

# PROGRESS.

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ST. JOHN, N. B., SATURDAY, MAY 4, 1895.

PRICE FIVE CENTS

## MAY SETTLE THEIR CASE.

### THE REID-PORTER AFFAIR STILL IN ABYSSOS.

An Impression That Captain Porter Will Settle Rather Than Have Any Further Publicity—A Damaging Statement Gets Into the Press Though Not in Evidence.

Just now people are waiting to hear the end of the Reid-Porter scandal and they eagerly scan the daily papers to find the judgment of the court in the matter. But these papers have not as yet enlightened them on the matter and in many other instances they probably will not enlighten them. Thursday was civil court day and it was thought that His Honor Judge Ritchie would say then whose was the right side of the case. But he did not give the public that interesting bit of information and they had to wait another week. Probably when that has flown round his lips will still be sealed.

The fact of the matter is that the case is practically settled out of court. Capt. Porter has come to realize, though at the eleventh hour, that it is not in his interests from a business or from any other standpoint to let his name be coupled with the serious charges made on the witness stand. He is the owner of the steamer Star and has other business connections that it is not well to injure for the sake of a paltry \$88. Therefore he has about concluded to compromise, and he will pay Mrs. Reid an amount to settle the case, just how much is not yet stated. It will probably, however, not be the full sum.

He did not, however, come to this conclusion until the case was nearly completed. The evidence had all been taken and this week the council had delivered their arguments. They were of an interesting nature, especially that of Mr. J. L. Carleton for Mrs. Reid, wherein he decided that the relations of Captain Porter and Gertrude Reid had been very intimate and this was followed by a statement which was not brought out in evidence and yet was far more damaging to Miss Reid than anything stated. Mr. Carleton said if that he was prepared to prove this if necessary, but in the meantime gave it for the magistrate's private information. And in this way it found its way to the public, for it was published in the newspaper report as part of his argument, which was in reply to Mr. A. G. Blair, jr.'s application for a non-suit.

The heroine of this episode has not sought seclusion as a result of the association of her fair name with such a scandal. She still drives about the city in her fine turnout and still bears the same erect and well poised carriage and the same quiet yet assertive demeanor.

The reason of Mrs. Reid's breaking away from her daughter is not exactly understood. She may have thought that she did not obtain the same consideration that was due her, and there may have been jealousy in the business. She has left the Porter mansion and the captain and his adopted daughter now rule alone. Mrs. Reid belongs up river and her maiden name was Clark. She is of a family well known along the coast. They are of a combative turn and it is even stated that once they and another family engaged in a sort of Americanized vendetta and had several encounters.

Mention was before made of Capt. Porter's eccentricities and they are now on everybody's lips and many have been recalled. His conjugal life was not of the happiest description, and he and his wife have been separated for a long time. He would like to obtain a divorce and has sought for grounds for one but could never find any. She might be able to obtain one, but is taking her revenge by not setting him free by so doing. When he took his adoption bill before the provincial legislature, it was she who obtained the defeat of the measure and prevented him from adopting the lovely Gertrude.

During the trial it was shown how a witness can go too far at times. Miss Reid went on the stand to show how innocent and natural had been her relations with Capt. Porter. He had adopted her when but a little girl and he had been a most kind "papa." He had let her have her own way about the house and she had the management of the internal affairs. This is just what the plaintiff's counsel wanted, for it tended to show that Captain Porter was responsible for housekeeping bills incurred by her, including that of Mrs. Reid.

### How He Shelled Their Curiosity.

It is amusing to notice how little it usually takes to excite curiosity in the human breast, and that the majority of human breasts; and that this interesting vice is not confined to the feminine portion of humanity alone was quite clear to those persons who happened to be on Union street about noon hour the other day when a man returning to work was desirous of catching up with a friend ahead of him, and on that account was running. It almost seemed that business in that portion of the street was suspended for the time being, while everybody seemed intent on watching the runner and

wondering what was wrong; clerks in the smaller stores watched him from the doors, pedestrians turned and gazed enquiringly after him, everybody made way for him. The man, quite unconscious that he was the cynosure of all eyes, kept on until he caught up with his friend, when they both proceeded leisurely towards the scene of their labors.

### A NEW YORKER'S GOOD WORDS.

He Thinks St. John People the Most Hospitable he Ever Met.

"I must say," said a New York gentleman who was in St. John this week, "that the people of this vicinity are the kindest to strangers—especially I think, to strangers from the States—of any people I ever came in contact with, and I have travelled in a good many strange lands.

"I came to St. John a week ago, and have been treated with kindness and consideration by everybody I've met about the hotel or anywhere else. I was in one of your street-cars the other day, and one of the passengers showed me a great many places of interest along the route, when he learned that I was a stranger and from the States.

"Then again 'the boys' here are the most sociable chaps I have met in any place I ever visited. They treat a stranger first-rate.

"I've heard a good many St. John people talk of some of the country districts round here as having a good many hospitable people in them. But if these places have any more such people than St. John they must be something extra.

"You see, I came here a perfect stranger—knowing nobody and caring to know nobody. Now I want to know the whole town.

"I'm going to bring my wife and family back here with me along in June or July. I tell you, the New Yorkers who never come here know very little of your country, and still less of your people. It strikes me your people have all the good points of the English and the Americans—and mightily few of the bad—but I won't tell that home.

"Your provinces ought to be more advertised around New York. I believe you're doing quite a bit of advertising in the New England States, but, bless you, the New England people know a good deal about you already. But the people of New York city, who take life easier than the people of the New England States, should be told of the cool and refreshing provinces by the sea."

### AGAIN MAYOR McPHERSON.

The New Halifax Mayor has now the Keys and Badge of Office.

HALIFAX, May 2.—The silk flag flew from the staff in front of the city hall yesterday in honor of the incoming mayor, who in the afternoon was sworn into office by Governor Daly. David McPherson at once assumed control of city affairs as the chief magistrate of Halifax, after a rest of three years from public duties. He takes charge with a substantial majority of 150 electors at his back, after one of the keenest contests in our civic history. Ex-Mayor Keele has been in the mayor's chair during the past three years, so that David McPherson is his successor as well as his predecessor. Bias was the color of the victorious party on election day and when Mr. E. Keele yesterday handed over to Mr. McPherson the keys they were tied with blue ribbons, a new and pretty idea.

Mayor McPherson enters upon his duties with no personal enemies in the city, and now that the fight is over with no opponents of any kind, even in civic politics. He was always deservedly popular and every body liked and does like, David McPherson. The new mayor has a good knowledge of civic affairs gained during a long experience, first as alderman and subsequently as mayor. His standing in the community both in business life and socially is high, and there is no doubt that the record he will make, now that he has again been given the highest position his fellow-citizens can confer, will be such that, when Halifaxians think of their mayor, it will be with sentiments of pride and satisfaction. There is much good work that Mayor McPherson can do, and he may be depended on to perform his duties with marked ability. He goes forward with PROGRESS' hopes and best wishes for a successful and brilliant career as mayor of Halifax, and with the congratulations of all.

### An Incident of the Contest.

HALIFAX, May 2.—That was a smart Harrington street man in the jewelry business who stamped his business card on the back of his ballot for mayor. The law requires that the voter must deposit his ballot for mayor and alderman at the same booth. This smart man put in his "stamped" ballot for mayor in one ward, and then went up to the next to vote for Hubley as alderman. When he arrived he was promptly told he could not do that as he had already done his voting for the day at the first booth. So he lost both his ballot for mayor and his vote for alderman.

Go to the printer 90 King St. An elegant design to Wall Paper.

## WHERE THEY LIVE NOW.

### ADDRESSES OF MANY PEOPLE WHO HAVE MOVED.

More People Change Their Place of Residence than Usual—The List is Not Complete but it will be Handy for Many Persons to Refer To.

More than the usual number of people moved this year, so everyone says and it the furniture vans upon the streets this week were any evidence the statement could not well be disputed. PROGRESS has for the past year or two published such a list of removals as it was able to obtain and this year the list will be found as usual. It is not complete for that would be practically impossible in the short time at a newspaper disposal but in spite of that it will be of considerable assistance to many wishing to locate people. In some cases the numbers of the new address cannot be furnished, such details as these being forgotten by teamsters and others who had to do with the moving.

Ayer Milton, St. Patrick to Waterloo.  
Ackerley Geo. G., 616 Main to Medical.  
Ashburn A., Broad to Brittain.  
Armstrong Frank, 197 Victoria to 194.

Brown J. H., Brittain to 215 Waterloo.  
Bustin S. T., Cedar to 175 St. James.  
Bustin A. T., 22 Germain to 90 Germain.  
Belding A. M., Crown to 270 Germain.  
Blanchard E., Marsh Road to Church St.  
Bailey Mrs. M. E., 27 Charlotte to 22 Exmouth.  
Burt J. B., Adelaide Road to 590 Main.  
Bartlett T. H., Queen to 105 Carmarthen.  
Boles L. B., 101 Simonds to 84 Simonds.  
Bourke Albert J., St. Patrick to 173 Brussels.  
Barthill, Horefield to 22 Duke.  
Bolton G., Castle to 20 Peters.  
Bell Joe, 38 Horefield to 102 Exmouth.  
Bell Mrs. John, 67 New to 59 Sewell.  
Belyea J. H., Princess to Celebration.  
Bowman I. C., Princess to Leinster.  
Brown J. F., Chubb to 71 Simonds.

Campbell Mrs., Richmond to Peters.  
Cain John F., 137 Elliott Row to Adelaide Road.  
Carr William, Duke to Rodney, W. E.  
Clarke Geo. W., King to 184 Carmarthen.  
Carter E. B., 78 Sydney to 22 Exmouth.  
Coombs H. J., Queen to 20 St. James.  
Casson, White to City Road.  
Cox, 97 St. James to 51 St. James.  
Coleman Misses, 49 Sydney to 70 Sydney.  
Crockett Thos., 50 Sydney to next door below St. David's Church.  
Coleman Edward, Bentley to Douglas Ave.  
Carr Henry, 62 St. Patrick to 54 St. David.  
Crawford Mrs. H., 215 City Road to Gilbert's Lane.  
Churchill G. B., 70 Queen to 114 St. James.  
Canning Jas., Brussels to Exmouth.  
Chambers M., 100 Brussels to 15 Brunswick.

Dickson Burpee, Camden to 154 Main.  
Doane Capt., 208 Duke to Duke.  
Danaher Mrs., Brussels to 559 Main.  
Dickson Albert, Metcalf to Main.  
Daly Mrs., 54 City Road to 121 Brussels.  
Dunham Mrs. 38 Metcalf to 106 Main.  
Day Geo. E., Douglas Ave. to Douglas Ave., near school house.  
Dykeman F. A., Exmouth to 137 Leinster.  
Davis Clare, Leinster to Prince Wm.  
Dyball John, 215 City Road to 40 Cliff St.  
Dunham Mrs. Sarah, Paradise Row to 61 Spring.

Ey as R. J., Wentworth to Sydney.  
Edgett Capt., Union street, out of the city.  
Frederickson Mrs., 208 Duke to 123 King.  
Farrall Miss, Charlotte to Eldon House, Union st.  
Fowler E. H., 7 Charlotte to 27 Charlotte.  
Foster Capt., West end to Broad st.  
Fogarty A., Durham to Main.  
Flewelling W. M., Carmarthen to 40 Portland.  
Faul E. F., Broad to 22 Exmouth.  
Fraselle L., Erin to 154 Waterloo.  
Farnham Mrs., Brittain to Mecklenburg.

Globe F. G., Duke to Guilford, W. E.  
Gibson Miss, Haymarket to 27 Princess.  
Gowland Victor E., Queen to 79 Brussels.  
Gibbs Mrs., Brussels to 73 City Road.  
Goulding J. N. Jr., 109 Pitt to Waterloo.

Hegan Geo. B., Wright to 33 Seely.  
Hutchinson F. B., Waterloo to Germain.  
Hessington G. M., Broad to Spring.  
Hanson P. J., 126 Broad to 81 St. James.  
Horton Wm. E. M. to Main.  
Hinds Mrs. J. H., Main to Indiantown.

Kyle John, Paradise Row to Boston.  
Knappan D., Brittain to St. Andrew.  
Kinball T. A., 1 Waterloo to 60 Waterloo.  
Killy Michael, Castle to 21 Clarence.  
Knox W. E., Broad to 7 Padlock.  
Kenny John, 173 St. James to 14 St. Andrew.  
Kenny Capt., Duke to 99 Elliott Row.  
Kinball J., Moore to Main.  
Kelly 355 Union to Rebecca.

Ladimer Wm. Frederick to 44 Forest.  
Long J. W., King to Watson, W. E.  
London E., 106 Marsh Road to 97 Marsh Road.  
Leary I. C., 7 High to Bridge.  
Miller A. & Co., Market Sqr. to King St.  
Morison T. W., Barker to Portland.  
Mages David, Leinster to 12 High.  
Miller M. S. to 84 Main.  
Moore J. B., Dorchester St. to Moncton.  
Miller J., Strait Shore to Murray.  
Macfarlane Dr., 48 King Square to 165 Princess.  
Magge Robt., 145 Queen to Queen, cor. Casler.  
Mary F., Adelaide to Douglas Ave.  
Miller J., Celebration to 36 Crown.  
Mahony Frank, 87 St. Patrick to 57 St. Patrick.

McIntosh Thos., High to Bridge.  
McMichael E. E., High to 225 Pitt.  
McSherry Geo., 101 Simonds to Main.  
McGarrigle Miss, White to Cliff.  
McKinney James, St. James to Broad.  
McMackin J. H., 126 Portland to Spring.  
McCrosby T., Main to Franklin Row.  
McCann Mrs. 99 St. Patrick to 102 St. Patrick.  
McGovern J. S., 46 King Sqr. to 3 Dorchester.

Nelson Chas., King to Union, cor. Dorchester.  
Noble Chas., King to Rodney, W. E.  
O'Leary J., Paradise Row to Winter st.  
O'Neill J., Brittain to Carmarthen, cor. St. James.

Palton Thos., Elliott Row to 15 Coburg.  
Peterson Mrs., 22 Spring to 210 Duke.  
Peters Geo. A., King to 4 Wentworth.  
Pridgen J. C., Queen to Station st.  
Ryan M., Waterloo to 21 Padlock.  
Rose W., Brussels to Clarence.  
Ryan W., Waterloo to Peters.  
Blair J. W., Sydney to cor. Leinster and Rodney, W. E.

## ANOTHER LOTTERY UP.

### THE ROYAL ART UNION COMPANY MAY BE INTO LIQUIDATION.

Upon the Application of a Clerk who says his Salary has not been Paid to the Extent of One Thousand or Eleven Hundred Dollars—Application Argued Monday.

The Royal Art Union company has fallen upon evil days, and all the assets of the concern are in the hands of the officers of the law.

This concern with the high sounding name has outgrown a figure in this city for the past year or so. They leased the big building on Prince William street once occupied by the hardware establishment of Burpee, Thorne & Co., and furnished it from bottom to top upon an elaborate scale, such as to surprise most of the people who saw it and gave them an idea of the immense backing behind the concern.

The store was papered and painted in the most expensive fashion, the large floors and many stairs were carpeted with rich crimson Brussels. The richest furniture abounded in the office, curtains and portieres were used without stint and more than 300 electric lamps supplied light for the place by day and night. For the building was so narrow and long that the natural light was not sufficient to show the paintings.

For there were paintings there, by the number and by the yard. Works of old masters and amateurs, of the "artists" of the old world and the daubers of the western hemisphere and vice versa—all of these were catalogued with an irresistible abandon and an utter disregard for fact. Thousands of dollars were nothing to fix as the value of a painting and the fairy tales told of the framed canvases that adorned the walls were pleasant to listen to. Few people object to hearing a pleasant tale that does not affect them personally, even if they know it lacks the essential element of truth. And so it was here, though to the credit of the people few of them took enough stock in the stories to buy tickets.

The sale of tickets was limited. So was the company, though from a different reason. The immense lot of pictures that covered the walls were brought in under that customs clause that permitted works of art to come in free for educational purposes. Where that part of the affair came in was hard to get at. The tickets were for sale and the one who got a prize number was supposed to draw a prize, but so far as the writer knows there were no prizes left in this city.

The company lacked patronage; it was not pushed in the same business manner as the modern lottery, though it amounted to little else, and the result was that several months ago there was a shuffler. Mr. Friend, the gentleman who had charge, was replaced by a Mr. Leppleman, who was not here long before a move was made to reship the pictures to the United States. This was done and the walls had a bare and deserted look. Then Mr. Leppleman went too, and like the pictures he failed to return. The only one in charge after that was a Mr. Guilbalt, who referred all people who went to see him upon business to the fact that Manager Leppleman was away and he expected him to return every day. He pointed out in reply to some doubting queries that there was \$10,000 behind the concern, that they had always paid everybody cash and that there was no doubt that another lot of pictures would soon be here and the business go on again without interruption. But a day or two after Mr. Guilbalt gave such information as this he saw a lawyer, Mr. Charles N. Skinner, and instructed him to begin a suit to wind up the Royal Art Union Co. He claimed that this concern, that he had said before always paid cash and had such backing, owed him some thousand or eleven hundred dollars salary. Then there were about forty dollars due other employees. This would lead people to suppose that Mr. Guilbalt was a capitalist in a small way and was content to take his chances at the finish.

### THE FERRY IN RETROGRADATION.

Some of the Reasons Why There Should be a Prompt Change.

Now that market matters are settled the ferry is the next civic department which is to be prominently before the public. The incoming board of works will have a question, a very live one to Carleton people, to consider with respect to the issuance of monthly tickets.

The present system is to issue to applicants bundles of fifty tickets at a cent each. These are good during one month only and are not transferable. They are therefore purchased only by people who live in Carleton and work, attend school or in some other way employ their daytime in the city proper. Those who make only occasional trips do not buy the tickets, for at the end of the month they would have a lot of worthless pasteboards left over that cost them a cent each.

Recently a petition was circulated in Carleton asking for a change. It asked that the tickets be made good until used and not restricted to one month's time. In this way people would not be out of pocket in future for tickets not used.

One or two faults of the present system are pointed out. A man may use but a few tickets and may then become sick or go away on a trip. He cannot get a refund on his pasteboards, he cannot use them the following month nor can any one else use them, so they are rendered useless property. Again 50 tickets are not enough for a month. There are 26, sometimes 27, working days in a month making at least 52 or 54 trips necessary but they get only 50 tickets in a bundle.

The objection that is raised to the new proposal is that it would have the effect of making a one-cent ferry and involve a great amount of additional work and expense. For, say the opponents of the idea, every one would buy tickets when they save fifty per cent, on the cost of crossing and even those who went only occasionally would buy them by the bundle and keep them until used. Thus there would be very few who would be paying two cents into the ferry receipts. There would be nothing but tickets coming in. Better, say they, to have a one-cent ferry and save the extra expense for printing and disposing of the tickets.

The question of how most profitably to run the ferry has been the most important one in civic affairs and various ideas have been promulgated on the subject. The one-cent ferry did not prove successful financially. The system at present being proposed has never been tried, though it has been suggested before.

### The "Clifton" Time-Table.

Until further notice the steamer "Clifton" will leave the wharf at Hampton every Monday, Wednesday and Saturday, at 5.30 a. m., arriving at Indiantown about 9 a. m. On her return trip the steamer will leave at 4 p. m. for Hampton, Clifton and other intermediate points.

A Great Variety of New Designs in Wall Paper and Window Shades at McPherson's, 90 King St.

## WILL BLOOMERS BE WORN?

### A Question for the Ladies to Decide—Who Will Make the Start?

"Has she bloomers on?" was the question asked the other night as a young lady was seen skimming along on her wheel in the semi-darkness of the street. It was not answered for she was lost to view before a closer view could be had, and this brings up the question, will bloomers be worn? It only wants some one to make the first move to start the young ladies out in them, and some brave spirit should volunteer. It is said that the young ladies were first started out on wheels in this city by a member of the Bicycle Club who donned female attire and went out one night in order to break the ice for them. Perhaps the same scheme might be worked with respect to the bloomers.

