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In lots of 25 Cases, at
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ARE more particular about the
fit of Ready-Made than of
Custom Clothes, and we are
be. If we cannot fit a man
not sell him our clothes; it
than to lose a customer.
and we're after the trade of men
and well-fitting clothes, at reason-
for a satisfactory Spring Over-
OAK HALL CLOTHING HOUSE.

GHEN FURNISHINGS.
and best goods, in such a variety of sizes and prices as
of buyers. If you require a Stove, or any article un-
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& FISHER,
E. W. STREET.
s, Mantel Pieces, Tinware, Etc., Etc.
and GET THE BENEFIT OF THE WHOLE
S RIDING.
Cycling. It would be hard to find a person who has
not increased with each succeeding year.
—E. Y. BOGMAN, M. D., Providence, R. I.

CHARLOTTE STREET, ST. JOHN, N. B.
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AND A HOUSEHOLD SAFEGUARD
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decaying vegetable matter, and in large towns with
se, fevers and impurities from adjacent dwellings, thus
uphold, malarial fevers, bowel diseases, cholera, and a
of kindred evils, when you can purchase a
"PEARL" WATER FILTER FOR \$1.00.
set has not a thread upon it, we can supply at small cost
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Get one, and ensure pure water.
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he Grande
is
he
EST.
ONS & SHARP.



IN MUSICAL CIRCLES.
This week has been too dull, musically for me to
write anything like a satisfactory letter. True there
were two concerts on Friday evening but they came
off too late in the week for any notice from me. At
the one in St. John's Sunday school, the performers
were, as nearly as I can say at this time. Mrs.
Carter, Miss Fowler, Miss Flossie Bowden, Miss
Halliday, Mr. G. Coster, Mr. Lindsay, Mr. F. H. J.
Reel, Mr. A. Burnham, Mr. Wm. Bowden, and
Mr. Jas. S. Ford. As yet, I have not heard much
about the Grand Concert in St. David's Sunday
school, but no doubt, it was a success.
On Monday evening the attendance at the Or-
atorio practice was very good indeed. Most of the
evening was devoted to "The Lay of the Bell."
The new copies of the *Elphig* (novello edition) have
arrived, and were used for the first time, although
there was only time enough to run through one
chorus. Some time ago we had decided to give
some little remembrance to Mr. Harding and Mr.
Thompson, who, when members of the society,
worked very hard for its advancement in many
ways. As a token of the gratitude felt towards
these two gentlemen the choir has procured for
them a folio edition of Mendelssohn's Songs, which
will be given to Mr. Harding, and Sir John
Hawkin's "History of Music," in two volumes, for
Mr. Thompson.

I did not by any means intend in my notice of
the "Cruelty" to say that Mr. Burnham's music
was instructed to him. The word used was in-
troduced.
A person who has just seen Marie Tempert in
Porphyria in Boston says that the opera is staged
almost exactly as our amateurs put it on here. I
believe the Toronto people have had the pleasure
of listening to *Porphyria* very lately also.
The Boston ideal vaudeville company will visit us
very shortly with another extravaganza of the "Who,
What, Why, How" type. I believe a visit from a minstrel com-
pany is expected. I am not very partial to minstrel
self, unless they are very good, and certainly those
who have come to the city within the last year, have
not been very startling in that respect.
To make a rapid change. The Easter music was
repeated in most of our churches on Low Sunday,
and was enjoyed very much. It will be too bad if
the report that we are to lose Father Davenport be
true. Apart from his other spheres of usefulness, he
would be missed very much indeed from our mus-
ical circles, in which he has always shown so much
willingness to oblige people with his services when-
ever he could possibly give them.
Rumor also speaks of the possible departure of
one of our best organists. And also of the approach-
ing marriage of a lady organist in the city and of
another in the West End. Both happy events take
place in the near future.

Mr. Harry R. Daniels, while visiting here last
week, was kind enough to sing at the St. John's
S. S. entertainment, the Church of England Insti-
tute sale, and the St. James' musicale. Mr. Daniels
will always be a welcome visitor to St. John
where so many have enjoyed his fine singing. I
have to thank a member of the Centenary church
choir for the following list of names of those be-
longing to it. Soprano, Mrs. Chas. Palmer, Mrs.
H. J. Thorne, Mrs. E. Godwin, Miss Sprague and
Miss M. Henderson. Alto, Miss Annie Turner,
Miss Minnie Egan, Miss M. Macaulay, Mrs. W.
Phillip Palmer, Tenor, Mr. J. Clawson, Mr. W.
Kain, Bass, Mr. S. Smith, Mr. L. Harrison and
Mr. H. Pote.

Some changes have been made in the choir of
St. Andrew's and St. Stephen's churches. Mr. Tins
and Mr. D. Miller Olive are, I believe, singing in
the former, while Mr. J. Drake has been secured
for the latter. However, they will give full
lists of the members of both choirs shortly.

TALK OF THE THEATRE.

It certainly does one good to get away from a
small centre of amusement and have the suburbs
brushed off of one's mental corners by the breezy
atmosphere of places like Boston and New York.
A short time ago I had the pleasure of making a
visit to these cities and as in duty bound, not only
in my capacity individually as an inveterate theatre
goer, but also in my, as I may say, public capacity,
as the dramatic representative of PROGRESS, I went
to as many entertainments as I could comfortably
manage.

The great centre of culture should, I suppose,
have first place, and in Boston I attended several
theatres. At the Hollis street theatre I had the
pleasure of seeing the great sensational drama of
Blue Jeans, with its extremely realistic stage mil-
scene and wealth of mechanical effects. In this play
a well known favorite, Mr. George Fawcett, occu-
pies a prominent place.

At this same theatre I saw the great American
comedian, W. H. Crane, in his wonderful portrayal
of the Senator in the play of the same name, and
again a St. John favorite showed up in the
front rank in the person of Mr. T. D. Frawley
whose playing of the part of Lieutenant Schuyler
has given him a continental reputation. At the
Tremont street theatre, one of the most beautiful
play houses in America, I saw Dr. Bill, one of the
unmistakable comedians of the stage, and the charming
opera of "Dorothy," so well known to our amateurs
in which the charming English singer, Marie
Tempert, more than satisfactorily filled the title role.

Everyone who goes to Boston has to attend the
Museum, and the play running there now is no
exception to the general run of excellent plays put
on in this house. *New Lamps for Old*, in the
person of that bright and entertaining writer Jerome
K. Jerome, and is handled by the splendid Museum
company in their usual excellent manner.

At Foster & Bial's the great and only Carmencita
sings and swings her graceful form, clicks her
castanets and kicks her tambourine with all her old-
time abandon and ease, and all New York goes to
see her.

At the eden muse her great rival Otero displays
her lovely face and figure, and her charming voice
is heard to advantage in her native Spanish songs,
and her feet trip in and out in rhythmic measure
to the music of the Spanish orchestra which accom-
panies her.

Palmer's theatre has on its stage the man who, to
my mind, did the best work I ever saw in New
York, in the person of E. S. Willard, whom I saw in
his wonderful impersonation of Cyrus Bleankin in
the *Middleman*. Mr. Willard's work is truly artistic,
no straining after-effect, no ranting, no posing,
but simple, natural and most effective work done in
a thoroughly artistic manner. It certainly was a
pleasure to sit in front of such a painstaking and
conscientious actor and admire him, at the same
time wondering why such trash as filled other
theatres had the power of attracting when genuine
artistic work could be seen for the same money.

recognize it. "Do you know much about him?" he
went on.
"Yes."
"What kind of a man is he?"
"He's a very nice man."
"You just ought to see the place where I picked
that fellow up!" said the herdic man, in a confident
undertone. "It was in one of the toughest
neighborhoods in Boston—down in the Chinese
quarter. You want to look out for him. See?"

There is no more genuine artist in the theatrical
profession than Mr. George W. Wilson of the Bos-
ton Museum company. He has been perceptions,
fine taste, a wide and serviceable knowledge of men
and books, his methods are direct and unpretentious;
he brings to much of conscience and sincerity
to his work that his character lives, however thin
and bloodless itself may be. Mr. Wilson is a mod-
est man, and cannot often be induced to talk about
himself, but in a company of friends the other day,
he made a remark which bears interestingly upon
his thoroughness. The topic was, identifying one's
self with one's part. "I leave my personality in
my street dress," Mr. Wilson said. "When I go
to my dressing room to make up, I take off every

A \$10,000.00 Stock of Brussels Carpets,
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I INTEND to sell out my Entire Stock of BRUSSELS CARPETINGS,
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The above in slender, women's, and over-sizes.
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size 1.
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" NIGHT SLIPS, 50c. to \$1.00.
" SHORT CASHMERE CLOAKS, silk
embroidered, \$3.00 to \$4.50.
" LONG CASHMERE CLOAKS, silk em-
broidered, \$5.00 to \$6.00.

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and continuing until Saturday after-
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Grand March of all the Characters
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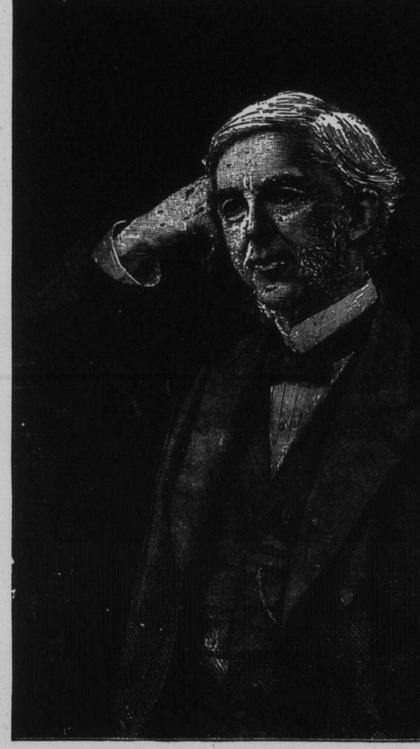
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LADIES selecting SPRING HATS, will do well
to call at
MRS. L. B. CARROLL'S STORE,
as she has all the London, Paris, and New York
styles. Grand Millinery Opening on Tuesday,
Wednesday, and Thursday. Will open new pattern
bonnets. 149 UNION STREET.

HONORARITHOLOGUS

It is a word without meaning.
No one can misconstruct our meaning when we
say "Our plans are the best."
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White Enamelled Sign Letters—Best sign
on earth. Robertson, St. John.



Oliver Wendell Holmes.

It was regrettable that the part did not call for more
work from him.

The Boston Ideal Comedy and Pantomime com-
pany open at the Institute, Monday evening, for a
season of one week. Manager Scott says he has a
first class company, chosen to suit the tastes of
musical people. In this line the company includes
Mr. Harry Hamilton, a refined Irish comedian—
who finds it unnecessary to overdo in order to make
a hit—and violin soloist; St. Julian, a male soprano,
who claims to have a change of costume for every
night during a three months engagement, and Mr.
John Glynn, banjo and mandolin soloist. The show
will begin with an Irish comedy and end with a
pantomime. The performance also includes comedy
sketches, and Scott's shadowgraphs which he has
already shown here with good success. The com-
pany will make a tour of the provinces after leaving
St. John, and Mr. Scott expects to return at
intervals during the summer with new attractions.

A number of St. John amateurs are making
arrangements to run a series of minstrel and variety
entertainments in Berryman's hall, and claim to
have material for a good company.

HOWELLS, WILSON, GLOVER.

An Anecdote Apiece About Three More or
Less Distinguished People.
Gossip is a solution; biography is the precipitate.
The former needs no excusers, more than the latter,
when it is not malicious or silly; it does no harm;
on the contrary it is generally interesting and fre-
quently helpful. Sometimes it gains us an insight
to one's character; again, it gives us an excuse to
like a loved or honored name upon our lips and
vent our enthusiasm in a roundabout way; yet again,
when the sun won't shine and the fire won't burn,
when the brain also refuses to kindle, it helps a dull
hour by. Long life to the Howells! say I; they
don't do half as much harm as pretentious prize like
Macaulay, for instance. I'm tempted to become a
Bowell myself for a few moments—just long enough
to put three incidents on record.

Mr. William Dean Howells is amusing his friends
at present with a reported conversation of which
he was the subject. It came about in this wise:
When the Boston Folk-lore society leased the
Chinese theatre on Harrison avenue—"for one night
only"—Mr. Howells escorted his daughter and a
friend to the performance. They missed their cab,
when the time came to return, and had to fall back
on a herdic. The driver demanded a certain sum,
the novelist thought it was more than the fixed tar-
iff, and the janitor of Mr. Howells' hotel was called
to arbitrate. He decided that the charge was just.
Mr. Howells paid it.

It chanced that the herdic man had partaken of
refreshments, during the evening, and was in an
expansive and benevolent mood. The janitor had
done him a good turn, and he was bound to reciprocate.
Mr. Howells went into the house. "Say
who is that man?" the driver asked.
The janitor gave the name. The driver didn't

Robertson's combined Liners Marker and
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Mrs. H. I. Miller, of Chattanooga, has
in her possession the first gun made for the
confederate government. The gun was
made by Mrs. Miller's father, W. S.
McElwaine, at Holly Springs, Mass., in
the summer of 1861. It was carried
through a part of the war by a young man
of Holly Springs, a friend of Mr.
McElwaine.



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or blotchy, with loss of hair, and every impurity of
the blood, whether simple, scrofulous, or hereditary,
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the CUTICURA REMEDIES, consisting of CUTICURA,
the great Skin Cure, CUTICURA SOAP, an exquisite
Skin Purifier and Beautifier, and CUTICURA RESOL-
VENT, the new Blood and Skin Purifier and greatest
of Humour Remedies, when the best physicians and
all other remedies fail. Parents save your children
years of mental and physical suffering. Begin now.
Delays are dangerous. Cures made in childhood are
permanent.

Sold everywhere. Price, CUTICURA 75c.; SOAP,
35c.; RESOLVENT, 60c. Prepared by Fetter Drug
and Chemical Corporation, Boston, Mass.
Send for "How to Cure Skin and Blood Diseases."
Baby's Skin and Scalp preserved and
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matism relieved in one minute by the celebrated
CUTICURA RIVE-TAIN PASTER. 50c.

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of Chronic Dyspepsia.

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PROGRESS.

EDWARD S. CARTER, Editor.

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The circulation of this paper is over 9,000 copies; it is double that of any daily in the Maritime Provinces, and is the largest of any weekly published in the same section. Its advertising rates are reasonable and can be had on application.

Copies can be purchased at every known news stand in New Brunswick, and in all the cities, towns, and villages of Nova Scotia and P. E. Island every Saturday for Five Cents.

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EDWARD S. CARTER, Publisher and Proprietor.

SIXTEEN PAGES.

ST. JOHN, N. B., SATURDAY, APRIL 11.

It is with much pleasure we announce the establishment of a branch office in Halifax. For some time our interests in Nova Scotia have needed closer attention. It is very important that the distribution of a Saturday paper should have prompt attention, and the large increase of our business in Halifax and Nova Scotia has warranted the engagement of a regular representative in that centre. We have also secured from there some of the brightest social correspondence that appears in our columns, a glance at which will show how thoroughly the province of Nova Scotia is gradually being covered. By the establishment of our Halifax branch we are able to give our patrons and readers there the same advantages as they could secure here. Our papers arrive in that city late Friday evening about the same hour that the last of the edition is being printed here and are for sale on the streets of Halifax just as early as the people are awake to the business of the day. The news stores have their supplies at the same time and the chain of distribution is complete. The advantages of having a representative upon this ground is very apparent even at this early date, in the lines of circulation and advertising to say nothing of that rapidly growing branch of Progress, the Engraving Bureau.

THE UNIVERSITY.

The recent action of the Legislature in bringing that "ancient and moribund" body, the senate of the university, more under the control of the department of education, and giving the teachers of the province the privilege of choosing one member, is a step in the right direction. Chief Superintendent CROCKETT, holding as he does a degree from the university and a long-time degree examiner, will fill the chair as president with dignity and due regard to the needs of progressive secondary education. He will also in his frequent, and it may be added hitherto solitary, pilgrimages to the various high schools of the province, be in a position to depict the advantages afforded by our university with greater weight and knowledge as to its usefulness. In his future addresses as to the need of better secondary education, he will have at least the support of the university authorities, in so far as the new member of the senate can render it.

Legislative or any authority, barring dynamite, might also be used to influence some members of the faculty to desert their bowers of ease and come forth from that infirmity for professors, to establish which, live men were turned out of residence, and see what has been going on for the past few years. They would see our common schools flourishing and vigorous while secondary education and the university are stagnant and unprogressive. They would notice our young men and women seeking other colleges. They might observe that their requirements for admission were out of line with the work of our high schools. They might recognize that our years was considered too long to do what might be done in three, even if it involved shorter vacations. They might conclude that the average parent would like his boys and girls looked after in residence, even if at the risk of some discomfort to members of the faculty. Examination would demonstrate that the average school boy did not know there was such a thing as a university connected with or in any way related to his school, and had never seen or heard of such a thing as a professor connected with it. If they inquired they would find that many people are under the impression that Professors

CAMPBELL, DAVRAY and HEA, perhaps, still constitute a part of the staff. With all deference to the senate and alumni, and considering the efforts of those bodies in behalf of the university, it might be well for the Board of Education to take charge of it entirely and make it over into a modern institution, fulfilling its function as the head of our school system.

MEN AND THINGS.

JOHN BURROUGHS, writing in a late issue of the Independent, reviews some of the old problems with which thinkers used to interest themselves a long time ago. One of them is that motion is an impossibility, for it is evident that a body cannot be in motion where it is, and equally so that it cannot be in motion where it is not. To illustrate: The distance from Fredericton to St. John is made up of an infinite number of infinitely small spaces, and upon each one of these spaces a train of cars, making the journey, will rest for an infinitely short portion of time. Now for the purposes of argument an infinitely short portion of time is as real as an infinitely long space. Therefore the train is at rest on every part of the line between the two cities, and the sum total of these periods of rest is the time occupied in the journey. Where, then, does the motion come in? Puzzle this over a little, and see if you can find the fallacy. Or is there a fallacy?

Nature is full of unthinkable problems. It is impossible to think of anything without beginning, it is scarcely less so to think of anything beginning. It is inconceivable that a thing can be and cannot be at the same instant. Nevertheless if you put your thinking cap on and get the matter "right down fine," you will find it impossible to escape the conclusion that to say a thing begins implies that for an infinitely short space of time it both was and was not.

Boston has come to the front with a materialized spirit, who smelled of sulphur. If this fails to convince the most incredulous, why there is no use in trying to prove anything. Convince of what? do you ask, oh inquisitive reader? Well that depends. A ghost smelling of sulphur has evidently been in had company—not to put too fine a point upon it. There are some good people, to whom the existence somewhere of a boiling lake of brimstone is so dear an article of religious belief, that they will swallow all that the whole army of spooks conjurers can evolve for the sake of this unsavory specimen. It may also convince some people that there is a great deal of humbug about some phases of spiritualism. Others that the ingenuity of the Boston newspaper boys is not yet exhausted. Progress inclines to the latter view.

