

Prejudice
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LIAMS PAINTS

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t make painting

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What It is.

A Canadian Pacific
Tourist Car is similar in
general appointment to this
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ers. It is large, airy,
perfectly ventilated, hand-
somely finished in light
wood and upholstered in
leather or corduroy.

Portable section parti-
tions which firmly lock in
place at night, make an
open interior with no ob-
structive berths, and in-
sures perfect seclusion to
each berth by night.

A Tourist Car leaves Montreal
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rate therein to Winnipeg, \$4.00; Calgary,
\$6.50; Revelstoke, \$7.00; Vancouver and
Seattle, \$8.00. Each berth will accommodate
two passengers.

Any Ticket Agent will gladly give you
further particulars and secure you accommo-
dation in one of these cars.

A. H. NORMAN, A.G.P.A., St. John, N.B.

Dominion Atlantic R'y.

On and after Monday, Jan. 2nd, 1899, the
Steamship and Train service of this Railway will
be as follows:

Royal Mail S.S. Prince Rupert.

Monday, Wednesday, Thursday and Saturday.
Lvs. St. John at 7.15 a. m., ar. Digby 10.00 a. m.
Lvs. Digby at 1.00 p. m., ar. St. John, 3.45 p. m.

EXPRESS TRAINS

Daily (Sunday excepted).

Lvs. Halifax 6.30 a. m., ar. in Digby 12.30 p. m.
Lvs. Digby 1.00 p. m., ar. Yarmouth 3.15 p. m.
Lvs. Yarmouth 9.00 a. m., ar. Digby 11.45 a. m.
Lvs. Digby 11.45 a. m., ar. Halifax 5.45 p. m.
Lvs. Annapolis 7.20 a. m., Mon., Tuesday and
Saturday ar. Digby 8.50 a. m.
Lvs. Digby 8.30 p. m., Monday, Tuesday and
Saturday ar. Annapolis 4.45 p. m.

S.S. Prince George.

BOSTON SERVICE.

By far the finest and fastest steamer plying out
Boston. Leaves Yarmouth, N.S., every MONDAY
and THURSDAY, immediately on arrival of the Ex-
press train arriving in Boston early next morn-
ing. Returning leaves Long Wharf, Boston, every
SATURDAY and WEDNESDAY at 4.00 p. m. Unequal-
led cuisine on Dominion Atlantic Railway Steam-
ers and Palace Car Express Trains.

Staterooms can be obtained on application to
City Agent.

Close connections with trains at Digby.
Tickets on sale at City Office, 114 Prince William
Street, at the wharf office, or from the Purser on
steamer, from whose time-tables and all informa-
tion can be obtained.

P. GIFFKINS, superintendent,
Kentville, N.S.

Intercolonial Railway

and after Monday, the 3rd October, 1899
the trains of this Railway will run
daily, Sunday excepted, as follows:

TRAINS WILL LEAVE ST. JOHN

Express for Campbellton, Fergusham, Digby and Halifax.....	7.00
Express for Halifax, New Glasgow and Pictou.....	11.00
Express for Quebec, Montreal and Ottawa.....	11.30
Express for Moncton, Truro, Halifax and Sydney.....	12.10

A sleeping car will be attached to the train
leaving St. John at 10.30 o'clock for Quebec and Mon-
real.

A sleeping car will be attached to the train
leaving St. John at 11.10 for Truro.

Dining and Buffet cars on Quebec and Montreal
express.

TRAINS WILL ARRIVE AT ST. JOHN

Express from Sussex.....	7.30
Express from Halifax.....	10.30
Express from Halifax, Quebec and Mon- cton.....	11.30
Accommodation from St. John.....	11.30
Accommodation from Moncton.....	12.45

All trains are run by Eastern Standard time.

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a lot of you people are thinking
about—can't you see the "clack"
in our premium offer?

VOL. XII., NO. 575.

ST. JOHN, N. B., SATURDAY, MAY 20 1899.

PRICE FIVE CENTS

GOOD YACHT DESIGNER.

GENERAL MANAGER OF THE BANK OF NOVA SCOTIA.

Asked to Design a Yacht to Defeat the
Canadian Cup—How He Landed the At-
tention of the Yachting Man—Many
Victories Everywhere.

HALIFAX, May 18.—The record of Mr. H. C. McLeod, the man who is about to give to Canada one of the claimants for the defence of the Canada Cup, is of peculiar interest in yachting circles just now. The different steps by which that gentleman has worked his way to the front rank of yacht designers of America mark a life of ambition which no obstacles could force into the background as even turn to one side or the other the breadth of a hair. Mr. McLeod is a native of Prince Edward Island and almost from his infancy has been thrown in contact with the toilers of the deep. As a boy he delighted in sailing model yachts and fishing smacks in the vicinity of his home, and it was not long before he could handle a boat with the most expert sailors with whom he came in contact.

Locating at Georgetown, where for years he was engaged in the banking business, Mr. McLeod was given an opportunity to cultivate his tastes for yachting. During the time he lived in that town he owned several boats, including a fast American centreboard sloop. Gradually Mr. McLeod's ambition grew and one day he determined to become a designer.

He started to read up Dixon Kemp's works. The practical knowledge he already possessed enabled him to readily grasp the hints thrown out by the writer, and by careful observation and years of study he acquired an insight into the theory and practice of yacht designing, which has enabled him to successfully compete with many of the most famous designers.

Mr. McLeod's first attempt at designing a racing yacht was in 1881, when the "Mentor" was laid down. She proved to be very fast, and won many prizes for her owner. The boat was constructed in Prince Edward Island, and was sailed in many races, and made such a good showing that she was purchased by a gentleman named Stone, who brought her to Halifax in 1883. Subsequently she passed into the hands of Dr. C. R. Fletcher, now a prominent New York dentist. During the season of 1887, Dr. Fletcher succeeded in winning most of the best prizes offered by the Royal Nova Scotia Yacht Squadron. On leaving the city Dr. Fletcher disposed of the racer, which has finally passed into the hands of Mr. Ross, one of the officials at George's Island.

In 1885 Mr. McLeod was called to Halifax as inspector of the Bank of Nova Scotia. He lost little time in making himself familiar with yachting affairs, and was soon recognized as one of the most active members of the Royal Nova Scotia Squadron. In the autumn of 1886 he drew the plans for the "Lenore," one of the most successful prize winners ever owned here. The keel was laid in Truro and when completed the craft was brought here by rail. She was then sloop rigged and sailed by Mr. McLeod in person. She carried off trophy after trophy.

At the close of the season of 1887 Mr. McLeod was removed to Minneapolis, but returned again in 1891, spending the entire yachting season here. During that year he changed the "Lenore" to a cutter and made other alterations which materially increased the boat's speed. Again he was a successful competitor in many of the events. The interesting races of that year between the "Lenore" and the then new Fife cutter "Yonia," of the same rating, will long be remembered by Halifax yachtsmen.

In Minneapolis Mr. McLeod's real abilities as a yachtsman were brought to the surface in connection with the keen racing on the far-famed Minnetonka. His life in that city was a constant succession of triumphs. After having been elected a member of the Minnetonka Yacht Club, he took a deep interest in the affairs of the organization and figured prominently in its most important movements.

The yachts used by the Minnetonka Club were of a type adapted to shallow water racing and in their construction the entire board played a prominent part. In designing these boats, however, Mr. McLeod was called upon to enter into competition with the leaders of the profession in America, notable among them being the late Edward Burgess and the Harri-

hoffs. Notable examples of Mr. McLeod's successful designing are the yachts "Varuna," 1888; "Dolphin," 1891; "Charlotte," 1894; "Breeze," 1895; "McLeod," 1896, some of which were decidedly faster than their competitors, each of the others dividing the honours with the winner of the majority of races for her year.

In 1892 Chicago claimed Mr. McLeod's services, he being appointed manager of the Bank of Nova Scotia in that city.

many bones were broken, in fact, was so much in doubt about it, that he went to a physician and was looked over very carefully. There is an impression that a man in his condition cannot get hurt very well and this idea seems to have been borne out on the present occasion. There were no bones broken, but he had the comforting assurance of the doctor, that he was likely to feel sore the next morning. He felt sore before that time because



GENERAL MANAGER McLEOD, of the Bank of Nova Scotia.

While there he continued to retrain a prominent place in yachting circles. In 1896 he was selected by the Chicago Yacht Club as one of the judges in the race at Toledo between the Canada and the Vencador, which resulted in the winning of the Canada Cup by the former vessel. During the time spent in the great western city he presented to the Nova Scotia Yacht Squadron the lines for their present fleet of knockabouts, or one raters, which have done so much to encourage yachting in this city.

In 1897 Mr. McLeod succeeded Mr. Thos. Fyfe as general manager of the Bank of Nova Scotia and once again Halifax yachtsmen laid claim to his services. Last year Col. Isaacson, R. E., and Mr. McLeod gave orders for the Dion, the fastest yacht at present owned in eastern waters. The plans were prepared by Mr. McLeod, who personally superintended the building of the boat. During the summer of 1898 she carried off all the prizes offered by the R. N. S. Y. Squadron, with a single exception. She also won the Cluster and Yarmouth cups, defeating the Fife cutters Wym and Yonia and several boats built from designs furnished by American professionals. At present the Dion is being overhauled for the season of 1899, and a number of changes which are being made are expected to give her more speed than ever.

Mr. McLeod, in addition to being a thorough designer, is the best handler of a boat in Halifax. None can take advantage of the little things as quickly as he and he always takes care to have associated with him a crew of more than ordinary ability. Halifaxians are naturally proud of the selection of one of their number for such an important task as the preparing of a defender's lines, and Mr. McLeod has been the object of many hearty congratulations during the past few days. It may be added here, that recently the Minnetonka Yacht Club has conferred on him the distinction of an honorary membership.

A COUNTRYMAN'S EXCURSION.

He took a short cut to the sidewalk and was luckier than a turtle.

A paragraph appeared in the papers this week, telling how a traveller—probably a countryman—who had registered at the Duferin Hotel, found his way during the early hours of the evening, to the pretty lawn that forms part of the premises, and either being blinded by the rays of the electric light or from other causes, wandered through the hedge and stepping over the parapet that borders the lawn found himself on the sidewalk very quickly. When he came to, he did not know just how

A CONSTABLE'S TRIALS.

HE COLLECTED FULL AMOUNT AND
C. STS. AND RETURNED HALF.

How it was Found out—The Chairman of the
Treasury Board, Blasted the Story—Why
the Board of \$400 was Necessary—McSoley
and Mullin did not Appear.

Constables are having a hard time of it these days. The usual idea is that they make it hard for other people but those who complain most about them and their methods are usually the first to employ them to make it just as hard for somebody else.

But the good constables—and there are some who bear that reputation—are suffering just now from the faults of those who are not up to the mark. One of them within a short time has left for parts unknown because he did not hand over the money he had collected. Hackett was his name, the same man, if PROGRESS mistakes not, who made himself obnoxious to a citizen in Lower Cove and lost his self respect and some papers in consequence. If this is correct he is well rid of and the man who lost by his departure can console himself with the reflection that the public is the general gainer by the transaction.

There is another man not in the business now. He belongs to Fairville and seemed to lose the esteem of the municipal council since the hour he chased a father from his child's grave in his endeavour to arrest him for debt.

It may be that these were some of the acts that suggested the amendment in the law making it necessary for a constable to furnish bonds to the extent of \$400 before he could be sworn in. It is a good provision and one that the best of the constables do not object to inasmuch as it has shut out those who are not in that list. One of the aldermen at a recent meeting of the treasury board explained why it was necessary. They were discussing the charges against Messrs. McSoley and Mullin and waiting for those gentlemen to show up and give some explanation of what was alleged to be true about them. They did not put in an appearance and the chairman spoke of the case of a citizen who had a reasonable claim in the shape of a judgment against a man in business. He put it in the hands of a constable—one of the unreliable kind—and this officer pretended that it was next to impos-

the business man "why I paid Constable the full amount of your claim with costs the first time he called upon me."

This was an example, the chairman thought, of some of the abuses of the former constable system and one of the reasons why it was necessary for each man to furnish a bond.

JUST "PEG LEG" LITTLE WAY.
Something About the Last Ontario Murderer's Former Life.

"It's certainly strange how people you have formerly known, or known of, drop out of your recollection for years and then bob up in the most unexpected way, after you've even forgotten the fact of their existence," remarked a lady to PROGRESS this week.

"I don't know though as I should care to have all who have thus eluded me turn up in the unpleasant way a man I used to know did years ago. I mean "Peg Leg" Brown, the man who was hanged in London, Ontario, this week for the murder of a policeman.

"I had not heard or thought of that man for perhaps twenty years and when I picked up a paper on Tuesday evening and saw the word "Peg Leg," memory instantly supplied the name of Brown even before I saw it in the headline. I thought there would not likely to be two such men with the self same proper and nick names likely to commit a murder, and I was pretty sure of my name.

"It wasn't in Ontario I knew him but in a little Nova Scotia settlement, and when "Peg Leg" elected to take a walk down the one long way of the village every youngster gave him the right of way in double quick time. He was never known to kill any one of them outright, but there was a gruesome legend that if "Peg Leg" caught you he would do something terrible to you with the long spur or nail which was in end of the thin peg which did duty as a limb and from which he derived his sobriquet. He must have lost his leg before the days when science and surgery could make a man all right as good as new, or perhaps he couldn't afford an artificial limb. However that may be, it was a funny sight to see his wide trouser leg—and he always wore big checks—flapping around that peg.

"He was a bad man and he had about as bad a reputation as a man could have, and even then everybody used to say that the scaffold was "Peg Leg" Brown's ultimate destiny.

"He had with him in those days a woman a forlorn creature whom everyone seemed to like but to whom no one dared be kind because they knew it would mean a beating for her. As a child I remember her face one solid mass of black and blue bruises and out dozens of times, and hearing the wild cries of distress which came from their home.

"A little girl of this woman's died very suddenly and there was a rumor that "Peg Leg" had given her an unlucky blow in one of his fits of drunken rage. The child was buried a few hours after she died and diphtheria was given as the cause of her death. No investigation was made and had there been perhaps it would have developed nothing; still there was a pretty strong belief that there was foul play. For days at a time he would lock this woman and the child in a cold room without food while he drank himself into the D. T.'s in another room.

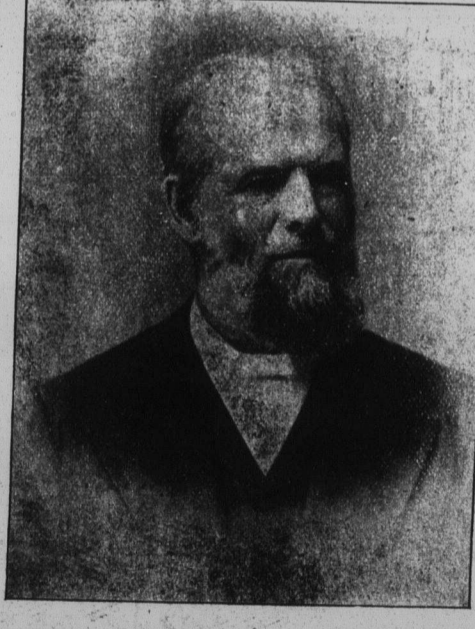
"Once when somebody asked the woman why she lived with him, she turned a startled look on her questioner and answered, "You don't know him; he would follow me and murder me. I believe he is really the devil himself.

"Strange, isn't it, how all these things come up so plainly, but I can see the short thick set man, with the face which frightened every one, and the little brown crop of whiskers he wore as plainly as if it were yesterday, and even now I shudder to think what might have happened had Peg Leg happened to run up the ambassador from which we children watched, in breathless fear, his march down the long village street."

This is a Great One.

Any person sending a new subscription to this office with \$400 involved can obtain PROGRESS for one year, and the *Compendium*, *McClure* and *Murray* magazines for the same period with only one condition,—all of them must be sent to the same address.

Chas. H. Bennett, Cashier, Halifax, N.S., 27 Water Street.



THE LATE DR. CAREY.

Geo. Montgomery West Carey, born in Belfast, Ireland, in 1822, was educated as a boy near Belfast and came to America with his parents while yet a lad. Was further taught at Vankleok and Rochester, N. Y., University. Took degrees of B. A., M. A. and was honored with D. D. by Acadia University. Held pastorates in Ontario, England and New Brunswick and died at Ottawa last Tuesday. Was widely known as one of the ablest of Baptists. Was pastor of Brussels and Germain street churches here.

comes in, and if they are not just ready for use, they keep them alive until they want them. The Dufferin's turtle was let waddle around in the slow uncertain fashion of all turtles. During the night sometime he had managed to get through the hedge, and there being no fence to stop his passage, he took a short cut to the street below. There was a dead turtle on the sidewalk next morning and his back was broken in a thousand places. The conclusion might be arrived from this that the bones of a man are tougher than those of a turtle.

sible to collect the amount. Finally he went to the citizen and asked him if he would take fifty cents on the dollar. If he would be thought he could get the claim settled. This was agreed to and in a few days the amount was paid over.

It was not long after this when the citizen met his debtor and in the course of conversation the settlement came up and the citizen remarked that if he got clear of all his liabilities at fifty cents on the dollar as he had his he was in good luck. "Fifty cents on the dollar!" exclaimed

THE BOERS AT PRAYER.

THEIR ABILITY TO EXERCISE SELF-GOVERNMENT GOING INTO ACTION.

An Englishman describes the habits and character of the Boer soldiers. Their command in a Boer war—how they look to the East and West.

An Englishman who accompanied the Boer army under Gen. Joubert in the recent campaign against M'Pofu, chief of the Makotse, in the northeastern part of the Transvaal, gives some interesting details of the Boer military organization and other matters. The command under Gen. Joubert was the largest ever assembled in the Transvaal, numbering with the native allies nearly 10,000 men. The force was divided into five laagers, each under its own commandant. The first impression of a Boer army, the writer says, is not flattering. There is no appearance of order and the men are not uniformed, which is in striking contrast with the regular armies of other countries. But the apparent absence of discipline is only on the surface. Commands are made up of burghers drawn from various districts, each man considering himself as an equality with any other. They are only subject to orders from their own district commandants, who in turn are responsible to the General. In the field all are alike, the commissariat knowing no distinctions. The only regulars are the State Artillery, drawn from the sons of burghers, and paid about \$2 a day.

One of the principal features of the Boer laagers in the campaign was the religious exercises each evening, when the men would assemble under their leaders for prayers, concluding with the singing of their battle hymns, 'Rust myn ziel, my God is Koning' (Rest my soul, your God is King.) War, with the Boers, is considered a religious duty and enforced by the State only in self-defence. The night before the storming of M'Pofu's stronghold, in the Magato Mountains, a united prayer meeting was held of all the laagers under the personal leadership of Gen. Joubert, and the scene is described as singularly impressive. The day following the Makotse position was carried with only trifling loss, after the kraals had been subjected to a heavy artillery fire; and the remainder of the campaign was pushed with such vigor that several of the chiefs, with their men, surrendered, and M'Pofu, with about 10,000 followers, took refuge in Mashonaland, in Rhodesia, across the Limpopo River. The victory of the Boers was complete and was a signal triumph for Gen. Joubert, the Magato Mountains having been considered impregnable and the strongest natural fastnesses in South Africa.

Of Gen. Joubert himself, known among his men as Slim Piet, the writer says he has been uniformly successful, notwithstanding that his detractors have proved to their own satisfaction, times without number, that he has neither military talents, courage, nor backbone. That may be, he says, because of his appearance on the field of battle, which is not impressive, his costume during the Magato campaign having been a tweed suit with a tail coat. But neither the General nor his men care for external, and although their clothes would hardly excite the envy of a self-respecting tramp, they do excellent work in them.

The writer says it is a great mistake to suppose that the Boers hate individual Englishmen. It is only against the Government that they entertain hatred. Throughout the campaign he described himself as having been the recipient of nothing but kindness from the General down, and that without any sacrifice of his own opinions. The only question on which he had to be a little circumspect was as to what would happen if war broke out between the two countries. Discussions on this subject were hot and frequent, the general conclusion being that the conflict would be the greatest disaster which could befall South Africa. From what he saw the writer says he could well believe this would be the case for while England must eventually win, the obstinate resistance of 60,000 burghers fighting for their hearths and homes, and with a thorough knowledge of the country, would mean that England could only assert her sovereignty over the republic after great bloodshed, and then would have to face after consequences even more serious.

Taken by Surprise.

An amusing instance of sharp practice in the shipwrecking fraternity was being quietly related with many chuckles some time ago in business circles. It illustrates at any rate, the shrewdness and ready wit of a certain manager. At the close of a specially unfortunate season for his company, the manager considered it expedient to summon a meeting of shareholders so that the state of things might be discussed. When, however, the gathering took place the astonished assembly found to its bewilderment that every article of furniture had been removed from, and that not even a solitary chair remained. After a stormy argument and altercation between the manager and shareholders, wherein the latter suggested winding up the concern and the former—having in view his yearly

remuneration—proposed carrying on the line, it seemed as though nothing definite could possibly be arranged, when, with a sudden cry, the manager thus addressed the gathering:

Gentlemen, I propose to carry on the concern for another year, to see how matters progress. All who are in favor of such a course will kindly signify the same by remaining standing, and those against will please be seated.

Before the surprised shareholders could even gather their wits together one who was in league with the wily manager had seconded, and it was announced that the motion was carried unanimously!

IRISHMEN IN GOVERNMENT.

An Interesting Review of the Irishman's Notable Share in Public Life.

'Irishmen are on their trial.' This is a phrase which has been constantly on the lips of English people of late. The opinion has been called forth by the inauguration of local government in Ireland, and the new system has been described as 'an experiment,' 'a leap in the dark,' of which none can foretell the consequences.

Let us take a few typical examples of the governing Irishmen. Let us glance at the careers of some patriots who in modern times have proved the continuity of the national character, the character first exemplified in the ancient Brehon laws, one of the wisest, justest, and most elaborate codes of laws drawn up in any age or country, the character which again asserted itself in 1782, the era of Irish legislative independence, when in the words of Grattan, 'public prosperity so crowded on the heels of the statute that the powers of nature seemed to stand at the right hand of Parliament.'

Spain, France and Austria are the three countries in which Irishmen have chiefly attained renown, both as soldiers and states men, but their footprints may also be traced in the camps and Senates of Russia and Holland, Bavaria, Portugal and Poland. From the flight of the car to the present day the names of Irishmen have been entwined with the fortunes of Spain. O'Donnell, dictator at Madrid; O'Reilly, Ambassador from Spain to the Court of Louis XIV; Patrick Lawless, Ambassador from Portugal to the same court; O'Sullivan, grandee of Spain; O'Reilly, Kavanagh and Nugent, Austrian Marshals; Lacy and Browne, Russian Marshals, and these are a few of the names which spring to one's mind.

The O'Donnells of Spain, the Taafes of Austria and the MacMahons of France are perhaps the foremost. O'Donnell, Duke of Tetuan, is one of the most influential grandees of Spain, a position which he and his ancestors have gained in recognition of valuable services rendered to the State. The career of the Irish-Austrian Taafes is

no less illustrious. During the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries their names have been blazoned on the roll of imperial Austria. Nicholas Taafé, Field Marshal, who in 1788 won the famous victory of Belgrade over the Turks, and whose son succeeded him in turn to the post of Chamberlain to the Emperor, is a picturesque figure, but as an example of administrative genius the late Prime Minister, Count Francis Taafé, is the most notable. He is recognized as one of the ablest of Austria's statesmen, and it is a significant fact that his policy always trended in the direction of extending powers of self-government to the various nationalities composing the empire. He was a Federalist. In 1870, the year in which Leoa Butt started his home rule movement, Count Taafé recommended the Austrian Emperor, as a member of his Ministry, to grant autonomy to Bohemia.

The natural ability of the Irishman for ruling was strikingly recognized at the time of the American war of Independence, when the French acted as allies of the new republic. The officers of the Irish Brigade under Lalayette, whose regiments engaged in the campaign, were appointed Governors of the West Indian islands, which they had previously conquered. O'Dunn became Governor of Granada, Dillon of St. Christopher, and Fitzmaurice of St. Eustachie. The administrations of these Governors were equally praised by the English, French and American governments.

Of all countries the United States is that in which the Irish element is the most prominent in public life. For the purpose of our argument it, perhaps, affords a better illustration than do the countries above referred to; for on the Continent of Europe the Irishmen who had distinguished themselves belong, for the most part, to the aristocracy, but in the republic of the West it is the masses, not the classes, who administer public affairs, and the rank and file have acquitted themselves of the responsibility as creditably as have the nobility of their country elsewhere.

From the time when Dillon of the Irish Brigade eagerly demanded leave of Louis XVI to embark his regiment to join the American forces to the present day, when President McKinley, the grandnephew of the Ulster '98 man, sits in the White House, Irishmen have been foremost in the civil and military affairs of the great republic.

The proportion of Irishmen occupying the post of governor of British colonies and dependencies, or engaged in other administrative and legislative work throughout the empire, is greatly in excess of their numbers and influence as citizens of the same empire. By sheer force of merit and talent they have forced their way to the front. The figures of the colonial gover-



When a Boy Enters

This school he is not given a text-book with a lot of definitions to learn, as in the old way, but he is put at once to doing business as it is done in the outside world. Send for Catalogue.

The Currie Business University, Cor. Charlotte and Folsom Streets, St. John, N. B. Telephone 991. P. O. Box 80.

hand a little crumpled roll of pink paper. 'I heard you tell that man you gave him the last pin out of your dress,' said he. 'Don't give us everything. Please take these.'

A SERIOUS TIME.

A QUEBEC FARMER SUFFERED FOR NEARLY TEN YEARS.

and the Best of Medical Treatment, and Tried Hot Springs Without Receiving Benefit—Dr. Williams' Pink Pills Cured him.

Mr. John Story, of Maryland, Fontaine Co., Que., is well known to all the residents of that section, and his cure from an unusually severe attack of rheumatism, by the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, after all other remedies had failed, has, if possible, added to the popularity of this valuable medicine. Mr. Story gives the following statement of his suffering and cure. He says:—'Some ten years ago I was engaged in railroading on the Lake Superior section of the C. P. R. I was exposed to all kinds of weather, and as a result sustained a severe attack of rheumatism, which all but crippled me, and from which I have suffered much agony. I spent more than a hundred dollars on doctors and for medicine, but was gradually getting worse and finally had to quit work. At this juncture the doctor told me that he did not think medicine could cure me, and advised me to go to some hot springs. I took his advice and went to the Harriston Hot Springs, in British Columbia, where I remained for eight weeks under the care of the house physician, but experienced no benefit. I then went over to Tacoma, and took a course at the Green River Hot Springs, but with no better result. Completely discouraged I returned to my home in Quebec, and went to farming, but the rheumatism bothered me so much that I could scarcely do my work. Dr. Williams' Pink Pills were recommended to me and I decided to give them a trial. After taking a few boxes I found they were helping me and I continued their use until I had taken sixteen boxes, by which time every vestige of the trouble which had bothered me for years, and had cost me so much money, had disappeared. It is now more than a year and a half since I discontinued the use of the pills and during that time I have not had the slightest symptom of the trouble, which I regard as the very best evidence that the cure is permanent.'

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills are a specific for all diseases arising from an impoverished condition of the blood or a shattered condition of the nervous forces, such as St. Vitus' dance, locomotor ataxia, rheumatism, paralysis, sciatica, the after effects of the grippe, loss of appetite, headache, dizziness, chronic erysipelas, scrofula etc. They are also a specific for the troubles peculiar to the female system, correcting female irregularities, suppressions and all forms of female weakness, building anew the blood and restoring the glow of health to pale and sallow cheeks. In the case of men they effect a radical cure in all cases arising from mental worry, overwork or excesses of any nature.

Protect yourself against imitations by insisting that every box you purchase bears the full name Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People. If your dealer does not have them they will be sent, post paid, at 50 cents a box or six boxes for \$2.50 by addressing the Dr. Williams Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

Manifestoes. Hagerty—'Thin whiskers is sure a breach of the peace. Garity (sweetly)—'Perhaps yes are thinkin' they ought to be pulled?'

Dr. Brush: 'I wonder why Bagnart always speaks of his wife as a dream?' Mrs. Brush: 'I suppose because she always goes by contraries.'

CONDENSED ADVERTISEMENTS.

Advertisements under this heading not over six lines (about 35 words) cost 25 cents each insertion. Five cents extra for every additional line.

RESIDENCE at Bethesda for sale or to rent for the summer months. Best pleasantly situated house known as the 'Tides' property and within two minutes walk of the Kennedys' estate. Rent reasonable. Apply to E. G. Fensky, Real Estate and Law, Fugate Building. St. J. B.