And now speaking of "bikes" the great increase in the number of riders this year is worthy of mention. They are being cultivated by prominent men of business, clergymen, a large number of young ladies and by people generally of every rank and station. They have even invaded the ranks of newspaperdom, though it remained for the religious press to "beat" the secular press in the city in the proprietorship of a wheel.

"How many wheels will there be in the city on the 24th of May?" was asked of a prominent dealer the other day. "There will be all of 300 or 400," was the response. "This will represent a value of from \$25,000 to \$30,000, so that it will be seen that the bicycle has taken an important place in the social economy. In comparison to population Fredericton has more wheelmen than St. John. There are said to be about 200 bicycles there, which is an unusually large number."

### St. Andrew's New Pastor.

HALIFAX, May 2.—St. Andrew's church, in this city, is to be congratulated on their decision to call Rev. J. S. Black. He is one of the foremost preachers of the Canadian pulpit, and was pastor of Erskine church, Montreal, previous to Rev. L. H. Jordan. St. Andrew's in Mr. Black, will have a minister ranking with any in Halifax. The congregation has been vacant for six months, but they have made a good choice at last. The only thing better they might have done, would have been to decide an amalgamation with Fort Massey, just one block distant.

### Eighth Volume Begins Today.

PROGRESS starts on its eighth year today. Every May day as it comes around marks some step in the progress and advancement of the people's favorite Saturday paper. This year PROGRESS is in its own building, where, without any reasonable doubt, it will remain for the future. Perhaps this is the most satisfactory step the paper has ever made. The fact that it has a home of its own is as comforting to a newspaper as to the average citizen who often attains his dearest wish when he can say that he has more than a tenants claim to his home.

### More Real Estate For Trinity.

By the death of the late Mrs. Charles Merritt, a lady well known and much esteemed, Trinity adds something further to their already large estate of assets in real estate. By two provisions governing the disposition of the property, the residence, which is just across from the church on Charlotte street will go to the church as a parsonage and in time Archbishop Bigelow will probably take up his residence there.

Mr. Larsen's timely and interesting article on "One Hundred Years Ago" in the last issue of PROGRESS was much appreciated by the St. John friends of Mr. H. L. Spencer, although they, unlike the majority of the United States people who know the poem, are aware that he was the author. Not only is Mr. Spencer a graceful poet, but he is also the writer of short prose sketches of a high order, both pathetic and humorous. In this connection it may be stated that his "The Man from Jemseg" sketches, a few of which recently appeared in the Record, have not a copied name, as might be inferred from the ap-

quency with which some of the world's most famous writers are now using similar titles, such as "The Man from Archangel," etc. The fact is that "The Man from Jemseg" was first on the field, the sketches having first appeared in the Sun over a decade ago.

### HE WAS AN ENERGETIC VOTER.

Mr. James Adams of Halifax was a Hustler on Election Day.

HALIFAX, May 2.—Perhaps the most interesting feature of Wednesday civic election apart from its result, has just come to light. It is that James Adams, Alderman Mosher's opponent in Ward 6, voted twice. The doing so subjects the voter to a heavy fine, or a good term of imprisonment. Anyone who doubts that Mr. Adams voted twice can satisfy himself of the truth of the assertion by calling at City Clerk Treman's office and examining the poll clerk's books. The name of James Adams appears, showing that he voted twice—once in Ward 5, for McPherson, and an aldermanic candidate, and once in Ward 6 for himself and McPherson. Mr. Adams had a right to vote in Ward 5 for his own name on the list there, but he had no right to vote again in Ward 6 even if his name were there, but which it was not. The name on the ward 6 list was "James A. Adams," a nephew of the candidate, who was prepared to come in and claim his vote as soon as the candidate had put in a ballot—his sweet second. Ald. Mosher's vigorous protest was so effective that James A. Adams, who urged that he was the man intended by the name, and not his uncle, was not allowed to cast a ballot. So, after all, it did not affect the result, for J. A. Adams would have gone the same way his predecessor did. It certainly would place any man, but especially a candidate, in a very awkward position, to be discovered at such work as this. Don't you think so, Candidate Adams?

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THE NEW CITY FATHERS.

ALL KINDS OF MEN IN THE HALIFAX COUNCIL.

A Newspaper Man Among Them—Some of the Aldermen are Methodist Tax-Reformers—Attorney-General Longley on Mayor McPherson's Election.

HALIFAX, May 2.—Progress has been made acquainted with the result and the general features of the mayoralty and aldermanic campaign, which culminated on Wednesday last week in the election of David McPherson to the chief magistracy of the city of Halifax. It was a remarkable campaign apart from the vigor with which the contest was waged. The political parties were to some extent broken up. Leading liberals like George Mitchell, George E. Boak, William Muir, William Robertson, Hon. William Ross, and A. M. Bell supported J. C. Mackintosh, who is a conservative; while David McPherson, a strong liberal, had among his leading supporters conservatives like Alderman Hamilton, Alderman Mitchell, J. A. Leamas, John Meldane, W. Y. Kennedy, M. H. Kuggles and P. J. Griffin. Yet the great bulk of the liberal party voted for David McPherson, and at a jollification of the leading supporters of the victorious candidate, which came off at one of the principal hotels election night, Attorney-General Longley is said to have described McPherson's triumph as a "great liberal victory, a fitting sequel to Antigonish."

The election has caused some bitterness among men of both political parties, who cut each other's throats at the annual meeting of the Halifax people carry politics into nearly everything. There is a good deal of political feeling in Halifax and Nova Scotia as a whole, to every square foot of territory. A pen picture of the Halifax city council published in Progress a year ago proved somewhat interesting reading. Now that the personnel of the city fathers has undergone the annual change, another such glance within the council rail is worth taking.

Ward 1 loses Alderman Morrow, who it must be admitted has been a disappointment to his friends and the public as they watched his aldermanic career. He is replaced by George Musgrave, a new man who gives promise of having more stamina, and who will not stand in with cliques. Alderman Musgrave is a young business man who is making a success of it and who will do well if he fulfils in civic life the high expectations entertained of him. Ald. John M. Geldert, Jr., is the second member for ward 1, a man who had a lot to learn when he entered the council a year ago, and who has made pretty good use of his time, though he does not yet know it all. He ought to be a pretty good alderman before he is two years older, when his term expires.

Ald. W. J. Stewart, the senior alderman for ward 1, is a man who to-day stands the alderman with most ability of all the eighteen. He is heart and soul a tax reformer, a cause in which he has waged an honorable, and, looking at the remedial legislation at the last session at the house, a successful fight. Ald. Stewart is a tax-reformer on principle as compared with some city fathers who were that merely from expediency.

In Ward 2 the new alderman is W. J. Butler, a rising young business man of wealth and much promise, who has shown himself to be an electioneer of skill and success. He is an excellent speaker. Aided by his wealth, his oratorical ability, and the prestige of his recent victory, he will prove a formidable rival to Ex-Mayor Keete and Ex-Ald. Wallace in the race for the candidacy for the seat in the local legislature to be left vacant when William Roche, M. P. P., resigns to run for the Dominion commons. Alderman W. J. Butler is undoubtedly a good acquisition to the city council. Ald. Butler was opposed by T. J. Barry, a working-man's candidate who made a splendid fight against heavy odds, but who received only 60 per cent. of the votes promised him.

Ald. Redden has put in one year as a representative for Ward 2. He is a hard fighter in any cause he espouses, is full of ingenious and successful devices to accomplish his aims, and if he is not a fluent speaker he more than makes up for that in his cleverness as a manipulator behind the scenes. Ald. Dennis, the senior representative for Ward 2, is a well known newspaper man, who in his five years' service in the city council has obtained a thorough mastery of civic matters, which makes him a dangerous antagonist if he opposes any scheme good or bad that may be on the tapis. Ward 3 returned C. S. Lane on election day by 288 votes over his rival, the largest majority of the day. Ald. Lane was in the council three years ago, replacing Wm. Duggan, who voluntarily retired. He is a well-known business man, and his defeat of W. B. Mahoney is a well merited rebuke to one who insisted on urging his claims on the ward after being decisively rejected a year ago. Ald. Hamilton stands between the junior and the senior members for Ward 3. He was at one time spoken of as a candidate for the mayoralty, but when Mackintosh and McPherson appeared, he and his supporters were left in the lurch. Ald. Hamilton is bold-blooded and calculating, but in many respects the most intelligent man in the council. He is discriminating in his likes, and biting in his hate, a man whom it is better to have as a friend than as a foe. Naturally a priest or reformer in civic affairs, yet it makes a big difference with him whether a friend is interested, or whether some hobby is concerned.

The senior alderman for Ward 3 is Thomas Mitchell. His enthusiasm on behalf of the public gardens, and his to yet more beautiful them, make Mr. Mitchell one of the most useful aldermen in the council. Ald. Andrew Hubley was re-elected in ward 4. Various efforts were made to get a candidate to oppose him. First, Mr. Fenton was urged to enter the lists; then "Putty" Taylor was coaxed to try it; J. B. Neily's turn came next, a man not unknown to Progress readers in connection with the Memramcook "gold mine." Last of all Dr. N. E. Mc Kay was beguiled into accepting the nomination as an opponent of Hubley. It would have been difficult to get a more unpopular medical man as a candidate, so that when the ballots were counted the doctor was 49 behind. Ald. Hubley is the temperance man of the council, and Dr. Mc Kay started his canvass with the promise of every liquor vote in the ward and every vote that that interest could control. Hubley is not a "popularity" seeker and it was thought he had offended the catholic vote, but despite all these factors in the contest Mc Kay came out a long way behind. Ald. John F. Ryan is the second representative for Ward 4. He is best known in civic matters as the chairman of the board of firewardens, and as one of the fathers of the new Halifax fire department. He came in for some rough handling by the critics of the management of the Grain Elevator fire, and, by the way, that investigation was never held. Ald. O'Donnell, the senior member for Ward 4, is the quaint man of the council. It all his sayings at the council or out of it were written down the book would be fearfully and wonderfully fascinating. Ward 5 re-elected Ald. Frank Eden, who is called by his admirers "the philosopher" and "the G. O. M." by turns. Ald. Eden voted against Mackassey, the old license dealer, and he was opposed by the alderman, who determined at all hazards to defeat him. John Mullane, a boss in the ward, bought out G. C. Hartlen, and undertook to give a majority of 250 to McPherson, and figures of the same size to Hartlen. A large amount of money was wagered on the result. When the ballots were counted Mullane discovered that his supposed mortgage on Ward 5 could not be foreclosed, for McPherson's 250 was changed into a majority of 8 for Mackintosh, and his aldermanic candidate was some 100 votes behind. Ward 5 does not want that kind of a boss. Ald. McFatridge, of Ward 5 is the kind-hearted friend of the erring civic employe, whether he be policeman, official or laborer. He is always ready to plead for "another chance." Ald. McFatridge knows a great deal about civic business, and on the whole he is a good alderman. Ald. M. T. Foster is an alderman of whom Ward 5 has reason to be proud, and he appears proud of his majority of eight for Mackintosh. Ald. Foster had made a success of his business; he is an admirable representative and one of the most useful men in the council. Ald. Saul Mosher is again in the council, where he is now a veteran. James Adams was brought out to worry him and prevent the election by acclamation, which Ald. Mosher would have liked. He had been trying to satisfy both the majority candidates and succeeded in pleasing neither, hence the character of his opposition. Adams, an ex-alderman, was brought out by friends of McPherson, and he says he received personal promises of support from two-thirds of the electors, but the vote showed he got only one-third. Ald. Oulhit is the second representative of Ward 6, a man who cannot be accused of consuming much of his time in civic business, or of expending any vast amount of energy or ability in the conduct of public affairs within the council. Ald. Creighton is an elder of the presbyterian church, a portman in politics, and a temperance man of a different type from that presented in Ald. Hubley. This then, is the city council which for the next twelve months will govern Halifax. In connection with the civic contests one fact is very evident which is doubtless as apparent elsewhere. It is that election promises are often of little worth. People promise the canvassers of both sides. Then there is the class of canvasser who no sooner finds that a promise has been made than they make a dead set upon the voter to secure its violation—a rather contemptible business both on the part of voter and worker.

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**SUNSHINE HAS RETURNED.**  
THE SHADOWS OVERHANGING A NIAGARA FALLS HOME HAVE VANISHED.

Little Mabel Dorey Cured of St. Vitus' Dance After Four Physicians Had Ineffectually Treated the Case.

From the Niagara Falls Review.

In speaking to a friend recently we were asked if we had heard that little Mabel Dorey, Ontario Avenue, had been miraculously cured of St. Vitus' dance. We replied in the negative but stated that we would investigate the case and ascertain the facts. Accordingly we visited the house of Mrs. Dorey, whom she related to us as follows:—"My little girl has had a miraculous experience. It is about two years and a half since Mabel was stricken with St. Vitus' dance caused by the weakening effects of the grippe and rheumatism. Three local physicians were called in as was also one doctor of considerable reputation from Niagara Falls, N. Y., but in the face of the prescriptions of these physicians and the best of care, Mabel grew rapidly worse. She could not be left alone an instant and was as helpless as an infant as she had no control of her limbs at all. She could neither walk without assistance nor take any food or drink. At this stage one of the attending physicians said, "Mrs. Dorey, there is no use in my coming here any more. There is nothing that I know of can be done for your little girl." Well, matters went on that way for a short while but results till one day I was cured by the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People and I determined to try them. I was skeptical as to the effect and only tried them as a last resort, but was soon agreeably surprised at the result. It was not long before they had a good effect and I then felt certain I had found a remedy that would cure my little girl if anything could. In less than three months she was so much better that the dread disease had almost disappeared, and the pills were discontinued. In a few months however she showed that the symptoms had not been entirely eradicated from her system, so I had her again commence the use of the Pink Pills. I feel certain that all traces of the awful malady will be swept away, for she goes to school now and we have not the slightest anxiety in leaving her alone. Dr. Williams' Pink Pills is a grand remedy and I would not be without one under any consideration. For I think they are worth their weight in gold, as in my little girl's case they have been true to all they advertise. I am only too glad to let others who may be unfortunate know of this miraculous cure through the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. When strong tributes as these can be had to the wonderful merits of Pink Pills, it is little wonder that their sales reach such enormous proportions, and they are the favorite remedy with all classes. Dr. Williams' Pink Pills contain the elements necessary to give new life and richness to the blood and restore shattered nerves. Sold in boxes (never in loose form) by dozen or hundred, and the public are cautioned against numerous imitations sold in quantities of 50 cents a box, or six boxes for \$2.50, and may be had of all druggists, or direct by mail from Dr. Williams' Medicine Company, Brockville, Ont., or Schenectady, N. Y.

**PRICKED A METER.**  
This is What a Topmast is Said to Have Done.

The report that the steamship Nessmore, at this port from London, had been struck by a meteor, briefly noted in the papers the day following her arrival, has attracted wide attention from those interested in ocean phenomena. On Saturday Capt. Richardson gave a very cheerful description of the incident, with the atmospheric conditions prevailing at the time. March 29 the steamship was on the southern end of the Newfoundland banks. The day opened perfectly, and at noon a good opportunity was had. At 12.30 o'clock the weather changed and a dense fog suddenly set in, completely enveloping the steamer. At this moment, without any warning whatever, a terrific explosion was heard, coming from the direction of the foremost top pole head. A vivid flash of white light accompanied the explosion, and small particles of what appeared to be white ash matter were seen to fall to deck. Of course all hands were greatly startled, and Captain Richardson, who was on the bridge, stopped the steamship. Explaining his astonishment, he said that first he thought that some man-of-war had fired a shell at him. Recovering his composure, and finding the vessel all right, he was started and headed again. An examination of the fore pole showed a splinter of wood projecting from it at right angles, and a splinter was sent aloft to investigate. He found the pole split across and downward for three feet. The paint was burned off the whole length of the pole. Directly after the explosion a very heavy rain set in, lasting about twenty minutes. Then the rain ceased, the fog lifted, and the sun came out brilliantly for about thirty minutes, when the fog again surrounded the vessel. The meteor, of whatever it was, came from an easterly direction. At the time the wind was light breeze from the south. There was no lightning before or after the explosion.

**Durability of Telegraph Wires.**  
Telegraph wires last longest where there are no factories or injurious gases given off from the chimneys, and where as in the Isle of Anglesey, they are exposed to nothing worse than the winds from the sea. There are wires in the Anglesey district which have been in use for telegraph purposes for upwards of forty years. Telegraph wires last the shortest time when erected in the neighbourhood of chemical works, the fumes from which are very destructive, and their terms of existence under

such unfavorable circumstances only range from one to three years. Between the two extremes of one and forty years, the life of telegraph wires ranges for various periods, increasing in length as they traverse the open country, and decreasing as they pass through manufacturing or mining districts where the atmosphere is affected by smoke and injurious gases.

**A Troublesome Guest.**  
The poet Clement Marot, being in very straitened circumstances, went to the king and said:—"I have come to lay before your Majesty a complaint against one of my creditors whose claims I have satisfied over and over again, and yet he persists in dunning and harrasing me at every opportunity."

"Who is the scoundrel?" the king inquired.  
"My stomach, sire. Though I have satisfied its wants times without number, it never ceases to torment, and I am utterly incapable of meeting its demands."

The king was pleased with the joke, and allowed the poet a pension on the spot.  
"I see the Duke now, when I think of it; and I hear the drum—the horrible drum—that called the men to battle. I was only a child of ten, and many things I was told afterwards I never knew at the time. But the music and the drums, and the noise of the guns, and the soldiers dashing past—all this is as if I saw and heard it now."

**The Biggest Plough in the World.**  
The biggest plough in the world is one now lying unused in California. It was made fifteen years ago by a ranch foreman, and was suspended between two 8 ft. wheels. The first day ten horses were harnessed to it, but it would not move. More horses were brought, until their number reached fifty, and then the ponderous concern began to move very slowly. Next day eighty oxen were substituted. Of course, under those conditions, the thing was a failure, and has never been used since.

**A Remarkable Train.**  
One of the most remarkable trains that ever travelled over the rails of an American continent was recently run by an American. It was composed of 25 cars, all handbuilt, and every one of them first to last low, except "Hires' Root-Beer." There is no question but that it was the largest and most magnificent train ever made at one time in America. The value of the shipment was nearly \$100,000, and it attracted great attention among the trade and railroad men who gave the train the appropriate name of "Hires' Root-Beer Special." It carried 250,000 cases in all, 4,000 gross, or 80,000 bottles of Hires' Root-Beer Extract, sufficient to make 2,000,000 gallons of root-beer, and it was the largest and most magnificent train ever made at one time in America. The value of the shipment was nearly \$100,000, and it attracted great attention among the trade and railroad men who gave the train the appropriate name of "Hires' Root-Beer Special." It carried 250,000 cases in all, 4,000 gross, or 80,000 bottles of Hires' Root-Beer Extract, sufficient to make 2,000,000 gallons of root-beer, and it was the largest and most magnificent train ever made at one time in America.

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Musical and Dramatic.

IN MUSICAL CIRCLES. In the notice of Mr. Titus concerts which appeared in Progress last week, the types made me twice use the word "time" when I wrote the word "time."

On Monday evening last I had the pleasure of attending the song recital given at the Opera house by the musically distinguished Rosa D'Erina, assisted by Mr. Vantom.

Madame D'Erina has a pleasant speaking voice that, in its accent, embodies to a large extent, the musical sounds of the refined Dublin accent, which to me seems to be the elegance of English pronunciation.

Not alone the musical among the citizens but the whole community was shocked beyond description, on learning of the death of Prof. Joseph Heine, so well and so favorably known as "the blind violinist."

The deceased violinist had manifested much talent at a very early age and during his life had been recipient of much honor from those occupying high positions, having played before Queen Victoria, and being warmly complimented on his skill.

M. Zeidenhurst, a Dutch pianist, is causing a sensation in Paris. He will shortly appear in America. He is being compared to Rubinstein.

It is rumored in London, Eng., that W. S. Gilbert has arranged to re-write "The Grand Duchess" and other famous comic operas of the olden time.

