger in thickly settled localities.

Shingled roofs are also forbidden in the law, and a slanting roof of this make is one of the greatest problems a fire fighter has to deal with. Instances were given of fires in recent years where slanting shingle roofs proved puzzles, on account of their inaccessibility. One house in particular situated on the corner of Adelaide and Main streets, has an exceptionally long shingle roof of the sloping build, and being a high structure the firemen have had several serious struggles to save it, owing to their failure to get directly at the seat of the blaze about the chimney.

Traversing Main street from one end to the other the rear of the long blocks of buildings is thickly settled with rookeries and shanties, which in a time of conflagration would indeed prove themselves of invaluable assistance to the fire fiend. The corner of Duke and Pitt streets, with its block or so of "hinder boxes" would prove a dainty morsel for the maw of a big fire, as would also certain rear sections of Union street, Waterloo, Brussel, City Road, etc.

In fact St. John is divided on the insurance charts into risky districts, more risky

and most risky. 'Fire belts' is an insurance term and if you are living in a thickly settled wooden neighbourhood, with innumerable back yard shanties and isticries or blacksmith shops about you, you have a right to realize that you have the distinction of laying your head down to rest each night in a treacherous locality—treacherous from the standpoint of a conflagration and the insurance companies. And you have to pay more for your insurance on this account.

These insurance companies, they are very susceptible organizations. If a brick building or two goes up in a "risky" neighbourhood the insurance rates lower, but if a "bad risk" is installed in the midst of a low rate locality the percentage on a \$100 worth of insurance shoots skyward. Thus it is seen the men who furnish us with policies and run the chance of our being burned out and losing our chattels, have the keenest eyes about town. They don't stop and look at the house from the front, but the rear apartments, the surrounding buildings, the manufactories nearby etc, are all summed up in the expert mind of the inspectors, before the rate of your policy is fixed.

Generally speaking St. John is not the safest city in the world in time of blazes, despite the fact that its protection from the most dreaded of the elements is fairly good, with promises of being better. However there are worse places in this regard.

The old building law above referred to, does not have any influence over North End, which at the time of the Act's becoming law was the town of Portland. However the Indiantown fire has proven that some stringent measures are necessary in that part of the city to guard against a succeeding nest of fire traps, such as aided the big blaze of last May to climb up the hill and sweep whole blocks in its career. To this end a bill is now under consideration in the Local House of Assembly, amending the Act of 1877, so as to include North End in its grasp.

Following are a few extracts from the Act of 1877 regarding dangerous buildings and compulsory precautions against fire:—

It shall be the duty of the Inspector to examine buildings reported dangerous, or damaged by fire or accident, and to make a record of such examinations, including the nature and amount of such damage, with the name of the street and number of the building, the names of owner, lessee, and for what purpose occupied, and in case of fire, the probable origin thereof; to examine all buildings under application to raise, enlarge, alter or build upon, and to make a record of the condition of the same. Such records shall always be open to the inspection of the Common Council, or any officer of the city or other persons as they may direct.

All chimneys shall be built of brick, or stone or other non-combustible material. All flues shall be topped out at least

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

# ITCHING LIMBS

### And all Forms of Itching, Scaly Humours Are Instantly Relieved and Speedily Cured by CUTICURA.

The itching and burning I suffered in my feet and limbs for three years were terrible. At night they were worse and would keep me awake greater part of the night. I consulted doctor after doctor, as I was travelling on the road most of my time, also one of our city doctors. None of the doctors knew what the trouble was. I got a lot of the different samples of the medicines I had been using. I found them of so many different kinds that I concluded that I would have to go to a Cincinnati hospital before I would get relief. I had frequently been urged to try CUTICURA REMEDIES, but I had no faith in them. My wife finally prevailed upon me to try them. Presto! What a change! I am now cured, and it is a permanent cure. I feel like kicking some doctor or myself for suffering three years when I could have used CUTICURA REMEDIES.

H. JENKINS, Middleboro, Ky.

#### COMPLETE TREATMENT

Consisting of CUTICURA SOAP, to cleanse the skin of crusts and scales and soften the thickened cuticle, CUTICURA Ointment, to instantly allay itching, irritation, and inflammation, and soothe and heal, CUTICURA RESOLVENT, to cool and cleanse the blood. A single set is often sufficient to cure the most torturing, disfiguring skin, scalp, and blood humours, rashes, and irritations with loss of hair when physicians, hospitals, and all else fail. Sold throughout the world. POTTER DRUG AND CHEM. CORP., Sole Props., Boston. "How to Purify and Beautify the Skin," free.



Use only CUTICURA SOAP for baby's skin, scalp, and hair. It is not only the purest, sweetest, and most refreshing of nursery soaps, but it contains delicate, emollient properties, obtained from CUTICURA, the great skin cure, which preserve, purify, and beautify the skin, scalp, and hair, and prevent simple skin blemishes from becoming serious. For distressing heat rashes, chafings, inflammations, and eruptions, for crusted, itching irritations of the scalp, with dryness, and falling hair, for red, rough hands, and shapeless nails, and simple infantile humors, it is absolutely indispensable.



**Music and  
The Drama**

SONS AND UNDERSONS.

The patriotic concert in the Mechanics Institute on Tuesday evening under the auspices of Marlborough and Portland Lodges, Sons of England, was very largely attended despite the disagreeable state of the weather, and the well arranged programme was greatly enjoyed.

The forth coming production of Iolanthe under the direction of Mr. Ford, is exciting pleasant anticipation among local music lovers.

Charles A. Roux, tenor, who has been in New York called last week for Paris.

Grace Vaughan, prima donna and Geo. Mitchell tenor, have joined "A Bunch of Keys" company.

Stuart the "male Patti," is making a big hit in London. He appears at the Palace theatre every night at ten o'clock.

Lloyd D'Aubigne, well known in America, is now leading tenor with the grand opera company at Geneva, Switzerland.

Lillian Nordica fell down stairs at the Metropolitan opera house, New York, on Saturday last but escaped with slight injuries.

Joseph Maers, a young pianist of great promise made his debut with the Caecilia Ladies Vocal Society in Brooklyn a week or two ago.

Eleanor Kent a New York society girl said to be possessed of a phenomenal voice has gone to Europe to study for grand opera.

The Boston Symphony orchestra gave two concerts in Carnegie Hall, New York last week, with Marcella Sembrich and Leonora Jackson as soloists.

Ernest Sharpe, a young American basso, who has appeared at Bayreuth and in London arrived in New York a few days ago and will give a series of concerts.

Adelina Patti and others sang at Covent Garden, London, on Feb. 22 for the benefit of the British Soldiers fund. The concert increased the fund by \$60,000.

R. G. Knowles, one of the most successful Americans in London Music halls, will return to America soon after a most successful stay of nine years on the other side.

Pierre Cornubert, mentioned in this department last week made his New York debut with the Maurice Grau Opera Company, successfully singing the role of Di Gama in L'Africain.

Paris has a new opera of which correspondence from that city to the Dramatic Mirror says: "As tuneful and generally agreeable an operetta as we have seen in many moons is Le Fianco de Thylda, the Cluny's new bill. Victor de Cottens and Robert Chavray have written a bright, clever story, free from suggestiveness, and Louis Varney is at his best in an unusually pleasing score. The Cluny management have done themselves proud in the mounting, and the work of the cast, both vocally and historically, is highly satisfactory. With all this to be said in its favor, it is small wonder that Le Fianco de Thylda was launched most auspiciously upon what should be a long and prosperous run."

The story is, in a way, a continuation of Offenbach's once popular La Vie Parisienne several of the characters in the older opera being introduced.

**TALK OF THE THEATRE.**

Two very good audiences witnessed "Frederick the Great" by Lewis Morrison at the Opera House Saturday afternoon and evening, and accorded a warm reception to the old time favorite, and his supporting company. The piece is not calculated to create very deep interest because entirely too much of the action is left to the imagination, and from the dialogue one only gets a faint idea of what is supposed to have gone on between the acts, but it was gorgeously and richly costumed, and the scenic effects were good. The work of this supporting company was only fair but the star acted with all his old time force and effect, and to listen to his rich voice was a treat in itself. After leaving St. John Mr. Morrison had a stroke of bad luck in the burning of his private car, the travellers escaping in their night cloth

**SPECIALTIES**

—FOR—

**Ladies' and Gentleman.**

We can supply any specialties and novelties in Rubber & Metal Goods at lowest cash prices. If you require any article whatsoever which is not to be found in the regular stores, write us and we will quote you prices, all correspondence confidential. Send no stamp for circular.

THE UNIVERSAL SPECIALTY CO., P. O. Box 1145, Montreal.

es. Mrs. Morrison's magnificent diamonds were lost, together with all other effects.

"The Rivals" was presented by the stock company the beginning of the week and was witnessed by very good audiences. The principals did some excellent work throughout and added new glories to their reputation. The costumes worn were beautiful and appropriate, and the stage setting artistic and effective. On Thursday, Friday and Saturday The Three Musketeers was presented, and will be the bill at the matinee this afternoon. It is not announced what version will be used. The company are to play a three night engagement in Fredericton shortly and the people of the capital may look forward to a veritable treat in witnessing the pieces selected for production.

Marion Maola is suffering from bronchitis.

"Teddy" Lyons is making a hit in "Quo Vadis."

Allie Spooner is meeting with great success in the South.

Grace Atwell has been engaged to join "A Colonial Girl."

Rose Anthon of "The Royal Box" company is seriously ill.

Jack McDowell is meeting with success in "A Breezy Tune."

Maggie Weston resigned from "Wicked London" two weeks ago.

Katherine Rober, is playing Massachusetts very successfully.

J. K. Emmett was discharged in bankruptcy in New York last week.

Geo. V. Hobart has signed to provide a new farce for May Irwin next season.

Mrs. Leslie Carter and the "Zaza" company will sail for London on March 4.

Edmund Rostand has completed L'Aiglon that Sarah Bernhardt is to produce.

Julia Marlowe has been ill and her Boston appearance was postponed for a few days.

Dan Rice the famous clown died at his residence in Long Branch on Thursday, Feb. 22.

Robert Lorrain, the husband of Julie

Opp has gone to the front to fight for old England.

Marion Short the well known vaudeville entertainer has taken up play writing with great success.

Annie Calverly who is making a success in her support of Mary Sanders was born in Nova Scotia.

The melodrama that Cecil Raleigh is writing for Jacob Litt, may be called "The Queen of Society."

Louis Dietrichstein has threatened to sue Brady and Gigfield for royalties alleged to be due on Mlle. Fiji.

Paul Gilmore will probably get N. C. Goodwin's success "The Cowboy and the Lady," for next season, it is said.

Fay Templeton's part in "Broadway to Tokio" was successfully played recently by Maurice Kalse who made a hit in the part.

Coquelin has been elected to the presidency of the Dramatic Authors Association as successor to the late M. Rostrand.

Joseph M. Gates has written the Irish comedy part in "The Air Ship" for Joe Willard who will play it as a Dutch mayor.

The theatre now being built at Hudson, N. Y., by the Daughters of the American Revolution will be completed next month.

Harriette Weems will star, under Robert Downing's management, in Thomas Addison's three act comedy, "What Shall we do With Her."

William Bonelli has purchased three plays this winter. One is a comedy now running in London which he will produce in the near future.

Martin Harvey, it is announced, will begin an American tour next fall, presenting Mrs. Cunningham Graham's new play "Don Juan's Last Wager."

E. H. Southern by latest announcement will not be seen as Hamlet until September. His New York engagement will begin the 26th of this month.

William H. Crane has received notice of a suit begun by a Chicago banking firm, who thinks that he owes them \$2,621 and interest on a stock transaction.

Joseph Jefferson will open his spring tour on April 2, and will appear at the Fifth Ave., New York, for three weeks,

beginning April 16. The great actor is now at Palm Beach, Fla., and is said to be in excellent health.

The theatre Francais at Montreal was gutted by fire last week. Several stores in the vicinity were also burned out and the loss is estimated at \$100,000.

David Belasco's new Japanese play, Madame Butterfly, was giving its initial production in New York on Monday as an after piece to Naughty Anthony.

Capt. Suzanne by Brandon Hurst will be Lillian Burkhardt's next production. The sketch has been specially written and will be elaborately put on in the near future.

A new play has been completed by Clinton Stuart, author of Marie Antoinette now in Madame Modjeska's repertoire. The piece will be entitled "Our Absentees."

Ida Conquest has been making a furor in Boston during the engagement of "The Tyranny of Tears" and some of the critics seemed to think that she was the real star of the piece.

Minnie Blackstone Douglas has written a four act play "Arthur Wellesley's Love Story" which deals with the life of the young Wellington at the period of his return from England.

William H. Crane has great faith in the dramatization of "David Harum" which he is preparing to produce in Rochester in April. He says that the play is "beautiful in its simplicity" and he looks for a great hit.

The comedy by Charles H. Yale and Sydney E. Ellis, in which Al. H. Wilson is to star next season, will be called "The Watch on the Rhine." Wilson was here last season and his clever work is well remembered.

Matthe Keene who was here once with Bennett and Moulton, has completed arrangements to enter vaudeville, having left "A Black Sheep" company. She has a musical sketch with which she expects to make a success.

Sarah Bernhardt is giving a series of matinees in the Paris theatre at which assisted by other actors, she recites ancient and modern poetry for the intellect benefit

of poor students. The prices range from 10 cents upwards.

Jos. W. Weaver who was for many years a prominent member of Richard Mansfield's company has been engaged by Charles Wyndham for his London theatre. Mr. Weaver will first appear in London in the forthcoming production of "Cyrano de Bergerac."

Flo Irwin is to star again next season in "The Swell Miss Fitzwell" and will be supported by Walter Hawley. He has been with her for the past three years as leading support and in Vanderville, playing Mr. Hawley one act Comedy "The Gay Miss Con."

Henry C. Miner one of the best known citizens of New York, and one of the most successful theatrical managers that America has known, died suddenly of apoplexy in New York last week. He had been in unusually good health and when death came was preparing to go for an afternoon drive.

**ANOTHER LOT!**

MY GUM PICKER has just arrived with some of the best

**Spruce Gum**

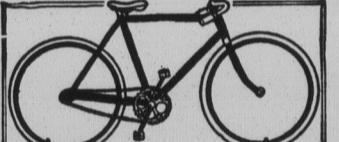
that he has ever brought me.

**W. C. RUDMAN ALLAN,**

Chemist and Druggist,  
87 Charlotte Street.

Remember the store, ALLAN'S WHITE PHARMACY, Tel. 239.  
Fresh Vaccine Points received daily.

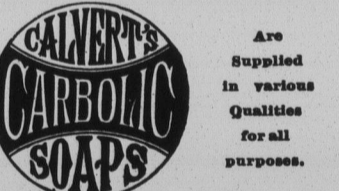
Mail orders promptly filled.



**BOYD'S SWELL "FLYER"**

1900 MODEL. New ideas, new design, 1 1/2 in. tubing, flush joints, Springfield one-piece cranks, high grade in every detail. Fitted with Victor tires, \$35.00; with Morgan & Wright tires, \$37.50; with Dunlop tires, \$40.00. Men's, 22 and 24 inch; Ladies', 20 and 22 inch frames. Black and maroon any gear.

TO INTRODUCE these Bicycles, we will ship a sample, collect on delivery with privilege of examination, on receipt of \$1.00. The \$1.00 is as a guarantee of Express charges and is deducted from the bill; you pay the Express Agent the balance due us. WE OFFER splendid chance to a good agent in each town. You have your choice of cash or outright gift of one or more wheels, according to the work done for us. WHEELS SLIGHTLY USED, \$8.00 to \$25.00. Price lists free. Secure agency at once. T. W. BOYD & SON, MONTREAL.



Are supplied in various quantities for all purposes.

Pure, Antiseptic, Emollient.

Ask your dealer to obtain full particulars for you.

F. C. CALVERT & CO., Manchester.

**News and Opinions**

OF

**National Importance.**

**The Sun**

ALONE

CONTAINS BOTH:

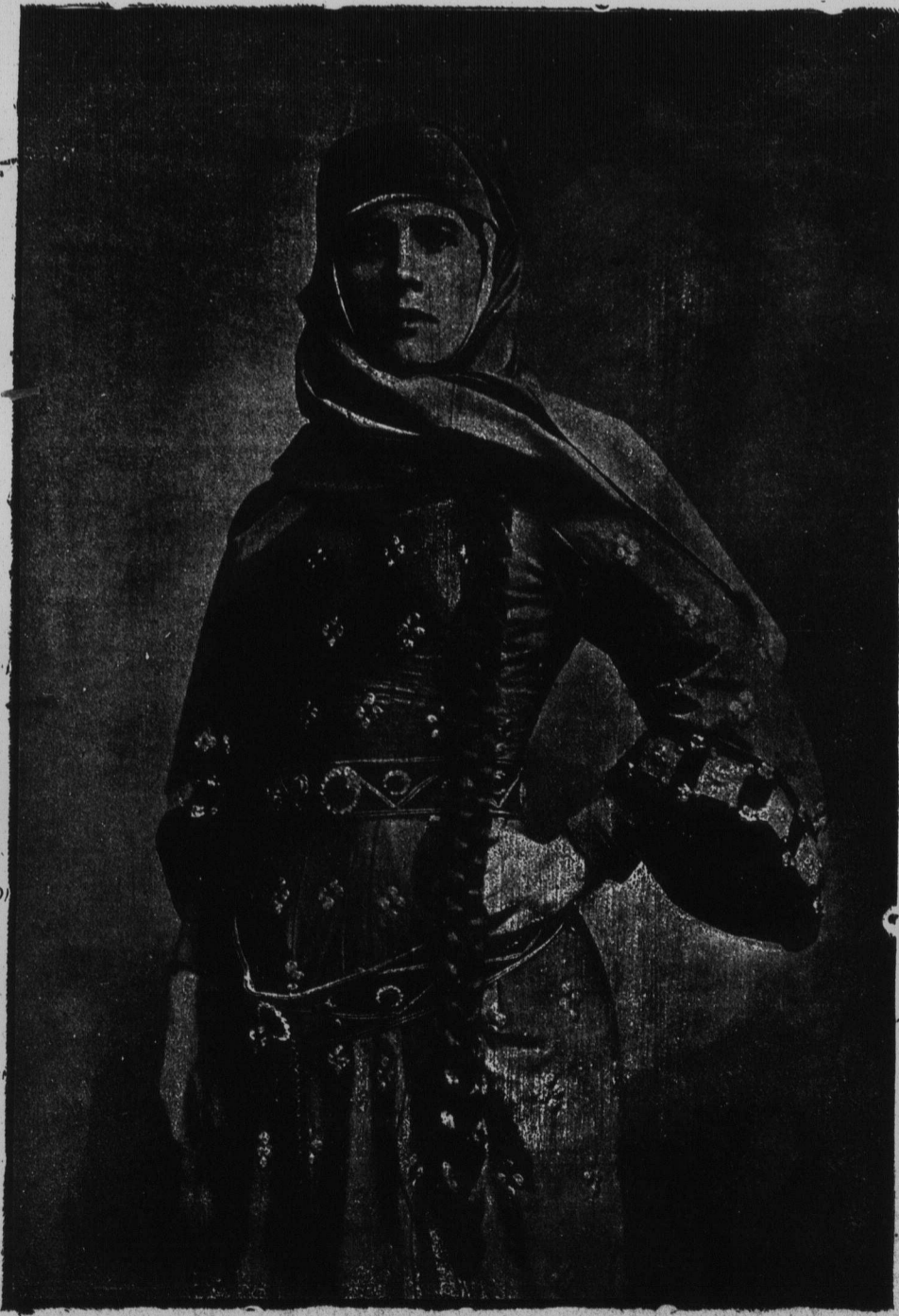
Daily, by mail, - - \$6 a year

Daily and Sunday, by mail, \$8 a year

**The Sunday Sun**

is the greatest Sunday Newspaper in the world.

Price 5c. a copy. By mail, \$2 a year. Address THE SUN, New York.



MRS. LANGTRY AS LADY MACBETH.









The death occurred on Thursday of this week of Mr. J. R. Rael, collector of customs, after a few days illness. Mr. Rael was one of St. John's best known and most prominent citizens and though he had attained the age of 80 years he was wonderfully active. To the surviving members of his family much sympathy is extended.

The Neptune Rowing Club tournament excited much interest among lovers of the game this week. The result of Thursday night's contest was as follows: Hamilton and Roach won from Day and Currie, 8 to 0; Hamilton won from Frish and Kinneer, 5 to 1; King and Warwick won from Hamilton and Roach, 6 to 3; Crampell and McRae won from Day and Currie, 9 to 0; Robertson and Sears won from Campbell and McLean, 5 to 3; Forbes and Thompson won from MacNeill and Rodgers, 4 to 1; King and Warwick won from Robertson and Sears, 8 to 3.

The death of Lucy wife of Mr. C. C. Barbour of Richmond street took place Thursday night after a long and tedious illness from tumors on the brain. The deceased was twice married, her first husband being the late Gilbert Robinson, one son, Mr. James Robinson of this marriage is still living. Mrs. Barbour was before her illness one of the most faithful and energetic workers in the St. John's street church.

Miss Floria Whalen of Sussex is visiting relatives in this city. Miss Faylo spent last week in Woodstock a guest in the family of Rev. J. W. Clarke. Mr. and Mrs. E. C. Ekins spent a few days in Fredericton in the early part of the week. Mr. and Mrs. James Spruel and family of Apohaqui remained in the city a short time this week on their way to Boston to bid good bye to their friends here. They will make Boston their home in the future.

A large and appreciative audience was present at the patriotic concert in the Institute on Tuesday evening and enjoyed the well arranged programme, on which some of the best known songs in the city appeared. The National Anthem sung by the audience to the accompaniment of the band opened the concert, and was followed by some well played selections by the band. Miss Margaret Armstrong's reading of "An Old Wife's Prayer" was well done and won for the young lady much applause. A pretty and effective feature was the flag drill by lady members, their movements being especially well and gracefully executed. "Merely I Bowed" by Miss Knott was beautifully rendered and won for her an encore. A reading entitled "A Proposal" was followed by a very beautiful and well arranged tableau called "Bell Call". Kipling's "Gentleman" was excellently and impressively managed by the lady members. The number on the second part.

Part II opened with Her Majesty, sung by Mr. J. N. Sutherland. Mrs. S. Willis then gave a reading entitled "Orders to the Front". Kipling's "Absent-Minded Beggar" sung by Rev. A. G. H. Dicker followed, after which a physical drill by the lady members was given. The band played several patriotic selections and a tableau entitled the Soldiers of the Queen brought the programme to a close. Before dispersing the audience sang Rule Britannia with much expression.

Mr. J. S. McLean of this city was in Woodstock for a short time this week. His Lordship Bishop Kingston spent a few hours in the city the beginning of the week, on business. The interesting concert given recently in Trinity church school house was repeated at the Seaman's Mission one evening early in the week and was very largely attended. An interesting feature of the affair being bag pipe selections by a soldier on one of the ships in port. Others whose names appeared on the programme were: Olga Smith, Mrs. Little, Mrs. F. R. Tins, Miss Grace Manning, Miss Patton and others.

Miss Alice Flewelling left the first of the week to pay a visit to friends in Northampton, Mass. Mr. Willis Allison, son of Mr. Joseph Allison who has been quite ill with a severe cold is reported convalescent. There was a very pleasant gathering at the Waterloo street baptist church a few evenings ago, and one of a particularly happy nature. The congregation presented Rev. C. T. Phillips the pastor with a well filled purse, to which presentation the latter very feelingly responded. Later cake and coffee were served, and a short programme made the evening pass very pleasantly.

of several business letters, and was eagerly looking forward to getting up on the following day. A little after eight o'clock on Sunday evening, he was seized with heart failure and though Dr. Scoumell was hastily summoned, and everything possible done, Mr. Stammers passed away about half past eight.

Very deep and widespread sorrow greeted the announcement as the deceased was well known, being a prominent oddfellow, a Knight of Pythias, and a member of the Canadian Home Circle. For a great many years Mr. Stammers was the master of the Marine school here, being a successor to Captain Connolly, and was an authority on all matters pertaining to navigation; he also occupied a position in the business department of the Messenger and Visitor, and was prominently identified with the St. John's street church, the members of which regard his death as a most serious loss. He leaves a widow, three young daughters, and other relatives who have much sympathy in their untimely bereavement.