KAISER WILLIAM got off a rather sharp thing on the Berlin newspaper men. They sent representatives to him to ask a reduction in the telegraph tolls, which are fixed by the government, under whose control the wires are. The Kaiser remarked that judging from the quantity of useless telegraphic matter now published, he was inclined to think the rates were already too low.

It is no easy matter to interview a monarch who has this sort of a short-cut way of getting at the pith of matters. When one picks up the daily papers of our own province, he is half inclined to believe that if the editorial hand of the Kaiser could be felt in their telegraphic columns they would be the better for it. Perhaps there is nothing much worse in journalism than the ordinary telegrams our papers publish.

THE FELLOWS investigation at Fredericton was about the most ridiculous performance this country has ever seen in the way of parliamentary procedure. It was predestined to failure. Nobody supposed for one instant that a committee of the council would declare Mr. FELLOWS not to be entitled to a seat in that moribund body, and perhaps it was as well that the matter should be turned into ridicule. Seeing that the protest was clearly vexatious. Yet one cannot help thinking that it would have been better if more dignity had characterized the proceedings of the committee. Every one will appreciate and endorse Mr. FELLOWS' position that, having once made his declaration of qualification, he ought not to submit to being cross-examined respecting it. This is the one good thing about the investigation and is of itself a justification of the appointment protested against. It is refreshing in these degenerate days to find a man who has the tact to take so praiseworthy a stand.

The Week tells us that some people up in Toronto first filter, then boil and then cool in earthen jars the water supplied by the city before using it for drinking purposes. With the whole of Lake Ontario before its doors, Toronto has no excuse for drinking pollywog soup.

The proposal to divide this constituency into three parts, as CESAR tells us Gaul was divided, has been converted into a proposal to divide it into two parts; and there are those who think there is a good deal of gall in that suggestion. As the bill has the solicitor-general for its godfather, it is presumably not drawn up in the interests of

the opposition. It rather puts the St. John members in a hole. If they do not vote to give the city four members, they will have to explain to the people of what used to be Portland why the representation of the new city of St. John ought not to be increased with the area and population of the city. If they vote to take away the right of the members of the outlying parishes to vote for four members, they will have a good deal of explaining to do out in the country. In the meantime the constituents of the gentlemen, by whom the bill will be framed and carried, do not care a straw about the matter. Even the seats at the left of the speaker are not beds of roses.

There lies on Progress' table one of the "great magazines." The advertisements make up a third of its bulk, and by no means the least interesting part. Culture, as evinced by some of the magazines, is running to seed. It requires you to be interested in things you cannot possibly care a rush about, and you turn to the advertising pages with a feeling that here, at least, is something that somebody takes stock in. The writers of these high-strung magazine articles, that none out of ten readers regard with a sigh and read as a panacea, write as if they themselves were not particularly interested in what they had to say, and as though they were leaving the very best part unsaid, because their readers could not be expected to take their superlative culture in any but diluted doses.

Mostly anything is better, however, than a dialect story, and since the magazines have dropped these, we suppose we ought to be thankful. The dialect story always was flat. Its strong point lay in making the characters speak with an accent and pronunciation never heard on the North American continent. If these dialect story people really want to deal with real dialects, why do they not go to England. There they will find genuine dialects, which have continued without change for generations. We have nothing of that kind in America, and the story writers cant create it.

CANADIAN LITERATURE.

It will be conceded that for so sparsely settled a country, Canada is strong in writers. A list of those persons who have made more or less of a reputation by their pen would be very formidable, while every day our newspapers contain work indicating facility of expression and considerable literary tact. The average of Canadian newspaper articles will compare favorably with the average in any country, allowance being made for the difference in the character of the subjects treated. When the comparative insignificance of some of the matters which must be dealt with in our journals is taken into account, we will better appreciate the quality of the work done. There are a good many Canadian books, but hardly as yet a Canadian literature; nor is this a matter of surprise. The conditions are not favorable to its development. It is the old story over again—too small a market. If our story writers can get three or four times as much from an American periodical as a Canadian periodical can afford to pay them, they will not, as a general rule, take the smaller price and charge the balance to patriotism. We have Canadians who write for reviews and magazines, but as yet we have no Canadian reviews or magazines; hence the work of our native writers reaches only a few of our people, and does not go to build up a national literature. A leading Toronto publisher was asked once the terms upon which he would agree to bring out a novel by a Canadian unknown in literary circles. The work had not been submitted to him, so he did not know what its merits were; but he said this was very little difference. His reply was in effect: "Three thousand copies will be a large sale; that is more than we sell of many novels by writers of established fame. These must be retailed at 25 cents, and all that the publisher can get from them is 13 cents, or \$390 for the lot. If you will pay us \$100 we will print an edition of 3,000 copies; repay you the \$100 out of the first sales and divide the remainder equally with you." Thus the author would receive \$145 for his novel, if the whole edition were sold. The man who can afford to write a novel for \$145 had better not write at all. It is fair to add that the publisher referred to recommended his correspondent to offer the novel to some United States house. For years to come we must expect most Canadian literary work to be marketed in the neighboring country. Possibly, except so far as it may be developed in Quebec and in the French language, we may never see a distinctly Canadian literature, just as we will not see a distinctly Canadian type of English-speaking people.

The sermons to be found each week in Progress are well worth the attention of all men. They are not feeble utterances of uncertain thought, but the proclamation of some of the grandest master minds, whose soul touched with the electric light of God's love and mercy pours forth in earnest, humble, devoted truths, the glories of Christ's ministry and yearning love. The sermon today was preached in Manchester, Eng., by Rev. ALEXANDER MACLAREN—to be found on 11th page.

An Echo of the Past.

The following document, discovered among the vast quantity of ancient papers that came to light when the old department buildings at Fredericton were demolished two years ago, will not be without interest to many of the present generation:

Saint Marys, Aug. 31st, '65.

DEAR SIR,—I was in hopes to have met you in Fredericton yesterday, but failing in that, take this early opportunity of informing you of my intention of being a candidate for the judgeship made vacant by the demise of the late Judge Street, and soliciting your able support in my behalf. The three members of the executive, resident in Fredericton, have already pledged themselves to me. The others being members of the profession I have not written to, as doubtless they will plead my want of legal knowledge, but I think I can satisfy any unprejudiced mind when informed that I am a J. P. of nine years standing with a practice second to no county judge in the province, and have tried many important causes from 2 to 5 pounds. It would be superfluous in me to allude to all the authorities that I have studied in order to render my decisions legal, but will give a few, viz., Starkie, Chitty on pleadings, Hale, Blackstone, and that great luminary of the law, Lord Coke, not forgetting John Allan's reports. Last but not least an excellent treatise on the Canada R. Act. As this is the first vacancy that has occurred that I feel myself particularly qualified to fill, I have been induced to make the application, trusting that my claims will receive a favorable consideration at your obedient servant, I beg to subscribe myself, your obedient servant, GEORGE L. HATHWAY.

To Honbl. W. W. Street.

Look Like New.

I suppose you will invest in lace curtains this spring, that is if you can afford it. But did you ever think how nice the old ones could be made to look if they were only cleaned properly. Why they would look like new if you sent them to Ungar's and had the job done right. You just attend to this little matter. If you let Ungar do them, you won't need new ones.—A.

An Incident of the Season.

Mr. W. K. Hatt, formerly of the I. C. R. engineering department, spent a few days in Moncton last week, visiting his old friends. Mr. Hatt has been completing his studies at Cornell University, and was on his easter holiday trip. Mr. G. R. Sangster returned yesterday from Florida, having disposed of his orange grove at Citra. Speaking of Mr. Sangster, reminds me of something I forgot to mention last week, namely that plans are now being prepared by Mr. Motz, for a new Methodist church to be erected entirely at Mr. Sangster's expense. It will be situated near the common at the head of Highfield street, and will not only be furnished with a pipe organ, but will be decorated, and finished in the most artistic manner. Miss Shaw, of St. John, accompanied by her friend, Miss Travers, is visiting Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Murray. Miss Shaw has made many friends during her visit to Moncton, and her welcome back is always a most cordial one. Some time ago, I noticed the illness of Mrs. Ruth Woodman, who slipped on the icy sidewalk during the winter, and sustained a fracture of the shoulder. Mrs. Woodman never recovered from her fall and last month a stroke of paralysis added a new complication, under which she sank slowly, dying on Saturday afternoon. Mrs. Woodman, who was very well known in Moncton, was a daughter of the late Michael Gordon, of Fort Lawrence, and was born at Fort Cumberland; she was a young, old, and greatly esteemed for her kindness to all who were ill or suffering. The funeral took place yesterday afternoon from St. George's church. Great sympathy is felt for Mr. R. W. Hewson, in his terribly sudden bereavement, by the death of his brother, who was killed last Thursday, by falling over a cliff at Shulce. The unfortunate young man, who was but 25 years of age, was a youth of unusual promise, and a very general favorite. He was the second son of Mr. R. W. Hewson, of Jollicore, and nephew of Dr. Hewson, of Amherst. The bazaar held by the Kings Daughters last week, was a very great success, the young ladies clearing \$100.

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Mrs. C. W. Young, elegant Nile green silk, with panels of silver embroidery, sleeves of pale green gauze, pearl ornaments. Mrs. W. F. Todd, rich black silk costume, heavily trimmed with jet ornaments, cream colored silk sleeves covered with black lace, cream ostrich feathers and diamond ornaments. Mrs. T. J. Smith, blue satin covered with black lace, corsage bouquet of pale yellow roses, diamonds. Mrs. C. H. Clarke, cream colored and yellow silk costume, with gold embroidery, cream ostrich feathers, diamond ornaments. Mrs. A. E. Niell, blue velvet dress, with trimmings of gold and blue brocade, diamond ornaments. Mrs. J. E. Algar, black satin covered with black fish net, trimmings of black ostrich feathers. Mrs. George Gardiner, rich garnet satin, with trimmings of velvet and pink ribbons. Mrs. Wetmore, black more with sleeves of jetted lace, bouquet of white roses. Mrs. J. N. Clarke, black silk costume, with diamond ornaments. Mrs. Frank Wins, cream colored satin, with ostrich feather trimmings. Mrs. Ernest Lee, black lace trimmed with ostrich feathers. Mrs. Wilfred Eaton, cream colored satin dress. Mrs. D. W. Brown, pale pink bengaline silk, with panels of pink velvet, cream ostrich feathers, diamond ornaments. Mrs. F. T. Waterbury, garnet satin skirt with overdress of brocade velvet. Mrs. F. T. Rose, moss green broadened silk with velvet trimmings, garnet and pink velvet. Mrs. Frederic Grimmer, black silk dress trimmed with cardinal and gold trimmings. Mrs. C. C. Whitlock, pale blue sash silk, with silver passementerie. Mrs. Moore, white herrietta cloth trimmed with crystal passementerie. Mrs. Waterbury, handsome black fish net with lace trimmings. Mrs. Howard McAllister, cream colored china silk with sleeves of black embroidered muslin, corsage bouquet of Marshall Nell roses. Mrs. Walter Pike, handsome black lace dress trimmed with ostrich feathers. Miss Stephen Gardner, pale pink cashmere with pink ostrich feathers and pink ribbons. Mrs. J. G. Stevens, black lace costume. Mrs. Hazen Grimmer, green and white china silk. Mrs. George Curran, black lace over green silk. Mrs. Henry Todd, handsome black lace dress with trimmings of pale heliotrope and gold satin, diamond ornaments. Mrs. J. M. Murchie, grey and white chaille with grey velvet sleeves and velvet ribbon, corsage bouquet of scarlet poppies and pink velvet roses. Mrs. Henry Pike, figured china silk, with jet trimmings. Miss Mary Cullinan, black silk, with jet trimmings. Miss Nellie Smith, pale blue broadened silk, cut square, with trimmings of pink velvet roses. Miss Maggie Todd, pale pink silk, with pink crepe trimmings, and wreath of pink roses. Miss Annie Bixby, cream colored cashmere, with trimmings of broadened satin. Mrs. Jessie Bixby, white crepe dress, with pink sash, and pink ostrich feathers. Miss Annie Newham, pink cashmere dress, with trimmings of pink ribbon. Mrs. Vroom, handsome black embroidered muslin, corsage bouquet of Marshall Nell roses. Miss Beatrice Vroom, white silk, garniture, with crystal passementerie; daughter of the late Michael Gordon, of Fort Lawrence, and was born at Fort Cumberland; she was a young, old, and greatly esteemed for her kindness to all who were ill or suffering. The funeral took place yesterday afternoon from St. George's church. Great sympathy is felt for Mr. R. W. Hewson, in his terribly sudden bereavement, by the death of his brother, who was killed last Thursday, by falling over a cliff at Shulce. The unfortunate young man, who was but 25 years of age, was a youth of unusual promise, and a very general favorite. He was the second son of Mr. R. W. Hewson, of Jollicore, and nephew of Dr. Hewson, of Amherst. The bazaar held by the Kings Daughters last week, was a very great success, the young ladies clearing \$100.

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MONCTON.

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APRIL 8.—The past week has been a very quiet one in social circles; so quiet, in fact, that I have not even heard of a tea party since Mrs. F. A. McCully's at home, which was a most charming little entertainment. At homes and five o'clock teas are rare forms of entertainment in Moncton, and perhaps that is one reason they are so thoroughly appreciated. About forty ladies assembled at Mrs. McCully's artistic home on Bonaccord street last Thursday afternoon, and spent two pleasant hours in that social converse which ladies are supposed to love so dearly. Indeed, so rapidly did the time pass, that the guests near the town clock chimed the hour of departure with very genuine regret. Mrs. McCully is a delightful hostess, and thoroughly understands the art of making her guests enjoy themselves.

Miss Spencer has issued cards for her annual reception, which takes place in Emma's hall on Friday, and will probably be a brilliant affair as Miss Spencer never spares any effort to make her reception a success.

I am glad to announce the return of the Misses Adelle and Maggie McKean from their long visit to New York. Their friends are delighted to have them back again. The engagement of one of our most charming young ladies has just been announced, and were it not that there is a reasonable prospect of keeping her in Moncton, even under another name, we should be tempted to form a branch of the Mafia, devoted to the assassination of bachelors, immediately upon the said bachelors' return from a foreign production, instead of home manufacture. Some other home manufactured articles are not getting a very fair show in Moncton, just now.

Wall's One by one the roses fall—into the hands of someone else—and those who have to look on, must see "grin and bear it." This is the second of our "four fair maidens" as Cecil Gwynne would say, who have been won by foreign "competition" during the last few months, and report says more are to follow. Cupid may be blind, but as long as he remains handicapped, he will continue to shoot his darts, irrespective of party feeling, and somehow he manages to hit the mark with a precision wonderful in a blind person.

The many friends of Mrs. L. H. Wright, formerly Miss Holstead, are glad to have her amongst them once more. Mrs. Wright is spending a month with her mother, Mrs. William Elliot, of Bonaccord street. Mrs. A. J. Hickman, of Dorchester, has been spending some days with Mr. and Mrs. R. W. Hewson.

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Messrs. John D. Chipman, J. T. Whitlock and G. W. Gannon, left on Monday morning for Boston on a business trip. Mr. John Grant made a short visit to St. John last week. Last evening, the Windsor hotel was the scene of a brilliant reception and ball, given by Mrs. Edwin B. Todd, and Mrs. Joseph Meredith. Some 175 guests were present, the elite of Calais, as well as St. Stephen. The dining hall was used as a ball room, while the parlors were filled with those who cared to play whist. Ices and lemonade were

served at intervals during the evening, and at 1 o'clock supper was announced. The hosts and hostesses received their guests in the most elegant manner. Both of the ladies were dressed in costumes of black. Mrs. Meredith's a pretty dress of black lace, with corsage bouquet of cream roses, while Mrs. Todd wore black silk, with panels of gold embroidery. The ladies were never more elegantly attired, and all looked so well it was simply impossible to decide who was the belle. Dancing was continued after supper, and it was a very early hour this morning when the strains of "Sir Roger" announced to the dancers that it was the last of most delightfully arranged programme. I cannot remember all the handsome dresses worn, but will do my best to describe a few of them.

Mrs. C. W. Young, elegant Nile green silk, with panels of silver embroidery, sleeves of pale green gauze, pearl ornaments. Mrs. W. F. Todd, rich black silk costume, heavily trimmed with jet ornaments, cream colored silk sleeves covered with black lace, cream ostrich feathers and diamond ornaments. Mrs. T. J. Smith, blue satin covered with black lace, corsage bouquet of pale yellow roses, diamonds. Mrs. C. H. Clarke, cream colored and yellow silk costume, with gold embroidery, cream ostrich feathers, diamond ornaments. Mrs. A. E. Niell, blue velvet dress, with trimmings of gold and blue brocade, diamond ornaments. Mrs. J. E. Algar, black satin covered with black fish net, trimmings of black ostrich feathers. Mrs. George Gardiner, rich garnet satin, with trimmings of velvet and pink ribbons. Mrs. Wetmore, black more with sleeves of jetted lace, bouquet of white roses. Mrs. J. N. Clarke, black silk costume, with diamond ornaments. Mrs. Frank Wins, cream colored satin, with ostrich feather trimmings. Mrs. Ernest Lee, black lace trimmed with ostrich feathers. Mrs. Wilfred Eaton, cream colored satin dress. Mrs. D. W. Brown, pale pink bengaline silk, with panels of pink velvet, cream ostrich feathers, diamond ornaments. Mrs. F. T. Waterbury, garnet satin skirt with overdress of brocade velvet. Mrs. F. T. Rose, moss green broadened silk with velvet trimmings, garnet and pink velvet. Mrs. Frederic Grimmer, black silk dress trimmed with cardinal and gold trimmings. Mrs. C. C. Whitlock, pale blue sash silk, with silver passementerie. Mrs. Moore, white herrietta cloth trimmed with crystal passementerie. Mrs. Waterbury, handsome black fish net with lace trimmings. Mrs. Howard McAllister, cream colored china silk with sleeves of black embroidered muslin, corsage bouquet



LOGAN'S IDEAL SOAP. Full Pound Indispensable in every well regulated family for all Household and Laundry purposes. Made only by WM. LOGAN ST. JOHN, N.B.

BUCK'S CELEBRATED RANGES.

Improved Happy Thought.



Improved Happy Thought.

This is a first-class Range, equal to any American, and guaranteed to work as well as our "Celebrated Jewel," which is acknowledged to be the most economical and best working Range in the market.

Tinware and House Furnishing Hardware, In great variety.