No Summer Vacation.

St. John's delicious summer weather, and our superior ventilating facilities, make summer study just as pleasant as at any other time. In fact, there is no better time for studying than now. THE ISRAEL FITZMAN SHORTHAND and the new system in shorthand for use of which we hold exclusive rights are great student's favorites.

Catalogues of any address. S. KERR & SON.

FOUR 4 DOLLARS

—YOU CAN HAVE—

Progress, and those popular magazines—Munsey, McClure

.....AND.....

Cosmopolitan

sent to your address for one year.

DON'T MISS IT!

You can't AFFORD to miss it, if you have time to read, and want CHEAP and GOOD reading matter.

P. S. Old subscribers can secure the magazines upon renewing, for 50c. extra or \$4.50 in all.

Next... and an... Opera... pro... said to... of French... as any... tions... Pareo... he so rich... that... ough... the art... no line... most de... the mas... in the fr... harmless... be a mis... Smith, lik... quired a... Like so... this one... unlovely... the visit... is visited... his honey... Then Aug... second h... general... comes... 'I don't... in-law, M... culates, w... gas sputter... 'But she... in-law, Jac... 'All right... aunt by a... mother-in-l... The gues... objection... —and Smith... the cook... is also 'sec... Ladies Uni... help him... the guests... on the first... each day... be deducted... leaves late... Menawhi... maid, wno... He kisses t... talks, of co... maid on the... so suddenly... explain his... is to get \$5... it happened... gession... 'Est ces... sure you are... a straight m... vair wrong;... straight stor... 'Why Sa... by the follo... Williams, M... Harriet Aub... Mann, Lillia... Robt. McW... Calvert, Har... E. Soldene F... WILLIAMS... It would tr... nual earnings... playwright... of income, so... an actor, one... one as a shar... He is now w... of Sherlock I... favourite myst... Mr. Gillette... tiring to s... to his hotel... credence in N... peared, and... as a possibility... Everla... And Burn... Cured... For the last... with an over... skin on my face... to cure it. I w... CURA REVEREND... dard. In one... Soap and CUTI... rid of it, and my... D. H. VAN GLAN... CUTICULAR... and ends with... it purifies the... HUMOR GERMIN... while warm bath... quite sociologi... of it, and my... of small... and scalp of cr... and inflames... speedily, perman... the most horrib... skin, scalp, and... best physicians... sold throughout... each bottle, bottle... RED ROUGH

When a Boy Enters

This school he is not given a text-book with a lot of definitions to learn, as in the old way, but he is put at once to doing business as it is done in the outside world. Send for Catalogue.

The Currie Business University

Cor. Charlotte and Princeton Streets, St. John, N. B.
Telephone 591. P. O. Box 96

Send a little crumpled roll of pink paper. I heard you tell that men you gave him the last pin out of your dress, said he: 'Don't give us anything. Please take these.'

A SERIOUS TIME.

A QUEBEC FARMER SUFFERED FOR NEARLY TEN YEARS.

Used the Best of Medical Treatment, and Tried Hot Springs Without Receiving Benefit.—Dr. Williams' Pink Pills Cured Him.

Mr. John Story, of Maryland, Pontiac Co., Que., is well known to all the residents of that section, and his cure from an unusually severe attack of rheumatism, by the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, after all other remedies had failed, has, if possible, added to the popularity of this favorite medicine. Mr. Story gives the following statement of his suffering and cure. He says:—"Some ten years ago I was engaged in railroading on the Lake Superior section of the C. P. R. I was exposed to all kinds of weather, and as a result sustained a severe attack of rheumatism, which all but crippled me, and from which I have suffered much agony. I spent more than a hundred dollars on doctors and for medicine, but was gradually getting worse and finally had to quit work. At this juncture the doctor told me that he did not think medicine could cure me, and advised me to go to some hot springs. I took his advice and went to the Harriston Hot Springs, in British Columbia, where I remained for eight weeks under the care of the house physician, but experienced no benefit. I then went over to Tacoma, and took a course at the Green River Hot Springs, but with no better result. Completely discouraged I returned to my home in Quebec, and went to farming, but the rheumatism bothered me so much that I could scarcely do my work. Dr. Williams' Pink Pills were recommended to me and I decided to give them a trial. After taking a few boxes I found they were helping me and I continued their use until I had taken sixteen boxes, by which time every vestige of the trouble which had bothered me for years, and had cost me so much money, had disappeared. It is now more than a year and a half since I discontinued the use of the pills and during that time I have not had the slightest symptom of the trouble, which I regard as the very best evidence that the cure is permanent.

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Manufactories.

Hagerty—Thin whiskeys are sure a each of the poison. Garry (sweetly)—perhaps yes are thinkin' they ought to be killed?

Dr. Brooks: 'I wonder why Barguet always speaks of his wife as a dream?'
Mrs. Brush: 'I suppose because she always goes by contraries.'

ORDAINED ADVERTISEMENTS.

Advertisements under this heading not over six lines (about 50 words) cost 1¢ cents each insertion. If five consecutive for every additional line.

RESIDENCE at 1035 1/2 St. John St. for the Summer months. That property situated in the best part of the city and within two minutes walk of the Cathedral. Rent reasonable. Apply to H. G. French, 1035 1/2 St. John St., St. John, N. B.

No Summer Vacation.

John's delicious summer weather, and our own ventilating facilities, make summer sunny and pleasant as at any other time. In fact, there is no better time for enjoying the best of both worlds than at the **SHORELAND** and the **SHORELAND**. Practice for the sake of practice, but the best of both worlds are great advantages. Write for Catalogue to any address.

S. KEER & SON.

Music and The Drama

TALK OF THE TOWN.

Next Monday night Mr. W. S. Harkins and an excellent company will open at the Opera House for a limited engagement by presenting Geo. H. Broadhurst's latest farce "Why Smith left home" which is said to have all the "go" of the brightest of French constructions. It is as ingenious as any one of the involved farces of partitions and transients that come from Guy Fawkes. More than all of this, it is said to be so rich in wholesome, American fun that there can be no doubt as to its thorough originality. Imagine if you know the art, a broad farce with three acts with no line or situation in it that is in the remotest degree suggestive. There is a kiss—the master and the maid—in the first act but even that harmless thing is proved to be a mistake. This man Smith, like most Smiths, acquired a most lovely wife. Like so many lovely wives, this one has a regiment of unlovely himself who have the visiting habit. Poor Smith is visited and visited until his honeymoon is vinegary. Then Aunt Mary, with her second husband weak French general of the old school comes.

"I don't like your mother-in-law, Marion," Smith ejaculates, with carbonic acid gas sputtering.

"But she is not my mother-in-law, Jack; she's my aunt."

"All right she may be an aunt by nature, but she's a mother-in-law by instinct."

The guests arrive on time—objectionable guests always do—and Smith plans. He asks the cook, an Irish lady, who is also 'secretary of the Amalgamated Cook Ladies Union and Protect 'n' Society,' to help him. If she will cook so badly that the guests are driven away from the house on the first day she will receive \$100. For each day that the aunt remains, \$25 will be deducted from the amount. Aunt Mary leaves late in the evening of the first day.

Meanwhile Smith mistakes his wife's maid, whose back is turned, for his wife. He kisses the maid. Very natural mistake, of course. He does not kiss the maid on the back, either, but she turns so suddenly, you know, Smith tries to explain his mistake to his wife. The maid is to get \$600 to stand by the story of how it happened. This is the General's suggestion.

"Get on all your wair, of course. I am sure you are telling a true store, but a straight man can tell a true store and go wair wrong; while a crooked man can tell a straight store and let will be all r-right."

"Why Smith Left Home" is illustrated by the following clever people: Lottie Williams, Mabel Eaton, Olive Porter, Harriet Aubrey, Nellie Mansell, Adeline Mann, Lillian Stillman, W. S. Harkins, Robt. McWade Jr., Wm. Farnum, Paul Calvert, Harry Weaver, N. J. Cody and E. Soldens Powell.

William Gillette's Three Fads.

It would take \$100,000 to equal the annual earnings of William Gillette the actor-playwright. Mr. Gillette has three sources of income, according to report. One as an actor, one in the shape of royalties, and one as a sharer in his manager's profits. He is now working upon a dramatization of Sherlock Holmes, in which he plays his favourite mysterious role.

Mr. Gillette has three fads. He is retiring to a degree. Last winter he kept to his hotel so closely that a report gained credence in New York that he had disappeared, and search parties were talked of as a possibility.

Everlasting Itching And Buring of the Skin on Face Cured by CUTICURA.

For the last three months I have been troubled with an excruciating itching and burning of the skin on my face, and did not know what to do to cure it. I was prevailed upon to try CUTICURA REMEDY. The result was simply wonderful. In one week after using the CUTICURA SOAP and CUTICURA RESOLVENT I was entirely rid of it, and my skin is in a healthy condition. D. E. VAN GLAAR, 711 Stockton St., San Fran., Cal.

CUTICURA RESOLVENT begins with the blood and ends with the skin and scalp. That is to say it purifies the blood and circulates it full of HUMOR GERMES and thus removes the cause, while warm baths with CUTICURA SOAP, and gentle soothings with CUTICURA Ointment, greatest of excellent skin cure, cleanse the skin and scalp of crusts and scales, rid itching, burning, and inflammation, soothe and heal. These are speedily, permanently, and economically cured the most irritating, distressing humors of the skin, scalp, and blood, with loss of hair, when the best physicians and all other remedies fail.

Sold throughout the world. Preparing D. E. VAN GLAAR, 711 Stockton St., San Fran., Cal. CUTICURA SOAP, CUTICURA RESOLVENT, CUTICURA OINTMENT. Made both and White by CUTICURA SOAP.

He is almost an incessant smoker. He believes that smoking on the stage is typical of that reserve force which so strongly marks his acting. It is suggested that his love of tobacco may have something to do with this belief, but those who recall the cigar scene in the telephone office in Secret Service will not credit this suggestion.

His third fad is the house-boat. Mr. Gillette's floating home is a cross between a canal boat and gypsy wagon. It is propelled by steam, very slowly, and is a sight to make an ordinary sailor men quake with fear. It is luxuriously furnished within, however, and during the summer months it is a familiar figure on the Connecticut River, in the vicinity of his home in Hartford.

Last year Mr. Gillette invited Charles Frohman of theatrical fame, and another friend, to come down with him to New York on the boat instead of going by train. Mr. Frohman had an important business

switched off on to business and the incident ended. It was a clever piece of acting, though.

IN MUSICAL CIRCLES.

Little of interest is going on in musical circles. Those who are rehearsing for the performance of Patience which will be put on in the opera house in early June are delighted with the pretty music of the opera and will no doubt do themselves and Mr. Ford and Miss Brown full justice when they appear.

The concert which took place in the City Hall, Carlton, on May 16th was very largely attended. The choruses were finely rendered, especially The Arrow and the Song with a solo by Miss Maud McCluskey. Miss McCluskey, has a very fine voice which she uses to advantage. Mr. Frank Whetzel did his very best. Mr. Dewitt Cairns just having made his appearance in the musical world, sang his part splendidly. Mr. J. N. Sutherland so pleased his audience that nothing must do but he should sing again. Miss Daisy Sears was to have taken part, but on account of just recovering from sickness, was unable to attend. And I must say that the Carlton Vocal Society deserve praise for the talent they displayed in handling the difficult music.

LOTTE WILLIAMS.

"Why Smith Left Home" Company, engagement the next evening in one of his theatres.

The trip consumed five days, four of which were on the Sound, too far from shore for either wading or swimming, and the Holy Terror (that was the boat's name) had no small boats. It is said to have been the unhappiest five days of Mr. Frohman's busy life, in spite of the company of his host and the inviting dishes prepared by his French chef. The actor, however, enjoyed it to the utmost.

After a particular stormy scene between the two, when Mr. Frohman with tears in his eyes explained the necessity of greater haste, Mr. Gillette remarked dryly, as his custom: "That will do, Frohman. If you say any more I'll write a play about this trip, and I'll produce it if I have to bring it out myself."

Nothing more was said about the delay.

Signora Duse and the Reporter.

Eleanora Duse will reappear in America next season in a company of her own, perhaps in conjunction with Signor Ernesto Jacconi, who is said to be as great an actor as she is an actress. She is now living in Venice.

Signora Duse is an omnivorous reader, and especially enjoys the works of Gabriel d'Annunzio and Friedrich Nietzsche, both of whom she knows personally and admires intensely. She does everything intensely.

"Duse is always an actress," said a gentleman recently. "I know that, because in 1894 and again in 1896 I was interested in her American tour. I never could tell, whether she was really in earnest or only acting. It was the same on and off the stage. She had passions, whims, emotions and odd fancies. One of them was her abhorrence of newspaper interviews. She was once interviewed, but only once. It was in Paris, and she never submitted again to the ordeal.

One day a New York newspaper reporter got into the elevator with her in my office building, and on his way upstairs began to ask questions in Italian.

"Are you a reporter?" she asked, assuming a Lady Macbeth pose.

"I am," answered the young man humbly.

"A reporter! You want to interview me?"

"I do."

"A-s-s-a-h!"

"This was said in that tone of voice which led the elevator boy to turn pale, and in his intense excitement he stopped the car.

"A-s-s-a-h!" she repeated, and she pointed her finger at the reporter as if it were a loaded pistol.

"He fled as from a plague—fled and ran and didn't stop until he reached the street. When we got to my office the Signora started in to 'A-s-s-a-h' me but I

switched off on to business and the incident ended. It was a clever piece of acting, though.

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Part Song—Madeleine.....Roedel
C. V. S.
Barjo Solo—Selection from Il Trovatore.....Mr. F. Whetzel.
Madrigal—Matona Lovely Maiden, Orlando Laserna
C. V. S.
Song—Star Tide.....Miss Gertrude Driscoll.
Ballad—Athore.....Trotter
A. Kelly.
Waltz Song—The Zephyr.....Miss Beattie Wetmore.
Chorus—The Belle of St. Michael's Tower.....Sir E. P. Stewart
C. V. S.
Song—The Choir Boy.....Paul Armstrong.
Miss Maud C. McCluskey.
Song—Love the Rover.....Gerald Lane
Mr. J. N. Sutherland.
Chorus—The Lost Chord.....Sir Arthur Sullivan
C. V. S.
Song—Greeting.....G. M. Hawley
Mr. Dewitt Cairns.
Solo and Chorus—The Arrow and the Song.....Walter Hay
C. V. S. (solo by Miss McCluskey.)
Ballad—Mena.....Stephan Adams
Mr. J. A. Kelly.
Barjo Solo—My Old Kentucky Home.....Mr. F. Whetzel.
Chorus—The Miller's Woolen.....Eaton Fasting
C. V. S.
God Save the Queen.

LYDIA THOMPSON'S FAREWELL.

The Queen of Burlesque's Address at Her Recent Benefit.

At Lydia Thompson's recent benefit in London all the following lines were written for her to deliver on that occasion by Mr. W. S. Gilbert:

The other day, when sitting all alone,
Thinking of pleasant times long past and gone,
"Why, bless my precious heart and soul," said I,
"I've left the Stage, and haven't said 'Good-by'!"
That sounds ungrateful—but, to be quite plain,
I hoped I might be coming back again.

And would not speak the word one can't recall,
Till "Good-by" meant "Good-by" for good and all
"Good-by" is an easy word for you to say—
"Sorry you're going, but you've had your day.
Next please!"—And the obedient profession
Supplies newcomers in prolonged succession—
A thousand fair ones for your smiles contending
(A hundred actors, and nine hundred "resting");
But when I say "Good-by" in faltering tone
To you—the trustful friends I've ever known—
The friends whose warmth expressed in gladdealing
chins
Supplied the sunshine of my summer time—
The case is somewhat different. You see,
I'm losing you—you're only losing me!
But this won't do at all—I'm off the scent,
My line's light comedy, not sentiment.
My future tense seems cheerless to lack.
And so, I won't look forward—Till look back.

Who's changes have I seen since that dim age,
When little Goldenhair tripped on the stage!
The Drama, struggling then in lodgings shady,
Has made her fortune and is 'quite the lady,
With endless hosts of highly cultured friends.
Think how she dresses now, and what she spends
On vast dramatic shirtee—in sumptuous salaries—
In real Venetian leathers and gaiters—
In plays that run a year to blues packed,
And cost, to stage, a thousand pounds an act!
Stage-management—that has advanced a bit
Since poor Tom Robertson invented it—
Tom Robertson, whose historic chickens
We sneer at now—but then we sneer at Dickens!
Lightnings for actors of pronounced ability
Berlin, come 'em, arranged to play 'em!—
I dese—a seat for jaded appetites;
No see—half guinea stalls—electric light
Mattress twice a week, and, led to say,
Mattress hats—I see one here to day;
Stock companies completely out of date,
Burlesque quite dead—(It never ricked that see
When Talford, Pische, Broogh, and Byron made
it dead.)

And Rogers, Clarke and Marie Wilton played it!
Then, (strangest change of playhouses vast crops
Playhouses plentiful as grocers' shops!
Ten in twelve months! Well, I don't want to prate
But if new theatres crop up 't'ghat rate
Where will you find your pieces, if you please,
And where your actors and your actresses?
Ten months will build a playhouse, per contract—
Or—
It takes at least ten years to build an actor,
And, as our best authorities insist,
Ten times ten years to build a dramatic!
Well, if too long I've babbled of my youth,
I'm rather loath to go, and that's the truth,
Gilt, we must part—So I'll bid you adieu!
I've come to say "Good-by"—so let me say it.
The link that binds me to you must be broken—
Come now, come then, the last word must be spoken!
In no light mood the farewell phrases fall—
God bless you! God bless me! God bless us all!

A Great Woman's Cure of His Voice.

Since Reeves, the most famous tenor singer of his day, who retired from the

SISTER: Why Do You Suffer?



WHEN YOU CAN BE CURED PROMPTLY AND PERMANENTLY AT A SLIGHT EXPENSE.

IF YOU FEEL a bearing down sensation, some of the pain in back and abdomen, creeping feeling up the spine, a desire to cry often, hot flashes, weakness, etc. If any special organs are displaced or you are afflicted with Tumors, Ulcers or growths, write for my FREE BOOK, it will explain a simple home treatment, which speedily and effectually cures all the preceding troubles.

REMEMBER that procrastination may lead you to a state of hopeless invalidism. This treatment I offer you is so comprehensive and satisfactory that you are foolish indeed if you continue to suffer when you could obtain a cure so readily. Read what Mrs. Noel Tarte has to say about my treatment. Although I do not sell a retail pamphlet, book, etc., at the earnest solicitation of Mrs. Tarte I print this one as she wishes me to tell her story in order that she may help other suffering women and thus join with me in being a benefactor of the human race.

St. Louis, Que., March 11th, 1898.

Mrs. JULIA C. RICHARD,
Dear Friend—It is a duty and a pleasure for me to inform you that your box of pastilles has completely cured me of general weakness and dyspepsia. Some time ago I read an advertisement in the paper about your treatment and I resolved to write to you, with the above testimonial, and to recommend from any of the ailments and weak spots peculiar to our sex I recommend your treatment. You are at liberty to publish this letter and use my name. Your sincere friend,
MRS. NOEL TARTE.

MY BOOK AND ADVICE ARE ENTIRELY FREE.
MRS. JULIA C. RICHARD, P. O. Box 996, MONTREAL.

stage to teach in 1892, and six years afterwards was obliged by failing health to give up teaching a/s, was so careful of his voice in his palmy days that he declared his conscientiousness had cost him at least \$400,000.

"I have lived the life of an anchorite," he once said. "You really do not know, and the public do not know, what self-denial I have practiced, what deprivation I have suffered during my career. I am the most careful and abstemious liver in the world."

He preferred to disappoint an audience by not appearing rather than by singing when his throat was not in the best condition. He was most thorough in all his practicing. He says:

"I have always studied my words; I have read them and phrased them in every possible way, and asked myself what they meant, and interpreted them according to my own feeling. I walk up and down trying this line and trying that, until I feel that I have struck the right idea."

His getting ready to sing was always a more laborious effort than the singing itself.

"Lots of 'em."

A farmer in one of the Southern counties is growing more and more deaf, and greatly dislikes to admit it. He makes a brave pretence of understanding what is said to him, and this frequently entails amusing mistakes. One day a neighbour met him and said—

"Perhaps you haven't heard about the agreeable visitor that arrived at our house yesterday—a fine baby boy—a perfect cherub?"

The deaf man smiled pleasantly, and replied—

"Oh, we have lots of 'em. She put up more than forty jars this summer. Yes, indeed."

"Why," said the bewildered neighbour, "what do you think I said?"

"Yes, she likes the red kid best," continued the afflicted one. "Says they ain't so tough. Is yours the black sort?"

"Sir!" cried the indignant neighbour. "What are you talking about?"

The deaf man heard this.

"Why, cherries of course! He pleasantly remarked, 'That's what you said, isn't it?'"

But the neighbor walked along without explaining.

"Sine Died."

Not long since the notice, 'Court adjourned sine die,' was posted on the door of the supreme court in Brooklyn, N. Y. Some gentleman with an artistic and highly trained sense of humor added a 'd' to the word die,' and went on his way rejoicing.

Next day a person who makes a practice of haunting the public buildings in Brooklyn and professes acquaintance with every well known man in the vicinity, dropped into the clerk's office.

"See here," he said, "when did Sine shuffle off this mortal coil?"

"What's that?" demanded the astonished clerk.

"When did Sine die? I see the courts are closed on account of it."

"Oh!" said the clerk, pulling himself together, he died yesterday. Did you know him?"

"Know him? I should say I did. Knew his father before him. Too bad ain't it?"

And Sine's bereaved friend passed out with his burden of sorrow.

Machine Sandwich Cutters.

Many of the ocean liners are now provided with a very ingenious machine for turning out large quantities of bread and butter or sandwiches. The slicer will cut either meat or bread, and the bread can be sliced without buttering if desired. The machine cuts and butters sixty slices a minute, and with its aid 8000 sandwiches have been made in two hours. It does not matter whether the bread is stale or fresh; the thickness can be graded to anything the operator wishes, and the quantity of butter to be added without uncertainty and uniformly. One movement of the hand spreads the butter and cuts off the slice of bread.

"Well, is your wife all ready? The train is about due."

"Heavens, no! She only packed and unpacked her trunk twice."

French, English and American Millinery.



A magnificent display of all the latest novelties in Trimmed and Untrimmed

Hats, Toques and Bonnets.

Misses and Children's HATS Trimmed and Untrimmed.

A large and choice stock of Sailor Hats and Walking Hats from \$5. upwards.

French and English Flowers in great variety.

Price moderate inspection cordially invited.

CHAS. K. CAMERON & CO.
77 King St.

THAT COMFORTABLE FEELING

Which assures a lady that her artificial hair cannot be distinguished from her own natural hair—is possessed by all who wear Palmer's Artistic Hair Covering. The standard of fashion and workmanship. Write or call for prices and full particulars.

J. PALMER & SON,
1745 Notre Dame St., MONTREAL.

MY STOCK

—OF—
SPRING SEEDS

Have arrived. They are the very best procurable, and carefully selected varieties. My mixed Sweet Peas are something choice. Also colored colors by the ounce or package.

W. C. RUDMAN ALLAN,
Druggist and Seedsman,
ST. JOHN, N. B.

Mail orders forwarded by return mail.
Telephone 250.

Where he Came in.

"It is true I owe you money," remarked the dunned one, "but you seem ignorant of the simplest commercial axioms. I suppose you make some allowances in your budget for bad debts, don't you?"

"Certainly we do," said the merchant.

"And you can't trade without bad debts, can you?"

"Hardly—but—"

"Very well, then," went on the other, "don't you see, my good sir, that's where I come in."

Rarest Pocket Handkerchief in the World.

This is possessed by Queen Margaret of Italy. It is of lace, is estimated to be worth \$2,500, and took twenty twenty years to weave. The handkerchief is so light that it is so scarcely felt if placed on the hand, and so small that it is kept in a little case less than an inch in diameter.

By the time a church is paid for it has grown so old and shabby that it is necessary to build a new one, and assume a new debt. In this way the energy and spiritual activity of a church member is never allowed to flag.

PROGRESS.

PROGRESS PRINTING AND PUBLISHING COMPANY, LIMITED.

Progress is a sixteen page paper, published every Saturday, at 25 to 11 Canterbury street, St. John, N. B., by the Progress Printing and Publishing Company (Limited), W. T. H. FARRER, Managing Director. Subscription price a Two Dollars per annum, in advance.

SIXTEEN PAGES.

ST. JOHN, N. B., SATURDAY, MAY 20.

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

THE SATURDAY HALF HOLIDAY AND SUNDAY OBSERVANCE.

The young men in the employ of the dealers in hardware have succeeded in inducing the firms for whom they work to grant them a Saturday half holiday for three of the summer months and on and after the third of June they will enjoy a privilege that they have often wished for.

At present the young man or woman who sits at a desk or stands behind a counter all the week has but little time to him or herself. There is, it is true, the evening but to some extent this is not their own for the demands of the business in which they are employed call for their attention.

At present the young man or woman who sits at a desk or stands behind a counter all the week has but little time to him or herself. There is, it is true, the evening but to some extent this is not their own for the demands of the business in which they are employed call for their attention.

"But," says a merchant, "why should I give my clerks a half holiday when my neighbor and competitor will keep open a day or two?" Quite true, but the wage earners can correct all that. If the wives and families of the clerks will stand by them and only patronize those concerns which will adopt the half holiday system there would be few—

Ministers complained last year that the excursions of the steamer up river and the Sabbath bicycle jaunts to the country thinned their congregations and lessened the interest in church work. We have no doubt they were right but churches have a slack season in common with business establishments. There are fashionable places in the United States where the churches close in summer and the pastor goes to the sea shore with his congregation.

The legislators of this province, in fear and horror of a continental Sunday, passed a law which we printed last week, forbidding an excursion on Sunday—that is an excursion by a river boat or train. The man who has enough money to spend four or five or six dollars for a horse and team can go to any livery stable, hire the same and take his family to what part of the country he pleases, while the poor fellow who does not earn more than that perhaps in a week is not permitted to spend his quarter or half a dollar and go to Westfield or Oak Point or to any of those delightful resorts on the river where health and recreation go hand in hand.

What is law must be observed but if we

consider for one moment whether it is greater desecration of the Sabbath to sit on the deck of a steamboat and glide up the river for twenty or thirty miles than it is to hire a horse and drive the poor animal through the heat and dust to one's destination the conclusion can be easily reached. God intended Sunday as a day of rest for the ox and the ass as well as for man and the rustic legislators who made it impossible for livery stables to break the Sabbath and yet said it would be a crime to use steam to send a steamer up the river had some curious ideas of the fitness of things. It is true firemen are required to work on a steamer but so are liverymen in a stable, motormen and conductors on street cars, etc. To define just where manual labor shall begin and end on the Sabbath would be quite a difficult matter.

Under the law it is not right to fish or to bathe on Sunday! These two sections are in themselves sufficient evidence of senility in a measure which, as it is, will make thousands of law breakers where there were none before.

AN ALDERMAN OF HALIFAX

Who Represents the Great Unwashed and is Always Elected.

HALIFAX, May 18.—It is said that "Neddy's" ears have grown longer and his braying strong since the last election, for he feels that he has a hold on his seat for another term.

It was however a narrow squeeze for the peak-capped parvenu, and had an other "star" been in the ascendant the honorable noisy nuisance would have been relegated to oblivion, where it is fervently hoped, he may some day find himself all in a tangled heap.

For consummate conceit and egotistical effrontery the representative of the "upper ten" takes precedence of anything that wears pants.

Even a respectable newspaper lost control of its usual good sense in permitting its columns to be profaned by a senseless jangle of praise of the alderman from Ward 4.

It was a breach of good journalism to give such a character any prominence beyond what was needed to record one more insult to the good name and fame of the city.

A little more determined and combined effort on the part of the opposition, and the uncrowned king of the great unwashed would have bitten the dust. The opportunity however was lost because an obscure and unknown quantity—a star of small dimensions was placed in the field against him. 'Twas a short sighted policy, and unwise move on the part of the opposition to put an almost unknown quantity against such a shrewd and well versed ward politician as the "honorable Neddy." Skilled in ward tactics, shrewd in speech, oily in tongue, plausible and promising, this man is an adept at the arts political, and his pull phenomenal among his partisans. When he is beaten it will be a great deliverance for the city. Long enough has it borne the burden of this "old man of the sea," and when it is cast off there will be much rejoicing.

Among his own pals the representative of the fourth ward is considered as being the king pin and as such is honored and respected not a little. Among all right thinking and honest men however, he is a by-word and a civic reproach.