The funeral which took place on Tuesday afternoon was in charge of Bloom Lodge I. O. O. F. of the members of which conducted the service at the church and graves. Rev. Mr. Waring officiating in the short but impressive service at the home. There were many Knights and Oddfellows in the funeral procession besides a large number of other citizens. Among the floral remembrances which were especially numerous and beautiful, may be mentioned the following: A large wreath of crimson roses, daffodils and purple flowers on an ivy base, with the letters F. C. B. in immortelles, from Union Lodge No. 2 K. of F. Three links in red and white roses and blue flowers, on a base of ivy from Bloom Lodge I. O. O. F. A large wreath of crimson roses, ivy and smilax from Jewell Lodge of Rebecca, Carleton. A broken circle of white roses carnations and ferns from the local lodge of the Canadian Home Circle.

A wreath of roses, carnations and smilax with the word "Bride" in purple letters, from the deceased's brother, Mr. C. J. Stammers. A large wreath of white roses and carnations from friends in Manchester, Robertson & Allison. Cut flowers, roses, spurs and ferns, Mr. and Mrs. Victor Gowland. Lily of the valley and smilax bouquet from Mr. and Mrs. B. H. Chapman. Bouquet of roses from the Misses Marsh. Roses and carnations from Mr. and Mrs. W. J. Fraser. A large bouquet of yellow flowers from Miss Grace Smith. White roses, hyacinths, ferns and spires from Mr. and Mrs. F. Fales. White carnations, roses, purple hyacinths and ivy from Miss Robinson. Narcissus, smilax and white blossoms from Mrs. Hoare and Mrs. Daniel. Beautifully arranged cut flowers from Mrs. Paul Robinson.

Pink roses, lily of the valley, smilax and ivy from Mrs. Belding; and a large quantity of cut flowers from other friends. Branch street church was draped in black and the choir rendered the usual solemn hymns. Mr. Bustin the organist played the Dead March, as the casket was borne from the church by the pall bearers, Messrs. L. B. Kierstead, N. Riley, W. F. Hatheway, J. Jackson, H. E. Codner and Frank Fales and F. A. Dykema. Mrs. Frank Williams dispensed hospitality to a number of her friends this week, the entertainment taking the form of a skating party at the Queen's rink where some hours were delightfully spent after which the party returned to the residence of Mr. and Mrs. Williams on Charlotte street, where light refreshments were served, and music and various games indulged in. The decorations in the pretty home were of a patriotic nature, and red, white and blue were profusely used. After several hours of thorough enjoyment the guests, among whom were the following, dispersed:

Mr. E. H. Machum, Mrs. Machum, Mr. J. W. Smith, Mrs. Smith, Mr. H. Robb, Mrs. Robb, Miss Helen Slipp, Miss Mabel Cowan, Miss Edna Lawson, Mrs. J. McNally, Miss Belle Thompson, Miss Laura Munroe, Mr. A. B. McLean, Mr. B. Jordan, Mr. L. J. Gunn, Mr. R. Wetmore, Mr. Bally Sharpe, Mr. Arthur King, Mr. Mort. Wilson, Mr. E. Colwell.

Two members of a family dead at the same time, is a startlingly sad experience and one which but few are called upon to go through. It, however, fell to the lot of Mr. and Mrs. P. McBride of Winter street to give up two beautiful children within a few hours last Sunday, the eldest aged but seven years and the youngest six months both of whom died from spinal meningitis, while another young lady, died of consumption nine weeks ago. The little ones who died on Sunday were buried in the same casket, and as they lay in their last long sleep, the arm of the elder encircling the younger, the sight was pathetic in the extreme. Mr. and Mrs. McBride have the deepest sympathy of many friends in their sad bereavement.

The weekly entertainment of St. Stephens church Guild was in charge of the missionary committee this week, and was made very pleasant and agreeable, the tenor of it being in keeping with missionary work. A solo, "The King of Love my Shepherd Is" was rendered by Mrs. W. Davidson, Miss Livingstone read a paper on St. Francis, vocal solo, entitled "Glad Peace" by Mr. Harry Dunn; a paper on St. Dominic by Mrs. John A. Bowes and a solo "Gloria to Thee" by Mrs. Davidson. The death occurred in this city on Monday evening of Mrs. Hattie Daiseil who for many years

was a resident of Upham, Kings County. The deceased had a large circle of friends all over the province who will regret to learn of her death. She leaves a family of five daughters and two sons, namely James, of New York, George, of Vancouver, Mrs. James Calder, Mrs. Rufus Hoare, Mrs. E. Miles the last three mentioned not residing here, Mrs. E. D. Cole and Miss Daiseil of this city. Mr. John E. Calhoun and Miss Calhoun intend visiting the Paris Exposition during the coming summer.

Mr. and Mrs. G. S. Fisher and T. Finlay will leave next month on a trip to Europe and during their absence will attend the Paris Fair. The home of Mr. John McElroy, corner of Main and Adelaide streets, N. E., was again visited by the pale messenger this week, when Miss Mary B. the second daughter was called away to rest, after an illness of but a few days with congestion of the lungs. The deceased was a bright and cheery young lady and had very many friends, who with the loving family will greatly miss her. It has only been a short time since Mr. McElroy, grand father of the late young lady, was borne to the cemetery, which makes the home just now especially sad.

Mr. J. J. Wilson, entertained a large party of ladies on Thursday last from 3.30 until 7. The room was beautifully decorated with cut flowers, ferns and rubber plants. Those present were Mrs. W. W. Allan, Mrs. A. P. Barnhill, Mrs. J. Moore, Mrs. Robertson, Miss Holly, Mrs. Barr, Mrs. Hawkesley Merritt, Mrs. C. Allen, Mrs. J. E. Cowan, Mrs. LeB. Thompson, Mrs. J. A. Clarke, Mrs. Fred Harding, Mrs. D. D. Koz, Mrs. Taylor, Mrs. Thompson, Miss Alice Walker, Mrs. Frank White, Mrs. Forster, Mrs. Estyn, Kentville, Mrs. J. A. Gregory, Miss Mimi Allen, Mrs. Smith, and Miss J. Eley. Mrs. Wilson was ably assisted in caring for the pleasure of her guests by Misses Allen, Estey and Catherine Wilcox. Mrs. Merritt captured the gentleman's prize for which which was a beautiful French china plate. Mrs. Harding won the ladies prize, an elegant piece of china. The booty fell to the lot of Miss Alice Walker whose reward was a dainty article of bric-a-brac, and to Mrs. J. A. Gregory for her art at cards a china pla tray was presented.

Mrs. Reid on Friday afternoon, Mar. 2, entertained a large number of her lady friends despite the inclement weather. Mrs. A. P. Barnhill is quite ill at her home, 1 Duke street. Mrs. (Dr.) Draper gave a pleasant evening to her married friends on Friday Mar. 2, at her home, Mecklenburg street. The evening was much enjoyed. Mr. and Mrs. Walter Holly entertained most delightfully at their beautiful home on street home on Friday evening, Mar. 2. During the evening the guests were furnished with hors d'oeuvres and a stirring jubilation in honor of Lady Mary's relief ensued. There were twelve tables for what. The costumes worn by the ladies were very pretty. Rev. Dr. Hartley's many friends both in West side and city proper will learn with regret that his health has again become precarious and he is once more in danger. Mr. M. Connolly left the first of the week on a visit to New York. Mrs. Thomas O'Reilly of Lancaster, who has been quite ill for several days is reported much improved.

NEWCASTLE. Mar. 2.—Mr. Allan Ferguson entertained a number of his friends with what last Tuesday evening. Mrs. Nivern will entertain the Married Folk's whist club Thursday evening. Mrs. James Robinson, M. Marton and Miss Robinson, returned last week from Boston where they have been spending the winter. Mr. John Brander is confined to his residence with a heavy cold. Conn. Toner and wife were in town this week. Miss Annie Hickey returned, Saturday from Boston. Miss Grace Carruthers of Millerton is spending a few days in town. Mr. J. N. Goding, the bustling representative of J. & A. McMillan, St. John, was in town on Saturday.

Mr. A. Wheeler is spending a few days at his home here. Edgar Fairweather, St. John, and Wm. White, Hamilton, were registered at the Waverly this week. F. J. Yenell, ex-M. P. P. for Gloucester, and now collector of customs at Bathurst, was in Fredericton last week. Mr. John Maloney of Rogersville spent Sunday here.

ST. GEORGE. Mar. 8.—Ash Wednesday was observed in the R. C. and Episcopal churches. At the R. Y. P. U. meeting on Wednesday evening, a special temperance programme was given. Mrs. Fred Seely, St. John, and Mr. Percy Gilmore were guests of Hon. A. H. and Mrs. Gillmor, last week. Miss Nellie O'Brien gave a quilting party to a number of young lady friends on Tuesday afternoon of last week. Mr. Alexander Cameron, of Divinity college, New Haven, will be in town and vicinity until May. Mr. and Mrs. Morris Clinch are receiving congratulations on the arrival of a daughter. Miss Nellie Binart, who has been spending a few days with her sister, Miss E. O'Brien, returns to her home in St. Andrews today. Miss Estelle Gillespie of California is visiting at her uncle's, Mr. Samuel Johnston's. The Bicycle club meet next Monday evening with Danie O'Brien.

GREENWICH. Mar. 8.—Miss Helen Pickett is visiting friends in Andover and expects to remain till spring. Miss Jessie Lyon of Kingston, made a visit to her aunt Mrs. John Smith, recently. Miss Blanche Richards is visiting friends in St. John. Miss Mabel Smith expects to leave this week for a protracted visit to her aunt Mrs. Joe Starr, in Cornwallis, N. S. Mr. and Mrs. Joe Richards entertained a number of their friends at a W. P. party on Tuesday evening last, a very pretty evening was spent by all present. Among those present were Mr. Wm. McLeod and Mrs. McLeod, Mr. D. A. Richards and Mrs. Richards, Capt. Postman and Mrs. Postman, Mr. E. D. Whelpley and Mrs. Whelpley, Mr. N. Gorham and Mr. C. C. Richards. On Tuesday evening a large number were invited to a surprise party at the residence of Mr. G. A. Fowler, Mr. Fred Short being the chief mover in the affair. Those present were, Mr. and Mrs. Fred Whelpley, Mr. and Mrs. D. Bogle, Miss Flossie Marley, Miss Sadie Belyea, Miss Dowar, Miss George Belyea, Miss Jessie Belyea, Miss Winnie

Continued on Page Eight. Choirs Rehearsed Glee, Spoken, Forwards, 6, Duval, 17 Waterloo.

Price is Important But Quality must also be taken into consideration. It is real value rather than apparent cheapness that the intelligent housekeeper seeks. WELCOME is not the cheapest Soap in price, but it will last longer, do the most satisfactory work, and is economical to use. Try the Great Borax Soap, WELCOME

WHITE'S SNOWFLAKE CHOCOLATES.

Corticelli SKIRT PROTECTOR. There is no gum or rubber or anything that will chafe your shoes. It is made of specially grown specially spun and specially woven wool. It is better than any other skirt protector because it is made of different and better wool—it has an elastic porous weave that dries out quickly when wet and sheds dust easily. Sewed on flat—not turned over—one or two rows of stitching—every dress goods shade. Sold everywhere 4 cts. a yard. Labeled thus Corticelli

301 MILLIONS. Total paid-up Capital Stock of all the Chartered Banks of Canada... \$63,724,748. Total Reserve Fund of these Banks... 30,045,896. Total Assets of all the Canadian Life Insurance Companies, about... 21,880,400. Revenue of the Dominion of Canada for past year, say... 55,000,000.

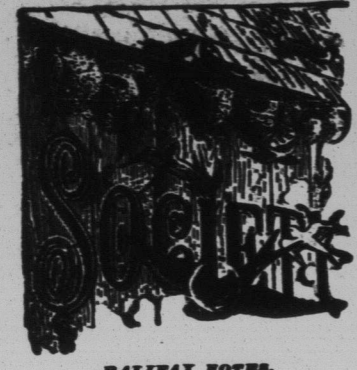
THE MUTUAL LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY OF NEW YORK. RICHARD A. McCURDY, President. Had CASH ASSETS on December 31st, 1899, \$301,844,538. Amounting to... For information as to terms of Insurance in this the OLDEST AMERICAN COMPANY and the LARGEST COMPANY IN THE WORLD apply to any one of its many agents, or to JACOB A. JOHNSON, General Agent.

When You Want a Real Tonic 'ST. AGUSTINE' ask for (Registered Brand) of Pelee Wine. GAGTOWN, Sept. 21, 1899. E. G. SCOVIL, "Having used both we think the St. Augustine preferable to Vin Mariani as a tonic. JOHN C. CLOWES] E. G. SCOVIL, 62 Union Street.

FRYS PURE CONCENTRATED SOLUBLE COCOA. Fry's Pure Cocoa is a rich, smooth, and delicious beverage. It is made from the finest cocoa beans and is suitable for all ages. It is a perfect substitute for coffee and is a most refreshing drink. Fry's Pure Cocoa is sold in all grocery stores and is a favorite with the whole family.



HALIFAX NOTES.



The "Albert" Toilet Soap Co's Baby's Own Soap makes younger, cleaner, sweeter, and fresher.

It keeps their delicate skin in good order. Made entirely from vegetable fats, it is an emollient as well as a cleanser, and is as useful on a lady's toilet as on the nursery. Fairly but emphatically cosmetic.

Free Cure For Men. A new remedy which quickly cures sexual weakness, restores the organs to strength and vigor.

Use Perfection Tooth Powder. For Sale at all Druggists.

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

Despairing Victim Find New Hope. Dr. Chase's Linseed Oil.

TOURNA GOLDEN ONE DAY. Take Laxative Broom Quinine Tablets.

TOURNA GOLDEN ONE DAY. Take Laxative Broom Quinine Tablets.

TOURNA GOLDEN ONE DAY. Take Laxative Broom Quinine Tablets.

TOURNA GOLDEN ONE DAY. Take Laxative Broom Quinine Tablets.

TOURNA GOLDEN ONE DAY. Take Laxative Broom Quinine Tablets.

TOURNA GOLDEN ONE DAY. Take Laxative Broom Quinine Tablets.

TOURNA GOLDEN ONE DAY. Take Laxative Broom Quinine Tablets.

TOURNA GOLDEN ONE DAY. Take Laxative Broom Quinine Tablets.

TOURNA GOLDEN ONE DAY. Take Laxative Broom Quinine Tablets.

TOURNA GOLDEN ONE DAY. Take Laxative Broom Quinine Tablets.

TOURNA GOLDEN ONE DAY. Take Laxative Broom Quinine Tablets.

TOURNA GOLDEN ONE DAY. Take Laxative Broom Quinine Tablets.

TOURNA GOLDEN ONE DAY. Take Laxative Broom Quinine Tablets.

TOURNA GOLDEN ONE DAY. Take Laxative Broom Quinine Tablets.

TOURNA GOLDEN ONE DAY. Take Laxative Broom Quinine Tablets.

TOURNA GOLDEN ONE DAY. Take Laxative Broom Quinine Tablets.

TOURNA GOLDEN ONE DAY. Take Laxative Broom Quinine Tablets.

TOURNA GOLDEN ONE DAY. Take Laxative Broom Quinine Tablets.

TOURNA GOLDEN ONE DAY. Take Laxative Broom Quinine Tablets.

TOURNA GOLDEN ONE DAY. Take Laxative Broom Quinine Tablets.

TOURNA GOLDEN ONE DAY. Take Laxative Broom Quinine Tablets.

TOURNA GOLDEN ONE DAY. Take Laxative Broom Quinine Tablets.

TOURNA GOLDEN ONE DAY. Take Laxative Broom Quinine Tablets.

TOURNA GOLDEN ONE DAY. Take Laxative Broom Quinine Tablets.

TOURNA GOLDEN ONE DAY. Take Laxative Broom Quinine Tablets.

TOURNA GOLDEN ONE DAY. Take Laxative Broom Quinine Tablets.

Isn't that what a woman thinks who finds herself practically laid aside in the heyday of life? A few years of marriage, a couple of children, and she is worn out.



It is the unnatural strain, the irregularity, the ulcerations and inflammations which sap woman's strength. Cure these and health comes back with all its joys.

Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription. Thousands of women are on record as living witnesses to the truth of this statement.

Dr. Pierce's Pellets cure biliousness.

up-to-date songs by the fair sex Mr. Buchanan furnished dancing music.

The Parliamentary dinner last Thursday was attended by:

Hon. A. G. Jones, P. C. Hon. Mr. Justice Meagher. Mr. Justice Johnson.

Hon. J. W. Langley, Atty Genl. Hon. W. T. Pipes, M. E. C. Hon. D. McCurdy, M. L. C.

Hon. W. H. Owen, M. L. C. Hon. Jason Mack, M. L. C. Hon. J. McNeil, M. L. C.

Mr. J. A. Bancroft, M. P. F. Dr. Kendall, M. P. F. Mr. A. M. Gidney, M. P. F.

Mr. George Mitchell, M. P. F. Mr. Wm. Law, M. P. F. Mr. E. M. Farrel, M. P. F.

Mr. W. Fitzpatrick, M. P. F. Mr. A. Halliburton, Sergeant-at-arms.

Rev. Dr. Balloch. Rev. Dr. Saunders. Rev. Dr. S. F. Black.

Surg. Lieut. Col. W. Tobin. Major Harward, A. F. D. Mr. Taylor, (Dockyard).

Lieut. Col. Crane, 63rd Rifles. Captain Henaley. Lieut. Col. Worsley.

Dr. A. E. McKay, Supt. of education. Mr. E. Chapman, Secy. of Agriculture.

Dr. Murphy, Provincial Engineer. Sheriff of Halifax. City Recorder.

Mr. James Austin. Mr. J. B. Currie. Mr. Bake Crofton.

Mr. Graham Bonner. Miss Beth Lovitt, youngest daughter of Senator Lovitt, of Yarmouth, died in Colorado, 8rd., of consumption.

PARROBORO. [Progress is for sale at Parroboro Bookstore.] Mar. 7.—The whist club will be discontinued during the season of Lent.

A few gentlemen have formed a reading club with Dr. Townsend president and Dr. McArthur secretary.

The club is very comfortably quartered in the MacKenzie block. Rev. A. B. Higgins, Dr. McArthur and Mr. Varley Fullerton, attended the At Home at Mt. Allison last Friday evening.

Mrs. F. R. Eaton is visiting her parents at Hanterport. Dr. and Mrs. P. A. Holmes have become the happy parents of a son.

Miss Helen Fraser who has been quite ill, is somewhat better. Miss Maude Corbett is visiting friends in Sussex and Sackville.

Miss Kate McNamara is spending a week with a friend at Amberst Point. Dr. McDougall, Truro, was in town on Monday.

Mrs. Grant has gone to Boston where her husband is ill. Miss Gow is visiting Pictou.

Messrs M. L. Tucker, N. C. Norby, E. R. Reid, have lately been to St. John. Miss Howard of Port Grenville is the guest of Mrs. J. Corbett.

Mr. and Mrs. Newton Fugaley are receiving congratulations on the birth of a daughter. Mr. J. B. Lavers, St. John has been staying at hotel Alpha.

Mr. Harry Corbett has returned from St. John. WOLFVILLE, N. S. Mar. 7.—The musical recital given in College Hall on Saturday evening by the vocal pupils of the Seminary was much enjoyed.

The solos by Mr. McNeill, Misses Mabel Ross, Lida Munro and Lina Forb's were especially appreciated. Mr. Stanley DeWitt left this week for Sydney where he has a position in the steel works.

Rev. E. M. Dill formerly of Parroboro, has been called to the Presbyterian church of this place. B. B. Harris, F. E. Porter and Chas. Patricquin were in Halifax on Tuesday to discuss in committee the bill enabling Wolfville to borrow money for a town hall.

The measure has been given a three month's hoist. The last meeting of the whist club was held on Monday evening at the home of Mrs. C. R. Burgess. The first ladies prize was awarded to Miss Gladys Starr, and the first gentlemen's prize to Mr. Harle Burgess.

The booby prizes were given to Mrs. Clarence Borden and Mr. J. E. Leavitt. Mrs. A. L. Oshorn of St. John arrived in town on Thursday and will spend the week here.

Miss Laura Sawyer, who was called home on account of the death of her mother, returned on Wednesday to Boston, where she holds the position of librarian at Park's Institute.

The first and last meeting of the Quinette club was held at the members' home on Friday evening. An unusually large number were present including over twenty from Kentville, and a number from Cambridge and Fort Williams. Dancing was kept up until an early hour.

Miss Masel Hall, who has been visiting friends in town for the past few weeks, returned to her home in Halifax on Saturday.

Rev. J. O. Vince, Acadia '98, pastor of the English church at Grandville and Miss Vince, are the guests for a few days of Mr. J. W. Vaughan.

Dr. Trotter was in Halifax on Sunday and address of the Dalhousie, Y. M. C. A. His discourse was highly spoken of by the daily papers, being considered one of the best delivered before the students of that institution.

The Academy students had a patriotic demonstration on Tuesday night in celebration of Croquet's surrender.

YARBOURNE. MAR. 8.—Miss Ethel Robbins of Truro is on a visit among friends in town. Capt. Alonzo Ross, of Wellington was stricken with paralysis a few days ago. He was engaged with his team hauling wood, when he was suddenly incapacitated. He was conveyed home and Dr. Wade summoned.

Rev. W. F. Parker, pastor of Temple Baptist church, administered the ordination of baptism to three candidates, Miss Ethel Grace, Miss Alice Shaw, Miss Lela Shaw, on Sunday morning last.

The remains of the late Miss Elizabeth Lovitt will arrive in Yarmouth per steamer Boston, Thursday morning, accompanied by her father, Hon. Senator Lovitt and her sister Miss Annie. The funeral will take place Thursday afternoon at 3 o'clock.

Mr. L. A. Rogers discovered Thursday a yellow butlerfly, which was quite lively and wished to be released from the close quarters he was then occupying in a tack box. This is another evidence of the approaching season.

It is with regret we learn of the serious illness of Mr. William Currier and of Mr. Rufus Churchill, the latter of whom is attacked with pleuro-pneumonia.

A telegram to Mr. Walter Hamilton, received Tuesday from Boston, states that his brother Thomas fell into the hold of a vessel at that port, breaking both wrists and cracking the skull. No reply to telegram from Yarmouth asking for later information had been received up to noon Thursday.

The resignation of Coun. Comcan was received by the Town Clerk on Friday. A lately resigned requisition is being circulated for ex-Councillor Edward Allen to re-enter the council, which is generally hoped and understood, will be accepted of by that gentleman.

At the conclusion of the regular service at Trinity church on Sunday evening, Rev. Mr. Danbick stated that in place of the regular sermon a service of praise and thanksgiving would be offered. He briefly alluded to the change affairs in South Africa had taken during the past few weeks, how from reverse and loss on the British arms had now achieved victory after victory, and the relief of Ladysmith was an assured fact.

WINDSOR. Mar. 8.—Misses Bert and Ada Smith have been visiting friends in Halifax. Miss Brown of Windsor, was the guest of Mrs. Ashton last week.

Miss Ethel Murphy has returned home from an extended visit with friends in Halifax. Miss Emma Smith returned on Saturday from a visit to her sister Mrs. Joe McDonald, Wolfville.

Miss Florence Yould, Kentville, who has been visiting her sister, Mrs. Wilson, has returned home. Mr. and Mrs. E. E. Boreham, who have been guests at Fairfield for a few weeks, have returned to Halifax.

Messrs. J. Woodworth and Percy Smith returned last week from a business trip to New York in their morning interests.

Miss Jettie Kilcup returned home on Monday last week from Halifax, where she had been visiting friends for the past two months.

Mr. Ed. Fiddington was in Windsor on Wednesday last on his return to Halifax from a trip to Lunenburg and other points along the south shore. Mrs. C. K. Eville, formerly of Parroboro, now of Truro, and little Miss Vivienne, arrived here on Wednesday last and are visiting at 'Island Home.'

Miss Nellie Rogers, of Lunenburg, is visiting with Miss Fannie Tupper, Queen Street. Miss E. J. many friends will be glad to see her in our midst again.

On Wednesday, Feb. 28th, Mr. Lawson Smith who holds a lucrative position in the employ of the American Express Co., Boston, passed through Windsor en route for the home of his adoption. He was called home on a sad mission.

BRIDGETOWN. MAR. 7.—Mr. Stanley Porter and bride of Yarmouth spent a few days in town last week with his brother, Mr. Stephen Porter. On Thursday they returned to Digby where Mr. Porter is superintending the work on the new bank.

Mr. Joe Ruggles of the Bank of Nova Scotia, Halifax, is at home on a week's vacation. Mr. E. L. Thorne, manager of the Union Bank and Lawrence town agencies last week.