SHERATON & SELFRIDGE, 88 KING STREET, OPPOSITE THE ROYAL HOTEL.



Fry's PURE CONCENTRATED Cocoa. ECONOMICAL. SOLUBLE. EASILY DIGESTED. Half a Tea-spoonful is sufficient to make a Cup of most delicious Cocoa.

WHAT YOU WANT!

ADMIRATION. CROWN OF GOLD. EAGLE. (WHITE AND GOLD). BUDA. DIAMOND. FIVE ROSES. HUNGARIAN OGI-VIES. GRITZ. BROWN BREAD FLOUR. GRAHAM FLOUR.

HARDRESS CLARKE, - - - 48 SYDNEY STREET, NEAR PRINCES.

RUBBER CLOTHING!

Ladies' Cloth Surface Cloaks and Capes, silk sewn button holes, \$2.00 each. Sizes, 54 to 60 in. Gent's Tweed Coats with and without Capes.

OUR STOCK INCLUDES RUBBER CLOTHING OF ALL KINDS.

ESTEY & CO. (Standard Rubber Goods.) 68 PRINCE WM. STREET, SAINT JOHN.

NOW SHOWING: LARGE ASSORTMENT OF ALSO, BEST

Solid Silver. Quadruple Plated Ware. ALL NEW PATTERNS, AND VERY CHOICE.

SUITABLE FOR WEDDING PRESENTS. Call and Examine.

C. FLOOD & SONS, - - 31 and 33 KING STREET.

DIGBY, N. S.

Mr. J. Wells and Capt. G. Corbett left on Monday on Saturday; the latter was met by a train at Yarmouth, announcing the death of his son, Mr. J. Wells, of Annapolis, who had been in health for many months.

A FOUNTAIN PEN for 35cts.

AGENTS WANTED! Young men make money. It sells fast—good margin—Send 35cts. in stamps, for sample pen and filler.—H. V. Moran & Co., Box 21, St. John, N. B.



St. John-South End. Although Easter has come and gone, and there was promise of so much gaiety to follow, I have not heard of very much going on in the gay world this week. Probably the very great undertaking of the exhibition of centuries which opens next week, and in which so many society ladies and gentlemen are interested is as much as they can manage for some time to come.

On Wednesday afternoon a very pleasant at home was given by the Misses Walker at the residence of their father, Dr. Walker, Princess street, at which a large number of their young friends were present. Light refreshments were provided for the guests.

On Tuesday evening another whist club was entertained by Mr. and Mrs. George F. Smith, Union street, when a full gathering of members were present and a most enjoyable evening was spent.

The marriage of Miss Belle Nicholson and Mr. F. B. Barnes, B. N., will take place the end of this month. Mr. Barnes is now on his way out from England.

Mr. A. C. Thomson is visiting his relatives at Halifax. Mrs. Charles Holden met with a painful accident last week, spraining her ankle from a fall, which will confine her to the house for some weeks.

Mr. Robert Thomson and family leave by steamer Parian for England next week, for a pleasure trip. Rev. John Walters and family, and Mr. E. Kaye and Mrs. Flossie Kaye will also be passengers in the same steamer.

Mrs. H. A. Payne and daughter spent a few days this week with relatives at Fredericton. Mr. R. Bruce Scovil is laid up with an attack of grippe.

The members of the Half Hour Reading Club met at the residence of Mrs. Carrith's, Orange street. A whist club meets at Mr. W. Jarvis, King street, East on Friday evening.

Miss Campbell, of England, who has been visiting Mrs. Ketchum, at Annapolis, spent a few days in St. John this week the guest of the Misses Nicholson. A very pleasant dance was given on Thursday evening by Mrs. C. H. Fairweather, at her residence in Annapolis, for the young friends of her son, Mr. Harry Fairweather.

Mr. Alexander Macaulay returned from England last week. Mr. and Mrs. James T. Fellows and Miss Fellows returned from Fredericton on Tuesday. They leave for England this week.

Miss Greta Peters, of Moncton, who spent the Easter season with friends in St. John, left for home on Monday last. Mrs. Wm. Donald is visiting friends in Staten Island, N. Y.

Miss Nettie Goddard entertained a number of her friends on Tuesday evening, among those present being Misses G. Allison, A. Thorne, F. Robertson, N. Peters, M. Barbour, A. Henderson, W. Allison, W. Lockhart, W. Bowman, A. Bowman, J. Kirkpatrick, B. Johnston, L. Peters.

Mr. George Hegan will remove next month from his present residence to one on Wright street. Mr. H. T. Sturdee has taken a house on Elliott row. Mr. R. P. Strand will remove to a house on Princess street, a few doors below his present residence.

Rev. Canon DeVeber is confined to the house through illness. The handsome sum of \$300 was realized at the sale given by the ladies of the Church of England institute last week.

Ladies: Latest Spring Styles for making over your Hats at American Hat Factory, Cor. Sydney and Leinster Sts., City.

St. John-West End. Mrs. Jasper Murphy, who has been spending the winter months at Sussex with her daughter, Mrs. Vall, returned home on Saturday.

Invitations have been issued by Mr. and Mrs. W. Water Clark for the marriage of their eldest daughter, Edith, to Dr. W. H. Steves for April 23, at seven o'clock in Trinity church, also for a reception at their residence, Riverview, Lancaster.

Mr. Alton Cushing, of Moncton, is visiting at Mr. B. Dunn's, Lancaster Heights. Miss Emma Tilton is the guest of Mrs. Edwin J. Wetmore. Mrs. Mary Thompson has been spending a few days this week with friends at the East End.

I hear that the marriage of Miss Minnie Lewis, daughter of Mr. Ferry Lewis, of New York, to Mr. John Montgomery will take place next Wednesday evening at the residence of her grandfather, Senator Lewis. The wedding is to be a very quiet one, only the relatives of the contracting parties being invited.

MACAULAY BROS. & CO. 61 and 63 KING STREET.

Advertisement for ONYX Black Cotton Hose, featuring a logo with 'GUARANTEED ONYX BLACK REGISTERED' and 'INGRAIN'.

Our Sales have proven, without doubt, that the "ONYX" Black is the best. Upwards of 2,700 pair imported by us for this Season's Trade. The Prices are lower than that of common dyed Hose. The "ONYX" Black Hose, in Ladies, are sold at 30, 35, 40, 45cts. per pair, all with double slipper heels; and extra heavy Ribbed Cotton Hose, in "ONYX" Black, for Boys, with double knees, heels, and toes, 20 to 45cts. per pair.

Advertisement for DANIEL & ROBERTSON, LONDON HOUSE RETAIL, featuring DRILLETTE and BALANCE OF OUR 12 1/2.

Advertisement for RUBBER GOODS, 9c. LADIES' DRESS SHIELDS 9c. RUBBER COMBS, Dressing Combs, Pocket Combs, Fine Combs, Back Combs Side. TOBACCO POUCHES, RUBBER SHEETING, GLOVES and MITTS, BANDAGES, FINGER COTS, Etc.

Advertisement for TRUSTEES' SALE OF Dry Goods, Boys' Clothing, ETC., At 12 KING STREET, TURNER & FINLAY'S STOCK. Medium and High-class Dry Goods.

The Stock must be sold within, say six months at furthest, and the public will therefore get an opportunity of buying all classes of goods at prices that in many cases has never put them into the stock. The whole aim is to close up rapidly. This is a fact honestly and truthfully stated, and those who are wise will hasten to take advantage of the same.—Everything to be sold.

Dress Goods, Cloths, Linens, Prints, Hosiery, Gloves, Real Laces and Imitation Laces, Underwear for Ladies and Gents, Canadian Underwear, Velvets, Satins, Feathers, Flowers, Mantles (of all kinds), Boys' Clothing (all sizes), etc., etc.

AMERICAN RUBBER STORE, (Headquarters Rubber Goods.) 65 CHARLOTTE STREET. The Store will be closed from 1 o'clock until 2 o'clock, for dinner.

Mr. Will Bower, who left a few weeks ago for Vancouver, B. C., has reached there in safety, and is now practicing the legal profession in that city.

Mr. Edwin Bower, Jr., is in, having been unable during the past week to attend at his place of business.

Mrs. J. D. B. McKenna and W. H. White, of Chatham, were in town last week.

Rev. Mr. Turnbull is in town, the guest of Rev. Wm. Hamilton.

Mr. Geo. McLeod, of St. John, spent Sunday in town.

Mr. Arthur O'Leary left today for Tacoma, to join his wife, who is filling a lucrative position in that city.

The band of hope held a public meeting on Monday evening. After a programme had been carried out by the children, some refreshments were served. All voted the meeting an enjoyable one.

General regret was felt in town yesterday, when news was received of the death of Mrs. J. C. McKinstry of Andover. She will be buried in the R. C. cemetery.

Mrs. Frank Goodwin met with a painful accident Saturday evening. In coming out of her house she slipped on the ice and broke her arm.

Miss Mary Kinsford, who has been spending the winter months in Fredericton, arrived home last week.

Mr. J. T. Porter, of the C. P. R., spent Sunday in town.

Mr. Mayberry, proprietor of the Grand Falls hotel, left for St. John Monday afternoon.

The first dance after the look place in Victoria hall Monday evening. Good music was furnished by the committee, and the large number who had gathered there enjoyed themselves.

Supper was served at Mr. Frank Landry's, Mrs. J. E. Dixon leaves today for St. John.

Miss Lily Lynde returned to Stockville academy on Wednesday, after her holidays. She was the guest of Mr. Eastman at Peticodiac on Sunday.

Mr. Oscar Hanson is spending a few days with friends in Fredericton.

Mrs. J. J. Cameron expects to go to St. John this week, where she will remain a short time visiting friends.

Mr. Fred Cawley of St. George spent a few days here last week.

April 7.—Mrs. G. K. Hanson is spending a few months with her many friends in Boston.

Mrs. J. H. McKenzie, Mr. Thompson and Mr. Everett of St. John are spending a few days here shooting.

Miss Carrie Reynolds is spending a few weeks with friends in St. John.

Mr. Guy Church visited at the Revere house on Wednesday.

Mr. L. Cameron of St. Stephen spent Saturday at his home here.

Mrs. J. L. Gilmo of St. John, and P. J. Richards of Moncton, spent Sunday at the lakes fishing and hunting, and were, I believe, very successful.

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April 7.—Again has death entered one of our circle, and taken from us Mrs. M. M. Cluskey. She had been ill all winter, but her friends had hoped that with the warm spring weather her illness would return. The bereaved family had the sympathy of a large circle of friends.

The many friends of Miss Emma Miller are pleased to welcome her home again, after her long stay in Boston.

Mrs. Newcomb returned home on Wednesday, after a long and pleasant visit in St. John and Woodstock.

Mr. and Mrs. Arnold Miles, of Marguerville, and Mrs. Charles Dibble, of Woodstock, spent a few days here last week, the guests of Mr. and Mrs. J. E. Dixon.

Mrs. B. Smith, of Woodstock, is here at present, the guest of her sister, Mrs. J. E. Dixon.

About 25 or 30 of our young people drove over to Fairfield last evening to hear the cow-boy pianist.

Mr. James Irving has returned from a business trip to the North.

Mrs. Bourgeois leaves this week for St. John to pursue her studies at the art school in that city.

Among the visitors in town this week, I noticed Mr. Murray of Montreal and Mr. Ross of Quebec.

The theatre going folk of Shediac are looking forward to a treat next week, as the Moncton dramatic club have consented to give one of their pleasing entertainments in Salls' hall for the benefit of "St. Andrews."

The concert and oyster supper, which takes place on Thursday evening, bids fair to be an unequalled success.

Mr. and Mrs. E. W. Wilbur, who have been spending some weeks among relatives, returned to New York on Tuesday.

Mrs. B. T. Carter leaves on Monday for New York to meet Capt. Carter of the barque Galatesa on her arrival from Manila. On her return to this village one of those pleasant events, within their family circle, which so much interests young ladies is looked for.

Miss Mina Reed entertained a large number of her young friends at her residence on Tuesday evening. A very enjoyable evening was spent.

Mr. J. H. Dickson, who has been absent on legal business, returned from St. John today.

Capt. W. H. Lynde returned to Stockville academy on Wednesday, after her holidays. She was the guest of Mr. Eastman at Peticodiac on Sunday.

Mr. J. E. Dixon leaves today for St. John.

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GROCERS. CANNED GOODS, &c. At W. ALEX. PORTER'S.

CANNED PEACHES, Canned Apples, Canned Strawberries, Canned Raspberries, Canned Plums, Canned Figs, Canned Pineapple (Sliced, Grated and Whole), Canned Corn, Canned Tomatoes, Canned Beans, Canned Peas (French and Canadian), Canned Salmon, Canned Lobster, N. B.—Above goods are all new stock and bought from the factories, and we can give you low prices by dozen.

CONFECTIONERY, &c. WHITE'S CONFECTIONERY, GANONG'S CONFECTIONERY, TESTER'S CONFECTIONERY.

Myles' Syrup. Nuts, Grapes, Oranges, Dates, Figs, Etc.

BONNELL & COWAN, 200 UNION STREET, ST. JOHN N. B.

R. & F. S. FINLEY, 12 & 16 SYDNEY STREET, Flour and Grain Store.

OATS, FEED, BRAN AND MEAL, CHOICE FAMILY GROCERIES AND PROVISIONS.

RHEUMATISM CURED! Now on Hand: 3 Dozen Bottles HYATT'S INFALLIBLE BALSAM.

AN ELEGANT LINE OF English, French, and American PERFUMES, IN BULK.

THOMAS A. CROCKETT'S, 162 PRINCESS STREET, COR. SYDNEY, SAINT JOHN, N. B.

GENTLEMEN'S Walking Sticks JUST RECEIVED.

LATEST NEW YORK STYLES. S. McDIARMID, Wholesale and Retail Druggist, 49 KING STREET, ST. JOHN, N. B.

—SAUNDER'S— Pain Reliever! INSTANTLY RELIEVES PAIN

Arising from any cause, whether External or Internal.

Cures Colic, Cramps, Cholera, Diarrhoea, Dysentery, Inflammation, Coughs, Colds, Lamé Back, Sore Throat, Pains in Chest or Side, Sprains and Bruises.

SOLD BY LEADING DRUGGISTS. HERBINE BITTERS Cures Sick Headache

HERBINE BITTERS Purifies the Blood

HERBINE BITTERS Cures Indigestion

HERBINE BITTERS The Ladies' Friend

HERBINE BITTERS Cures Dyspepsia

HERBINE BITTERS For Biliousness

Large Bottles, Small Doses. Price only 25c. For sale all over Canada. Address all orders to 491 St. Paul Street, Montreal.

The OBJECT of this ADVERTISEMENT is to IMPRESS on YOUR mind the FACT that

Estey's Cod Liver Oil Cream!

is the best Medicine you can take, if you are troubled with a Cough or Cold. For Whooping Cough it is almost an infallible remedy. It is pleasant as milk, and for Consumption, Throat Affections, Wasting Diseases it is far more efficacious than the plain Cod Liver Oil.

Be sure and get ESTEY'S. IT IS PREPARED ONLY BY E. M. ESTEY, Pharmacist.

And is sold by all Druggists for 50c. a bottle, or six bottles for \$2.50.

"ASTRA" TALKS WITH GIRLS.

[Correspondents seeking information in this department should address their queries to "ASTRA," Peticodiac, St. John.]

The editor has handed the following letter to me, as belonging properly to my department, and as he wishes me to publish it, I do so, hoping that my readers will profit by its wisdom, which—to me at least—seems slightly involved.

Woodsrock, N. B., March 19, 1891. Mr. Editor,—I hope "ASTRA" will not think me disagreeable, and will pardon me if I combat or differ with one or more of her opinions. The answer to "Fair One," Fredericton, in last edition, seems to me to involve a contradiction to that in reply to "Susan," Woodstock, of 21st ult. In the former the inference seems natural that the scoldette is favored or tolerated, while the latter agrees with "Susan" in its condemnation; for the scoldette is properly pronounced an abolitionist.

In reply to "Cleopatra" and "Beryl," St. John, in last edition, in reference to drives along with young men "ASTRA" says: "It is something I never did myself, and I am as fond of enjoyment as anyone; but still there is nothing at all enjoyable about it." In reply to this, I will simply quote from an article written by Rose Terry Cooke, entitled "Good-bye to the girls," and which appeared here in the columns of the "Carleton Sentinel": "Don't forget my dear, that there is no time to establish a habit of acting for life as a well bred, charming, modest girl. Do not, I beg of you, lose the opportunity. Don't go out driving or walking, or sitting on a sofa, or one young man. Perhaps you will tell me that all girls do not wish to be married, if you have no real chaperon take another girl with you. Half the scandals and tragedies have begun in their carelessness about this, etc."

I do not know if there are other articles written by this last author quoted that we could not find in all well thinking people are careful to guard against hasty conclusions are careful to endorse Rose Terry Cooke's sentiments here quoted as unquestionably right. The above italics are my own. Now I hope, Mr. Editor, that the girls will think of me as a fair finding, cynic, ready to suspect motives foreign to the mind that is not in question. As the poet says, "Evil is wrought for evil." That one did not intend to do wrong is no palliation for wrong. It is in the battle against enemies who threaten devastation in the purity of our social system, we must all be watchful, vigorous and energetic.

S. F. R. I really am afraid S. F. R. that you haven't got a pretty neck, or you would never be averse to showing a bit of it. I don't object to criticism, intelligent criticism that is—but it does make me rather weary to have to turn back to PROGRESS of two weeks before last, and compare some sentiments expressed there, with something I said last week, to find if there is any discrepancy, but still I made some corrections this morning among my papers, and held a post mortem examination of the answers, S. F. R. refers to, and found no contradiction whatever. I told "Susan" that fashion should be tempered with modesty, meaning that dresses should not be worn too low, and that I thought men disliked their wives wearing low dresses at all. And then a fortnight later, I told "Fair One," not to wear a low dress at all, till she had come out. Where was the inconsistency? I advised "Beryl" and "Cleopatra" not to go out driving alone with young men unless they were old friends. The girls had asked me if it was improper and I answered that though I had never done it myself, there was nothing improper about it. I was not self-sufficient enough to imagine that because I had not done a thing I must necessarily be wrong. And I say now that it is really improper, then heaven help our civilization. I respect Rose Terry Cooke's opinions in general, but in our sweet, pure Canadian girls cannot go out driving, walking, or sailing, alone with their old friends, and those friends belong to a class amongst which may be found the purest, truest, and most honorable men the world has ever produced! God bless the Canadian boys! for their honest eyes, and—many of them—hearts as pure as their sisters'. A Canadian gentleman need not envy a prince his title. You may trust him, girls, for he respects all ladies as he respects his mother. Shake hands, S. F. R.; we don't quite agree, but we will be friends. We have taken up too much space already. Not one word more. Do you know that my girls take my advice very often, even when it is unpalatable? and I think it is largely because, though I try to advise them wisely, I also try not to be unreasonable. I don't tell them to go to a paper with their dress up to their ears, and down to their wrists, when all their friends are displaying a modern allowance of pretty neck and arms. Neither do I tell them to offend their old friends by refusing to go out driving with them. Nor do I try to show them how careful and how dignified they should always be with strangers, or mere acquaintances of the opposite sex.