Miss Rosalind Hiss has been engaged for the summer season of opera at the Castle Square theatre, Boston.

of the Castle Square theatre, Boston, the manager of the Tremont theatre in that city has arranged for a summer season of comic opera at his house, and has secured Miss Marie Millard as prima donna.

Miss Elsie Irving the English actress who has become a Boston favorite, is said to have "a mezzo soprano voice of good quality and sings popular songs and ballads in a very charming and cultivated manner."

Camille D'Arville's new opera written for her by Messrs. Gordon and Englander is called "Marton." It will receive a New York production on the 20th inst.

The Boston Music hall "Pops" will be given on the 11th inst. This will be the 10th season of these promenade concerts.

The 14th season of the concerts of the Boston Symphony Orchestra was brought to an end last Saturday evening with the following programme, viz:

Passacaglia for organ, in C minor Johann Sebastian Bach Symphony No. 3, in E flat major, Krösa, op 55 Ludwig van Beethoven

Overture to The Fair Melina, op 22 Felix Mendelssohn-Bartholdy (a) Minuet of Will-o'-the-Wisps Hector Berlioz (b) Waltz of Sylvia Hector Berlioz

From The Damnation of Faust, op 24. Overture to Tannhauser Richard Wagner Cyril Tyler, a boy soprano no longer says that while he was visiting Patti in Wales she promised to sing Juliette to his Romeo when his voice shall have changed to a tenor, and it probably will; and as she seems truly perennial, perhaps her promise will be fulfilled.

Signor A. de Novellis, has been engaged as conductor for the Music hall "pops" in Boston. This gentleman came from Naples in 1876 under engagement to Max Strakosch, his first appearance being during the Centennial. He remained with Strakosch for eight years, during which he conducted performance of companies which included contessts like Pappenheim, Marie Rozes, Clara Louise Kellogg, Annie Louise Cary, Brignoli, &c.

Mrs. Harrison, the wife of Principal Harrison, formerly of Sackville, who has on several occasions sang in concert in this city, has suddenly acquired a prominence in musical circles that is unusual, but after all not so very much of a surprise to her musical admirers.

There must be some mistake about Miss Yaw's compass, at least, because an article descriptive of that young lady says her compass extends to E in the altissimo. This would give her a tone higher than is credited to Mrs. Harrison in the article quoted.

TALK OF THE THEATRE. "Tribly" has been in Saint John. She was at the Opera house last week, or rather a dramatized version of Du Maurier's book, by W. V. Ranous it is said.

On the 26th inst the celebrated actor C. W. Couldock was eighty years old. He is not in affluent circumstances but his many friends and admirers have arranged a benefit for him and will see to it that he does not suffer.

Sadie Martinot was to produce "The Passport" at the Park theatre, Boston this week and her role is that of a widow, a volatile, forgetful, flighty and irresponsible creature, full of whims and fancies.

Mr. A. M. Palmer says he "is having plenty of trouble protecting his rights to the dramatization of "Tribly." More than a week ago Judge Lacomb granted an injunction restraining W. V. Ranous from producing a play based on Du Maurier's book, and yesterday Judge Rankine was

sings "Ben Bolt." When the song is finished she dies. Comment on this situation is unnecessary. The "Tribly" first here is Miss Isabel Lorraine, whose work in the role was fairly well done but will be much better as the season advances, provided A. M. Palmer of New York does not terminate the season abruptly with the orthodox "injunction" for infringement.

Miss Julia Arthur, who is well remembered in this city as a member of the Will Harkins company of a few years ago, is now a member of Henry Irving's company in London, England. Irving will take Miss Arthur with his company in his forthcoming tour. She has been chosen to play second parts to Ellen Terry, or as the statement says, "leading parts that are not important enough for Miss Terry." She has already been put down for the parts of Hero in "Much Ado about Nothing" and Rosamund in "Becket."

The 850th performance of "Charley Aunt" took place at the Globe theatre, London, on the 22nd ult.

The Garrick theatre, London, will be taken by E. S. Willard, as soon as John Hare, of that theatre, starts on his tour in America.

The partnership between A. M. Palmer and E. E. Rice has terminated.

"The Politician" has been a money winner for Roland Reed. This play is David Lloyd's old play "For Congress" revised and partly re-written by Sydney Rosenfeld.

It is said that next season, Lewis Morrison will produce in New York a new play by Harrison G. Fiske, called "The Privateer."

Katherine Clemmons, who will be remembered as having a very big starring role in her bonnet a year or two ago, and who persisted in keeping her play "A Lady of Venice" before the public after it proved a flop, and in so doing lightened the purse of Buffalo Bill very materially, is again in New York. She is trying to get a release from her contract with the aforesaid Bill. She wants to go to London and try a new play there next fall. The play, it is said, is now being written for her.

Lily Langtry has returned to England. She will come back to America next October and play under T. Henry French's management. She is to make a tour of Australia in 1896.

Mrs. G. H. Gilbert ever since the year 1869 has been a member of Augustin Daly's company.

Mollie Fuller, who has been replaced Bettina Gerard in "The Twentieth Century Girl," has introduced into the piece a dance in bare feet, a la Tribly.

It is stated as a fact that "Tribly" is making a profit amounting to nearly \$5000 per week for manager A. M. Palmer.

Miss Ethel Mollison, of this city, is now a member of the company that is supporting Miss Ada Rehan during her starring engagement of a week's duration in Boston which opened last Monday evening with the "Two Gentlemen of Verona." Tyrone Power, who is remembered in St. John as the author and producer of a play called "The Texan," is also a member of this company.

"A Dog in the Manger" is the title given by Charles H. Hoyt to his new play in which his handsome wife, Caroline Miskel, will be the central attraction in next season.

In the production of "The Orient Express" by Augustin Daly's company at the Hollis street theatre, Boston, last week, large cuts were made in the lines of the other characters owing to the fact that Mr. Francis Carlyle was suffering from a severe cold and after struggling through the first act was obliged to give up the battle. One of the parts that suffered most, by this slashing, was that of Louis, played by Miss Percy Haswell, a little lady who is, and always will be, favorably remembered here. A critical notice of the play says "Miss Haswell in the few scenes left by the slashing alterations in the play was sweetly ingenious and natural."

Otis Skinner, the well known actor was recently married to his leading lady Miss Maud Durbin.

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similarly enjoined in Denver. Mr. Palmer has also begun proceedings against various parties in Buffalo, Spokane, Sioux City, Davenport, Ia., and St. John, N. B." The W. V. Ranous mentioned in this extract is the man who recently played the role of Svengali at the opera house here, in the variation of "Tribly" produced at that house last week, and which version Mr. Ranous claimed was his own adaptation. The directors of this house ought to be well satisfied that managers have full lawful rights to all plays they undertake to produce. In other words they should protect the reputation of their house against pirating.

WITH HIS CLOTHES ON. Why a Gentleman was Wont to Tumble Into the Water.

General Thiebault, a well-known French officer, in recounting the story of his life, dwells at some length upon his experience in the swimming-school on the bank of the Seine. Among the habits of the place was one man who had opinions of his own, and a mind to exercise them. He came to the school three times a week, and General Thiebault thus describes him: He was about forty years old, tall, thin, serious-looking, and carried himself like an aristocrat. He always came straight into the school in his street dress, his hat on his head, his coat buttoned up to his chin, gloves on, and cane in hand. Without paying attention to anyone he walked along the platform, drawing nearer and nearer to the edge, and then suddenly, and to all appearance as much to his surprise as to anyone else's, his foot slipped, and into the river he tumbled. The first time I saw this performance I supposed it was an accident, and was preparing to go to the man's rescue, when I saw him pick up his hat, put it on his head, put his cane between his teeth, and strike out for the platform. Having reached the platform, he retired to a dressing-room, out of which he presently emerged wearing a bathing-suit like the rest of us. By this time I was half disposed to believe him crazy, but when I ventured to ask an explanation of his strange behavior, he replied, "Sir, we learn to swim in order to be able to save ourselves if we should ever fall into the river. Now, then it such an accident should happen to you, do you imagine that you would be dressed in swimming-drawers? No, sir, you would have on your clothes, your boots, your hat, and being taken all by surprise, you would most likely be drowned. As for me, if I were in such a position, I should, as you see, save myself easily."

Princesses as Nurses. A love for nursing seems inherent in the Queen's daughter. Princess Alice of Hesse was a splendid nurse, the Empress Frederick ran her very close in the Franco-German war, and Princess Christian has been and ever will be a positive enthusiast on the subject of hospital nursing. Princess Beatrice, too, when her little daughter's accident caused such anxiety, proved herself scarcely less proficient. The Queen herself at one time had no taste for nursing, and it is told that, owing entirely to her influence, the Duchess of Teck gave up her most cherished wish in her maiden days—that of becoming a professional nurse.

A House Built on a Tree. A Louisiana planter of scientific tastes has lately adopted an unusual residence on the banks of the Rana River, where his house is built after the fashion of a bird's nest, literally on a tree, some 50ft. above the ground. The house consists of three stories built round the tree, which runs through the rooms like the masts which penetrate a ship's cabin. The structure is properly protected by props of timber, and also by guide-ropes. Access to the rooms is obtained by means of an elevator placed behind the supporting tree. Living above the limits of malaria, the inhabitants are said to preserve excellent health in their unique dwelling-place.

Density of Mahogany. There is a remarkable difference in the density of mahogany as it comes to the cabinetmaker. A square foot of Cuban mahogany, one inch thick, weighs on the average six pounds; a like piece of Santo Domingo mahogany weighs four pounds, and a like piece of Mexican mahogany weighs two and a half pounds. The difference in weight between old pieces of Santo Domingo mahogany taken from the wreck of antique furniture and a piece of seasoned new Santo Domingo mahogany is much less than might be expected.

A Lady's Last Request. Lady Goss was the widow of Sir John Goss, for thirty years organist at St. Paul's cathedral. They were married in 1821. Her last request was that her love-letters should be placed in her coffin, and it is interesting to notice that the first was written when both she and her future husband were only sixteen years old.

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 GRAPES—Vines in early varieties only.  
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 THE ABOVE STOCK IS GOOD. ALSO EXCELLENT SITUATION FOR BUILDING.  
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**Social and Personal.**

**St. John—South-End**  
 The marriage of Mr. Herbert J. Ruel and Miss Holdbrook is announced to take place in June.  
 Mrs. Hamford and family have returned from San Diego, where they spent the winter, and have gone to their former home on the corner of Charlotte and Horsefield streets. Mrs. Hamford's sister, Mrs. Brown, of Halifax, is in the city staying at the Clifton House.  
 The German club had their final meeting at Mrs. J. D. Landry's, Leinster street, last Saturday evening; very interesting and instructive papers were read by Count de Bury and Mr. Gunn. Mrs. Landry served refreshments and the evening passed very quickly and pleasantly.  
 Mrs. George Foley has removed from Exmouth street to Golding street.  
 Mrs. Keator gave a tea to a number of friends on Wednesday evening. Quite a large number of married and single ladies were present and a very pleasant evening was spent.  
 A number of young men will go into camp at Robeson on Saturday. They are anticipating a pleasant summer.  
 Miss Florence Sullivan, who has been visiting the home of her father, returned to her home in St. Stephen on Tuesday morning. Miss Sullivan had a very pleasant visit and several interesting social functions were gotten up in her honor during her stay in the city.  
 Miss Lottie Harrison gave a quiet but pleasant party to a number of her friends on evening this week.  
 Mrs. Chas. Coster has removed from Coburg street to the house on the corner of Leinster and Westworth streets. Mrs. Stanley Ritchie, who had been living in Judge Waters' house, occupies the lower flat of the house in which Mrs. Coster is living.  
 The Harmony Bazaar club met with the Misses Furlong, Coburg street, on Wednesday evening and a very bright and entertaining time was spent. The last meeting will be held at Mrs. Stratton's next Wednesday evening.  
 Among the young ladies who make horseback riding a special form of amusement just at present might be mentioned Miss Furlong who looks particularly graceful and pretty in a neat black habit, Miss Dever also in black, Mrs. Coster and Miss Katie Jones in perfect fitting and very becoming dark blue habits.  
 Mr. F. Wyder Daniel who has been in New York for some time, has returned home.  
 Miss Jessie Monroe, of Woodstock, paid a brief visit last week to her friend, Miss Weeks, of Paradise Row.  
 Mr. and Mrs. R. B. Humphrey have taken rooms at the hotel Aberdeen.  
 Mr. W. G. Smith, of Manchester, Robertson & Allison, who has been in England on business returned home last week.  
 Rev. L. G. MacNeill and his bride have arrived safely in England after a very delightful passage, having been received by their friends here at the hotel Aberdeen.  
 Mr. and Mrs. Frank Dimock, who spent a part of their wedding tour in St. John, left Monday for Halifax where they will spend a week with Mr. Dimock's parents before proceeding to their future home in Hamilton, Ont.  
 Mr. G. H. Flood left recently for a brief trip to New York.  
 Mr. and Mrs. J. W. Y. Smith, of Dorchester, and Mr. and Mrs. W. C. Miller, of Sackville, who have been spending the winter in the south, arrived in St. John this week. They stayed a short time with friends here before proceeding to their respective homes.  
 Mrs. Kirkpatrick and Miss Wickwire who enjoyed a very pleasant visit to their friend, Mrs. R. Stone, returned to Halifax on Monday afternoon.  
 Mr. F. B. North, of Hampton, accompanied by Mrs. North and their daughter, Miss North, were visitors in the city for the week.  
 Dr. X. L. Anthony, of Berwick, N. S., was in the city for the first of the week on his way to Montreal. Dr. Anthony is one of McGill's graduates of '95 and has been appointed house surgeon in the Victoria general hospital, Montreal.  
 Mrs. Day Brisy, wife of Rev. Mr. Des Brisy, of Bathurst and children, were visiting Mrs. E. T. Sturdee, Elliott Row, this week.  
 Mr. and Mrs. W. Hamm and family spent a day this week at their summer residence at Grand Bay.  
 Rev. Robert Lang, principal of the Ladies' college, Halifax, spent some time in the city recently and occupied the pulpit in St. David's church last Sunday.  
 Mr. and Mrs. Andrew Foster are receiving congratulations this week on the arrival of a stranger in the family—a daughter.  
 Mr. and Mrs. Patterson have taken rooms at the Clifton House and will remain there for the summer.  
 Mrs. C. T. Gillespie left this week for a visit to friends in New York, and intends to remain some weeks.  
 The musical club met with Miss Alice Hes, Orange street, last Friday evening and spent a very enjoyable evening.  
 Mrs. N. Brunns entertained a number of young people at her residence on Main street last Friday evening. A very pleasant time was spent.  
 Miss Annie Scammell left on Thursday last for the Isle of Wight where she will make quite a lengthy visit to her aunt.  
 Miss Ella Putnam, of Muskegon, N. S., is visiting her friend, Mrs. C. Whitaker, Queen Square. Miss Putnam's marriage to Mr. H. B. McDougall, banker, of Sydney, C. B., takes place in June at the home of the bride's father, Alfred Putnam, M. P. for Han's county; Miss Bessie Sadler, of St. John, will be one of the bridesmaids on the interesting occasion.  
 Mrs. Tilley, who has been visiting friends here for the past fortnight returned home on Friday last. The many friends of Mr. Cassidy will be sorry to learn that he is very seriously ill at his residence on Queen street.  
 Colonel McShane, of Halifax, is visiting friends in the city this week; he came to attend the Fusilier ball last week and will return to Halifax on Monday.  
 Mrs. T. B. Hannington entertained a number of friends very pleasantly last Saturday evening at her residence on King street east.  
 Mr. and Mrs. A. H. Hannington and Mrs. Fred Hannington left this week for London, Paris, and other European cities. They expect to make quite an extended stay in the old country.  
 Mr. Charles Peters, of Union street, is very seriously ill at his residence and his condition is critical.  
 Mrs. Currie, of Halifax, is visiting her parents, Mr. and Mrs. James F. Robertson, Carleton street.  
 Miss Marjory Holden, who has been a student at McGill for some time, returned home last week.  
 Mrs. Frank W. Dimock was the guest of attorney general and Mrs. Blair recently.  
 Mrs. M. F. Manks, Peters street, is spending the week in Quispamsis with Mr. Manks' sister, Mrs. Mape.  
 Mrs. S. Porte, of Amherst, was in the city on Wednesday on his way to St. Stephen where he has accepted a situation. Mr. Porte is considered the best and most graceful athlete in the lower provinces.  
 Mrs. Helen Grimmer who has spent the past fortnight with friends in the city returned home this week.  
 Mrs. N. D. W. Parker, of St. Andrews, who has been in the city for several weeks visiting friends, returned to her home last week.  
 Mrs. D. McAndrew and Mrs. D. J. Brown of this city have gone to Roxbury Mass., to visit the former's mother.  
 The new rector of St. Lukes, Rev. Mr. McKim, has arrived in the city and is being warmly welcomed. A large delegation from St. Lukes went to the depot to meet him.  
 Miss Margaret Holden, a daughter of Dr. Holden who has just completed her second year at McGill's and Miss Muriel Carr, will very like become honor graduates at that institution. Miss Holden won high honors and was a tie with two others for first place in her class and Miss Carr also upheld the honor of St. John by taking first general standing rank in her class and winning the Sir Donald Smith prize of the annual value of \$100, and free tuition as well as the Coster prize, and prizes in Latin, French and English.  
 Mr. and Mrs. Geo. Davis, of St. John, are in the northwest and having a very pleasant time.  
 Mr. Robert Henderson and Mr. James Henderson, of London, England, are in the city, at the New Victoria; they will visit various parts of the province.  
 Mrs. Benjamin Hearts accompanied by Miss Bessie Mathews, of Prince Edward Island, were among the guests at the Royal hotel this week.  
 It is rumored that no less than one hundred weddings will take place in St. John during the spring and early summer. As the weeks are flying away it is almost doubtful for some one of the one hundred couples to take the initiative, and usher in the happy time when two hundred hearts will beat as one hundred.  
 Mr. William Hall, of Springhill, was in the city for a few days this week the guest of Mr. John Byers, Wentworth street; he returned home on Friday.  
 Mr. Alexander Dick manager of the Joggins, N. S., Collieries was at the Royal this week enroute to Portland Maine. Mr. Dick has the sympathy of many St. John friends in the death of his wife (formerly Miss Maggie Hall, a daughter of Wm. Hall, of Springhill) which occurred this spring.  
 Among the bright St. John girls who have won distinction this year at McGill is Miss Sinis Cameron who after making a bright record in previous years now adds the B. A. degree with first honors in English language, literature and history. She also won the Shakespeare gold medal, after a keen contest and one of the best paper examinations ever submitted at McGill.  
 Mr. and Mrs. Benjamin Black of St. John were guests at Mr. Allison male college the first of the week.  
 Mr. and Mrs. Henry O'Leary, who have enjoyed a pleasant stay of two weeks with friends here returned to their home in Richibucto this week.  
 The steamer "St. John City" which leaves here on Saturday for London has on her passenger list the following St. John people, Mr. and Mrs. A. H. Hannington, Mrs. Fred E. Hannington, Miss Annie Scammell, Miss Edith M. Peake.  
 The death of Mrs. Charles Merritt occurred last Monday morning after quite a long and painful illness. The deceased lady was a Miss Ingersoll, of St. Catherine, Ontario, and was well known in this city and highly esteemed. The funeral, which took place on Thursday afternoon was very largely attended. The services were conducted by Archdeacon Bristow.  
 Miss Edith M. Peake left this week for Durban, Natal, South Africa to join her brother who is living there; her friends here wish her a safe voyage to that far land.  
 Mrs. D. L. Davis and Mrs. W. B. Ganong of the Cedars, Long Beach are among the guests at the Hotel Aberdeen.  
 Rev. Mr. Prince and Mrs. Prince are enjoying a visit to Mrs. S. T. Golding, Prince street.  
 Miss Mamie Coleman of Fredericton, arrived in the city this week, for a visit to friends.  
 Mr. J. K. Scammell, who has been in Montreal returned to the city this week.  
 The family of Mr. Robert Bustin are at home again having returned by steamer Canada on Thursday. M. and Mrs. Bustin have visited Washington and other American cities during their absence.  
 The family of W. J. B. Marter will have the sympathy of many friends in his death which took place on Thursday morning. Mr. Marter was well known in the city having been forty years in the customs services. He had been ill in health for some time and served a surgical operation performed some weeks ago. Mr. Marter was very warmly esteemed by all who met him either in social way or in business; a wife and one son survive him.  
**FREDERICTON.**  
 [Promises is for sale in Fredericton by W. T. H. Fretwell and J. H. Hawthorn].  
 Invitations have been issued by Mrs. Stephen M. Dixon for a large "At Home" to be given at her residence in the University, on Wednesday evening next.  
 Miss Rachel Mansuett left today for Newport, where she will enter a hospital, in training for a nurse. While Miss Mansuett's many friends regret her departure, all join in best wishes for success in her future work.  
 Miss Winifred Johnston has returned home from a pleasant visit spent with friends in Moncton.  
 Mrs. D. Blanchard Sewell and family left on Friday last for the Bay Shore, St. John, where they will reside in future. On Thursday afternoon Mrs. Sewell's pupils gave a musical in the church hall, as a farewell and at the close she was presented with a handsome berry set and a five o'clock tea set. Among those who took part in the musical programme was Miss Miss Winnet, Miss Alice Campbell, Miss Elvora Foyers and Miss Ethel East. Mrs. Sewell also favored the company with several songs which were rendered in fine style and showed her beautifully cultivated voice which has a sweetness seldom equalled, to its fullest extent. Mrs. Sewell carries with her the sincere affection and respect of a large circle of friends.  
 Miss Lancelotti who has been spending the last six months here, the guest of her uncle, Mr. A. S. Murray, returned home today.  
 Lieut. Col. Mansuett, has been quite seriously ill of erysipelas, his friends will be pleased to learn that his condition is much improved.  
 Prof. and Mrs. Dixon entertained the graduates and under graduates of the university at their residence in the university on Saturday evening the entertainment consisted of amateur theatricals and was most enjoyable after which a dainty supper was served.  
 The Misses Hunter entertained a small party on Monday evening.  
 The children of the kindergarten had a gala day on Friday last, it being the anniversary of the birth day of Froebel, the originator of the kindergarten system. In Germany, the little boys have been taught by their officious teacher, Miss Snyre, to look upon him almost as their patron saint and all honor was done his memory; in the centre of the room a tower was built of his gifts and around it were desks, seats and other furniture and all the talk of the morning was on the life of Froebel. Miss Snyre and her assistants Misses Isabel Babbitt and Bessie Logan make the school a perfect play room for their young charges.  
 Mrs. L. W. Johnston leaves on Friday, for Truro, Nova Scotia, where she will spend a short time with Mr. Johnston.  
 The Lions Club which had their last meet of the season, last night at the residence of Dr. Bridges; a very pleasant evening was spent. Mrs. Robt. Wetmore and Mr. T. B. Winkler were the fortunate winners of the first prize.  
 Capt. and Mrs. Childs have taken the cottage on Brunswick street, lately vacated by Mrs. Porter, and are now in their new home.  
 Mrs. Marshall Ribbey and daughter Louise, formerly of this city, but now of Haverhill, Mass., are