Miss Hattie Walsh has returned from a visit of several weeks in Granville. Miss May Tupper of Round Hill has been in town a few days.

Dr. M. E. Armstrong, who has been confined to the house with a severe cold for several days, is able to attend to his practice again. Mrs. S. B. Davis of Yarmouth is visiting her daughter, Mrs. M. E. Armstrong.

DIGBY. MAR. 7.—Mr. Thomas Hutchings of St. John was in town last week. Mrs. Richard Thorne is visiting friends at Ohio, Yarmouth county.

Mr. R. E. Felton of Lawrence town is registered at the Burnham House. Mrs. Geo. Corbett of Annapolis, who has been visiting Mrs. Wood, has returned home.

MAYPOLE SOAP DYES ANY MATERIAL ANY SHADE A PERFECT HOME DYE For sale everywhere FREE book on Home Dyeing by applying to A. P. TIPPET & CO., Montreal.

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

Miss May Carey has returned to her home in Chathamport. Mr. George H. Haldenorth, jr., last week for Lynn, Mass. He is at present employed in that city.

Mr. H. H. Hayden, who has been visiting friends in Massachusetts, has returned home. The Misses Bell and Hattie McDonald of Providence, R. I., were the guests of Mr. and Mrs. G. A. Vye on Wednesday.

Rev. A. M. Hill and Messrs Percy Turnbull and Albert Williams were passengers to Yarmouth on Monday to attend the periodic concert. They returned to Digby on Tuesday.

Mr. John D. McKee, grand master of the I. O. O. F., passed through Digby on Tuesday, en route to Lunenburg and Bridgewater, where he will visit Oddfellows' lodges before returning to his home in Westville, Pictou county.

ANAPOLIS. MAR. 7.—Miss Brown and Miss Hunt of Halifax, who have been visiting Judge and Mrs. Savary, left on Saturday, the steamer on a visit to Wolfville and the latter to Port Williams.

Miss Ella Riley is visiting friends in Yarmouth. Mrs. Geo. E. Corbett, who has been visiting in Digby, returned home this week. Miss Ethel Corbett is visiting friends in Halifax.

Mr. and Mrs. C. C. Sweeney of Mildston are visiting the latter's parents here, Mr. and Mrs. C. A. Perkins.

How Expert Tea Testers Test Tea. The expert tea tester carefully weighs the tea, pours a certain quantity of fresh boiled water on it—lets it draw for a few minutes, then tastes it—Talley's Elephant Brand Tea stands this test which others not from the right way of making tea.

CAMPBELLTON. Miss Lavinia Henderson left Saturday for Collingwood, Ont. She will also take in Montreal military openings.

Miss Alice Mowat is spending a few weeks in Montreal and Toronto, attending the military openings there. W. E. Miller, left Monday night for Springfield, Mass. He also spent a few days in Boston, returning March 4th.

Mrs. I. W. Brown of Bay Verte is the guest of her sister, Mrs. D. C. Fish. G. M. L. Brown of Eversham spent a few days in Montreal this week.

His Worship Mayor Murray and Messrs. K. Shivers and H. F. McLatchy, the committee appointed by the town council to wait upon the Minister of Public Works reharbor improvements left on their mission Saturday night. Mrs. Murray accompanied the mayor.

Jas. Nedean, of the Port Daniel Lumber Co., was in town Monday. He returned accompanied by James Louder of Duncan & McLennan's machine shop, who will superintend improvements the company are making preparatory for the coming season.

Fercy Jellitt left last week for Montreal where he will attend college. D. C. Gallan left last week for Ticonderoga. He was accompanied by Miss Christopher who returned to her home after a brief visit.

Doctor—'Gangrene has set in.' McClutchy—'Thank heavens for the color.'

DON'T TAKE MEDICINE if you are weak and run down, use Puttner's Emulsion, which is FOOD, rather than medicine. It will soon build you up.

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

A Tearing Cold which grips your throat and chest, and a hacking cough which feels like a dry burning of the tissues, will receive instantaneous relief by a dose of

ADAMSON'S BOTANIC BALSAM. It acts as a soothing demulcent on your parched and irritated membrane. It never fails to check the most severe cough, and, properly used, it will permanently cure the most obstinate one. 25 cts. AT ALL DRUGGISTS.

EVERY WEAK MAN SHOULD send for a Descriptive Treatise on the Modern and Successful Treatment of Nervous Diseases and Physical Weakness in Men, including Premature Exhaustion and Loss of Vital Energy, with other allied affections by local absorption (i.e., without stomach medicine). Revised and in progress with the most advanced researches in the subject, together with numerous recent testimonials showing successful cures. Write at once and grasp this opportunity of being quickly restored to perfect health. Sent in a plain sealed envelope, free of charge.—E. HORTON, 25 & 26, CHARLTON LANE, LONDON, E.C.4. Estab. over 30 years.

TAKE NOTICE. That a general meeting of the shareholders of the "Barque Robert S. Bernard Company (Limited)" will be held at the office of the company in Lunenburg in the County of the City and County of Saint John on Tuesday the sixth day of March next at the hour of three o'clock in the afternoon, for the purpose of electing Directors and transacting such other business as shall properly and legally come before it. Dated, February 16th, 1900. STEPHEN WIGGINS PALMER, ARCHIBALD FITZ RANDOLPH, JOSEPH HENRY BOULANGER, FREDERICK W. BROWN, FREDERICK W. BROWN, FREDERICK W. BROWN.

Cold in the distressing symptom by Dr. Chase's box; blower in





...Tollit Soap Co's Soap makes young- sweet, and fresh.

...For Men. quickly cure sexual weakness, loss, premature discharge, etc.

...ARTS. R & NEWTON'S L. COLORS, WATER COLORS, CANVAS, etc., etc.

...COURT. of the County of Saint John. the City and County of Saint John

...WEAK MAN Descriptive Treatise on the Modern and Old Diseases and Physical Exhaustion

...KE NOTICE. general meeting of the share- "Bargue Robert S. Bernard

A Book for Women Written by a Woman. In this remarkable book, "Woman in Health and Disease" is a guide for the young woman

WOODSTOCK. [Progress is for sale in Woodstock by Mrs. J. Deane & Co.] MAR. 4.—N. E. Colter, Foot-Path Inspector registered at the Carleton Hotel.

FREDERICTON. [Progress is for sale in Fredericton by W. T. H. Fenwick and J. H. Hawley.] Mr. J. S. Fenwick, of the Law Society has been very busy with the preparations for the coming year.

HANTON. MAR. 8.—Mr. J. E. Whittaker has been confined to his bed during the past few days suffering from the effects of vaccination. The new curate, Mr. Lynda, sits at the service on Friday evening last for the first time since his arrival here.

Asthma Gasps. Despairing Victims of Asthma Find New Hope and Thorough Cure in Dr. Chase's Syrup of Linseed and Turpentine.

Too many asthma sufferers give up their search for cure, believing that their particular case is beyond the control of scientific treatment.

WEAK MAN Descriptive Treatise on the Modern and Old Diseases and Physical Exhaustion and other allied ailments by local (home) stomach medicine.

KE NOTICE. general meeting of the share- "Bargue Robert S. Bernard

If Matrimonially Inclined just hint to your friends that if they must give you silver-plated spoons, forks or knives, the best kind to buy are those marked SWAROGERS.

A LITTLE COLD LET RUN. A little tickling in the throat—now and then a dry, hacking cough—not bad enough to bother about you say.

Good Paper AND Good Ink are important factors in the production of good printing. When there is added to these a most complete plant and skilful workmen, the result is sure to be satisfactory.

CONDENSED ADVERTISEMENTS. Announcements under this heading not exceeding five lines (about 25 words) cost 25 cents each insertion.

WANTED RELIABLE MEN Good honest men in every locality, local or travelling, to introduce and advertise our goods

Miss Jessie Campbell Whitlock, TEACHER OF PIANOFORTE. ST. STEPHEN, N. B.

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

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

Queen Hotel, Fredericton, N. B. A. EDWARDS, Proprietor. Fine sample rooms in connection. First class Livery Stable. Coaches at trains and boats.

Scribner's FOR 1900 (INCLUDES) J. M. BARRIE'S "Tommy and Grael" (serial).

THEODORE ROOSEVELT'S "Oliver Cromwell" (serial). RICHARD HARDING DAVIS'S fiction and special articles.

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

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

SPECIAL ARTICLES The Paris Exposition. FREDERIC IRLAND'S articles on sport and exploration. "HARVARD FIFTY YEARS AGO" by Senator Hoar.

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

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

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

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

Queen Hotel, Fredericton, N. B. A. EDWARDS, Proprietor. Fine sample rooms in connection. First class Livery Stable. Coaches at trains and boats.



SOCIAL and PERSONAL.

(CONTINUED FROM FIFTH PAGE.)

Bellevue, Miss Ida Belyea, Miss Jessie Lyon, and Messrs. Duffin Richards, Will Seely, Harry Footman, Herb. Belyea, Sam Apt, Fred Short, A. L. B. McKel, Harry Belyea.

Capt. A. L. Footman has returned from a trip to Fredericton.

Mr. Ford Walton is confined to the house with la grippe.

A patriotic meeting is to take place on Friday evening at Oak Point.

Mrs. Z. Jones was called to St. John last week on account of the death of her sister, Miss Frost.

SUSSEX.

Mar. 7.—Mr. Frank Hoar of St. Paul, Minn., spent the first of the week with friends in Sussex.

Miss Jean Walton left on Wednesday for Boston where she will spend some time.

Mr. Harvey Mitchell was in St. John the first of the week.

Miss Kate Morrison has returned from St. John after having a very pleasant vacation.

Mr. Willard Howes left on Tuesday for Picton N. S.

Miss May Whitney is visiting friends in Moncton.

The Messrs. Maher and Connors who have been the guests of Miss Byrne Queen Street have returned home.

Miss Brown of Fredericton was in town the first of the week the guest of Mrs. J. G. Smith, Clinch Avenue.

Miss Dolly Morrison is in Fredericton the guest of Mrs. Fraser.

Mr. A. D. Hallett formerly of this place has been appointed assessor and collector for Greenwood city, B. C.

Mr. Sanderson, inspector of the Bank of Nova Scotia was in Sussex last week.

Mr. Hooper of Moncton conducted the service Tuesday evening in Medley Memorial Hall.

Mr. L. C. Daigle is visiting her parents in St. Louis, Kent Co.

Mrs. W. W. Hubbard is visiting friends in Fredericton.

Miss Deboos and Miss Hazel left for Newcastle Tuesday.

Dr. J. H. Ryan spent Monday in Hampton.

Mrs. Albert Stone was in Sussex the first of the week.

Mrs. E. D. Pidgeon spent the latter part of the week in St. John.

Mr. G. H. Warren is visiting friends in Amherst.

Messrs. Driscoll and Patterson of St. John were in Sussex last week.

Mr. Wm. Harmer Hammond has accepted a position with Sussex Mercantile Co. Ltd.

Miss H. E. Fette, who has been the guest of Mrs. Laundown "The Villa" returned to her home in Parrboro, Thursday.

Mrs. and Mrs. W. T. Piffel entertained a few friends Saturday evening. Whist and euchre were indulged in.

ST. STEPHEN AND CALAIS.

[Progress is for sale in St. Stephen at the bookstore of G. S. Wall, T. E. Atchison and J. Vroom & Co., in Calais at O. F. Treat's.]

Mar. 8.—One of the worst storms of the season visited St. Stephen on Friday and as a consequence, the roads have been badly blocked ever since.

Main street even today is a slight which makes the teamster use profane language and the driver out for pressure feel in despair.

The town council has not shown very much energy in having the streets levelled. Calais has certainly beaten us in this respect.

A party of young people on the invitation of Miss Mabel Livingston, enjoyed a drive to the Stone House at the ledge on Thursday evening.

They unfortunately met with an accident on the way home. The roads were very icy and it was difficult to prevent the large sled from slipping into into the side of the road.

Near Gardiner's Hill the horses could not control the sled and in an endeavor to keep it in the middle of the road they broke loose, upsetting the sled, and dumping out the young people with considerable force.

Two of the young ladies, Miss Livingston and Miss Gould, were slightly injured but are now able to be about. The party was compelled to walk back to Calais.

Mr. Wilfred Eaton entertained the popular whist club with dinner and dance at the American House Thursday evening.

The Public Library patrons held a Brx party and musicale in the Eder Memorial hall on Friday evening.

The boxes were auctioned by Mr. Watson Whitlock and on one or two occasions particular ly noticeable the bidding was exciting. About \$35 was realized.

Miss Linsley of Ft. John formerly of the teaching staff of the St. Stephen school board, is the guest of Mrs. Della McLanahan.

Miss Vera Young entertained the young people's whist club with a drive to Oak Bay to Mr. Young's summer cottage, Wednesday evening.

A patriotic concert under the management of Miss Mollie Maloney will be given in the Baptist vestry this evening. The proceeds will go towards buying new books for the Sunday school library.



Here's the Advantage:

Our handling of your shirt will mean that it is well handled. We do not stiffen the bosom so much as to make it uncomfortable, but we never fail to make it right.

You get clean garments when we return your bundle to you.

American Laundry,

98, 100, 102 Charlotte St.

Phone 214.

GOODSOE BROS., Proprietors.

Agents B. A. Dyeing Co., "Gold Medal Dyers," Montreal.

"Example is Better Than Precept."

It is not what we say, but what Hood's Sarsaparilla does, that tells the story. Thousands of testimonials are examples of what Hood's has done for others, and what it will do for you.

Dyspepsia—"I was weak and had fainting spells. Dyspepsia and indigestion in severe form troubled me. Five bottles of Hood's Sarsaparilla made me well and strong." Mrs. WILLIAM VANVALKENBURGH, Whitby, Ont.

A Good Medicine—"We have taken Hood's Sarsaparilla in our family as a spring medicine and used Hood's Pills for biliousness and found both medicines very effective. For impure blood we know Hood's Sarsaparilla is a good medicine." R. S. FELTON, publisher Bee, Atwood, Ont.



Hood's Pills cure liver ill; the non-bruising and only cathartic to take with Hood's Sarsaparilla.

Messrs. Horace Trimble and George Newton of Calais, F. L. East of St. Stephen, went to Boston Monday to attend the sportsman's exhibition.

Mr. Howard Grimmer of St. Andrews, was in town for a few days this week.

Milltown is getting quite a reputation for lawless acts lately. On Saturday, constable Ed Mills arrested one Thomas Purcell on a capias for debt.

The arrest took place in a bar-room well known in Milltown but before Mills could get away with his prisoner he was set upon by several loafers about the bar-room and was roughly handled, being knocked down and tumbled about the head and body. Purcell of course escaped.

Some talk is being made in Calais of the building of a new Opera House. A gentleman from Boston is prepared to go ahead with the scheme if he receives sufficient encouragement from the city's.

ST. ANDREWS.

Mar 8.—R. B. Hanson, Jr. returned from his collegiate studies at Halifax on Thursday night and is now at Cocobee.

Mr. Fred L. Day, principal of the Grammar School who was in St. John attending the funeral of his brother Albert, returned to his scholastic duties on Thursday.

Miss Grace Balkam of Eastport is visiting her friend Miss Beale Burton.

Mr. James McSwain of Bayside who went West a year or two ago to better his fortune has returned to the East and will soon again be found at the "old stand."

Mr. and Mrs. Dan Gilmer, who have been visiting in St. George returned to Montreal on Tuesday.

Miss Nellie Stuart has returned from a visit among St. George friends.

Mr. and Mrs. King Greenlaw have the sympathy of the community in the death of their daughter Marjorie, which occurred on Sunday night. The funeral took place on Monday afternoon, Rev. J. C. Berrie officiating. Another child of this worthy couple is also very ill.

Capt Richard Keay was in London on the 23 of February.

ANAGANOS.

Mar 7th.—Miss Bertha Davidson has returned after a few days visit with her friend Miss Norton in Penobscot.

Mr. and Mrs. Chas. F. Goddard are receiving congratulations on the arrival of a baby girl.

Miss Margie Briggs is spending a few days with relatives in Queen's County.

Mr. and Mrs. Geo. H. Davidson entertained Miss Emma Davidson and Mr. Humphrey Davidson on Wednesday last and Thursday they had Rev. W. Camp for their guest.

Miss McAnespy came home from Covelade where she is engaged teaching school, on Friday to spend the Sabbath with her mother at Portage.

Mrs. and Miss Davidson attended the social dance in Sussex on Monday the 9th ultimo.

Miss Lena Keith and Annie Webster have been visiting folk on "Apple Hill" quite recently.

Mrs. George Davidson spent Saturday in Penobscot with her friend Mrs. George Jones at her pretty cottage "Cotachy."

Monday afternoon Mrs. George Davidson was taken suddenly ill. Dr. Burnett of Sussex was summoned and we are glad to learn Mrs. Davidson is rapidly recovering.

TEBEO.

[Progress is for sale in Tebro by Mr. G. O. Filton, J. G. O'Brien and St. Croix Bros.]

ST. JOHN'S FIRE TRAPS.

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE TWO.)

four feet above the roof of the building to which they belong.

Hearths for fire places or grates shall be laid upon brick trimmer arches, or upon bars of iron supporting a bed of brick work.

No person shall use or put in operation or cause to be used or put in operation, any hot-air furnace now erected or that may hereafter be built, constructed or erected in any house or premises, until the same shall have been first inspected by the Inspector of Buildings, and until the said Inspector of Buildings shall have furnished a certificate that the same is built, constructed or erected in a safe and proper manner.

All passages, aisles, stairways or alleys in any public hall, church building, public concert room, lecture room, exhibition room, theatre or other place used for public assemblies shall at all times be kept free and clear of all obstructions or encumbrances, provided that nothing herein contained shall be held as preventing any person or persons from standing or kneeling in any aisles or passages of any church building.

It is hereby expressly forbidden to keep any chair, camp stool, bench, seat or other obstruction whatsoever in any of the aisles, passages, stairways or alleys, of any public hall, church building, public concert room, lecture room, exhibition room, theatre or other place used for public assemblies.

No woodwork shall be placed at a less distance than one inch from any tin or other metal fire or flues, pipe or pipes used or intended to be used to convey heated air or steam in any building.

No steam engine in this City, shall here after be heated with wood, or with any other description of fuel than coal, from the first day of May to the first day of November, inclusive in each year, unless the funnel or chimney thereof be covered with wire netting or cap sufficient to prevent the escape of emission of sparks of fire therefrom.

Every kettle, boiler or copper, for the use of any tallow chandler, soap boiler, chemist, druggist, or other such artificer, shall be fixed or erected on brick or stone laid in mortar and grouted with liquid mortar, so as to prevent all communication between the contents of such kettle, boiler or copper with a fire; and the fire place under every such kettle, boiler or copper shall be so constructed and secured by an iron door, as to enclose the fire therein.

The High School Question.

Mr. W. H. Hatheway and the other promoters of the High School one session movement are still earnest in forwarding the claim of the new idea of doing away with the last day's study. The School Board has not given the matter much consideration since it was deliberated upon at several weeks ago and it now looks as if the scheme will have to be pretty ably backed up to amount to anything.

The opinions of parents as secured through the medium of the printed circulars so liberally distributed among the scholars, while many of them were substantial testimonials for the one session plan, the majority were flimsy supports. However the idea of curtailing High School studies and school hours is a very live matter in the minds of those heartily interested and they intend pushing it to the limit of possibility.

Fen Parker Won't Skate.

On Monday night the annual Maritime Provincial skating championships will be held in Victoria Rink. Among the St. John racers to participate will be Bart Duffy, champion; Billy Merritt, Ned Dalton, M. Walsh and the newcomer Daley. Of course there are many other entries from outside flyers. Fen Parker, the Indian town lad, it will be seen is not included in the above list. He refuses to skate for more than one reason, but chiefly because of the manner in which he was treated in the last tournament. He claims to have been purposely knocked down in more than one event when he held a promising position, and so "pocketed" "cornered" and "jockeyed" by the other skaters, all intentionally, that for him to enter his name for Monday's contests would be like risking his limbs. However, Parker says

"77" A Weather-Strip.

The use of "Seventy-seven" like a weather-strip shuts out the March winds; protects you from Grip, Colds and Pneumonia; restores the checked circulation (indicated by a chill or shiver), starts the blood coursing through the veins and so "breaks up" a cold.

Edition de Luxe:

If in response to your request you receive Dr. Humphreys' manual with paper cover, don't be disappointed, the Edition de Luxe will follow as soon as a new lot are bound. Chapter on the Diseases of Children.

Humphreys' Homeopathic Medicine Co., Cor. William & John Sts., N. Y.

GRIP

Advertisement for 'SURPRISE' soap. Includes text: 'ONLY ONE BEST. There's only one best soap—"SURPRISE." It's a pure, hard, perfect soap. It makes clothes cleanest and whitest in the least time and with least work. No boiling, scalding or rubbing—all the dirt simply goes away when "SURPRISE" Soap comes. It costs but 5 cts. a cake, but lasts as long as if it cost 15. Don't take a "just-as-good" soap. There is no soap as good. Remember the name—"Surprise."

The Sources of Tin

During the closing half of the nineteenth century, Cornwall, which from ancient times had been the world's greatest source of supply for tin, has lost that distinction.

Even as late as 1859, Cornwall supplied one half of all tin produced, but now the Malay Peninsula stands at the head, having in 1898 turned out more than 60 per cent of the world's total production.

The Dutch East Indies stand next, with 19 per cent, while Cornwall turned out only about 5 000 tons, not quite seven per cent of the whole.

The Automobile in South America.

In the enterprising city of Buenos Ayres automobile carriages are no uncommon sight, in the form both of private vehicles and of delivery-wagons.

Cycle roads now radiate from Buenos Ayres to distances of 60 and 70 miles in the surrounding country, and under the care of the Argentine Touring Club these roads are reserved for the use of bicycles and automobiles.

Honors are Easy.

The man who wants to know—"What on earth makes Brown Jones so uncommonly stuck on himself today?"

The man who does know—"Why, haven't you heard? It's all over London that Brown-Jones was blackballed by the Sons of the American Revolution."

An Auspicious Occasion.

Muldoon—"O! be after hearin' that O'Hoolley is dead. He wor a foine felly."

O'Hoolihan—"Thruze fer yez, me bboyy. He doied happy, thinkin' phwat an illigant wake he'd give th' bhoys on Saint Patrick's eve."

An Affiliated Family.

Grandma Brown—"I never see the beat on't what luck John's folks does hev. He's nigh-sighted, you know, an' she's hard o' hearin', at' now ef they hain't got a red-headed baby!"

Getting His Money's worth.

Mrs. Kelly—"Finnegan'dronk an' lickin' his woiite."

Mrs. Brady—"Yis; he's goin' to confusion t'morrow, an' wants t' git his money's worth."

He Had the Omb.

He lacked refinement, culture, grace. He had no charm of form or face. To see him read would pain your sight, 'Twas misery for him to write. And yet, like all that's human, he had one trait of humanity—And that the best, I might here state—At making money he was great.

Where around him all men flocked.

And women, too, and were not shocked At things he'd do or things he'd say, In his rough, coarse and brutal way. They merrily smiled indulgently, And said, "How free from guile is he! He doesn't have to try to please—We love his eccentricities."

Moving Pictures for Medical Students.

In a New York hospital moving pictures have been made of epileptic patients, as well as of persons affected with locomotor ataxia. This is following the example set in Vienna, where moving pictures have been made of celebrated surgeons performing critical operations.

The purpose in both cases is to enable students and practitioners to study the peculiarities of diseases and the methods of distinguished operators.

All For The Best.

Cobwigger—"It was a good thing for St. Patrick, that Ireland wasn't situated in Africa."

O'Hoolihan—"Pywy so, sorr P?"

Cobwigger—"Look at the job he would have had driving out pythons and boa-constrictors."

Objected to.

"What was the nature of the trouble you had with your last nurse girl?"

"She didn't like it because I asked her to stay at home with the children."

Always After His Worship's Scalp.

Ald. Christie must have his growl. He could not be well without it. And he thought he had a change when the board of works met the other day and the ferry employees asked for extra pay on account of running over time Ladysmith day.

When he learned that the boat was run on the order of the mayor he asked who authorized him to give the order and was very indignant. But the board paid the men for their overtime just the same and didn't seem to think that the mayor had done anything out of the way when he obliged the west side people. In fact Ald. Christie's objections to the mayor and his acts are not regarded as favorably as they used to be. That "Peace with Honor" telegram did some good after all.

A Palace to Withstand Earth-Quakes.