LOCHINVAR, St. John.—I was glad to hear from you again, my brave Scotch lad. Not a bit of it! all men are trifling to me, till I catch them telling fibs. I begin to think that if you are a delusion and snare, you are rather a nice one; you quote your own heart by sending me that pressed flower, do you know it looked so like yellow broom, that you might really have been "Young Lochinvar, come out of the West." I am going to paste it into a book, I keep, for souvenirs. And you are blessed with broad shoulders too, and are thankful for it, because you can bear hard usage with a cheerful spirit. I did not give you any hard usage at all. I was "just lovely" to you and said lots of nice things, and now you say you are sorry you wrote to me. Bravo! Lochinvar; if you think she was "filling" you, give her up by all means, remember "there are lots of good fish in the sea," and a man's love is not one whit the less valuable because he is poor. Yes, I would help you if I could, and if you think I ever can, be sure you let me know. It was no trouble at all, I shall always be glad to hear from you.

MISCHIEF, St. John.—What did you go and date your letter April 7 for? Don't you know it was calculated to arouse suspicions in a less trusting nature than mine? (1) Certainly not; if you think enough of one another to kiss good-night, why are you not engaged? But as long as you are not, let him have his kiss till you are, and he will value it all the more. (2) I should say he was a desperate flirt, and I would not waste any thoughts on him if I were you. So you think I usually "side with the boys"? Poor dears! they do need a champion now and then, for they are often very much abused, and then they are so nice that one has to be good to them. I do love boys, they have always been good to me.

HAZEL, Exeter.—My dear child, a boy of that age is incapable of love. I don't believe he ever thinks of such a thing. Foot ball, base ball, gymnastics, and perhaps his own special drum are more to him than all the girls in the world—at least a most uncommon specimen of his sex. I am afraid you cannot find out in any way, except by watching him; but if he cares for you he will lose no time in letting you

know about it, for reticence is not a characteristic of youths of his age.

(3) Simply bow, and say, "How do you do."

WHEAT, St. John.—A pretty and original name, too. Grain, as well as flowers, in my collection of good things. I dare say I will have barley and oats as soon as the other girls take up the idea. Thank you very much for your kind offer of receipts. I should be glad to get them, and I am sure the girls will, too. No, of course you are not too young to write to me when you can both write and express yourself so well; I will have a talk with you whenever you like. I don't know how old many of them are, they do not always tell me their ages; but, I think, they range from sixteen to twenty-two, and I know some of them are married, so I fancy they are older than that. You shall be the baby for you are the youngest. Your writing is quite formed and very pretty. I shall be especially glad to get the receipts for freckles, and for the hair.

OLD AUNT PEABODY, St. John.—I am glad you like us both, my old friend, and I am glad to hear that you are progressing since you were here, so I suppose I may speak of him as an old friend. I don't know why you should not see me some day if you wish it. (1) You should not have taken the slightest notice of the young men in question. They are not Rose Terry Cooke's sentiments here quoted as unquestionably right, and you ought to have snubbed them mercilessly. I should have got rid of them by calling a policeman, if they persisted in accompanying me. Take no notice of them at all in the future. You and your friend should not have gone to the place of amusement you speak of, alone, if it was in the evening. If you had not been unprotected the men would have dared to accost you. Seeing you alone they probably thought you were not ladies, and so took advantage of the fact to speak to you. (2) Certainly, you know quite right; never under any circumstances notice a man to whom you have not been properly introduced. (3) Flirtation is rather an elastic word; it may mean that two young people are having a delightful time together in a harmless friendship, or it may mean an unprincipled playing with hearts, but I prefer the former definition as the most correct. No, you did not ask too many questions at all. I never tried reading character by the handwriting, but I can generally form a guess at my correspondents' characters by the general style of their letters. I think you are neat and orderly, but impulsive and rather—don't be cross—vain.

A NEW BRUNSWICKER, Providence, R. I.—Your delightful letter was a real refreshment of spirit to me, and you say so many kind things in such a many, and straightforward fashion that I am sure you mean every word you say. You don't know what a treat it is to a writer when some one takes the trouble to write him, or her, an appreciative letter; because the letters we get are so often the very reverse. Thank you most heartily for yours. Do you know it would be quite easy for you to find out what a treat it is to a writer when some one takes the trouble to write him, or her, an appreciative letter; because the letters we get are so often the very reverse. Thank you most heartily for yours. Do you know it would be quite easy for you to find out what a treat it is to a writer when some one takes the trouble to write him, or her, an appreciative letter; because the letters we get are so often the very reverse. Thank you most heartily for yours. 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SOCIAL AND PERSONAL.

(CONTINUED FROM FIFTH PAGE.)

The party given by Mrs. and Miss Burnside last Thursday evening was pronounced by those present an exceedingly enjoyable one. There were about 50 young ladies and gentlemen present. Dancing was the amusement of the evening. A charming supper was served at the usual time. The young hostess, Miss Burnside, looked well in a very pretty dress of pink cashmere and silk.

Miss Nellie Wetmore wore a pretty dress of black lace trimmed with blue ribbons. Miss Lorenstein Bailey wore a pretty yellow silk. Miss Akerley, a black lace with white silk. Miss Flo Marsh, pink Henrietta cloth and white ribbon. Miss Frank Babbitt, red cashmere. Miss Bessie Babbitt, a very pretty Shalley, with tulle and ribbon.

Miss Ida Allen, white silk. Miss Nellie Stearns, a very pretty light delaine, with trimmings of dark green velvet. There are only a very few of the pretty dresses worn that evening. Mrs. David Hatt's party on Friday evening was also thoroughly enjoyed by the young people present. They numbered about 100. One half of these were quite young ladies and lasses, while the other half were older. The dancing was kept up quite lively until 1 o'clock, excellent music being furnished by the F. O. M. W. orchestra. A delicious supper was one of the leading features of the evening. Among the young ladies present were Miss Fowler, Miss Blanche Tibbitts, Miss Ida Allen, Miss Bessie Babbitt, Miss Lillie Estey, Miss Mira Sherman, Miss Shenton, Miss Addie George, Miss Torrie Randolph, Miss Annie Tibbitts, Miss Harb, Miss Mary Marsh, Miss Nan Lugin, Miss Andy Blair. Among the gentlemen were Mr. Queen, M. P. E., Mr. Frank Sherman, Mr. George Day, Mr. Harry Chestnut, Mr. Stewart Campbell, Mr. J. W. Wainwright, Mr. Charles Scull, Mr. Archie Randolph.

Evening the handsome residence of Attorney General Blair was the scene of a most charming and brilliant party. The guests present numbered about 80. There were over 100 invitations issued, but owing to a gripe a number were unable to be present. The attorney general, and Mrs. and Miss Blair received the guests in the front drawing room, while the two large rooms beyond were devoted to the dancing. A portion of the side verandah was closed in, making a perfect little room for the orchestra. The card room was up stairs, and supper was served all through the evening in the library. Everything for the comfort and pleasure of the guests had been provided for by the host and hostess, and everyone seemed to enjoy themselves perfectly. There were a number of handsome new dresses, and all the young ladies looked charming. I heard one gentleman remark that Frederickton might well be proud of its handsome young ladies. Those present were: Hon. Mr. and Mrs. McLellan, Hon. Mr. and Mrs. Mitchell, Mayor and Mrs. Allen, Mr. and Mrs. Bailey, Mr. and Mrs. Alfred Street, Mrs. Eaton (Calais) Mr. and Mrs. Whitehead, Mr. and Mrs. Richard Tibbitts, Mrs. Sherman, Miss Sherman and Mr. Frank Sherman, Mr. and Mrs. Ingis, Miss Young, Miss Tibbitts, Mrs. A. J. Dibbitts, Mrs. Thos. Tibbitts, the Misses Tibbitts, Mr. and Mrs. D. Hatt, Miss Shenton, the Misses Johnston, Mrs. Geo. Allen, Mrs. Miller, Miss Whitaker, Miss Maggie Allen, Mr. R. F. Randolph, Miss Mira Randolph, Miss Harb, Miss Annie Tibbitts, Mrs. E. M. F. Randolph, Miss Akerley, Miss Harrison, Dr. Bridges, Mr. Hedley Bridges, Major Gordon, Lieut. and Mrs. Kocher, Mr. A. Fowler, Miss Fowler, Miss Nellie Wetmore, Miss L. Botsford, Miss Nellie Wetmore, Miss Mary Lemont, Miss Campbell, Miss Sherman, Miss Whippley, Dr. Alward, Mr. Plimney, M. P. E., Murray, M. P. E., Mr. McQueen, M. P. E., Mr. McKee, M. P. E., Mr. H. H. Harrison, Dr. McLearn, Miss Bessie Jack, Lieut. Mott (Hailfax) C. H. Lugin, Mr. Bristow, Mr. Sharp, Mr. Schofield, Mr. Harvey, Mr. George Day, Mr. Van Thorne, Mr. Stewart Campbell, Mr. Harry Chestnut, Mr. Holt, Rankine, St. John, Mr. Fred St. J. Blise, Miss Smith, Mr. Lee Street.

Mrs. Blair wore a handsome dress of peacock blue silk trimmed with velvet and gold shade. Mrs. Blair wore a handsome black lace with bouquet of corsage of elegant natural roses. Mrs. McLellan's dress was exceedingly rich and elegant. It was a combination of electric blue brocade satin and heavy white corded silk, a long train of the brocade, the waist of the same, one half of the front of which was covered with beautiful silver passementerie.

Mrs. Eaton wore a handsome costume, of pink silk with long train of dark green velvet, pink ostrich feathers.

Mrs. Mitchell wore heliotrope silk and velvet of a dark shade combined.

Mrs. Street, black lace over white silk. Mrs. Bailey, grey pique and velvet. Mrs. T. C. Allen, black velvet on tulle. Mrs. Sherman, black moire and red satin combined.

Mrs. B. Tibbitts, black lace with red trimmings. Mrs. Ingis, white silk with overdress of white tulle, trimmed with white satin ribbon.

Mrs. Dibbitts, black net with blue ribbons, natural roses.

Miss Shenton, white alpaca, with white ribbons, english violets.

Mrs. Whitehead, handsome black silk and lace. Mrs. Hatt, brown tulle, with white ostrich feathers. Miss Johnston, a very pretty yellow silk. Miss Winnie Johnston, black fish-net with yellow ribbons.

Mrs. George Allen, white satin embroidered in yellow silk, yellow ribbons, handsome gold neck-lace.

Mrs. Miller, black velvet, on tulle. Miss Whittier, brown satin, cream lace. Miss Maggie Allen, white silk with overdress of white tulle with yellow spots.

Miss Burnside, white cashmere with white ribbons. Miss K. Tibbitts, cream silk with cream lace. Miss Blanche Tibbitts, silver grey silk combined with blue silk.

Miss Young, cream silk with cream Spanish lace front drapery, the corsage trimmed with cream feather trimming.

Miss Mira Randolph, a very pretty yellow bengaline silk. Miss Whippley, handsome white bengaline silk, the low corsage trimmed with white ostrich feathers.

Miss F. Babbitt, red cashmere with overdress of black tulle with large red spot.

Miss Nellie Wetmore, the debutante of the evening, wore an elegant dress of white bengaline silk, skirt train; was a decided belle.

Miss Akerley wore white silk. Miss L. Botsford, black lace with natural roses.

Miss Bailey, a white striped silk Grecian costume, trimmed with a Grecian skirt embroidered in silver braid.

Miss Fowler, cream cashmere and satin combined.

Mrs. Roche, an elegant cream silk with tulle drapery, with gold spot, white feathers.

Miss Thompson, black lace, natural flowers.

Miss Lemont, handsome cream satin with front drapery of cream silk lace, red ribbons and fan.

Miss Sherman, brown velvet with white tulle lace around neck of corsage.

Miss Campbell, canary silk covered with tulle.

Mrs. E. M. F. Randolph, garnet silk and pink combined.

It was after 2 a. m. when this delightful party came to a close.

Mrs. Geo. Hatt is giving a large party this evening for her daughter and tomorrow evening Mrs. Street's party comes off.

Mrs. McLellan came from St. John yesterday to attend Mrs. Blair's at home.

Mrs. Geo. Y. Dibbitts also came from St. John for this affair, and returned again this morning. Mrs. Mira Randolph went to St. John today, to spend a few weeks with her friends there.

Lieut. Mott, of Halifax, is taking a short course at the military school.

Miss Jane Paisley, of this city, left St. John last night for Tinton, Iowa.

Dr. Kingston is in Kingston, Ont. Mr. O. Harrison is home from McGill. Mr. and Mrs. Allen F. Randolph have returned from Boston. ST. ANDREWS.

APRIL 7.—La gripe still is putting in its work amongst us, and a great many are down with it. Among those ill are, Mrs. Wilson and Mr. Hipwell. The latter is one of the old landmarks. He was the first conductor on the St. Andrews and Quebec railway. Upon his arrival in St. Andrews, over 30 years ago, he took the position and held it for some years. After his retirement from the road he settled down to a quiet life, his principal enjoyment consisting in his garden of which he was very fond, and in which he was very successful.

The principal attraction since my last letter is the old folks concert which came in the dining room of the Argyle hotel on Thursday evening last and proved to be quite a success. The singing was much superior to that usually heard at amateur performances, and the dresses of both ladies and gentlemen were remarkably good, showing good taste and ingenuity. Among the choruses, "Drifting with the Tide" was one of the best. Mr. McGrath's solo, "The Song that reached my heart," was much appreciated, and received a hearty encore. Mr. Joe Laan's rendition of the comic song, "McTinnis drives up to the door," was something unique. His stage manners and good voice being all that could be desired. As an encore he sang "Maid of Athens." Mr. R. M. Jack sang a comic solo to the accompaniment of the orchestra, and received an encore, in answer to which he gave another verse containing a local allusion, which served to amuse the audience. Mr. Robert Wetmore sang a solo in his usual and graceful style. Miss George's solo, "The Song that reached my heart," was also much appreciated. Mr. W. B. Morris gave a solo in the brave. Mrs. R. A. Stuart and Mr. McGrath's "Aye Saccharine" with great effect. Mrs. Stuart sang "Jessie's Dream," to which Miss Morris played the accompaniment. A sweet voice and Miss Morris' fine playing received hearty applause. Mrs. Stuart and Miss Morris also played a piano duet. A correct duet was Mr. Harold Stickey and his brother played "Larboard watch" a comic, and very funny. Mr. Harold Stickey acted as musical director, and to his untiring zeal the concert owes much of its success. The costumes of the ladies and gentlemen were as follows:

Miss Stuart was dressed in a costume of half a century ago. It looked very well indeed, she wore some fine old fashioned pearls.

Mrs. R. M. Jack wore a precious costume of white and gold.

Next in antiquity came Miss Carmichael and Miss Mary Morris' dresses, they were made in the Empire style.

Miss Thompson wore a quaint old fashioned dress of about a century ago, the combination of her manner and costume was perfect.

Miss Stevenson wore a pretty old fashioned white muslin with crimson sash.

Miss Morris wore a full old fashioned brown silk skirt short lace waist and pink sash.

Miss Florence Clark looked lovely in an old time costume of a bright pink and white.

Mrs. Morris wore an old English gentleman could not be surpassed.

Mr. Morris appeared in an evening dress of the present time.

Mrs. Charles Kennedy wore a long-tailed dress with brocade buttons, bright blackie, knee breeches and low shoes with immense buckles.

Mr. Joe Lamb's costumes, of which he wore two during the performance, were very good.

Mr. R. M. Jack wore the dress of an ordinary sailor in the naval reserve.

Mr. Rice and Mr. Fred Stevenson wore an ordinary gentleman's evening dress.

Mr. Grace wore dress coat, knee breeches, black stockings and shoes with buckles.

Mr. Wetmore wore his gentleman's evening dress.

Miss McKee, Mr. McQuaid and Mr. McCurdy are among the last victims of the gripe.

Mr. Miller, who has taken the Algonquin hotel for the coming season, is in town.

Mr. Bolt, Gardiner of Boston, and Mr. F. W. Cram of Bangor, who are both interested in the Algonquin, are also both in town.

Among the guests registered at Kennedy's hotel are M. Atkinson, St. John, S. H. Richardson, Bangor, C. W. Steely, St. John, and Rev. G. G. Jones of Boston.

ST. GEORGE.

[Progress is for sale in St. George at T. O'Brien's store.]

APRIL 7.—Mr. W. E. O. Jones, of St. John, made a brief visit here last week.

Miss D. O'Brien left on Tuesday last to visit her sister in Calais.

Mr. C. C. Luigate, of Musquash, is making a short visit to his old home.

Miss Pickard, of Calais, is here visiting friends.

Mrs. Philip Breen, of St. Stephen, made a short visit to St. George last week.

Miss Annie Thickins left last week for St. Stephen to visit her friends, the Misses Dixby.

Mr. Capt. Rawling, of Calais, is the guest of Mr. and Mrs. Chas. Johnson, Jr.

The many friends of Mrs. Harry Holden, of Two Harbours, Minn., were sorry to learn, from the despatch that reached here Monday morning last, of her severe illness. Her mother, Mrs. W. W. Ryan, left Tuesday morning to attend her.

Mr. C. F. Vennig, of St. John, spent Sunday last with friends here.

Mrs. and Mrs. Fred. Bogue left last Tuesday morning for the west. They have not yet decided where they will locate, but will visit Two Harbours, Minn., first.

Mr. John McGirr has returned to Montana, where he has been engaged in business the past two years. Capt. Chas. Johnson, Jr., has gone to Boston on a business trip, and expects to be gone several weeks.

UNDINE.

HAMPTON.

[Progress is for sale at Hampton station by T. G. Barnes, and Geo. E. Frost, and at Hampton village by Messrs. A. & W. Hicks.]

APRIL 8.—Mr. Herbert M. Fairweather and Mr. Charles H. Fairweather, of Moncton, and Mr. Charles H. Fairweather, of Sussex, were in town on Monday on their way to Lower Norton to attend the funeral of their sister, the late Mrs. Arnold H. Fairweather.

Mr. John McAlister, of Campbellton, the newly elected M. P., for Restigouche, was in attendance at the opening of the county court on Tuesday, and left for St. John in the afternoon.

Mrs. Crosby is visiting her sister, Mrs. Dr. King, in Boston.

Mrs. F. E. Morton and Mr. Geo. W. Fowler, of Sussex, were in Hampton on Monday attending the probate court.