The present incumbent of the mayoralty chair has no love for him, and it is to be hoped will keep the alderman in his proper place and position on the council floor.

For the Benefit of the Cyclists.

The experiment of the Young Mens Christian Association in establishing a chalet near the banks of the Kennebecasis and only a few miles from the city, is an interesting one and it is to be hoped will prove successful. The road between the city and Robesay is a favorite one with cyclists, and up to this time a suitable stopping place from every point of view has not been provided between the two points. So far as PROGRESS understands, the Chalet is not intended exactly to be so much a half way house, as it is to be a summer boarding resort, where young men who work in the city can enjoy at least a portion of the country, and find board and lodgings at a reasonable rate. The house will contain a club room, dining room and a restaurant, besides sleeping accommodation for twenty people or more.

Business Education.

Broadly speaking, a business education is one that educates for business. Few people realize the amount of special training that is requisite to equip a young man or woman for entrance into business life. The Currie business University of this city will send free to any address a beautiful catalogue giving valuable information relative to the above subject.

VERSES OF YESTERDAY AND TODAY

The Heart of the World is Broken. The heart of the world is broken; Why should I not my own be too; When spring has many a token, To tell me dear one of you. For April comes in weeping, And lowering May in white; Because of my lost love sleeping Alone in the silent night.

The Heart of the World is Lonely. Blossoming bud and tree; Calling my soul only, Pursues of earth to me. Summer will bring her flowers, Walking where low she lies, Thinking of golden hours, And a saint in Paradise.

A Modern Ode to Man. Excellent approximation of m'hercules, Inarticulate and slow vs. assortment of cells, Finite expression of the Infinite! At once a microcosm and a macrocosm, A pinch of dust, yet an intimate part of the Cosmos An accident, for which the race is responsible and free possible!

THE CAPTAIN STROOK A SNAG. While Recording a Widow to the Show he Met his Wife. A North End Captain—not a captain of police—had an experience during the engagement of the last company in the opera house that was quite thrilling while it lasted.

He is a married man and yet strange to say he is so affectionate that the conjugal feeling existing between him and his better half is not satisfying to him. So his surplus affection was bestowed upon a widow, charming or otherwise. He was not satisfied with semi-private conversations and short delightful strolls along some unfrequented street so he invited her to go to the Opera house with him—a rather unwise proceeding as it turned out.

Somebody must have given his wife a hint for she too determined to go to the opera house and see for herself who this woman was that her husband preferred to her. She arrived in time and soon after saw the partner of her joys and sorrows ascending the steps that lead to the lobby of the house. There was a woman with him and she paid more attention to her than to her liege lord. Him she could attend to afterward.

The tickets were bought and the couple were about to start for the entrance door when the wife stepped forward. The Captain's surprise was painful—it was a shock. He had struck a snag, a raft, a rock, or something or he must have imagined so for he steered about in short order and with full steam on sped to the street and vanished in the gloom. The widow went in to see the show and the wife paced back and forth waiting for her husband to return. He didn't though. He knew better. The show had no attractions for him for wasn't he going to a free circus at home?

Mr. Armstrong's Enterprise.

Mr. Robert Armstrong of the Victoria Rink, is nothing if not enterprising. Everybody knows what the rink was when he got it and nearly everybody knows what it is now. He has made an offer for the grounds of the Athletic Association—for this is the name by which they are usually known. The Bicycle and Athletic club did not feel that they could give the rent the Agricultural society wanted for the ground, and Mr. Armstrong is fortunate enough to have the option of the lease, at the same figures as the athletic people paid last year. These are the favorite grounds for base ball, and the only ones in fact for the bicycle meets, and Mr. Armstrong should not have any difficulty in making a fairly good thing out of it.

Unhappily Made, He-covered, Squatted Down, 17 Waterloo.

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

MR. KINNEAR'S VENTURE.

The Advantage of His Art Needle Work More for the Ladies. The ladies of America are noted for their beautiful and artistic work in embroidery, lace work or crocheting or in fact any kind of fancy work they take up.

Mr. Kinnear has fitted up his store, which is in the central locality in a way which reflects credit on St. John. Back of the store where a full stock of goods is kept is the ladies work room and parlor which is beautiful light by five windows on Church street and is furnished to make it the most comfortable work room in the maritime provinces.

Mr. Kinnear and his assistant, Miss Nellie McGivern, are here prepared to do almost anything the ladies can possibly require in this line of business; designing, stamping, teaching or taking orders for work. Mr. Kinnear has the control for this province of Silvers high art wash embroidery silk which once used will be always used, and to introduce which a professional teacher will be brought, shortly from the United States to give free instructions in the art of embroidery.

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Marked by Nature.

A correspondent alleges that he witnessed the following at a big race meeting lately. The man in charge of the overcoats was taken suddenly ill, and he hastily put an assistant from the weighing-rooms in charge with strict injunctions not to give anything up without identification. A funny little man was fuming at the attendant.

"That's it—the brown one over there; my name's on the collar, S-T-M-T-H-E." "Eh! You might have found out that by accident," demurred the custodian. "Have it! Well—here it is on my shirt-front," pulling open his waist coat. "The men still procrastinated." "I don't say you would, sir, but you might have stolen the shirt." "Grecious heavens!" bawled the victim, "will this satisfy you?" and tearing open his shirt front, he displayed his name tattooed across his chest.

For some moments the man in charge stared, as if wondering how on earth the inscription had been put there. Then he gave in and handed over the coat.

"If Nature has written it on your skin I suppose it is your own," he said, with a grim smile. "And the little man did not wait to explain. Their feelings were ill-revealed. The passengers' luggage was being hurried through man six inches deep by two tremendous Highlanders, one pulling and one pushing the barrow. No one was in a very sweet temper, and they were not helped by a yelping tourist who followed the rear Highlander, barking out—

"Mind my bag, now—mind my bag." The bag, a very odd-shaped affair, rocked precariously at the top of the pyramid.

By-and-by the tourist took to what Mr. Barrie calls "language," and discussed in general terms the country and its people. Suddenly the bag gave a lurch, and landed in a morass of mud. "The tourist stormed. 'Lift my bag, you scoundrel—lift my bag.' The big Highlander looked over his shoulder, and, without stopping, drewled out lazily—

"Lift yer ain bag, an' when yer liftin' the bag see it's yer ain bag yer liftin'." Somehow the horrible impertinence and innuendo relieved the other passengers' feelings.

Room for Improvement.

A young gentleman, who formed one of a large shooting party at a north country mansion, was a braggart of the most pronounced type. At dinner he bored his host—who owing to an accident, had been kept indoors—with a recital of his wonderful shots during the day. So much self praise made the host suspicious and next morning he had a word or two with the keeper who had accompanied the crack shot. "Ah, David," he began, "you had a capital day's sport yesterday. By-the-by, what sort of a shot is X—p?"

"Fair sir—nobbut fair," replied David. "But I understand it is really a crack shot," said the gentleman. "Oh, werry well, sir," said the cautious David. "So long as you understands as he's a crack shot, why, he is a crack shot, an' that settles it." "Come, come, David; there's something behind that. What is your opinion of him?" "Well, sir," replied David, "I should never have found out as he wor a crack shot if you hadn't a told me. However, he'd be a cracker shot still if he wad get into the habit o' hittin' what he aimed at noo an' again."

Proof Enough.

A laborer out of employment applied at the North Dublin Union for outdoor relief for himself and wife. "Bus, my good fellow, we must have evidence that you are legally married," said the chairman of the relief committee. "Sure, sir, I've the best proof in the world!" said the applicant, and bending his head he displayed a large scar on the top of his skull. "Does yer honour think," he added, "I'd be after takin' the abuse from any wan but a wife?"

Ladies Mice.

A curate, when visiting the infant school of his parish came to a class of five-year-olds who were having a lesson on the "Fall." "Now, children," he said, "can you tell me why it was that the serpent, instead of going to Adam, went to Eve first?" "This was a puzzler, but at last a little boy's hand went up. "Please, sir," said the miniature theologian, "it was because it is always 'ladies first.'"

Howoo: "I have an umbrella that has been in my possession for two years." Comeoo: "Then it's time you retired."

Going to that New Bicycle Salt? Yours only wants cleaning or drying. Send it to UNGAR'S LAUNDRY DYEING & CARET CLEANING WORKS, Waterloo street, Phone 58.

BAKING POWDER... delicious and wholesome

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Howsoe... I have an umbrella that has been in my possession for two years.

Going to Get a New Bicycle Built? Yours only wants cleaning or drying.



ACME SWINGING HAMMOCK CHAIR... Adjusts automatically to any position by simple movement of the body without leaving the chair.

The Scott Medicine Co., KINGSTON, ONT. Agents Wanted to COIN TEN DOLLARS A DAY OR given away with SCOTT'S STOMACH AND NERVE FOOD.

June, between a Carlton young lady and a young man from Boston.

Mr. T. O'Connell and Mrs. O'Connell of Fredericton, passed through the city on Wednesday.

Mr. R. Murray Boyd is spending a week at the "Hub."

Mr. and Mrs. E. S. Carter have much sympathy extended to them on account of the first break in their family—the death of their infant daughter.

The sudden death of Mr. Wm. O'Connell took place in Hampton on Monday last.

Mr. and Mrs. George McAuliffe who have been visiting in Boston, return home Saturday.

Mr. J. W. Cudlip is visiting her son at Marysville.

Mr. J. Oscar Killam, traveller for the Ames, Holden Co., spent last Sunday in town.

A very pretty wedding took place last Wednesday evening at the residence of Mr. James Bond.

Mr. E. G. Splenny of the Bank of British North America is spending his holidays at his home in Yarmouth.

Mr. James Gerow and Mr. Stephen P. Gerow left last week for New York, where they will remain a few weeks.

Mrs. Felix McManis of Queen street, Carlton is entertaining her daughter, Mrs. James O'Brien, of Chicago.

Mrs. D. J. McLaughlin and family expect to take up their residence at "Chatsworth farm" River bank, about the first of June.

The engagement is announced of Miss Hattie Frichard of this city and Mr. Fred Young of St. John's.

Miss Alice Nichols of Cambridge Mass is visiting Miss Laura Smith of the North End.

In Lester street Baptist church on Wednesday 17th, Mr. J. Fred Fraser, of Davis & Fraser, Esq., and Mrs. Carrie M. Sells daughter of Mr. John W. Sells, were united in the holy bonds of matrimony.

On Thursday morning last Fred C. Jones of Moncton and Miss Emma Beer daughter of the late Mayor Beer of Charlottetown, were united in marriage in the first Methodist church, Charlottetown.

Mr. John A. Smallman and Miss Annetta Baker were united in marriage at Summerside, on the 17th inst., at the residence of the bride's father.

Mr. Percy Fowles gave a bicycle party and five o'clock tea at her pleasant home Garden Creek on Saturday afternoon.

Mr. Theodore Roberts, youngest son of Rev. Canon Roberts, left this morning for Newfoundland and Labrador and will spend the summer there.

Mr. Oliver Price of Parrabro was here on Sunday to attend the funeral of his mother.

When the Wild Goose Cries... The north wind bends the reeds till they kiss the white-capped lake.

The air is filled with snowy flakes that fly before the wind.

Far out across the distant hills the noble quarry while their careful flight is marked by anxious straining eyes.

LAST MONTH.

The school children's competition for \$100.00 cash presents offered by The Welcome Soap Co., St. John, N. B., closes on the last day of May.

The conditions seem very simple, and are:—For the best essays not to exceed 1000 words, subject "Soap" to be written by regular school attendants.

Every woman has a soft spot in her heart for art needle. A Chance for St. John Ladies. Harrison Kinnear, Proprietor.

MISS MARGARET ANGLIN says: "Maypole Soap is most satisfactory and gives the best of results for quick dyeing."

Does Quality Count? With you. It does you should see the Canadian King of Scorchers, 28 or 30 inch wheels, \$55.00.

WHITE'S SNOWFLAKE CHOCOLATES. Superior finish and design and built to wear.

Pelee Island Wines. Four Crown Scotch Whiskey. E. G. SCOVIL.

FOR ADDITIONAL "CURE" NEWS, SEE THE "CURE" PAGE.



HALIFAX NEWS.

Prognosis for sale in Halifax by the newsboys and at the following news stands and centres.

- List of news stands and addresses in Halifax, including Monro & Co., Barrington Street, and others.

Mrs. Fred Jones gave a small tea Saturday afternoon in honor of Capt. Bloomfield and Mrs. Douglas.

The wedding of Rev. Mr. Gandier and Miss Waters takes place June 1st.

W. H. McRobert of the I. C. R., and Mrs. McRobert, for the last few months living in Montreal have taken up for the present their residence in this city.

A fashionable throng gathered at St. James Cathedral, Toronto, on Wednesday last to witness the marriage of Miss May Todd, daughter of the late Thomson Todd, to Mr. Charles Edgar Byron.

Mrs. Stanhouse is visiting Montreal the guest of her sister Mrs. G. O. Spencer.

Archbishop O'Brien is expected in Yarmouth about June 20, and will administer the sacred rite of confirmation to about 80 candidates.

Col. H. B. Kingscote, R. A., and Capt. Hon. M. E. C. Ward, R. A., Halifax, are stopping at the Quebec Hotel.

Miss Skerry of this city who has been at the Hall, Montreal, for the past two weeks have gone to Ottawa for a short time.

Mr. G. J. and Mrs. Troop left for Ottawa a few days ago.

A. B. Barnstead has gone to Boston, New York and Washington, on business.

H. E. Ewart and E. F. Johnson, who have been here for the past three weeks connected with the construction of the new drill hall, leave for their home in Ottawa this week.

Rev. Wm. Dobson who preached in Charlottetown, Sunday, is spoken of thus: "Both sermons were a proof of Mr. Dobson's recognized ability, which ranks him not only as one of P. E. Island's most clever sons, but one of the foremost of Canadian pulpit orators."

Prognosis readers will be interested in a description of the new chalice that has just been completed for Rev. Father Murphy of this city.

The chalice was patterned entirely after the ecclesiastical style of architecture. The entire workmanship is fine, and the outline most graceful.

A Saturday morning wedding is somewhat unusual but that was the time chosen by Michael Shea and Miss Janie McCreich for their marriage in St. Mary's cathedral.

MONTRÉAL & OTTAWA WEDDINGS.

An extremely pretty home wedding took place at the residence of the bride's father, 297 Sherbrooke street, when Miss G. Brunet, daughter of Mr. Alfred Brunet, was married in the presence of a number of relatives and intimate friends to Dr. Donald D. MacTaggart, Medical Superintendent of the Montreal General Hospital.

The Luxative Bromo Quinine Tablets. At Druggists refund the money if it fails to cure.



What love can compare with the tender self-sacrificing spirit of the weary, watch-worn mother by the side of her suffering little one?

FARRBORO.

[Prognosis for sale at the Farrboro Bookstore.]

MAY 17.—The County Court was in session for a part of last week, his honor Judge Morris presiding.

Miss Liara Alkman has returned from spending several weeks with a sister in Boston.

Mrs. Adams Baird who recently took her daughter to the United States, Dr. Townsend accompanied them to Kentville returning on Thursday.

Miss Liara Corbett has come home from Bridgewater, where she has spent the winter with her sister Mrs. H. E. Archibald.

Mrs. Cecily Parsons is visiting friends at Kentville and Windsor.

Mrs. Robert Alkman is in Montreal, being summoned there by the serious illness of her mother.

Mrs. J. B. Clough, Box 203, Lisbon, Grafton Co., New Hampshire, writes: "I am the mother of a perfect child and weighs about eighteen pounds."

son, Mrs. William Gear and Mr. Stanley Orton Ling. The wedding presents were numerous and handsome.

"Happy is the bride that the sun shines on," runs the old saying. It is true, Mrs. Wilfred Grace Dawson is in for a large amount of happiness.

Another party, among whom were: Messrs F. S. Yonson, C. A. Armstrong, C. R. Coleman, W. Crove, F. A. Prince and A. S. Black left for Economy Lake, shortly after noon yesterday.

Mrs. Leonard and her mother Mrs. Chisholm went to Halifax yesterday. The latter will visit her relatives at the Hotel Victoria for a few weeks.

Mrs. Leslie and Miss Dorothy Leckie, leave today for Halifax en route to London, G. B. where they will be joined by their father, Mr. R. G. Leckie.

RICHBUOTO.

MAY 17.—The death of Mrs. Alex. Carson occurred in Kingston at her home on Thursday last.

Mrs. Nelson Crane of Boston made a brief visit in Halifax during the past week.

Mrs. V. A. Waterbury went to St. Andrews on Tuesday morning to spend a few days with her sister Mrs. G. Darrell Grimmer.

Mrs. H. E. Raymond has been the guest for several days of her sister Mrs. Haren Grimmer.

Mrs. Charles A. Green of Toronto was registered at the Windsor on Monday and Tuesday.

and Mrs. Burville, Rev. Gilbert and Mrs. Gibson, the Misses Sparks, Mr. and Mrs. Knight, Kingston, Mr. Morley Donaldson, Mrs. Benson, Mr. John Oshida, Miss Florence Magee, Mr. Masler, Dr. Howard Church, Montreal, Mr. and Mrs. Godfrey Green, Mr. and Mrs. H. Wentworth Monk, Mr. and Mrs. Wilson, the Bishop and Mrs. Hamilton, Mr. and Mrs. Charles Dawson. The guests were entertained later at a reception at Dr. Dawson's residence, which continued until the departure of Mr. and Mrs. Charles Lewis at 4.30.

heap Rates to Montreal

Just one cent invested in a Post Card sent directed to G. A. Holland & Son, Montreal, will bring you a neat sample book of their magnificent line of

Wallpapers

by return mail—free of charge—with special discount rates.

English Wallpapers Japanese Wallpapers American Wallpapers Scotch Wallpapers French Wallpapers Canadian Wallpapers

We are in touch with the leading manufacturers of the world and buying in large quantities enables us through the Press, to supply the people of Canada with a very extensive assortment of Wallpapers at minimum prices.

THE POST CARD.

In writing your card mention Limit price Colors wanted Rooms to be papered Size of Rooms.

G. A. HOLLAND & SON

Established 66 Years. Canada's Great Wallpaper Store 3411 ST. CATHERINE ST. MONTREAL.

P. S.—Agents for the Dominion of Canada for C. J. G. G. Potter, Daren, England.

friends will be glad when he is fully restored to health again.

Mr. Fred Phinney left yesterday for Winnipeg where he intends spending the next month.

Mr. Richard O'Leary returned on Monday night from a trip to Halifax. He was accompanied here by Mr. J. W. Emmons of Boston.

Mr. Shewen of Sackville spent Sunday in town. A fair will be held in the public hall Kingston, on the evening of the twenty-fourth. During the evening a musical programme will be carried out, every effort is being made by the ladies in charge to make the evening not only successful but an enjoyable one.

Mr. Bob Johnston of Loggville spent Sunday in town. AUBURN. ST. STEPHEN AND GALLIA.

[Prognosis for sale in St. Stephen at the book-store of G. S. Wall, T. E. Alchison and J. Vroom & Co. in Calais at U. P. Treas's.]

MAY 17.—Mrs. John Black has issued cards of invitation to an "at home" on Thursday afternoon from four until six o'clock to meet her English guests Mrs. Forrythe and Miss Black.

Some very delightful music was sung in Trinity church on Sunday evening by the Pleasant street quartette. There was a large congregation present who most highly appreciated the singing.

Mrs. W. C. Renne entertained the No Name club this week.

Mrs. Arthur Mowatt of Australia and her two daughters were guests of Mrs. S. Mair for a day or two last week.

Mr. and Mrs. William Thickens are spending a few days with Mrs. W. R. Kerr.

Mrs. Merrill of Camden, Maine is visiting her daughter Mrs. C. H. Whidden of the Calais Times.

Mrs. George H. Eaton returned from New York on Monday, after an extended visit with her daughter Mrs. Gates Bernard.

Mr. and Mrs. George A. Lowell have returned from their southern trip.

Mrs. John Prescott has returned from Washington where she spent the winter months.

Mr. and Mrs. E. B. Todd have been in Richibucto during the past week, called there by the death of Mrs. Todd's sister, Mrs. Carson.

Mr. and Mrs. C. F. Beard are spending a week fishing at Grand Lake stream.

Mrs. Albert H. Sawyer is visiting in Boston this week.

Mr. Nelson Crane of Boston made a brief visit in Calais during the past week.

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Mrs. H. E. Raymond has been the guest for several days of her sister Mrs. Haren Grimmer.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles S. Neil have returned from a pleasant visit in Boston.

Mr. Charles A. Green of Toronto was registered at the Windsor on Monday and Tuesday.

SCRIBNER'S MAGAZINE FOR 1899

GOVERNOR ROOSEVELT'S "THE ROUGH RIDERS" (Illustrated serial), and all his other war writings.

ROBERT LEWIS STEPHENSON'S "LETTERS" (see 1 before published) edited by GEORGE COOPER.

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75 Eblis. Agee Belle of Anderson Co., Kentucky.

THOS. L. BOURKE

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SCRIBNER'S MAGAZINE FOR 1899

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ROBINSON & CLEAVER BELFAST, IRELAND, AND 164, 166 and 170 REGENT STREET, LONDON, W. IRISH LINEN & DAMASK MANUFACTURERS. Household Linens, From the Least Expensive to the FINEST in the WORLD.

A OVERSOUND WILL. An old Bachelor who gave Curious Reasons With His Requests. It is told of two bachelor brothers, old settlers in the Huron District of Canada, that when they and their faithful housekeeper began noticeably to age, they decided that it would only be right to make some provision for her future by marrying her.

doubled its fury; truly we appeared to be lost. "Four on the varnish I commanded. The result was stupefying. At the first barrel emptied over to starboard the waves were visibly calmed upon that side; the second, poured to larboard, achieved a like success. Thereupon a sort of frenzy took possession of the entire crew, myself the foremost. Everyone has heard of such a thing as a collective hallucination; this was a collective frenzy, a delirium of wild exultation! We poured; we continued to pour. When evening fell, we had poured overboard all our cargo of varnish—all! And the effect! Around us, at a distance, the storm raged more and more madly; but about the ship, in a circumference of at least a quarter of a mile, reigned the most tranquil of calms. That, however, was nothing. The morning of the next day I leave you to guess our stupefaction when we saw—what? The varnish, having hardened during the night, covered the sea with a thick crust that glistened with an irrefragable polish! The French three-masted L'Arche Guilty seemed the centre of an immense mirror of amber, upon which, with fairylike effect, sparkled the beams of the rising sun!



"Too sweet for anything," is the Baby after a Bath with

Baby's Own Soap Used by Thousands of Mothers. MADE BY THE ALBERT TOILET SOAP CO. MONTREAL. MANUFACTURED BY THE CELEBRATED ALBERT TOILET SOAP CO.

Printing! Do you need any, or are you satisfied with what you already have? Our printing is always satisfactory—what we do, we do well—we give good paper, good ink, good presswork and strive to have it suitable to your particular business and we give good measure too, no matter what printing you need. See us first. PROGRESS JOB PRINT.

Rheumatism Cured. Sufferers from Rheumatism have found great benefit from using Putner's Emulsion. The Cod Liver Oil contained in it being one of the most effective remedies in this disease.

Use Perfection Tooth Powder. Always get PUTTNER'S. is the original and best.

Dunn's Ham. Dunn's Bacon. Just received—Dunn's Ham, Bacon, Canned Ham, Canned Bacon, Devilled Ham, Pickled Figs Feet and Spare Ribs. Fresh every day, Sausage, Bologna and Henery Eggs. Lard in cakes and Tins.

F. J. PARKIN, 107 Union Street. BOURBON. ON HAND. Bbls. Aged Belle of Anderson Co., Kentucky. HOS. L. BOURKE. Double Bar Oysters. Received this day, 10 Barrels No. 1 Double Bar Oysters, the first of the Spring catch, at 19 and 23 King Square.

D. TURNER.

Mrs. Graham of Salem Mass., is visiting friends in Calais. Mrs. F. G. Andrews of St. Andrews is visiting, Mrs. David Main this week. Mrs. James McCarrie gave a very pleasant party on Thursday evening at her residence for the pleasure of her daughter Jean and her young friends.

THINGS OF VALUE. A good compositor can set 15,000 letters a day; his hand moves the distance of one foot going to the box in which the type is contained, and coming back then, of course, makes one foot; therefore his hand travels about 30,000 ft.—about four miles. Hence, excluding Sundays, his hand travels over nearly 1,400 miles in the course of a year. There never was, and never will be, a universal panacea, in one remedy, for the ills to which flesh is heir—the very nature of man curatives being such that were the great of other and differently seated diseases rooted in the system of the patient—that would relieve one ill in turn would aggravate the other. We have, however, in Quinine Wine, when obtainable in a sound unacidulated state, a remedy for many and grievous ills. By its gradual and judicious use, the feeblest system is led into convalescence and strength, by the influence which Quinine exerts on Nature's own restorative. It relieves the drooping spirits of those with whom a chronic state of morbid despondency and lack of interest in life is a disease, and, by tranquillizing the nerves, disposes to sound and refreshing sleep—imparts vigor to the action of the blood, which, being diminished, causes the veins, strengthening the animal function of the system, thereby making activity a necessary result strengthening the frame and giving to the various organs, which naturally demand increased substance—result improved appetite, Northrop & Lyman of Toronto, have given to the public their superior Quinine Wine at the usual rate, and, gauged by the opinion of scientists, this wine approaches nearest perfection of any in the market. All druggists sell it.

An Odd Snake-Trap. Dr. Arthur Stradling, the celebrated snake expert who in his own person demonstrated hundreds of times the truth of the theory of immunity by inoculation in the case of snake-bites, tells of an odd kind of snake trap that caught its victim securely. It was a biscuit tin, and in the bottom of it were some macaroons. A cobra spied the tin, but a mouse was ahead of the cobra. The little thief was having a good time, regaling itself on macaroons, all unconscious that a snake was preparing to regale itself on mouse. Into the tin went the head of the snake, but the head that went in was destined to come out less easily. The rough edges of the tin irritated the cobra, and involuntarily it dilated its hood. That made it a prisoner. With the hood dilated the head could not be withdrawn and the cobra remained in its tin prison until morning, when it was easily captured and killed. Doctor Stradling, who knows the natives of India as well as he knows the snake of that land, tells of an interesting theory held by these people. They are firmly convinced that for every human being a snake bites it loses one joint. When the number of deaths the snake has caused equals the number of its joints, the venomous head alone remains. The snake has now reached the height of its wicked device, and at this point it develops wings and triumphantly disappears. An exception to this rule is found on the other side of the world, in the case of the rattlesnake, for the natives of some parts of America are said to believe that this snake gains a thimble for every man it kills. By counting these they can calculate with precision how many people a particular rattlesnake has bitten.

Soldiers From Sardine Boxes. In Paris the thousands of sardine and other tin boxes that are thrown away every day from the basis for an industry which has reached vast proportions. These refuse cans are stamped by machinery into tin soldiers, and sold so cheaply that the poorest children can possess them, yet the manufacturer makes a fair profit, which he could not do if he used new material.

Catarrh Can Be Cured. Japanese Catarrh Cure has Successfully Coped with this Most Dangerous Disease and Cured to stay Cured. Miss A. Koot, of Beaverville, Ont., writes: "I had only known of Japanese Catarrh Cure years ago as my father would have been saved from spreading hundreds of dollars, and I would have been free from the constant pain and annoyance of this most disgusting disease. I have had catarrh for years. My head was stuffed up so that I could not breathe through my nostrils. My breath was very impure. I had almost a constant pain in my head and over my eyes. Nothing I could get gave me any permanent relief, until using Japanese Catarrh Cure. From the very first it gave me relief, and in a short time had removed the obstruction so that I could breathe freely through the nostrils. The pain left my head and eyes. It then upon my breath was truly wonderful, purifying and removing every vestige of the impure odor, and during the past year since using this remedy have not felt the least sign of my former trouble. I can highly recommend it, and know of several others in my neighborhood who have been cured. Sold by all druggists. 50 cents. Six boxes, with pure glass set, for \$2.50. A free sample sent to any address. Nichol's Catarrh Cure, and complete Japanese & Macpherson Co., Ltd. Church Street, Toronto.

Blonde hair is finer than any other color. By actual count it has been ascertained that 400 hairs to the square inch grow upon the head of a blonde beauty. The brown comes next with 350, then comes the black with 325, and the red with 250 or 260. After counting the hairs growing on an inch square it has been estimated that on the head of a blonde there will be about 149,000 hairs, while a brown suit of tresses will have 109,000, a black 102,000, and a red 90,000.