The Crown Prince of Japan is to have a new palace designed to resist earth quakes which are so frequent and destructive in this country. The palace will be 270 by 400 feet in area, with a height of only 60 feet. The skeleton will be of steel, and the entire structure will be anchored upon concrete by means of 400 steel columns.

Around this strongly braced skeleton will be placed the marble and granite slabs and blocks, forming the outer skin of the building. American steel will be used and American engineers are engaged in the work.

Wireless Telegraphy on Mountains.

French Engineers have lately made successful tests of wireless telegraphy between the lofty observatories on the crown of Mont Blanc and the Valley of Chamoniex. It has been feared that the absence of moisture in the frozen surface might interfere with the earth connection, but no such trouble was experienced. The only difficulty arose when the alternating current dynamo of the electric light system in Chamoniex were at work. At such times the wireless messages could not be transmitted nor received.

Moving Pictures for Medical Students.

In a New York hospital moving pictures have been made of epileptic patients, as well as of persons affected with locomotor ataxia. This is following the example set in Vienna, where moving pictures have been made of celebrated surgeons performing critical operations.

The purpose in both cases is to enable students and practitioners to study the peculiarities of diseases and the methods of distinguished operators.

All For The Best.

Cobwigger—"It was a good thing for St. Patrick, that Ireland wasn't situated in Africa."

O'Hoolihan—"Pywy so, sorr P?"

Cobwigger—"Look at the job he would have had driving out pythons and boa-constrictors."

Objected to.

"What was the nature of the trouble you had with your last nurse girl?"

"She didn't like it because I asked her to stay at home with the children."

Marjorie—She threatens to sue that paper for publishing the details of her divorce suit.

Madge—"What part does she take exception to?"

Marjorie—"As soon as she knew they were going to print the story she sent them her photograph, and they left it out."

DYING AND CLEANING of all descriptions done at shortest notice. Don't forget that our laundry work is the best. Telephone or postal and we'll call at once 28 to 34 Waterloo St. Phone 58.

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

Buc-touche Bar Oysters.

Received this day, 10 Barrels No. 1 Buc-touche Bar Oysters, the first of the Spring catch. At 19 and 23 King Square.

J. D. TURNER.



ST. JOHN, N. B., SATURDAY, MARCH 10, 1900.

SOUTH AFRICAN NEWS

Interesting Anecdotes of the Principals of the Present Campaign.

THE BOER WOMEN. They spur the men to greater resistance by their work. News but the elderly women among the Transvaal Boers can remember the great trek of 1838 when their fathers and grandfathers abandoned the homes they had made in Natal and toiled up the passes to the lofty plateau where they founded their republic.

The wives and mothers of the soldiers who now confront the British are the descendants of those stout-hearted women who led the guns of their husbands and boys while savages rushed upon the brush heaps that were the sole protection around their laagers.

A report sent by the French Consul at Pretoria to his government, though brief, is perhaps the best statement yet received of the part the women of the Boers are taking in the present war. He says they are doing everything they can to aid the soldiers in the field.

The French Consul adds that the women throughout the two republics exerted a powerful influence in kindling enthusiastic support for the war when it became certain that the conflict could not be averted. They sent many of their sons into the commands or militia organizations, even though the striplings had not quite reached the age of 16, when they are liable to military duty.

the Boer States, as they have started for the fighting lines, has been a triumphal procession. In all the towns and hamlets the women cannot do enough for the soldiers. They have marched with all the commands to the railroad stations. They visit all the camps before the start for the front, bringing baskets of food warm from the ovens and bits of handwork, such as the 'housewives' many of our soldiers carried in Civil War, containing mending material and implements compactly packed, and other things that may somewhat alleviate the discomforts of soldier life.

As long as the commands are within reach delegations of women from many towns are with them, helping in the commissary department, sewing and bringing fresh food from home for the companies in which their interest is especially centered. Other delegations or committees of women have been permitted to go from Pretoria or Bloemfontein almost to the fighting lines in charge of recruits or the hospital services, and of the distribution of many supplies.

Up to this time, all of my children who are old enough to study, have studied English; but I pledge my word that, if I can help it, my youngest daughter shall not learn a word of language we have cause to hate. If the English win, they will proscribe our language. If we succeed in driving them out of our country we will at the same time drive all English words from our lips and from those of our children.

It has recently been reported from South Africa that President Kruger has no intention of spending his declining years in the Transvaal if the Republic he has fought so hard to preserve is overthrown by the British. He had fully decided, when the war began, that in case his cause were irretrievably defeated, he would retire to German Southwest Africa and spend the rest of his life under the German flag. Among the Boers who have settled in the German possessions is an intimate friend of the President who has acquired a large tract of irrigable land and is engaged in cattle raising.

swelled upward. Above this deeper din rose the yells and shouts of drivers and the ceaseless file-firing of whips. The most serious difficulty lay in the mud upon the other bank. This was frightful. Worked into puddled clay by the ceaseless trampling of hoofs and wheels, it clung to the very axle-trees. To draw five thousand pounds of merchandise through this stuff tested the strength even of thirty oxen. Only one casualty did we hear of—a break by which the hind oxen were crushed to death.

More than half of the Boers are living in the northern part of Great Nama Land. The German explorers say that a large part of the interior may be converted into one of the large cattle regions of the world. It would not be surprising, in the event of the overthrow of the two Boer Republics, if another 'great trek' should take place. Hundreds of the Boers who are determined not to live under the British flag may journey in their tent wagons across the Kalahari waste to live under German rule on the plains of German Southwest Africa.

In connection with the South African war, readers have become familiar with the name Modder River. When swollen by rain this 'mud'—or Modder—River is exceedingly difficult to cross. Bridges are often carried away and there is nothing to be done but to ford. In 'To the Cape for Diamonds,' Mr. Frederick Boyle gives a picture of such a passage: We found a regular camp upon the higher side of the swollen stream, and the plain was alive with oxen, mules and horses.

Some of the people had been sixteen days waiting. One man had actually trekked along the bank for six weeks, looking for a break. No one could tell how long the river would be in falling. But the banks, here as elsewhere, were precipitous of mud, most scantily bound with thorns. Perhaps the sheer descent might be fifty feet, and what small apology for a road had once existed was now washed smooth. But a bullock's life is cheap, and the passage must be made. With brakes screwed up to the last turn, wheels chained down, and men hanging on behind, a huge wagon started and pitched downward. Few of the wagons had less than twenty-four oxen, most had thirty, to draw them through. There was a mud-hole two feet deep on one side of the incline, and to drop into this was equivalent to a 'stick.'

THE BRITISH SOLDIERS PRAYER. The Primate of Ireland Composed a Short Prayer and Lord Roberts Adapts It. A British ex-chaplain writes to the New York Sun as follows: I have just received a private letter from Lord Roberts, dated 'Headquarters, Cape Town, South Africa, Jan. 30, 1900,' in which he acknowledges his full appreciation of prayers offered in America in his behalf, and he adds: 'The enclosed will, I venture to think, interest you, and I trust that the 'Short Prayer for the Use of Soldiers in the Field,' composed by my friend the Archbishop of Armagh, may, under God's blessing be a comfort and help to all serving in South Africa.'

What ever opinions the American people may have regarding the respective rights of the Boers and the British, I think this communication will show that Great Britain's grand old Irish General is as much animated with a desire to serve God as President K'uegel himself. I forward to you the enclosed. A BRITISH EX-CHAPLAIN.

ARMY HEADQUARTERS, CAPE TOWN, JAN. 24, 1900. DEAR SIR: I am desired by Lord Roberts to ask you to be so kind as to distribute to all ranks under your command the 'Short Prayer for the Use of Soldiers in the Field' by the Primate of Ireland, copies of which I now forward. His Lordship earnestly hopes it may be helpful to all of her Majesty's soldiers who are now serving in South Africa. Yours faithfully, NEVILLE CHAMBERLAIN, Colonel Private Secretary.

TO THE OFFICER COMMANDING. (Note. A copy of the prayer is being sent to every British soldier in South Africa.) SHORT PRAYER. For the Use of Soldiers in the Field. By Archbishop of Armagh, Primate of Ireland. Almighty Father, I have often stoned against Thee O wash me in the precious blood of the Lamb of God. Fill me with Thy Holy Spirit that I may lead a new life. Spare me to see again those whom I love at home, or fit me for Thy presence in peace. Strengthen us to quit ourselves like men in our right and great cause. Keep us faithful unto death, calm in danger, patient in suffering, merciful as well as brave, true to our Queen, our country, and our colors. It is Thy will, enable us to win victory for England; but, above all, grant us the better victory over temptation and sin, over life and death, that we may be more than conquerors through Him who loved us and laid down His life for us, Jesus our Saviour, the Captain of the Army of God. Amen.

His Gestures. Probably the Catholic Standard which prints this dialogue did not intend that stiff and awkward ecclesiastical should take it as a helpful hint: Teacher—Your recitation was extremely good, Johnny. The gestures were particularly natural. Where did you get them? Johnny—Gist what? Teacher—The gestures. Johnny—I ain't got the gestures. It's hives! A Wise Parent. 'No, I never take the newspaper home; I've got a family of grown-up daughters, you know.' 'Papers to full of crime, eh?' 'No, too full of bargain sales.'

STORIES OF KIT CHENER. The Famous General Once Did the Work of a Spy. Cool, daring, resourceful, and possessed of a wonderful power of self-restraint, Lord Kitchener, says the London Daily Mail, is not the soldiers' idol that Lord Roberts, his great chief, is, because Kitchener never spares his men; nor, for that matter, does he spare himself. Once a project is moot, once a goal is to be reached, Kitchener means to get there.

It is hardly to be wondered at that a man of this hard, cool, calculating disposition is not loved; and 'Tommy' will never make a pet of Lord Kitchener. But he admires him and places implicit faith in his judgement, and would follow him where ever he chose to go. And what more would a commander have? An authority who was with Kitchener in the Sudan wrote to him: 'It seems to be the Sirdar's policy to advance deliberately step by step, to make his position secure after each step before venturing on another, to run no unnecessary risks, but at the right moment to strike hard with unexpected suddenness, and to follow up the blow with energy.'

One day he witnessed the execution of a supposed spy in the town. The poor wretch was subjected to such torture that Kitchener procured a tiny phial of cyanide of potassium, which he concealed about his person. As he subsequently remarked to a brother officer: 'Death at their hands I did not fear; in fact, I expected it. But such a death!' For two years Kitchener lived under such conditions, never knowing when he might be brought face to face with a violent death, but all the while communicating to heads of the Egyptian intelligence department information of the utmost importance regarding the Mahdi and his movements. So strictly was his identity preserved that the British troops did not know him, and a 'Tommy' on the occasion flung a brickbat at the brave young officer, whom he mistook for a 'blooming negro'. The blow inflicted a rather nasty scalp wound, and had the additional result of creating a proverb: 'Throw a stone at a negro and you'll hit the Sirdar.'

Adventures by the score happened to Kitchener in the exciting role of detective of spies. On one occasion two suspected Arabs were brought into the British camp and confined in the guard tent. Shortly afterward they were joined by a third. The trio held an animated conversation for some minutes, and then, much to the astonishment of the sentry, for the latest arrival stepped forward and said in indisputable English: 'All right, sentry; I'm going to the General.'

The third prisoner was Kitchener, who by this daring ruse, coupled with a perfect knowledge of native languages, confirmed the suspicion that the fellows were dangerous spies. They were promptly shot. Perhaps the most striking trait in Lord Kitchener's character is his disinclination to put a married man in a position of responsibility under him. He appears to hold the opinion that matrimony interferes with business. He backs up his precept by example, as, everybody knows, Lord Kitchener is a bachelor. Like many a notable personage before him, he does not shine in the society of ladies. It is related that on one occasion he was presented to a certain well known Countess at Cairo, and opened the conversation by asking: 'Do you find Cairo nice at this season of the year?' 'Delightful,' she replied. There was a pause of five minutes, during which Kitchener tugged thoughtfully at his moustache. Then he said: 'Ah, I am glad! Lord Kitchener does not claim to be 'a ladies' man.'

Advertisement for 'ERWARE' and 'SIBROS' featuring various household and industrial products.

Everywhere the movement of troops in



# Sworn Foes.

IN TWO INSTALMENTS.

## CHAPTER I.

'Do you really mean that I am not to go, Blanch? I thought you were only joking.'

'No, really, dear, it's a time-honored custom. No invitation is ever sent to unengaged girls. I don't know how it originated, but it's quite an established custom. I meant to have told you in my letter.'

'Oh, it's no matter. I shall manage to enjoy myself, somehow.'

'Still, it seems so inhospitable to go off to a dance and leave you to entertain yourself. I don't mind confessing that I should not have been in such a great hurry to say "Yes" to Jack, but for the sake of getting an invitation. You see, the Glencairy ball is said to be the jolliest of all the year, though it is only adding injury to insult to tell you that.'

'Well, I was thinking so. But you must not worry about me, really. I am not "out" yet much less engaged to be married; and I did not expect to be invited to balls and things. Your dance on the twentieth will be wild dissipation for me. I must show you the dress I have brought; Aunt Anna sent to Madame Dubois for it. That was to worry Aunt Rachel, who above all things, dreads my growing "worldly." She wanted me to wear a white cashmere frock which has done service for Sunday best all the summer. Aunt Anna is a duck. Come up and see the dress now, will you?'

'Won't it?'

The two girls—formerly school chums—were to other for the long vacation, which Mara Sullivan had been invited to spend at the Forrest, Sir Spencer Claverton's estate in Northumberland.

Blanch Claverton had left college at Easter, having reached her eighteenth birthday; but Mara, who was not yet sixteen, though she looked as old as her friend, was still in educational bondage.

The ball-dress was a work of art from the dressmaker's point of view.

Blanch went into ecstasies over it.

'It's a thousand pities you should not go to the Castle ball when you have such a gem of a frock as that to wear!' she exclaimed.

'Does seem a pity, doesn't it?' Mara knitted her brows and thought a moment; then, with more than a gleam of wickedness in her truly Irish eyes, she said: 'Say, Blanch, can't you fit me with a temporary frock for the occasion? I should love to go, and that's a fact.'

'I'll ask Jack. What a splendid idea, Mara! Why didn't it occur to me? I'll tell Jack to find you somebody nice, and then I'll write and ask Lady Glencarty for invitations for you and your young man.'

'Don't let him be too nice, or he won't fancy being tied to me even for one evening. I am not exactly a beauty, you know?' She wheeled round to the long glass and inspected herself critically. 'Black hair, no complexion, no figure, and far too tall; that's me to a "T," Blanch.'

'You forget your eyes and your talent for using them. Why, I caught my sober-minded pater firing with you only an hour ago, and he privately confided to me that you were a "frightful little witch," and had you been half-a-dozen years older, he should be tempted to supply me with a "step-mother."'

Mara laughed a regular schoolgirl, whole-hearted laugh.

'You tell Sir Spencer, with my compliments, that there might be two words to that bargain, though I don't think I'd say "No" more than once. He's just lovable, I consider; and he doesn't look much off thirty.'

'H's nearly fifty, I can assure you. I should not blame him for marrying again. You see, Nora and Agnes took to themselves husbands directly they left college, and here am I following suit, and when I am gone, he'll be all alone, poor dear.'

'Does Sir Spencer get an invitation to the Castle?'

'Oh, yes. Widows and widowers admitted; it is only bread-and-butter misses and callow youths—I quote Lady Glencarty—who are excluded.'

'She would call me a bread-and-butter miss, I suppose?'

'Until she had talked to you for five minutes. Not longer, I'm thinking.'

Mara laughed again.

Her training had been carried on in a rather unusual fashion.

Both parents died during her infancy leaving her to the joint guardianship of a sister of each, who differed on all points concerning the child's treatment.

Until she went to school, she spent six months of the year with her father's sister, Mrs. Peyton, and the other six with her mother's sister, Mrs. Porce.

The former, Aunt Anna, was Irish to the backbone where she was not Parisian. Her heart was Irish, her dresses Parisian; her accent Irish, her ideas of life Parisian.

Mrs. Porce, Aunt Rachel, was her direct opposite; prim to a degree, strict to a fault narrow-minded and prejudiced, condemning all sorts of amusements, and living a life of unnatural self-repression, which made her equally unhappy, unhealthy, and unpleasant.

Mara owed to Aunt Anna, her escape from the uncongenial atmosphere of Mrs. Porce's house for nearly five months out of the six, to be spent at school; but Mrs. Porce had something to say to the choosing of the school.

'Still, it was better than Ash cottage, aunt Rachel's residence.'

Acted upon alternately by such differing influences, it was no wonder if Mara Sullivan grew up a curious mixture of good

and evil.

She adored Aunt Anna and detested Aunt Rachel.

Anything of which the latter disapproved Mara would make a point of doing.

And yet her capacity for good was very great.

Where she loved she could be led by a silken thread.

Mrs. Peyton found her obedient, affectionate, and altogether charming; while Mrs. Porce declared that maids were not in it for obstinacy when compared with her niece, Mara Sullivan.

Such was the girl who had so taken Blanch Claverton's fancy at school that she preferred her for a friend and chum to other girls who were nearer her own age.

When the two went downstairs after inspecting the ball dress and all the other trappings of the "rig-out for the dance on the twentieth, which was to be given in celebration of Blanch's engagement to Captain Eversley—that well-set-up young gentleman was just entering the hall with another man.

'Stranger to me!' murmured Blanch, sotto voce, as she went forward to greet her fiancé, who introduced his companion as Desmond St. Clair, a fellow-guardian.

'St. Clair's come up for the shooting,' announced Captain Jack, inspecting his boots with inward satisfaction, and wishing Blanch's friend was a year or two older—he had been told her age—and a shade or two prettier, in order that she might so far attract his fastidious friend that the two could pair off together, and leave him to enjoy his sweetheart's society undisturbed.

For Viscount Eversley's place was empty of visitors save this one, and it would plainly be Jack's duty to always take him along whithersoever he went himself.

After one glance at St. Clair's indolently indifferent face, Mara decided that any pains she might take to amuse him would be wasted; so she took a seat in the background, and fell to amusing herself instead by studying his features.

Forehead square, with a thick lock of auburn brown hair falling over it—most unamilitary like, so said Mara to herself; brows slightly arched, and darker than the hair; eyes doubtful as to color, and only half open; nose good, but indicative of too much pride; mouth also good, and in no way hidden by the moustache, which matched the eyebrows in shade and was waxed at the ends; chin rather too long for beauty, but very strong-looking; prevailing expression fatigue, mental and physical, beyond words to describe; when he spoke, it was almost a drawl; when he raised his tall form and started to walk, it was nothing more than a crawl.

'Used up!' was Mara's comment. 'I hate that sort.'

As the thought passed through her brain Captain St. Clair languidly raised his eyes and looked at her.

'Kodak ready? My position all right?'

'What do you mean?' she asked, opening her pretty eyes to their widest extent and seeing now that his were a curious mixture of green and blue.

He sighed gently.

'Thought, perhaps, you went in for photography, and wanted me for a subject.'

'Oh, dear, no! I was only studying you from habit. Human nature is my hobby.'

'Indeed?'

He lapsed into silence, and Mara, with a mental pat on the back for having refused to pander to his vanity by owning that his face interested her, gave her attention to a speech of Captain Eversley's referring to himself.

'Beastly shame that she shouldn't be asked. Who is there likely now? They all seem engaged round this way except the new curate. I know for a fact he is not, because he proposed to Molly Dawson last evening and was refused. But I suppose he wouldn't dance?'

'He wouldn't do it he did!' chimed in Mara. 'I can't bear curates! I would rather give up all thought of going than to

appear as a curate's fiancée.'

Eversley laughed at her vehemence.

'St. Clair's looking mystified. He is new to these parts, so I must enlighten him.'

Captain St. Clair listened languidly and commented loquaciously.

'Novel to say the least of it. Does Miss Sullivan want to go?'

'She has a gem of a dress which is really too good only to be seen at our little dance,' exclaimed Blanch. 'So Captain Eversley is to supply her with a "follower" for the occasion.'

Once more the heavy lids were raised, and those green blue eyes rested on Mara's face.

'How would I do?'

'You! Do you ever go to balls?'

'Sometimes; why not?'

'I should have thought they were quite beyond you; but, perhaps, you only go to look on. Now my young man must dance—and dance well.'

The arch of the auburn-brown brows became more accentuated.

He had expected his suggestion to be caught at gratefully.

Was this with school-girl in earnest? Very much in earnest, to judge by the puckering of her forehead as she added, anxiously—

'You don't dance, do you?'

'I can,' no murmured, softly.

Getting out of his chair inch by inch, or so it seemed, so slow was the process, he continued, addressing Blanch, but with his eyes still on Mara—

'Play a waltz, Miss Claverton, please; your friend eyes me doubtfully.'

Blanch laughed, and, going to the piano started 'Woman's Love.'

A moment later, Mara was being guided down the room by one of the best waltzers in Europe.

She, herself, was a born dancer, and the perfection of this man's "action" came home to her very quickly.

She drew a deep breath of unexpected delight, but said no word until the music stopped, and St. Clair with it.

'Well?'

The voice was languid as ever; but there was assurance in the tone.

Mara glanced at him through her lashes with what Blanch called her "wicked look."

'You dance as well as I do—almost! He was struck dumb with astonishment. He had expected enthusiastic praise, girlish gush, fervent gratitude for his offer of enabling her to go to the Glencairy ball as his supposed fiancée.

Jack Eversley smothered a laugh.

Schoolgirl Blanch's friend might be; but there was nothing of the bread-and-butter miss about her, that was certain.

'You will condescend, then, to accept me as your betrothed husband for the evening of the Castle ball?'

Was it possible that a note of interest sounded in St. Clair's voice? 'I will; and thank ye kindly.'

Mara held out her hand in token of gratitude and goodwill, and the man's bewilderment increased at the sudden change in her.

## CHAPTER II.

'Do you mean it as a fact that that girl is only fifteen years old?'

'She will not be sixteen until next month, Jack.'

'She looks older than you do. No one would think this is her first ball. The witch knows how to use her eyes—deuced fine eyes they are, too! But she may as well save herself the trouble of trying to ensnare St. Clair; he is freerproof, if ever a man was. Besides, he hasn't a farthing; he's bound to marry money.'

'Mara hasn't much of that, certainly; only just enough to dress on. But she is not thinking of marriage, bless you! She practices those eyes of hers on all sorts and conditions of men. The masters at college, the man who cleaned the windows, the boy who did the boots, my respected parent, his reverence the vicar, all are fash that come to Mara's net. She only spares you from a sense of honor, because you are my property.'

'That shows she's a decent sort, anyway. How much taller does she mean to grow?'

'Isn't she a height? I can tell you she makes me feel small.'

The subject of these remarks was enjoying herself royally.

'I mean to dance every dance!' she said to St. Clair, when he asked for her programme. 'I have saved you all the



**Truest Economy to Get the Best.**

A cheaply made sewing machine is dear at any price, because faulty in action, liable to break and difficult to operate. A labor-saving machine for woman's use should be the best; it is truest economy to get a sewing-machine bearing this time-tried trademark.

**EXPERIENCE PROVES A SINGER THE BEST.**

Sold on Instalments. You can try one Free. Old machines taken in exchange. MADE AND SOLD ONLY BY THE SINGER MANUFACTURING CO. CANADIAN FACTORY: MONTREAL, P. Q.

waltz I could. You are late, you know.'

'It was Eversley's fault, I assure you. That was all he considered necessary in the way of apology.'

His eyes looked her up and down approvingly.

There was nothing in her appearance or manner to offend his fastidious taste—nothing to make him feel reluctant to carry out his compact for the evening.

Their first waltz together was a dream of delight for Mara.

She half closed her eyes, and gave her self up to the joy of it.

St. Clair studied her face critically as they moved in rhythmic grace to the measure of the music.

He appeared to be trying to make up his mind to something that was not altogether easy of accomplishment.

There was an unusually wide-awake look in his eyes, and a something closely resembling eagerness in every feature.

But it was all gone when the waltz near at an end, and they came to anchor near Lady Glencarty, who was talking vigorously to a distinguished-looking personage in a magnificent uniform, with broad chest profusely decorated with medals.

'You have enjoyed it?' murmured St. Clair, with what a woman had once called his 'slaying glance.'

Child as she was, Mara Sullivan thrilled to her finger-tips.

'It was just heavenly!' she answered, softly.

Then both stood to hear what their hostess was saying.

'A novel idea, is it not, Sir Hereward? Married people only, and every man to dance with his own wife.'

'Excellent—for those whose wives are present. But what of the others, Lady Glencarty—myself, for instance?'

'Oh, you, as a temporary widower, shall be mated with a charming temporary widow! was the laughing response. 'Some of the married women have left their husbands behind, you know.'