**DON'T** be misled  
 BY GLARING ADVERTISEMENTS OF  
**CYCLES**  
 offered by inexperienced Dealers and Agents.  
 WE Handle RELIABLE Lines such as  
**The QUADRANT,**  
**ROYAL ENFIELD, &c.,**  
 and understand our business.  
**F. H. TIPPET, & Co.,** IMPORTERS, - -  
 ST. JOHN, N. B.

ASK YOUR  
 DEALER FOR  
**IMPERIAL SHADES.**  
**MENZIE, TURNER & Co.,** Cheapest, Strongest, Best.  
 Shade Manufacturers to the Trade, Toronto.  
 Sold by all reliable dealers.

**WANTED 1000 MEN'S FELT AND FUR HATS**  
 To Re-dye a 1 Finish Gents, you can save from \$1.00 to \$2.00 by not throwing away your HAT because it is soiled, faded and out of shape. See Specimen Samples at our office and be convinced.  
**American Dye Works Co.,** Works Elm Street, South Side King Square. North End

**All-a-Samee**  
**Cheroots 4 FOR 10c**  
 All Imported Tobacco. 10c  
 Better than most 5 Cent Cigars.  
 As good as the ordinary 10 Cent Cigar.  
 It is the manufacturer's profit that has to be cut down when half price comes. Every smoker should try these Cheroots. Assorted colors. For sale by tobacco dealers everywhere.  
 Creme de la Creme Cigar Co., Montreal.  
**TAYLOR, DOCKRILL & CO.,** ST. JOHN, N. B.  
 Sole Agents for New Brunswick.

**HOT or COLD, WHICH?**  
 IF YOU want to keep warm this winter, come to our store and buy a HEATING STOVE, and your home will be warm. We have a great variety. Hard or Soft Coal or Wood; all sizes, all prices. It is worth your while to see our stock of RANGES and HEATING STOVES.  
**COLES & SHARP, CHARLOTTE STRE-ET.**

**Keep Your Feet Dry**  
 If you catch cold now it will hang on all summer.  
**Wear Granby Rubbers.**  
 They are the best and last longest Perfect in Style, Fit and Finish. THEY WEAR LIKE IRON.

**Use Only Pelee Island Wine Co's. Wine**  
 OUR BRANDS: DRY CATAWA, SWEET CATAWA, HANSELLA, DR. AGASSISER, (Registered), CLARET.  
 THEY ARE PURE. OF THE QUALITY OF THE WINE.  
 MARGOT TRONCEN  
 E. G. SCOVIL, AGENT PELEE ISLAND WINE CO'S. WINE, ST. JOHN, N. B.  
 Dear Sir,—My family have received great benefit from the use of your wine during the past four years. It is the best tonic and sedative I have ever used. It is much cheaper and palatable than anything else I have used. Yours, JAMES H. DE VY.  
 E. G. SCOVIL, 100 and 101 Water Street, Telephone 625.

SOCIAL AND PERSONAL.

FOR ADDITIONAL SOCIETY NEWS SEE FIFTH AND SIXTH PAGES.

HALIFAX NOTES.

Progress is made in Halifax at the following places:

- Knowles' Book Store, 34 George street; Morrison & Co., 111 Hollis street; Hattie & Mylitta, Morris street; ...

May 1.—No adays very few people will agree with the lady who wished to be "called early" on the first of May...

Among the numerous people change houses today are Mrs. Abbott who goes to "Fine Cottage," Mrs. William Bullock to Tower road and Mrs. A. Whwell to Victoria road...

To "hark" back to the news of last week, Cunard's wharf was quite gay on Saturday afternoon with the various people who came to say goodbye to their friends...

Next week we hope to be welcoming back Mrs. Clarkson and her charming daughter Mrs. Hill, who is coming to spend the summer in Halifax...

The Dorr-Norcross company abruptly finished their engagement Friday night. Mr. Norcross was ill and unable to attend to rehearsals...

The musical burlesque which is being managed by Mr. Compton, organist of St. Mary's, and Mr. "Rope" Greenwood is arranged to take place on the 17th and 18th of May...

Mr. A. S. Wythe is getting up a concert in aid of the St. John's organ fund. He has a new idea to hear for his concert...

Mr. Edwards, the naval instructor of the "Blake" is returning in the same position on the "Cresson" and Mr. Motton is coming back in the same ship...

Major R. M. Brady has received the appointment of military secretary to General Lyons in Bermuda and our well known and much missed friend, Mr. H. B. March has got his company...

Mr. John Irons the popular and efficient manager of the Wanderers' grounds is beginning to get them in order. The club hope to have some good cricket this year...

The South and lawn tennis club has had its annual meeting and elected its officers for the coming season, so they will soon start to work getting the grounds in condition to play upon...

Mr. Stairs has had his little steam yacht "Ujala" taken from the slip and anchored off the club. The first yacht race is not to take place till early in June...

A wedding of interest to Halifax people took place in Montreal last week. It was that of Mr. J. R. Kingsford to Miss Winifred St. George...

Eclipse. It is the purest, best laundry soap ever offered in Canada. Try it from your grocer. JOHN TAYLOR & CO., Manufacturers.

fitting. Quite a number enjoyed her hospitality after the football game and the many dainty edibles served were very welcome...

The south end Tennis club had their annual meeting last week and the officers of the previous year were, with very few exceptions, re-elected...

Miss Seston gave a tea last Friday as a farewell to Miss Violet Noyes who has gone to England for the summer...

The recital at the conservatory last week was perhaps one of the most finished performances which has taken place for a long time...

Major and Mrs. Dorman intend residing at the Arm for the summer. Capt. and Mrs. Long have left their house on Morris street and taken up their residence at 34 South street...

The principal event now being talked of is the production of "1492" at the academy this month under the management of R. P. Greenwood and W. F. Crompton as musical director...

Among the passengers by the Munnidiam on her last voyage were Miss Archibald, Miss Courtney, Mrs. Dobbins and family, Ewart, Mrs. G. T. Hart, Mrs. Hickey, Miss Jardine, Mrs. J. F. Kenny, Miss Noyes, Rev. E. Barry and Mrs. Parry, Rev. A. Palmer and Mrs. Palmer, Sir Arthur Stipney, Miss Stimpson, T. Wells and A. E. Currie...

Mr. W. A. Cann well known as one of the leading tenors of the provinces took part of Frederick a private audition, and won for himself a hearty applause. Mr. W. O. Gray in his usual manner delighted the audience both in his acting and singing...

Dr. Gray as an amateur has no equal in Yarmouth and made a typical private king. Too much praise cannot be given Mr. Payne; the admirable manner in which he performed in the character of General Stanley will not soon be forgotten...

Both Mrs. McKinnon and Mrs. E. Barry and Mrs. General Stanley were on the boat. The way in which Mr. Allison mastered his policeman greatly amused the audience, Mr. Allison did splendidly as also Mr. Jones as a lieutenant and his plaudits, their bright and picturesque costumes greatly adding to the effect. The costumes worn by

Mr. H. Clark who has been attending school at Halifax was the guest of Mr. and Mrs. John Moffatt last week on route for his home in St. Stephen.

Mr. and Mrs. Harry Pipe appeared on Sunday morning at Christ church. The bride wore a very pretty gown of green silk trimmed with a darker shade of velvet and jet. She is receiving her visitors at her pretty home on Victoria street.

Mr. and Mrs. James F. McLean entertained a few friends on Wednesday evening in honor of their guest Miss Winifred St. George.

Mr. W. S. Siles of the firm of Siles and Condon, has returned from an extended business trip through Cape Breton.

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MILK GRANULES WITH CEREALS. A Perfect Food for Infants and Invalids. The elements that make up this excellent food are the constituents of Pure Milk of the best quality and carefully selected Barley, specially treated to render the food easily digestible. The Johnston Fluid Beef Co., Montreal.

We Ship Wedding CAKES ALL OVER THE DOMINION. They are of the finest quality, covered with our celebrated almond icing and handsomely decorated. Harry Webb Toronto.

A Word With the Ladies. Why use the nasty, ill smelling "Oils" so-called, that stain the clothing, when you can get better and quicker results from Minard's Liniment, that will not injure or stain the finest fabric? This is also one of the qualities that imitations of Minard's Liniment do not possess.

DELICATE FEMALES. WHO ARE SUFFERING FROM General Debility, Anemia, And all Diseases of their Sex. Will derive great benefit from PUTTNER'S EMULSION. It improves the DIGESTION, purifies the BLOOD, and repairs the waste that is constantly going on, and completely removes that.

As Good as Price & Shaw's Carriages. is the remark made by salesmen selling. Carriages. Don't Believe it, Ours are the standard.

ST. GEORGE. [Progress is for sale in St. George at the store of T. O'Brien.] Mr. and Mrs. Percy Gillmore left last Thursday for Boston.

CANADIAN PACIFIC RAILWAY. Tourist Sleepers Seattle, Wash. Pacific Coast. will leave from Windsor Street Station, Montreal 10 to 11 every Thursday.

100 CIGARETTES. IT IS THE FINEST 100 CIGARETTES. IN THE DOMINION. A. ISAACS, - 72 PRINCE WILLIAM STREET. N. B. Sole manufacturer for the genuine 50, SMALL QUEEN.

CEREALS. Invalids. Montreal.

bedding. They are of the finest quality, covered with our celebrated almond icing and handsomely decorated.

Word the lies. Tasty, ill smelling, and that stain the you can get better results from ment, that will stain the finest imitations of ent do not pos

FEEMALES. City, Anemia, of their Sex, benefit from

and Worn eling particularly at this Price 50 cts. per

EXPRESS ANY, (Short Line)

and Money to all parts of the world. Best of London and all

Good's Specialty. Express Companies in port ahead of all competitors and points in

Wash. in the Coast

Station, Montreal. Large tickets to Pacific and in three days on charge per berth.



CURED BY TAKING AYER'S Sarsaparilla. It is the best medicine for skin eruptions with itching humors, and is the only one that will cure them.

Free from Eruptions. Ayer's Sarsaparilla. The last meeting of the Current News club was held last evening at the residence of Mr. and Mrs. E. G. Yocum.

ST. STEPHEN AND CALAIS. [Procession is for sale in St. Stephen by Miss R. P. Trainor and Miss M. G. Yocum.]

ST. ANDREWS. [Procession is for sale in St. Andrews by T. B. Wainwright.]

ST. JOHN. [Procession is for sale in St. John by Miss M. G. Yocum.]

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FREE TEST OF K. D. C.'S PILLS. K. D. C. Co., Ltd., NEW GLASGOW, N. S., and 157 STATE ST., BOSTON.

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Cosmo Buttermilk Soap Co., CHICAGO. J. HUNTER WHITE, - Agent for New Brunswick.

THINGS OF VALUE. We hear and read of many men who have been successful in business, and who have made a fortune.

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Memorials Interior Decorations. Castle & Son, 30 University St., Montreal.

Miss Jessie Campbell Whitlock, TEACHER OF PIANOFORTE. The "Leitchy Method," also "Synthetic System," for beginners.

Pigs' Feet and Lamb's Tongues. RECEIVED THIS DAY: 15 KEGS PIGS' FEET, 3 KEGS LAMB'S TONGUES.

Canada's INTERNATIONAL Exhibition, - - 1895 - - Sept. 24th to Oct. 4th.

SPACIOUS GROUNDS FOR THE HORSE AND CATTLE SHOW. SPECIAL DEPARTMENT FOR AGRICULTURAL DISPLAY.

POWERFUL ENGINES IN MACHINERY HALL. GIVING MOTION TO A GREAT VARIETY OF MACHINERY.

THAT LITTLE GREEN OR THE Big Farm, FRESH, Reliable SEEDS. W.C. RUDMAN ALLAN'S, GREENSBURG AND DRUGGIST, 85 KING STREET, ST. JOHN.

Dr. Carson's Cough Drops. Mrs. Henderson, 22 Cameron St., Toronto, writes: I was suffering from pleurisy and had coughed I was wanted and very weak, having had to be propped up in bed. I was told to try Dr. Carson's Cough Drops. Six bottles restored me to perfect health. I am glad to testify to the efficacy of these drops. - Ann M. G., proprietress, 68 Front St., Montreal, Toronto.

SOCIAL AND PERSONAL

(Continued from Fifth Page.)

coming to spend the summer with friends in the... Mr. A. E. Mansb, on the eve of his departure...

MONMOUTH

[Processes for sale in Monmouth at the Monmouth Bookstore... Mr. W. J. King, of Truro, is in town spending...

BRIDGE TOWN

[Processes for sale in Bridgetown by Miss B. E. King... Mr. W. J. King, of Truro, is in town spending...

Mr. H. E. Arnold, manager of the Bank of Nova Scotia... Mr. and Mrs. G. M. Ryan, of St. John, spent...

The novelty of a lady minstrel troupe and the popularity of those connected with it drew an immense audience... Mr. W. J. King, of Truro, is in town spending...

NORTH SYDNEY

[Processes for sale in North Sydney at the store of Messrs. Copeland & Co. Mar 1.—At a meeting of the Lawn Tennis club...

Mr. Parker Carvell was in town last week... Mr. L. E. Christie left on Thursday to spend a week in Halifax.

SHELDIA

[Processes for sale in Shellic by Fred Inglis... Mr. L. E. Christie left on Thursday to spend a week in Halifax.

At a fishery exhibition in Westminister, noted anglers demonstrated their skill with rod and line by endeavoring to land human fish.

At a Babylonian wedding ceremony the bride and groom were dressed in the most elaborate and costly manner.

GREAT TOWN FOR ODDFELLOWS

HALIFAX, May 2.—The oddfellows of this city... Today the "navy of the three links" on both sides of the harbor number 705, about one in 60 of the population.

BRIDGE TOWN

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KIDNEY DISEASES

ARE QUICKLY CURED BY Humphrey's Specifics. They Purify the Blood, Restore Health and Vigor.

From end to end of life there are no more troublesome diseases than Kidney and Urinary. In infancy and young children, an instance. In middle life, the cause of many sudden deaths.

77 for Colds. Grippe, Influenza, Catarrh, Pains and Soreness in the Head and Chest, Cough, Hoarse Throat, General Debility, etc.

MOVING DAY INCIDENTS. A Man who Forgot to Move His Stove and Two Little Girls who Sang.

ONCE A WEEK ADVERTISING. Its Efficacy Very Plainly Shown in the Sale of Humphrey's "77."

After the Grip. No Strength, No Ambition. Hood's Sarsaparilla Gave Perfect Health.

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DISEASED LUNGS CURED BY TAKING AYER'S Cherry Pectoral.

ST. JOHN Conservatory of Music AND ELUCUTION.

Queens County. ss. WHEREAS Henry W. Woods has filed a Petition asking that the Court...

WANTED Young Women and Men or older ones if still young in spirit...

Colonial House, Montreal.

Free Crayon. I WILL GIVE AWAY a 16x20 "CRAYON PORTRAIT."

Isaac Erb's, 13 Charlotte Street.

Bordeaux Claret Company, 30 Hospital Street, Montreal.

Henry Morgan & Co., Montreal.

STEAMER CLIFTON. FOR USE IN SHOPS AND PRIVATE HOMES.

J. & J. D. HOWE, Masonic Building - 28 Cornhill Street.

Henry Morgan & Co., Montreal.

PROGRESS, SATURDAY, MAY 4 1895.

FOR THE MOTHERS OF GIRLS.

"Sunny June" Tells Mothers What Course of Training to Give Young Girls—Hints as to the Literature they Should Read—The Need of Sympathy for the Too Young to Enter Society and too Old to Romp—"The One Motive of Organic Nature."

"The one motive of organic nature was to make mothers."

"This is the explanation of the superiority of woman nature, her contemplation of the nature of the child."

It is a little curious that we always speak of mothers as if they were, or ought to be, wise, experienced, nature, and capable of meeting every problem that presents itself with that ripeness of judgment that sometimes, not always, comes to age and much opportunity for reflection and observation.

We forget that the mother was born on the day her first child saw the light; that as a mother she is only as old as her children; that it is out of her ignorance, out of her mistakes, that experience comes; and that practically she has only instinct and the habits of her youth to guide her.

If young mothers could comprehend the vastness of the problem set them to solve, there would be no mothers, no life. We celebrate knowledge; it is a question if we do not owe more to ignorance, to that happy ignorance which gently tries were angels would fear to tread.

At no period in the life of a daughter is the mother more beset by difficulties than at the opening age, when the child is leaving behind her childish play and cares, and puzzling questions of her little girlhood, that could be answered by a little thought; or brushing up one's old mathematics, an example of which I may give as showing how a certain kind of teaching operates on a young mind; "Mama," said my little Alice to me one day, "is it good to die young?"

"No, dear," I answered, after reflection. "Why do you ask?" "Because," said the child, "my teacher, at the Sunday school, said it was. I don't want to die; it is wicked not to want to die." "No," I replied, "it is right to live. We are here to live, and to put our lives to good use. If there is any wickedness it is in dying young, before we have learned all we have to learn in this life. Dying young is like leaving the primary department in school before we are ready for the intermediate; and you know that would be very bad. You would feel as if you had to go back to the primary. No, dear, the teacher was mistaken, or perhaps you did not understand her. All life is good life; this, as well as any other. But we must use it well; think of it as a precious privilege, not as something that is good to get rid of."