"77" "breaks up" COLDS Open Cars. Open street cars may be all very well on warm days, but in the sharp change to night air and on rainy days they become veritable death traps—responsible for more Colds and Strokes than any other single cause. Your greatest protection is to have a bottle of "77" handy; its prompt use will "break up" and prevent the Cold. Be sure to ask your druggist for a copy of Dr. Humphrey's Manual of all Diseases and doctor yourself at home, or address Humphrey's Medicine Co., Cor. William & John Sts., New York.

Mr. Clark Russell of England is the best-known teller of sea tales at the present day, and he certainly relates some marvellous adventures. But he will have to look to his laurels. Alphonse Allais of Paris, in a recent issue of Le Journal, gives the remarkable experience of a French sea captain, whom he allows to relate his own story. Since he set forth on his voyage from our own New England capital, which incontestably exists, and can be proved to be still in its place, perhaps we may accept his word as truth. "Captain of the three-master Lucien Guity," he begins, "I set sail from Boston January 28th, with an exclusive cargo of varnish. What use people could possibly find for six thousand barrels of varnish I do not know—and besides, that has nothing to do with this story. "The second of February, in the early morning, we were assailed by a bright temper. Waves as high as houses beat against my poor vessel, which strained and groaned threateningly. We could not endure much more; yet the sky showed no promise of change. We were in imminent danger; every shack increased our peril; it was impossible to survive such violence if it continued. What should we do? "Four o'clock upon the sea! Certainly we thought of it; but, unfortunately, we had aboard only a litre of olive oil, destined for the mayonnaise dressing of an occasional salad. "Suddenly my second officer was struck with an inspiration of genius. "Suppose," cried he, "we should pour on varnish! Varnish is much like oil." "At that moment the hurricane re-

Policeman: "Come down out o' that young man." Reporter: "But I'm a reporter, and want to get a description of the fire." Policeman: "Get out wid you. You can't stay there." You kin find out all about the fire from the paper in the marnin'."

"77" "breaks up" COLDS Open Cars. Open street cars may be all very well on warm days, but in the sharp change to night air and on rainy days they become veritable death traps—responsible for more Colds and Strokes than any other single cause. Your greatest protection is to have a bottle of "77" handy; its prompt use will "break up" and prevent the Cold. Be sure to ask your druggist for a copy of Dr. Humphrey's Manual of all Diseases and doctor yourself at home, or address Humphrey's Medicine Co., Cor. William & John Sts., New York.

Dainty Dining Tables. must be laid with good silver ware—this trademark, stamped on silver plated knives, forks and spoons, is a guarantee of the best, both as to quality and design—and such articles will add to the appearance of the most dainty table. When purchasing ask your dealer to show you goods bearing this mark.

SIMPSON, HALL, MILLER & CO. 107 King Street, St. John, N. B. and Montreal, Canada. The popular Hotel is now open for the reception of guests. The situation of the House, facing as it does on the beautiful King Square, makes it a most desirable place for Visitors and Business Men. It is within a short distance of all parts of the city. Has every accommodation. Electric cars, from all parts of the town, pass the house every three minutes. B. CAROL WILLIS, Proprietor.

QUEEN HOTEL. FREDERICTON, N. B. A EDWARDS, Proprietor. The sample rooms in connection. First class Livery Stable. Cooches at trains and boats. OYSTERS FISH and GAME always on hand. MEALS AT ALL HOURS. DINNER A SPECIALTY. CAFE ROYAL. BANK OF MONTREAL BUILDING, 56 Prince Wm. St., - - St. John, N. B. WM. CLARK, Proprietor. Retail dealer in CHOICE WINES, ALES and LIQUORS.

Victoria Hotel, 81 to 87 King Street, St. John, N. B. Electric Passenger Elevator and all Modern Improvements. D. W. McCORMACK, Proprietor. Spring Lamb and Mutton. Kingston Kings Co., N. B. Veal. Cumberland Co., N. S. Beef. Turkeys, Fowls and Geese. Ham, Bacon and Lard. Lettuce, Radish, and all Vegetables.

THOS. DEAN, City Market. Miss Jessie Campbell Whitlock TEACHER OF PIANOFORTE. ST. STEPHEN'S, N. B. The "Luskitch" Method; also "Synch System" for beginners. Apply at the residence of Mrs. J. WHITLOCK.

AN IMPOSSIBLE ROUTE.

THE HON. AND THE EXPERIENCE OF THE GASPESIA.

Shore Fisheries and Railway Promoters have discussed the idea of a Hudson Bay route via—What Old Time Navigators say about it.

St. John's, Newfoundland.—The experience of the steamship Gaspesia of the new Canadian line, which has just escaped from the grip of the ice floes in the Gulf of St. Lawrence, after having been frozen up there for three months, while endeavoring to make the passage from Paspobiac to Milford Haven, throws an instructive sidelight upon the scheme for making Hudson Bay part of a short Atlantic grain carrying line, the feasibility of which has been strongly urged in Canada for years past. At first the project was based upon the commercial advantages held to accrue from it, and it did not meet a very favorable reception. Now, however, it is being advocated for patriotic and strategic considerations. At the recent meeting of the British Empire League at Ottawa one of the speakers made the point that Canada should inaugurate this route in order to insure the motherland an alternative line of carriage for foodstuffs in time of war. The dependence of the British Isles upon the United States for supplies of cereals has been frequently emphasized in the press, and on the platform, and only last month questions on the subject were addressed to the Hon. C. T. Ritchie, President of the Board of Trade, in the House of Commons. The Ottawa gathering, composed of the leading public men of both political parties in Canada took the stand that it was unwise to permit Uncle Sam to retain the control of the Western wheat traffic, which he now enjoys, which forms so important a part of the outgoing commerce of New York, Boston and Portland Me. The failure of the Joint High Commission to come to an agreement intensifies Canada's sense of helplessness, while the Grand Trunk and Canadian Pacific Railway branches through American territory place these two great arteries of vitality for the Northwest at the mercy of the Washington authorities the moment friction between the powers would occur. The agitation in Canada for deepening their own canals and excluding the United States from the use thereof, the desire to secure new railways touching the tidewater through purely Canadian territory, the struggle to galvanize into existence the fast Atlantic line, the Pacific cable movement—all these are but phases of the one main effort to sever Canada and the Empire from that dependence upon the United States which is all the more irritating because it is so violent. The Gaspesia line was started with the avowed object of providing an all-Canadian route with a port in the Gulf which would be ice free and thus avoid the stoppage to navigation which the annual freezing of the river St. Lawrence entails. The promoters of this venture, though, could not overcome the forces of nature, and the three months imprisonment of the Gaspesia among the floes is a far more eloquent argument against the attempt to navigate ice-bound waters with ocean tramps than a thousand speeches or able articles could supply.

The Hudson Bay scheme is even more visionary still. It is coolly proposed to build a railway through a sub-Arctic country and haul grain there to be stored on the shore of a vast body of water which is only accessible for three months of the year. As far back as 1882 the movement for a railway to Hudson Bay took shape in Canada, the proposed route being from Winnipeg, to Fort Churchill, a splendid inlet on the southern extremity of the bay, which would be the leading point for steamers running to Great Britain. Its advocates contended that this route formed the cheapest and easiest one for sending the products of the Northwest to market and that its adoption would induce the settlement of an immense tract of agricultural country in the northern section of Manitoba. The railway haul, so the promoters urged, is 760 miles less from Winnipeg to Churchill than via Montreal, while the sea voyage by way of Hudson Bay is about the same length as the present St. Lawrence route, and as it is the railway mileage that counts in the matter of freights, the saving to be effected in distance and cost of haul would be something considerable, experts estimating it at 15 cents a bushel. In addition to this it is held that a remunerative traffic could be developed in cattle, meats and fruit by the cold northern route, and as the country traversed by the railway became settled and wheat crops were raised there, a proportionate cheapening of the cost of carriage would result. Having extensively boomed the project

Does Tea Induce Sleeplessness?

No; good pure tea, properly steeped will prevent a healthy person from sleeping—on the contrary, a tea like that sold in Carter's Elephant Brand packets, is a nerve tonic, and actually induces sleep.

Left Prostrate

Weak and Run Down, With Heart and Kidneys in Bad Condition—Restored by Hood's Sarsaparilla.

"I was very much run down, having been sick for several months. I had been trying different remedies which did me no good. I would have severe spells of coughing that would leave me prostrate. I was told that my lungs were affected, and my heart and kidneys were in a bad condition. In fact, it seemed as though every organ was out of order. I felt that something must be done and my brother advised me to try Hood's Sarsaparilla. I procured a bottle and began taking it. Before it was half gone I felt that it was helping me. I continued its use and it has made me a new woman. I cannot praise it too highly." Mrs. SUMMERSVILLE, 217 Ossington Avenue, Toronto, Ontario.

Get only Hood's, because Hood's Sarsaparilla is the best—in fact the One True Blood Purifier. Sold by all druggists. \$1, six for \$5.

Hood's Pills are purely vegetable, reliable, beneficial. 25c.

through the Canadian press of the time the promoters applied to the Canadian Government for a subsidy toward the construction of the road, but the Ministry hesitating to pledge the credit of the country without being satisfied of the feasibility of the venture despatched an expedition under the late Lieut. Gordon, R. N., to determine the period for which Hudson Bay and Strait were navigable. The expedition went north in 1884, 1885 and 1886, in the steamer Alert of Arctic fame, and in addition to her cruises to and fro in the straits parties of scientists wintered at selected points to take meteorological and tidal observations, besides noting the ice conditions and other facts of the value in determining the question at issue. Lieut. Gordon's conclusions published in his report at the close of the work were as follows:

"Having carefully considered the subject, I give the following as the season in which navigation may, in ordinary years, be regarded as practicable for the purpose of commerce; not indeed, to the cheaply built freight steamer known as the ocean tramp, but to vessels of 2 000 tons gross, fortified for meeting the ice and of such construction as to enable them to be fair freight carriers. These vessels must be well strengthened forward; should have wooden sheathing, and be very full under the counter; the propeller should be of small diameter and well down in the water. I place the limit of size at 2 000 tons, because a larger ship would be somewhat unwieldy; could not make such good way through the loose ice, and, being unable to turn so sharply, would get many a heavy blow that the smaller ship would escape. I consider the season for the opening of navigation to such vessels will fall between the 1st and 10th of July. The closing of the season would be about the first week in October. In estimating the period of navigation in an ordinary year I should say from July 15 to Oct. 15, with a possibility of navigation from July 1 to Nov. 1; but in the first half of July, and, indeed, occasionally in the latter half, there will always be delays, and later than the 15th of October the risks of navigation are so increased that the question of insurance would, in all probability, settle the date for both opening and closing.

After the publication of this anything but favourable report, the scheme languished for some years, but in 1895, prior to the last Dominion election, it was made a political issue in the Northwest, and Laurier, then in opposition, promised if elected to send another expedition north to determine if Gordon's conclusions were well founded. The steam whaler Dianra of this port was selected for the purpose, and her experience showed the hopelessness of attempting to navigate these waters with a freight boat. She left here on June 3, 1897, and was nineteen days making her way through the ice floes along the Labrador coast, entering the straight on the 22nd. The whole ocean was covered with the frozen sheets, and her progress was so impeded thereby that it was July 12 before she reached the western extremity, though if the passage were unimpeded she would make the run of 200 miles in one day. But it was only by the merest good fortune that she escaped being wrecked, for she was caught in the floe the day after entering the strait, and for four days lay helpless, drifting to and fro. Dynamite was used to explode the mass and loosen it from her sides, but it was seen to be ten to fifteen feet thick, and so serious did her position become, with the impending prospect of her sides being crushed by the ice, that the provisions were got on deck and the boats made ready, fearing she would have to be abandoned. She was ultimately lifted out of the water by the floe passing under her, and she

rested as in a cradle on the pack. Later on the ice "split" again and carried away the rudder stock, a piece of four-and-a-half-inch oak. Commander Wakeham, who had charge of the expedition stated in his report to the Dominion Government: "It is needless to say that no ship, unless especially constructed for the purpose, could have survived the pressure to which the Dianra had been subjected during these days, and even the Dianra could not have withstood it had the ice not passed under her. In venturing through the straits she gave and took blows that could not be risked by an ordinary iron steamer."

These whalers are built of wood, their sides being 4 to 6 inches thick, sheathed with green heart without and buttressed by beams and braces within, thus enabling them to endure "rips" which would cause the quarter-inch plates of an iron steamer to crack like a nut.

Harrow and Plough.

From the acres of Aroostook, broad and mellow to the sun, Down to rocky York the cheers of the farmers has begun. They are riding in Aroostook on a petrit milky plough. They are riding, taking comfort, for they've learned the secret how, They are planting their potatoes with a whirring new machine, Driver sits beneath an awning—eldest thing you've ever seen. There is not a rock to vex 'em in the acres spreading wide, So they sit upon a cushion, cock their legs and smoke the pipe. Gee and Brigh! go lurching onward in the harrow's low strain; Over there, with cluck of whiff, 'tugs asterny Morgan team, And the man who rides the planter or who plods the broken earth, And they've pitched the use to a jubilation strain. They are sowing it merrily now, We was for that melody down here in Maine— 'Tis the song of the harrow and plough.

They are picking rocks in Oxford and in Waldo And they're forming down in Lincoln on their acres set on a dyke, Down a row, the kitchen gardens of the acres of Cumber and They're sticking in the garden sass as thick as it will stand, And every nose is sniffing at the scent of furrowed earth, And every man is living all of life at what it's worth. Though the farmer in Aroostook sails across a velvet field And his mellow, crumbly earth vomit forth a sentiment that was never said, All the rest are just as cheerful on their hidden farms as he, For the cozy wealth in gardens and a fortune in a tree. So they're singing the song of the contentment of spring, And the song of the empty mow; Of the quiver of birth that is stirring the earth— 'Tis the song of the harrow and plough.

Ballad Campaign Poetry.

You may try to defeat our Neddy, We do not think you can, For he has two more victories Than any other man. We don't love our Edward, He's served us true as steel, We would sooner have our Neddy Than any blooming "swell."

You may subscribe your money To buy a vote or two, And keep outside the West yourselves, But we've caught on to you; You think we've no men in the Ward, But we have the best always ready, And we'll have them all at our side, If we wished to beat our Neddy.

Our Neddy has an interest In common with our own; He has no special axe to grind As he has always shown. You cannot beat our Edward, He's abroad for you to try; In him we have an excellent man, Although some him deary.

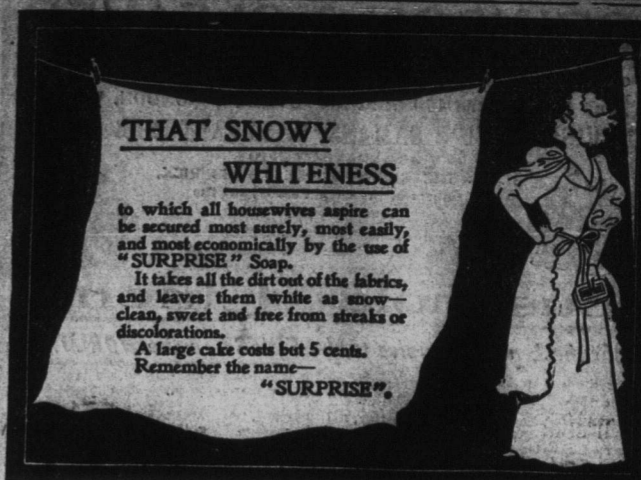
There's some who hate our Neddy And that's the reason why they do; We send him to the Council, All rise some to do. You cannot pull our Neddy's leg, Or draw him into line To vote for things that are not right He's not that way inclined.

You cannot fool our Edward, He is as true as steel, He'll sooner vote and stand alone Than a party to deal. Why so hard on Neddy? We think it most unjust; Without a doubt he is as good As any you have there.

You cannot beat our Neddy, You need not think you can, You may score the City You cannot beat a man. Our Neddy is a Daisy, Our mascot and our pet, With all the counter he has got, They haven't beat him yet.

What Dorothy Says.

When first to Dottie I was wed One morning unto her I said: "The pies that mother used to make, And likewise, too, her bread and cake, Were of the best. Now strive, my lass, To get to mother's cooking class." She looked me quarely in the eye And made this innocent reply: "To cook like her 't's hardly try; But"—and her look was very shrewd—"I want a o'ok stove nice and bright Sent up to me 't's very right—A stove like later used to buy."



to which all housewives aspire can be secured most surely, most easily and most economically by the use of "SURPRISE" Soap. It takes all the dirt out of the fabric, and leaves them white as snow—clean, sweet and free from streaks or discolorations. A large cake costs but 5 cents. Remember the name—"SURPRISE."

Conversation Without Words. The traveller in a foreign land is not necessarily helpless because he does not know the language. Nor was a correspondent of the Chicago Record, who admits that when he entered Italy his nine words of French and fifteen words of German were of no great use to him. He says: In Genoa I went into a photographer's shop and selected a dozen photographs. I pointed at the photographs and looked at him inquiringly, which meant, 'How much?' He nodded his head and wrote '14' on a slip of paper. I nodded, signifying, 'I will take them.' He walked over to a calendar hanging on the wall and pointed to 29; then he walked back and picked up the photographs and shook his head, which clearly meant that he could not allow me to take the ones I had selected, but would have others printed by the 29th. Thereupon I pointed to 25 on the calendar and said 'Roma,' which meant that I should depart for Rome on that date. He nodded and then pointed to 30 and asked, 'Eh?' which meant, 'Shall you be in Rome until the 30th?' I nodded violently. 'Hotel?' he asked. I wrote my Rome address on a slip of paper. In making change he held out one lira. 'Poste,' he explained. Then I departed. Ordinarily a shopper selecting a dozen photographs to be printed to order and forwarded to him at the next town would spend ten minutes or more in making inquiries and giving directions. Our total of conversation was just five words.

The Right Letter. The familiar situation of the bashful wooer, who doesn't know whether to propose, and doesn't know how to propose, is given a new turn by a story in the Chicago Inter-Ocean. The hero, John, had been calling on Mary for three years, but that was as far as he got until, visiting St. Louis on business, he found himself detained beyond the expected time. He had to write to Mary explaining his absence on the usual evening, and while writing the courage he had so long lacked came to him, and he made a pointblank proposal of marriage. He mailed the letter, and for two hours was one of the happiest men in Missouri. Then he began to believe he had been precipitate, and was assailed with doubt as to how his letter would be received. That night he didn't sleep. He thought all sorts of things, and vainly wished he could intercept the letter before it reached her. But that was manifestly impossible. It was not until noon the next day that he received an inspiration as he was passing a telegraph office. Rushing in, he seized a blank and nervously penned the following: "Miss Mary—Chicago: Mailed you wrong letter yesterday. Please do not open, and deliver to me on my return."

After that he breathed freer, at the same time wondering if he hadn't played the fool in not letting the matter stand. That evening a telegram was awaiting him at the hotel. It read: "John—St. Louis: you mailed right letter. It was about time." And John didn't allow business to interfere with his return to Chicago.

The Sharp. A couple of showily dressed youths strolled into a tobacconist's shop, and one of them, asked for a box of cigars as displayed in the window. The assistant proceeded to wrap up a box taken from a handy drawer, when one of them said, 'I say we want those in the window.' The assistant assured them that those he had wrapped up were according to the sample, but to no purpose. "Those in the window, or none at all said they. 'We are up to your trick of atoring one thing in the window and selling another at the counter.' "Very well, gentlemen," replied the assistant, "you shall have those in the window, only you must not blame us if after being exposed so long, they are not altogether satisfactory."

"Oh, that's all right," they retorted, thinking that this was only another dodge on the part of the shopman in order to wriggle out of the bargain he had made. When they had been served and had

gone their way, the shopman turned round to another customer who was waiting, and with a knowing wink said, 'I wonder how they'll like 'em? They've got a bundle of our best—dummies!'

No Harm was Done. Not long back a strongly built fellow was brought up at the G— Petty Sessions, to meet a charge of violent assault. The case was proved, and the prisoner was sentenced to a month's hard labour. During the trial he had contrived to loosen one of his heavy boots, and just as sentence was pronounced, he flung the boot vigorously at the head of the presiding magistrate. What followed is graphically related by a local newspaper with a delightful touch of unconscious humor:— "This desperate act," says the leader of the writer, "might have been attended with most disastrous consequences, but fortunately the missile only struck a reporter, so that no harm was done."

Look the Same. Yeast—'Did you ever take any of those mud baths?' Crismonbeak—'Well, I ran for office once.'—Yonkers Statesman.

Soothes the bronches and cures your cough. Dr. Harvey's Southern RED PINE 25c. a Bottle. THE HARVEY MEDICINE CO., Mfrs., Montreal.

Spring Lamb, Cornwallis Beef, Cukes, Spinach, and Rhubarb. THOS. DEAN, City Market.

NOTICE. NOTICE is hereby given that under and by virtue of the power of sale contained in a certain Indenture of mortgage bearing date the twenty-third day of January in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and ninety four, and registered in the office of the Registrar of Deeds in and for the City and County of St. John as number 6357, in Book 56 of Records pages 20, 31, 32 and 33, on the seventh day of February A. D. 1894, and made between William Thompson of the City of Saint John in the City and County of St. John and Province of New Brunswick and Mary Knox of the same place, widow of the late James Knox of the one part, and George E. Faneby of the City of Fredericton in the County of York and Province aforesaid, Queen's Printer of the other part, there will for the purpose of satisfying the moneys secured and made payable in and by the said Indenture of mortgage default having been made in the payment thereof, be sold at public auction at Chubb's Corner, so called, in the said City of St. John, on SATURDAY, THE TWENTY-SECOND DAY OF JULY NEXT, at the hour of twelve of the clock noon of that day, the lands and premises in the said Indenture of mortgage described as following:— This is to say:— "A CERTAIN LOT, BEING ONE parcel of land situate lying and being in the city of Saint John aforesaid and bounded as described as follows:—Beginning at the South West Corner of Duke and Westworth Streets (these running along the Southern side of Duke Street forty feet in a Westerly direction thence Southerly and parallel to Westworth Street one hundred and five feet thence Easterly parallel to Duke Street forty feet to Westworth Street thence Northerly along Westworth Street to the place of beginning."

ALSO, "All that certain other parcel of land situated in the said City of Saint John and bounded as described as follows:—Beginning at a point on the Westerly side of Westworth Street thence Southerly one hundred and five feet from Duke Street thence Southerly twenty one feet to Westworth Street thence Westerly at right angles to Westworth Street eighty feet thence Northerly parallel to Westworth Street twenty one feet thence Easterly eighty feet to the place of beginning."

Together with all buildings erections and improvements thereon. GEORGE E. FANEBY, Mortgagee. Dated the eighteenth day of May A. D. 1899. MACGILL & SINCLAIR, Solicitors to Mortgagee.

ST. JOHN, N. B., SATURDAY, MAY 20, 1899.

The Choice of a Business, BANKING.

By GEORGE G. WILLIAMS, President of the Chemical National Bank of New York, in the New York Saturday Evening Post.

To the young man who contemplates entering the banking business believing it to be a quick and easy road to fortune, I would offer Punch's advice to those about to marry: "Don't."

While it is true that any youth of fair education and intelligence may enter upon the business of banking with a reasonable chance of future success, the goal of fortune at the outset of his career is just as far removed as it is in other branches of trade where goods and not money is the commodity.

The successful banker of to-day is the man who, as a youth, began at the bottom of the ladder, climbing to the top only by unceasing industry, scrupulous honesty and a determination to do the thing in hand to the best of his ability. There is no room in the banking business for sluggards; to hold his place in the estimation of his employers the bank clerk must, first, last and always, be rigorously honest, uniformly polite to all persons, and work work work.

The question of politeness may seem to the young man looking toward the banking business as an occupation to be quite a superfluous, if not, indeed, a wholly trivial matter. Next to absolute integrity I deem it of utmost importance. From my earliest days in the Chemical Bank I have been impressed with the value of courtesy. From my parents I learned the lesson of politeness, and I in turn have tried to impart my feelings in this respect to all those who have come under my direction in the bank.

Too often the man who wears a shabby coat is subjected to discourtesy, but I have observed that many a tattered garment hides a package of bonds or a big sum of money, and that gorgeous clothing does not always cover a millionaire. Many desirable customers have been driven away from a bank by the incivility of its employees. It is the invariable rule of the Chemical Bank that every employee, from the humblest clerk to the highest official, shall be courteous to every one. It is our assumption that a grain of politeness saves a ton of correction; no institution is too important or too independent to ignore the unwritten laws of courtesy.

If I could command the speech of twenty nations I would preach politeness to them all. It is the Aladdin's lamp of success; it oils the wheels of commercial progress, and makes the burden of the day's work less irksome. I do not speak idly in praise of politeness, for out of the experience of fifty-six years in the banking business it has been borne in upon me almost daily that courtesy is one of the prime factors in the building up of every career. It is the hall-mark of the christian gentleman and the keen man of affairs. Politeness pays.

The banking business is really in the fiercer sense of the term a profession, is not to be learned without a deal of study and years of patient, thoughtful application. Whether a young man can reach the professional stage of banking or not depends wholly upon his personal qualifications, the extent of his ambition and the persistency with which he devotes his talents to the work before him.

Of all the functions of a bank the handling of commercial paper is probably the most difficult to master. As a discount clerk I realized that the science of successful banking involved the study of men and human nature. Any man of intelligence can familiarize himself with the purely technical features of banking, but the notably successful banker is a man of culture, character and strong intuitive powers. Nothing indicates so clearly the intellectual and moral stamina of a man than the attitude he assumes in affairs involving large sums of money.

The foundation of every great institution lies in the character of the man or men controlling it, and not in the material things which are behind it. The man who lives beyond his income, whose habits are extravagant, who seeks to "out a dash" disproportionate to his resources, is the man whose paper is to be handled with extreme caution.

Finance is so intimately related to all human affairs that the trained banker knows precisely what course to pursue to

avoid calamity, just as the physician knows what to prescribe for a given ailment, the lawyer what code best covers the case of his client. It is the possession of this knowledge of matters apparently foreign to business that ranks successful banking among the professions. The young man who aspires to a high place in finance can never hope to realize his ambition, therefore, if he is content with performing merely the mechanical details entrusted to him.

Of course there must always be "hewers of wood and drawers of water" in every pursuit, and banking is no exception to the rule. The majority of young men enter their work in a bank with no thought above the daily routine to which they are assigned. To earn a fixed salary and remain in the same position all their lives is all that the average bank clerk asks or hopes for.

Such men are not to be discouraged; they are trustworthy servants of an institution without whom the thousand and one details of a bank could not be looked after. Indeed in most cases such men are to be commended for their self-repression and their recognition of the fact that they can never grasp the great and complex problems of finance. It is a wise man and a useful member of the business world who can measure his ambition by his capacity.

The young man who can become an intelligent machine should receive the consideration due him from those who control the great mechanism of which he is a small but important part. I know of many men filling minor berths in the banks of the country who are brilliantly able, and whose intellectual equipment is of a very superior kind, but who are philosophically resigned to the position which holds them. They wear with them the marks of their comfortable circumstances. All cannot be leaders, and the conviction that work well done no matter how unimportant it may seem to the worker, is a sound reason for self-satisfaction.

To sum up in a few words the essentials of success in the banking business. I would advise a young man who feels himself fitted for the work to learn economy, associate with those whose ideals of life are high and noble, to practice self-denial and observe the laws of health. He must be expert in the use of figures and as accurate as a chronometer. He should avoid evil associations in books and newspapers no less than in people. He should learn to face trouble unflinchingly. He should remember that knowledge is power, and that his ability to make money is in direct ratio with the extension of his intellectual horizon. Devoting his leisure to study, his time during the business hours of the day to the conscientious performance of his duties, living a clean, manly, honest life, no man can fail utterly.

FACTS ABOUT HUMAN GROWTH.
It is Possible to Add to Your Stature Under Favorable Circumstances.

I do not think it is possible to add more than an inch or so to human stature, said a well-known physician in answer to a question of the writer.

This is one respect in which Nature insists on having her own way; and I am quite sure that under no conditions would it be possible to raise a race of giants. Nature is always at work correcting any tendency to extremes, though here and there someone escapes her notice and grows into a giant or dwindles into a dwarf.

You might think that tall parents would have taller children than themselves, but a little observation will prove that this is not so. Nature always seems to be striving to reach and maintain a medium height; so that as a rule tall parents have children shorter than themselves, and short parents raise taller children; the two extremes meeting in a few generations at the average height.

But something can certainly be done if the attempt be made early. Practically a man does all his growing before he is sixteen and a woman before she is sixteen; although I have known cases where a man has grown perceptibly in stature until long past thirty.