'Very thoughtful of them—very considerate. And the dance is to be—what?'

'The "Washington Post."'

'Oh! murmured Mara, despondingly; 'what a shame to shut us out!'

'Hush! Follow my lead!'

St. Clair's breath came quickly; his half-closed eyes dilated curiously.

He turned to the countess—

'Your own idea, Lady Glencarty?'

'Entirely; and I am very proud of it. You are a married man, I hope?'

Her ladyship tried hard to remember St. Clair's name; but amongst the many strangers who had been presented to her that night—brought by different household parties—it was not surprising that she failed to identify this particular man.

'Oh, yes,' was the easy reply. 'This is my wife.'

Mara blushed at the cool audacity, but mindful of his whispered command, did not deny the fact.

'A bride, I perceive.'

Lady Glencarty smiled archly at the blushing girl.

'Just started our honeymoon,' declared the guardman. 'You have given us away, sweetheart, by that tall tale blurb.'

'It's a foolish habit; I must get out of it,' stammered Mara, longing to laugh, her momentary confusion routed by the genuinely Irish spirit of mischief which now danced in her eyes.

'The sooner the better, or people will think you are ashamed of your husband.'

'Ashamed—of you?'

The look accompanying these words would have done credit to the most adoring of young wives.

Addressing Lady Glencarty, she continued—

'When is it to be—this dance? It is not on the programme.'

'No; I didn't want to set the spinster and bachelor mouths watering, so I kept it dark. It is to come off precisely at twelve o'clock.'

It will be very jolly!—Mara took St. Clair's arm. 'I see my next partner looking for me over yonder; take me to him, dear, and then go in search of your own.'

'You ought to go on the stage,' said St. Clair, as soon as they were out of hearing. 'It was capitally done, blurb and all.'

'That was genuine, at any rate! You took my breath away for the moment; but it was splendid of you to think of it, and I'm awfully grateful. I love the "Washington Post".'

'Don't be too grateful. I fear I considered my own interest more than yours.'

He looked at her as he spoke, but she could not fathom the expression of his eyes; which was, perhaps, as well.

'Don't tell Miss Claverton, or anybody, that we are supposed to be man and wife,' he said, carelessly, before leaving her.

'We will save it for a surprise when the married people's dance comes on.'

'All right,' Mara laughed merrily, as she gave herself into the hands of a sandy-haired youth of many freckles, who was her partner for the "square" then forming.

'Wonder what she'll say when she knows?' soliloquized St. Clair, looking about him languidly for the feminine person on whose programme stood his initials against that particular dance. 'Will she turn and rend me; or will she be piteous? Or will she be rather pleased than otherwise? Half the women I know would be delighted; but this girl is different. Moreover, she is only a child. I am rather curious to see how she will take it.'

Twice more they waltzed together before midnight.

When releasing her for the third time, St. Clair asked, softly, with another of his 'slaying' looks—

'Are you tired of your husband yet?'

'Not in the least. I should like to waltz until daylight with him.'

'That's well. I feared you might be cherishing a secret longing for a divorce, which I shall never do that—unless your dancing deteriorates. Hark! I that's twelve o'clock striking. Oh! what a jolt it will be to see Blanch's face when you and I stand up! Won't she and Captain Eversley envy us?'

'He will, at any rate.'

Suddenly the man's languid calm broke up; throwing back his head, he laughed quickly; but presently, then as suddenly had himself in hand again.

'Forgive me, sweet wife! I could not help laughing. The humor of the position struck me forcibly just then. Come! Lady Glencarty is calling on all married persons to take the floor.'

Blushing again—from excitement this time, not confusion—Mara moved forward a tall slip of a girl, by St. Clair's side.

The dance had begun before Blanch Claverton caught sight of her friend.

She was standing, looking on wistfully, leaning on Jack Eversley's arm.

Her start made him glance at her.

'Look, Jack! I declare, if Mara isn't dancing—with Captain St. Clair, too! What a piece of audacity!'

'I should say there are a pair of them for that! Why didn't you and I claim to be married, Blanch?'

'Too many people here know to the contrary,' she replied. 'Those two are strangers to the neighborhood. It's like their impudence, though, and I feel too mad with envy to watch any longer. Come away somewhere and let us talk.'

Nothing loth, Eversley found a quiet nook behind some knights in armour in the great hall, where they could spon on their hearts' content until the "Washington Post" was at an end.

The consciousness that she and her partner were a pair of frauds added considerably to Mara's guilty enjoyment of her dance.

The music got into her head as well as into her feet.

Her eyes flashed and sparkled, her lips were wreathed in smiles, her whole being reflected her wild happiness.

St. Clair watched her with a curious mixture of feelings, in which was some pity and a little regret.

In his opinion, as in Mara's, the dance came to an end all too soon.

Lady Glencarty addressed them on their way down to supper, which Mara declared, to be a necessity after all that exercise.

'You are the two best dancers in the room. You must forgive me for having forgotten your names.'

'St. Clair,' prompted Desmond, readily.

'Thank you. You must be very proud of your young wife, Mr. St. Clair; her movements are perfectly graceful.'

'I assure you I am very proud—and something more than proud, Lady Glencarty.'

'I can quite believe it. Don't be ashamed of blushing Mrs. St. Clair. I can see it is early days with you yet.'

Responding to an impressive pressure at Mara's finger-tips on his arm, St. Clair passed on.

'I must have laughed out if she had said another word!' declared the girl. 'Mrs. St. Clair indeed! What would Aunt Rachel say? She thinks no girl ought to think of a husband until she is twenty-five.'

Preserve us from duplicates of Aunt

**EVERY MOTHER SHOULD**  
Have it in the House

To cure the common ailments that may occur in every family as long as life has woes.

JOHNSON'S ANODYNE LINIMENT has been used and indorsed since 1810, to relieve or cure every form of Pain and Inflammation; Is Safe, Soothing, Sure. Otherwise it could not have existed for almost a Century.

**JOHNSON'S ANODYNE LINIMENT**  
Is strictly a family remedy for internal as much as External use To cure Colds, Croup, Coughs, Catarrh Gramps and Colic it acts promptly.

ORIGINATED BY AN OLD FAMILY PHYSICIAN.

There is not a medicine in use which possesses the confidence of the public to a greater extent than Johnson's Anodyne Liniment. For almost a century it has stood upon its intrinsic merit, while generations after generations have used it. The best evidence of its virtue is the fact that in the state where it originated the sale is steadily increasing. You can safely trust what time has indorsed.

J. B. JOHNSON, Esq.—Fifty years ago this month, your father, Dr. Johnson, left me some Johnson's Anodyne Liniment. I have used it ever since. I can most truly say that it has maintained its high standard and popularity from that time to the present.

JOHN B. RAND, North Waterford, Maine, January, 1881.

Send for our Book on INFLAMMATION, mailed free. Sold by all Druggists. Put up in Two Sizes, Price 25 and 50 cts. L. E. JOHNSON & CO., Boston, Mass.

**CANCER**

And Tumors cured to many cured, at home; no knife, plaster or pain. For Canadian testimonials & 25-page book—free, write Dept. 11, Mason's Dispensary Co., 377-Sherbourne Street, Toronto, Ontario.



Sunday Reading

A Study of the Parables.

Two men went up into the temple to pray..... The pharisee stood and prayed..... with himself, God I thank thee that I am not as other men, etc.

This parable ought to be called the parable of the standards. Jesus never published a finer condemnation of his philosophy is set forth in this doctrine of justification by humility.

The strength of humility is in its telescopic outlook. From the bottom of a well the stars are visible all day long, while to those who work in the sun there are no stars except at night; and even then the high thoughts of their signaling are all but lost amid the colored lanterns of insistent superficial traffic of the earth.

Man is to each other as their standards. The pharisee ranged low. His base line was the prevalent vices. He looked at extortion and was encouraged, from below. He aspired to be better than an adulterer. He could not aspire. The publican ranged high. He took his observations from righteousness. He dared compare himself to God. The pharisee studied the times. The publican considered the Eternal. The pharisee was 'broad-gauge' but low. The publican was narrow but high. The pharisee gloried in his successes. The publican grieved over his birthright. The pharisee was self-centered; his spiritual attitude was 'me.'

The weakness of this is not in the facts. It is more than likely he was something superior to the extortioner; honest in trade, chaste in morals, the best possible product, perhaps, of such a 'plant.'

The pharisee gets under way quickly and easily because his gear is low. But he makes no muscle. He gets fat. He does not make red corpuscles. His arteries carry serum and his veins bring it back to the lungs unchanged. His inspirations are slow and shallow. He lives in his bronchi. There is little to 'purify.' These serum good men run awhile but cannot grow in grace or in the knowledge of the Highest, and when the evil days come—such as a difficult election—they go out, blue-lipped and blue-fingered, like candles in carbonic acid gas.

The publican was poor and dejected and unsuccessful, but he was set to a high gear. He realized the ethical demands of his relationship, and he challenged the Eternal by his hunger and his need. I have sinned, he said. How about the neighbors? I have sinned. Good enough for a Roman citizen, are you not? I have sinned. What would it amount to if you were perfect in the present state of public sentiment?

I have sinned. God be merciful to me! In such a life doubt has no leverage. To such a cry God has no choice but to attend. And this man went home 'justified by faith,' assured and inspired by the witness within him that he had been heard and answered, while the irreproachable vice-virtue went down, the same dead level, self-made, self-thought, self-finished waste.

Losing Flesh

indicates insufficient nourishment. It leads to nervousness, sleeplessness, general debility, and predisposes to Consumption and other prevailing diseases. To guard against these take

Scott's Emulsion the Standard remedy for all wasting diseases in young or old. It improves digestion, gives flesh, strength, vigor and resistive power.

Scott & Bowne, Chemists, Toronto.

If any one reads this who has been smiting a secret headache over remembered blunders and dumbly crying out for respite from the ghosts of hateful hours past and gone, abashed in presence of his own high thoughts, pecked at by daws of ancient indiscretions, done and imagined, let him know, on the authority of Jesus, that these miseries are but the creak of the new spars in the trade winds of immortality and the cure of them is more sail. Have it out with God!

Bob's mother, a pale little woman, who had spent her health and strength in earning money to help the boy through college said only that his life was in danger, when questioned, and turning her back on the curious neighbors, hurried back to his bedside. Strange, brutish cries and groans were heard from the windows of the sick-room for a few days. Then they ceased, and a report spread abroad that Dennett was recovering from an attack of delirium tremens, and the neighbors, with a kindly impulse, asked no more questions of his mother.

For illustration of the topic in terms of statesmanship, compare the first Republican President and the last. Read one of the speeches of William McKinley, 'swinging round the circle,' about 'prosperity' and 'benevolent assimilation' and 'national glory' and 'the blessings of God,' while the army rots with beer, and the island natives think Christ and Gambirius are one and the same, and the young and the poor die like flies at the hands of the saloon, and fouled handed, foul-hearted politicians deny the people's right to make a law, and then read one of Abraham Lincoln's, in which you can fairly see his gaunt arms beating his breasts, his great, sad eyes down looking, while he cries: 'God help me save my country from this sin!'

Which of them, think you, will go down into history justified? I am not maligning the President. He is all he claims to be, or his friends claim he is. He does 'attend church regularly.' He does 'sing the hymns with great feeling.' But he is running by the pharisee chart, and while he may take every prize in sight on the dead level, there are no heights or statesmanship for such as he.

If ever a man sinned against light and power, he has. If ever a man broke faith with the church and forfeited her confidence, he has done so. But I believe that even now, if instead of his unctuous, electioneering platitudes and his obsequious self-satisfaction in the vilest fellowship with Greenhut, Busch and their kind, he would drop his wary eyes to the ground and turn his anxious ear away from it, and smite his breast in agony before God, crying for mercy on his bloody and mercenary administration, he might not mend the times, but he could point the gaze of seventy million people to the eternally righteous thing in any government—a care for its own moral character.

Bishop Whipple says that when he went into the West to preach, he was exceedingly anxious to reach artisans and railway operatives, of whom there were hundreds in Chicago. He called upon William McAlpine, the chief engineer of the Galena railway, and asked his advice as to the best way of approaching the employes of the road.

best way of approaching the employes of the road. 'How much do you know about a steam-engine?' said McAlpine. 'Nothing.'

'Then,' said McAlpine, 'read 'Lardner's Railway Economy' until you are able to ask an engineer a question about a locomotive and he will not think you a fool.'

The clergyman had the practical sense to see the justice of that advice. So he 'read up,' and in due season went to the roundhouse of the Galena railway where he found a number of engineers standing by a locomotive which the firemen were cleaning. He saw that it was a Taunton engine with inside connections, and asked at a venture: 'Which do you like best, inside or outside connections?'

This brought out information about steamboilers and variable exhausts, and in half an hour he had learned more than his book had ever taught him. When he said good-by he added: 'Boys where do you go to church? I have a free church in Metropolitan Hall, where I shall be glad to see you and if at any time you need me, I shall be glad to go to you.'

The following Sunday every man was in church. God's Messengers. Bob Dennett had been shut up in the house for a week, with the old doctor in attendance. All the village knew that this was the third mysterious illness which had sent young Dennett home from college within the last two years. The doctor never talked of his patients or of their ailments.

Bob's mother, a pale little woman, who had spent her health and strength in earning money to help the boy through college said only that his life was in danger, when questioned, and turning her back on the curious neighbors, hurried back to his bedside. Strange, brutish cries and groans were heard from the windows of the sick-room for a few days. Then they ceased, and a report spread abroad that Dennett was recovering from an attack of delirium tremens, and the neighbors, with a kindly impulse, asked no more questions of his mother.

Bob was a delicate, nervous lad, weak rather than wicked. He had fallen into the hands of some dissipated man at college, who were poisoning his body and soul as a passing amusement. It was a joke, they thought, to see the womanish boy intoxicated. He cried out bitterly to the doctor soon after he came to his senses, for he was sincerely ashamed and penitent. 'I've nobody to help me!' he moaned. They talk of God. I've never seen Him. Why doesn't He send messengers, as He did in Bible days? The angels walked on the earth then, it says. Where is God now? Where are they? I am beset by this craving for drink. Why can't He send a messenger to me, if I'm worth saving? 'You are not worth saving,' said the doctor, quietly, 'unless you try to save yourself. As for God's angels, the world is full of them. Every honest man and good woman is His messenger. Your own mother was sent as straight from Him to you as any archangel who ever brought a message to the world.'

Bob's face paled. A new light came into it. 'You are right. I always took her as a matter of course, but I see now! She is His messenger. There have been others too, who have tried to save my soul.' 'And others who have to lose it,' said the old man. 'You must choose which you will bear.'

Dennett did choose. He left college to avoid his old associates, and began life again in another place; and after a hard

MR. J. D. ROBINSON, DUNDAS, ONT., Gives His Honest Opinion of Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills.

Mr. J. D. Robinson, a resident of Dundas, Ont., has found these pills to do all that is claimed for them and made the following statement of his case: 'Some time ago I obtained a box of Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills, and I cannot without hesitation say that they have been beneficial in relieving me of an obstinate and long standing complaint affecting my heart and nerves.'

'I was troubled with sleeplessness, dizziness, palpitation and neuralgia for such a long time that I had really given up hope of a cure. Now, that others may learn of the virtues of this remedy, I give my unqualified testimony. My honest opinion is that there is no cure so good for heart and nerve troubles as Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills.'

Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills are 50c a box or \$ for \$1.25, at all druggists.

How It Excels.

PAIN'S CELERY COMPOUND Has Virtues That Meet the Most Obstinate Cases.

It's Virtues and Powers Act Directly on the Nerves and Blood. The Great Spring Medicine for Every Home.

Paine's Celery Compound excels all other combinations and preparations as a spring medicine because it works directly on the shattered and unstrung nerves and impure and poisoned blood, from which so many diseases have their origin. Paine's Celery Compound must not be confounded with deceptive, worthless and short-lived remedies such as sarsaparilla, nervines, tonics and pills that have little or no power over disease.

Paine's Celery Compound has virtues and strengthening powers that quickly brace the nerves, cleanse the blood and restore perfect circulation and digestive vigor. The special mission of Paine's Celery Compound is to accomplish what thousands of doctors fail in—the banishment of old and obstinate disorders from the system, such as kidney and liver troubles, neuralgia, rheumatism and Dyspepsia. All these serious afflictions rapidly disappear under the cleansing and regulating action of Paine's Celery Compound.

If you desire renewed health and true life in the early spring season take Paine's Celery Compound. Firmly and decidedly refuse the SOMETHING JUST AS GOOD that may be offered you by some dealers. Paine's Celery Compound 'makes sick people well.'

A British Army Idol. General Hector Macdonald, who has been mentioned as the probable successor of Lord Methuen in South Africa, is one of the few eminent soldiers of the British army who have risen from the ranks. His face is that of the typical Highlander, with high cheek-bones, a hard set chin, and straight fearless eyes. From the day that he walked into Glasgow barefooted and killed until the battle of Majuba, when he was taken prisoner, his record was one straight series of successes won by personal bravery and indomitable pluck.

The disaster of Majuba left a lasting impression of him. Bennet Burleigh holds that Lord Kitchener's achievements in the Sudan were only made possible by the grand work accomplished by Macdonald 'making riflemen from mud.' In spite of the warm liking he inspires in those above and under him, some of his dusky Sudanese once mutinied against him. His regiment had to make long forced marches under the fierce desert sun, and the conditions were so hard that the men became mutinous. One day Macdonald overheard two or three of the native soldiers saying, 'Wait till the next fight, and I will take care that this slave-driver of a colonel does not come out alive. I myself will shoot him.' Macdonald at once called a halt and sternly ordered the culprits to step out from the ranks. Facing them he cried, 'Now, you are the men who are going to shoot me in the next fight. Why wait so long? Why not do now? Here I am, shoot me—if you dare!'

The rebels grounded their arms in sullen silence. 'Why don't you shoot?' asked their colonel. 'Because you don't seem to care whether you die or not,' and that reluctant answer explained the secret of Macdonald's power over half-savage soldiers. There was no more grumbling, and the same men, and others like them, followed him devotedly through the battles of Gemaishah, Toki, Afak, Fetkah, Atbars, and Omdurman.

The D. & L. Emulsion of Cod Liver Oil will build you up, will make you fat and healthy. Especially beneficial to those who are 'all run down.' Manufactured by the Davis & Lawrence Co., Ltd. Chesney Depew's Station. Here is a story on Senator Depew told by his anecdotal aller ego, Joseph H. Choate. At a recent diplomatic dinner in London Mr. Choate sat next to a distinguished English nobleman, who, during the course of conversation, had occasion to inquire: 'And to what station in your country, Mr. Choate, does your Mr. Chesney M. Depew belong?'

'To the Grand Central Station, my lord,' readily replied the diplomat, without a quiver. The Englishman's face clouded for a moment with uncertainty. 'I'm afraid you don't know what I mean,' added Mr. Choate, about to go to his rescue. But his neighbor quickly smiled a glad smile of intelligence. 'Ah! I see, I see, Mr. Choate,' he exclaimed. 'Mr. Depew belongs to your grand, great middle class.'

A Curious Custom. In the Moray Firth village of Burghhead a most remarkable, and surely unique, ceremony is carried out every New Year's Eve. This is known as the 'Burning of the Clavie.' The Clavie is a tar barrel, specially made for the purpose, and the mode for the right is as follows: A man is first chosen to be the Clavie-bearer then the barrel is lighted, set on a pole, and carried round the town by the bearer. The burning tar beacon is followed by a mob of people, young and old, who are its close attendants, until it burns itself out, when the staves are eagerly snatched up by the more superstitious, as a piece of the Clavie is preserved in the house throughout the year is supposed to bring good luck.

Meaning the Wit. During the time when Lord Disraeli was starting sober Englishmen by his eccentricities of dress, Lord Macaulay, that was to be, was electrifying his dull witted constituents by his witty sallies and repartee. Having been defeated in 1847, he ran again for Parliament in 1852. For a change he was a popular candidate. One day while standing on the hustings, side by side with his opponent, he was violently struck by a dead cat. The man who threw it immediately apologized, saying he had meant the cat for his opponent. 'Indeed?' said Macaulay. 'Then, I wish you had meant it for me and struck him.'

lord, readily replied the diplomat, without a quiver. The Englishman's face clouded for a moment with uncertainty. 'I'm afraid you don't know what I mean,' added Mr. Choate, about to go to his rescue. But his neighbor quickly smiled a glad smile of intelligence. 'Ah! I see, I see, Mr. Choate,' he exclaimed. 'Mr. Depew belongs to your grand, great middle class.'

A Curious Custom. In the Moray Firth village of Burghhead a most remarkable, and surely unique, ceremony is carried out every New Year's Eve. This is known as the 'Burning of the Clavie.' The Clavie is a tar barrel, specially made for the purpose, and the mode for the right is as follows: A man is first chosen to be the Clavie-bearer then the barrel is lighted, set on a pole, and carried round the town by the bearer. The burning tar beacon is followed by a mob of people, young and old, who are its close attendants, until it burns itself out, when the staves are eagerly snatched up by the more superstitious, as a piece of the Clavie is preserved in the house throughout the year is supposed to bring good luck.

Meaning the Wit. During the time when Lord Disraeli was starting sober Englishmen by his eccentricities of dress, Lord Macaulay, that was to be, was electrifying his dull witted constituents by his witty sallies and repartee. Having been defeated in 1847, he ran again for Parliament in 1852. For a change he was a popular candidate. One day while standing on the hustings, side by side with his opponent, he was violently struck by a dead cat. The man who threw it immediately apologized, saying he had meant the cat for his opponent. 'Indeed?' said Macaulay. 'Then, I wish you had meant it for me and struck him.'

We all Think So. A Philadelphia exchange gives the following opinion of a small girl. The words express what many older people must have felt. In the waiting room of a large railroad station sat a grave and dignified little girl of perhaps five years. Presently a man in railway uniform came in and bowed out a long list of perfectly unintelligible names. The little girl looked at him disapprovingly. Then she looked at her uncle and said: 'Isn't that an awful silly way for a great big man to talk?'

He Understood the Business. First Beggar: 'Why didn't you tackle that lady? She might have given you something.' Second Beggar: 'I let her go because I understand my business better than you do. I never ask a woman for anything when she is alone; but when two women are together you can get money from both, because each one is afraid the other will think her stingy if she refuses.'

They Dye for the World. DIAMOND DYES Are Imitated But Never Equalled: For over a quarter of a century Diamond Dyes have stood the severest tests in millions of homes, and have won a fame and popularity that has made them the world's standard home dyes. Speculators, for the sake of large profits, have endeavored to imitate the Diamond Dyes, but their productions have always proved miserable failures and deceptions. There is as much difference between the genuine Diamond Dyes and the imitations as there is between a genuine bank note and a counterfeit.

If you wish to dye successfully, profitably and well, avoid all imitation package dyes. Ask for the 'Diamond' and see that you get them. From the Seat of War. 'Kentucky seems to be in a pretty lively state just now,' remarked the constant reader to his literary friend. 'It is,' answered the war correspondent just returned from the front at Frankfort. 'When I was there every man I met was either running for office or for his life.'

The Emphatic Statement. that The D. & L. Menthol Plaster is doing a great deal to alleviate neuralgia and rheumatism is based upon facts. The D. & L. Plaster never fails to soothe and quickly cure. Manufactured by the Davis & Lawrence Co., Ltd. Good Advice. Patient: 'Doctor, I am troubled with rheumatic pains, caused, I believe, by the dampness of my new house. What would you advise me to do?' Doctor (laconically): 'Move.'

omy the Best. Machine is dear at action. Hable to A labor-av- should be the get a sewing- trademark. A SINGER

surprise when the comes on. ghted merrily, as she ands of a sandy hair- cles, who was her- then forming. St. Clair, looking the feminine per- stood his initials dance. 'Will she will she be pitous? pleased than other- I know would be id. I am rather will take it. I am rather be- lized together be-

for the third time, with another of his our husband yet? I should like to ith him. eared you might be ding for a divorce, al—unless your dan- Hack! that's twelve I what a joke it will be when you and I e and Captain Evers-

languid calm broke his head, he laughed ly, then as suddenly again. et wife! I could not humor of the position ust then. Come! Lady on all married persons

From excitement this -Mara moved forward l, by St. Clair's side, begun before Blanch ht of her friend. Looking on wistfully, eryl's arm. im glance at her. declare, if Mara isn't 'ain St. Clair; too l' dacity! here are a pair of them. In't you and I claim to p? ple here know to the lied. 'Those two are eighborhood. It's like ough, and I feel too watch any longer. Come and let us talk.' Eversley found a quiet e knights in armour in ere they could upon to ant until the 'Washing- at an end.

es that she and her ar of frauds added con- 'a's guilty enjoyment of into her head as well as d and sparkled her lips smiles, her whole being happiness. shed her with a curious re, in which was some pity as in Mara's, the dance ll too soon.

addressed them on their per, which Mara declared, after all that exercise. two best dancer in the at forgive me for having ame.' ompted Desmond, readily. You must be very proud wife, Mr. St. Clair; her perfectly graceful. I am very proud—and than proud, Lady Glen- believe it. Don't be sham- Mrs. St. Clair. I can see with you? What would it amount to if you were perfect in the present state of public sentiment? I have sinned. God be merciful to me! In such a life doubt has no leverage. To such a cry God has no choice but to attend. And this man went home 'justified by faith,' assured and inspired by the witness within him that he had been heard and answered, while the irreproachable vice-virtue went down, the same dead level, self-made, self-thought, self-finished waste.