Mrs. Pritchard, who will leave for the northwest in about two weeks, was the recipient of a beautiful gold watch, the gift of a number of the congregation and choir of the Methodist church, accompanied by an address expressing regret at her intended removal from among us.

Among the visitors in Hampton during the week were Rev. C. W. Williams, of Dartmouth, N. S.; Miss F. Newman, of Moncton; Mr. A. P. Barnhill and Mr. Mount McDonald, of St. John.

MARYSVILLE.

APRIL 9.—Rev. Mr. Chapman left on Saturday last for Moncton on a very happy mission, being one of the principals in an interesting event which takes place there today. I believe, and by which Moncton will lose one of its most popular ladies, namely Mrs. L. Cullen. They are expected to return to Marysville on Thursday evening, when the new mistress of the parsonage will be heartily welcomed.

Rev. Geo. Payson took the duties of the church on Sunday last, preaching both morning and evening.

Mrs. Fred Rowley is out again after his severe illness.

Mrs. E. A. Tapley, accompanied by her son, Jack, left us on Thursday last for a brief visit to her home in St. John.

Miss Belle Likely is visiting friends in St. John. Miss Hines returned to her home in the city, where she is pleased to learn is recovering rapidly.

Miss Alice Gilson is now convalescent. SCRIBBLER.

HOULTON, ME.

APRIL 8.—The departure of Lenten shadows marked the beginning of quite a festive season in Houlton. The first party was given, Easter Monday, by some of the gentlemen belonging to the "Queen of Clubs" club, who entertained the other members in Cary's Hall.

Mrs. S. Friedman, Mr. E. Wilkins, Dr. Harry Putnam, Mr. T. Putnam, Mr. Frank Hume, Mr. J. L. Doherty were the hosts, and entertained the club in a manner, deserving of highest praise, very pretty prizes were offered, of which Mr. A. Putnam and Mr. A. H. Fogg were the winners; a sumptuous supper, and several pretty dances for the lady members testify to the generosity of the above mentioned gentlemen, a little dancing finished a delightful evening.

WELSH, HUNTER & HAMILTON, NEW SPRING GOODS.

We have just received from London and Paris, a further line of the finest

— DRESS MATERIALS, —

in the most FASHIONABLE SHADES and STYLES. These goods are giving the most unqualified satisfaction to our customers.

We are also making a REMARKABLE FINE DISPLAY in

GOSSAMERS, in QUALITY, STYLE, and PRICE UNEQUALLED.

Sunshades, Gloves, Hosiery.

97 KING STREET.

Are you Cleaning House?

If You Are, You should Use

White Cross Granulated Soap

on anything everywhere about the house.

CLEANS CLEAN.

COSTS ONLY 5cts.

On Thursday evening last the Knight Templar commandery of St. Andrew gave one of their elegant balls in the hall, which, in point of perfect arrangements for a delightful evening and the successful carrying out of their object, was not behind any former event. Robinson's orchestra of Houlton, supplemented by Messrs. Silverstone, Herrick and Gregg of Calais, furnished the music. The ball was held at 8.30 till 12.30, a very pretty overture, consisting of some remarkably well arranged Scotch dances, was played.

Mr. Stearns wore a very old fashioned brown silk skirt short lace waist and pink sash.

Miss Florence Clark looked lovely in an old time costume of a bright pink and white.

Mrs. Morris wore an old English gentleman could not be surpassed.

Mr. Morris appeared in an evening dress of the present time.

Mrs. Charles Kennedy wore a long-tailed dress with brocade buttons, bright blackie, knee breeches and low shoes with immense buckles.

Mr. Joe Lamb's costumes, of which he wore two during the performance, were very good.

Mr. R. M. Jack wore the dress of an ordinary sailor in the naval reserve.

Mr. Rice and Mr. Fred Stevenson wore an ordinary gentleman's evening dress.

Mr. Grace wore dress coat, knee breeches, black stockings and shoes with buckles.

Mr. Wetmore wore his gentleman's evening dress.

Miss McKee, Mr. McQuaid and Mr. McCurdy are among the last victims of the gripe.

Mr. Miller, who has taken the Algonquin hotel for the coming season, is in town.

Mr. Bolt, Gardiner of Boston, and Mr. F. W. Cram of Bangor, who are both interested in the Algonquin, are also both in town.

Among the guests registered at Kennedy's hotel are M. Atkinson, St. John, S. H. Richardson, Bangor, C. W. Steely, St. John, and Rev. G. G. Jones of Boston.

King of Medicines

A Cure "Almost Miraculous."

"When I was 11 years of age I had a severe attack of rheumatism, and after I recovered had to go on crutches. A year later, scurvy, in the form of white swellings, appeared on various parts of my body, and for 11 years I was an invalid, being confined to my bed most of the time. In that time ten or eleven sores appeared and broke, causing me great pain and suffering. I feared I never should get well.

Early in 1881 I went to Chicago to visit a sister, but was confined to my bed most of the time I was there. In July I read a book, 'A Day with a Circus,' in which were statements of cures by Hood's Sarsaparilla. I was so impressed with the success of this medicine that I decided to try it. To my great gratification the sores soon decreased, and I began to feel better and in a short time I was up and out of doors. I continued to take Hood's Sarsaparilla for about a year, when, having used six bottles, I had become so fully released from the disease that I went to work for the Flint & Walling Mfg. Co., and since then

HAVE NOT LOST A SINGLE DAY on account of sickness. I believe the disease is expelled from my system, I always feel well, am in good spirits and have a good appetite. I am now 27 years of age and can walk as well as any one, except that one limb is a little shorter than the other, owing to the loss of bone, and the sores formerly on my right leg.

To my friends my recovery seems almost miraculous, and I think Hood's Sarsaparilla is the king of medicines." WILLIAM A. LEHR, 9 N. Railroad St., Kendallville, Ind.

Hood's Sarsaparilla

Sold by all druggists, \$1; six for \$5. Prepared only by C. I. HOOD & CO., Apothecaries, Lowell, Mass. 100 Doses One Dollar

THE TOILET GEM Phuboderma

CHAPPED HANDS, COLD SORES, SORE LIPS ETC. SOLD BY DRUGGISTS EVERYWHERE.

BOARD WANTED about the last of April or first of May two rooms and parlor, with bath on Saturday evening last. The proceeds were for the benefit of the Episcopal church. It is a matter of great regret that this lovely little church is still without a rector.

BATHURST.

[Progress is for sale in Bathurst at A. C. Smith & Co's store.]

APRIL 8.—Mr. John Stiverwright is travelling in the United States. He will be from home some weeks and will visit Washington and Norfolk, Va., before returning.

Miss Emma Miller gave a delightful little party to a few friends last week. Those who were

SKINNER'S CARPET : WAREROOMS.

JUST OPENED:

The Largest Variety of CARPETS, CURTAINS, RUGS, ETC.,

Ever shown in St. John, aggregating over one hundred thousand yards, all grades. Over 100 patterns to select from.

A. O. SKINNER.

ARE YOU GOING TO RIDE A SAFETY BICYCLE THIS SUMMER IF SO,

WHY NOT GET A "RUDGE."

This is without doubt, the best Bicycle now offered in this market, and the prices are actually less than those charged for Wheels made elsewhere. We have by secure manufacturers. We have a good supply of these. Their reputation of safety is well known, and they will be pleased to forward catalogues on application. SOLE AGENT FOR NEW BRUNSWICK.

T. H. HALL, King Street, ST. JOHN, N. B.

DO YOUR ADVERTISING

with a method; attend to it as you would to your banking, if you want it to pay. Be careful as to the medium, then get the right style; be persistent and you are sure to succeed. Do this

IN A BUSINESS LIKE WAY,

and success is sure. Have you used Cuts to illustrate your Advertisement? Perhaps it's just what is needed in your business. Our Engraving Bureau originates designs for newspaper ads., and very attractive ones, too. It is a certainty that

YOUR SUCCESS IS SURE

if you spend an ordinary amount of time on your ads., if you haven't the time let us do it for you. We make suggestions, and carry them out.

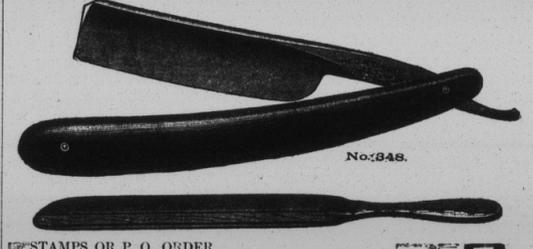
"PROGRESS" ENGRAVING BUREAU.

SENT BY MAIL

FOR

\$1.25.

A Genuine Wade & Butcher Razor, Hollow Ground, Round Point, Silver, Steel, Tortoise-Shell Handle, Silver Mounted, retails for \$1.25 everywhere. The Strop is equal to any; it is calfskin, cushion, extra fine quality, does the work of a 75c. strop



STAMPS OR P. O. ORDER.

H. V. MORAN & CO., Box 21, St. John, N. B.

NOTHING LIKE

maing your "A ds." catchy. Have them prominent. Make everybody look at them.

MOST advertisers have made success by using illustrations and cuts in their "ads." Do you?

MEN who advertise, and want good advertising, have original designs for their "ads."

We originate designs. Make wood cuts and electros, Reproduce, enlarge, and reduce engravings of all kinds

"Progress" Engraving Bureau,

SAINT JOHN, N. B.

MECHANICS' INSTITUTE

ONE WEEK, COMMENCING Monday, April 13th.

BOSTON IDEAL COMEDY

Pantomime Co.

A COMPANY OF COMEDIANS. A COMPANY OF VAUDEVILLE ARTISTS. A COMPANY OF PANTOMIMISTS. Especially picked by Thos. G. Scott from the Principal Theatres of America for a Tour of the Provinces.

Doors open at 7 p. m. Performance commences at 8 p. m. sharp. Admission 25, 50 and 60 cents. Reserved seats on sale at A. C. Smith & Co's Drug Store.

PRINTING PRESSES, when in good condition for sale cheap, usually find ready buyers. I have for sale two one Miller & first class Richard Royal cylinder presses, and one Dawson Demy, which I have no further use for, having put in larger machines for sale to suit my increasing business. I now offer both of the above machines, at a great bargain. The Royal Press is almost new and as bright as the day it left the factory. The Demy is in good order, and is guaranteed to do excellent work.—GEO. A. KNOX, 8 and 10 Church St., St. John, N. B.

W. ROBB'S, UNION STREET.

ADVERTISE IN PROGRESS

ST. JOHN, N. B., SATURDAY, APRIL 11, 1891.

NER'S PAREROOMS.

OPENED: Variety of RUGS, ETC.,

gregating over one hundred patterns to from.

O. SKINNER.

ETY BICYCLE THIS SUMMER

A "RUDGE."

his market, and the prices are actually less than those

King Street,

N, N. B.

VERTISING

u would to your banking, if you

the medium, then get the right

S LIKE WAY,

used Cuts to illustrate your

ust what is needed in your

au originates designs for news-

ESS IS SURE

t of time on your ads, if you

you. We make suggestions.

GRAVING BUREAU.

Y MAIL

25.

Razor, Hollow Ground, Round

shell Handle, Silver Mounted,

the Strop is equal to any; it is

y, does the work of a 75c. strop

No. 848.

CO., Box 21, St. John, N. B.

E making your "A ds." catchy.

ake everybody look at them.

made success by using illustra-

"Do you?"

want good advertising, have

reduce engravings of all kinds

Graving Bureau,

N, N. B.

PRINTING PRESSES, when in good condition for sale cheap, usually

find ready buyers. I have

FOR SALE

one Miller & Richard Royal

one Dawsen

HOW TEAS ARE TESTED.

ONLY EXPERTS CAN DO IT, AND THEY ARE NOT NUMEROUS.

Mr. John Mackay's Handsome Business Office, and His Large and Growing Business—A St. John Man who Sells Tea in the United States.

A curious group stood around the testing table in Mr. John Mackay's office one day this week, and saw an exhibition that surprised the uninitiated. Mr. Mackay was testing tea. This is done nearly every day in connection with the business, yet few people are aware how expert a man in the tea trade can become after many years of business.

Twelve different kinds and qualities of teas, including Saryune, Pecco, Congou, Panyong, Chingwo, Elephant Chop, Orange Pekoe, Japan Hyson, Indian, Ceylon, Caper and Gunpowder teas, were placed in twelve cups. They ranged in price from fourteen to 40 cents, the weight of a ten cent piece being placed in each cup. All the cups were labelled on the bottoms, and then during Mr. Mackay's absence, they were moved around the testing table from one place to another until there was no possibility of recognizing the teas by the order in which they were placed at first.

Then Mr. Mackay sat down at the table and paid all attention to the teas. Every cup was tested by taste and smell, until the table had made a complete circuit, and the teas in which there was only a slight difference had been compared and settled upon.

"Now," said Mr. Mackay, "I'm ready. I won't say that I can name every tea on the table, but, like the show people, I'll try to, or do the best I can." He took a sup of the tea in the first cup, and named it. Mr. Clarke picked up the cup and passed it around. The name on the bottom corresponded with that given by Mr. Mackay. This was done with the twelve cups and every one of them was named correctly.

All samples received by Mr. Mackay from London houses are placed on the table and submitted to a severe test before a purchase is made, and the same thing is done when the consignment arrives. If

the teas received do not come up to the samples, the shippers are made aware of the fact immediately.

The testing table, however, is only one of the things in Mr. Mackay's office that will attract attention. It is one of the best furnished business places, if there are any that can come up to it, in the city, and everything is in keeping with his particular line of business. All the surroundings are oriental and suggestive of the tea trade. There is every evidence of a large business

and a man who believes in enjoying prosperity and making the office as attractive and comfortable as possible. Banners and screens painted after the Chinese fashion completely cover the walls with a most pleasing result, while Chinese lanterns, parasols and numerous other little knick-knacks, both pretty and unique, add to the attractiveness of the place. In one corner of the office a large piano with open keyboard and music suggest the musical taste of the proprietor, and musical instruments that

are not found even in music stores have a stronger impression in this direction. The furniture is all upholstered and of the best, yet everything is set off in such an easy and homelike manner that no restraint is placed upon anybody. In fact Mr. Mackay's is a model business office, for notwithstanding its homelike appearance, nothing is allowed to interfere with the work. Everybody around the place is always busy.

The testing table shown in the illustration is one of the most attractive things in the

office. It is round and works on a pivot so that anyone sitting at it can have the cups he wants before him at the time. The cups are placed in little grooves on the outer edge, and are as convenient as it is possible to have them, while the scales occupy a place in the centre, and everything necessary for a test is within easy reach. The fame of Mr. Mackay's testing table and office is not simply provincial, for men from the London houses, the great tea centre of the world, say they have nothing that compare

with it at home, and always express themselves as delighted with the way in which everything is done. But buyers of tea have the greatest advantage from all this. They can sample the tea before purchasing, and have every opportunity for making a choice and comparing the different samples they receive, and the prices, on the spot. While the test was going on the other day an excellent of this was furnished. One of the spectators, who had not formerly bought tea from Mr. Mackay, sat down at the table out of curiosity, and was so struck with one particular kind of tea that he left a large order for some of it.

But the office is only one part of the establishment. The store, which fronts on Prince William street, is one of the largest in the city. Teas of every kind are piled up almost to the ceiling, but every brand is by itself, which makes shipments easy, and at the same time adds to the attractiveness of the display. All of which goes to make one of the finest tea houses in the Dominion.

Mr. Mackay's business extends all over the provinces. Some idea of its extent can be had from the fact that within the last three months the amount of teas shipped was 91,300 pounds, while the amount received from Jan. 1 to date was 86,450 pounds, handling in the three months 177,750 pounds of tea. Within that time he has shipped large quantities to the United States, which he can do with a profit, as there is no duty on English teas going into that country. It is his intention to push the business in this direction, and arrangements have been made to push the sales of his teas in all the New England towns.

To work up such a large business as that conducted by Mr. Mackay required long years of close attention to the tea trade, and hard study of its requirements. Mr. Mackay has had all this, and today holds certificates of his abilities to judge teas from such houses as Hyde & Southworth, of 83 Broad street, Boston, which was formerly the old house of Dana, Fara & Hyde, so well known throughout the provinces. Mr. Mackay was in the employ of this house eight years, and purchased the stock, trade and good will of the business in 1887. A few years later he purchased the tea trade of Messrs. Chase & Sanborn, another Boston firm, and has largely increased the large business formerly done by them in the provinces. Push and enterprise has enabled him to gain many advantages in the buying and selling of teas. By working up a large trade in the famous Elephant Chop tea, which is one of the finest and most reliable teas in the market, he was enabled to secure the exclusive agency for the Dominion of Canada.



Mr. Mackay Testing Tea in his Office.

A HINT FOR OUR CHIEF.

Portland Saloons, Hotels and the Law—No Favor Given.

PORTLAND, Me., April 9.—Over the desk of "special" Deputy Sheriff Charles W. Plummer is framed a souvenir which came to him in the mail of Feb. 14. The title of it is "The Devil's Deputy," and a lurid engraving and a verse of energetic poetry carry out the idea that he holds his commission from a harder master than Sheriff Cram. The valentine cost the unknown sender two cents, but Deputy Plummer wouldn't sell it for ten dollars. It is the outward and visible sign of the inward and spiritual communion which he has stirred up in the Portland liquor-dealers.

To persons who are not specially interested in the liquor business or the republican party, the last three months has presented many an engaging spectacle. When Sheriff Cram took office, the unholy alliance of rumsellers and republicans was, apparently, as firmly cemented as at any previous period. In less than two months from that time it had been permanently ruptured. At the municipal election, a month ago, several hundred votes swung from the republican to the democratic column; there was no choice of mayor; and at the second election the republican candidate barely pulled through by the aid of mud-party prohibitionists. The accession to the democracy represented the dealers in illegal liquors. They were very angry. They had reason to be. Sheriff Cram viewed his oath of office as something better than a form, and had appointed deputies who could help him carry it out. Up to the middle of February, during the first six weeks of the new sheriff's term, more liquor cases were carried up to the superior court than ever before went there in double the time. That accounts for the happenings on election day.

And the new men have kept on breaking records. In their first three months, ending March 31 last, the "special" deputies—so called because they are charged with the enforcement of the prohibitory law—made 350 seizures. Their predecessors, in the three months ending Dec. 31, 1890, made but 134. And figures don't quite measure the force of the contrast; for whereas a saloon keeper doesn't object to being "seized" occasionally, provided the libel runs against "owners unknown," he does object to losing his liquor, paying a fine of \$100 and costs and spending months of his valuable time in jail. There have

been deputies who have made a mighty reputation on the strength of seizures that never panned out a dollar or a prisoner; but Deputy Plummer knows a trick worth two of that and he practices it, at the present writing, about ten times a day.