"I don't, mama," cried Alice, sagerly. "I love to live; but I thought maybe it was not right to love to live."

At a later age fourteen or fifteen, the girl does not ask if it is wicked to "love to live." She lives, she knows it. Life, a newly awakened sense of life, is tingling in every fibre of her being. She begins to feel emotions—she does not understand them; but they agitate her. She wants sympathy; she does not know exactly for what; but its absence is a grievance. She feels intensely every pulsation of the life that throbs in her. She is fitful, changeable in her moods, and easily hurt; quick to take offense, yet strongly desirous to do something great; perform some heroic act; sacrifice herself for those she loves; and then die, and be "understood" at last.

For, at this stage and age, the girl believes most truly that no one understands her, not even her own mother. She considers herself unique, not at all like other girls, and her one idea is to separate her, self from a cold and cruel world, and devote her life, until her early death—some she believes she will die young—to some beautiful and ennobling charity.

Poor little girl! She is careful and wise to keep all these brooding thoughts to herself, for she knows that, tragedy though it may be to her, they would provoke shrieks of laughter from her big brother, impatient from her father, and fear and anxiety, lest she were going to be ill, from her mother. What is she to do? In all the world there is no place for her. Her elder sister is "in society," and busied with her own weighty concerns. Her father is "busy" downtown, her mother occupied with a thousand things and only troubled by her moodiness, not in the least aware of the overcharged heart that is thrown back upon its own morbid resources, that is crying out for love, pity, companionship, and, instead of receiving it, is sent upstairs to the third story to sit alone while a gay party is being entertained in the drawing-room.

For a girl at this age, under the absurdities of our conventional system, is an anomaly. She has no place in the economy of our social life. She is too old, or feels herself too old, for the society of "little" girls, and she is not old enough for the society of young women. This idea she resents bitterly. She feels much older at fifteen than she will at twenty-two; and she thinks, with consolatory bitterness, that if some people could only know what she thinks of them, they would not rate themselves so highly.

This period, so little understood, is ethically of the greatest importance. In it the other self is born; the essential woman the woman whose life is to be a "living sacrifice."

It is an infinite pity that ignorance of the laws that govern moral and spiritual development, so often renders us oblivious of the influence that, like rich seed, might at this stage be so fruitfully planted in the girl's receptive mind. In her broodings and musings—her unexpressed aspirations and unfulfilled desires—lie the germs of her higher nature, which is susceptible of cultivation, or the hair. The most precious and impassible period of a girl's life is this critical, conscious age often considered the most disagreeable—an "awkward" age—"when a girl," as some one has said, "is all arms and legs, and doesn't know what to do with either." It is too much the rule, however, to exaggerate the value of physique, and let the moral qualities take care of themselves.

Lowliness of mind and spirit at a time when the emotional side of a girl's nature is abnormally active may be most disastrous; evil influences may enter, if good and true ones are not in occupation, and an opportunity not only lost, but real injury done—when the girl's nature wakes to deeper activity, and sympathetically affects the whole moral fabric of her being.

In former times there were natural duties in the family belonging to every period in the daughter's life. She was her mother's helper; and the small services she performed the useful routine of domestic life; left little opportunity for idle imaginings or introspective moods, while needed service in the home was a girl's first and most essential obligation. Modern methods have, however, eliminated all the old ideas of personal service from the family. Servants occupy the kitchen—a trained nurse the sick room. Every one is "busy"; no one has any time for anything or any one, not even for the girl and the questions she is beginning to ask herself, and upon the answers to which may depend her future life.

The want of a helpful environment to the development of womanly qualities doubles the anxieties and responsibilities of the mother; at the same time that she has less power either to control or direct her child's acts than was the case when mothers knew less, but were obeyed because obedience was the rule.

It is now very difficult for the mother to maintain any position of ascendancy. She has to contend with influences both from within and without. Often she must "bide her time." Her daughter, in rebellious or willful mood, is flattered, or led against even her own better judgment, and the mother is rarely sustained by home influence or public opinion, both forces tending in the direction of letting young people "have their own way." If the mother's did not begin "way back"—if the daughter has not inherited respect for those to whom she owes duty—the home environment has been so completely strengthened by the influence of the school, that the mother's consideration of the subject on the part of the mother will make up for the lack in the beginning. "Be careful of the beginnings," says Thomas a Kempis; "after efforts come too late. If this is true of minor affairs, how much more true of a human soul?"

But if the spirit of the age is against the girl in one way, or against the mother's point of view in her desire towards her daughter's welfare, it is helpful in another. The girl of fifteen is generally an omnivorous reader. A few years ago there was nothing between the schoolbook and the Sunday school story of the good children that died young, except the one, two, or three volumes paper-covered novel. There is now a new class of books that is helpful and inspiring to young girls. The volumes of "The Story of the World," "The Story of the Bible," "The Story of the Crusades," "The Story of the Golden Days," "Hereward the Last of the English," "Theodoric, the Goth," and stories of chivalry, all belong in the same category, and interest young girls exceedingly.

If the right kind of books are used in connection with the history the girl is studying, abiding interest is created, and a light thrown on the lives of the men, and woman, who have lived, and performed great deeds, before the light of the nineteenth century dawned. Thus it is useful for the nineteenth century girl to know; for she is very apt to think that the world, at least that of woman, had remained stationary, like so many marble Galateas, until she was born. Yet a great writer has said that there was no deliberate plan or purpose in the most inspired and inspiring period of English and French history—that of the Crusades. That Crusades and Crusaders were the natural outgrowth of the splendid character of the woman who lived in the feudal times, and in the feudal castles, which they were often called upon to defend.

From Livy, the wife of Augustus, down, what a long line of magnificent types there are for the young girl to admire and emulate. Seen in the distance, they obtain perspective and that halo of romance which fires the imagination, without assailing the heart; and insensibly creates standards which will in time be modified and equalized, but not lowered.

An invaluable influence in the life of the young girl is the modern custom in our high schools and colleges of calling upon the pupils for quotations freely chosen from any author. The list voluntarily chosen always includes the best, and accustoms the girls—obliges them, them in fact—to make frequent and careful studies of the best poetic and prose writers. When they have once learned to understand and appreciate true beauty of style and form of expression, they will not tolerate the inferior, and the mass of yellow-covered rubbish will have no charms for them.

It ought to be understood, and it will be when the study of child nature is pursued with even as much care as we give to plants or animals, that children are not born blank, like sheets of white paper, upon which anything one chooses can be written; nor yet as fixed stars, that must run their course irrespective of condition or circumstance. There are epitomes of the universe, of nations, of races, and their stages of development represents the life of the race; their possibilities, its past as well as its future.

Watching and waiting must enter largely into the life of the mother. It surprises her at first to find that childhood and girlhood are a succession of phases, partly traceable to heredity, partly to embryonic development; that instead of showing fixed determination of character in giving directions, they often disappear and are succeeded by others which, while belonging to the type, are different

in manifestation, and create alarm or fond anticipation, according to the qualities they indicate. Short-sighted anger and punishment are worse than useless in cases where unfortunate tendencies are indicated. Wise direction, patient waiting, unflinching sympathy and tenderness, and stimulating influences in opposite ways, constitute the only course for the mother.

Individual sovereignty is pretty well understood, and generally asserted by the young woman of our time; to such an extent, indeed, that few ties of early home or family are allowed to interfere with her desire to carve out her career in her own way. Yet it is not infrequently happens that this is only accomplished after much friction; when the girl's nature wakes to deeper activity, and sympathetically affects the whole moral fabric of her being.

Should she finally determine to act in accordance with her own wishes, let the mother accept the situation, hard though it may be. She cannot see, or foretell the future; and the result may be better than she fears—the carrying out of her own plans, the opposite of her hopes. At any rate, the daughter is to live as woman long after the claims of the mother have ceased to be paramount. She has a right to a voice in the interests with which those years are to be filled. In any case, they will be sure to bring with them all the realization, all the justification of the wise mother.

"What I fear is," said one mother to her young daughter, "that you will blame me when you get older. You will say, 'Mother, you know you ought not to have allowed me to take this step.'"

"No mother," replied the girl: "I never shall; I shall know you had a very willful, and determined daughter."

The willful and determined daughter is the product of the age. She is probably necessary to the making of the twentieth century woman. That woman who is to be on school boards; keep our city streets clean; make our country neighborhoods beautiful, and care for neglected children; and perform those duties of municipal housekeeping that have been so long neglected.

The embryonic woman of to-day has the light of the future in her eyes, and the pressure of the future duty upon her heart. There is something of the Sybil in her consciousness of the mission entrusted to her; and the mother may reverently trust her to a Greater Power, after she has done her best.

JENNIE CUNNINGHAM CROLY. "JENNIE JUNE."

Leaves Slanting Inward and Outward.

The difference in the slant and position of leaves, as also the variety of size and shape, have been explained by Huxley, reference to the organization, habits, and structural requirements of the plant. In the lime, beech, and elm, for instance, the leaves are in nearly the same plane with the branch—an arrangement admirably adapted to secure the maximum of light and air. In the maples, sycamores, and horse-chestnuts, the leaves are placed at right angles to the axis of the branch, because of the different disposition of the main stem and its lateral branches. Professor Kerner, in his Natural History of Plants, states that much of the diversity in leaves depends upon the nature of the soil. The general build of the chestnut tree, for instance, is cone-shaped, and its broad green palmate leaves slope down, wards and upwards. Every drop of water falling on these leaves runs down the grooves in the maples, sycamores, and horse-chestnuts, the leaves are placed at right angles to the axis of the branch, because of the different disposition of the main stem and its lateral branches. Professor Kerner, in his Natural History of Plants, states that much of the diversity in leaves depends upon the nature of the soil. The general build of the chestnut tree, for instance, is cone-shaped, and its broad green palmate leaves slope down, wards and upwards. Every drop of water falling on these leaves runs down the grooves in the maples, sycamores, and horse-chestnuts, the leaves are placed at right angles to the axis of the branch, because of the different disposition of the main stem and its lateral branches.

Probably there are few persons who have not heard of "M. Quad," the humorist, who made the Detroit Free Press famous throughout the country, and who is now located in New York city. Yet it is the fact that the creator of "Brother Gardner" and the "Arizona Kicker" is but little known in literary circles, or even among working journalists. M. Quad, or Charles B. Lewis, has probably turned out more copy of a humorous and descriptive sort in the last fifteen years than any man writing for the press. There was a time when Peck of Peck's Sun rivaled him, but that was before he went into politics. Bill Nye writes but one article a week and other humorists are satisfied with a few columns a week. But M. Quad turns out two and three or more columns a day. Tales of adventure, sea yarns, short paragraphs, long articles of the Line Kiln Club order, all flow from his fertile brain in a constant stream. Personally Lewis is a most companionable man. He is tall, well built, with light hair and mustache. He is an indefatigable worker, and says that in fact it rests him to work. Of course, he commands a good income, and it is certain that he earns every penny of it.

The Japanese national dishes possess little to recommend them to Occidental palates. To such they are anathema on account of their offensive odors and odd method of preparation. One of the dishes is composed of sea-weed shredded and matted. While this is not absolutely unpalatable, its smell is described as resembling that of sewage exposed to a hot sun. Another matrix substance is made of thousands of small, slender fishes, which are dried and then grilled and eaten on buttered toast. Vegetable marrows, after being soaked for a long time in yeast, are eaten with soy, a sauce composed of sugar and salt.

The path of the rifle bullet cannot be an even curve, owing to the nature of the forces which act upon it during the flight. Projectiles are acted on by the force of projection, and by the force of gravity; the path which they describe must, therefore, depend upon the ratio of these forces. The resistance of the air must also be taken into account, this resistance increasing or decreasing as the square of velocity. Gravity is an accelerating force which

EXTREME NOVELTIES IN OUR

Cloak Department.

The Latest Idea in Fashionable Shoulder Capes, 22 1/2 inches, 25 inches and 27 inches deep, made very full, with great Circular sweep.

Black and Fawn Cloth Capes, Perforated, showing the Silk Lining through the perforations. at \$14.50, \$17.50 and \$21.75.

Black Broadcloth and Camel's Hair Capes, lined throughout with Silk and beautifully trimmed in scroll designs with Soutache braid, at \$11.75, \$17.75 and \$19.50.

Fawn and Tan Broadcloth Capes, Strapped and Appliqued, in scroll designs, etc., at \$5.25, \$7.50, \$9.00, \$11.75 and \$17.50.

Cardinal and Myrtle Green Broadcloth Capes, trimmed solid Applique Design in Black at \$15.25 and \$19.00.

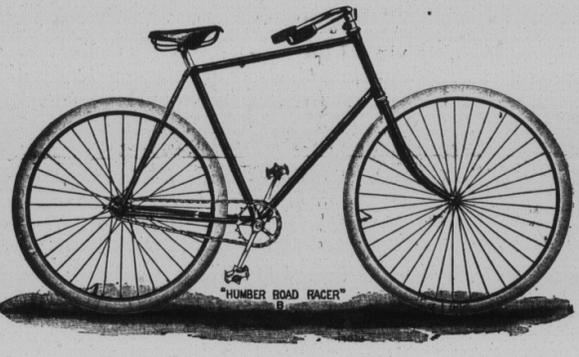
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CORNWALL'S

BICYCLE AGENCY

Controlling the largest line of wheels represented in Canada, including English, American and Canadian Wheels.

- "The Beeston Humber." The Davies "Uptodate." "The Rudge." The "New Howe." The following well known English and American Wheels on our list: "The Road King." "The Duke." "The Popular." "The Prince." "The Princess."

- The Whitworth, The Hyslop, The Regents' The Fleet. The Spartin, The Cupid, The Crescent. ALL STYLES, 1895.



Full Line of Men's, Ladies', Girls' and Boys' Cycle Accessories. See our samples and get our catalogue before purchasing and you will not make a mistake.

IRA CORNWALL, General Agent, Board of Trade Building ST. JOHN, N. B. I. E. CORNWALL, Special Agent. Send for Catalogue.

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THE WORLD'S MEDICINE.

From the earliest days of medical science no remedy has achieved such a reputation as

ROYAL EMULSION.

Its curative power is universally acknowledged to a degree unprecedented in the annals of physical research.

As a strengthening tonic in convalescence and for thin and weakly babies and children, and delicate women,

IT HAS NO EQUAL.

All Druggists, 50c. and \$1.00 bottles. Dawson Medicine Co. MONTREAL.

Consumption.

DEAFNESS... and Head-aches cured by our new Improved Ear Drum. New method, never to be equalled. All other cures are temporary and do not cure the disease. It is guaranteed to be cured or your money refunded. Write for particulars to Dawson Medicine Co., Toronto, Ont. Mention this Paper.

UNGAR'S LAUNDRY and DYE WORKS, ST. JOHN, N. B., HALIFAX, N. S.

HUNTED BY HOUNDS.

More than sixty years ago two boys became friends under very peculiar circumstances, and the friendship lasted a lifetime. Thomas Ladd, then about 15, and of an adventurous and fearless disposition, was crossing, or attempting to cross, an overflow channel caused by the Mississippi breaking over its banks in a time of high water. He was in a pirogue, or dug-out canoe, and when he had come to about midway of the current, which was turbulent, a floating log struck the little craft and capsize it. Under ordinary circumstances this would have been a mishap of slight importance to a boy of Thomas Ladd's disposition. He was an expert swimmer and quite used to the exigencies of river life; but, unfortunately, when the moment of collision with the driftlog came he was standing upright in the pirogue, trying to push another threatening obstacle out of his way. The sudden lurch flung him headlong and his right arm was broken by falling across the log, and with one arm to swim with he came near drowning forthwith. The muddy waves were rolling high, which it very difficult, at best, to keep from strangling, and the floating logs and fragments of boughs added greatly to the moment's trouble. Pluck never fails to show itself, however, and the boy was plucky to a fault. After the first shock of surprise and pain Thomas got his head above water and, finding that he could not trust to his one arm in swimming amid such hindrances, laid hold of the first floating thing that came near him. This proved to be a piece of sawed timber, a beam from some building destroyed by the raging stream and of sufficient size to bear up his weight. What alarmed him most after his first thrill was over and he was sufficiently himself to consider the whole bearing of his misfortune was the fact that night, moonless and cloudy, already began to cast a gloom over the expanse of water between the funeral walls of forest on either swampy bank. He shouted for help, without the least expectation of being heard. His father's plantation house was two miles away, and besides no voice could be heard very far above the tumult of the waves and the roar of a strong wind in the woods. Those were days when there was danger of no light sort in going alone and unarméd in the wild forest. Even if Thomas Ladd succeeded in reaching shore, a wolf, a bear, or a panther might meet him there. He had drifted far below the plantation landing and his canoe turned over. Still he clung to the beam, and now and again yelled right lustily for help as he went up and with the rapid roll of the waves and plunged on and on along the current's central line. Night fell with a top-like rain that added to the darkness, and the boy's voice became hoarse; his heart ached and neck; meantime he lost all reckoning of distance or direction. Clinging to the piece of timber was not any task, for it rocked and tumbled and thumped, being lifted and let fall by the irregular action of the waves. His uninjured arm became numb and his body in the water became chilled. Every moment seemed the last; he was in despair; but a native strain of combativeness sustained him and kept him clinging desperately and calling as loudly as his throat would let him, while at irregular intervals, and always unexpectedly, his head went under water and he had to hold his breath to keep from strangling. It was pitch dark; driftwood beat against him, and sometimes almost crushed him. He was beginning to weaken in spirit, as he had long ago done, in body, when he heard a voice near him, a negro's voice, strong and not unkindly. "Who dat dar?" Strange to say this sudden revelation of the possibility of succor unnerved the poor lad and, with a cry half joy, half despair, he lost his hold on the beam. Even then, however, his pluck would not wholly desert him. D sperately he struggled, turning one side and swimming with his almost paralyzed arm. At the same time a vague form like that of a large monkey astride of a floating log was nobbing up and down near him. "Who dat dar?" he repeated. "Help me! Oh quick! help me!" cried the boy. "Don't know 'bout dat," was the cool reply. "Who is yo' anybow?" "I'm Tom Ladd. My arm's broken. I can't swim any longer. I shall drown if you speak, and his voice was strangely harsh. "Is yo' Colonel Ladd's little boy?" "Yes. Quick, help!" Thomas Ladd had reached the farthest limit of his strength and dogged courage. He was actually sinking when a hand of iron gripped his shoulder, and then he lost consciousness, or rather he sank away into a sort of dream, from which he did not emerge until after daylight, had come on the following morning. He was lying on a tussock at the root of a huge cypress tree. Under him was a wet but soft bed of leaves and swamp grass, over which was spread an old and tattered coat. Beside him sat a short, heavy negro about twenty years of age, whose countenance was anything but attractive. Bare-headed, woolly, ill-nosed, thick liped, with eyes deep set and restless like those of a wild animal, he was chewing tobacco while he hugged his knobby knees and seemed to be hearkening. In fact, far away in the distance there was something well worth listening to, the peculiar baying of two or three blooded hounds. Thomas Ladd heard and recognized those cries. Moreover, he instantly knew what it all meant; for he had many a time seen runaway slaves tracked down with well-trained dogs. Although confused in mind on first opening his eyes, the whole situation quickly revealed itself to him. The bloodhounds were at fault up the river, where the negro had taken to water, and they were hunting up and down the channel's bank for the lost trail. Of course they would probably soon find it; for although the boy did not know it, the negro had been compelled to land on the same side of the water from which he had entered it. "Are you a runaway?" Thomas feebly demanded, as soon as he could speak. "Yes," drawled the negro. "Whom do you belong to?"