And Tumors cured to my cured, at home, no pain, please send testimonials & 20-page 10c Dept. 11, MASON MEDICINE, 1000-1001, Toronto, Ontario.

And Tumors cured to my cured, at home, no pain, please send testimonials & 20-page 10c Dept. 11, MASON MEDICINE, 1000-1001, Toronto, Ontario.



# "My Feather Canoe."

A STORY FOR BOYS AND GIRLS.

Written for Progress.

I suppose, dear reader that when a child, you have read or listened to the story of "The Feather Canoe", how a certain king had a feather canoe which possessed the wonderful advantages, that it could either sail on the water or fly through the air; the only propelling power required, being the will of its occupant. Seated in it, one could be almost instantly transported to any desired point of the universe on which they fixed their minds. It was a story that, when a child, I loved to listen to. It held a sort of fascination for me, and in my solitary moments I used to let my mind dwell upon it. As I grew older I used to love to repeat it to others, and often do so to the present day. When a boy I formed a habit of imagining that I was the possessor of such a canoe and when ever I was alone I would seat myself within it and sail away. Wonderful indeed, were the journeys I travelled and the scenes I viewed. My canoe possessed one advantage which was not claimed for that of the kings. I could leave the earthly body of mine, unconscious of all its surroundings, sailing away at the woodpile or hoing potatoes in the field, while I was far away revealing in ecstasies of delight in the wonders of the scenes around me. Yet I was always connected by a wireless telegraph to the body wielding the saw or hoe, so that if anybody approached or interrupted its work I would immediately return. Though I have often been so far away, or so deeply interested in the scenes before me, that I have been told by those who had interrupted me, that they had been standing by my side for some moments, and had twice spoken to me, and only by laying their head on my arm thereby making me aware that I was in telegraphic connection with some body other than my own—were they able to attract my attention. I was vexed when thus interrupted. I had no knowledge of the flight of time, and was always surprised when my stomach would telegraph me that it was time to eat, or the growing darkness would warn me that it was night. And in returning to my earthly habitation, and looking over the work my automatic body had performed, I was also surprised

at the size of the woodpile, or at the number of rows hoed; far greater than when I was compelled to remain with it. For then, I would grumble at the size of the sticks, or the length of the rows, at the number of knots or weeds, at the heat of the sun or the delay of the noon hour. And I would have to take innumerable rests and find excuses to visit the house. But when I was away in my canoe, my body was never conscious of any of these things, never stole away to play ball or go swimming with the other boys. Thus you see, my feather-canoe was indeed a very beneficial acquisition to me, and in very many ways has proved a blessing. It went a long way further than any other power for keeping me out of bad company, for when "at home," as I said, I was always grumbling at my lot, and I had a tendency to choose the worst boys in town as my companions. But, when away on those trips I was always accompanied by a companion who was pure and good, a congenial kindred spirit; though we used to quarrel considerably—that is—I used to be sulky and cross, and would contradict and argue. And we used to strive with each other to see which of us would guide the canoe, for you see it would only be guided by the strongest mind of the two. I would want to go one way and he would urge the other, I would get mad and stick to my own opinion, filled with a false pride in my will power, in spite of his pleading, and the fact that I knew he was right. But when with my other companions I was the acknowledged leader in every expedition and if any of them did not choose to do as I wished, they might go off by themselves, and I rebelled against

being led at all times by the will of this quiet speaking companion—even while in my heart I loved him and felt only contempt for the others. So in my stubbornness, I would issue sharp, angry commands to the canoe, causing it to turn abruptly in its course. But he would ever remain the same, speaking in gentle, pleading tones of love; and yet, so firmly, that the canoe would gradually swing in the direction he wished, and I would give in, and allow him to guide it wherever he wished. I would sit quiet, and under the influence of the beauties and wonders of the scenes he would point out, and the sweet tones of his voice, as he described them and explained their meanings, the rebelliousness would fade away from my heart, and I would gaze and listen with feelings of peace and happiness, mixed with yearnings that I might go on forever in this way; in loving communion with this friend, free from the wickedness and temptations of earth.

And, when it was time for me to return to earthly duties, he would talk very seriously about the sinfulness of the life I was leading, pleading with me to shun my evil companions and give up my bad habits. Many times, after returning to one of these trips, with tears streaming from my eyes, my whole body racked with sobs of remorse and repentance, I have promised him that I would do as he wished. I was called by everyone "A very strong willed boy" and though I gloried in the title, I knew that it was a false one, as false as the pride I took in having my own way and in domineering over the boys, most of whom were older than I and excelled me in physical power. I was headstrong, a boaster and a coward. For though I possessed an unusual power of influence over others I used that influence in leading them into sin and wickedness, even while my own heart's desires were to do right. I was afraid of ridicule, of the sneers of those big boys, who held me in their power. Agents of the evil one they knew, as well as I, that I was a poor weak minded boy. They knew me as I knew myself, and they made a tool of me to meet their ends. And though I

off from the gang, and declared my intentions to do right, that many would have followed my leadership in this as they had in doing wrong, for it was my influence that held them. The really bad boys knew this, that through me they held many others. Thus I kept these real desires buried in my heart and none ever suspected me of being other than a hard bad boy, while I suffered agony of heart in secret. So, when I would strive to do as I had promised, and shunning my old companions, would try to associate with good boys, they would shun me, and their parents would forbid them going in my company and would drive me away if I ventured near their homes. They knew me only as the ring-leader of the worst boys in town. They knew my influence over others and feared for their boys. They knew nothing of my desires to do right, and I was too cowardly to take an honest open stand and declare my intentions to the world. So, though for a time, I would keep away by myself, spending most of my time with my solitary companion in the canoe, yet my old companions would seek me out, or lay in wait for me as I passed along the street, and I would again join them. And then, in despair, would plunge in sin, deeper than before; outstripping even the worst of the gang. My solitary friend would hover near me, whispering warnings and admonitions in my ear, but I would turn away from him and drive him away. Then, sick of life, and wishing only to die, I would steal away in solitude to the hay loft, or to the woods, and throw myself down in agony and despair. Though my solitary friend would follow me and try to whisper to me, I would not listen but would drive him away, burying my face in my hands. I would give away to uncontrolled, passionate moanings and grief. After a time, the whisperings would cease, and having spent out the full torrent of my grief, thinking that he had left me, I would enter my canoe, leaving my body laying face downward, and gradually sail away from my earthly surroundings. But, in the frame of mind that I was in, I could not guide my canoe to the clear silvery lakes, to the smooth flowing rivers, or through the pure blue skies over flowery fields and green woods, as my companion and I had been wont to do while sailing together. The wind howled across the waters of the lakes; the waves rolled and tossed my frail canoe about and dashed it against rocky banks. The river rushed over shoals of ragged rocks; over dams and cataracts. I was whirled around and around in seething whirlpools. And when I attempted to direct the course of my canoe upward, the sky was filled with dark

clouds; I could see myriads of naked forms sitting on the hot stones around the sides writing in agony, their tongues protruding from their mouths; while around them danced thousands of grinning, black fiends pointing their fingers at them, and forcing them further down the sides. While fresh arrivals were constantly being dragged in, over the edges of the pit. As far down as I could see, I saw these forms clinging to the sharp edges of the rocks; but I could see no bottom. I could hear the wailing of the victims and the demonic Ha! Ha! of the fiends. Suddenly I would hear the voice of my friend: "Cut the connection with your earthly body and you will at once be cast into the pit."

I started! "How did you know I was here?" I thought I had driven you away from me forever; that you had cast me off as an unworthy of your love and friendship. "I will never leave you or forsake you if you will only do as I say," comes the tender whisper. "Oh; I cannot! I cannot! I have tried, and tried, no one believes in me; no one cares for me; I am too weak—I'm too late, too late!"

"Look up!" comes the whisper, and on raising my eyes, I would find that he had guided my canoe from the mouth of the pit. The smoke and darkness was gone, and we were floating in a pathway of dazzling glorious light. Following it upward with my eyes, I beheld immense walls of Jasper, beyond which, rising high in the air, I could see domes of crystal palaces, from which the light was reflected in beautiful colors, filling the sky above with a glorious radiance. In the walls, was a great arched gateway with the gates thrown open wide, through which the glorious light, with which the place was filled, streamed forth; forming a pathway to the earth beneath. I followed it downward with my eyes to the scene on which it shone. It was the scene of the Saviour as He prayed and wept in the Garden of Gethsemane. I beheld the drops of blood, and His agony as He prayed: "Nevertheless, not as I will, but as thou wilt." I beheld the lock on his face as he approached His sleeping disciples, and heard His voice as he said "The Spirit indeed is willing, but the flesh is weak." The path of light shifted upon another scene, and I saw it was the scene of the trial of Christ before Pilate. I cannot take the space to describe the scenes that followed or how I felt as I gazed upon them. I saw them as they smote him with their hands and spat upon him—as they placed the crown of thorns upon his brow—saw the drops of blood, as they trickled down his face, saw him as he staggered beneath the weight of the cross. I watched them as they nailed him to the cross. I hardly

forth on the earth again. "Oh, how can God permit the light of heaven to ever shine upon the earth again! I cried." "How can man—who knows that it was through the great love of God for him, that he gave His Son to thus suffer and die that he might be saved, refuse to love him and do His will!"

But look again said my friend. I looked, and from the earth I saw a form ascending the path of light. As He passed, I could see the marks on his hands and feet, and as he crossed, I heard a burst of music which made the air tremble with its melody; and through these golden gates, I saw the hosts of heaven, with harps in their hands and with a glorious song of welcome upon their lips, descend to meet Him. O the longing I felt to join that glorious band as they escorted him up through these gates into the presence of His Father! How I would have loved to behold that meeting! Again my eyes were blinded for some time with tears, when again I raised them, I could see numberless white robes being winged their way up and down the path of light, to and from the earth beneath. These seemed to go forth in pairs and returned in threes; while just within the gates I could see countless multitudes with harps in their hands and could hear their heaven voices, mingled with the music of the harps, as they sang, "Glory be to God on high." I followed with my gaze, some of those who were going to the earth in pairs. I saw them enter some mansion, some cottage, some hotel; from each of which they would emerge supporting a third form between them. I would follow them as they ascended, and each time they did so, as they approached the gates, I heard a great burst of music, and hosts of angels would go forth to meet them, and bear the new one away up to the throne in the centre, from whence all the glorious light seemed to radiate; for it was so bright that I could not look upon it. I could see streets of pure shining gold, grooves of beautiful trees, green fields and lovely flowers, a beautiful shining river, silvery lakes and glorious fountains.

I fixed my gaze upon the faces of the assembled hosts, and I saw there, many of those I loved on earth among them the face of my mother and she seemed to smile upon me with a yearning look. I stretched forth my arms and cried "O mother, ask God to forgive me, and to let you come and take me with you, He knows that I love Him. He knows that I hate the sinful life I'm living. He knows I yearn to be good. He knows how weak I am. Ask Him to forgive me and take me away from temptation; I am not fit to live." But the whisper came: "He who is not fit to dwell on earth, is far less fitted to dwell in heaven; rather ask God, to make you fit to live, and then you will be fit to die. If you ask Him for strength He will not allow you to be tempted more than you are able to bear."

But, this is not an autobiography of my life, it is only a true story of my "Feather Canoe." 'Tis a treasure I greatly prize; in it I have spent the best hours of my life, and learned my most valuable lessons. It has been a power in staying my steps in the paths of sin and in the redeeming and forming of my character. And even now, a man grown, when employed at labor that requires the use of my hands only, I often leave my earthly body automatically performing its duties, while I enter the canoe and fly away in contemplation of scenes, far remote from my bodily surroundings. Or when, at the close of the day, tired and worn, weary and sad at heart, I leave my body, sitting in the chair before the fire, or lying upon the bed, to obtain its rest and peace of mind and soul, in sweet communion with my old, my well tried friend, as we sail in the canoe together—allowing him to be guide, he directs our course to those scenes best suited to still my murmurings against my lot; and if the editor will permit me I will try to describe, in a future article, some of the scenes I have viewed while being guided by him. ALVIN.

Mr. Duffy—"Mrs. Kelly, it pains me to inform you that your husband has just been blown up by a dynamite-contraption. We found his head in 'n' lot, an' his body in another lot, and his legs in another lot, and his arms an' feet in another lot."

Mrs. Kelly (proudly)—"Begorra! 't'hot's Mike all over."

Wesley Ruggles—"I guess de religious people hev done us at last."

Wandering Willie—"How's dat pard?"

Wesley Ruggles—"When I realize dat I've led me face on nuthin', but a piece o' coal' mine sense dis time yistard'y, de horrible suspicion comes over me dat I'm keepin' 'Lunt."

"I think the Sunday Horror has missed a great chance lately."

"Yes? To what do you refer?"

"It has so far failed to print a life size picture of the Klondike mosquito."



"PRIVILEGED CHARACTERS."

never could raise up courage enough to speak before them of my desires to do right or to assert my independence of them, yet they were aware of my having such desires, and knew my weakness. They held me by fear of their ridicule, and by flattering me, making me leader of the gang. There were many younger boys and a few of the large boys, who, like myself, had been blessed with good home teaching, who were good at heart, and had the same desires that I had. But, like myself, they were led on by fear of ridicule. I have no doubt that if I had out

removed my eyes from His face, throughout it all—so full of love and gentle weakness. He would lift His eyes up so those open gates around which hovered countless hosts of shining angles. I watched them as they mocked him as he hung upon the cross, and when the gates above were closed and the light no longer shone upon him I heard His cry "My God, my God, why hast thou forsaken me?"

I sat in the canoe and wept in the darkness. Again, comes the whisper "Look up" when I did so, the gates were once more open wide, and the glorious light streamed

removed my eyes from His face, throughout it all—so full of love and gentle weakness. He would lift His eyes up so those open gates around which hovered countless hosts of shining angles. I watched them as they mocked him as he hung upon the cross, and when the gates above were closed and the light no longer shone upon him I heard His cry "My God, my God, why hast thou forsaken me?"

I sat in the canoe and wept in the darkness. Again, comes the whisper "Look up" when I did so, the gates were once more open wide, and the glorious light streamed



Frills of Fashion.

A noticeable feature of some of the new thin gowns is the elbow sleeve very close fitting to the shoulder, and fastened with deep frills of the material edged with lace. The frills are so wide at the outside of the arm that they almost reach the wrist, and gradually diminish in width toward the inside. A narrow lace ruffling is used for a heading where the frill ends on, and there is a bow of ribbon for a finish on the inside. This quaint sleeve suggests all sorts of gathered skirts and Directoire styles generally. Some of the new modistes actually have gathered skirts with two rows of shirring around the waist. One pretty quality model is a very much flowered design gathered in this way, and is trimmed with three rows of lace insertion a little distance apart, set in above the hem all around the skirt to the narrow from breadth, where they turn up to the waist line on either side. A pretty effect is made by using tucked white lawn, very fine in quality, for this narrow front.

Another feature of the muslin gown is the wide girdele belt made in various ways, one of which is in rows of narrow lace insertion with headings between, through which any narrow ribbon may be run. A baby waist above this, or one draped in surplice fashion, with a chemise and collar of lace or tucked lawn, makes a quaint little bodice. Belts of the new soft ribbons in pastel colors, finished with a rosette bow at the back, are pretty for the muslin gown, and usually they are accompanied by a rosette bow at one side of the bust. Sashes, too, are a great feature, and they may be made of the soft silk mousseline. This is used double, the edges being sewn together in a seam, the scarfs turned and trimmed on the ends with little frills of lace, and always the rosette finish at the belt. Then there is the soft sash, draped around, not over the shoulders, which is a decided element of the new thin gowns. The idea of fish strikes the average woman as a very simple one, easily managed, but as a matter of fact a successful fish is not such a trivial thing after all. Everything depends on the way it is draped, and it requires an artist to make it any kind of a success. The fish with no ends, fastening at either side with a ribbon rosette is especially pretty with a low-cut gown.

While all the novelties for summer are very attractive, there is something to be said about the thicker gowns, which are being made up for early spring wear. Simple gowns for morning and travelling wear are made of homespun and tweeds, the light gray mixture being especially popular. And, again, it is the coat and skirt costume. Eton jackets are very much in evidence, some quite round and fitting the waist closely, others with spade fronts. And one new feature is three united narrow capes around the shoulders. There are new jackets, too, with a short basque and quite closely fitted in to the figure. The collar vary in style somewhat, some being high and flaring, and, if the jacket is light in color, lined with shirred chiffon of the same color, and others are high, almost straight, band, with a turn over edge of white silk braided with black if the coat is black.

Just at the moment velvet costumes made by the tailors and trimmed with either cloth or taffeta silk strappings are the chic thing to have. The new velvets made for this purpose are very pliable, and, unlike their prototypes, will endure wear as well as weather without ruining the surface if they really bear out all the recommendations which accompany them. Bands of silk and cloth are not going out of fashion right away, it seems, as many of the new spring gowns are trimmed with them, stitched on in various designs. One of these, is a black cloth gown trimmed with black taffeta bands. First among other models shown is a white organdie tucked in bands which are joined together with black lace insertion fully two inches wide; two frills of black lace edging trim the hem. Another white organdie shows puffings alternating with narrow valance-like insertions joining the bodice and the entire upper portion of the skirt, below



Hood's Pills for Biliousness, Sick Headache, Indigestion, Constipation, etc. They are invaluable to prevent a cold or break up a fever. Mild, gentle, certain, they are worthy your confidence. Purely vegetable, they can be taken by children or delicate women. Price, 25c. at all medicine dealers or by mail of C. I. Hood & Co., Lowell, Mass.

which is a wide accordion plaited flounce also trimmed with insertion. Some of the muslin gowns have lace yokes and sleeves, while in others this part is made of the plain organdie in fine tucks. Something pretty for the summer outfit is a pale yellow taffeta in the soft French quality tucked all around the hem with three rows of narrow black velvet ribbon. The bodice, also tucked, had a pretty arrangement of velvet with a handsome rhinestone and black jet button where the lower ends join. The vest is tucked yellow chiffon and a soft scarf of this ties in a knot at the bust, the ends being finished with plaited frills. A handsome crepe de chine costume is made of plain pale blue which in tucks lapping each other like folds, forms the lower skirt. The overdress and bolero is of blue and white flowered crepe de chine and trimmed with large applique lace flowers.

The evolution of undergarments, which has been and is still going on, is something to marvel at, for in no other department of dress is the height of luxury more apparent than here. The simple traditions which have been handed down from our grandmothers, who taught us to consider the hidden details of the toilet of first and the outer garments afterward as an evidence of self respect, never would be recognized if they could look down on the fashionable lingerie of the day. These precepts have assumed higher standards of elegance and a growing tendency toward extravagance which seems to have no limit. That the new undergarments are beautiful to look upon and an irresistible temptation goes without saying, for all women who are truly feminine by inclination find this department most fascinating at all times and never more so than it is now. Fine laces, embroideries, dainty headings, linen-laws, was silks and nainsook as fine and sheer as a dainty handkerchief, illustrate the elegance in materials employed, which is only a beginning when you really appreciate the fine handiwork which adorns them. The special point in the new lingerie is the fit, which has to be pretty nearly perfect when there is so little room for superfluous material underneath the gowns. Skirts both long and short are cut to fit the hips quite smoothly, with a few stitched down plaits directly in the back. The back seam is gored, which helps to give the desired flare. A wide flounce, sometimes cut partially circular and sometimes straight and gathered, form the lower half. This is trimmed in every conceivable fashion that embroidery and lace can assume. Two lace trimmed flounces, five inches wide, falling one over the other, trim the lower edge of one skirt and the deep flounce over these is also finished with a lace trimmed ruff and bow knots of lace insertion set in above. The low necked nightgowns with elbow sleeves are dreams of daintiness when trimmed with a lace edge ruff around the hem. Something new for wear in warm weather is the chemise nightgown. It is exactly like a chemise at the neck, with a simple short sleeve, and will certainly look very attractive next July. The new corset covers, with a belt bodice, have a circular frill which fits the hips smoothly and there is another little novelty made of fine nainsook embroidered all over in small eyelet holes, a little distance apart like polka dots. Ribbons tie the shoulders together, so it is easily adjusted for a low cut evening gown, and the fronts turn over in a slight surplus off-set with covers edged with lace. The new drawers are gored off at the top, so that there is no fullness at all except a few plaits at the back, which are stitched down flat about three inches. The garment which attracts most attention in this department of woman's dress is the princess gown, a combination of corset cover and petticoat, which fits the waist and hips perfectly. It is really tucked in perpendicular groups, which helps to bring it in to the figure, and nothing could be more desirable to wear under muslin gowns.

The most common modes of fashion make their appearance first, and this fact is exemplified in the millinery department quite as much as anywhere else. Whether or not the shapes shown in the shops now will be worn two months hence is a question for future decision. But at the moment there are moderately high, round crowned hats, and hats with no crowns at all, which are said to be the latest thing. There are toques with the puffy brim of lacelike straw, combined with tulle or chiffon, and a high effect of trimming in front for which they slope down quite flat at the back.

Everything can be said in praise of the new shirtwaist which has at least blossomed out into a thing of real beauty, a dainty feminine waist and every woman of taste can approve. The variety is endless, and the prettiest waists are made by hand. Fine lawn and sheer linen cambric are popular fabrics in white. Alternating groups of fine tucks and lace insertion form entire waist and sleeves. An embroidered heading set in between the tucks as it is used in lingerie is another mode of treatment, and again you see bands of lawn joined with the heading-bone stitch. These are waists of all-over embroidery; waists with half-inch tucks edged with narrow frills of lace down the front with four or five tucks each side, and waists of dotted batiste striped with the finest embroidered batiste insertion. The transparent waists will be worn over colored silk slips as they were last season, and in that way we can have quite a variety of changes with a very few waists. The new shirt waist is made with no yoke at the back, which is tucked or plaited to correspond with the front, and the sleeves are the real dress sleeves, with a small circular cuff trimmed with lace falling over the hand. Fancy stocks of ribbon, lace or lawn with a lace trimmed bow in front are worn with them. The heavier shirtwaists which have stiff cuffs, shirt sleeves, and with rare exceptions a seamless yoke back, are a tale of madras cloth, which hides to suit the chieftains and piques from favor. White madras, either striped, cross barred or spotted, is the correct thing, and it is evident that the white shirtwaist is to have the lead. Colored piques with white spots and white piques with colored spots are both used, as well as the colored madras in stripes and checks. Wash silks in corded stripes and checks are to be much worn and come in greater variety of patterns and coloring than ever before.

The latest variation in the fashionable corset dispenses entirely with a part of the bust gusset, which changes the lines materially while it preserves the natural curves of the figure. This style of corset is especially recommended to wear with decollete gowns.

Hasty judgment is dangerous, even when one relies upon the evidence of one's own senses. The Cornhill Magazine says that a school inspector was reading a piece of dictation to a class under examination, when he noticed a boy behaving in a manner that suggested underhand work. His head was bent low, and his slate, instead of resting on the desk was underneath it. Feeling sure that the passage was being copied from a book hidden on the seat, the inspector pounced upon the boy with all the severity that he deemed such a piece of cheating to merit. The next moment he wished he had been less hasty. To his astonishment and sorrow, he found that the little fellow, upon whom he had come down so sharply, had lost both hands, and was working with might and main to get the passage down with the toes of his right foot. Perhaps the master of a certain English school did not feel much happier than that inspector, when on one occasion he sought to preserve discipline. He had been annoyed by the boys sitting in school and to stop the practice had threatened severe punishment. For a time he was

troubled no further, but one day he saw a boy right in front of him moving his jaws. "You are eating," said the master. "Bring me what you have in your pocket." The boy hesitated, and then took from his pocket an old dry piece of cocoanut ice. He neither denied nor admitted the offence, but he took the punishment bravely.