Deputy Plummer is an ardent believer in the gospel of prohibition. Neal Dow, who is still frisky and ferocious at the age of eighty-seven, joined three other prohibitionists in signing his bond. Under these happy auspices, Mr. Plummer, who is a shrewd and silent young man of athletic frame and persevering disposition, began whole-heartedly to inaugurate his little Reign of Terror. If necessary he could haul a bartender over his counter and load him into a sleigh with one hand, while gathering in his stock with the other. If requisite he would visit a saloon three or four times in one day and bear unhappy bottle-carriers from the bosoms of their families until they simply got disgusted and quit the business. If a saloon keeper barred his door, the deputy would break it down and carry off the liquors, the bar and the door, repeating the performance until the place and the proprietor were total wrecks. When it is remembered that, proceeding after this energetic method, Deputy Plummer and his cohorts made 48 seizures last week, it is possible to measure the misery of the liquor-dealers.

The old tricks that have served them for twenty years are simply useless as against these new deputies. When a bartender has warning of the sheriff's approach and breaks his bottles into a tub full of kerosene or chloride of lime, Deputy Plummer doesn't look around helplessly for better evidence; he picks up the tub and makes his case out of it. When a saloon keeper stores his surplus stock with an accommodating neighbor, no unproductive libel is made against "owners unknown"; the amiable gentleman who sheltered the liquor is salted with a hundred dollar fine. Then, again, it has seldom happened that special deputies have visited any other place in the county, though there are several where the Maine brand of delirium tremens is very popular. But the new deputies descended on Brunswick a week ago Saturday night, raided the places and made six seizures: one result being that the county is some \$300 richer—and the returns are not all in yet. In fact, it is impossible to know where to "have" the new deputies. They are men of surprises. No man can feel sure, when he undertakes to draw a glass of ale from his faucet, but that the deputies are in his cellar preparing to carry off the barrel.

The hotel-keeper's objection to this rigid enforcement of the law is specially strenuous, as might be expected. They unanimously agonized over it, in public view, soon after the trouble began. The Young People's Society of Christian Endeavor was about to hold a convention here, and the hotel men threatened to shut up their houses if they were obliged to close their

bars. The temperance men thereupon went room-hunting and found possible accommodation for 2000 young christians, and the boycott died a-borning. These same practical prohibitionists are in a serene and exalted frame of mind. They will boom Deputy Plummer for president if he will allow it. They exalt over the fact that, in three months, three-fourths of all the "open" bar-rooms have been hermetically closed; and they have a well-grounded hope that, in three months more, Centre street whiskey will be worth fully four dollars a drink.

But the "city agency" continues to provide alcoholic compounds for "medicinal and mechanical" purposes; and no drinking man really objects to prohibition, enforced or other, so long as he is able to procure his rum.

WALTER L. SAWYER.

SOME BOSTON TOPICS.

Vanity Fair in the Hub—A New Bostonian Fad.

BOSTON, April 4.—With a balmy and springlike Easter, with singing birds and welling buds, and the sun dancing in the heavens all day long, it is little wonder that Puritan New England kept the great church festival of the year as joyfully and heartily as though their forefathers had not sternly set their faces against the observance of church festivals and holy days. To the Canadian, the almost utter disregard of the observance of Good Friday seems strange. With the exception of a few church services, the day goes on as usual. Easter, however, has within the last few years become more and more generally observed.

The spring bonnet is out in large numbers, and many charming ones are seen. Happy the woman who had a new bonnet on Easter! The imported bonnets display much gold and jewelled lace,—in fact, the gleam of gold is on everything. Delicate flowers and natural looking foliage give an airy effect which should belong to spring millinery. The French flowers were never so beautiful. In addition to the favorite rose, pansy, etc., many flowers are displayed seldom shown before. Morning-glories, the iris, petunias, stocks, the convolvulus, phlox, and many others not often seen in artificial flowers, are much worn, especially on the large hats so much in favor. Bernhard and the Cleopatra craze have introduced serpents as ornaments, and they are seen on bonnets, in the hair, worn as girdles, and are even used for drawing-room ornaments.

One very stylish costume I saw recently was made of very light cheviot figured with large brown discs. The skirt was made

with the new flounce draperies, each half the depth of the skirt, that are so becoming to tall women but should be carefully avoided by the short or stout. These draperies were arranged with the plain, clinging effect seen in prevailing modes, and laid in plaits at the back. Each drape-ry was bordered by three rows of brown ribbon velvet, one of three inches, one of two, and the top band one inch in depth. The coat was particularly stylish, having three coat skirts, each bordered with a band of brown velvet ribbon, the lower skirt having the broader band, as on the draperies. The sleeves were very high on the shoulders, and a Medici collar gave a distinctive air to the whole toilet. The hat worn with this was a large, low square crown, with a broad brim widening at the back where it was turned up two inches over the crown. It was made of gray passementerie, and trimmed with a profusion of trailing morning glories of the delicate tint of pink that so well harmonizes with gray. Dozens of equally charming costumes were seen, but I have not space to speak of more.

An interesting exhibition this week is found at the studio of Mr. Karl Rydqvist, artistic carver in wood. Wood-carving is a new accomplishment for women, but is growing into favor rapidly, and promises to become very popular as an accomplishment for women of leisure, as well as to afford a profitable field of industry for women of artistic tastes. This exhibition includes both the work of Mr. Rydqvist and his pupils—nearly all of whom are young ladies—and consists of cabinets, writing-desks, tables, panels, mantels, etc. Several styles of carving are represented, among them being the Scandinavian, Renaissance, and modern. Among the articles exhibited I particularly noticed a piece of furniture which might be said to be a combined writing-desk, table and book-case. It was in antique oak carved in delicate lines in the style of the Renaissance. It will be a dainty addition to boudoir or library, and the young lady who carved it should certainly feel repaid for her labors.

Now that Lent is over, everyone is attending the theatres. Among the favorites this week is the Duff Opera Company with Marie Tempest as prima donna, at the Tremont theatre. At the other theatres comedy attracts the greater number of theatre goers, who had all the tragedy they wanted for the season during Bernhard's visit. To tell the truth, I think it all who really enjoy tragedy and Bernhard's playing admitted it, they would be few.

H. H.

Heroic Measures.

Mr. Washington Coon (tenderly).—I know's I se unworthy to kiss de hem of yoah gahment, Miss Johnsing; but still Hope lif's me up. Miss Johnsing.—You'd better lif' yo' self up, yo' low-down niggah! Ef yo' wants me to be yo' wife, don't kneel there like a dress-maker befo' a job o' pleating.

STENO IN THE PULPIT.

He Talks Straight and Strong to His Hearers.

My name is Vacant-head Clubbs. I am a good christian and don't stumble on it. I am free from gile and am no fighter but which can hold his end in a rough and tumble. I am writin' a preach which I made for brother Twaddle of the pancake griddle meetin' house and which was sick with hoopin cof in his baby, and which's wife was galivantin' at that time. He said I would just have to go to the meetin' house and give them a good rub on their doxology of sinin', and talk straight to them from the collar breast as that was which they liked. He said if I was feared not to go and he would get Squire Cucumber. I have never made a preach before, since, or in the meantime. The little incident of the ruf and tumble is for the editor of which the speech is not on the first page a lop headed man will call on him with a blood lettin' instrument in his hair. I told Statia.

She knows more than any female woman. She says I am cute, which is true.

I had been in a church afore with Rurbarb Green in the back settlement. Rurbarb is dead. His uncle Mose was a first wife's sister to my father's grandmother on the Rurbarb side.

The house was thick as skeeters. After warblin' him 1700 strategy 13, Scenes of fire and desolation, Mangled bodies and broken limbs, Molten lead and strangulation, Shivered throats and severed winds.

I began: Christians and uninvited strangers. The Gospel for our text is general principles. You are here tonight with a preacher, which is a jim dick if he does say it himself, and which wants order. This is my first preach and Statia said I was too old, but Charles Wesley Beacher was 200 when his eyes were dimmed and he was superfluous.

Deacon Collier is smilin'. In the spirit of forgiveness I would remark, that I may be bald headed, but thank natur' I'm not swivel eared. As to his chawin' gum for an excuse I quote the poet.

His father's cow, He's brownin' now.

We should always remember our transgressions and diseases and our friends in the poorhouses and penitentiaries; and yet, O shade of Plutus, how many of us ought to be in the penitentiary. I speak advisedly.

I was thinkin' of Deacon Spooker. At

his bed before he left he told me some of the vanities of deacon life, which used to put his dime in the box after the collection which was with his back to the pulpit and his face to the congregation. I wept with him. The diseased was 103. Death came into his home, which was in the prime of youth, and slot him. His disease was accompanied with dire results—dire to the deacon, dire to the county, the county specially the deacon, the deacon specially the county. It was the very first time he ever died afore, which will be a long spell afore his turn comes again.

I was thinkin' about the evils of novel readin' and such and skeleawagin' to shows. Neighbour Jones, which has three toes out one sock and four out tother, and tother one all out and which's wife's prayin' for the heathen at 175 per munit and which fries his fish fragments and all, is also dead. He drove the mail. The female drove him.

I was thinkin' of principles, which is a good thing to have. I implore you let your principles be like your parson's feet, long and wide and broad and thick.

Keep your thinker pure and ideas lofty and fear not. Read sich poets as Jim the Jumper which says:

I sneaked her on the rubber lip, And fit it in my finger tip, or sich books as the bloody carver or the knite which reached his liver, and your children will grow up to boot you down seven flights of stairs and a back stoop.

Rather read about the man which was Dan'l Clay, who chased 73 confederates with the jaw bone of a horses breast and which slew 150 of them afore they reached Georgia.

My life's ambition was missionia. I longed to have it said I was digested for the cause. They sent me to the 'bloomin' sand plains, but the spool headed natives ran and would not eat me. They said they could not. I returned and the secretary said I was the man which was no good, which's passage money was lost to the cause. I long to sleep where nobody will know which was me. I am the man they could not eat. My seedtime has come and let no man paint my headstone, but

Dig my grave both wide and low Down where the dangled skunk weeds grow And let the sow-eared farmer mow, O'er the man they couldn't eat.

STENO.

Doubtless but few people are aware of the fact that the so-called "blood oranges" are sometimes simply ordinary oranges treated with aniline dye. The originator of this trick was an Italian, who, on being discovered, was prosecuted, and he served ten years in prison for his crime. Notwithstanding this salutary example, the swindle is still occasionally perpetrated.—Boston Herald.

"That's a little hint I give my landlady once in a while," said Mr. A. Starbolder; and as he spoke he deposited on the floor the advertising sheet of the *Whited*, from which half-a-dozen of the "Beavers" Wanted" advertisements had been cut out.

SPRINGLIKE AS APRIL.

BRIGHT, BLOSSOMLIKE ROSES, GAY WITH GOLD AND GAUZE.

Warm Weather Dresses Spread Their Butterfly Wings—Lilac and Mauve and Yellow and Dusky Red and Light Blue Make Gay Street Pictures for All Ages.



A GLEAM OF SPRING AND DAFFODILS.

that her bodice comes down in a long point and is held at the departure of the paniers by a gold buckle. Now I can see that a fichu of yellow mull is laid about her throat and fills in the opening of her dress almost to the waist line.

The spring dress, from week to week, evolves toward the summer dress more and more rapidly. There were some pretty costumes out at Monday's meeting of Sorosis for the famous woman's club exhibits famous mixtures of dress, beautiful and beautiful.



SEEN AT SOROSIS.

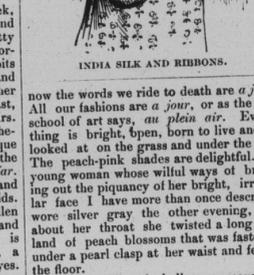
corsage, with its deep basques is slashed into Vandyke scallops with that reckless slashing and daring. The fronts open with revers over a vest of pinking copper like the tablier cut, with a Medici collar and showing a straight collar beneath, both embroidered with the murky red with its yellow sparkles.

shirred from bust to waist, and crossed with pale blue ribbons. A little pointed vest of white mull is set in at the throat, and the point it makes has ribbons to mark its outlines. Ribbons are crossed upon the sleeve puffs and upon the long cuffs that reach to the elbows, and upon the high collar, and wherever two ribbons pass each other the point of transit is marked by butterfly bows.

There is pale lilac wherever one looks, and a great variety of blues. Striped blue and white cloths come out with summer-like effect upon the streets, and there are costumes that are most eccentric of stripes interrupted by great crescents and half-moons. On the shoulders of every girl you meet there is a new variety of cape for you to study.

For every woman to be her own milliner never came nearer being possible than now, in spite of the wonderful effects that take one's breath away as one steps in front of a shop window.

When a phrase becomes the fashion we use it so unmercifully that it becomes a poor packhorse phrase and dies. Just Mrs. C. P. Huntington, whose law suit over a \$9000 message bill attracted so much attention, is described as an altogether beautiful and pleasing woman.



INDIA SILK AND RIBBONS.

now the words we ride to death are a jour. All our fashions are a jour, or as the new school of art says, au plein air. Everything is bright, open, born to live and be looked at on the grass and under the sun.

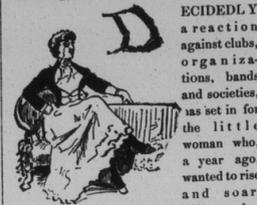
There are silks of wholly new weaves in close set weaves formed of cords. These give effects of light and shadow that are beautiful in the new yellow which is almost as much salmon. Mauve and pink are brocaded together, and trimmed with swaying fringes of silver. Flower brocades are so intermixed with tinsel thread that the blossoms appear as if jewelled. Feather brocades in gold are thrown upon gray satin, or, in India silk, gold feathers upon black gleam and glitter.

Upon the silk of the skirt proper were spread morning glory vines with blossoms in pink and pale blue. The open corsage was embroidered in arabesque scrolls in gold, and was confined by a corset of green green silk, cut in points at the top and covered with gold embroidery. Bronze green straps bordered and crossed the chemise of pink chiffon. Pink bows perched on the shoulders, and pink ribbons were banded about the hair.

OUR CHATTY CARRIE.

TELLS THE LATEST THINGS IN ENGAGEMENT RINGS.

What the Girl Gives in Return—Shall the American Field Be Given a Dowry?—Gossip About People and Things—Mrs. Huntington's Bath-Tub.



THE FAIR SECRETARY AT WORK.

Worn out with the effort to do and be, and act similar to her mankind, the little woman is gradually withdrawing herself from all organizations, and is betaking her ruffled plumage back to the family circle, wherein is rest, comfort and recreation.

Let the little woman taste of club life if she will. But happy is the one who can take her bruised, perturbed self home to masculine arms for the consolation, the petting, the sympathy and the praises which the bravest of little women find sweet to their souls.

England is agitating itself over our dowry question. Shall or shall not an American maid be turned over to her husband with nought but "the presents," her trousseau and a five dollar bill for a dowry? Shall she and must she have a certain sum placed upon her head ere she be considered eligible for the matrimonial market?

Unless she were possessed of physical and intellectual sympathy for the man whom she was about to marry, our regulation American girl would feel as if she had been bought for a price, or bartered for her dowry which had been set upon her.

They could—but they seldom do. When Cupid selects a love poisoned dart; it is not often that both ends are tipped with gold.



THE FINISHING TOUCH.

fectly clear, somewhat flat diamond is selected, and underneath it is placed the likeness of the dearest boy on earth. Around the face, as it sparkles forth from the depths of the diamonds, is a row of tiny emeralds. The choice of stones to surround the diamonds is purely arbitrary.

A SHOE DEALER'S SUCCESS.

Depends upon his ability to please customers. Ladies throughout the land who have worn our \$2.50 KID BUTTON BOOT, insist upon having them again.

It's imitation hand-sewed, with or without patent leather tip—a regular beauty; a splendid wearer, and is in two widths. See them at WATERBURY & RISINC'S, King and Union Streets.



HOW TO DRESS THE CHILDREN.

Hints for Mothers With Fancies of Their Own.

The triumph of children's dressing comes in the springtime, when the little ones are divested of their wintry wraps and gowns, and put into the pretty chaillies, India silks and gingham, which come in such a variety of designs.



THE FAIR SECRETARY AT WORK.

India was worn beneath. The hat donned with this dainty costume was a great grandmother's poke with shirred brim, finishing with a wide grill; there was an Alsatian bow flattened against the low crown and wide silk strings which tied beneath the chin.



BUYING HER SORROW.

un-Americanized. To the orthodox American mind a moneyed marriage is a nice thing, and when the maiden brings wealth to her husband it is a mighty nice and a mighty comfortable thing for all concerned.

Little white corded sun-bonnets with capes are very comfortable for small girls, and possess the useful quality of "doing up." Even the quaint quaker-hoods are usurped by the little ones, the laughing faces being in strange contrast to the demureness of the head-gear.

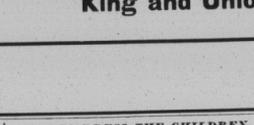
Our English cousins are used to having a matter of church, of family and of state; and should the marriage prove an impetuous one, the aforementioned trinity of church, family and state are willing to combine to make the loss good.

By all means give the girl a dowry, if the money is in the family. But if it isn't, let her have a good education, a clear conscience, good judgment and a loving heart. And the dollars and cents shall be added unto her.

THE FRENCH CHAILLIES RIVAL THE INDIA IN BEAUTY OF TEXTURE AND ARTISTIC DESIGN.

Shanghai silk trimmed with several rows of Mandain yellow velvet about a quarter of an inch in width, the bodice was V shaped and the neck was finished with a fall of Chauttelly lace.

Some mothers have a fancy for dressing the little ones in black; economy may have something to do with this fashion, although to children with flaxen hair and a great deal of color there sombre gowns are very becoming. India silk is almost the sole material used for this purpose, and yellow or pale green trimmings may be used with it.



THE POVERTY OF A RICH MAN.

The story illustrating the recent tightness of the money market is told of a millionaire business man who has an office in lower Broadway. He desired to raise the sum of \$15,000 on his personal note. He sent it to the bank which he kept his account, with a request that it should be discounted. This the bank officers refused to do.

For misses and young girls in their teens nothing can displace the straw or tarpaulin sailor. The simplest and prettiest ones have only a wide band about the low crown, while others are trimmed at one side with loops of ribbon or golden daggers or sword-hilt.



IS IT ANOTHER FRAUD?

We are constantly receiving inquiries from all parts of the country asking, "Is this true?" "Will you do what you claim?" or "Is this another humbug?" We are not basing our claim for public patronage upon mere and unsubstantiated articles for which there is little or no positive evidence of value.

It is a matter of fact that the last four-score years have vouched for it. We ask no one to take our word as a guaranty of value—we have many letters on file in our office from people who have used and sold our goods in years gone by, telling of results as wonderful as any known.