"Gin! Rayburn." "What did you run off for?" "Cause," said the black, gloomily. The boy was too feeble to press his inquiries further; his arm ached atrociously, and he was chilled and sore to the center of every bone in his frame. Now it turned out that the bloodhounds did not find the track again that day, which was the fault of General Rayburn's overseer, who, concluding that Peter (that was the negro's name) had crossed the overflow stream, took the dogs over to the other side, where a long and vain search up and down was made until darkness forced them to quit. Meantime Colonel Ladd and his large force of slaves were scouring the county in every direction in an almost hopeless search for Thomas; and so it came to pass that Rayburn's overseer and his bloodhounds were at length joined by the colonel just before they came upon poor Peter, still faithfully watching beside the suffering boy. This was at about ten of the clock in the morning of the second day. The sky had cleared; the sun shone; warm and sweet breathed the southern air through moss-hung cypress wood, and, to add a spring-time touch, a mocking-bird sang its first March song in the thicket on a bit of hummock. Colonel Ladd clasped his son's cramped and shivering form to his breast. The overseer rudely collared Peter. "My dear boy," almost sobbed the father. "You thieving black scamp!" growled the overseer, "I'll whale every inch of skin off you for this!" "Father," weakly pleaded Thomas, "you mustn't let him whip the negro, he saved my life." Already Peter was tied to a tree and the overseer was busy with the dog. Colonel Ladd interceded. Thomas had with difficulty told his story. The end of it all was that Colonel Ladd bought Peter, paying \$1,150 in cash to General Rayburn for him, which was 30 per cent. more than his market value in New Orleans at the time. And Peter was given as a birthday present to Thomas. So began the intimate companionship of the two. When the war came and went, leaving all of the negroes free, Peter refused to have his liberty. Thomas Ladd died in 1892, but Peter is still alive, and from his lips I had this true story. "Yah, sah, boss," he said to me in conclusion, "Marse Thomas was allus mighty good to dis poo' ole niggah, an' w'es 'e died he g' me dis yer plantation an' five miles. 'W'at I lub him de most fo'?" "Why, 'cause he kep' dat fernal old oberseer from a whippin' me, dat's w'at!"

**SOME QUEER CLUBS.**  
Gotten Up to Promote All Manner of Theories.

The "Crabbed Club" is a curious London society. This is made up of men who have met with a great disappointment in life, and meets but once a year; quite often enough, considering its character. Very few people could not put in some claim for membership, for who has been so exceptionally fortunate as quite to escape disappointment in life? When this club holds its annual dinner meeting, the members, however, do not regale each other with the stories of their various troubles, but on the contrary form a merry company, and endeavor, for that day, if for that day only, to forget their woes.

In New York a peculiar mission work is that carried on by a band of women, who go out at nights to rescue neglected and starving cats. These aged spinsters, as a New York paper has contemptuously named them, have acquired the art of attracting cats to them by a peculiar call, and when found they are well fed, or, if beyond the aid of help, are subjected to a painless death.

A new feature in clubs is recorded from New York. It is the "Dyspeptic Club," and the test of eligibility for membership is a doctor's certificate that the applicant is suffering from a weak stomach. The object of the club is to promote "cheerfulness" among dyspeptics—a much needed quality—and, further, to furnish to the members the latest results of science in treating indigestion.

When a short time ago there was a regular crinoline scare it entered into the heads of some young men to start an "anti-Crinoline Club." The rules were very strict and well calculated if the society grew strong enough to kill the obnoxious article should it ever really catch on again. No young man who joined was to be permitted to escort any lady wearing a crinoline to a theatre, concert, dance, or, in a word, anywhere, and no member would be permitted to call on any lady who received visitors in a hoop-skirt. At social gatherings members could only exchange the baldest greetings with wearers of the crinoline, and were not to dance or talk with them. In the street when a crinoline acquaintance came in sight, it was enjoined on members to become at the moment absorbed in contemplation of the overhead wires.

In the nature of a retaliation, and besides something of a good work in itself, is the attempt being made to suppress cigarettes by a society of young women, who bind themselves to have nothing whatever to do with any young man who smokes tobacco in this form. The ladies who have joined declare themselves thoroughly in earnest, and intend to continue their exertions until they have either wiped out this habit or banished the young men who persist in it from their social circle.

In Vienna there is a "Red-haired Club," and to prevent fraudulent admissions, every candidate is obliged to come his head thoroughly in hot water and soda before the committee. In the same city there is a "Lasy Club," no member of which does anything for a living.

The Parisian hair-cooks of eminence in their profession have formed an association

known as the "Culinary Academy." The "immortals" of this institute number thirty, and meet once a month, when they discuss at length matters concerning their art, compare notes, invent new dishes and touch up old ones.

Here is a chance for cooks and others desiring a step-up in life. A Parisian paper recently published the prospectus of a curious business. "Limited Joint Stock Company for Obtaining Titles of Nobility; offices in the Chateau. The company make a specialty of Countesses. No fees in advance. Success guaranteed. Cooks, chamber-maids, dressmakers and Germans can, by applying to us, become Countesses and Counts." It is a matter of common knowledge that on the continent titles are purchasable, but this is making a business concern of it with a vengeance.

Health is precious, but it is possible to be too careful of it. The list of eccentric clubs has just been swelled by the addition to it of the "Hutnichtsabnehmungsverein"—the "Don't-take-off-your-hat Club" of Wehlan, in Germany. The members, who fear cold in the head, are absolved from the obligation of raising the hat in the streets in the winter months. Local charities benefit by the subscriptions.

The hygienic crusade against kissing has taken practical shape in Philadelphia, where an "Anti-Baby-Kissing Society" has sprung up.

**THE WISE AND THE OTHERWISE.**  
In one of his recent books Mr. Leslie Stephen gives it as his opinion that the knowledge attained by the wise can never be communicated to the multitude.

Ah, yes. But who are the "wise" and who belong to the "multitude"? That's about as tough a question to settle as to say who are saints and who are sinners. Things are so mixed, you know. Can we ever be sure we are wise? Is it ever absolutely safe to call another man a fool? Whosoever can decide that is a wise man—Whosoever can't is the only one in all the Queen's dominions.

Was our good friend Mr. Samuel Nicholls a wise man to permit himself to suffer pain for eleven years? No, not perfectly so. Nobody suffers pain if he can help it. He couldn't help it, because he lacked just one bit of knowledge—how to stop it. He knows now; but, alas-a-day, who shall restore time gone? Wise people learn from the experience of others. Possibly here's a lesson for you and me.

We can do no more than skin the surface of Mr. Nicholls' story; the whole of it would make a book. In harvest time, 1880, he felt dull, sleepy, and fagged. Both body and mind were heavy and low like the atmosphere before a thunderstorm. And for him the storm was coming. Presently pain took him in the knees, which swelled up so badly he could hardly stir. The pain in the muscles of his right arm and shoulder; not a mere grumbling ache, but pain so intense that he used the adjective "frightful" in describing it. Presently the pain took him in the knees and drew out of shape the he couldn't hold a fork or a spade; he works on a farm. "I was so stiff in the joints of my legs," he says, "that I used to stand up at the dinner table."

Take another expression, quoted literally from his own account: "I have hollered for eighteen hours at a time, and have fainted as I sat before the fire."

In Mercy's name, try to fancy that! It makes one's heart sore with pity for him; and even now, when it's all over and gone, a martyr on the rack couldn't have suffered worse.

Mr. Nicholls says he got little or no sleep when he had these bad attacks, and often sat up or tried to walk about, instead of going to bed. He was free from pain, and even when at his best—when the disease was giving him a kind of let-up or respite—he had great difficulty in getting about his work, and did but little at that.

We are not to suppose that our friend went through all this without an effort for relief. Quite the contrary. He consulted the doctors and applied hot poultices and other things in that line, such as embrocations, rubbing bottles, and so on. Momentary relief came of it, but nothing that looked in the least like a cure.

Now remember that we have merely glanced at this case. The reader's imagination must picture its full history. It covers years enough to make a man old—to make him resemble a ship that has stuck on the rocks and been hammered by the gales of half a score of winters. It is a wonder that he should have had anything left to build on, or any balance of courage or hope.

Here's the conclusion in few words, his own words too: "In August, 1891," he says, "a little book happened to fall into my hands, to wit, a book, known as Mother Seigel's Curative Syrup, and I read in it of a case like mine being cured by this Syrup. I got a bottle from Mr. J. F. Cook, chemist, Holbeach, and after taking it a few days some of the stiffness and pain went out of my joints. I kept on, and not long afterwards I was as right as any man can be. I have had no ache or pain since, nearly eighteen months. (Sign d) Samuel Nicholls, The Glebe Farm, Hougham, near Grantham, January 31st, 1894."

Is it a comfort to know that such a case can be cured? "Yes, yes," say we, all of us. It was chronic refractory rheumatism.

Now for the golden lesson it teaches. *Rheumatism is a result and symptom of a torpid stomach and liver—indigestion and dyspepsia. The only way to cure rheumatism is to cure indigestion and dyspepsia, the cause of it.* Mr. Nicholls knows this now.

And if we all bear it in mind, no doctor or philosopher can do any wider than we in that important particular. A'd one thing more: Mother Seigel's Curative Syrup is the remedy.

**Queer Things.**  
Some very queer things have sometimes been seen. A yard-dog with a kennel, an old chaff-cutting machine, and half a score of eggs, came to one vicar, with a request for a receipt. Another receipt was a couple of rabbits, half-a-dozen trout, two guinea pigs, and a bay rake, while from another of his parishioners came a rusty towing-piece, an old, worn-out saddle, and a dirty oil painting without a frame. This last, after lying in a garret for five years longer, was taken out and sent to a picture shop to be framed. The dealer, in cleaning it up, discovered the signature of Gainsborough

**BEST FOR WASH DAY.**  
**SURPRISE SOAP.**  
**BEST FOR EVERY DAY.**

**A WONDEROUS POWER IN TEN CENTS.**  
A few days ago an Ontario druggist said: "The ladies are buying more Diamond Dyes just now than in past years. They come to me and buy one package as an experiment, and find the dye so easy to use that they now color most of their old clothing, and come out with new gowns, cloaks, jackets, and suits for the whole family. In my experience of 20 years as a druggist, I must say that Diamond Dyes are the only package dyes that have lived and worked them- selves up to the highest point of popularity." Beware of imitation package dyes, they are frauds and deceptions, and when used cause a vast amount of trouble and disappointment. Ask for the Diamond; see that the name "Diamond" is on each package; refuse all others no matter how strongly you are urged to give them a trial.

**SOME PEOPLE**  
Walk About Hermetically Sealed in the Old Style of Rubber Waterproof Coats  
**OTHERS**  
Up to Date People, wear  
**RIGBY**  
Porous Waterproof Coats, Which will YOU Have?

**Fight Between Otter and Hawk.**  
A strange conflict was observed the other day by fishermen on the Frische Hafl, near Königberg, in East Prussia. Two otters had ventured on to the ice. As they were watching them, a large hawk came flying from a neighboring forest, and alighted on the ice not far from the otters. Soon, however, it soared into the air again, swoop-d down like lightning on one of the otter fish. A desperate fight ensued. It lasted ten minutes, and ended in the death of the hawk. Its neck was bitten through, only a thin strip of skin remaining to unite its body with its head. After its victory the otter dived into the water.

**ALWAYS ASK FOR**  
**D.C.L.**  
**SCOTCH & IRISH WHISKIES AND LONDON GIN**  
PROPRIETORS: THE DISTILLERS' CO. LTD. EDINBURGH, LONDON & DUBLIN.

**DR CHASES OINTMENT**  
CURES ITCHING PILES, ECZEMA, SALT RHEUM  
H. J. Lisle, representing Ganong Bros., St. Stephen, N.B., says: "Chase's Ointment cured me of a very stubborn case of itching piles. Tried everything advertised, several physicians' prescriptions without permanent relief. I also know of several cases of Itching Piles it has absolutely cured." J. No. 18, 60, 61, 62, 63, 64, 65, 66, 67, 68, 69, 70, 71, 72, 73, 74, 75, 76, 77, 78, 79, 80, 81, 82, 83, 84, 85, 86, 87, 88, 89, 90, 91, 92, 93, 94, 95, 96, 97, 98, 99, 100.

**Baby's Own Soap**  
PRIZE COMPETITION  
FOR BRIGHT CHILDREN...  
A handsomely framed oleograph, one which will be prized in any drawing room (it has no advertising matter on it) will be given each week by the proprietors of Baby's Own Soap to the boy or girl under sixteen years of age, who will have sent during the current week the best advertisement, illustrated or not, suitable for publication in the newspapers for advertising Baby's Own Soap. The prize-winning advertisements will become our property and no others will be returned unless they will have been accompanied by postage stamps for the purpose. CONDITIONS:—1st. That competitors be under sixteen years of age. 2nd. That the wrapper of a cake of Baby's Own Soap accompany the advertisement. 3rd. That the age name (in full) and address of the competitor be plainly written and attached to the submitted advertisement. REMEMBER: One prize is given every week and if not successful at first, try again. N. B. Two or more advertisements may be submitted at the same time by any competitor. Address, E. D., Account Albert Toilet Soap Co., McCord and William Street, Montreal.

**WALTER BAKER & CO.**  
The Largest Manufacturers of PURE, HIGH GRADE COCOAS AND CHOCOLATES  
On this Continent, have received HIGHEST AWARDS from the great Industrial and Food EXPOSITIONS in Europe and America.  
WALTER BAKER & CO., DORCHESTER, MASS.

**ENGRAVING.**  
"PROGRESS" ENGRAVING BUREAU,  
ST. JOHN, N. B.



BONES OF OLD CITIZENS.

THESE ARE BEING LARGELY DUG UP IN BOSTON.

A Smaller Happening in St. John Recalled—The New Subway Line Runs Through the Old Burying Ground for the Common—A Cheerful Cremation Society.

Boston, May 1.—When the Old Burying ground in St. John was selected as a site for the Fred Young monument, and workmen one day began to dig up the ground for the purpose of laying the foundation, and in so doing laid bare the sacred bones of forgotten loyalists, there was considerable excitement.

Crowds, indignant crowds looked on while the workmen buried their picks in coffins and turned up all that was mortal of the dead unknown, as they would so much stone.

I do not think this work was carried on more than a day or two before the indignation of the descendants of the loyalists was beyond all bounds, and that little party was organized which visited the graveyard at night and filled in the hole, undoing all that the workmen had done during the day.

The monument was stopped in that particular spot, and the bones of the loyalists will probably remain where they are undisturbed until kingdom come, or the tide of immigration turns toward St. John and the city is populated with foreigners to such an extent that the sons of the loyalists will not have any show.

Here in Boston just at present the bones of old timers are turned up by the score, and while there is enough kicking over it for all purposes, the work of demolishing coffins and gathering up bones still goes on to such an extent that some of the work men dream about bones and skulls and all that sort of thing and have thrown up their jobs.

Boston is going to have a subway, which it is expected will give the city rapid transit, or at least something better than at present, when it is almost a day's journey to go the length of the common in an electric. The subway starts at the Public Garden on Charles and Boylston streets and will run under the common as far as Tremont street.

Several weeks ago, few people had any idea of where it was going, for so much has been said and written about rapid transit within recent years, and so little has been done, that people generally began to look upon it as something which they were to read about and discuss for all time but never expect to see realized in any of the forms suggested, or to be suggested.

There are thousands of people in Boston who look upon the common as sacred ground, and who at the first suggestion of removing a tree or turning up a square foot of it, rush to its defence and demand that the "People's Heritage" be kept intact.

They have pleaded for the Common in the state house and city hall, in churches and at public meetings, and have won every time. But the people who have less sentiment in their makeup seem to have stolen a march on them, and despite the fact that an effort has been made to have an injunction placed on the work, it still goes on.

The subway line runs through the Old Burying ground on the common, and that is where the bones are coming to light. After a week's work the hole looks like one of those pictures of the excavations at the Isthmus of Panama, and if the friends and defenders of the common should make up their minds to fill it in as the sons of the loyalists did in St. John they would have the biggest kind of a contract on their hands.

The contractors are coming in for a good deal of abuse, as well as the subway commissioners, all of whom go on in the even tenor of their way and tell the descendants of the old Bostonians that they ought to be ashamed to say anything about the matter, when there are more bones under Boylston street than there are within the fence of the graveyard, and that teams and electric cars have been passing over them every day for ever so many years. They argue that it is a good thing to have them dug up so that they will be placed some place where they will not be walked upon daily.

As a matter of fact what is now Boylston street was once a part of the graveyard, and there are bones of old Bostonians under one of the walks in the common. A number of tombs have been opened and some parties have claimed the bones of their ancestors and have had them taken to cemeteries which it is expected will not have subways run under them for many years to come.

Scores of coffins have been filled with bones up to date and taken off by the contractors. It is at present one of the sights of Boston and hundreds of people watch the men at work all day long.

Meanwhile the cremationists are in high glee. They claim that this is the greatest possible argument in favor of cremation and there is no doubt in regard to their getting many converts.

In fact the sentiment in favor of cremation is becoming very general in Boston. The crematory at Forest Hills has been in operation over a year, and the first annual report was a surprise to many people. The incineration of bodies is going on all

the time, and has become so common that hardly any notice is taken of it.

A meeting of the Massachusetts Cremation society in one of the most cheerful gatherings imaginable. Death has no terrors for its members, and they include some of the most prominent and most learned people in Boston. They ridicule graveyards and people who put up what they call hideous monuments to make themselves and other people sad. They call them heathenish and all that sort of thing. They also assail burial of the dead from a sanitary point of view, and claim that if it is carried out to the end of the world, the earth will be one big graveyard, with tombstones staring people in the face everywhere they go.

Taking it all in all, however, the cremationists have the strongest kind of an argument, and when the time comes when it will cost less to have one's friends incinerated than it does now to buy a lot in a cemetery, crematories will become common.

R. G. LARSEN.

Valuable Dog Collars.

"I can assure you that you have not been misinformed as to gold and precious gems being used to decorate dogs' collars," said one of the best known dealers in such articles in London, "but the cargo is far more prevalent in France, Russia, and America than it is here.

"Not many weeks ago I supplied to the special order of an American lady a dog collar that cost fifty guineas. It was a chain collar of silver and gold links alternately, and with a gold bell to hang in front. French ladies are very fond of watch dogs collars, a small gold watch being let into the front of the collar, and I have made several of these. But in scores of cases I supply beautiful made collars with name-plates of solid gold, and often enough with gold 'bosses' as well. Nearly all the collars of this class are intended for carriage dogs and drawing-room poodles alike, and in most cases the dogs do not belong to men, though the latter order and pay for the collars as presents.

"A fashion has lately had great vogue in France of putting tiny bracelets round the forelegs of poodles, and I have seen even diamonds let into these circlets. But we only make these things by special order. At the same time, in my own stock I have lots of dogs collars ranging in price from three to twenty pounds. The most remarkable collar I have ever made was to the order of a gentleman from South Africa. It consisted of nuggets of gold and an uncut diamond, which he supplied, and it was given to a well-known lady as a present."

A Mystery Monger.

A sort of "universal specialist" in the medical line with a foreign-sounding name took up his residence in Hamburg a short time ago, and very soon got together a large practice. All kinds of difficulties were thrown in the way of patients who wished to consult him; a veil of mystery shrouded the great man which his attendants refused to lift. No wonder that his consulting-rooms were besieged from morning till night. But the ever-watchful police authorities were on his track, and he was obliged to leave the city. He was seen by the practitioner's medical diploma. At once, and without the slightest symptom of alarm, our doctor produced the authentic document, duly signed and sealed by the faculty.

"But," said the doctor to the inspector, "when you have fully convinced yourself that everything is in order, pray do not breathe a word to a single soul. For if my patients get to know that I am a regular Berlin M. D., they will have nothing further to do with me!"

Vaccination Before Marriage.

In Brazil at the present time parents and guardians of minors may, before consenting to the marriage of the latter, require a medical certificate from the bride or bridegroom, certifying that he or she has been vaccinated. In Norway and Sweden, before any couple can be legally married, certificates must be produced showing that both bride and bridegroom have been duly vaccinated. In Norway, girls are ineligible for matrimony until they have earned certificates for proficiency in knitting, baking and spinning. In Maldeck, a small German principality, there is a law that no license to marry will be granted to any in-Kansas to Memphis. The height of the water does not depend upon atmospheric conditions, for occasionally it will be low after heavy rain and high after drought. Towards the northern extremity of Minnesota, in the Island of Celebes, there is a volcanic mountain, named Kalabat, or "Two Sunmits," one of which has a lake in the crater which crowns it.