After all, stature is largely a question of length of legs. If you take three men, one of 6 ft., another of 5 ft. 6 in., and a third of 5 ft., there will be only the smallest difference in the length of the body, and in fact the short man may have the longest body of the three. But the long man will

have an advantage of 10 in. in length of leg over the short man.

The margin for growth in the legs is 66 per cent. more than in the body, and 150 per cent. more than in the head. This means that the legs of an adult are five times as long as when he was born, his body three times, and his head twice its original length.

It is thus, you see, very largely a question of legs; and to the legs we must look for any great increase in stature. As you may know, each leg bone is in early youth in three distinct pieces, which later unite into one bone. If you could devise any means of preventing this union or delaying it for a few years, there is no question that you might add material to stature, although you would destroy the proportion and symmetry of the body.

Nothing checks growth more than illness; and by avoiding it you help growth very substantially especially in the very early years. I think you will find that most men and women who are dwarfs have suffered from repeated illnesses in the first few years of their lives, and have been unable to make up the leeway.

Anything which promotes health promotes growth, and the only royal road to stature and symmetry is in the direction of fresh air, nourishing food, and judicious exercise. You see what the emancipation of our daughters has already done for their stature. In the old days, when girls were shut out from almost every form of outdoor exercise, it was unusual to see one higher than 5 ft. 6 in. Now that they cycle

and swim, and play golf and tennis as unrestrainedly as their brothers, they shoot up like young saplings to 5 ft. 9 in., and 6 ft. I quite believe that in another generation the average height of women will be quite 2 in. more than in the last generation.

It is curious to observe how the average height of men varies with the class to which they belong. The wealthy and professional classes are quite 3 in. to 4 in. taller than the poor, working classes and the intermediate stages are marked by the degree of prosperity of the class to which a man belongs; so that while an average factory worker is about 5 ft. 5 in., a skilled artisan will be 5 ft. 6 in., a laborer, 5 ft. 7 in.; a tradesman, 5 ft. 8 in.; and a lawyer or doctor 5 ft. 9 in.

Briefly, then, my advice is, if you want your children to be tall—that is, to attain their full natural growth—guard against illness of all kinds, let them be in the fresh air and sunshine as much as possible, encourage every kind of open-air exercise in moderation, with a course of gymnastics to make them straight and supple, feed them on plain and nourishing food, and send them to bed early.

Human science can do nothing more than this to make them tall; although "elevators" may add a fraudulent inch or two.

Couldn't Catch Him.
A certain young lady gave a certain young man a piece of wedding cake, together with seven neatly folded slips of paper. She told him to place the wedding cake and the slips under his pillow, and when he awoke in the morning to take out one of the slips and read what it contained. She further informed him that each of six of the slips would bear the name of some young lady, but that the

seventh would be blank. If the slip he opened on the seventh day contained a girl's name, it would be that of his future wife; but if it was the blank, he was doomed to bachelorhood. The next morning, when he opened a slip, he found it contained the name of the very girl who had given him the instructions. At this he was much disappointed, for his affections were set upon her. So he concluded that the other slips wouldn't interest him enough to sleep on them six nights, and proceeded to open them all, and read their names before throwing them away. But when he found that the girl of his choice had written her own name on everyone of them, it was a short time before everything came about in the most approved fashion.

That was the story the other girl read, and she made up her mind to try the same system upon the young man she most admired, but who displayed a singular hesitancy to question her upon the momentous subject. The next time he came to see her she entertained him sweetly, and as he was going, she brought out her wedding cake and the slips containing her autograph. She gave her lover his instructions about dreaming and opening the slips, and all the rest of it, and her consternation may be imagined when he remarked, pleasantly:—

"Oh, yes! I read the story myself. Pretty good scheme, wasn't it?" And she hasn't seen him since.

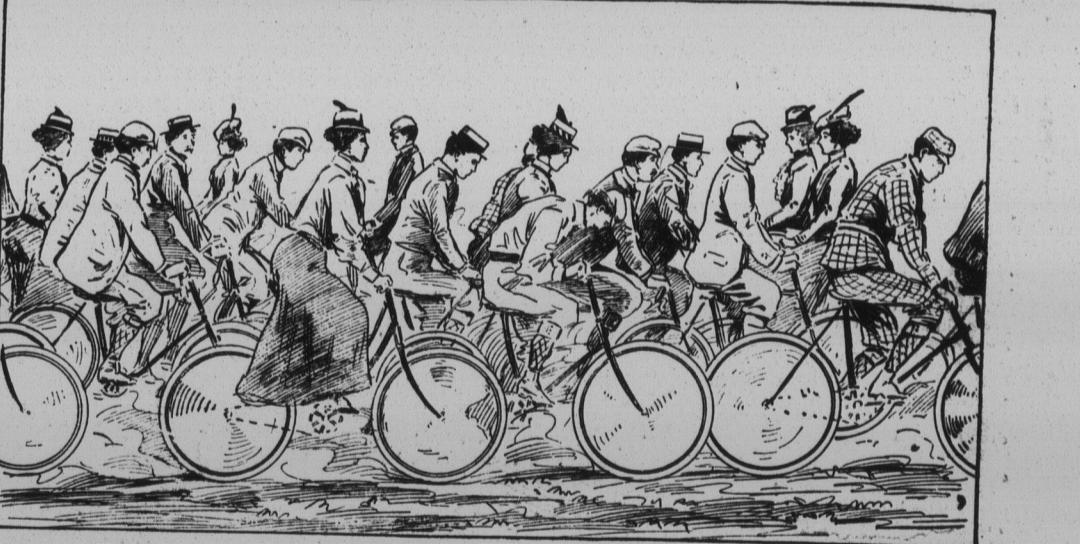
Time to Save.
Husband: "There, the house is furnished at last, and now we can begin to save money."
Wife: "Yes, we must save all we can, for the furniture we got first will soon be out of fashion."

Bicyclists Must Be Strong and Healthy to Fully Enjoy the Pleasures of Wheeling.

Paine's Celery Compound

Imparts Physical Strength and is a Perfect Restorer of Nervous Energy.

An Opinion from a World Champion.



The young, middle aged and even those in advanced years are looking forward to a season of recreation and pleasure through the use of the bicycle. Wheeling, under certain conditions is undoubtedly conducive to the health of both men and women. People who are weak, broken in health and suffering from impaired nervous energy, only increase their troubles and aggravate their ailments when they use the bicycle. It is a well known fact that many suffering from nerve troubles, physical weakness, heart irregularities and nervous dyspepsia have hastened their end through wheeling. If young and old desire to wheel for health and enjoyment they must be strong and vigorous before the exercise is indulged in. The use of Paine's Celery Compound for a few days will quickly brace and tone the nervous system and give all needed strength to the weak body. The blood will be made pure, circulation perfect, the brain clear, the eyes bright and the spirits buoyant. After these blessings are acquired wheeling is a pleasure and benefit. It is also worthy of note that Paine's Celery Compound is the great recuperator and restorer of strength in cases where long distance riders have exhausted their energies and strength by hard and fast riding. From amongst the thousands of amateur and professional bicyclists who have obtained health, strength and vigor from the use of Paine's Celery Compound, we are permitted to use the letter of Champion C. W. Miller, who astonished the world by his wonderful six days ride. Mr. Miller says: "I won the six days' bicycle race in Madison Square Garden. I covered 3007 miles and beat my next competitor 22 miles. Two weeks from the date of that exhaustive struggle I would not have known that it happened. I was in as good condition as any man could possibly be. I owe to Paine's Celery Compound a debt of personal gratitude. For several years I have occasionally used this splendid spring remedy when I felt out of sorts and run down. I have been a professional bicyclist for about three years; before that I was in the grocery business. Before the big race in New York, feeling that I ought to be in the best possible condition, because a nervous breakdown on the track is the one thing all well trained men are afraid of, I began to use Paine's Celery Compound. It was a part of my successful training. "But what I feel I ought to tell you is this: that after the race, when I had used up every bit of energy that I could and was as far broken down as a man would naturally be at such a tax upon his energies, I felt the need of something to tone up my system, to restore my nerves which were somewhat shaken, to give me an appetite which I had lost, and I fell back upon Paine's Celery Compound. I assure you that it did me so much good that I am very glad indeed to send you this letter. "Trusting that riders who are not put to such severe tests as I, and perhaps couldn't stand such severe tests, may have the benefit of my experience, and use what I consider a perfect restorer of impaired nervous energy, I am, Yours truly, C. W. MILLER. Champion Long Distance Rider of the World."



...NESS
...pire can
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...RISE".
...gone their way, the shopman turned round to another customer who was waiting, and with a knowing wink said, "I wonder how they'll like 'em? They've got a bundle of our best—dummies!"
...No Harm as Done.
...Not long back a strongly built fellow was brought up at the G— Petty Sessions, to meet a charge of violent assault. The case was proved, and the prisoner was sentenced to a month's hard labour. During the trial he had contrived to loosen one of his heavy boots, and, just as sentence was pronounced, he flung the boot vigorously at the head of the presiding magistrate. What followed is graphically related by a local newspaper with a delightful touch of uncompassionate humor:—"This desperate act," (says the leader-writer) "might have been attended with most disastrous consequences, but fortunately the missile only struck a reporter, so that no harm was done."
...Look the Same.
...Yeast—"Did you ever take any of those mud baths?"
...Crimsonbeak—"Well, I ran for office once."—Yonkers Statesman.

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Spring Lamb, Cornwallis Beef, Cukes, Spinach, and Rhubarb.
PHOS. DEAN, City Market

NOTICE.

NOTICE is hereby given that under and by virtue of the power of sale contained in the certain indenture of mortgage bearing date the twenty-third day of January in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and ninety-four, and registered in the office of the Registrar of Deeds in and for the City and County of St. John as number 65887, in Book 56 of Records pages 50, 51, 52 and 53, on the seventh day of February A. D. 1894, and made between William Thompson of the City of Saint John in the City and County of St. John and Province of New Brunswick and Mary Knox of the same place, widow of the late James Knox of the one part, and George E. Fenety of the City of Fredericton in the County of York and Province aforesaid, Queen's Printer of the other part, there will for the purpose of satisfying the money secured and made payable in and by the said indenture of mortgage default having been made in the payment thereof, be sold at public auction at Chubb's Corner, so called, in the said City of St. John, on SATURDAY, THE TWENTY-SECOND DAY OF JULY NEXT, at the hour of twelve of the clock noon of that day, the lands and premises in the said indenture of mortgage described as following:—
"That is to say:—
"A. ALL THAT CERTAIN LOT, PIECE OR parcel of land situate lying and being in the city of Saint John aforesaid and bounded and described as follows:—Beginning at the South West Corner of Duke and Westworth Streets thence running along the Southern side of Duke Street forty feet in a Westerly direction thence southerly and parallel to Westworth Street one hundred and five feet thence Easterly parallel to Duke Street forty feet to Westworth Street thence southerly along Westworth Street to the place of beginning."
"B. ALL THAT CERTAIN OTHER parcel of land situated and bounded as follows:—Beginning at the West side of Westworth Street thence southerly one hundred and five feet from Duke Street thence southerly twenty one feet on Westworth Street thence Easterly at right angles to Westworth Street thirty feet to the place of beginning."
"C. ALL THAT CERTAIN OTHER parcel of land situated and bounded as follows:—Beginning at the West side of Westworth Street thence southerly one hundred and five feet from Duke Street thence southerly twenty one feet on Westworth Street thence Easterly at right angles to Westworth Street thirty feet to the place of beginning."
"D. ALL THAT CERTAIN OTHER parcel of land situated and bounded as follows:—Beginning at the West side of Westworth Street thence southerly one hundred and five feet from Duke Street thence southerly twenty one feet on Westworth Street thence Easterly at right angles to Westworth Street thirty feet to the place of beginning."
"E. ALL THAT CERTAIN OTHER parcel of land situated and bounded as follows:—Beginning at the West side of Westworth Street thence southerly one hundred and five feet from Duke Street thence southerly twenty one feet on Westworth Street thence Easterly at right angles to Westworth Street thirty feet to the place of beginning."
"F. ALL THAT CERTAIN OTHER parcel of land situated and bounded as follows:—Beginning at the West side of Westworth Street thence southerly one hundred and five feet from Duke Street thence southerly twenty one feet on Westworth Street thence Easterly at right angles to Westworth Street thirty feet to the place of beginning."
"G. ALL THAT CERTAIN OTHER parcel of land situated and bounded as follows:—Beginning at the West side of Westworth Street thence southerly one hundred and five feet from Duke Street thence southerly twenty one feet on Westworth Street thence Easterly at right angles to Westworth Street thirty feet to the place of beginning."
"H. ALL THAT CERTAIN OTHER parcel of land situated and bounded as follows:—Beginning at the West side of Westworth Street thence southerly one hundred and five feet from Duke Street thence southerly twenty one feet on Westworth Street thence Easterly at right angles to Westworth Street thirty feet to the place of beginning."
"I. ALL THAT CERTAIN OTHER parcel of land situated and bounded as follows:—Beginning at the West side of Westworth Street thence southerly one hundred and five feet from Duke Street thence southerly twenty one feet on Westworth Street thence Easterly at right angles to Westworth Street thirty feet to the place of beginning."
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"S. ALL THAT CERTAIN OTHER parcel of land situated and bounded as follows:—Beginning at the West side of Westworth Street thence southerly one hundred and five feet from Duke Street thence southerly twenty one feet on Westworth Street thence Easterly at right angles to Westworth Street thirty feet to the place of beginning."
"T. ALL THAT CERTAIN OTHER parcel of land situated and bounded as follows:—Beginning at the West side of Westworth Street thence southerly one hundred and five feet from Duke Street thence southerly twenty one feet on Westworth Street thence Easterly at right angles to Westworth Street thirty feet to the place of beginning."
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"V. ALL THAT CERTAIN OTHER parcel of land situated and bounded as follows:—Beginning at the West side of Westworth Street thence southerly one hundred and five feet from Duke Street thence southerly twenty one feet on Westworth Street thence Easterly at right angles to Westworth Street thirty feet to the place of beginning."
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"Z. ALL THAT CERTAIN OTHER parcel of land situated and bounded as follows:—Beginning at the West side of Westworth Street thence southerly one hundred and five feet from Duke Street thence southerly twenty one feet on Westworth Street thence Easterly at right angles to Westworth Street thirty feet to the place of beginning."
"AA. ALL THAT CERTAIN OTHER parcel of land situated and bounded as follows:—Beginning at the West side of Westworth Street thence southerly one hundred and five feet from Duke Street thence southerly twenty one feet on Westworth Street thence Easterly at right angles to Westworth Street thirty feet to the place of beginning."
"AB. ALL THAT CERTAIN OTHER parcel of land situated and bounded as follows:—Beginning at the West side of Westworth Street thence southerly one hundred and five feet from Duke Street thence southerly twenty one feet on Westworth Street thence Easterly at right angles to Westworth Street thirty feet to the place of beginning."
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"CJ. ALL THAT CERT

The Mystery of Redcliffe Manor.

By the Author of "Married, But Not Mated," "A Woman of the World," etc.

CHAPTER I.

WITHOUT A CHARACTER.

Charing Cross Station at night, with its bustling throng of passengers hurrying on their different ways, its din of traffic, and the rattle of cabs; above the blue electric light pouring its glare on the busy scene.

A woman stood under the illuminated clock, waiting, as so many have done before her—for what?

She scarcely knew herself. She was not going to travel anywhere, she expected no friend presently to hurry up to her out of the moving crowd, with kindly greetings.

Alone, without a penny in the world. This thought dimly shaped itself in Adela's Deane's mind.

Since the morning she had wandered far. She had not tasted food for many hours, having spent her last penny on a stale roll at a small coffee-shop.

At last, finding herself opposite to the brilliantly-lighted portal of the great station, she went in mechanically.

The waiting rooms were crowded, and to her morbid fancy it seemed that more than one curious glance followed her.

It might have been so, for, in spite of the unnatural pallor caused by trouble and privation, Adela Deane was a remarkably beautiful woman.

She wore a nurse's uniform of silver-grey, with long black, close-fitting bonnet, and veil thrown back.

It was shabby, but scrupulously neat and clean, and the neat, straight folds of the plain gown suited the graceful, queen-like figure of the girl who wore it as nothing else would have done.

Her features were slightly austere in their classical moulding; but the hazel eyes, under the level black brows, shone clear and steadfast.

Her lips closed firmly, and had a slight downward droop at the corners, betokening sternness to strangers to mirth.

A fine, strong line—one that had looked upon death and sorrow, and gauged the mystery of life to its core.

She was desperately hungry, faint and dazed.

The madness of despair seized her. "What shall I do? I cannot stay here all night. But where can I find shelter?"

The river—no pain—a cold, shuddering plunge, and all would be over. But it is cruel—hard; I am young, strong, full of energy and life. Could I but get work, but, no, it is useless; no one will employ a woman without a friend—without a character—bitterly. "God alone knows I am innocent; He will forgive me for ending this torture."

She was slowly moving away, when a hand was suddenly laid on her arm.

"You are punctual nurse; that is well. But I have kept you waiting, I am afraid. I was detained on business, and now I have an appointment for which I fear I shall be late. Will you come back with me to Gardner's Hotel? I have a cab, and we can talk on the way."

The speaker was a tall, dark man of about fifty, with powerful, rugged features and strange, deeply set black eyes.

He bent them on Adela's face and scrutinized it closely.

"You will do I think," he said quietly, lighting a cigarette. "I am late, as I have said, and cannot wait to see the other two applicants. They are not here, glancing round. Good—that is enough. I hate unpunctual people, and will write to-morrow to decline their services. Here comes the cab."

"You are mistaken, indeed," Adela began; but her attempt at explanation was lost in the roar and rattle of the traffic around them.

"Get in! What are you waiting for?" the stranger said, peremptorily.

She obeyed, as in a dream. Indeed, as she learned later, those who disobeyed Dr. Barrington generally did it to their bitter cost.

And suddenly a strange idea shot through her brain, sending the blood to her pale cheeks.

This man was evidently a doctor. Hospital trained, Adela recognized the 'professional' cut of his clothes, his keenly-observant eye, and the manners of one accustomed to control and command.

He wanted a nurse—why should she not, at least, try for the post?

Fate played into her hands.

"Hear me!" she insisted, as the cab turned into a quiet thoroughfare and at last she could make herself heard. "I know of no advertisement—I have never seen you in my life before. But I want work—oh! so badly, with a sob in her voice. 'For the love of Heaven save me from starvation. I am quite alone in the world, and have been cruelly wronged.'"

Paul Barrington was about to order the cab to stop. He was angry with himself for making a blunder, and wasting precious time, and had intended to put Adela out on the pavement without further delay, and drive on, but at her last words he paused.

"I made a stupid mistake; but, after all, that is not your fault. Perhaps I can help you, if you tell me your story," he said, again fixing her with a searching gaze.

"It is commonplace enough—the story of many, who, like myself, are among the flotsam and jetsam of this great cruel city. My name is Deane. My parents died when I was quite young, leaving me unprovided for, save the slender sum which paid for my training as a nurse—a career I chose for love of the work."

"I was successful, for my heart and soul were in it. In time I was noticed, promoted; at last, I was sent to nurse an import-

ant case in the country—an old lady, rich, half-crazy. Her maid, Martha Slater, was jealous of the influence I gained over her—a gold bracelet was missing, and this woman produced it, one day, saying that it had been found in my room.

"I tried to vindicate myself in vain, and I was dismissed from the Institute I worked for, for my late employer was a valuable client, whom it would be imprudent to offend. I have spent all my small savings in trying to get work; this morning I was turned out of my lodgings, for I could not pay the week's rent in advance, and I have pawned, or sold, my few possessions for to-day."

Paul Barrington had remained silent while Adela was telling her story. He had a keen knowledge of the world—a wonderfully clear judgment of men and women.

His piercing gaze read Adela correctly. He was certain of the truth of her narrative.

A purpose shaped itself in his mind. Adela's face was turned away to hide the tears with which her eyes were brimming over, or the strange expression which lit up across the inscrutable countenance of the man beside her might have warned her that it was perilous to trust one of whom she knew nothing.

"You are alone in the world—have absolutely no friends or relatives in London?" he said, slowly.

"None. I am reserved by nature, and do not make friends easily. I was called 'the recluse' at the Institute, for I did not care for the other nurses, and associated with them as little as possible—with a sad smile. 'Perhaps it would have been better for me now had I taken more pains to conciliate them. But it is useless to regret the past.'"

"Useless to regret it, indeed! Rather bury it, and begin a new life from to-day. I think I can help you. But here is Gardner's Hotel. We will talk no more, however, till you have had something to eat. Oh! you need have no scruple," with quick interpretation of Adela's shrinking gesture. "That dress of yours and my valise are passports anywhere."

He smiled as he pointed to the smart brown portmanteau with the words "Paul Barrington, M. D." painted in square black letters on its side.

Everything about Dr. Barrington bore the same air of spick-and-spanness. His clothes were faultlessly cut.

His sleek hair, black as jet, contrasted vividly with the dead whiteness of his skin—almost disagreeably so—though he was undoubtedly a handsome man.

There was one peculiarity about his face which struck Adela unpleasantly. His eyes were narrow, and set somewhat obliquely, in the manner of an Oriental rather than of a European, and this defect gave him a furtive expression at times.

He was apt to look at one from half-closed lids, veiling his own thoughts, while some magnetic power compelled others to disclose theirs to him.

But now and then a sudden flash in the dark depths of those strange orbs spoke of stormy passions kept in check—an iron will—limitless ambition.

Adela Deane was too faint and exhausted to criticize very keenly the appearance of Paul Barrington.

He seemed a gentleman, and evidently wished to befriend her.

His position and her own exalted the unconventionality of the situation, and she clung to the hope that he would give her work—so long vainly sought.

The waiter brought a steaming pot of fragrant tea and some cut lemons up to the private sitting room which was Dr. Barrington's, and set them, with dainty twisted rolls and golden shells of butter, on the table.

"Bring something more substantial, please, and a small decanter of brandy. This lady has had a long journey, and is tired and exhausted. Also order another room: she will stay here to-night, and leave with me to-morrow. By-the-by, has a gentleman called during my absence?" queried the doctor.

"Yes, sir. Card on mantelpiece. Said he would look in later, and 'as written something on the back.'"

The tiny oblong of white pasteboard was stuck in the edge of the mirror, and the name which it bore had intused a shade more of obsequiousness into the waiter's manner.

"The Honourable Cosmo Villiers, Atherton Towers, Eastbridge."

On the reverse side a few words were scribbled.

"Will see you later in the evening. You may expect a visit from Connie, who is in town. Be prepared."

The doctor knitted his brows as he tore up the card and threw it away.

Buried in apparently unpleasant thought, he stood staring into the mirror.

There was a jingle of dishes, and a savoury smell arose.

With a start, Dr. Barrington roused himself.

"Good! Fricassee chicken and green peas, with new potatoes. I'll dine now, and keep you company, instead of later. Did you ever taste tea made in the Russian fashion? No? I will prepare some for you, and you shall tell me how you like it. A dish of brandy will do you no harm. I insist"—putting aside her outstretched hand.

He purposely busied himself with all teapot and lemons, while Adela ate almost ravenously of the savoury food before her.

The hot tea was like nectar, and the brandy in it made her blood course more quickly through her veins, sending a glow from head to heel.

The doctor proceeded with his own meal, appearing too busy with it to notice her; but he marked the rich colour returning to her cheeks, the brightness to her sunken eyes, with satisfaction.

Adela little dreamed that, had he not foreseen in her a possible instrument and aid, he would have let her perish in the gutter rather than throw her so much as a farthing.

"You have indeed been good to me. I feel a new creature," she said, at last, when the remains of their impromptu meal had been cleared away.

"That is all right. Now, to business. I will give you work, for which you will be paid well, on certain conditions. You may not care to accept them; if so, the remedy is in your own hands; with an expressive gesture towards the door. 'Now, listen, and do not interrupt me, for time grows short, looking at his watch. 'I expect a lady very minute, whom I wish you also to see. She is a sister of a private patient of mine—for I do not take general practice, but have a home for paying guests, we will call it, at the seaside, in the North of England. I receive, as inmates, persons who are not insane in the full meaning of the term, but who suffer from certain forms of delusion, rendering it necessary that they should be kept under supervision, and if requisite, restraint. In short, my establishment is a high-class private asylum, though we avoid as much as possible any emphasis on the fact.'"

"You are married, then?" queried Adela, who had noticed Dr. Barrington's use of the plural pronoun.

It was a relief to think there would be a lady of the h.c.u.

"No. My sister, Miss Barrington lives with me, but she is something of an invalid, and has nothing to do with the inmates. I want a sensible, strong-minded woman—who has no nerves or fads, to help regulate the household, manage the servants, and keep our guests—we carefully avoid calling them patients—in good humor. By-the-by, can you play or sing?"

"Yes, both—a little, I am fond of music, but, naturally, have not had much time for it," Adela replied.

"Good. Outdoor pursuits—tennis, boating?"

"I play a fairly good game of the former, and row pretty well, I think. We lived near the river before my parents died, so I had plenty of practice."

"Good again. Have you had any experience with mental cases?" and last, but not least, are you nervous?"

"I have nursed several cases of the kind you describe, though, naturally, I have had nothing to do with dangerous insanity. But I may say I am not in the least nervous, and I have never had a day's illness in my life."

Dr. Barrington nodded approvingly.

"Just the sort of person I want. Well, Nurse Deane—I think you said that was your name?—I offer you the vacant post in my household, at the salary of a hundred a year. You are as she looked up, surprised at the largeness of the sum—"it is high pay; but I am not a mean man. I shall exact of you a good deal in return—tact, discretion, secrecy, obedience to my directions, and, even if you think them strange, no questioning or argument. And, above all, loyalty to my interests, absolute silence as to what you may see and hear at Redcliffe Manor. Another thing, I give no holidays. Those who enter my employment stay in it—until they leave for good."

A peculiarly sinister expression flickered on his thin lips; but it was unobserved by Adela, as he was pacing the room while speaking, and, at the moment, his back was turned to her.

"You said you had no one belonging to you—no friends with whom you even corresponded?"

"The curious insistence in the tone struck Adela.

He had before asked the question.

"Why do you ask me this?" she interrogated, vaguely uneasy.

"I will be plain with you. My position, with regard to my patients and their friends is a delicate one. There is a skeleton in the cupboard of many a noble house, and were gossip respecting some of those unfortunates to reach the outer world, my occupation would be gone. I am, consequently, stout at Redcliffe respecting the Manor and its inhabitants. Letters might be tampered with—intercepted—a thousand things."

"You are a handsome woman. If you are a Hamilton Lady"

Find Laxa-Liver Pills a perfect cure for Sick Headache.

Fully ninety per cent. of the women of this country suffer from sick headache. Liver disorder and constipation are at the bottom of the trouble.

Laxa-Liver Pills cure the headache by correcting the cause.

And they do their work easily and perfectly without any gripe, pain or sickening.

But the Hamilton lady we referred to—Her name is Mrs. John Tomlinson. Her address is 107 Steven St. North. This is what she says:

"Being troubled with severe headaches, I was advised by a friend to try Laxa-Liver Pills. I only required to use half a bottle when the headache vanished and I have not been troubled with it since."

Laxa-Liver Pills 25c., all druggists.

Dr. Wood's Norway Pine Syrup is the simplest, safest, quickest cure for all coughs and colds of children or adults. Price 25c.

had a lover, he might hang about the village, or try to visit you. Both these things I should, naturally, have to forbid. You having no ties is an advantage to me—if a mistress for yourself. I am frank, as you see; but, remember, you are in so way bound to accept my offer."

There was silence for a moment or two. Then it was broken by Adela.

"I will take the post, and agree to your conditions," she said, quietly. "I would accept your service at a given notice of three months if there is dissatisfaction on either side."

"Oh, yes, of course!" responded Dr. Barrington, easily. "But I do not think you will be unhappy at Redcliffe Manor. It is a luxurious home, and everything is done on the principle of a well-regulated private house. We have a splendid library and beautiful garden, beyond which our guests are not allowed to go without supervision. But I will not waste time on details now, for, if I mistake not, here is our visitor."

CHAPTER II.

A MYSTERIOUS LETTER.

"Miss Constance Villiers."

The waiter ushered in a tall, slender girl, elegantly dressed in an exquisite gown of French muslin, with picture hat and flowers to match.

She was not pretty, though her small regular features, and the finely pencilled eyebrows over her pale blue eyes, gave her an indescribable air of high breeding.

"Doctor Barrington!"—there was a pleading melancholy in the low refined voice. "I heard from Cosmo you were in town, and I could not help coming, though, I fear you have no good news to give me."

The doctor bowed with courtly grace over her hand, and led her to a seat.

"Would I could contradict you, Miss Villiers," he sighed, deeply; "but, alas! I cannot."