After school the boy came up to the master and said apologetically: "I wasn't eating it." "I saw you," said the master. "No, sir," replied the boy, "I was getting my false teeth right. I have false teeth, and I was getting them straight."

He had been unmolested punishment rather than let the boys know the truth. Their ridicule was more to be feared than the teacher's anger.

Discharging a Duty. Many simple people, who obtain marriage licenses of city clerks, imagine that a school inspector was reading a piece of dictation to a class under examination, when he noticed a boy behaving in a manner that suggested underhand work. His head was bent low, and his slate, instead of resting on the desk was underneath it. Feeling sure that the passage was being copied from a book hidden on the seat, the inspector pounced upon the boy with all the severity that he deemed such a piece of cheating to merit. The next moment he wished he had been less hasty. To his astonishment and sorrow, he found that the little fellow, upon whom he had come down so sharply, had lost both hands, and was working with might and main to get the passage down with the toes of his right foot. Perhaps the master of a certain English school did not feel much happier than that inspector, when on one occasion he sought to preserve discipline. He had been annoyed by the boys sitting in school and to stop the practice had threatened severe punishment. For a time he was

troubled no further, but one day he saw a boy right in front of him moving his jaws. "You are eating," said the master. "Bring me what you have in your pocket." The boy hesitated, and then took from his pocket an old dry piece of cocoanut ice. He neither denied nor admitted the offence, but he took the punishment bravely.

After school the boy came up to the master and said apologetically: "I wasn't eating it." "I saw you," said the master. "No, sir," replied the boy, "I was getting my false teeth right. I have false teeth, and I was getting them straight."

He had been unmolested punishment rather than let the boys know the truth. Their ridicule was more to be feared than the teacher's anger.

Discharging a Duty. Many simple people, who obtain marriage licenses of city clerks, imagine that a school inspector was reading a piece of dictation to a class under examination, when he noticed a boy behaving in a manner that suggested underhand work. His head was bent low, and his slate, instead of resting on the desk was underneath it. Feeling sure that the passage was being copied from a book hidden on the seat, the inspector pounced upon the boy with all the severity that he deemed such a piece of cheating to merit. The next moment he wished he had been less hasty. To his astonishment and sorrow, he found that the little fellow, upon whom he had come down so sharply, had lost both hands, and was working with might and main to get the passage down with the toes of his right foot. Perhaps the master of a certain English school did not feel much happier than that inspector, when on one occasion he sought to preserve discipline. He had been annoyed by the boys sitting in school and to stop the practice had threatened severe punishment. For a time he was

troubled no further, but one day he saw a boy right in front of him moving his jaws. "You are eating," said the master. "Bring me what you have in your pocket." The boy hesitated, and then took from his pocket an old dry piece of cocoanut ice. He neither denied nor admitted the offence, but he took the punishment bravely.

After school the boy came up to the master and said apologetically: "I wasn't eating it." "I saw you," said the master. "No, sir," replied the boy, "I was getting my false teeth right. I have false teeth, and I was getting them straight."

He had been unmolested punishment rather than let the boys know the truth. Their ridicule was more to be feared than the teacher's anger.

Discharging a Duty. Many simple people, who obtain marriage licenses of city clerks, imagine that a school inspector was reading a piece of dictation to a class under examination, when he noticed a boy behaving in a manner that suggested underhand work. His head was bent low, and his slate, instead of resting on the desk was underneath it. Feeling sure that the passage was being copied from a book hidden on the seat, the inspector pounced upon the boy with all the severity that he deemed such a piece of cheating to merit. The next moment he wished he had been less hasty. To his astonishment and sorrow, he found that the little fellow, upon whom he had come down so sharply, had lost both hands, and was working with might and main to get the passage down with the toes of his right foot. Perhaps the master of a certain English school did not feel much happier than that inspector, when on one occasion he sought to preserve discipline. He had been annoyed by the boys sitting in school and to stop the practice had threatened severe punishment. For a time he was

troubled no further, but one day he saw a boy right in front of him moving his jaws. "You are eating," said the master. "Bring me what you have in your pocket." The boy hesitated, and then took from his pocket an old dry piece of cocoanut ice. He neither denied nor admitted the offence, but he took the punishment bravely.

After school the boy came up to the master and said apologetically: "I wasn't eating it." "I saw you," said the master. "No, sir," replied the boy, "I was getting my false teeth right. I have false teeth, and I was getting them straight."

He had been unmolested punishment rather than let the boys know the truth. Their ridicule was more to be feared than the teacher's anger.

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

APIOL & STEEL PILLS A REMEDY FOR IRREGULARITIES. Superceding Bitter Apple, Fil Cocchi, Panayrol, &c. Order of all Chemists, or post free for \$1.00 from J. VAN B. & SONS, LTD., Montreal and Toronto, Canada, Victoria, B. C., or Martin Pharmaceutical Chemist, Southampton, Eng.

and tore it off with a single savage tug. Bellowing hoarsely with pain and anger, the wounded bull caught the panther's throat between its jaws, and dragged him into the water, but the big brute was weak from loss of blood. The panther escaped, and with its mate swam off for the mainland across the narrow channel, while the sea-lion struggled out toward the ocean to die. The men went down to examine the field of battle. A hole deep enough to bury a horse had been dug in the soft mud, while the shore was stained blood red.

Cowboy Misadventure. 'Up at my camp near Four Peaks,' told Jim Bark, the well known cattlemen, the boys are all handy with a rifle. We've a lot of old guns up there. The old fashioned black powder Winchester, has been discarded and nothing but the best goes. Most of the new guns were bought during the Spanish war, when we would experiment all day with tree trunks and rough trenches, learning the art of war at home. We found that a bullet from one of the new Winchesters, driven by smokeless powder was good for four feet and more of pine timber and for more than an inch of iron.

I thought the boys had done about everything in the shooting line that could be done long ago, but I was mistaken. I sent them up a wagon. In hauling down some firewood they broke the bolsters all to finders. The bolsters hold up the wagon bed, you know. Well, the boys figured out all right the rebuilding of the wood parts, but came near being stumped on the iron fixings. They got some old iron wagon tires and cut them in proper lengths but hadn't a way that they could see to make necessary bolt holes. Finally the question was solved. One of the boys marked the places for the bolts, wedged the piece of tire against a tree and shot a bullet, 30-caliber, through the tire at each place marked. It was a novel sort of blacksmithing, but it worked!

At the Impressionist Show. She: 'I wonder why artists are always so careful to sign their pictures?' He: 'Possibly so; the public can tell the top from the bottom.'

A Wedding on the Cards. 'My Queen!' fondly exclaimed the infatuated youth. 'My Jack,' softly responded the blushing maiden.

Dorothy (noticing her father's beard, which he has decided to let grow)—'See mamma! papa is just cutting his whiskers.'

TO THE DRAP.—A rich lady, cured of her Doubt and Fears in the Road by Dr. Hinton's Artificial Hair Dress, has sent \$100 to her Institute, so that poor people unable to procure the Hair Dress may have them too. Apply to the Institute, 7th, 8th Avenue, New York.

Use the genuine MURRAY & LANMAN'S FLORIDA WATER 'The Universal Perfume.' For the Handkerchief Toilet and Bath. Refuse all substitutes.

Don't Chide the Children. DOAN'S KIDNEY PILLS. Don't scold the little ones if the bed is wet in the morning. It isn't the child's fault. It is suffering from a weakness of the kidneys and bladder, and weak kidneys need strengthening—that's all. You can't afford to risk delay. Neglect may entail a lifetime of suffering and misery. DOAN'S KIDNEY PILLS strengthen the kidneys and bladder, then all trouble is at an end. Mrs. B. Kidder, a London, Ont., mother, living at 400 Gray St., says: 'My little daughter, six years old, has had weak kidneys since birth. Last February I got a box of Doan's Kidney Pills at Strong's drug store. Since taking them she has had no more kidney trouble of any kind. I gladly make this statement because of the benefit my child has received from this medicine.'



Suicides at Monte Carlo.

There is much of interest to riders generally but particularly to the United States cavalrymen, in reports that have come from South Africa of some of the long, hard rides made there by the British mounted troops.

At first thought it may not appear that these rides are particularly remarkable, but the fact must be taken into consideration that bodies of troops and not single individuals are concerned, and where this is the case the rapidity of the march must necessarily be gauged by the rapidity and endurance of the poorest horse of the outfit.

No army in the world, perhaps, has had the same opportunities to test the endurance of cavalry horses as has the small regular force of the United States.

Col. Theodore Ayrault Dodge, United States Army, collected to official records of long-distance cavalry rides, and has made them public, so that they may be compared with the performance of the soldier horsemen of other nations.

Col. Dodge says that Capt. S. F. Fountain, United States Cavalry, in the year 1891 rode with a detachment of his troop eighty-four miles in eight hours. This record is vouched for, and it is better than that of the Natal Mounted Rifles by about four hours, the distance being within one mile of that made in South Africa.

It must be understood, of course, that all these American rides were made without changing horses. The best rider, according to cavalry experts, is not the man who takes a five barred gate or who can ride standing, but he who by instinct feels the condition of his horse, and, though getting the most out of the animal, knows how to conserve his strength.

They also relieve Distress from Dyspepsia, Indigestion and Too Hearty Eating. A perfect remedy for Dizziness, Nausea, Drowsiness, Bad Taste in the Mouth, Costed Tongue Pain in the Side, TORPID LIVER. They Regulate the Bowels. Purely Vegetable.

THE PEOPLE'S UNBOUNDED EULOGY!

Dr. Agnew's Catarrhal Powder Has Had an Almost Universal Endorsation as the Greatest Healer of the Most Insidious and Common Disease of the Century.

Catarrh is a Menace to the Face-- The Precursor of Much Suffering and the Forerunner of Incurable Throat and Lung Troubles.

But this Great Remedy Cures and Prevents Colds, Drives out Catarrh Germs and Frees the Whole System from the Foulness Incident to Catarrh.

No remedy yet compounded for the healing of Catarrh has received the un-

bounded eulogy from people in high positions, socially, publicly or professionally, as Dr. Agnew's Catarrhal Powder.

Dr. Agnew's Catarrhal Powder is a specific for catarrh. It gives almost instant relief, not only in the acute forms, but chronic cases of many years' standing vanish under its persistent use.

one horse 350 miles in seventy-one hours.

The animal however, carried only a Count's weight 128, pounds, it had been specially trained for months to undergo the endurance test, and during the whole time of the ride was kept up on stimulants.

Col. Dodge, in his summary of remarkable rides tells of a professional express rider, whom he personally knew, who for many months carried mail from El Paso to Chihuahua, through a hostile Apache country.

This man on one horse, a broncho, regularly made 300 miles in sixty hours, and then resting his mount for four days made the return trip.

Col. Dodge does not think that if tests were made there would be found much difference between the records which English and American soldiers would register.

He says that a composite picture made of 500 British and of 500 American troopers would show that the three lines which establish the 'seat' of the rider are practically the same and that upon this and the proper care of the horse depend largely the matters of distance accomplished and speed maintained.

The cavalry horses of the American Army have undergone these endurance and speed contests carrying weights of more than 200 pounds, and with out any training other than that received in the ordinary course of frontier scouting and daily drill evolutions.

The exact time was not taken, for as Col. Dodge puts it, 'rescue was of more importance than records.'

It must be understood, of course, that all these American rides were made without changing horses.

The best rider, according to cavalry experts, is not the man who takes a five barred gate or who can ride standing, but he who by instinct feels the condition of his horse, and, though getting the most out of the animal, knows how to conserve his strength.

The late Gen. Lawton, who was killed in the Philippines, in the year 1876 rode from Red Cloud Agency, Neb. to Sydney, in the same State, a distance of 125 miles, in twenty six hours.

He was carrying important despatches for Gen. Crook, and though the road was bad his mount was in good condition when Lawton, looking five years older than he did the day before handed over his bundle of papers to the black bearded General.

Gen. Merritt has a forced-march record that has no American parallel when the conditions of his journey are considered.

He was ordered in the fall of 1879 to the relief of Payne's command, which was surrounded by hostile Indians.

Merritt's command consisted of four troops of cavalry, but at the last moment he was ordered to add to his force a battalion of infantry.

The 'dough boys,' were loaded into the army wagons drawn by mules, and with the cavalry at the flanks the relief column started.

The distance to be traversed was 170 miles, and it was made notwithstanding the handicap of the wagons, and trails that were muddy and sandy by turns, in just sixty-six hours.

At the end of the march the troopers went into the fight, and in the entire command not one horse showed a lame leg or a

pleasant, powerful and potent protection against the almost constant climatic changes to which this northern world is subject.

Dr. Agnew's Catarrhal Powder is the permanent eradicator and perpetual exterminator of this most insidious and yet common foe of humanity generally.

If you are a sufferer take counsel of the thousands to whom it has been a sovereign balm--the beacon to show the way to health and the haven of health.

Mrs. J. H. Harte, of 233 Church street, Toronto, in telling of her faith in and cure by this wonderful remedy says: "I cannot speak too highly of Dr. Agnew's Catarrhal Powder.

For years I suffered intensely and constantly from catarrh in its worst form. I took everything I could purchase that promised a cure, without any permanent results until I tried Dr. Agnew's Catarrhal Powder.

The first application of it--and it's so simple to apply--gave me great relief. I persevered in the use of it for eight months, and today I am fully restored, not the slightest symptom of the malady remaining, and I am thankful to be able to give this testimony for so worthy a remedy after trying so many so-called catarrh cures, only to add disappointment to disappointment."

Have you a cough? Is the voice husky? Is the breath foul? Are you losing flesh? Do you ache all over? Do you take cold easily? Is the nose stopped up? Does your nose discharge? Do cramps form in the nose? Do you cough sometimes until you gag? Is there pain in the back of the throat? Is there a pain across the eyes? Is there tickling in the throat? Is your sense of smell leaving you? Are you losing the sense of taste? Is there a dropping in the throat? Is there a burning pain in the throat? Any and all of these symptoms indicate the presence of catarrh, and while some of them may seem but trivial, you cannot afford to treat them lightly, for, remember, dire consequences may result from neglect, for all victims of throat and lung troubles have been subject to catarrh.

Dr. Agnew's Ointment puts out the fire from distressing skin troubles, such as Eczema, Salt Rheum, Scald Head, Tetter, and will cure Piles in from 5 to 5 nights.

Dr. Agnew's Cure for the Heart gives relief from the most violent spasms in heart diseases in 30 minutes. It saves life.

Dr. Agnew's Liver Pill. Sold by E. C. Brown.

of materials and workmanship, and its superior imitation, made of cheap materials in the cheapest way, is soon eaten up by the added cost of the latter for repairs and lost time in the workshop.

The Singer Manufacturing Company aims to maintain its well-earned reputation for fair dealing during all time. It is for the present, its offices are in every city in the world, and parts and supplies for its machines can always be easily obtained.

Thus it may be seen why Singer sewing-machines have the preference whenever their merits are fairly investigated.

Were They Forget-Me-Nots? The palm for absent-mindedness should be accorded to a learned German professor. One day he noticed the wife placing a bunch of flowers on his desk.

'What do they mean?' he asked. 'Why,' she exclaimed, 'don't you know that this is the anniversary of your marriage?'

'Ah, indeed--is it?' said the professor politely. 'Kindly let me know when yours comes round, and I will return your attention in kind.'

He was Grateful! Urdike, said Fiedick, who had answered the telephone ring, 'here's a message saying that your house is burning down.'

'Thank heavens!' replied Urdike fervently. 'What makes you say that?' Is it insured for several times its value? 'Oh, no; but my wife has cards out for a pink tea for to-morrow afternoon and now she can't have it.'

Children Will go Sleehing. The return covered with snow. Half a teaspoonful of Pain-Killer in hot water will prevent ill effects. Avoid substitutes, there's but one Pain-Killer, Perry Davis', 25c. and 50c.

He wanted to put Them to Sleep. Gilmartin--'Phwat wor yas doin' whin thot howlin' p'cision av Orangemin passed yure house?'

Kerrigan--'Shure, I wor in rockin' th' baby; but Oi lift th' kid.'

Gilmartin--'Fer phwat?'

Kerrigan--'T' go out an' rock th' Orangemin.'

His Mindless Chats. Watts: 'Don't you know that drinking whiskey for your cold only renders you more liable to cold?'

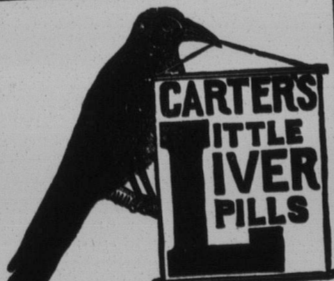
Lushforth: 'In zash case, I o'h jus' drink more whiskey for the new cold.'

Thousands of Canadians. can vouch for the efficacy of that peerless cough remedy, Fyru-Pectoral. It cures a cold very quickly. 25c. of all druggists. Manufactured by the proprietors of Perry Davis' Pain-Killer.

Trouble Avoided. Miss Freeman--'Did yo' tell Francesco Jones dat yo' was gwine too knock me silly?'

Miss Johnsing--'Yo' poor thing! I nevah sayed I was gwine too knock yo' silly. Yo' is silly enuff already.'

Curse. Rural teacher--'What current event of great interest can you give me this mornin'?' Small girl (eagerly)--'My ma has just made twenty tumbler of jell.'



CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS

SICK HEADACHE

Positively cured by these Little Pills.

They also relieve Distress from Dyspepsia, Indigestion and Too Hearty Eating. A perfect remedy for Dizziness, Nausea, Drowsiness, Bad Taste in the Mouth, Costed Tongue Pain in the Side, TORPID LIVER. They Regulate the Bowels. Purely Vegetable.

Small Pill. Small Dose. Small Price.

Substitution the fraud of the day.

See you get Carter's,

Ask for Carter's,

Insist and demand

Carter's Little Liver Pills.

NOTICE OF CHANGE.

A Wise Judge and a Prisoner's Appeal for Mercy.

The place was part four of the Court of General Sessions of New York; the time a Friday, two weeks before last Christmas.

One of the prisoners was a middle-aged man, prematurely gray, with a pronounced 'prison pallor.'

The judge looked at him thoughtfully for a moment, then took a letter from his pocket, and after a word of explanation, began to read it aloud to the jury.

'I hope your honor will please excuse me,' the letter ran, 'for taking the liberty of addressing you. I am to go before you for sentence on Friday, and I beg your honor, if possible, to show me some mercy.'

'I have served many years of imprisonment, and have suffered much for my crimes. I cannot complain, because I know I deserve it; but for the last four years in prison I worked and studied hard, and night and day, to learn a good trade, so that I could earn an honest living. On the morning of the sixth of November I woke up a happy man, expecting to be free to go out in the world and earn an honest living. I was dressed, taken to the office, and handed the few dollars which were due me. Then I signed my discharge papers and turned around to leave, when an officer, who stood behind me, re-arrested me on this charge.'

'I do not know what to say to your honor so you will believe me. I know I deserve my punishment; but the great God Who can look in all our hearts knows I am a different man now from what I was when I went into that prison. I beg of you, sir, to have mercy upon me, and give me a chance to redeem myself and live and die an honest man.'

'I have not seen a free Christmas day in twenty years, or seen my people in that time. When I get work, and can prove to them that I have turned away from crime and a wicked life, I should like to see them once more.'

Hopeing your honor will excuse me for addressing this letter to you, and have mercy on me, I am your most humble servant.

ROBERT HANSEN.

As the judge finished reading, a man rose from one of the seats reserved for witnesses and said: 'Your honor, I am a representative of the Prison Association,

Vertical text on the right edge of the page, including names like Rachel P. and various fragments of text.







Adventures of Linemen.

The Dugan domicile is fifty yards from the end of the railroad bridge, but the Dugan family have struggled all the way down the hillside to the mud flats, where the ducks and the little Dugans wade and swim themselves all the summer time.

At the edge of the bridge Dugan always sends his children back to the cabin, for the bank goes down in very precipitous fashion to the river-bed from the high abutments. But Johnny Dugan, the eldest boy, often ventures on the bridge to throw stones at the blue glass insulators on the last telegraph-pole—the top of that pole is almost on a level with the track on the bridge, and its base is eighty feet below, close by the stone abutment.

Johnny Dugan and the Barry boys had spent many pleasant hours, one April day, throwing stones at the insulators, when they were caught in the act by big Ed Conlin, the telegraph company's lineman, the man of wonderful spurs and leg-straps. No doubt they would have noticed his approach and escaped recognition, as usual, had they not been lost in admiration of Jimmy Barry, who had at last succeeded in breaking one of the insulators. Ed Conlin promptly called on Mrs. Barry, who "blarneyed" him wisely, and then on Mrs. Dugan, who happened to be in an irate mood, and so gave him the rough side of her tongue and ordered him off the place.

Then Ed vowed that he ever found Johnny Dugan on the bridge he would throw him into the Dugan duckpond; after which nothing but animosity could rule between the Dugans and Western Union. And rule it did—until one May morning after a heavy rain.

The rain had made the gully along the track a roaring torrent of muddy water. The river itself, from previous freshets, was high over the flats. And Johnny was on the end of the bridge, pelting the insulators and keeping an eye on all roads by which any sectionhand or lineman might approach.

Such was the situation when something went wrong with the telegraph that had suffered so many assaults. It suddenly fell toward the bridge, so that the top red cross arm was close to the ends of the ties. There the wires held it. Johnny peered down and made out that the earth had been washed away from the base of the pole by the stream from the ditch. Two of the wires had broken under the strain.

"Hi, Kids!" cried Johnny to his mates, who were hunting for car-loads among the cinders. "We can get the glasses!" The others came up to inspect, but the humming wire and the great white pole that extended from their feet to the flat below awed them. Johnny alone was undaunted; greed possessed him wholly as soon as he saw that the top red insulator were loose and free of wire.

never swing that pole shoreward to keep the lad from being knocked off if she hit the bridge." "That's so," said the sectionman, staring at Johnny Dugan's red stockings. She'd break this rotten rope snap snap." He stared down at the yellow tide of the river, and just then Mrs. Dugan's wails and the children's chorus came faintly down the track.

"I'm going to climb the pole," said Ed Conlin, thinking of how Dugan would be coming across the bridge that evening looking for Johnny and the others. "I'm going to climb it if the whole concern goes into the river. You come down the bank and catch him if it falls near shore."

Over the bank went Ed Conlin and the sectionman, alongside of Burns, the policeman, who had run across lots to see what the matter was. They scrambled down the soft hillside close to the stone abutment, and out through the water at the base of the pole. There Ed Conlin tightened the cumbersome straps around his legs and glanced up at Johnny Dugan, sitting on a squirrel on his lofty perch with his jacket blowing out like a woolly signal of distress.

"Ed, lad," said the sectionman, "ye'll never get ashore again in that current with them iron toes on ye, if it falls and I think it will." "With the rope's help, Dugan's boy may," said the lineman. Then Ed snuck his spurs into the soft mud and went up, carrying the well rope with him, while Burns and the sectionman waited nervously and watched the debris drift by under the stone arches. Up went the linemen with exasperating deliberation, stopping occasionally to adjust the rope and glance downward.

"He's a cool one," said the sectionman to the policeman. "Let's hold the pole up for all we are worth," replied Burns. Then they braced themselves against the trembling stick, thinking how futile would be their efforts when its eighty odd feet crashed over and threw Johnny Dugan and the lineman half way out to the first stone pier of the bridge.

After a while Johnny felt the steady movement of the spurs, and the men below heard his quaver of fear and Ed Conlin's deep voice telling him not to mind. The pole was pressing against their bruised shoulders, and they struggled mightily against it, and at last its base seemed to be pushing from them through the oozing mud. Then the sectionman shouted to Ed Conlin to slide.

"He'll never slide without Dugan's boy," said Burns. "I know Conlin." The two heard a cry, and Mrs. Dugan came scrambling down the bank. "Johnny, Johnny, my darlin'!" she was gasping, and the sectionman, glancing up, saw Johnny sliding swiftly down the pole, with rope under his arms, while the lineman, seated on the cross-arms, was paying out the rope. As Johnny neared the waiting arms, Ed Conlin dropped the rope and clasped the slender pole, for the tall shaft had now swung with his weight toward the water and was coming slowly down.

The sectionman grasped Johnny Dugan and threw him far up among the muddy bushes. Then he darted back from the base of the pole, which was tearing up a great hole in the soft bank. It came heavily down with a mighty splash on the water, under his arms, with the lineman clinging like a cat half way up its white sides; and then, while all except the butt was buried in the yellow flood, the sectionman dived out along the side with the rope in his hands.