A Lake on a Mountain's Summit.

In the southern part of Webster county, Missouri, just where the Ozark mountains reach their greatest altitude, there is a lake on the summit of a peak in a kind of crater, the depth of the banks surrounding it varying from 15 to 25 yds. There is no visible means of supply, and nowhere within a radius of a hundred miles is there any spot of equal altitude from which the water could reach this lake; nevertheless, the water of the lake rises and falls at times to such an extent as to cause a difference 25 ft. in its level. Another mountain lake, which covers a large area, is not far from Fordland, a station on the line from the city of dividend who has the habit of getting drunk, and once identified with the habit, a drunkard must produce sufficient proof of reformation to warrant his receiving the license at any future time. Russian law allows a man to marry only four times, and he must marry before eighty or not at all. It is a custom in Hungary for the groom to give the bride a kick after the marriage ceremony to make her feel her subjection, while in Croatia the bridegroom boxes the bride's ears.

Gem Bearing Plants.

The assistant director of Kew gardens, lecturing recently at the London institute on some curiosities of tropical plants, said that among these were the pearls found occasionally in the coconut palm of the Philippine islands—pearls which, like those of the ocean, are composed of carbonate of lime. The bamboo, too, yields another precious product in the shape of

true opals, which are found in its joints.

In each case this mineral matter is of course obtained from the soil. The natives of the Celebes use these vegetable opals as amulets and charms against disease.

JUST WHAT HE NEEDED.

Edward Callaghan of St. John N. B., is the man,

Edward Callaghan, the well known stevedore of St. John, N. B., was cured by Hawker's nerve and stomach tonic.

Mr. Callaghan recently had a severe attack of grippe, and the after effects were most distressing. He could not sleep, he was very nervous and irritable, had lost his appetite, and was generally run down to an extent that alarmed him.

He was advised to try a course of Hawker's nerve and stomach tonic, and did so. As in thousands of other cases, the result in his case was completely satisfactory. He began to get better at once. His appetite returned his nerves became stronger, he was able to sleep restfully, and was soon restored to his usual health.

Mr. Callaghan has given the Hawker Medicine Co. the facts of his case, that others who read of it may profit by his experience with this famous remedy, that never fails to cure.

Hawker's nerve and stomach tonic renews and restores nervous energy, forms new rich blood, increasing its reconstructive powers, thereby renewing wasted tissues and muscular vigor. It strengthens and invigorates the stomach, increases the appetite and aids digestion. Business, professional men or students, will find it an excellent restorative tonic for the nervous depression, languor or despondency, which so frequently follow long continued or exhaustive mental work. Experience has proved it to be the best and most effective remedy to restore health and vigor after an attack of a gripe. It is sold by all druggists at fifty cents a bottle or six bottles for \$2.50 and is manufactured by The Hawker Medicine Co. Ltd., St. John, N. B., Canada, and New York City.

Artificial Limbs for Animals.

This is recorded as having occurred in the case of a Friesian cow and a pet canary, and it is quite possible that it has occurred more or less frequently in the case of other animals. A veterinary surgeon relates that a Hereford cow belonging to a local farmer, having strayed out to a line of railway, had one of its forelegs taken off just below the knee, and that he, on being called in, fixed up the arteries. The animal completely recovered, when one of the farm labourers suggested, in a jocular manner, that she should be provided with a wooden leg. The vet, decided to try the experiment.

A stout, iron-shod limb was made from his design by the village carpenter, and was attached in a considerable difficulty was experienced in attaching it, this was got over by a judicious arrangement of straps, and managed to get about with ease. The pet canary belonged to a lady residing in the neighbourhood of Hyde Park, London, and, falling from the perch, it broke its leg. The lady at first bandaged the broken limb, but on removing the bandage the limb came away with it. She then took a hard wood Japanese toothpick, and the thick end with a penknif, and inserted the end of the broken leg in the divided parts, the connecting point being securely tied with cotton. The artificial leg was then trimmed so as to be of the same length as the natural one, and before long the canary became as lively as before the accident, never missing the perch when hopping from one part of the cage to another.

A Wire Puller.

Sir John Adye tells this story in his reminiscences just published: A new minister, who was consumed with a zeal for making himself perfect in his work, visited at the various rooms and inquired as to all details. Meeting a gentleman in the passage, he asked at what hour he usually came to his office.

"Oh," said the gentleman, in reply, "I usually stroll in about eleven or twelve o'clock."

"Stroll in," said the minister, in surprise; "then I presume you do not leave until a late hour?"

"Well," replied the gentleman, "I generally slip off about three o'clock."

"Slip off at three?" said the minister, much scandalized. "Pray, sir, may I ask what department you belong to?"

"Certainly. I come every Saturday to wind up the clocks."

Look for the Lame.

A few days ago placards were posted on the advertising stations of Berlin, on which was an invitation to all cripples in the German capital to communicate with a certain gentleman and state their circumstances. It was added that the advertiser proposed to give assistance in deserving cases. The affair was thought at first to be a hoax. But the advertisement really emanated from a kindly feeling towards the lame and halt. A number of those who made application, received, by return of post, a post-office order for three dollars.

Do Reszke at Private Houses.

Jean De Reszke is the only one of the great coverers who refuses to sing at private musicales for hire. The story is told of him that on one occasion, when he

THE NUMBER 4 YOST



Perfect In Every Particular. CORRECT IN Design, Workmanship, Principles, Results. Complete.

Complete. In Every Detail. UNEQUALLED IN Construction, Beauty of Work, Alignment, Speed, Clearness of Letter Press Copies. Perfect.

YOST WRITING MACHINE CO.

IRA CORNWALL, General Agent for the Maritime Provinces, BOARD OF TRADE BUILDING, St. John, or the following Agents:

Messrs. R. Ward Thorne, St. John; A. S. Murray, Fredericton, N. B.; J. T. Whiteley, St. Stephen; W. B. Morris, St. Andrews; J. Fred Benson, Chatham; Van Meter & Beitcher, Moncton; H. A. White, Sussex; L. J. McGehe, 50 Bedford Row, Halifax; J. B. Dumas, Gloucestershire, N. S.; D. B. Stewart, Charlottetown, P. E. I.; Dr. W. P. Hickey, Sackville, N. B.; C. J. Coleman, Advocate's office of Sydney, C. B.; Clarence E. Caser, Amherst, N. S.; E. M. Fallon, Truro, N. S.; T. W. Butler, Newcastle, N. B.; F. J. Gogan, Folter, N. B.; H. F. McLatchie, Campbellton, N. B.; R. B. Murray, Spruce Hill, N. S.

B.B.B. CURE'S DYSPEPSIA SCROFULA CONSTIPATION

THE SECRET Of the marvelous success of Burdock Blood Bitters lies in its specific curative power over every organ of the body. The Liver, the Blood, the Bowels, the Stomach, the Kidneys, the Skin, the Bladder, in fact, all parts of the human system are regulated, purified, and restored to perfect natural action by this medicine. Thus it CURES all diseases affecting these or other parts of the system, Dyspepsia, Constipation, Bad Blood, Biliousness, Headache, Kidney and Liver Complaint, Obsolete Humors, Old Sores, Scrofula, Rheumatism, Nervous or General Debility, and all irregularities of the system, caused by Bad Blood or disordered action of the Stomach, Bowels, Liver or Kidneys. Thousands of testimonials warrant the assertion that B.B.B. is the BEST SPRING MEDICINE FOR YOUNG OR OLD.

was visiting the house of one of the Rothschilds in Paris, where there was a large party assembled, he sang several songs. His host and friends were so delighted that at the end of the evening he presented De Reszke with a bank cheque signed, asking him to fill it up for any amount he wished. De Reszke took the cheque, and as he tore it into small bits, he said: "My friend, I am your guest. If I received your cheque, I should deserve to be kicked out of your door. I sang only for pleasure."

A Woman's Vast Domain.

Mrs. Henrietta M. King, of Corpus Christi, Texas, owns 1,890 square miles of land in Texas, or about 1,250,000 acres. She inherited this vast domain from her husband, Richard King. Mrs. King is about sixty years of age, and is a woman kindly instincts. She lives plainly and does not spend a tithe of her income. Her land alone is now worth £1,000,000, and it will be worth much more when it is devoted to viticulture, for which it is said to be well adapted.

Like Grown-Ups.

Mamma: "You and your little visitors are doing nothing but sitting still and looking miserable. Why don't you play something?" Little daughter: "We is playin'." "Playing what?" "We's playin' that we's growed up."

The Admiral and the Liquor-Shanties.

While the British men-of-war under the late Admiral Sir Geoffrey Hornby lay in Besika Bay, a number of Greek settlers established liquor-shanties on the seashore, and proposed to supply the tars with grog. Sir Geoffrey sent off a couple of boats' crews, burnt the shanties down, and ran the liquor into the sea. The Greeks never even applied for compensation.

Actresses have all their Elegant and Fashionable Costumes interlined with Fibre Chamols.

For the constant rough usage of travelling, the packing and unpacking—it is superior to any lining ever produced—as it does not remain creased or wrinkled, and as it is not stiff and dry when dry, it is not affected by moisture. Will drapes gracefully and may be neatly folded. At all stores, 64 inch wide, 55c. per yard. 3 weights. Every yard of the Genuine Fibre Chamols is labeled. Beware of inferior imitations. Patented July 1890, Trade Mark Registered. The wholesale trade only supplied by The Canadian Fibre Chamols Co., Montreal.

This Will Raise A Welt. But that's Another Story. It's the Goodyear Welt we raise in the Slater \$3.00 Shoe. This is the same old welt the shoemaker sitting on his bench used to raise before Goodyear invented the machinery to do it. Shoemakers are but mortal—THEY GET TIRED, and then the stitch is not so even, the wax and drawn so tight. Bye and bye your shoes get tired—in spots—it yields to uneven pressure, grows unsightly, leaks and gases. All because the shoemaker grew tired. Now the Goodyear machine never gets tired. It will do a width of stitches in succession and never vary the thousandth part of an inch in width, and will stitch in pressure or strength of thread. It will make shoes watertight, and will stitch in pairs of shoes while the good shoemaker sews a single pair. That's one of the reasons why the Slater Shoe sells for \$3.00, though it could not be made by hand for less than \$6.00. And yet the Slater \$3.00 shoe is more flexible, better made, looks better and wears longer. If your dealer hasn't got them in stock write to us.

Geo. T. Slater & Sons, Montreal. Adams' Liquid Root Beer. 10c. ADAMS' LIQUID ROOT BEER! THIS BOTTLE MAKES TWO GALLONS. The Canadian Specialty Co., 38 Front St., East, W. S. CLAWSON & CO., St. John, N. B.

# WOMAN and HER WORK.

Perhaps you may remember, dear girls to whom I usually address these out-pourings of thought, that a short time ago I said we should soon be hearing about the Old, instead of the New Woman! if you do, you can imagine the mingled joy and

in courtship went. But if Boaz was satisfied, and the men of the present day approve of her course, further comment would be useless, and the new woman is clearly "out of the running," as racing men say, while the old woman has got into print at



NEW SPRING SUITS AND HATS.

The right figure shows a frock of brown hairline with tan braid trimming. The next figure shows a striped cheviot gown and applique lines apron. The next is a tuffed cheviot frock, mixed colors, with lace applique yoke. The figure on the left shows a surah serge, dark blue, with light blue ribbon and black galloon as trimming.

triumph which throbbed in my breast when I picked up a New York "World" last week and saw an editorial column headed "The old Woman." I thought my prophecy was being fulfilled, even sooner than I expected. But on reading the article I discovered that my jubilation had been rather premature, and the writer was merely contrasting the New Woman, the end of the century product, with the older and more familiar type, the type men have known and loved since the beginning of the world, and the comparison was greatly to the disadvantage of the former.

The writer intimated that the New Woman was creating quite a ripple on the shores of time just now, that everybody was interested in her because of her novelty, her audacity, and her cleverness. He said the New Woman was "interesting, piquant, and even charming in a way" and he praised her for her wit, her freedom of manner, and her large acquisitions: I suppose he meant acquisitions in the form of culture, education, and freedom of opinions, for these I think have been her greatest acquisitions, so far. But after lifting the New Woman up so gently and so high, the "World" writer proceeds to set her down hard with the information that however much man may encourage her, and even be amused by her, he has in reality lost none of his reverence for the old woman, and her womanliness; and that the great majority of women are perfectly aware of the fact. I am afraid they are, and to tell the plain truth I believe that knowledge is what prevents more of us from joining the ranks and marching under the New Woman's banner; we know where our power lies too well and a good many of us are finding out that womanliness pays best in the long run, and is really the shortest cut to unlimited power after all.

But to return to our editorial, the writer sums up his reasons for preferring the old to the new woman thus—"The old woman has been the mother and the companion of man ever since man ceased to be a monkey, and man is on the whole perfectly satisfied with her. He looks back with loving reverence even to the spankings with which she disciplined him for his bad \* \* \* \* \* The new woman, with all her brilliancy and clatter has not supplanted the old and never will, while man remains dominant in this curious old world of ours. Rath still means more to Boaz than Dodo means to anybody, and the woman who cheerily sings over her ministry, whatever it is, will never be ousted by the stateswoman or the spectacled philosopher, from her throne in the hearts of men, while the love of home endures."

"All of which I am sure must be a great comfort to those home loving bodies amongst us who don't want either to vote, philosophize, or wear spectacles, unless we should happen to be short sighted; but I do wish the writer had not selected Bunk, as a model for the rest of us [to live up to]! I have always considered that young woman very advanced indeed, several thousand years at least in advance of her generation, as far as taking the initiative

thing next, that their humble followers are often, at a loss whether to abide by their edicts or strike out a line of their own. I never did think the writing of fashions was my strong point, in fact I have done lots of work that I admired more after it was finished than I ever did a fashion article of my own; but I do try to make up in accuracy what I lack in brilliancy of invention, so I only describe what I see; and if I happen to see a good many contradictions in the course of my investigations, it is not my fault.

One surprise which the spring fashions had in store, was the revival of the Eton jacket which has proved a very thorough revival indeed, and the jaunty little garment, which seemed to have been deposed so much too soon, is to enjoy a new lease of life. It will be very slightly changed in shape, merely a little longer, reaching the bottom of the waistline in the back, and slightly below it in front where the ends are pointed a little. Any of last year's Eton's which were trimmed with braid can easily be altered to the height of the fashion by ripping off the trimming and adding an inch or so to the length; the seam will be concealed by the braid when it is replaced, and the garment satisfactorily remodelled.

So popular does the Eton jacket promise to become, that it will be seen in figure and outing cloth, as well as the more conservative serge. All kinds of vests and waists will be worn beneath it, from the full blouse, or shirt waist with stiff bosom and cuffs, to the full silk plastron made on a foundation of lining and closing in the back.

These silks are made up with yokes, and long cuffs of coarse meshed lace, laid over silk of the color that predominates in the dress. Thus a dress of black and white striped silk will have yoke and cuffs of white satin overlaid with black lace, or perhaps the order will be reversed and black satin covered with white lace will be substituted.

Everyone who wishes to be well dressed and can afford such a luxury, should have a skirt of some kind of black silk or satin; it can be worn with almost any kind of bodice from silk to lawn, and one always looks well dressed in such a garment.

If there is one material above another which may be said to be popular, this season, it is silk. I mean, of course, silk material, for satin is almost a rage. Silk for skirts, silk for blouses, silk for trimmings and silk for the whole costumes, and above all summer silks, the light weight, low priced silks which have so many advantages, coolness, cheapness and above all style. Their smooth surface sheds the dust, their moderate prices place them within the reach of anyone who could afford a new dress, of any woolen material, and they can be made to look much more dressy than a woolen costume, however expensive. Stripes are very fashionable, and they vary in width from nearly two inches to the finest hair lines. Many pretty designs show a light background with hair stripes in a contrasting color, and tiny bouquets of flowers scattered here and there upon the surface. The colors most frequently seen are blue, rust brown, sage lettuce green, a cream shade, and an immense variety of pinks and blues.

In making over a partly worn dress, there will be no possibility of making a mistake if black satin be selected as a combination; it is used for skirt panels, yokes, collars and belts on all materials, and all colors. Black satin duchesse is the material which wears best, and looks richest; an excellent quality may be purchased for one dollar per yard.

In the light-weight woollens for summer wear the colors which prevail are blue, green, and brown, but of course there are almost endless possibilities of change afforded by the mixing of these colors, both in short and mottled effects.

A pretty summer travelling gown of checked tweed in the new stem green, barred with darker green, showed a bell skirt measuring four and a half yards in width, with the fullness laid in two box plaits at the top of the back breaths. The whole centre back, and the front and sides to a depth of 20 inches was interlined with haircloth and the tight round bodice was cut V. shape in the neck and had immense leg of mutton sleeves. A chemisette of ecru linen was worn with this costume, and a sailor hat of rough ecru straw, trimmed on one side with a large bunch of mignonette and red roses, and on the other with a bow of changeable red, green and ecru taffeta ribbon.

Another pretty dress was of golden brown light-weight cheviot, and had a skirt cut almost on the same model, a coat basque—which by the way is another revival short on the hips and with tails about ten inches deep in the back, faced with poppy red taffets to a depth of three inches. The fronts were fastened with pearl buttons about the size of a ten cent piece, and the V-shaped space left at the throat by the collar and revers—which were also faced with the poppy red—was filled in with a high stock collar and a small vest of red and brown gace silk. The vest was fastened with three small gold studs. The sleeves were large, and drooped at the elbow in a sort of heavy puff, tight to the waist, and finished with a piping of red silk. The godet skirt is not nearly so much

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OXFORDS.

OUR enormous sales of these goods prove that the public appreciates the scrupulous care we have used for many years in selecting our Oxford shoes. We affirm with pleasure and absolute confidence that this season's stock is better, cheaper, and more representative than ever before of the latest thoughts of those manufacturers who are specialists in these goods. We only ask an examination of our shoes, and are satisfied that the style and prices will do the rest.

OXFORDS.

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61 KING STREET and 212 UNION STREET.

"Strongest and Best."—Dr. Andrew Wilson, F. R. S. E., Editor of "Health."

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100 PRIZE MEDALS AWARDED TO THE FIRM.  
Purchasers should ask specially for Fry's Pure Concentrated Cocoa, to distinguish it from other varieties manufactured by the Firm.

# R.I.P.A.N.S.

## ONE GIVES RELIEF.

**Sea Foam**  
It Floats.

5 CTS. (TOILET SIZE) A CAKE.

A Pure White Soap.  
Made from vegetable oils it possesses all the qualities of the finest white Castile Soap.  
The Best Soap for Toilet & Bath Purposes, it leaves the skin soft smooth and healthy.

**Pure Quills**

Make a better filling for Corsets than any other known material. "Featherbone" Corsets are tougher and more elastic than any other make, as they are entirely filled with quills (Featherbone).

To be had at all Retail Dry Goods Stores.

**A Complexion Like a Baby's**

Free from Freckles, Tan, Liver Spots, Pimples, Blackheads, Blisters, Roughness, Eczema, Itching, Redness, etc., etc.

If you wish a beautiful complexion you may have it by using

**The Princess Complexion Purifier**

which is guaranteed to cure the worst case of freckles, etc.

If your skin is sore or perfect and you want some thing softening and cleansing try Jastina's Skin Cream 75c. by mail.

**IS YOUR HAIR TURNING GRAY?**

Mrs. Graham's Hair Restorer will turn it to its natural color in six to twelve days. It is naturally harmless and neither greasy or sticky. Price \$1. Send stamp for booklet, containing information as to the care of hair, hair, and figure, and how to get it.

**CURE FITS!**

Valuable medicine and bottle of medicine sent free by mail. Write for it to Dr. J. R. McLean, 1007, E. C. 100 West Adelaide Street, Toronto, Ont.