There is no change—no shade of improvement?"

A sob choked the words.

"None whatever, I am grieved to say. In bodily health, Lord Erceldoune is well; but the fits of depression, the strange delusions, continue always, in spite of every effort to dispel them, and, I fear, there is little chance of his recovery. It would be wrong to deceive you with false hopes, gravely."

"My poor darling Ralph! Oh! Doctor Barrington, be merciful. If you have a heart try to soften Cosmo, and say that I may see him. He always loved me; perhaps it would do him good—"

The tears coursed down Constance Villiers' pale cheeks.

"I regret to seem unfeeling, but I am sure Mr. Villiers is right. Lord Erceldoune is best without visitors. There is no knowing what turn his malady may take—al excitement is bad for him."

Ralph would never hurt me, he loves me too well," she moaned. "Pray, pray let me see him—if but for a few minutes."

"My dear young lady it is impossible," said Dr. Barrington, with a faint gesture of impatience. "Why prolong so painful a subject? Lord Erceldoune is well-cared for, and, in his lucid intervals, perfectly contented. Your visits might destroy any slender chances of his recovery. This lady—pointing to Adela—will endorse what I tell you. She understands the care of such mental cases as Lord Erceldoune's and is going down with me to-morrow, to help take charge of him."

But Constance Villiers hardly seemed to hear his last words.

Her pale face was flushed, her eyes shone like blue sparks of fire.

"Happy I—well-cared for! I have no faith in you!" she cried, she cried scornfully. "You and Cosmo are leagued together in wickedness. I do not believe Ralph is really mad; or, if he is, you have driven him so by keeping him prisoner and separating him from human companionship!"

Then turning to Adela, she cried, as she pointed to Paul Barrington—"Beware of that man—he is false—cruel. No human heart beats within his breast, but one cold as ice. Paul Barrington, if there is justice in Heaven you and my brother Cosmo will one day have to answer for much; and such mercy as you have shown Ralph will then be your portion!"

Dr. Barrington rang the bell.

He was very white, and his lips were rigidly set, as he turned towards Constance.

"You will allow me to see you to your carriage?" he said, calmly, fixing her with the strange gaze Adela was already learning to know and dread.

Constance Villiers' sudden flash of spirit had burnt itself out already, as is the case with weak, impulsive natures.

Cold and trembling with the reaction, she obeyed, as in a dream.

In a few minutes, Paul came upstairs again.

"That is the sort of gratitude one gets for guarding other people's family secrets. I am sorry you should have heard such a tirade—only a sample of many. One gets used to them, fortunately. Lord Erceldoune has been with me some years."

"It is a sad story, to long to enter on now; but he is insane, and, I fear, hopelessly so. A great trouble to his family, and his brother, Cosmo Villiers, the heir, is anxious to keep the matter from the world, for his own and his sister's sake. But enough of this for to-night. I advise you to retire to rest. We leave London to-morrow by the ten o'clock express for the North."

Adela obeyed; but she felt disturbed and excited by the strange events which had crowded so thickly upon each other, and her temples ached and throbbled.

It was a sultry night, and she longed for a draught of cool water.

Her nurse's instinct forbade her to drink from the carafe on the washstand; but she recollected having seen a stone filter on the chiffonier in Dr. Barrington's sitting-room and glasses.

She went downstairs, and was about to knock, and apologise for her appearance,

when she heard angry voices within the room, the door being slightly ajar.

The doctor was speaking.

"I tell you it is impossible. You do not know how strict a watch is kept upon such places as mine, and, as it is, I have run enormous risks. Do you think I am fool enough to put my neck in a halter? No you must be patient for a while longer or I give up the whole thing. By-the-by, I hope you have brought the cheque you promised me. My expenses are large and—"

"My dear fellow, you are like the horse-leech," thickly. "For my word, it only seems yesterday I gave you five hundred. How long is the affair to drag on, eh?"

"You have been drinking heavily again," said Paul Barrington, sternly. "If you keep on in your present way of life, you will kill yourself before you come into your inheritance. I am taking a new woman down with me—the last one suspected and might have rained us."

"Good Heavens, Barrington! You don't mean to say you let her go off the premises, knowing what would utterly destroy us both if—"

The speaker seemed suddenly sobered by fear.

"You may safely leave those details to me," with a grim laugh. "There is no need for uneasiness on that score. But your sister—I feel rather anxious—at all costs, she must be kept away."

"I suppose she treated you to one of her tantrums, as usual! A jolly time I have of it, I can assure you. I'll soon manage her, though. She can't go down to Redcliffe, for she hasn't a sou except what I dole out to her, and I want all the coin I can lay hands on just now, cunningly."

"Do not forget our compact—when my work is done," said Paul Barrington, sternly. "Your sister is to be my wife—her fortune by your father's will, untouched. Beware if you make away with a penny of it during your guardianship."

"Oh! will I! I'll do my best. But you can't drag a woman to the altar of this nineteenth century. Connie hates you like poison. How you ever induce her to marry you passes my comprehension."

"Leave that to me—when the time comes."

There was a sinister merriment in the words which caused the listening women to shudder.

A movement in the room made Adela retreat hastily up the softly-carpeted stairs; but she paused at the landing, and saw Dr. Barrington take leave of Cosmo Villiers.

The latter was undressed, mean-looking man, with white bloated face, and furtive, shifty expression.

Adela Deane sank breathless into a chair, her brain in a whirl.

The floor seemed to give way under her feet.

Was it all a horrible dream? Dr. Barrington her benefactor, a criminal of the blackest dye—for the conversation she had overheard between the two men led no room for doubt that some awful piece of wickedness had been planned and was being carried out at Redcliffe Manor.

Her first impulse was to fly—to seek the shelter of the streets, which, full of human misery and wickedness were yet safer than the unknown perils of the life before her.

Constance Villiers' strange words had filled her with vague misgiving, but she had put them down to anxiety and sorrow on her brother's account.

They came back to her now with overwhelming force.

A wild idea came to her, of seeking Miss Villiers, and telling her all she had overheard; but the next moment she saw it would be useless.

The girl was evidently in her brother Cosmo's power, and it might bring terrible consequences upon her if he knew she had discovered his secret.

Besides, who would take the word of a friendless, destitute woman dismissed without a character for her last employment, against that of Paul Barrington?

She might swear to the conversation she had overheard between him and Cosmo Villiers, but it would be regarded as mere malicious invention, or the fragments of a

Continued on Fifteenth Page.



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 Bile, Nausea, Drowsiness, Bad Taste in the Mouth, Costive Tongue Pain in the Bowels, TORPID LIVER. They Regulate the Bowels. Purely Vegetable.

Small Pill. Small Dose.

Substitution

the fraud of the day.

See you get Carter's,

Insist and demand

Carter's Little Liver Pills.

will cure...
To and...
one do...
every...
four...
Druggis...
stamp.

Sunday Reading About the Kingdom of God

It is customary to speak of two advents, the first and the second coming of our Lord; his first advent in the flesh of our salvation, and his second advent in glory for judgment of the quick and the dead.

What is the nature of this kingdom? What is the principal, what is the power, of this sovereignty? What is the aim of the rule of God on earth, and what is the power by which that rule is made effective?

There is no higher or profounder study for mankind than theology, or a religious education. If God is in all of our thoughts then our education will draw us to him, but it, on the other hand, we allow ourselves to become engrossed purely with the study of material things, we shall be withdrawn from the pursuit of the higher and better knowledge of spiritual things.

PARSONS PILLS will cure Biliousness, Constipation, all Liver complaints. They expel impurities from the blood. Delicate women find sure relief from using them.

tenace and faith do we receive our pardon and adoption. Commensurate with this radical method of administration are the results secured by the Kingdom of God. No change can be more radical than one which is rational, spiritual and personal.

Education has opened many doors and illuminated many mysterious passages. It has been the searchlight of discovery; it has led even into the secret places of the Most High, for study has evolved and developed matters that God intended we should seek out.

There is a small boy in a certain Scottish town who is noted for his shrewdness. The other day he was sent by his father to a neighboring public house with the following order: 'Please send to our house ten dozen of ale.'

For a moment Johnnie was puzzled, knowing that his father wouldn't like him to exactly tell the truth. Then an idea occurred to him, and he replied: 'I'm no verri sure, but I think he's ganna tae mak' a cork tram, and he'll need the corks.'

Refreshment Sleep COMES WHEN Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills ARE USED. Miss Margaret Brown, 627 Colborne St., London, Ont., says: "My mother has been afflicted with nervousness and general debility for a long time."

well we know its importance, both as a means toward a successful livelihood and as a refining and cultivating influence. The young man who is so fortunate as to begin life with this substantial and solid understructure has a grand start on the road of great possibilities, and the self-made man will never cease to regret the loss of that information which could not fail to be a supplement to his natural cleverness or ability.

Prayer is the secret of all growing and enduring spiritual influence, whether of individuals or organizations; and it is prayer indeed which gives all Christian work its true value and fruitfulness, because it opens the way for God himself to do his work.

Putting Out the Fire. A great coal mine in Pennsylvania took fire a little while ago, and notwithstanding great efforts were made to smother it or confine it to a limited area, the flames spread rapidly, the gangs of men were gradually driven back, and it soon became certain that the mine would be a total loss unless the fire were put out.

The Courage of Love. The greater part of a swan's life is spent in magnificently concealing the fact that he is a great coward, except when he is nesting, for then he is no coward.

Russia possesses the largest standing army on earth. Every year some 280,000 conscripts join the Russian forces, which in time of peace number 1,000,000 men. On a war-footing this rises to 2,500,000 and calling out the reserves would increase it to 6,947,000 well trained soldiers.

Chase and Sanborn's COFFEE "SEAL BRAND" JAVA and MOCHA BEST COFFEE GROWN IN THE WORLD. Carefully Selected from Private Plantations, every kernel is perfect.

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CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS SICK HEADACHE Positively cured by these Little Pills. They also relieve Distress from Dyspepsia, Indigestion and Too Hearty Eating.

News from Bookland.

Mr. Richard Watson Gilder, editor of the Century, tells this little joke at his own expense: 'One day a young woman came into my office and submitted some poems. I told her that I would read them. When she came back I advised her not to offer them for sale. I told her that I was afraid that she could never succeed in the line of literature.'

Frank Bullen as a Weather Sharp. Frank T. Bullen, the author of the Cruise of the Cachalot, lives in London, where he is employed in the Government Meteorological office. He is a slender little bearded man, modest and unassuming in manner. He is, however, quite as effective a speaker as he is a writer. He frequently makes addresses before charitable organizations, and always with the greatest success.

His Cruise of the Cachalot, which has started a new school in sea tales, is the result of his personal experience as a mate on a whaling vessel. Every incident in his thrilling narrative happened, or might have happened, to the author. Not long ago a New Bedford (Massachusetts) newspaper endeavored to learn whether the stories were truth or fiction. Interviews with scores of past and present whalers brought out that it must have been founded on fact; that it could not have been written by a man who had not been on a whaling voyage. Mr. Bullen has completed a new novel along the same lines, which promises to be even more thrilling than its predecessor.

Versatile Mr. Henderson.

In his younger days William J. Henderson, the eminent musical critic and author, composer and yachtsman, was a contributor to a popular weekly. He was the author of the Shinbone stories of 1884-5. One day he received the honorary degree of A. M. from Princeton. He marveled at this, because he had not been a popular student with the faculty.

'I think it was on account of your literary work,' said a friend to him one day. 'Your poetry and serious work, yes,' interposed a friend, 'but not your nigger stories, Billy. Not they.'

A year or two afterward Mr. Henderson had, so the story goes, a chance to speak to a member of the faculty as to the effect his early humorous stories had in securing the degree.

'It was granted in spite of them, Mr. Henderson,' was the reply.

Crawford's Earthquake.

F. Marion Crawford, the novelist, who was believed by many admirers to be a woman for years after he became known, on account of his name, will not visit America this season unless he changes his plan materially. In 1898 he went over the same lecture field now being covered by Ian MacLaren.

It was during this trip that the novelist had the first experience with an American earthquake. It was in San Francisco, and the shock was one of the greatest known on the slope for years. Mr. Crawford was lunching at the hotel with his lecture manager when suddenly the building began to tremble with that sickening motion which is peculiar to earthquakes. Then the tables shook, and the dishes fell clattering to the floor.

In an instant there was panic. Men and women rushed from the room. Some religiously inclined guest began to pray, and several women fainted. The manager rose and staggered toward the door, but Mr. Crawford caught him and pulled him back in his chair.

'What is it?' gasped the manager. 'Nothing,' answered the novelist, reaching for another slice of bread.

'But the building is collapsing.'

'Nonsense. It's over now.'

'But what is it?'

'It's only an earthquake. We get them in Italy right along. It doesn't amount to

anything. What kind of dessert are you going to have?'

Perhaps the most remunerative of first efforts, from the publisher's point of view is David Harum. It is understood that ninety thousand copies of the book have been printed, and that, in last March alone, 29,000 copies were sold. Not only is David Harum one of the most successful of initial ventures, but is one of the best-selling books of the year. Of all the novels of 1898 Mr. Westcott's posthumous work has had the most romantic career.

Mr. Westcott was nearly fifty years of age when he began its composition. He had been stricken with mortal illness which unfitted him for his other work, when he took up literature purely as a diversion. After it was finished, he submitted it to two Chicago publishers, to two New York firms, and to one in Boston and one in Philadelphia before it was accepted by a third, a New York publisher.

The manuscript was received during Christmas week 1897, and was accepted early in the new year. The author never saw the book in print, for he died of consumption in Syracuse, New York, on March 31, 1898.

How Mr. Westcott came to write David Harum is almost as singular as how the publishers to whom he sent his story first came to decline it, and that is one of the things which passeth all understanding. Mr. Westcott was born in Syracuse in 1847, and spent his active life in a banking office. He took up his story when illness forced him out of business. The writing occupied his mind. It diverted his attention from himself. He found solace in his work. As it grew in length his interest in it increased. The characters were living persons to the creator. Their deeds and misdeeds were part of a life that filled his own hiling days with keen delight.

The story, if local historians of Central New York are to be believed, contained incidents from the author's personal observation. Its hero is said to have been the late David Hannum, of Homer—a famous character in that hamlet.

Hannum was a showman horse-trader and thrifty business man, whose ready wit and sturdy sense form the basis of many stories current to this day in that region between the classic cities of Syracuse and Troy, Utica and Rome.

It is said that considerable of the author's own life enters into the character of John Lennox. That it was a lovable life there are many who have borne testimony since its close. This incident is related as an illustration of his loyalty to his friends while he was a schoolboy: One day—it was in the High School—he and his chum, Oliver Bissell, had offended their teacher by some outrageous breach of discipline that could not be overlooked. He therefore called the lads to his desk before the entire class for punishment. Raising a heavy ruler, he asked the boys to hold out their hands. After the first blow was struck young Westcott stepped impulsively forward and thrust out his own hand, saying:

'No more on Ollie's, sir. They're not so wide as your ruler. Strike me twice, but don't you dare to strike him again.'

And the teacher did not dare to, either. Mr. Westcott was married to a niece of the late millionaire wheat-dealer, David Dows. She died in 1890, leaving three children, two of whom are still under age.

None of the young writers who have come to the front during the past twelve-month has achieved a more certain or more widespread fame than Finley Peter Dunne, the Chicago editor who created Mr. Dooley. As a humorist Mr. Dunne is almost without a rival in his own day and generation, yet at the same time he has a potential for earnest, serious work that causes his critics to predict high things from him.

Mr. Dunne is a thorough-going newspaper man of long and active experience, and his Mr. Dooley is the gradual result of many years of good all-round work upon the Tribune, the Evening Post and the Chicago Journal. The first of the Dooley stories appeared in the Chicago Evening Post seven or eight years ago, and continued to be printed in that paper until January last, when Mr. Dunne left the Post to become managing editor of the Journal. In the spring of 1898 the first of the war sketches were printed in the Journal.

Mr. McGarry, the saloon-keeper who is popularly supposed to be the original of Mr. Dooley, is now situated at Madison Avenue, near the lake, though he formerly carried on his business near Newspaper Row. He is a man of genuine Irish wit, with a reserve of sound common sense, and his droll, incisive sayings have for years been the basis of much entertaining reading.

Mr. Dunne was by no means slow in

FREE!



National Manufactory Co., Toronto.

taking advantage of Mr. McGarry's humor, and some excellent Irish dialect stories began to be printed in the Post in which Mr. McGarry appeared under the thin disguise of McNarry. McGarry's friends soon found out the basis of supply and began to nickname the genial old Irishman McNarry. When it came to Colonel McNarry, McGarry could stand it no longer. He made formal complaint to the publisher of the Post, and asked him to write about some one else. Thus it was that Mr. Dooley, of Archway Road, made his bow to the public. But it is a long time now since Mr. McGarry has occurred to Mr. Dunne's imagination as an original, or even a semi-original, of Mr. Dooley.

Mr. Dunne is the hardest kind of a hard worker. He looks rather like a shrewd, effective business man than like a writer, or even a newspaper worker. He knows everybody in Chicago, one would think to follow him through a week's work—every one, that is significant in the life of the city; the politician, the professional man, the man of great affairs, the writer or leader in society—he knows them all, and understands them all with curiously minute knowledge of their relations to one another and to the community at large, and with a comprehension of character which is no less kindly than it is acute.

But much as Mr. Dunne is interested in and knows about the activities of life around him, it is, after all, the other things which move him most deeply and most often. One does not have to read Mr. Dooley too carefully to find in it the evidence of a very genuine care for literature and proof of the writer's constant literary point of view. For it is indeed literature that is closest to Mr. Dunne's heart.

He is only twenty-one years old, and he means to write, sometimes, some things which will be quite in another vein from Mr. Dooley; possibly, indeed, it will be not so far distant to a little volume of essays in American surroundings—in a style not unlike the inimitable face of Mr. Booley: In Peace and in War.

A wholly different career is that of Walter A. Wyckoff, author of The Workers—an epoch-making book, as strange as fiction and as true as life itself, one phase of which it depicts more faithfully probably, than any other book ever written.

Mr. Wyckoff was graduated from Princeton University eleven years ago. He was born in India, where his father was a missionary, and spent his childhood in that country. One of his purposes in entering Princeton was to study theology and enter the ministry. He was and is of a deeply religious nature. He also was and is of an exclusive temperament, and has the manners and speech of a man of society.

Since writing his book, Mr. Wyckoff has become assistant professor of political economy at Princeton, and he frequently goes into other cities and lectures upon the graphic scenes he witnessed while gathering his material.

Many stories have been told of how the author left a country house (said to be that of J. Pierpont Morgan) one night and disappeared from the world he had known, to find a place in the vast army of unknown laborers who literally earn their bread by the sweat of their brow.

Whatever was the manner of his exit, there can be no doubt of the work he performed during his period of self-exile. He tramped the country from East to West without a dollar in his pocket save that earned by his own labor. One would think that during these years of hardship—and Mr. Wyckoff was no play-laborer—the polish of his early life would have been worn off. But it has not, in the least degree.

The Workers was not originally intended as a book. The chapters were first printed in a magazine, and their instant

APIOL & STEEL PILLS. A REMEDY FOR IRRREGULARITIES. Superbly Bitter Apple, Fil Coccolis, Eucalyptol, &c. Order of all Chemists, or post free for \$1.50 from EVANS & SONS, LTD., Montreal and Toronto, Canada. Victoria, B. C., or Martio, Pharmaceutical Chemist, Southampton, Eng.

success has led unto their collection into one of the notable works upon the social problem of the past decade.

THE BEAR CHASED UNCLE BEN.

Had it Been the Other way Uncle Ben Would Have Been Non Est. After lusting bears for more than sixty years 'Uncle Ben' York, the aged West Branch guide, met with his first defeat last Sunday. Since May 1 Ben has been busy taking parties up Millinocket Lake after trout, which are biting well. On two evenings, when walking back to camp, he saw traces of a bear that had crossed the road. On Sunday he went out to make further investigation.

Though the \$5 bounty has been taken off from bears, the pelt, meat and tallow are always valuable, not to mention the furs and excitement which always attend a good bear hunt. Though Uncle Ben is as bad as the average men for six days in the week, he is always pious on Sunday, and while it is not sinful to look at bear tracks on the Lord's day, money cannot hire him to shoot a bear or dig one from his cave between Saturday night and Monday morning. For this reason Uncle Ben took no weapon but a small woodsman's axe when he went out on the Sabbath, thinking of holy things and keeping a sharp lookout for signs of bear.

He had crossed the level tract of land where a big pulp mill is soon to be erected and had entered a rocky road which leads up the side of Gerrish's Mountain, when, passing a clump of black spruces, he came face to face with the bear. He untied the axe from his belt and took off his Mackinaw jacket. The bear growled, sat up on his haunches, and huffed himself in a way that suggested he would like to embrace Uncle Ben for a few minutes. Mr. York made a short detour, hoping to reach the bear from behind, but thought he came out on the up-hill side of his adversary. Brain had made an about-face movement and was ready for the conflict. Uncle Ben made two feints and then struck home with his axe, intending to crush the bear's skull. As the axe came down the bear dodged to one side, and raising his left paw, hit the side of the blade and sent the weapon spinning into the woods.

The bear had twenty sharp claws and nearly as many sharp teeth, all of which were available for fighting purposes. Ben's only weapon was a rusty tobacco knife with a blade not over three inches long. Knowing the advantage which the bear possessed in the way of armament, Uncle Ben turned and ran up the hill as fast as his legs could carry him the bear following about four rods behind.

The top of the mountain is bare of trees and very steep, affording nourishment for nothing larger than hard bark shrubs and a few blueberry bushes. Uncle Ben was nearly winded when he emerged from the woods and began to scale the top, but the bear was apparently as fresh as ever. Catching at the low shrubs to help him along, Uncle Ben was half way to the top when a small willow was pulled up in his hand. He stepped in the hole where the roots had come out and as he did so the hill shook with a tremor and a great mass of earth began to slide down the side of the mountain. Twice the avalanche tumbled over, taking the earth clear down to the ledge. When it turned the third time the mass weighed more than 100 tons, and all of it fell on top of the bear. After that Uncle Ben heard the trees crack in the woods below and saw a broad muddy stream, fringed with second growth of wood, rush and roaring to the plains below. Then he fainted with exhaustion.

'El I had a bin chasin' the bear instead of the bear's chasin' me,' said Uncle Ben, 'just think of whar I'd bin now. It would a took twenty men a hull week ter find the remains.'

Solving It.

Mr. Gladstone once told the following story:— The inhabitants of a village had decided to pull down and rebuild the parish church but they were in a difficulty as to asking the richest man in the place to contribute. Said they—

'What shall we do? Mr. So-and-so is a Quaker. If we ask him to give anything he must refuse. If we pass him he will take offence.'

However, a deputation waited upon the gentleman, and the spokesman put the cautiously. The Quaker considered for a moment, and then replied—

'Friend thou hast judged me rightly. I cannot in conscience contribute to the erection of an Episcopalian church; but didn't thou not say something about pulling down the church? Put my name down for one hundred pounds.'

Direct From Oireland.

Beauty always wins the Irish heart. A 'purity face, a neat ankle, a pair of sparkling eyes act like champagne to native wit of the chivalrous order. Courtesy to the gentle sex is a feature in Pat's character, and he is an adept at courting.

'It is a great pleasure entirely to be alone, especially when your sweetheart is wid ye,' observed one reflective swain.

Another was asked by his colleen: 'Do you drame of me, Mike? with a roguish touch on his arm.'

KNIVES, FORKS, and SPOONS. STAMPED. 1847 ROGERS BROS. ARE GENUINE AND GUARANTEED BY THE Meriden Britannia Co. THE LARGEST SILVER PLATE MANUFACTURERS IN THE WORLD.

To INTRODUCE \$1.00 our new bicycle early. We will, for the next 30 days, ship a simple Bicycle C. O. D. to address upon receipt of \$1.00. We offer splendid chance to a good profit in each town. You have your choice of Cash, or outright gift of one or more wheels, according to nature of work done for us. INTRODUCTION PRICES: FLYER—14 in. Tubing, Flush Joints, 1 piece Cranks, fitted with Dunlop Tires, \$15.00; fitted with M. & W. Tires, 12.50; fitted with Darlington Tires, \$20.00. Men and Ladies, Green and Maroon, 22 and 24 in. Frame, any rear. Wheels slightly used, modern types, \$8.00 to \$10.00. Price List Free. Secure Agency at once. T. W. ROYD & SON, Montreal.

'Drame of you, is it, dear? Sure it's the way wid me that I can't sleep dramin' of you, darlin.' came in a manly whisper. Now and then some of the boys require to be prompted a bit in their love-making. 'Ah,' said a sweet Kerry maid to her lover, 'if you wor me, Tim, and I wor you, I wud be married long ago.'

Forced to Retreat.

Some thirty years ago Sir Digby Murray, who was subsequently in the marine department of the Board of Trade, commanded an Atlantic liner. He once had, as a passenger, a well-known general of engineers, who was visiting some Irish ports for the purpose of inspecting their fortification. At Queenstown a number of Irish girls came on board and endeavored to sell lace handkerchiefs and other dainty articles, much to the annoyance of the general, who was neither good-looking nor devoted to the fair sex. Captain Murray, however, good-tempered giant that he was, pressed forward, carrying the little man with him.

'Will yer honour buy this pretty handkerchief?' called out a good-looking girl to the general, as she knee't before her basket. 'It's just the thing to cover the baby's face with!'

'Got none!' gruffly answered the general. 'For the lady's face then, yer highness,' persisted the girl.

'Got no lady!' grumbled the warrior. 'No but ye soon will have!' smilingly continued the maid.

'Not if I know it!' hastily responded the general, adding angrily, 'Girl, I am not such a wretched fool as I look!'

'God forbid your honour should be!' was the instant reply.

This apt retort convulsed the small audience with laughter, and the defeated veteran beat a hasty retreat.

Fairly Caught.

The ticket examiners at a certain railway station beyond the border frequently confound smartness with impertinence, and because of their many rudenesses have become cordially detested by all the travellers going that way. The other day a traveller, who had a vivid recollection of some previous incivility, determined to take revenge without any further delay. The opportunity soon presented itself.

'Tickets!' was the peremptory demand from one of these ticket examiners, as he jerked open the door.

'I say, ma friend, wull ye tak' a nip?' asked the seemingly pleasant traveller, as he turned towards the railway official a beaming countenance.

The official scanned the platform carefully to see if the coast was clear, and, being assured that all was right cheerfully assented.

'Well, then,' said the traveller, handing over the familiar piece of pasteboard, 'tak' it out o' that.'

That ticket examiner's feelings were very inadequately expressed by the vicious slam with which he closed the carriage door behind him.

Logical.

When the family of a very orthodox divine were gravely discussing why the baby was so naughty, a boy of twelve, who had just commenced to study the steam-engine, as well as the Catechism, asked—

'Paps, as we all inherit the sin of Adam, and the baby is such a little fellow, isn't there a greater pressure of sin to the square inch in the baby than there is in any of the rest of us?'

CANCER. And Tumors cured to stay cured, at home; no knife, plaster or pain. For Canadian testimonials & 120-page book—free, write Dept. 11, Mason Medicines Co., 577 Sherbourne Street, Toronto Ontario.

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 FLYER—3 1/2 in. Tubing, Flush Joints, 1 piece Cranks, fitted with Dunlop Tires, \$1.00; fitted with M. & W. Tires, \$2.50; fitted with Burlington Tires, \$3.00.
 Men and Ladies, Green and Maroon, 22 and 24 in. Frame, any gear.
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Chat to . . . Boys and Girls.

Mother's Way.
 'What shall we do tomorrow?' cried Freddie Harper; and the cry was taken up by Ralph, and echoed by all the other Harpers, till mamma was fain to hold her ears, seeing which they subsided in favor of little Susie, who slipped about, singing, 'what shall we do tomorrow day?'
 'I say, crackers, and my little iron cannon, that's the correct thing for the Queen's birthday' said Fred decidedly.
 'Pooh! crackers—that's all boys think about was Amy's scornful answer; 'A drive out of town would be perfectly lovely for us all.'

'Papa has loaned the horse to uncle William, as mamma never cares to drive on a public holiday' spoke up Ralph, who having reached his thirteenth year, felt he could settle the question manfully. Crackers are all very well for little boys, but it I have my way I shall join some of our fellows in seeing the fun about town and hearing the speeches,' and Ralph shot a hasty glance at his mother, raising his head just a trifle defiantly.