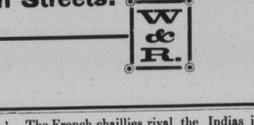
The most desirable dresses for little girls summer wear are the crisp French zephyrs, the percales and the mulls which emerge from the laundry almost as good as new.

The washable silks are nearly as cheap, and more serviceable than the cotton goods, making deliciously cool and dainty gowns. White silk dresses in Gretchen shape, neatly hemstitched or herring-boned are charming, so are also the flowered India, strewn with tiny rose buds, daisies or corn flowers.

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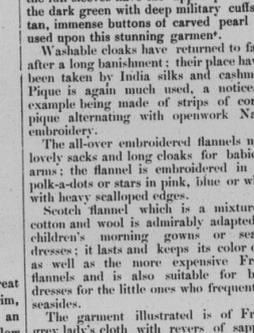
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DOCTORS' General Expenses

neighborhood of Health Brand under-om 75c. to \$1.75. choice.

HEALTH BRAND VESTS ing retail Dry Goods omunion.

TTY GIRL

pretty bonnet; in fact et makes any girl look ow the Hats we have the latest New York e handsomest we have e're sure to look fine m.

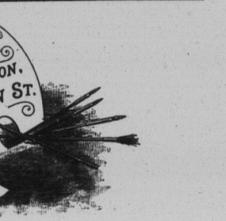
. KANE, BLOCK, UNION STREET.



ork and inside work. We do

ining transformation worth the Kalsomined.

LOTTE STREET.



DECORATORS, Paperhangers,

ENCE IN FRESCO PAINTING. Old Frescoes retouched and brightened.

& THORNE, am Street.

selecting your purchases prices to suit all, of PLATED WARE.

UFFELL.

while the variety is large. No trouble

TREET.

E SWEET!

our Confectionary. The their mouth water. Our are our Creams. So try

ad DOCK STREETS.

designed, engraved. Make your "Ads ractive, prominent. With our help you can do the best advertising.

GRESS" ENGRAVING BUREAU.

THINGS WORTH KNOWING

The first printing-press was established in Australia in 1795.

The "Latter-day Saints" made their first appearance in Britain in 1838.

The Order of St. Patrick was founded in Ireland by George III. in 1783.

There are estimated to be in the United States about 18,000,000 children.

The army of the United States consists of 2166 officers and 24,644 enlisted men.

Roughly speaking, about 9,000,000 acres of corn are grown in the United Kingdom.

Railway sleepers are 8 feet 11 inches in length, 10 inches wide, and 5 inches thick.

In England, in 1846, millers were forbidden to grind their corn twice, as being pernicious.

In English law an eaves dropper is considered as a common nuisance, and is punishable by law.

The Congo River is fifteen miles wide in some places. Steamers often pass each other, but out of sight.

The cities of refuge in Palestine were Hebron, Shechem, Kadesh-Naphtali, Bezer, Ramoth-Gilead, and Galan.

The metrical system of weights is used in Belgium, France, Germany, Italy, Portugal, Spain, Sweden and Norway.

The number of Welshmen, or descendants of Welshmen, in the United States, according to the last census, is about 83,000.

In South Australia it cost the railway companies £16,000 a year to remove the vegetation that grows on the permanent way.

The South American pampas cover an area of 750,000 square miles. Pampas is an Indian word, meaning flats or plains.

The sex ratio of deaf-mutism in most countries is 55 males to 45 females; a most natural result, as men are more exposed in their outdoor avocations to accidents and ailments inducing such an infirmity.

It is proposed doing away with the old system of lightning rod protection and replacing it with narrow ribbons of copper, which will use up the energy of the lightning and save the building from destruction.

Standard gold consists of 22 parts pure gold alloyed with 2 parts of copper or other metal, and according to the quantity of alloy is called 9, 12, 15, or 18 carat—that is, that number of pure gold out of the twenty-four.

It is authoritatively given out that English society has expunged the word "lady" from its vocabulary. Henceforward, in polite conversation, only the good, plain and unmistakable word "woman" will be used in reference to the sex.

The waltz had its beginning in Germany, and thence was taken to France, shortly after which it was introduced into England. Hungary was the birthplace of the galopade or galop, and from Poland came the stately polonaise or polacca and mazourka.

The number of schools and colleges which were erected during the thirteenth century, is a striking proof that the spirit of inquiry and the love of knowledge were taking rapid and deep root in the nation. In Cambridge alone nine colleges were founded during this period.

The following are old country slang terms for money—"A joey," id; a "tainer," 6d; a "bob," 1s; "half-a-bull," 2s 6d; a "bull," 5s; a "quid," £1; a "pony," £25; a "monkey," £500; a "kite," an accommodation bill; "browns," copper or bronze; "tin," money generally; "blunt," silver or money in general; a "plum," £100,000.

The tonnage passing through the Detroit river in 234 days last year (1890) exceeded by 3,900,000 tons the combined foreign and coastwise shipping of Liverpool and London, and by 10,000,000 tons the entries and clearances of all the seaports of the United States. About one-third of the whole steam tonnage of the United States is on the lakes, and the ratio is constantly increasing.

A western man has a scheme for decreasing drunkenness. He would establish a state inebriate asylum and compel those who make and sell liquor pay for its maintenance. He would tax the distiller \$1,000 the wholesaler \$500 and the retailer \$100 a year in its behalf. Then he would treat drunkenness as insanity and confine all drunkards in the asylum until they are permanently cured.

A new society of scientific research is the American Anthropometric society, lately formed in Philadelphia. Each member will bequeath his brain to the organization for examination in the interest of science and humanity. One purpose of the society will be that of studying the racial features of the brain, as in the case of the North American Indian, the Chinese, and the African, as well as the cerebral convolutions of famous thinkers.

The St. Louis Globe-Democrat tells of a commercial traveller who probably carries the most unique "sample" in the profession. It is nothing less than a human body three years old, an example of the efficacy of a certain embalming fluid. For three years this mummy has been transported on the railroads as a sample case would; and, indeed there is no outward sign which would indicate the uncanny nature of its contents. In this instance the longer the body is preserved the more of an advertisement it is for the fluid in the veins of the "stiff." The box is zinc lined and does not exceed the limits of the railroad excess baggage rule in weight.

During last year there were no fewer than 8,451 cases of suicide in France, being at the rate of about 23 per day.

The French nickname for an Englishman is "godam," from a familiar oath once common, and still too frequently used.

The average annual number of foreign emigrants leaving the shores of Great Britain for the ten years, 1875-1885, was 75,639.

An immense 200-ton piece of granite, which will dress to a pillar 6 feet in diameter by 45 feet long, has recently been quarried near Petersburg, Va.

A foreign watchmaker has patented a device by which, an hour or two before a clock runs down, the word "wind!" will appear at an opening in the dial.

The buffalo are in no danger of becoming an extinct species. Since they have been placed under protection of government troops they have been increasing.

The overland telegraph is a world-wide institution, in which there is a total of 1,680,900 miles of wire, enough of the attenuated metal to go around the equatorial belt of the globe just 30 times.

The three loftiest mountain peaks yet measured on the globe are in the Himalayan range, India. Their heights are—Mount Everest, 29,002 feet; Kunchinjunga, 28,176; and Dwhalagiri, 27,000.

Of the presidents of the United States, eight have been of Welsh descent—John Adams, Thomas Jefferson, James Madison, James Monroe, William Henry Harrison, James A. Garfield, Benjamin Harrison, and John Quincy Adams.

The longest railway tunnel in the world is that of St. Gothard, on the line of railroad between Lucerne and Milan. The summit of the tunnel is 900 feet below the surface at Andermatt, and 6600 feet beneath the peak of Kastehorn, of the St. Gothard group. The tunnel is 26 1/2 feet wide, and is 18 feet 10 inches from the floor to the crown of the arched roof. It is 9 1/2 miles long.

Since the 1881 census the additions to British India have been as large as the area of the German empire. The British province has increased in area from 87,220 square miles to 280,000 by the conquest of Ava and the Shan States, and the population by five millions. At the north-west end of the empire Balochistan has been added, with an area of 160,000 miles and half a million of people.

The careful housewife knows well how rapidly dust gathers in articles which are stationary in a room; but the accumulation proceeds much more rapidly on bodies moving at great velocities. The moving body, in a given time, comes into contact with a greater quantity of air than one at rest, and consequently picks up more dirt. Express trains are notably dirty; and a special example of the same thing was offered recently at Owens college, where, during the foggy weather, some bright new helting, which was run continuously for four hours at a speed of 900 feet an hour, was black and loaded with dirt when stopped.

There is at present a veritable epidemic of suicide at Copenhagen. Those who put an end to their lives are either young couples who bring to a close an affection which is contrary to the wishes of their families, or writers or artists who kill themselves in despair at seeing their works not appreciated by the public. The melancholy poetry of the North has a most tragic effect. A curious detail is that a majority of these unhappy persons are Finlanders or Swedes. They escape by committing suicide on Danish soil the law of their own country, which gives the bodies of all who take their own lives to the dissecting room of the medical school.

Fancy-dress balls, and all other masquerades, are failures in England. Perhaps when England was merry England, they may have been successful; but that was a long time ago; and the Puritans, if they did nothing else, gave a death-blow to masques. People keep on attempting to enjoy themselves in mongrel costumes which do not fit, but they very seldom succeed. Perhaps medical students may yet make themselves happy in "doublets of orange-tawny and silver, slashed with dirty light blue," a costume certainly cheap at "fifteen bob for the night." But the general public has become too critical, it does not suit them, at least of their partners in these violent deliriums. A promiscuous dance in promiscuous costumes is an ugly melody.—Saturday Review.

There is a quaint old man in Manchester, England, who goes by the unique name of Gagadig Gigadab. His original name, so the story goes, was John Smith, but many years ago he began to brood over the possibilities of mistaken identity involved in such a common name. The name figured frequently in the criminal records, and he became abnormally apprehensive lest he might be confused with some of these bad John Smiths. At last what he feared so much actually happened. One morning the papers recorded the capture of an accountant in a bank for embezzlement, and through some blunder of the reporter the identity of the embezzler was confused with the subject of this paragraph, who was also a bank accountant. Then and there he determined to assume a name like unto no other ever borne by mortal man. And in Gagadig Gigadab most people will agree that he has done so.

MEN AND WOMEN TALKED ABOUT.

Patti is preparing her autobiography, which will be published simultaneously in Paris and London.

The fund of \$2,500,000 which Mr. Peabody left for the poor of London now amounts to over \$5,000,000.

Joseph Macheba, one of the Italians killed in New Orleans, was a large ship-builder, and his estate is estimated at \$2,000,000.

Joseph Hoffman, the pretty little boy pianist, who was the pet of New York ladies three short years ago, has grown tall, lanky and freckled.

Prof. Charles A. Young, of Princeton, the greatest of American astronomers, is short and very round shouldered, with a pair of very keen, flashing eyes.

At an autograph sale in Boston Tuesday, a letter from the great actor, Charles Kean, speaking of his reported marriage to Ellen Tree, was bid in by a young lady for \$5.25.

The original Rockefeller in America—the ancestor of the oil kings—were four brothers, who came from the Rhine provinces during the last century and settled in New Jersey.

The archbishop of Canterbury has accepted the presidency of the Palestine exploration fund, of which the late archbishop of York was the president from the foundation of the society in 1865 to his death.

The czar presented to the Shah of Persia 39 Kirghis horses of the purest breed and a modern battery of artillery with four guns, which are being conveyed to Teheran under an escort of Cossacks.

M. Renan says that the dead Prince Jerome could have written a better history of the second empire than any one else, and that if he had eschewed politics he would have made a great place for himself in France.

The Princess Louise of Schleswig-Holstein, who is soon to become a bride, is a tall and very handsome young woman. Her shoulders and arms and neck are perfectly proportioned and she has pretty, dark-blue eyes.

Mrs. Gen. Grant lives in the beautiful house near Central park presented to her husband, surrounded by comfort and luxury. Her maid acts as amanuensis and reader for the autobiography Mrs. Grant is slowly preparing. Mrs. Grant's eyesight is poor and has always been. Besides the maid the menage includes an English butler and two servants.

Mme. Carnot had 4000 guests at the last ball at the Elysee in Paris. She was attended for the occasion in a handsome dress of Louis XV. pekin, vieux-rose stripes on white ground, broche with vieux-rose flowers; vieux-rose satin tablier, trimmed with point d'Alencon, and a head-dress—small rose, feathers and diamonds.

The Comtesse de Martel de Joinville ("Gyp") and her mother, the Comtesse Mirabeau, declare that they assisted their relative, M. Bascourt, to arrange a copy of the Talleyrand manuscripts, which would have filled fifteen volumes, and that he admitted that it was impossible to publish this matter until the statesmen of his generation were dead. The ladies ridicule the idea that the recently published Talleyrand "Memoirs" are genuine.

One of the letters of Emperor William, written by him to Prince Bismarck, and which Bismarck refuses to surrender, it is said, expresses among other things a bitter animosity toward the writer's own mother.

The negotiations undertaken by Count Walderslee to recover these letters for the emperor have entirely failed, and they are now among Bismarck's papers, locked up in the vaults of a London banker. If they were on German soil, the emperor would probably seize them by force.

Dr. Peabody, of Harvard, who has just entered the ranks of the octogenarians, is a little absent-minded at times. One summer day, having come to Boston from Cambridge, and having alighted from the car at Bowdoin square, he turned a sharp corner and collided with an elderly gentleman who was standing with his hat off, wiping the perspiration from his forehead, who held his hat in such a way as to give the appearance of begging. Dr. Peabody, seeing the hat, dropped a quarter into it with his customary kind remark. Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes, who was holding the hat, put the money in his pocket, solemnly thanked his old friend, the giver, and passed on.

The Dangers of Spring.

Poets and novelists go into ecstasies over what they romantically call "beautiful weather," "light" "spring," and "white," no doubt, every one is glad to see the release its icy grasp, "beautiful spring" is, after all, one of the most deadly seasons of the year. Sudden transitions from warmth to extreme cold, with piercing, chilling winds; from dry to sloppy, "muggy" weather, all combine to make the season a most trying one, even to the hardiest constitution, while to those with weak constitutions the season is one of positive danger. Undoubtedly the greatest danger at this season of the year is from cold in the head, which very few escape, and which if not promptly and thoroughly treated, develops into catarrh, with its disagreeable and loathsome effects. Catarrh neglected almost as certainly develops into consumption, annually destroying thousands of lives. At this trying season no household should be without a bottle of Nasal Balm. In these cold days, when it gives almost instant relief and effect, speedy cure, thus preventing the development of catarrh. Where the latter disease has already secured a hold it is equally efficacious, and with persistent use will cure the worst case. From the outset it soothes the throat, stops the nasal droppings into the throat, and in the head those dull headaches that afflict the sufferer from catarrh. Nasal Balm is not advertised as a cure-all—it is an honest remedy which never fails to cure cold in the head or followed, and thousands throughout the country have reason to bless its discovery. Nasal Balm may be had from all dealers or will be sent post-paid on receipt of price (50 cents, small, or \$1. large size bottle) by addressing Fullord & Co., Brockville, Ont.—Addt.

Gen. Crook's Bravery.

A man proud of having served with Gen. Crook in his western campaigns was telling of a recent incident to a party. We all advised Gen. Crook to take no notice of the offer. The Indians had frequently made these advances only to get our officers in their power and then attack them. The general said nothing, but took his gun, saying that he was going out to shoot ducks. Night came on and he failed to put in an appearance. A party was made up and a diligent search begun. After an hour's hunting Gen. Crook was found sitting under the lee of an arroya idly whittling a chip of wood, while the hostile chiefs sat all around him trying to make satisfactory terms of surrender. His informal meeting resulted in the surrender of Mangus Colorado, one of the fiercest of the Apache chiefs. He was succeeded in the command of the Apaches by Geronimo.—Philadelphia Press.

The Spring.

Of all seasons in the year, is the one for making radical changes in regard to health. During the winter, the system becomes to a certain extent clogged with waste, and the blood loaded with impurities, owing to lack of exercise, close confinement in poorly ventilated shops and homes, and other causes. This is the cause of the dull, sluggish, tired feeling so general at this season, and which must be overcome, or the health may be entirely broken down. Hood's Sarsaparilla has attained the greatest popularity all over the country as the favourite Spring Medicine. It expels the accumulation of impurities through the bowels, kidneys, liver, lungs and skin, gives to the blood its natural purity, and is necessary to good health and overcomes that tired feeling.—Addt.

THE REV. JOE COOK DOES NOT ALLOW HIS OBJECTION TO SUNDAY NEWSPAPERS TO STAND IN THE WAY OF HIS AMBITION TO HAVE HIS SUNDAY SERMONS PROPERLY REPORTED FOR THE MONDAY PAPER.

Paulus, the famous singer of Boulangism, has refused an offer of 30,000 francs a month to sing at Berlin. He replied: "Magnificent offer in the case of any other country, but in Berlin—never!"

Albani celebrated her 65th birthday on March 13. She sang Gounod's "Ave Maria" to the twenty or thirty friends favored with the entire on such occasions, with a voice as unapproachable as ever.

The governor-general of India, the viceroys, receives a salary of \$250,000 a year, with allowances that include a gorgeous palace at Calcutta and a summer residence, all making his position worth \$500,000 a year.

Mr. Lidderdale, a Londoner, raised \$55,000,000 in four days, and yet he was not bustling with a view to buying his wife an Easter bonnet. It was simply a business transaction in the interest of Baring Bros.

John Stephenson, who built the first American horse car, is more than eighty years old, but still vigorous and energetic. His mind is yet busy with inventions, and he can accomplish as much work in a day as a man many years his junior.

Emperor William is "writing" a history of William I, in two volumes, assisted by his former tutor, Prof. Hinzpeter. Two hundred copies only will be printed, to be distributed to the sovereigns of Europe, the Hohenzollern family, and the most important national libraries.

Mr. Dana's salary as editor of the New York Sun has been increased from \$25,000 to \$50,000 a year; that of his son Paul from \$150 a week to \$15,000 yearly; and a similar increase from a like sum was made for Chester Lord, the managing editor. Business Manager Laffan's stipend was increased to \$25,000 a year. The Sun is said to have made more money last year than in any other year of its existence.

Free to Ladies.

Every lady reader of this paper sending at once her address on a postal card will receive a free copy of THE LADIES' PICTORIAL NEWSPAPER, containing full particulars of their old-fashioned English Prize Competition. Over \$6,000.00 in prizes will be given away between now and June 1st, with special daily prizes of value for each locality. THE LADIES' NEWSPAPER is one of the largest and most profusely illustrated publications in Canada, and the Competition offered by them is to be conducted in a strictly fair and honorable manner without partiality to persons or locality. Anyone can secure a good prize by a little work. No cheaps presents will be given. It costs you nothing for full information and a sample copy, if you send at once. Address: THE LADIES' NEWSPAPER CO., Canada Life Building, Toronto, Ontario.—Addt.