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**T. H. BOYD & SON, MONTREAL.**

**Dr. J. R. McLEAN**

contains his practice to Eye, Ear, Throat, and all forms of Catarrhal Diseases, Will be in Truro, April 10th.

**Intercolonial Railway.**

On and after MONDAY, the 1st October, 1894, the trains of this Railway will run daily (Sunday excepted) as follows:

**TRAINS WILL LEAVE ST. JOHN:**

Express for Campbellton, Pictou, Pictou and Halifax	7.00
Express for Halifax	12.50
Express for Quebec and Montreal	12.30
Express for Sussex	16.40

A Pacific Car runs each way on Express trains leaving St. John at 7.00 o'clock and Halifax at 7.30 o'clock.

Passengers from St. John for Quebec and Montreal take through Sleeping Cars at Moncton, at 12.30 o'clock.

**TRAINS WILL ARRIVE AT ST. JOHN:**

Express from Sussex	6.30
Express from Montreal and Quebec (Monday excepted)	10.30
Express from Moncton (daily)	10.30
Express from Halifax, Pictou and Campbellton	12.50
Accommodation from Moncton	24.00

The trains of the Intercolonial Railway are heated by steam from the locomotive, and those between Halifax and Montreal, via Lewis, are lighted by electricity.

\* All trains are run by Eastern Standard Time.

D. POTTINGER, General Manager.

Railway Office, Moncton, N. B., 27th Sept. 1894.

**Dominion Atlantic R'y**

LAND OF EVANGELINE ROUTE.

THE POPULAR AND SHORT LINE, BETWEEN ST. JOHN AND HALIFAX.

(Trains run on Eastern Standard Time.)

On and after WEDNESDAY, October 31, 1894, trains will run (Sunday excepted) as follows:

**EXPRESS TRAINS, DAILY:**

Leave Yarmouth, 6.10 a. m. Arrive Halifax, 6.55 p. m.
Leave Halifax, 6.40 a. m. Arrive Yarmouth, 4.50 p. m.
Leave Kentville, 5.30 a. m. Arrive Halifax, 6.45 a. m.
Leave Halifax, 3.10 p. m. Arrive Kentville, 6.15 p. m.

**ACCOMMODATION TRAINS:**

Leave Annapolis Monday, Wednesday and Friday at 5.30 a. m. Arrive Halifax, 4.30 p. m.
Leave Halifax, Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday at 6.00 a. m. Arrive Annapolis, 4.55 p. m.
Leave Yarmouth, Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday, 8.45 a. m. Arrive Kentville, 7.20 p. m.
Leave Kentville, Monday, Wednesday and Friday, 6.00 a. m. Arrive Yarmouth, 6.05 p. m.
Leave Kentville Daily, 6.00 a. m. Arrive Richmond, 11.15 a. m.
Leave Richmond Daily, 2.30 p. m. Arrive Kentville, 9.10 p. m.

Connections made at Annapolis with the Bay of Fundy Steamship Company; at Yarmouth, where close connection is made with the Yarmouth Steam Ship Company for Boston; at Middleton with the Nova Scotia Central Railway for the South Coast; at Kentville with trains of the Cornwallis Valley Branch for Canning and Kingsport; at W. Junction and Halifax with Intercolonial and Canadian Pacific trains for points West.

For Tickets, Time Tables, etc., apply to Station Agents, to 125 Hollis Street, Halifax, or to the City Office, 114 Prince William Street, St. John, N. B. For Tickets, General Managers, K. Sullivan, Superintendent.

**EPILEPSY**

Fits, Nervous Debility.

Cause, Symptoms, Results and How to Cure. Treatise free on application to Dr. G. E. Brown, of de Salisbury St., Montreal.

**GERARD G. RUEL, BARRISTER, & C.**

Walker's Building, Canterbury Street, St. John, N. B.

THE RIBBON COME FOREVER DISCARDED, BROWN AWAY!

Complete. In Every D tail.

UNEQUALLED IN Construction, Beauty of Work, Alignment, Speed, Clearness of Letter Press Copies.

Perfect.

CO.

Following Agents: J. Fred Benson, Chatham (Quebec), N. B.; of Sydney, C. B.

SECRET

Success of Burdock its specific curative organ of the body, d, the Bowels, the Skin, the parts of the human body, purified, and natural action by it CURES all these or other parts of the body. Constipatiousness, Head-Liver Complaint, Old Sores, Scrofula, or General Regularities of the Blood or Stomach, Bowels, thousands of testimonials that ST SPRING YOUNG OR

Will e elt.

This is the same before Goodyear

itch is not so even, tired—in spots—it All because the tired. It will do, a part of an inch in shoes watertight, single pair. That could not be made more flexible, bet- of them in stock

Sons,

10c!

East,

Agents for New Brunswick

ENOUGH ARDEN IMPROVED

A Seventy-Four Year Old Man is Married to His Wife and Settles Down.

If Enoch Arden had only returned to find his wife unmarried he might have been as happy a man as William J. Cannon— "Bill" Cannon, soldier, scout, pathfinder— is today at Kansas City. Adventures and romances weave around each other like vines from seeds planted in the same hill. There are few men in the West who have had more of adventure than "Bill" Cannon, and the romance has not all been squeezed from his life, even if he has passed the line of threescore and ten. Here is a story that might be told in a volume:

A man 74 years of age applied to Recorder Quail yesterday for a marriage license. What was more he wanted to marry his own wife. He did not get the license for the reason that he had neglected to secure the requisite evidence of the lady's wishes in the matter. He went away promising to be back again today with everything in proper shape, and in that case he will get his license. A wedding ceremony will follow, he says, in short order.

The man who proposes to remarry his own wife at 74 is not a whit less remarkable himself than the prophet he is in view. He is a man that anybody would stop to look at on the street. His hair, hoary, ragged, and lined with age, but with a ruddy complexion and an eye that is still as a hawk's; firm of step, an Indian in carriage and composure; a man that has fought in a hundred bloody battles, and whose sinewy old body is lined with scars till it looks like a map of Texas laid off in counties—that is Bill Cannon, frontiersman, Indian fighter, Government scout, friend of Kit Carson, James Beckwith, "Wild Bill" James Bowie and the rest of that band of indomitable fighters, who led the vanguard of civilization westward in the '40s and '50s. No man ever had a more romantic story. In the Mexican war he became a government scout and interpreter, acting as escort to the long trains of emigrants that stretched away across the plains toward the land of gold.

Cannon's adventures on the plains, in the civic war and later in the mountains of Montana and Colorado, would require volumes to tell. Finally, he was married and settled down in Kansas City—that was early in the '70s, when Kansas City was a genuine frontier outpost. In 1875 his old restlessness came upon him and he pined for room. He sought it in the Rockies. He left his wife in Kansas City and at first wrote to her occasionally. But Bill Cannon's fingers, nimble enough with the trigger, were all too clumsy with the pen, and the letters became more and more like angel's visits, and then at last ceased coming altogether.

Mrs. Cannon waited and waited and wondered. Then she thought that Bill was dead, and for a year or so treasured the sorrow of a widow. But after a time rumors came to her that told her she was wrong. Bill Cannon was as much alive as ever; he was only neglecting her. No woman could stand this. Mrs. Cannon burned the remembrance of her husband in her heart, and determined that from that time on he would be dead to her. Some time after this, wishing to dispose of some property, by the advice of her lawyer she secured a divorce on the ground of desertion. That was ten or fifteen years ago. Ever since Mrs. Cannon has lived alone in Kansas City.

Meantime her restless husband was scouring the West for adventures, hunting, trapping, mining, thinking of everything but wife and home. At last, however, nature cried a halt. She chose rheumatism as an ally, and they accomplished what no man ever did—they made Bill Cannon, "Old Uncle Bill" now, cry "enough." He was laid to seek the Soldiers' Home at Leavenworth to "rest up" a bit. That was four or five years ago.

A few weeks ago Mrs. Cannon was startled to receive a letter from her recreant spouse. He guessed he'd come home. He said he was alive and well and wanted to be with his wife. She wrote at once to tell him she was his wife no longer, but her woman's heart forgave him, and she acknowledged she was ready to marry him again. He immediately came to Kansas City, arriving yesterday, and he lost no time about getting at the business in hand. If nothing unforeseen occurs, the old warrior will make his wife his bride this afternoon. The old and new couple's meeting yesterday afternoon, after the long years of separation, was a touching one; it was the turning backward of time. Today, if all goes well, they will begin where they left off fifteen years ago, and the time that has passed since then will be reckoned but a day and forgotten.

**Divorcing the Wrong Man.**  
A well-known advocate in the Divorce Court in Paris appeared the other day as counsel in a case before a judge who is noted for the expeditious manner in which he disposes of the actions brought before him. In his hurry, the judge unfortunately pronounced a decree divorcing the lawyer instead of the client, having somehow transposed the names; and now all sorts of formalities will have to be gone through before the error can be rectified.

**A Postponed Wedding.**  
A curious interruption to a wedding occurred one Saturday in a village not a hundred miles from London. The bride and bridegroom had made all their preparations, and were about to start for the church, when a note arrived from the vicar to the effect that the wedding could not take place that day, as he was engaged to join a hunting party.

For your throat, when hoarse or husky, use Hawker's balsam of lemon and cherry. It affords prompt relief and leaves the voice clear and distinct.

A cheap and sure cure for cold in the head or catarrh; a twenty-five cent box of Hawker's catarrh cure.

Rob your rheumatic joints with Dr. Manning's german remedy. The universal pain cure.

A soothing, healing and perfect cure, Hawker's pile cure.

Hawker's Balsam, a sure cough cure.

Chase & Sanborn's



Seal Brand Coffee

Universally accepted as the Leading Fine Coffee of the World. The only Coffee served at the WORLD'S FAIR.

CHASE & SANBORN, BOSTON, MONTREAL, CHICAGO

HUMPHREYS'

Nothing has ever been produced to equal or compare with Humphreys' Witch Hazel Oil as a CURATIVE and HEALING APPLICATION. It has been used 40 years and always affords relief and always gives satisfaction.

It Cures PILES or HEMORRHOIDS, External or Internal, Blind or Bleeding—Itching and Burning; Cracks or Fissures and Fistulas. Relief immediate—cure certain.

It Cures BURNS, Scalds and Ulceration and Contractions from Burns. Relief instant.

It Cures TORSO, Cut and Lacerated Wounds and Bruises.

It Cures BOILS, Hot Tumors, Ulcers, Old Sores, Itching Eruptions, Scurfy or Scald Head. It is infallible.

It Cures INFLAMED or CAKED BREASTS and Sore Nipples. It is invaluable.

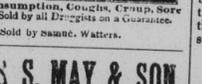
It Cures SALT RHEUM, Tetters, Scurfy Eruptions, Chapped Hands, Fever Blisters, Sore Lips or Nostrils, Corns and Bunions, Sore and Chafed Feet, Stings of Insects.

Three Sizes, 25c., 50c. and \$1.00. Sold by Druggists, or sent post-paid on receipt of price. HUMPHREYS' MED. CO., 112 N. 11th Street, New York.

WITCH HAZEL OIL

CLEAN TEETH

And a pure breath obtained by USING ADAMS' TUTTI FRUTTI. Take no imitations.



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CLOCKS AND BRONZES, SILVER GOODS, JEWELLRY.

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DAVID CONNELL, LIVERY AND BOARDING STABLES,

45-47 WATERLOO STREET. Horses Boarded on reasonable terms. Repairs, and Carriages on hire. Fine Fit Outfit at short notice.

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MEALS SERVED AT ALL HOURS. DINNER A SPECIALTY

WILLIAM CLARK

ICE! Wholesale and Retail.

Telephone 414. Office 18 Leinster Street. Mrs. R. Whetsel.

LONG-DISTANCE SIGNALING.

Sending Heliograph Messages from Washington State to Mexico.

The Mazamas of Portland, if they can secure the assistance of any of the university and scientific organizations, military signal corps, or athletic and outing clubs along the coast will endeavor to send a heliograph message from Washington to Mexico. The Mazamas are a club of mountain climbers at Portland, Ore., and have selected July 10 next as the date for the transmission of the sun flashes. They will begin signalling from Mount Adams, using the Morse system for the purpose. T. Brook White, secretary of the Mazamas, has recently organized classes in land, which have begun the preliminary study and work necessary to the successful manipulation of the instruments.

If successful, it will be the longest distance a message has ever been transmitted by sun flashes. The Mazamas have invited the government officers and various state military organizations to arrange details. Prof. Davidson of the coast and Geodetic Survey, who has had considerable experience in transmitting heliographic messages, was asked last night if he thought the Mazamas' undertaking could be successfully accomplished. He said: "Prof. S. S. Hawkins of Portland, formerly of the University of California, has written to me to interest me in this matter, and I have been preparing a letter in answer thereto. Of course the subject presented by the Mazamas, or mountain goats, is a very interesting one, and some season it may be accomplished; but there will be much to learn and systematize before they succeed."

In the first place, the mountains named by the Mazamas along the crest line of the Cascades and Sierra Nevada are not in all cases as intervisible. For example, south of Shasta the line adopted by the Coast and Geodetic Survey is Shasta, Lassen, Butte, Lola, Round Top, Conness, and possibly Whitney; or, by another route, Shasta, Snow Mountain, Mount Helena, Mount Diablo, and possibly Whitney. I am convinced that I have seen Shasta from Diablo, 224 miles, and Whitney, 225 miles. But besides determining beforehand the best route to follow a full season with well organized parties working on this season, determining the intervisible line and that free from clouds. The latter is one of the great drawbacks in the work of the Coast and Geodetic Survey. Where a station could readily be finished in fifteen days, the parties have sometimes been fighting for nights through two months and more.

"As to the distance to which these signals may be sent little is known by actual experience outside the Coast and Geodetic Survey, which has used them over a line of 192 miles—Mount Helena to Mount Shasta, and over a 188-mile line to Arizona later repeated by the Signal Corps of the army. I have seen the heliograph signals 160 miles with the naked eye in rare cases of fine weather. For all the cases of intervisibility I have gotten out a formula determining the size of the mirror for any distance. In example, the line from Diablo to Shasta requires a mirror a little more than eleven inches square to give signals that will be visible in a telescope of three inches objective. With a mirror twenty inches square I expect to see the signal with the naked eye. Moreover, the character of the mirror must be of the very best plate glass and pure silver back surface, with an additional reflector, if the sun is behind the sender.

There is no part of the United States where this experiment can be so well tried, and tried successfully, as on this seaboard, but it will take time, system and organization to make a sure thing of it. The sooner the Mazamas get the matter in line the sooner will the successful season come."

A Strike of Beer Drinkers.

A remarkable strike against an increase in the price of beer has occurred at Bamberg, near Preston. The publicans held a meeting, and decided upon a general increase in the price of ale retailed for consumption upon the premises. But the extra charge of one halpenny which has since been levied is fiercely resented by the customers, who refuse to patronize the public-houses again unless the ordinary prices are reverted to. The affair has occasioned considerable amusement, and the strikers contemplate issuing a notice in the approved trades union fashion, requesting beer drinkers to keep away from Bamberg while the dispute lasts.

**Water-Power for Ship.**  
According to some very interesting experiments lately made, we may yet ride the sea in ships without wheel or screw. Powerful pumps are arranged to throw jets of water from the stern of the boat. The high pressure of the water of the sea jet as it strikes the water of the sea is said to give promise of most effective action as soon as the jets can be made sufficiently forceful. It is the opinion of certain engineering experts that hydraulic propulsion will supersede the screw of some classes of craft, and may, in time, prove a formidable rival to existing active power.

**Surprising Ship News.**  
One of our leading shipowners the other day saw his vessel reported. She was bound on a long voyage to the other side of the world. Taking the reported latitude and longitude he found, much to his surprise, that she was in the middle of the Desert of Sahara.

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I KNOW MINARD'S LINIMENT is the best remedy on earth. JOSEPH A. SNOW, Norway, Me.

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WOMEN AND WATERLOO.

What a Woman Remembers of the Famous Battle.

"In my early days I knew a lady who happened to be in Brussels that memorable June," says Mrs. Newton Crossland. She was then newly married, and only three and twenty years of age. So little certain of victory did the English on the spot feel, that her husband insisted on her dressing like a Normandy peasant, thinking such a costume would be a protection.

"Vividly have I heard her describe the partings she witnessed at the door of the hotel where she was staying, and the despair of wives who were left behind—wives soon to be widows.

"Very graphically, too, did she describe the next day's events, when women—many of whom, too agitated to change their attire, were still elegantly dressed—made their way somehow towards the field of battle, returning in the army wagons, supporting the heads of the wounded on their knees, bathing their brows, and binding up their wounds, while a steady rain poured down on the faces begrimed by powder.

"I once met at a dinner party the widow of an officer—I forget the name—who fought at Waterloo, and the lady narrated her experience of the 'after-battle' scene. For some reason she had to cross the field of Waterloo while it was still strewn with the dead, and for this purpose she was blindfolded and placed on horseback, the steed being led by a trooper.

"She held a handkerchief to her nose—stepped, I think she said, with vinegar—and not until she had reached an activity nearly a mile from the scene of carnage was the bandage removed from her eyes. Then she looked back. The field of Waterloo appeared like a field of tombstones, for the bodies were all stripped of clothing, and some white in the sunshine like stones. The camp-following ghouls had done their work effectually.

Playing or Praying.

A raid was recently effected on a novel kind of gambling den in the Calle Mayor, Madrid. When the police entered the place they discovered a small chapel or oratory; a gentleman was standing at the altar, preaching a sermon, whilst the rest of the company were kneeling and praying. The police were, however, not to be baffled in the way; they made a thorough search of the premises, and found that by pressing a lever the chapel could be transformed into a gambling saloon and vice-versa in an incredibly short space of time. The gamblers were recruited from the cream of Madrid society, and interesting particulars are likely to come out at the trial.

Parisian Cooking Parties.

The latest excitement in Paris society is the pursuit of cooking as an accomplishment, cooking parties being far from unusual. At a recent reception at the mansion of a princess, a refreshment bar was fitted up in the drawing room, at which the guests were supplied, with warm dishes, broiled, roasted, and stewed on elegant cooking-stoves by very aristocratic young women. The merit, it is said, could not be enough, in the eyes of the hostess, to show appreciation of the novel institution and its charming promoters.

Learning the Business.

A Spanish millionaire is at present employed as a common workman in a Berlin soap manufactory. He is the proprietor of the largest establishment of the kind in Madrid. His present object is to ascertain the difference between the German and the French methods of soap production, as he is not satisfied with the French process adopted at his own works. The man does not speak a word of German, and always keeps an interpreter at his elbow.

By a Shorter Route.

Time seems to be the most expensive of luxuries. All the world is trying either to save as much of it as possible or to kill as much of it as they can. They have determined to save more in Germany, where there was recently finished and opened another canal, so the vessels can get more quickly from Kiel, or Kiel Bay, to Brunsbuttel, on the Elbe. Hitherto ships have had to make the circuit of Denmark, a dangerous voyage, in which some 300 ships were lost annually.

Not one of the '400."

The Duke of York is generally considered to be the least particular about his dress of any of the members of the Royal Family. He reverts in the comfortable "bowler" hat and equally cosy short jacket whilst one of his best friends is the same brier pipe from which he used to get an occasional whiff when a middy. It is religiously preserved, together with the old pouch out of which His Royal Highness probably got his first pipe of tobacco.

Gold in the Sea.

Professor Lobley believes that all the gold now found in the rocks and sand was deposited there from solution in sea water. In support of this theory it is said that sea water contains less than a grain of gold per ton—according to which estimate the sea contains five million times more gold than has ever been extracted from the rocks.

An American's Distinction.

An ex-member of Congress, who has just died in New York, claimed the distinction of being the only American who ever danced with Queen Victoria, having done so many years ago when he acted as secretary to Mr. Stevenson, when United States minister at the Court of St. James.

The Cry of Alarm.

Sergeant-Meier, just imagine yourself to be standing sentry at the out-posts one evening. Suddenly a figure approaches you from behind and you feel yourself clasped by a pair of powerful arms. What call will you give? Soldier—Come, Marie, let me loose!

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