But these good mothers have a way of being both deaf and dumb, when they think best not to see or hear, and Mrs. Harper had no idea of letting her boy drit away from her, and, in seeking the company of 'the fellows' walk right into temptations he was not yet strong enough to resist; so she took no notice, and little Will broke in at once with 'Please mamma, lets go to the park, and ride in the merry-go-round—please do, and see the balloons and things go up, and lots of candy and peanuts—lots of candy and peanuts go down,' interrupted Fred, as they all laughed at Willie's mixed-up speech. 'Now I think' said Etta, who being somewhat of an invalid, was petted a good deal and prided herself upon her attempt at long words and little airs, which were amusing but hurt nobody—'I think it would be much more sensible and satisfactory for us all to go in different directions, and amuse ourselves as we like best. For my part, I prefer to stay at home and read my new magazine; but mamma couldn't visit and the little ones pay that promised visit to Aunt Mary? And the boys could find their recreation out of doors.' 'Their what, my dear? Oh! you mean their recreation!'

'Yes, mamma; and then we could all meet, in the evening and tell our experiments.' 'Our experience Etta, said mamma smiling but I don't like such 'experiments'; and that is not my idea of holiday enjoyment. I have a plan, which if you all approve and will co-operate with me, will give us a day's genuine pleasure together. But here comes Mary; let us hear what she has to say' and Mrs. Harper turned with a loving smile, to greet her eldest child a fair sweet-looking girl of seventeen. A few words explained the discussion and Mary replied:—

'I leave it all to you mamma; whatever you plan, we will help carry out, will we not?' looking round on the eager group. 'I have always found mother's way the best in the end.' 'Yes, yes! we will take mamma's plan; let's hear it—do' they cried in chorus; all but Ralph, who, looking very dissatisfied drummed upon the table and muttered:—

'But I almost promised Ned Tomers and the other fellows to go with them.' 'I am so glad you didn't quite promise dear, until you had consulted mother' said Mrs. Harper brightly. 'I depend upon you as upon my right hand! and now Mary, will you assist cook in packing a large hamper with every good thing you can induce her to make? Lemon tarts for

HOOD'S PILLS

Rouse the torpid liver, and cure biliousness, sick headache, jaundice, nausea, indigestion, 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.

Sadie, and candy and peanuts for Will included. Ralph my son will you kindly tell old Simon the ferryman, to have his largest boat with the awning to protect us from the sun, at the nearest landing by nine o'clock? Fred I give you permission to take the little cannon and a supply of crackers to fire a salute when we reach Pleasant Point. Old Mr. Ames has given me the use of his grounds for the day—picnic grove, swings, croquet, lawn, etc. Etta you can lie in a shady hammock and enjoy your book tented more than a room; Sadie will enjoy the greenhouses and gherkins under the care of the kind old gardener who has charge in the absence of the family; Willie can swing and climb all day, while Susie and I will gather wild-flowers for you all, and when the day grows cooler, we may spread our table for the supper which papa will come in time to help us eat. And how we will enjoy the row down the quiet river after our day in the woods! Now, what do you think of my plan dear? 'Hurrah!' shouted Fred, 'I vote for the three P's pleasant picnic!'

'Hurrah!' echoes Susie 'I do to mamma's pit-sit.'
 Every eye sparkled at the promised pleasures. Ralph flushed with delighted surprise, when his mother said, 'For you my boy, I have this offer of Harry Ames' pony for a good center.
 'Knowing how fond you are of a horse I was much pleased to accept'. Harry did not go to the sea-side, but remains a week at college. You will find him a capital companion, as he will dine with us in the grove, and afterwards accompany you on his sister's pony.'

Why did Ralph blush guiltily? We shall see. Mrs. Napier's plan was carried out fully and proved even more delightful than they anticipated, Ralph declared he had never enjoyed himself so well, and voted, Harry Ames 'a fellow worth knowing', and secretly contrasted his mother's choice of a companion for him with the loudly boasting protane Ned Somers and others with whom he had wished to associate; but on returning home they heard that Jack Wilson, Ned Somers, and more of 'our fellows' had hired fast horses, been fined for reckless driving, and finally had a 'smash up' in which Ned's arm was broken, and Jack's head badly cut, he honestly confessed that his stolen pleasure was to have been part of his holiday enjoyment (?) and thanked God for the good mother whose way was always best.

AUNT BELL
KATE'S VISITORS.
 The Shock Given to her Mistress by a Domestic Pressure in Washington.
 A Washington housekeeper engaged a young colored woman from Virginia as kitchenmaid, and was much pleased with her evident desire to be useful and master the details of her duties. The girl was quiet and respectful, cared little to go out, and had no visitors, and had come to be regarded as that long-looked-for treasure, a good servant, when one day her mistress was startled by hearing the girl cry out in a sharp hysterical tone of voice.
 'How do do, Aunt Jane! Well! Grampap, I declare! Uncle Jcal. I'm glad to see you, 'deed I is. Well, well, de'baby too? Why, you deah little cully head pickanniny kiss me, dis minit! Well, I nevah! To think Aunt Sallie's along with you all. I nevah was so glad to see you befo' nevah! How is mothah? Why'tor didn't she kum long? she jus' might's well as not. Mary, you jus' tell her how I hollered 'bout her!'

The mistress, after a minute's astonished pause, wended her way down stairs with the intention of curbing the noisy demonstration and suggesting that the size of the kitchen scarcely warranted all the dainties in Virginia calling at the same time. She made considerable noise in the hallway to warn them that she was coming, and a moment later opened the kitchen door. There sat the girl entirely alone and busy shining up her tins.
 'Why, Kate,' said the mistress, 'I thought the kitchen was full of company—that all your relatives except your mother, had called to see you—who was it?'

The girl looked bewildered for a moment and the said:
 'Deed, Miss I've just homesick, so I had to pritten like I's talkin' to the folks, else

I'd got to set right down and cry! I hope I ain't done nothin' wrong?'
 'No,' said the mistress kindly, 'you've done nothing wrong. You're a good girl, Kate, and talk to your people whenever it will make you feel better.'

EXTRAVAGANCE IN MILLINERY.

Dainty, Coquettish Headgear Favored Among Things Wholly Extravagant.
 If there is anything in fashion more variable or more wildly extravagant than woman's headgear it is yet to be found. Modes in millinery rise and fall, come and go without rhyme or reason and the new hats are piled so high with superfluous ornaments that all the symmetry of the figure is lost in these monuments of millinery cunning. You may have a sneaking sort of fancy for a real, true ladylike hat, but if you venture out to find it you will be met on every side with specimens that will make you forget your own name long before you inquire the price. However, after a long hunt the fates may favor you with something to meet the requirements of a serviceable hat.

The shapes this season are almost as varied as the trimming, so the question resolves itself into a search after a becoming hat. The turned up bolero shape is much worn, and especially when it is made in flowers. There are low crowns and high crowns, and a decided novelty in toques has a triple crown, or three round crowns plaited together in one. Literally everything which can be applied to hats is used for trimming, so you can hardly go amiss. Tulle has the lead, however, supplemented by flowers, foliage, paradise feathers or bows of ribbon. Cream-colored, white and yellow straws are very popular, and a very stunning hat in fycellow straw, with a turned up crescent brim, has a green velvet bow veiled with lace, a rhinestone buckle, and some marguerites and buttercups for decoration.
 Crepe in pale colors makes a pretty hat with an oxidized silver buckle for the finish. Ruchings, puffings and flutings of silk mouseline are charming; on the light hats to wear with muslin gowns, and one pretty model is in what's called Leghorn crinoline straw trimmed with white ostrich feathers and shell-like plaitings of yellow lisse edged with black velvet ribbon. A black velvet band encircles the crown. Cords of silk are drawn into some of the lace-meshed straws, giving a very novel effect. One thing in the way of trimming which is both fashionable and serviceable is the use of bows or loops made of straw. Velvet and taffeta silk are made into very stylish bows with rows of stitching on the edge. A scarf of lace around the brim, crossed and falling in two little points in the hair at the back, is another fancy which is really very pretty. One of the little freaks of fashion is the small tulle rosette shooting out of the centre of the large red and pink poppies so much worn. The tulle matches the poppy in color, but it seems like painting the lily, all the same. Mauve, in all its tints, is generously represented in millinery, but it is the blue shade which is the latest mode.

In pretty contrast with all the extreme and extravagant productions in hats are the dainty sunbonnets which have blossomed out again in greater variety than last season. Certainly coquetry has a new weapon in these simple head coverings, which if well chosen and cleverly manipulated can be made to cast such a pretty shadow over the eyes. They are made of organdie and dimity in plain colors or flowered patterns and finished and hem-

SURPASSING ALL OTHERS
 "All over the world."
SIMPLE STRONG
SINGER SEWING MACHINES
SILENT SPEEDY
 16 Millions Made and Sold
 Always Improving.
 Never better than Now.
 See the Latest Model.
THE SINGER MANUFACTURING CO.
 Factory at Montreal. Offices all over the Dominion.

The Ladies Delight to Speak of DIAMOND DYES And Extol Their Wondrous Renewing Powers.



Amongst the many useful and meritorious articles manufactured for home use and home money saving, Diamond Dyes are certainly first in the estimation of all women. The beautiful and charming colors produced by Diamond Dyes satisfy the most critical of women. Let the season of spring, autumn summer or winter, the women of taste and select suitable and fashionable colors when she decides to renew her old and faded dress, skirt, blouse, jacket, shawl, hose or ribbon, or her boys' or husband's faded and dingy looking suits.
 The Diamond Dyes work wonderful and truly delightful transformation in every line of old material, from the silk dress to rags for the making of home made carpets and rugs. The colors are always bright, full and never fading.

Chemical science has proved that a dye which produces a brilliant and lasting color on animal fibre or all-wool goods cannot give as good results on vegetable fibers or cotton goods.
 To insure perfect success in home dyeing the manufacturers of Diamond Dyes prepare two special dyes, one for coloring silk and all-wool goods, and one for coloring cotton and mixed goods. No other make of dyes can boast of the same scientific achievements; no other make of dyes can so well protect the interest of home dyes.
 Successful home dyeing therefore depends on the use of Diamond Dyes at all times. Never allow your dealer to sell untired and imitation dyes. Insist upon being supplied with the Diamond Dyes.

med and pinked ruches or frills, and are altogether fetching when the face inside is young and pretty.

HORRIBLE AGONY.

SUFFERED BY MR. THOMAS HARRISON OF ST. MARY'S, N. B.
 Stone in the Bladder Brought him to the Point of Death—Dodd's Kidney Pills Cured him After all Else had Failed.

FREDERICTON, N. B. May 13—All residents of the village of St. Mary's a suburb of this city, will remember the recent narrow escape of Mr. Thomas Harrison, who was so seriously ill with Stone in the bladder.
 It will be remembered that Mr. Harrison had become so ill that many of his friends thought that he could never recover. All medical treatment failed to relieve him; his urine was thick and bloody, and his chances seemed gone.

At this period Mr. Harrison was persuaded to give Dodd's Kidney Pills a trial. He had no faith in them, nor hope that they would afford him either relief or cure, but he nevertheless agreed to give them a trial.
 After having used one box he passed a large stone that had formed in his bladder as a result of defective kidney action. All his pain vanished with the passing of this stone. He 'mended' rapidly, gaining health, strength and flesh, rapidly.
 Mr. Harrison continued the use of Dodd's Kidney Pills for a time, till his kidneys were perfectly restored and all danger of another stone forming had passed.
 To-day he is strong and healthy, and no man in Canada is louder in praise of Dodd's Kidney Pills.
 Dodd's Kidney Pills have had the same result in every case of Kidney Disease for which they have ever been used. They have always cured.
 Victims of Kidney Disease—in any form—may be absolutely certain of a thorough and permanent cure, if they use Dodd's Kidney Pills.

FRILLS OF FASHION.
 Evening gowns of white China silk are embroidered with sprays of roses and leaves made in colored chiffon.
 A new process for rendering any material waterproof has been discovered recently. It is called the Pirlé, and promises to prevent 'shrinking, spotting' and every other consequence of rain.
 A pretty costume for morning wear is a gray alpaca coat and skirt, worn with a cream lace waist, a blue crepe de chine sailor knot at the throat and a black chip hat, trimmed with black tulle and black ostrich feathers.
 A novelty in capes is a broad scarf of crepe de chine draped around the shoulders. In some instances it is shaped a little by a yoke, but the simple straight scarf, three quarters of a yard wide and long enough to fall to the knees after it is knotted, is quite as good style.
 Feather boas in all the light shades, and very thick and long, are worn with foulard gowns, and will be worn with the muslins later on.
 The prevailing style of collar band is made with points in the side, rather high in the back and trimmed with lace, tiny ruches of chiffon and narrow bands of vel-

vet or silk. Tiny bands of stitched silk are pretty over a lace or chiffon band.
 Very fine batiste embroidery trims many of the new gowns, and while the price is high the quality is beyond reproach.
 Some women need a small bustle with the new plain skirts, and the latest and most approved example is an arrangement of two or three ruffles of picked taffeta silk.
 Foulards in cashmere colors and Oriental designs are one of the smartest things in fashion. Very dressy gowns are made of these, and in white grounds there are many pretty colorings. Frills of gauze ribbon trim them very effectively, and one pretty model has a bolero front made of alternate bands of the foulard and gipure insertion, each band outlined with a tiny frill of the gauze ribbon.
 Lace stoles are the latest touch to the new summer gowns, and whether they are high or low necked do not matter.
 Sashes of dotted net, lace or chiffon are the thing to wear with simple muslin gowns.
 Thin gowns are fitted around the hips by taking in fine tucks at the back and carrying them down several inches below the waist, and the superfluous fullness at the sides is also disposed of by a group of tucks.
 Muslin gowns have transparent yokes of heavy gipure lace.
 Not the Worst of It.
 At the country house of a certain popular barone some time ago the butler came into his master's room early one morning, wearing a most woe-begone expression. 'There's very bad news for you this morning,' he said.
 'What is it, John?' inquired the baronet.
 'Poor Mr. —' mentioning the name of a gentleman in an adjacent village, 'has been an' gone an' hung himself. An' that isn't the worst, by any means, Sir William; that there fox has been into the preserves again and killed twenty of the young pheasants!'

Can't help Fitting
 This is Bias Velveteen
 No other binding has half its
Wear

"S.H. & M." Bias Brush Edge Skirt Binding
 Can. Patent No. 62,664
 It must fit—the famous original Natural Curve is produced by the brush edge being woven with a double heading, the S.H. & M. velveteen cut on bias and inserted between sides of head.
 No other binding can fit, and no other has its everlasting durability and magnificent soft, beautiful richness.
 All the good ready-made skirts are sure to be bound with it.
 S. H. & M. stamped on back of every yard. If your dealer will not supply you, we will. The S. H. & M. Co., 24 Front St. W., Toronto, Ont.

The DRA CORSET
 Develops Perfect Form
 The finest corset that experience can produce. It is beautifully constructed; flexible yet firm; without unpleasantly interfering it moulds the form to an elegant figure and gives lasting pleasure.
Perfect fit. Absolute ease.
 ASK YOUR DEALER FOR IT.

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PUNISHING ANIMALS BY LAW.

Curious Instance: Which Occurred in England and on the Continent.

It would be deemed a curious sight indeed to see an animal tried for its life by a civil court in England, but many cases of this nature are on record as having taken place, not only in this country, but on the Continent and elsewhere.

Some years ago two oxen belonging to a Prince of Royal blood made repeated excursions from the paddock in which they were confined to the adjacent corn-fields of a farmer. Despite the vigilance of the keepers these animals continued to ravage the farmer's crops, till at length, enraged, he sought an interview with the Prince, but was refused admittance. This only incensed him the more, and he applied to the magistrate for a summons against His Royal Highness. Here again he met with a decided check, and was informed that the summons could not be granted on the ground that it was illegal to take action against a member of the Royal Family.

'Then,' said the angry farmer, 'if I can not summon the Prince, I'll summon his cattle!' This could not be refused, so a warrant was taken out for the oxen to appear before a civil court on a certain day, and when the time arrived the beasts were driven before a magistrate, evidently ill at ease, and much to the Prince's displeasure. The case was read and the counsel for the cattle gave his defence in due order, but not without a smile on his face. Whilst the jury had retired to deliberate upon a suitable verdict, a letter bearing His Highness's crest was brought into court, which explained that he was prepared to pay the suffering farmer a reasonable sum for the damage his cattle had done, and the matter was settled without further delay.

French pigs seem to have a taste for murder, inasmuch as they have more often than once been brought before a judge charged with that crime. Many years ago a savage member of the race broke loose near Paris, and not only killed a child but partly ate it. A common court found the beast guilty, and it was sentenced to be burned to death. This was afterwards carried out upon a public square and in sight of a large number of sightseers. Since then, however, a similar offence was committed by a sow, and the same proceedings were instituted, but this time, happily to relate, the animal got off with the more humane death of hanging.

An elephant employed by the military authorities in India killed its keeper in a fit of rage not long ago, and it was ordered to be tried by court-martial. This was done in presence of several of the officers in command, and the verdict was that the elephant should undergo a hundred lashes from a chain on a certain date. When the time arrived the prisoner was led out upon the barrack-square, and its four feet chained to posts fixed in the ground. An executioner then stepped forward, and chain in hand, commenced operations much to the brute's discomfiture, a fact proved by the loud howls of pain which it set up. Several executioners were required to carry out the sentence, and when the number of strokes had been given the elephant was led back to its cell a mass of wounds, and kept on short diet for a month.

A bull created a furore in America a short time back by running amuck and promptly going everybody who came in its way, with the result that several persons were killed. Such a heinous offence could not be overlooked, so the culprit was brought up before the magistrates to stand its trial. The proceedings lasted the greater part of a week, and at the end of that time the fist went forth that hanging was to be the means of death. The animal was given a fortnight in which to consider its crime, then was taken out and in the midst of a large body of officials and others a rope was placed round its neck and drawn up over a tree, strangling the poor beast slowly to death.

One Thing He Omit to Do. It seems her husband had been out very late, celebrating—it was one of those holidays—and as he came home in the rose-fish of the morning he thought it would be a capital idea to take a bath before getting into bed. First of all—and most important—it would contradict any wrong impression as to his condition, and his wife sometimes had wrong impressions when he had been out late at night. Women are so suspicious.

So he went boldly to the bathroom and was soon splashing around as gaily as a canary. In fact, he created such an unusual commotion that his wife woke up and went to see what was the matter.

Suddenly he saw her gazing through the door with a look so cold and contemptuous that it struck a chill to his very heart. But he made a dive for the soap and went on industriously with his ablutions.

'What are you doing there, Peter?' she asked him. He made the effort of his life to seem debonaire and perfectly sober.

'Can't you see what I'm doing, my dear?' he answered, with another prodigious splash. 'I'm taking a bath.'

'Don't you think it would be a good idea for you to take off your underclothes?' she asked him, with a frozen inflection, as she passed out of sight.

PURE AND CLEAN TEMPLES.

Now is the Time to Cleanse and Tone the Body.

Paine's Celery Compound Rebuilds and Strengthens Broken-down and Weakened Physical Frames.

On the street, in assemblies and where men and women do most congregate, the quick and critical eye can discern weakness, decay and disease. The cruel signs of disease and death are not confined to any particular class or age. There are prominent victims in youth and fall age, and this is truly the season when the army of diseased people shows up in full strength.

The faces of men and women in the month of May are the true indicators of health or disease. Pale, sallow faces, cheeks bloated and full of pimples and nasty eruptions, nervous twitchings of the limbs and unsteady gait, all tell of weakness and growing disease.

In the great majority of cases poisoned blood is the prime cause of trouble. For such as suffer from blood and skin diseases, Paine's Celery Compound is their true rescuer—their only salvation. It is the greatest of all blood purifiers known to medical men; its marvellous cures are the truest and best proofs of its efficacy.

For nervousness, dyspepsia, headaches, biliousness and liver complaint that so quickly wear out nervous energy and life, Paine's Celery Compound stands far ahead of all other medicines as a curative agent. It is just now that Paine's Celery Compound can best show its power over disease and weakness. A bottle or two used before the hot weather comes on, will certainly effect a most blessed change for every man and woman whose blood is foul, impure and sluggish.

'I want some kind of a door spring—one that won't get out of order,' said a customer to a hardware man. 'A door-spring?' 'Yes; and one that won't require the strength of an elephant to open.' 'Him!' 'And it must be strong enough to bring the door all the way to, and not leave it swinging open a couple of inches.' 'I see.' 'And when the door closes I don't want it to close like a catapult, with a jar that shakes the house from its foundation.' 'Yes. You want one that will bring the door all the way to, and yet do it gently?' 'That's the idea. But I don't want any complicated arrangement that requires a skilled mechanic to attend to.'

'No—of course not. You want something simple yet strong and effective?' 'Just so! Something that can be put on or taken off easily—something that will do its work quietly, yet thoroughly, and won't be eternally getting out of order.' 'I see. I know exactly what you want sir, just exactly.' 'Well, show me one.' 'We don't keep door-springs.'

A well known organist is, like many other sensible men of high professional attainments, strongly opposed to flattery. Not long ago, in a lengthy report of matters musical, it was his lot to be specially mentioned, and the young journalist who wrote the notice praised him tremendously using such a number of flowery and flattering terms that the organist felt highly ashamed and indignant. He knew the author of the notice well, and determined to reward him for his highly eulogistic report; so he purchased a small present and sent it, with Mr. —'s compliments. The young man opened the parcel with hopes, and found, to his disappointment

'Enameline is the Modern Stove Polish, because it has all the latest improvements. A brilliant polish is produced without labor, dust or odor. There are three styles of package—paste, cake or liquid. Get the genuine. J. L. PRESCOTT & CO., New York.'

and dismay—a butter cooler! It may be superfluous to add that to writers to more flattering notices for that organist.

FLASHES OF FUN

Professor Longhorn (learnedly): 'Evolution is an entrancing subject, Miss Ancient. When Nature finds no further use for a thing she endeavours to dispense with it. It is the law of the lack of use. The extra stomach of the early man is now the inflamed vermiform appendix with the cherry seed in it, and this is now being so universally extirpated by the knife that I look for it to disappear entirely in the next century. Take other things. The elephant of the hot climes is the only Siberian mammoth rid of its useless hair; the useless visual organs of the finny inhabitants of the Mammoth Cave have disappeared in its dungeon darkness, and the great ant bear, needing no teeth, has become merely a toothless devourer of insects. I opine that in less than five thousand years even people will be hairless, toothless, and half blind, through the wearing of hats, the eating of soups, and the constant staring at print.'

Miss Ancient's Small Brother (who has been warned to keep quiet and respectable in his chair while the professor is in the parlour—forgetting himself and growing excited): 'Haily gee! Sister won't have to wait till then. She's already got false teeth an' false hair, an' I heard her say this mornin' that if her eyes kept on failin' she was afraid she'd haf to take to wearin' glasses all the time like you!'

The most chronic case of Dyspepsia or Indigestion will succumb to the all healing power of Dr. Van San's Pepsin Tablets. What this wonderful medical discovery has done for the thousands of proclaimed hopeless, helpless stomach invalids it can do for you. One Tablet will relieve the truest and best proofs of its efficacy. Persistence will cure. 35 cents.

There is no thistle so interesting as the common purple thistle of Scotland. To be sure, it is neither a handsome nor agreeable flower in itself, but it is the national flower of Scotland, and we must honor it for that reason. And this is how it chanced to become the national flower of Scotland. Once upon a time, many hundred years ago, the Danes made war upon the Scots and invaded the country. The Danes did not believe in making an attack upon an enemy in the night. But on this occasion they turned aside from their usual custom, and dearly did they pay for it. As they were creeping, noiselessly and unseen, in the dark, one of their number stepped upon a thistle; its sharp prickles pierced his bare foot, and made him cry out with pain.

His cry awoke the soldiers of the Scottish army. They sprang to their arms, and drove back the Danes with great slaughter, and so saved Scotland. From that time the thistle has been the national flower of Scotland.

Over the gate of the now ruined palace of Linlithgow, where Mary Queen of Scots was born, the thistle, with the following motto below it, is engraved: 'Touch me who dares.'

The application of Nerviline—nerve pain cure—which possesses such marvellous power over all nerve pain, has proved a remarkable success in rheumatism and neuralgia. Nerviline acts on the nerves, soothes them, drives pain out and so gives relief. Try it and be convinced.

He was rather a disipated-looking customer, and walked with a broad tread up to the counter, of the restaurant, and said:—'Will you be kind enough to give me a meal I haven't any money, but—' 'No,' said the waiter. 'I'm sorry, but we don't make a practice of feeding every hungry man that comes along.'

'Well, I'm sorry, too. You see, I'm in a rather hard fix. The fact of the matter is that the Duke of Westminster and I—' 'Who did you say?' 'I said the Duke of Westminster and I have—' 'My dear sir, sit down there and make yourself perfectly at home. Any friend of his grace is welcome here.'

'No eye is sold in more shades, or finer ones, than Magnetic Dyes—Price 10 cents for any color. Kind words may never be lost, but it does seem as if they were very frequently misplaced.'

FLASHES OF FUN

A Frenchman intending to compliment a young lady by calling her a gentle lamb, said, 'She is one tame mutton as is small.'

The Married One: 'Can you imagine anything worse than marriage without love?' The Unmarried One: 'Yes, I think I can. Love without marriage, for instance.'

Visitor: 'Harry said a good thing last night.' Marie: 'What was it?' Visitor: 'He said he had to go early.'

Angry Mother: 'Now, Bobby don't let me speak to you again.' Bobby (helplessly): 'How can I prevent you, mamma?'

Maggie (to her stepfather, who is very popular with the children): 'Oh, how I wish you had been here when our papa was alive. You would have liked each other so much.'

Mamma: 'Just look at the front of your new coat! I don't think it is the slightest use to try to keep you clean!'

Johny (eagerly): 'Ain't you going to try any more?'

irate Father: 'I wonder what makes my razor so dull?'

Angel-Child: 'Dull, papa? Why it was beautiful and sharp when I made my boat with it yesterday.'

His Idea.—'What is your idea of a phenomenon?' 'A phenomenon is a clerk who doesn't drop his pen the minute the clock strikes six.'

Parliamentary Candidate (explaining away his defeat): 'but how have I been defeated?' 'Voice in the crowd: 'You didn't get enough votes.'

Hibernating Hawkins: 'What's der matter, Bill? Yer restless!'

Wobbling William: 'Yes; I don't sleep good! I must have insomnia. I wake up every two or three days.'

Mamma (sternly): 'Don't you know that the King Solomon said, "Spare the rod and spoil the child?'

Bobby: 'Yes; but he didn't say that until he was growned up.'

'I wouldn't have refused that young man if I'd been you,' said a maiden aunt to her young and frisky niece.

'I don't think I would either, if I'd been you,' retorted the saucy maiden.

'Mary, Johnny tells me that when he went into the dining-room last night he saw Mr. Bliff with his arms around your waist.'

'What a story, mamma! Why, the gas was out.'

Creditor (determinedly): 'I shall call a year your house every week until you pay thit account sir.'

Debtor (in the blanket of tones): 'Then, sir, there seems every probability of our acquaintanceship ripening into friendship.'

'Are you sure you love her?' asked his close friend.

'Absolutely,' answered the young man. 'I've been her partner at whist when she forgot what trumps were, and didn't lose my temper.'

Teacher (to new scholar): 'What is your name?' 'New Boy: 'My name is Jale, sir.' And now, my lad, 'turning to another lad 'what is your name?'

'Bilious, sir.'

'This, ladies and gentlemen, is the celebrated trick donkey, Dot,' said the clown, as the animal was being led into the ring. 'After many years of most patient effort I am able to say that I can make him do anything he wants to.'

Matrimonial Bliss.—H: 'What an idiot I was when I married you.'

She: 'Don't you think you're an idiot now?'

He: 'No, I do not.'

She: 'Then you ought to be very thankful to me for having altered you.'

Ethel: 'Why, what's the matter, Gertrude?'

Gertrude: 'Oh, nothing. Only Jack and I had a quarrel the other day, and I told him never to dare to speak or write to me again—and the wretch hasn't even the decency to answer my letter.'

He: 'So you visited Pompeii?'

She: 'How did you like it?'

She: 'Well, I must say I was awfully disappointed in the place. Of course, it was beautifully located and all that, but it was dreadfully out of repair.'

Mother: 'And so your friend Clara is soon to be married?'

Daughter (just returned from long absence): 'Yes; doesn't it seem strange? I hadn't heard a word about it until I called to see her this morning. She showed me her trousseau. It's perfectly lovely, just from Paris, and she has the handomest ring I ever saw, and she showed me the house she is to live in, and the furniture she has selected, and the horses and carriages she is to have. She showed me everything except the man she is going to marry. I think she forgot about him.'