"Cracky!" said the policeman. "Is he ever coming up?" But out of the troubled water Ed Conlin's steel-clad boots rose to view, and the sectionman was after them in frantic haste. He had the rope around the line as an in a minute, and by the time the pole was moving toward its rutted path on the arch, Ed Conlin himself, covered with mud, and his face bleeding from numberless scratches, was sitting weakly among the alder-bushes, with the sectionman cutting the straps from his ankles.

"Well, wouldn't that beat ye!" said the policeman, with enthusiasm. "Yes," said Ed Conlin, "but keep the Dugan boys off the bridge after this!"

Catarrhosea Cannot be Beaten. Mr. Rodie McDougall, of Vanhook Hill, Ont., says: "Catarrhosea has done me more good than any other medicine I ever used. It has cured me of my Catarh. Others may praise their preparations but Catarrhosea cannot be beaten as a cure for Catarh." Catarh-o-sea is a new method of treatment guaranteed to cure the most chronic cases of Catarh, Asthma, Bronchitis, Coughs, Colds, &c. Sure, safe and pleasant to use. Sold by all druggists. Trial outfit for 10c in stamps by N. C. POLSON & CO., Kingston, Ont., Postpaid.

Death to Earth Ashes to Ashes. The London Times notes the Marquis of Queensbury's directions for his funeral as follows: The will of the late Lord Queensbury has been lodged in Edinburgh. The codicil runs as follows: 'At my death I wish to be cremated and my ashes put into the earth inclosed in nothing, earth to earth, ashes to ashes, in any spot most convenient I have loved. Will mention places to my son, Harleyford for choice. I particularly request no Christian mummies or tombs to be performed over my grave, but that I be buried as a secularist and an agnostic. If it will comfort any one, there are plenty of those of my own faith who would come and say a few words of common sense over the spot where my ashes may lie. Queensberry, Jan. 23rd, 1895.—Places to lay ashes: The summit of Criffel or Queensbury in Dumfriesshire; the end of the terrace over-

looking the new Loch, Harleyford, Bucks. No monument or stone necessary or required, or procession as ashes can be carried in one person's hand. Failing these places, any place where the stars shall overshadow their light and the sun shall gild each rising morn.'

SHAVES ONLY MILLIONAIRES.

A Barber Who Makes About \$3,000 a Year From Four Customers. Thomas Whalen shaves four millionaires a day. He makes the round of their residences every morning and uses his own fast razor to save time. They all pay him a liberal salary and in three hours each morning he earns more than the average barber does in four days.

Mr. Whalen's clients are P. D. Armour, S. W. Allerton, Marshall Field and N. K. Fairbank of Chicago. They employ him by the year, and his salary continues whether they are in Europe, New York, California or Chicago. His contract calls for a daily shave in Chicago, and if the millionaires' chins are not to be found, Whalen is not the sufferer. His "pull" is said to be of the gentlest, but his fellow barbers declare it is very strong, and besides the salary he gets there is always a liberal Christmas present.

The scale of salaries paid is as follows: Mr. Armour, \$75 per month; Mr. Field, \$75 per month; Mr. Allerton, \$50, and Mr. Fairbank, \$35. All of these gentlemen have their private barber shops, and Mr. Whalen has the running of them. He keeps each supplied with the finest razors, shears, straps, soaps, mugs, and other requisites of a first-class tonsorial parlor. He knows the turn of every whisker of his patrons, and there is never any kick about razors with a "pull."

His labors begin early. Mr. Armour's home is his first stopping place, though recently, during that gentleman's residence in California, he has not been getting up so early. Mr. Armour has always shaved by six o'clock and often earlier. From there it is only a block to Mr. Field's Prairie avenue mansion, and just across the street, a little to the south, he finds Mr. Allerton ready for his daily scrape. But to reach Mr. Fairbank he must make a big jump to the North Side, and his fast pace comes in good use. Cars are not too uncertain, and Mr. Fairbank cannot be kept waiting or disappointed, and before 9 o'clock Whalen is at the Lake Shore drive residence, ready for Mr. Fairbank to come to the private barber shop.

Tom Whalen is one of the best known barbers in Chicago. He has made a competency out of his work, and his income now is by no means beggarly, averaging close to \$3,000 for the year. His last shop was in the Methodist Church Block. This he sold several years ago. He now devotes his attention to the four millionaire customers and several fine horses.

A Touch of Galatea. Captain Rankin, of the Galatea, storm-tossed on Long Island Sound, hated Captain Frazier of the Norwalk, a rival boat, and Captain Frazier hated him. A writer in Forward tells how the enemies suddenly became friends. The storm, it appears, had broken the Galatea's shaft. The ships came within hailing distance.

"Shall we speak the Norwalk, sir?" asked the second officer. "Not if we can help it, sir," responded the skipper. But the indication on the Galatea was dismissed by a zigzag signal coming from the Norwalk's mainmast. "What's the trouble?" he read.

Then the Galatea signalled the reply, "Shaft broken—unmanageable." "Shall I take off your passengers and crew?" asked the Norwalk. "Can't tell yet," was the reply. The next sentence that glimmered from the Norwalk's signal-lights furnished the inspiration for a hymn that has been sung all over Christendom.

It was, "I'll stand by until the morning—subject to your command." The next night the two rivals rode into port together, the disabled Galatea being towed by the belated Norwalk. After their passengers and cargoes had been discharged, Captain Rankin walked over to the Norwalk's pier, where Captain Frazier was giving orders.

"Gom' up-town, Fraz?" he asked. "Believe I am, Rankin," answered Frazier. So the two grizzled sea dogs, who had not spoken to each other for years, strolled up-town arm in arm, firmly reestablishing a friendship so long endangered by business rivalry.

A Black Cigar. The reader who remembers his first cigar, and how it affected him, may be able to sympathize with the young soldier in Cuba who lately narrated one of his war experiences. "I had learned to smoke before I entered the service, but was not an extravagant smoker, by any means, and easily fell a victim to a job which one of the officers put

upon me: He went to one of the shops, and ordered a large cigar made of the strongest tobacco to be found.

"Did you ever see a Cuban 'smoker' of that description? It is almost as black as ink, and has the strength of a whole smoking car, boiled down. There is a tradition that General Grant got sick on one of that kind ones. Well the officer casually pulled that cigar out of his pocket one day, and said he would give a silver dollar to anybody who could smoke it. Like a fool I took him up. 'Now understand' he said, 'you've got to smoke it to the last gaff.' 'Well, did you?' asked one of the 'listeners.'

"Yes," rejoined the young soldier. "I smoked it to the last gaff—and the first paroxysm. But it cured me. I have never been able to look a cigar in the face since."

It Is Nonsense to say that because you have a bad cough you are going to have consumption, but it is safer and better to "cure it with Adamson's Botanic Cough Balm, than to let it run. 25c. all Druggists.

Facial Remembrance. "O'Brien says he isn't going to the dog-show this year. I wonder why?" "Perhaps he wants to give the dogs a show."

More Like It. "Laugh and grow fat." "Pooh! You mean, 'grow fat and get laughed at.'"

More Sutures—Can be traced indirectly to disorders of the nervous system caused by deranged digestive organs and the consequent indigestion and weakness, than from any other cause under the sun. This is proven by statistics. Dr. Von Stan's Pileopile Tablets come as a universal blessing to mankind. No stomach trouble is too trivial for attention—no case too deep-seated that these wonderful Tablets will not ultimately cure—50 in a box, 25 cents.

A Change. "I've been married, with two kids and you she would cling round my neck; but she walks on it now."

BORN.

- Kingsport, Feb. 22, to the wife of J. Ellis, a son.
Halifax, Feb. 28, to the wife of Edward Usher, a son.
Wolverton, Feb. 18, to the wife of M. Britton, a son.
Yarmouth, Feb. 14, to the wife of G. Kendrick, a son.
Truro, Feb. 22, to the wife of B. McDougall, a son.
Halifax, Feb. 21, to the wife of William Parker, a son.
Lunenburg, Feb. 19, to the wife of Joseph Lowe, a son.
Halifax, Feb. 20, to the wife of Edward Shaw, a son.
Springhill, Feb. 17, to the wife of John Chisholm, a son.
Springhill, Feb. 17, to the wife of Wm. Mason, a son.
Halifax, Feb. 9, to the wife of William Buer, a son.
Liverpool, Feb. 18, to the wife of Geo. Schultz, a son.
Bristol, Feb. 7, to the wife of Chas. Buchanan, a son.
Springhill, Feb. 18, to the wife of George Porter, a son.
Campbellton, Feb. 24, to the wife of Chas. Hersey, a son.
Lunenburg, Feb. 24, to the wife of Aaron Hebb, a son.
Springhill, Feb. 17, to the wife of John Loviter, a daughter.
Kingsport, Feb. 22, to the wife of C. Borden, a daughter.
Digby, Feb. 16, to the wife of John McKay, a daughter.
Digby, Feb. 16, to the wife of Fred Powell, a daughter.
Westville, Feb. 16, to the wife of James Goode, a daughter.
Tupperville, Feb. 16, to the wife of John Stevens, a daughter.
Grainville, Feb. 18, to the wife of E. Miller, a daughter.
Yarmouth, Feb. 14, to the wife of J. Ferguson, a daughter.
Tupperville, Feb. 19, to the wife of Alfred Messer, a son.
Lunenburg, Feb. 22, to the wife of Frederick Veinot, a son.
Springhill, Feb. 17, to the wife of William Matheson, a son.
Campbellton, Feb. 23, to the wife of Frank LeBlanc, a daughter.
North Kingston, Feb. 17, to the wife of Wm. Foster, a daughter.
St. Peter's, C. B., Feb. 22, to the wife of Dr. Blissett, a daughter.
Fort Maitland, Feb. 19, to the wife of Oscar Tedford, a daughter.
Mildred Clyde, Feb. 18 to the wife of Christian Ryan, a daughter.
Folly Village, Feb. 4 to the wife of Henry McLean, a daughter.
North Kingston, Feb. 17, to the wife of Berpee Haley, a daughter.
Worcester, Mass., Feb. 5, to the wife of George Haley, a daughter.
St. Peter's, C. B., Feb. 24, to the wife of Geo. McCallister, a daughter.
Folly Village, Feb. 20, to the wife of David Wildford, twin daughters.

MARRIED.

- Truro, Feb. 27, by Rev. Fr. Knechtel, Joseph Arsenault to Evelyn, wife of R. McCall, a son.
Gabusra, Feb. 20, by Rev. J. W. Turner, Philip E. Hardy to Hester L. Mugaab.
Gabusra, Feb. 20, by Rev. J. W. Turner, D. Westley to Elizabeth Annie Mann.
Truro, Feb. 22, by Rev. John Wood, John McMaisters to Mrs. Nettie Smith.
Elmsdale, Feb. 20, by Rev. A. V. Morse, George O'Brien to Elizabeth Anthony.
Gabusra, Feb. 20, by Rev. D. Sutherland, Dan D. McLeod to Mary Ann Stewart.
Barrington, Feb. 22nd by Rev. Mr. Whitman, Joseph Noel to Miss Burgess.
Aroostook, Feb. 21, by Rev. Mr. W. Brown, James E. Wyman to Mary E. Landry.
Pittsboro, Feb. 20, by Rev. Fr. Foley, Albert Harris to Catherine Surratt.
Tusket Wedge, Feb. 21, by Rev. Fr. Foley, Arthur Burgess to Madeline LeBlanc.
South Boston, Feb. 14, by Rev. A. D. MacKinnon, John D. MacQuarrie to Mary A. Fitzgerald.

DIED.

- Weston, Feb. 25, Isaac Shaw, 70.
Dartmouth, Feb. 27, Jane Bolan, 86.
Amherst, Feb. 28, Batus Coakley, 70.
St. John, Feb. 26, Gertrude Allison.

- Halifax, Feb. 27, Marie-Jose LePine.
Halifax, Feb. 24, Mrs. Susan Smith, 26.
Bedford, Feb. 24, Eliza Marshall, 62.
Halifax, Mar. 1, Mrs. Isabella Russell, 64.
Mooseville, Feb. 23, Archibald L. Smith, 74.
Halifax, Feb. 20, Henry Satter Laurillard, 65.
Brooklyn, Nants, Feb. 21, Thomas A. Smith, 52.
Humphrey's Mills, Mar. 1, James McAleer, 71.
Fort Maitland, Mar. 1, Mr. William Durand, 82.
Halifax, Feb. 20, Francis, wife of Andrew McCreath Esq.'s Settlement, Feb. 27, Charles Hebb, 47.
Melita, New York, Feb. 28, Mr. John W. Healy, 70.
Halifax, Feb. 20, Maria, wife of Thomas Thorpe, 78.
Windsor, Feb. 23, Elizabeth, wife of John Allen, 78.
Moncton, Feb. 18, Elizabeth, daughter of W. J. LeBlanc, 12.
Shelburne, Feb. 23, Hannah, widow of the late James Butler, 71.
Montreal, Feb. 27, Anne M. C. Bond, widow of Newton Bonded.
Halifax, Feb. 27, Geo. A., son of Joseph and Frank Ferris, 19 months.
Halifax, Feb. 23, Mabel Marion, daughter of Alton and Sophia Feeley, 8.
Bellville, Feb. 23, Joseph Daniel, only son of Mr. and Mrs. E. McNeil, 10 days.
Halifax, Feb. 23, Clifford Wallace, son of Clifford and Ellen Bishop, 14 months.
Yarmouth, Feb. 21, Horace C., son of Prince W., and Emma Nicholson, 19 years.
Halifax, Feb. 27, Frances Deborah, infant child of Joseph and Annie Wells, 3 years.
Halifax, Mar. 1, Elizabeth Muriel, only daughter of John and Selma Williams, 6 years.
Dartmouth, Feb. 25, Margaret, daughter of the late Noel and L. Elizabeth, 3 years.
Halifax, Feb. 27, Catherine Gladys Victor, infant daughter of C. and John Lynch, 8 months.

RAILROADS.

CANADIAN PACIFIC

Travel in Comfort - ON THE - Pacific Express.

Table with columns for destinations (Halifax, St. John, Montreal, Vancouver) and departure times (7:00 a.m., 4:10 p.m., 9:30 a.m., 9:45 a.m., 11:30 p.m.).

A TOURIST SLEEPER

On above train every Thursday, from MONTREAL and runs to SEATTLE, without change. Double berth rates from Montreal to Winnipeg, \$4.00; to Medicine Hat, \$2.50; Calgary, \$3.00; Vancouver and Seattle, \$3.00.

For passenger rates to all points in Canada, Western United States and to Japan, China, India, Hawaiian Islands, Australia and Manila, and also for descriptive advertising matter and maps, write to A. J. HEATE, D. A. C. P. E., St. John, N. B.

Dominion Atlantic R'y.

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

Royal Mail S. S. Prince Rupert.

ST. JOHN AND DIGBY. Lvs. St. John at 7:00 a.m., Monday, Wednesday, Thursday and Saturday; arr. Digby 10:00 a.m. Returning leaves Digby same days at 12:40 p.m. arr. at St. John, 2:35 p.m.

EXPRESS TRAINS

Daily (Sunday excepted). Lvs. Halifax 6:30 a.m., arr. in Digby 12:30 p.m. Lvs. Digby 12:45 p.m., arr. Yarmouth 2:30 p.m. Lvs. Yarmouth 9:00 a.m., arr. Digby 11:45 a.m. Lvs. Digby 11:45 a.m., arr. Halifax 5:50 p.m. Lvs. Annapolis 7:30 a.m., Monday, Wednesday, Thursday and Saturday, arr. Digby 8:40 a.m. Lvs. Digby 3:30 p.m., Monday, Wednesday, Thursday and Saturday, arr. Annapolis 4:40 p.m.

S.S. Prince George.

YARMOUTH AND BOSTON SERVICE. By far the finest and fastest steamer plying out of Boston. Leaves Yarmouth, N. S., Wednesday and Saturday immediately on arrival of the Express Trains from Halifax arriving in Boston early next morning. Returning leaves Long Wharf, Boston, Tuesday, and Friday at 4:00 p.m. Unequaled cuisine on Dominion Atlantic Railway Steamers and Palace Car Express Trains.

Staterooms can be obtained on application to City Agent. For Close connections with trains at Digby tickets on sale at City Office, 114 Prince William Street, at the wharf office, a ticket from the Purser on steamer, from whom time-tables and all information can be obtained. F. GIFFINS, Superintendent, Kentville, N. S.

Intercolonial Railway

On and after Monday, Oct. 16th, 1899 (trains will run daily, Sunday excepted).

Table with columns for destinations (Halifax, Truro, Moncton, Quebec) and departure times (1:35, 12:00, 12:45, 12:50, 12:55, 1:00, 1:05, 1:10, 1:15, 1:20, 1:25, 1:30, 1:35, 1:40, 1:45, 1:50, 1:55, 2:00, 2:05, 2:10, 2:15, 2:20, 2:25, 2:30, 2:35, 2:40, 2:45, 2:50, 2:55, 3:00, 3:05, 3:10, 3:15, 3:20, 3:25, 3:30, 3:35, 3:40, 3:45, 3:50, 3:55, 4:00, 4:05, 4:10, 4:15, 4:20, 4:25, 4:30, 4:35, 4:40, 4:45, 4:50, 4:55, 5:00, 5:05, 5:10, 5:15, 5:20, 5:25, 5:30, 5:35, 5:40, 5:45, 5:50, 5:55, 6:00, 6:05, 6:10, 6:15, 6:20, 6:25, 6:30, 6:35, 6:40, 6:45, 6:50, 6:55, 7:00, 7:05, 7:10, 7:15, 7:20, 7:25, 7:30, 7:35, 7:40, 7:45, 7:50, 7:55, 8:00, 8:05, 8:10, 8:15, 8:20, 8:25, 8:30, 8:35, 8:40, 8:45, 8:50, 8:55, 9:00, 9:05, 9:10, 9:15, 9:20, 9:25, 9:30, 9:35, 9:40, 9:45, 9:50, 9:55, 10:00, 10:05, 10:10, 10:15, 10:20, 10:25, 10:30, 10:35, 10:40, 10:45, 10:50, 10:55, 11:00, 11:05, 11:10, 11:15, 11:20, 11:25, 11:30, 11:35, 11:40, 11:45, 11:50, 11:55, 12:00, 12:05, 12:10, 12:15, 12:20, 12:25, 12:30, 12:35, 12:40, 12:45, 12:50, 12:55, 1:00, 1:05, 1:10, 1:15, 1:20, 1:25, 1:30, 1:35, 1:40, 1:45, 1:50, 1:55, 2:00, 2:05, 2:10, 2:15, 2:20, 2:25, 2:30, 2:35, 2:40, 2:45, 2:50, 2:55, 3:00, 3:05, 3:10, 3:15, 3:20, 3:25, 3:30, 3:35, 3:40, 3:45, 3:50, 3:55, 4:00, 4:05, 4:10, 4:15, 4:20, 4:25, 4:30, 4:35, 4:40, 4:45, 4:50, 4:55, 5:00, 5:05, 5:10, 5:15, 5:20, 5:25, 5:30, 5:35, 5:40, 5:45, 5:50, 5:55, 6:00, 6:05, 6:10, 6:15, 6:20, 6:25, 6:30, 6:35, 6:40, 6:45, 6:50, 6:55, 7:00, 7:05, 7:10, 7:15, 7:20, 7:25, 7:30, 7:35, 7:40, 7:45, 7:50, 7:55, 8:00, 8:05, 8:10, 8:15, 8:20, 8:25, 8:30, 8:35, 8:40, 8:45, 8:50, 8:55, 9:00, 9:05, 9:10, 9:15, 9:20, 9:25, 9:30, 9:35, 9:40, 9:45, 9:50, 9:55, 10:00, 10:05, 10:10, 10:15, 10:20, 10:25, 10:30, 10:35, 10:40, 10:45, 10:50, 10:55, 11:00, 11:05, 11:10, 11:15, 11:20, 11:25, 11:30, 11:35, 11:40, 11:45, 11:50, 11:55, 12:00, 12:05, 12:10, 12:15, 12:20, 12:25, 12:30, 12:35, 12:40, 12:45, 12:50, 12:55, 1:00, 1:05, 1:10, 1:15, 1:20, 1:25, 1:30, 1:35, 1:40, 1:45, 1:50, 1:55, 2:00, 2:05, 2:10, 2:15, 2:20, 2:25, 2:30, 2:35, 2:40, 2:45, 2:50, 2:55, 3:00, 3:05, 3:10, 3:15, 3:20, 3:25, 3:30, 3:35, 3:40, 3:45, 3:50, 3:55, 4:00, 4:05, 4:10, 4:15, 4:20, 4:25, 4:30, 4:35, 4:40, 4:45, 4:50, 4:55, 5:00, 5:05, 5:10, 5:15, 5:20, 5:25, 5:30, 5:35, 5:40, 5:45, 5:50, 5:55, 6:00, 6:05, 6:10, 6:15, 6:20, 6:25, 6:30, 6:35, 6:40, 6:45, 6:50, 6:55, 7:00, 7:05, 7:10, 7:15, 7:20, 7:25, 7:30, 7:35, 7:40, 7:45, 7:50, 7:55, 8:00, 8:05, 8:10, 8:15, 8:20, 8:25, 8:30, 8:35, 8:40, 8:45, 8:50, 8:55, 9:00, 9:05, 9:10, 9:15, 9:20, 9:25, 9:30, 9:35, 9:40, 9:45, 9:50, 9:55, 10:00, 10:05, 10:10, 10:15, 10:20, 10:25, 10:30, 10:35, 10:40, 10:45, 10:50, 10:55, 11:00, 11:05, 11:10, 11:15, 11:20, 11:25, 11:30, 11:35, 11:40, 11:45, 11:50, 11:55, 12:00, 12:05, 12:10, 12:15, 12:20, 12:25, 12:30, 12:35, 12:40, 12:45, 12:50, 12:55, 1:00, 1:05, 1:10, 1:15, 1:20, 1:25, 1:30, 1:35, 1:40, 1:45, 1:50, 1:55, 2:00, 2:05, 2:10, 2:15, 2:20, 2:25, 2:30, 2:35, 2:40, 2:45, 2:50, 2:55, 3:00, 3:05, 3:10, 3:15, 3:20, 3:25, 3:30, 3:35, 3:40, 3:45, 3:50, 3:55, 4:00, 4:05, 4:10, 4:15, 4:20, 4:25, 4:30, 4:35, 4:40, 4:45, 4:50, 4:55, 5:00, 5:05, 5:10, 5:15, 5:20, 5:25, 5:30, 5:35, 5:40, 5:45, 5:50, 5:55, 6:00, 6:05, 6:10, 6:15, 6:20, 6:25, 6:30, 6:35, 6:40, 6:45, 6:50, 6:55, 7:00, 7:05, 7:10, 7:15, 7:20, 7:25, 7:30, 7:35, 7:40, 7:45, 7:50, 7:55, 8:00, 8:05, 8:10, 8:15, 8:20, 8:25, 8:30, 8:35, 8:40, 8:45, 8:50, 8:55, 9:00, 9:05, 9:10, 9:15, 9:20, 9:25, 9:30, 9:35, 9:40, 9:45, 9:50, 9:55, 10:00, 10:05, 10:10, 10:15, 10:20, 10:25, 10:30, 10:35, 10:40, 10:45, 10:50, 10:55, 11:00, 11:05, 11:10, 11:15, 11:20, 11:25, 11:30, 11:35, 11:40, 11:45, 11:50, 11:55, 12:00, 12:05, 12:10, 12:15, 12:20, 12:25, 12:30, 12:35, 12:40, 12:45, 12:50, 12:55, 1:00, 1:05, 1:10, 1:15, 1:20, 1:25, 1:30, 1:35, 1:40, 1:45, 1:50, 1:55, 2:00, 2:05, 2:10, 2:15, 2:20, 2:25, 2:30, 2:35, 2:40, 2:45, 2:50, 2:55, 3:00, 3:05, 3:10, 3:15, 3:20, 3:25, 3:30, 3:35, 3:40, 3:45, 3:50, 3:55, 4:00, 4:05, 4:10, 4:15, 4:20, 4:25, 4:30, 4:35, 4:40, 4:45, 4:50, 4:55, 5:00, 5:05, 5:10, 5:15, 5:20, 5:25, 5:30, 5:35, 5:40, 5:45, 5:50, 5:55, 6:00, 6:05, 6:10, 6:15, 6:20, 6:25, 6:30, 6:35, 6:40, 6:45, 6:50, 6:55, 7:00, 7:05, 7