'My good woman,' said the learned judge, 'you must give an answer in the fewest possible words of which you are capable, to the plain and simple question whether, you were crossing the street with the baby on your arm, and the omnibus was coming down on the right side and the cab on the left, and the brougham was trying to pass the omnibus, you saw the

plaintiff between the brougham and the cab, or whether and when you saw him at all, and whether or not near the brougham, cab, and omnibus, or either, or which of them respectively.'

If there is a history of weak lungs in your family, take Scott's Emulsion.

It nourishes and invigorates. It enables you to resist the disease. Even if your lungs are already affected, and if besides the cough you have fever and emaciation, there is still a strong probability of a cure.

The oil in the Emulsion feeds; the hypophosphites give power to the nerves; and the glycerine soothes and heals.

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is the magazine for you, if you care for good music. Every issue contains 6 to 10 pieces of brand new sheet music—both vocal and instrumental of every variety, but only the best quality. A complete illustrated literary magazine besides, containing the best of stories, poems, recitations, mythic, folk-, and fairy-tales, musical and dramatic instruction, etc., etc., and the most beautiful illustrations.

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B.B.B. Makes Rich Red Blood.

The Blood is the very essence of life. As it courses through the system it carries with it, if pure and rich, nutrition to every cell in the body. If impure, it spreads disease. If thin and watery, it fails to nourish, hence we have weakness, debility and decay.

It is the wonderful power B.B.B. has in purifying impure blood, making thin, watery blood rich and red, that is at the bottom of its marvellous success in curing disease.

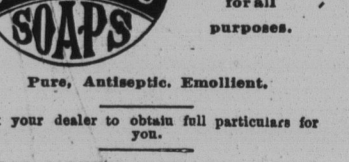
Those who are pale, thin, weak, troubled with blotches, pimples or eruptions of any kind should take B.B.B.

It makes the pale cheek rosy, the skin clear and smooth, and infuses new energy into weak, worn, run down, shattered constitutions.

'I beg to state I have used Clear. Burdock Blood Bitters for impure blood, pimples on the face, &c., and derived great benefit from it. My skin is now very clear and free from all eruptions. I only used four bottles of the B.B.B. and can strongly recommend it to any person suffering from impurities in the blood or eruptions of the skin.'

Mrs. G. B. HELMORE, Spence's Bridge, B.C.

Every "I have taken B.B.B. every Spring, spring now for some years, to purify my blood and keep my system in good order, and can honestly say that I do not know of its equal anywhere." Mrs. AGGIE BARNES, Lunenburg, N.S.



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It enables you to resist the disease. Even if your lungs are already affected, and if besides the cough you have fever and emaciation, there is still a strong probability of a cure.

The oil in the Emulsion feeds; the hypophosphites give power to the nerves; and the glycerine soothes and heals.

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Skin "I beg to state I have used Clear. Burdock Blood Bitters for impure blood, pimples on the face, &c., and derived great benefit from it. My skin is now very clear and free from all eruptions. I only used four bottles of the B.B.B. and can strongly recommend it to any person suffering from impurities in the blood or eruptions of the skin." MRS. G. B. HELMORE, Spence's Bridge, B.C.

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Continued from Tenth Page.

disordered brain, and she had no witness to support her.

Adela went to the cool open window, and let the cool air stream in on her fevered face.

The night was black as jet, save for the points of flame reflected from the lamps on the wet pavement.

For, it had come on to rain heavily. If she went out, in a few moments she would be drenched to the skin, and she could not walk the streets till day dawned.

Perhaps morning would bring council. She was preparing to go down, dressed on the luxuriously appointed bed to rest, before making up her mind how to act.

Suddenly she heard a soft knock at her door.

The blood chilled in her veins, for she dreaded at that moment to see her father.

"Who is there?" she quivered, cautiously.

"Only me, miss—the chambermaid. I have something for you—please let me in," in an earnest whisper.

Adela obeyed, and the girl carefully closed the door behind her.

"I'm sorry to disturb you so late," but I had to wait my opportunity," handing Adela a sealed note. "The young lady said I was to give you this in private if I got the chance; if not, I was to wait till she called again, and return it to her."

"There must be some mistake; there is no address on the letter," said Adela, looking at it bewildered.

"No—no; it is all right. The lady dressed in grey, like a nurse," with Doctor Barrington. She said so—the young lady who came to-night, you know. She went away in her carriage; but, about an hour ago, a gentleman came back in it, and, while he was upstairs, the coachman asked for me, and gave me this note on the quiet, with a message as how I wasn't to let the doctor see it on no account." Then anxiously: "You won't get me into any bother over this, will you miss? The doctor is here pretty often, and a good paying visitor. The manager won't make it hot for me if he is offended."

"Have no fear," said Adela, kindly. "I will never mention the matter to a soul."

"I thought you looked as one that could be trusted. See, I brought this pen and ink up under my apron. If there's any answer to the letter I can give it to the young lady when she calls; but we must be quick, for it will seem strange if I am seen coming out of your room so late."

Adela hastily read the letter.

It ran thus: "I write in despair and misery to one who is like myself, a woman, and may, therefore, have compassion on the victims of a wicked and diabolical plot. A great wrong is being done by my brother, Ralph, Lord Erceldoune, who is now imprisoned as insane at Redcliffe Manor. I do not believe he is mad, but my brother Cosmo and Dr. Barrington say he is, and will not let me see him. I dread the worst, though I can prove nothing. I dare not even write what I think and fear, and I risk all on this last throw."

"You may think me mad, as well as my brother and show this letter to Paul Barrington; but, oh! I implore I beseech you help me to rescue Erceldoune. Do what you can to save him. Be on your guard, for you will be in danger of yourself if suspected of sympathizing with your patient. My letter may make you afraid of going to Redcliffe, but I think not. Your face is that of a good and brave woman, and I will trust you."

"This house is full of my brother Cosmo's spies, and I dare not be seen writing, so must end quickly. The coachman is trustworthy, the only remaining one of my low, purple, and red, set in the multioned windows—the ancient armorial bearings of a race long dead."

The scent of flowers, in great blue vases was heavy on the cool air.

In the distance, the weird wailing of a violin was heard.

A brow-livered footman took Adela's portmanteau, and carried it away to her room.

She was about to follow him, when Dr. Barrington detained her.

"Come and let me introduce you to one of my guests. I have not quite so many as usual just now—five only. Lord Erceldoune I have already told you about; and of the other, more or none. He has his own private set of rooms—for he loves solitude—and his violin. I can hear him playing now."

Dr. Barrington led the way through winding corridors, dimly lighted with small, slit-shaped windows, to a wing of the house.

It was more ancient than the main building of the Manor, and the walls, by the depth of the windows, appeared of extraordinary thickness.

Adela, quickly glancing out of one of the windows as she followed the doctor, saw that on this side the house looked out over the sea, standing on the cliff which descended sheer to the breakers, beating on it with unceasing roar.

At last, Dr. Barrington stopped before a massive oak door, which he opened softly.

"May I come in, Erceldoune? You see, I have returned, and have brought a friend back with me, whose interest in your favorite pursuit will, I hope, draw you together. Nurse Deane—Lord Erceldoune," he said, with a smile, showing his fine white teeth.

"I am very glad to see you back, Paul, and to make your friend's acquaintance. The time had been long and weary. It always is when you are away."

The voice was singularly rich and melodic, but strongly tinged, with melancholy. But Adela hardly heard the words; she was gazing so earnestly at the speaker.

In all her life she had never beheld so beautiful, yet so sad, a face as that of Lord Erceldoune.

It reminded her of a picture she had seen somewhere of the ill-fated poet Keats.

There was the same breadth of forehead, the straight, level brows, the luminous

A bright hall sovereign which the old servant had given her from his mistress, was an earnest of the fact.

"When the maid had left her, Adela Deane sank on her knees by the side of the bed, and remained kneeling for a long time. She rose at length calmed and strengthened."

Constance Villiers' trust in her should not be misplaced.

She would go down to Redcliffe on the morrow, with Dr. Barrington.

From that moment she steered herself to act a part.

To frustrate the treachery she had discovered would be a difficult and dangerous task, but she had a brave heart.

Lord Erceldoune should be rescued if humanly possible.

Her predecessor had tried and failed. So much she had gleaned from the conversation overhead between the two men.

What mysterious fate had overtaken that woman?

"At least, I am on my guard," she thought. "But I must be very careful. It will be difficult to conceal my loathing and repugnance for this man, so steeped in wickedness and crime; still, he must suspect nothing, or all will be vain. I feel that deadly peril menaces me; but I am alone in the world. I would rather lay down my life in trying to save another, than die of starvation or by my own hand."

She burned Constance's letter carefully, throwing the grey powdery ashes out of window.

Then she threw herself on the bed, and sank into the heavy slumber of utter exhaustion.

CHAPTER III. A HOUSE OF DOOM.

"Here we are at last. Welcome to Redcliffe. Nurse Deane."

Dr. Barrington's private brougham had met him and Adela at Netherwood, the nearest station to Redcliffe.

It was a small market town, eight miles from the village and Manor—a sleepy, dull little place, of no interest or importance.

Redcliffe was a mere hamlet, the only house of any size in it being the Manor.

There was not even a resident clergyman, the tiny, ruinous church on the cliff being served by a curate from an adjoining parish.

The Manor was a splendid old brick house, of the Stuart period, gabled, with deep bow windows, and a massive porch.

Clusters of wisteria, yellow roses, and clematis clothed its time-worn walls.

A beautifully-kept garden and an emerald velvet lawn stretched down to a still lake, where water-lilies grew, and a gaily-painted boat lay on the surface.

Behind all rose a background of dark-green pines; while, through a rift in the trees, the sparkling sea was seen, its waves lapping up to the foot of the cliff, on which the Manor stood.

The old house seemed to bask in the sunshine of the summer evening.

Here and there the multi-colored flowers in the parterres; the low twitter of birds, under the leaves, spoke of serenity and peace.

Was it possible that a serpent lurked within this paradise?

The past seemed an evil dream to Adela, as she followed the doctor up the wide stone steps into the hall.

The ancient oak floor was black, and slippery as glass, with much polishing.

Here and there the skins of wild beasts lay extended upon it, and trophies of old armour and foreign weapons were arranged upon the grotesquely-carved walls.

The light filtered through panes of yellow, purple, and red, set in the multioned windows—the ancient armorial bearings of a race long dead.

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At last, Dr. Barrington stopped before a massive oak door, which he opened softly.

"May I come in, Erceldoune? You see, I have returned, and have brought a friend back with me, whose interest in your favorite pursuit will, I hope, draw you together. Nurse Deane—Lord Erceldoune," he said, with a smile, showing his fine white teeth.

"I am very glad to see you back, Paul, and to make your friend's acquaintance. The time had been long and weary. It always is when you are away."

The voice was singularly rich and melodic, but strongly tinged, with melancholy. But Adela hardly heard the words; she was gazing so earnestly at the speaker.

In all her life she had never beheld so beautiful, yet so sad, a face as that of Lord Erceldoune.

It reminded her of a picture she had seen somewhere of the ill-fated poet Keats.

There was the same breadth of forehead, the straight, level brows, the luminous

dark eyes, with their ineffable veiled melancholy.

Yet it was not the face of a boy, for the mouth was strong and tender, and fine lines round it showed knowledge of life's dark pages.

Adela had never loved. Her stern battle with the world had left little time for the softer emotions. No man had caused her even a passing thrill of interest, save as a human being requiring skilled care in sickness, and much forbearance, and this was why she had been so successful a nurse.

Yet her self-reliant, rather cold nature only required the touch of the great magnetic force of a well sprung of passionate devotion.

It would be too much, perhaps, to say that Adela fell in love at sight with Lord Erceldoune; but some subtle, unerring instinct told her that here was a king among men—strong, brave, faithful, true, whose heart any woman might be proud to win.

Had she never received poor Constance Villiers' distracted scribble, still she would have been drawn by mysterious fascination towards her patient, whose gentle, noble manner was unlike that of any other man she had ever met.

But, to carry out her plans, and frustrate Dr. Barrington's villainy, she must be careful not to betray her feelings.

"Do you play?" said Ralph Erceldoune, bending his dark, velvet-brown eyes on her eagerly. "Yes? That is delightful! I hope you shall have many a pleasant hour together. I have rather a good Erard here, pointing to a magnificently carved ebony piano in an alcove. "I hope you will use it whenever you like."

"Indeed, I shall be delighted," replied Adela, with a bright smile. "How pretty your room is!"—admiringly.

Lord Erceldoune looked pleased for a moment; then his face resumed its habitual sad expression.

Everything that wealth and refinement could suggest had combined to make the long, low room, with its deep bow-window looking out towards the sea, an artistic triumph.

The effect was a little sombre, but in keeping with the picturesque style of the house.

The walls were draped with antique tapestries, in subdued tints of blue, brown, and green representing hunting scenes of the Louis Quatorze period.

They had been brought from the ancestral mansion to make Lord Erceldoune's rooms at the Manor as like those at his home as possible.

Richly inlaid Chippendale cabinets were full of bric-a-brac and ancient vellum bound scores of dead and gone composers.

On a dark olive-colored, velvet cushion, resting on a quaintly-carved Moorish table, lay a Stradivarius violin, and other musical instruments showed through the dimly-lit panels of a large cupboard.

A few pictures of rare beauty, adorned the paneled walls; and Adela noticed an easel standing in a corner of the room, over which a richly embroidered Eastern curtain was thrown.

Lord Erceldoune was evidently a man of varied accomplishments, as several canvases leaning against the wall, their faces turned to it, and a paint-box and brushes on a stand near the easel, showed; also a reader and student, for one side of the room was almost entirely taken up by a large bookcase, filled with volumes in costly binding, on which Adela's eyes rested covetously.

"I must make you free of my library as well," Lord Erceldoune said. "Since Barrington has been kind enough to shelter a recluse like myself in broken health, reading has been one of my chief solaces. Lately, I have been looking up a curious subject—memorism, pointing to a large book on the table. "That would interest you, I think, Barrington. I saw it advertised, and sent for it while you were away."

A strange expression of displeasure flitted across Paul Barrington's face, as he hastily possessed himself of the book.

"My dear fellow, how often have I told you it is bad for you to read about such morbid subjects! You want a good stirring novel, or a book of travel—something healthy, breezy. I shall confiscate this at once," with a deprecating pat on his shoulder.

"By the same token, you have been poring too much over books, I see, while I have been away. You look pale—below par. What about the tonic? Have you been going on with it? I fear not," taking a bottle from the shelf of a cabinet. "You ought to have finished this, and there is a good half left. Upon my word, it's too bad! You want a remembrance-in-chief, Erceldoune."

Adela leaned back in the cosy, chintz-covered chair by the wide window, and thought deeply.

It puzzled her that Lord Erceldoune should be, so resigned to his prison so kindly disposed to Paul Barrington.

This was not what Constance Villiers' letter had led her to expect.

And, though she knew not why, this unnatural state of things made her feel the more uneasy.

By what strange means had the doctor gained such ascendancy over his victim? It would make her task doubly hard, and the difficulty and danger of it was borne in upon her more forcibly every moment.

"He is not mad, I am certain," she said to herself, recalling Lord Erceldoune's intelligent conversation, the calm, steady gaze of his sad eyes. "But, it seems, by what power do they keep him here? Surely, he could leave at any moment—they could not detain him!"

She rose, and, kneeling in the high-cushioned window-seat, surveyed the scene outside.

To her surprise, her room looked out upon the sea, as Lord Erceldoune's did; but it was in the right, and his in the left, wing of the building.

In the middle part of the house, Dr.

like the Mikado. Never mind, you won't have the chance of cheating Nurse Deane, whom I shall invest with that responsible post."

Again there was that singular smile, the white teeth showing to the gums.

"I did not forget to take the medicine; but Barrington, I believe it does not suit. Those strange feelings of giddiness and faintness, of which I told you, curiously enough, I have not had at all these last few days. I am surprised that you do not think me looking well, for I have really felt much better since I left off dosing myself. Yesterday I ate well, and the terrible thirst at night has left me."

"Well—well," said Paul Barrington, with the indulgent tone one might use to a refractory child; "you may be right. One can only test a medicine—oh, Nurse Deane? But you are not looking the thing, no matter how you feel. I will give you some tablets to-morrow, containing a little iron and quinine, a new preparation I have brought from town. Meanwhile, I'll take this away, as I'm rather short of bottles."

He slipped the phial into his pocket as he spoke.

"I think we must leave you now, Erceldoune, for I want to have a little talk with Nurse Deane, and show her the rest of the house. Here are some new magazines and papers I brought for you. Don't read any more medical books, there's a good fellow," he said, as he left the room with Adela.

"You will like to go and see your quarters now I expect," remarked Paul Barrington, as they stood again in the large, dimly-lighted hall. "In an hour's time I should like to see you in my study. That is it—pointing to a door with heavy curtains. "You will easily find your way when you come down. By-the-by, my head attendant, who will take you upstairs, is a mute, though not deaf. Some years ago she had a disease necessitating excision of the tongue; but she and her husband, Solomon Drax, are valuable and faithful servants, though a little eccentric and crabbed, as you will discover."

The doctor touched an electric bell and Mrs. Drax appeared from some remote part of the house.

She was a small, shrunken-looking, elderly woman, with sparse grey hair, and withered shrewish face.

A large oblique scar of mulberry color across one cheek, nearly reaching the corner of one of her dull, greenish colored eyes, gave her a peculiarly unpleasant expression.

An old-fashioned net cap, with purple ribbons, surmounted her grizzled hair; and a rusty black cashmere dress, of some make, showed the bony angles of her frame.

The doctor gave her the necessary directions, and she preceded Adela to her room, some keys on a bright steel chain at her side jangling with each step.

To Nurse Deane's secret chagrin, she found that her chamber was at the opposite side of the building from Lord Erceldoune's—at least, so she supposed, from the direction in which Mrs. Drax had led her.

It was a comfortable room, with nothing very remarkable about it, except, as she had noticed in Lord Erceldoune's the extreme thickness of the walls, as shown by the depth of the window embrasures.

In addition to the usual furniture, there were, however, a good writing-table and a massive mahogany wardrobe, which made her smile a little sadly as she looked at her small portmanteau.

Dr. Barrington had made her take a ten-pound note, with which to buy a few necessities before leaving London, saying there was little chance of shopping at Redcliffe.

Her whole nature recoiled at the spending of this blood-money—for such it was. But to carry out her daring plan, it must be done.

She bought as little as possible, however; and having made her purchases hastily, she found herself the possessor still of four sovereigns and some silver, which she resolved to husband against an emergency.

She removed the stains of travel, and dressed herself in a neat black lustrous gown, with its spotless collar and cuffs, Adela Deane sat down to the tempting tea and thin bread-and-butter Mrs. Drax had brought upstairs.

She thanked the woman for her trouble, but no gleam of response lighted the taciturn face.

As Mrs. Drax left the room, Adela thought she heard a low malignant laugh—an uncouth sound, filling her with a chill of fear.

The witch-like old woman caused her a shuddering repugnance.

She seemed the embodiment of the evil spirit lurking in this house of sinister omen.

Adela leaned back in the cosy, chintz-covered chair by the wide window, and thought deeply.

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In the middle part of the house, Dr.

Barrington himself lived; the chief reception rooms and kitchen offices being on the ground-floor.

So Adela conjectured, finding afterwards that she was correct in her surmise.

The large grounds surrounding the house gave an idea of liberty and freedom; but first sight, but in reality a high wall, with a chevaux-de-frise of iron spikes, bounded them on every side, except at the back of the Manor, where the steep cliff descended into the very sea.

This was extremely precipitous, and it would have been impossible for any human being to scale its rugged face.

At least, so it then seemed to Adela.

Apparently, others had thought so, too, for the walls stopped at the cliff's edge, which was protected by a slender wooden fence only.

The sea lay sparkling like a great jewel, now blue as a sapphire, now translucent emerald, now shimmering opal, with touches of rosy fire and grey, as the sun began to go down.

Adela gave an involuntary cry of delight.

She was a magnificent swimmer, and longed to plunge into it.

No definite plan of action had shaped itself in her brain, yet she felt a presentiment that by the sea lay the only chance of saving Erceldoune when the hour should come.

A glance at the tiny gun-metal watch she had purchased showed it was time for her interview with Paul Barrington.

He was in the study awaiting her, and motioned her to sit down.

"You are rested and refreshed, I hope? That is right. Well, Nurse Deane, you have made a very favorable impression on Lord Erceldoune. I am glad he takes to you. I wanted to tell you a little more about his case, now you have seen him. Insanity is not hereditary with him, but it was caused by brain-fever, after the shocking death of his young wife some years ago. They were out sailing together, not far from this very spot, when a sudden squall capsized the boat, and she was drowned before his eyes. He vainly tried to save her, but a blow from a floating spar struck his head, and rendered him insensible. Some fishermen saw the accident, and brought him to shore; but the body of poor Lady Erceldoune was never found."

"How terrible!" exclaimed Adela.

"Yes; was it not? and for me, too!—shading his eyes with pretended emotion. "Lady Erceldoune was my sister. It was a pure romance, for Erceldoune, Cosmo Villiers, and I were all at college together. We kept up the friendship, and Erceldoune fell in love with my youngest sister, Mabel, and married her from this very house. It was here they were staying also when the accident happened, and the poor fellow has never cared to leave it since. In fact, as I have already told you, he is insane, but on one point only. He imagines that the sea gives up its dead—that, in response to his frenzied prayers, the spirit of his young wife visits him at times. He will hold imaginary conversations with her—will declare, in spite of all our reasoning to the contrary, that she sees her, as in life, before him; he has even called me to witness this apparition, which exists only in his fevered brain. Nothing will dispel the hallucination; to reason with him makes it worse, and drives him to frenzy. He will probably confide in you,

Seen in a Flash.

It was an August evening, and a little group of men were sitting outside the door of the 'Hallway House' inn, smoking their pipes and chatting idly. They had commenced by discussing the affairs of the nation, but finding themselves all more or less in agreement with regard to the political situation, they fell to exchanging scraps of village gossip, for in every rank of life the affairs of other people are a fertile source of interest.

for in that flash he had seen his brother lying face downwards on the floor of his signal box! Was he dead—was he sleeping? Jim knew not, but he thought of the gates ahead of him, and wondered if they were closed, and he thought of the passenger express, due to pass him about that very spot, and the awful tragedy which would almost certainly ensue rolled out before him like a scene in a theatre.

Comparison of Women's Hands. It is said that Irish girls have the best eyes, the keenest wit, the brightest complexion, and the most beautiful hands of all the women in the world, the hands of the American girls being declared too narrow and too long, those of the English girls too plump, German girls' hands too broad and fat, while the Spanish feminine hand is the least graceful of all.

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For a Pure Skin. Cures all forms of acne or impure skin. Penetrates to the inner cuticle and makes the flesh firm and healthy. Drives fleshworms and blackheads to the surface where they dry and fall off—dissolves freckles, moth patches and other discolorations—

Koladermic opens the pores and permits their proper excretory functions causing a peach-like softness and delicacy, and clearness in the complexion—A skin food in every sense of the word.

THE KOLADERMIC SKIN FOOD CO., STOUFFVILLE, ONT., CAN.

BORN.

- Sprague, May 6, to the wife of Joe Burke, a son. Truro, May 7, to the wife of Muir Sibley, a daughter. Truro, May 4, to the wife of Wilbur McLean, a son. Hantsport, May 8, to the wife of Geo. Dorman, a son. Upland, May 7, to the wife of W. F. E. Bates, a son. Truro, May 15, to the wife of Dr. F. E. Eaton, a son. Springhill, May 7, to the wife of John Hayes, a son. Quebec, April 27, to Mr. and Mrs. R. H. Pratt, a son. Bridgewater, May 8, to the wife of W. F. Gibbons, a son. Dorchester, May 9, to the wife of Stephen Getson, a son. Lynn, Mass., April 29, to the wife of W. S. Cooley, a son. Truro, May 9, to the wife of C. F. Layton, a daughter. Truro, May 7, to the wife of Harvey Chase, a son. Truro, May 8, to the wife of William Smith, a daughter. Hartville, May 1, to Mr. and Mrs. Connors, a son. Springhill, May 5, to the wife of John Phillips, a daughter. Ficton, May 6, to the wife of W. R. MacKean, a daughter. Matilda, May 12, to the wife of Alonzo Minard, a daughter. Molega, May 6, to the wife of Geo. Brown, a daughter. Upper Stewiacke, May 9, to the wife of Lewis Fulton, a son. South Brook, May 8, to the wife of Herbert Smith, a daughter. St. John, April 23, to the wife of Charles H. Barnes, a daughter. Wallace, N. S., May 10, to the wife of A. F. Morris, a daughter. Fensholt, May 7, to the wife of John Thompson, a daughter. Middle Stewiacke, May 2, to the wife of Cameron Pratt, a son. Middle Stewiacke, May 11, to the wife of Michael Murphy, a son. Valley Station, May 7, to the wife of Melville Johnson, a son. Milton, Queens, May 9, to the wife of Fred R. Freeman, a son. Upper Stewiacke, May 3, to the wife of Albert Fisher, a daughter. Black Point, Queens, May 1, to the wife of Robert Smith, a son. Milton, Queens, May 9, to the wife of Burton Spence, a daughter.

MARRIED.

- Glouce Bay, May 10, John McNeil to Penny McDougall. St. John, by Rev. J. A. Gordon, J. Fred Fraser to Carrie M. Sullivan. Halifax, May 9, by Rev. L. LeMoine, Albert Johnston to Maud Rafter. Truro, May 9, by Rev. A. L. Goggin, Robert McCurdy to Fannie Morris. Tabusac, by Rev. Dr. Bruce, Charles W. Murphy to Clementina Ross. Centreville, May 8, by Rev. G. M. Wilson, Wm. W. Smith to Rhoebe Soddard. Liverpool, May 4, by Rev. Joseph Hale, Ida B. Williams to James A. Allison. Westville, May 3, by Rev. R. Cumming, John W. McDonald to Florence Stewart. Annapolis, May 10, by Rev. L. F. Wallace, Lendley B. Doring to Augusta Green. Lunenburg, May 9, by Rev. B. Hills, Lemuel Wamboldt to Mrs. Lillian Herma. Fontaine Car, May 3, by Rev. W. G. Calder, Randolph Taylor to Edith Libetta Lorigie. Black Point, May 8, by Rev. J. O. Phalen, Charles Edwin Kapp to Bertha Eldred Cook. Halifax, May 11, by Rev. Mr. Ainsley, Walter Carmichael to Alice Edith Weatherbee. Lower Argyle, May 3, by Rev. J. W. Freeman, Herbert O. Spianey to Nellie M. Harding. Glenwood, May 6, by Rev. J. W. Freeman, Mr. Maurice Robbins to Mrs. Farsanda Kasey. South Ambor, New Jersey, May 1, by Rev. W. S. Barnard, Glendon A. Hemen to Jennie C. Mathews.

DIED.

- Ficton, May 9, Duncan Ross 76. Guysboro, May 5, Chas Brimer 91. Boston, May 4, Edmund Adams 21. Hampton, May 16, William O. Jay 63. Moncton, May 8, Daniel Chappell 68.

THE SHERWIN-WILLIAMS PAINTS Your House. F. A. YOUNG. 736 Main St., North.

ERN REFORM RAZOR THE SHAVERS IDEAL. BEST IN THE MARKET. FAULTLESS GRINDING.

CANADIAN PACIFIC RY. A TOURIST CAR. What it is. A Canadian Pacific Tourist Car is similar in general appointment to the Company's Palace Sleepers.

Dominion Atlantic Ry. On and after Monday, Jan. 2nd, 1899, the Steamship and Train service of this railway will be as follows:

Star Line Steamers For Fredericton and Woodstock. On and after Saturday 29th inst., and until further notice, the Steamer Clifton will leave wharf at Hampton Monday, Wednesday and Saturday mornings at 5.30 (local). Returning will leave Indianston same days at 4 p. m. local.

MANHATTAN STEAMSHIP CO'Y New York, Eastport, and St. John, N. B., Line. Steamers of this line will leave ST. JOHN (New York Wharf, Reed's Point), November 14th, 24th, and December 3rd, and weekly thereafter.

Intercolonial Railway. On and after Monday, the 3rd October, 1899 the trains of this Railway will run daily, Sunday excepted, as follows:

TRAINS WILL ARRIVE AT ST. JOHN. Express from Sussex..... 8.30 Express from Halifax, Quebec and Montreal..... 11.25 Accommodation from Ft. du Chene and Moncton..... 11.25 Accommodation from Moncton..... 12.45

CITY TICKET OFFICE, 57 Prince Wm. Street, St. John, N. B.

Vertical text on the right edge of the page, partially cut off, containing various notices and advertisements.