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A GOLDEN DREAM.

By G. Manville Fenn,

Author of "A Mint of Money," "Black Blood," "The Master of the Ceremonies," &c.

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CHAPTER I.—WHICH SIDE.

"Help! Help!"
 "Call louder, Nousie. There is no one to hear."
 But all the same, the last speaker, as he seized a handsome mulatto girl round the waist, clasped his hands over her lips and pressed it there in spite of her struggles.
 "You foolish girl!" he whispered; "the women have gone down to the town to see what is going on. Why do you treat me like this?"
 "How dare you!" cried the girl, wrenching her head free. "My husband shall hear!"
 "Be silent, you silly little bird. You know I loved you long before he ever spoke to you, and that I love you now more than ever."
 "Mr. Saintone, it is an insult. Help! Help!"

There was a quick short struggle in the creper-hung verandah. A little work-table was overturned, and, flushed and excited, the girl wrestled herself free, and darted through the open door into the shadowy inner room of the cottage, closely pursued by her assailant; but, before he could fling his arms round her again, she had caught a sleeping child from the cradle in which it lay, and held it before her as a shield, while she stood panting, the blood coloring her creamy cheeks, and her fall lips drawn back from her white teeth—at bay.

"Yes, you look handsomer than ever now, Nousie," said her assailant, a handsome man of five and thirty, with but with a slight crispness in his black hair to tell of a faint mingling of another blood in his veins. "But this is acting. How can you be so foolish? Come, listen to reason."

The girl's handsome dark eyes flashed as she drew back, pressing the child more closely to her breast, and watching every act of her assailant, lest he should take her unawares.

"I shall tell my husband everything when he comes back," she panted. "What will he say to his friend when he knows what have I ever done that you should treat me so?"

She burst into a passion of tears, sobbing violently.

"Hush, you foolish woman," he whispered; and he looked sharply towards the door.

"Yes, he will come soon, and I will tell him all."

"No, you will not, dear. If you told him, he would come to me, and I should shoot him."

The girl's jaw dropped, and she gazed at the speaker wildly.

"Yes," he said, seeing his advantage. "I should shoot him. I never miss. Tell him, Nousie. He is in my way."

The girl drew a deep, sobbing breath, and gazed at the speaker as if fascinated, and he saw it and laughed.

"There!" he said, "I am going now. Next time I come you will be more sensible and—"

"Ah!" cried the girl, joyously. "George—George. He is coming."

She darted to the door with the child in her arms, passed through from the cool darkness into the hot sunshine, and he saw her dart in and out among the great vivid green leaves of the bananas and out into the road, down which she hurried toward, where, a quarter of a mile away, a white figure could be seen approaching.

Jules Saintone stood in the doorway for a few moments, watching the hurrying figure of the girl, in her white muslin dress fluttering in the breeze off the sea.

"No; she will not tell him," he said through his compressed teeth. "She will not dare."

Then passing into the broad verandah he bent down and hurried to the end, passed out into the lower, half-natural garden, and made his way to the shelter of the forest behind, among whose heavily foliaged branches he disappeared.

By this time the girl was some distance along the road, hurrying on with her bosomy child clasped close to her heaving breast, her lips parted and her vivid eyes strained towards the approaching figure.

"Oh, George, George," she panted, "make haste, make haste!"

Then a cold shiver ran through her and she checked her headlong pace.

"He said he would shoot him," she nearly stopped, for her brain reeled as she recalled the different bloody affairs which had taken place in their unhappy island, where the late of race was sufficient cause for the frequent use of pistols or knife, and the laws were so lax that the offender was rarely brought to justice.

"And he would kill him if I told," she said despairingly, as she gazed wildly at the approaching figure, which waved a hand to her and then took off his straw hat and waved that.

"And we were so happy," she added after a pause, as she walked slowly on now, trying to recover her breath and quell the agitation which made her tremble in every limb.

"Oh if I only dared!" she panted, as a flash of rage darted from her dark eyes. "If I went to the papaloi and asked him, he would be stricken and would die."

"No, no, no," she cried, as she strained the child to her breast; they would poison him, and it is too horrible. I—I must not speak."

The figure was fast approaching, now standing out clear in the dazzling tropic sunshine, now half hidden by the dark shadow of the heavy leafage which hung over the road, till with a sigh of relief, as a strong arm was passed around her supple waist, the girl let herself rest upon the support, and her troubled face grew calm as that of one who has found sanctuary at last.

"My darling! Impatient? Have I been so long?"

"Yes, yes; so long George—so long." "But—why are you overdue with the heat and carrying that child. You foolish little thing to come out in this roasting sun."

She looked at him wildly.

"No, no, no," he cried kissing her fondly. "I'm not cross little one, but you should not have come to meet me. And then to bring the poor pet. Ah!" he cried, as he tenderly took the sleeping

child from her arms, and kissed its closed eyelids and tiny pouting lips in a way that sent a thrill of joy through its mother.

"Why, Nousie, darling, were you afraid the Vaudoux people would come and steal it for their next feast?"

"Hush! she whispered excitedly, and with a look of horror she gazed wildly round and into the dark shadows of the forest, at whose edge their cottage stood.

"Bah! little coward!" he said, smiling, as he passed his arm about his wife, again; and they walked gently back, taking advantage of every bit of shade. "But, Nousie, dear, I must talk seriously to you about that."

"Not about the Vaudoux people, George," she said hurriedly.

"Yes, dear; about the Vaudoux. My little wife must wean herself from all those beliefs."

"Mr. Saintone, it is an insult. Help! Help!"

Nousie hung more heavily on her husband's arm, and the tears filled her dark eyes as she shook her head slowly, and despondency seemed to be clouding her soft creamy face.

"Why, Nousie," cried the man, a sun-burnt French colonist, who years before had left gay Paris to try his fortune in Hayti, "you would not like our darling, my tiny dawn of a bright day, my precious Aube, to learn all their horrid fetish rites and degrading superstitions?"

"Oh, no, no, no," cried the girl excitedly.

"Then why not forget them yourself. Can you not see, dearest, that this is the savage religion of the African, brought over here by the wretched slaves?"

The color began to appear once more in the girl's pallid cheeks, and she turned her eyes to his reproachfully.

"They were hidden among the trees, though at that hour not a soul was in sight; white, and indolent black, in the scattered dwellings were asleep, and he drew her closer to him, and kissed her tenderly.

"Don't look like that, pet," he said. "You don't suppose it was meant for a reproach to you for what you cannot help? What is it to us? We love, and you might blame me because my ancestors were French. But promise me you will try and forget all that."

"I will try," said Nousie, fixing her eyes on those of her husband with a look of yearning love. "But it is so hard, George. My grandmother used to believe so much, and she taught me, and she used to tell me that if I dared to forget them, the people and the priests had such power—they were everywhere—and that if I forgot them I should die. And I could not die now and leave you."

He drew her to him again, and they walked more slowly as he looked from the sweet dreamy eyes, fixed so earnestly on his, to the sleeping child at his back.

"No, darling, and you shall not die," he said, half pitying her. "There, some day your faith in all the horrible old superstitions will grow weaker, and you will see the truth of all I say."

"I do now, dearest," she whispered, "for you are so sure and earnest, and I want to forget it all, but it is so hard, and it seems like a cloud over me sometimes, and fills me with fear for you and our little one."

"It is like a cloud over the beautiful unhappy land, Nousie," cried the man, drawing himself up. "As a matter of fact, it is, and it is so hard to see peace. Oh, my wife, he continued excitedly; "here is a land blessed by the Creator with everything that should make it a paradise for man, but man curses it with his jealousy and passions till it is a perfect hell. Black against white, white against black, and the colored people hating both. And as the white is not enough, here is all this revolutionary trouble, and I do not know which side to take—which to help into peace to save the land."

"Side—help!" cried Nousie wildly.

"You will not go and fight?"

He gazed at her fondly for a few moments as they stood fast beneath the broad spreading leaves of a dwarf palm.

"Fight?" he said sadly. "If I could help it, no, Nousie, darling. I came out here to seek a place where all would be peace, where I could have my home, and win land from savage nature—they were the richest fruits of the earth. I have done this, and I have my home made beautiful with the voice of the sweetest truest woman upon earth, with our little one here; but it is of no use to hide it from you—there are great troubles to come again. We shall have bloodshed till one party has full power. Call it the man I believe, but black La Grasse is making head, and he is not a bad fellow, he wishes well to the place. I hesitate sometimes which side to take."

"No, no," cried Nousie passionately. "You shall not fight, they would kill you."

"No, not so bad as that," said George Dulau, smiling. "But join one side I must, darling. Every man among us must make a stand for his position in the land."

A piteous sigh escaped from the girl's breast.

"Yes," continued Dulau, "it is hard, love, but it is one's fate. Harder now, now, when I have you and the little one. There, don't think of the coming troubles when we have the present. Look at her, how delicate and white she is," he continued, as he gazed down fondly at the sleeping child. "Is she not beautiful, Nousie?—Venousie—Venus." He laughed gently. "As beautiful as you are. They might well call you Venus."

"Don't," said the girl reproachfully. "You make me think you are mocking. I am not beautiful."

"No," he said tenderly. "Then tell me our darling is not."

"Oh, no!" cried the girl, ecstatically. "She is beautiful—and she is white."

"Yes, white," said Dulau fondly, "pale and beautiful, and rosy as the dawn. Nousie, we will have no other name for her. She shall be Aube—the dawn, our darling, and some day she shall go to Paris. We will make a lady of her, Nousie. There, come along, I an tired with a morning's talk."

"Yes, tell me," cried Nousie. "What has been done—who has been said?"

"Impossible! One voice drowned another. But the people are all for fighting,

Nousie, I cannot conceal it from you. It must come."

They walked on in silence for a few moments, and then Dulau said gravely.

"Let me see, it is ten years since I landed in Port au Prince, and there was a revolution. In those ten years there have been two more, and now we are on the brink of another. Saintone says I must stand for him and his party, and I am afraid I must—what is the matter?"

The young wife full of agitation consequent upon her mention of the name of his friend, one of the wealthiest Creole planters and merchants of the port.

"Matter?" she faltered, turning pale.

"My darling," he whispered, "I ought not to have talked about it to you."

"Yes, yes; I must know all," she cried wildly. "But, George dearest, if—if you must fight—don't—don't—"

She stopped short, gazing at him with parted lips.

"If I must fight—don't," he said, laughing lightly over her words.

"Don't—don't take sides with Saintone," she cried desperately.

"Eh? Not with the best friend I have in the world?"

"No, no," she cried, clutching him by the breast as they stood now in the wide of their road, verandah. "He is not your friend—he hates you. Don't trust him—don't join with him—he—he—"

"Why, Nousie, darling, you are quite feverish and wild," said Dulau wondering, as he laid his hand upon her burning forehead. "Come indoors, and let's have your teeth—let's see if you are so ill."

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at Port au Prince, the city close at hand—the struggle between the two parties, and his inclination to side with one while his duty drew him to the other.

"No need to hesitate now," he cried at last. "And this man called himself my friend!"

CHAPTER II.—OUT OF HIS MISERY.

Volcanic as their soil, the Haytiens need but little exciting to rise in revolt. At times these risings and overflows of their lava-like nature have been against their rulers for the time being—their Spanish or Gallic masters. These ousted from their tenure of the island, the revolutions have been among themselves.

No wonder, when the incongruous nature of the elements were taken into consideration. For, besides speaking, white holds black in dislike and contempt; and black cordially hates white. As if these antagonisms were not sufficient, there is a far greater element of dissension in the land. The mulatto, or coloured race, with its many variations or degrees of black blood within, has been against the white, and the white and black—come between and prevent fairly cordial relations which might exist, and consequently for a long series of years Eden-like Hayti has been desolated by petty internecine wars, in which black, coloured and white leaders have had their day, now carrying all before them with the highest of high hands, now hurled from the seat of power, compelled to flee, or become a victim to the assassin's hand.

The social eruption George Dulau had dreaded came next day—sudden as an earthquake, and hence an desperate were the encounters. For a couple of years a black had been at the head of affairs, and allowing for his ignorance, blundering, and inordinate vanity, he had shown plenty of enterprise, and a desire to improve the land.

But several of his mandates had given terrible cause of offence to the yellow race, the opportunity had come, and the energetic mulatto leader had succeeded easily in enlisting the whites who still remained on the island after the French rulers were expelled, to embrace his cause.

Dulau had hesitated. His instinct naturally led him to join his fellow-countrymen and to resent the black rule, but he had grown to respect the black head of the government, for he saw that he was honest, and that he was always fighting to improve and pacify the country.

It was while he was hanging in the balance that his old so-called friend and colleague in the politicians' council turned the scale, and Dulau, raging with bitterness, threw himself at once into the service of the black party, with whom for the next fortnight he longed to see the cause.

The encounters were fierce and savage; the successes varying from day to day, and the town and port were the scenes of endless bloody fray, in which prisoners were shot down or otherwise butchered in cold blood, and the winning party for the time being gave themselves over to riot and rapping.

Happy for Nousie and her child, the tide of the petty war never came near the beautiful little home in the plantation at the forest edge; but she suffered agonies of suspense as she heard the distant firing, and watched by night for the fires that were constantly lighting up the dark tropic sky.

Now it was the home of some planter away from the town. Now the ruddy glow increasing in intensity came from the port as some vessel was fired at its moorings. Then from the direction of the flames she knew it was the town which had been fired, this happening again and again from the torches of the unsuccessful party seeking to make the place untenable for those who were driving them out.

Dulau had parted from her on the night after he had heard her words, and during the next ten days he had seen her and her child only twice, and for a few minutes, during which he had tried to cheer her by his accounts of their successes and other hopeful words. But now four more days had passed, and the black girl Cherubine, the servant who had stayed when the plantation hands had either fled or followed their master to the fight, had been acting as messenger for her, and again and again gone towards the town, but only to bring back the most depressing news.

Evening once more—a glorious evening, with the first soft, moist breathings of the night breeze approaching after a long scorching day.

There had been no news save that the mulatto party held Port au Prince, and the blacks had been driven off. There had not been a sound to indicate the troubles that overhung the place; and Dulau's cottage, with its broad verandah and wealth of flowers, seemed glorified in the light of the sinking sun, as Nousie stood outside, sheltering her eyes with her hand, and gazing wildly down the road for the face that never came.

She started nervously and sprang round, for there was a step behind her.

"Ah, it's you, Cherub," she said, with a sigh of relief, as she laid her hand on her side. Then sharply, "Where is my child?"

"Sleep, missus—quite sound sleep."

"Don't leave her, Cherubine," cried Nousie, excitedly. "Look here. I can't bear this. I am going to town to try and find your master."

"No good, missus," said the black girl, shaking her hand. "He's gone. Far away."

"No, no; he must be hiding somewhere, and I must try and find him. Stop by the child. Don't leave her for a moment. I will soon be back."

"Missus can't go and leave little pretty one," said the girl, re-tying the grey red kerchief she wore about her woolly head. "Massa come back and find missus gone, what massa say?"

Nousie uttered a cry of misery, threw herself into a light chair in the verandah, and began to sob bitterly.

"No, no," she cried wildly, "I could not go and leave her. Oh, Cherubine, he is dead—he is dead!"

"No, missus. Massa George not dead. 'To fight well. Only gone up de mountain, and all de people. Come back soon and fight all a yaller folk and drive 'em away."

"No, no, he is dead—he is dead. What's that?"

"Sprang to her feet and stood bending low, her eyes glittering and her ears twitching as she listened intently.

"No hear anything," said the black girl, "Yes, there it is again," said Nousie in

a hoarse whisper. "They are coming through the trees. Don't you hear?"

The girl's eyes rolled, and her thick lips parted, as she too listened intently; and then she nodded her head, and caught hold of the light muslin gown her mistress wore.

"Hush!" whispered Nousie, and wrestling her arm from the black hand, she darted into her cottage, and reappeared directly with her sleeping child in her arms.

Her lips formed the word "Come!" and she stole away, closely followed by the girl, in amongst the broad leaves of a plantation of bananas, where they crouched together watching and listening.

They were not long kept in suspense, for the rustling continued, increased in loudness, and a few minutes later a man passed the low growth at the edge of the forest, and stepped out to stand with his back toward them, listening as one listens who is being hunted and driven by his pursuers.

He was torn and ragged, and as he turned his face to look about him sharply, it was cut and bleeding, as were the hands, one of which grasped a musket, and the other rearranged the sword hanging from his belt, and the pistols which were in it, they having been violently dragged here and there as their owner forced his way through the thick forest.

He was panting and exhausted, and his white sun-tanned skin besmirched with powder; but changed as he was, easily recognizable by the watchers, who sprang out quickly, making the fugitive spring round, lit his musket, and present at his wife's breast.

"Ah, darling," he cried as he caught her to his heart. "But quick! Where is the child? I haven't a moment. The devils are after me, and they may come here. Quick! Brandy. We must take to the woods. Who's that? Ah! You, Cherub. My little one."

He had started wildly at the sound made by the black, and uttered a sigh of relief and took a step nearer to meet her and kiss the child, while Nousie went in and returned with the bottle of spirits, from which he drank with avidity.

"Hah! ejaculated Dulau, half to himself, "that puts new life into me."

"Nearly spent darling. We are beaten. Come along. Take the child. Cherub, my lass, good-bye. God bless you! You will not tell which way we've gone?"

"Course she won't," said the girl, sulkily. "How Cherub tell when she long o' Massa an' Missus?"

"No, no, girl; run up to your people. We are going to hide in the woods."

"Cherub coming too—carry lit pretty one," said the girl, stubbornly. "Massa!"

"What? Quick!"

"Massa come long with Cherub. Vaudoux hide um. Cherub know where."

"No, no," cried Dulau. "You are a good girl, but save yourself. Ah!" he half yelled, "too late!"

He thrust his wife and child back into the house, the girl darting after them, and followed himself, banging to, locking and barricading the door, as he caught sight of figures creeping silently towards them under shelter of the plantation growth; and only just in time, for the pursuing party, headed by Saintone, had credited him with making for his home, and had stolen up to surprise him.

There was a yell as they sprang up, and a scattered volley, the bullets patting and hissing on the light bamboo of the hut and among the trees.

"Curses you! Don't fire!" roared Saintone. Then quietly to his followers, as they hurried up, "Mind and don't hurt the woman. I'll shoot the man who does."

As he spoke a second party came running up, and at a word they surrounded the cottage, within which all was still as death.

"Hah!" said Saintone. "Caught at last. Now then, Dulau," he shouted aloud, "surrender. You are my prisoner."

There was no reply from the cottage, which was already in the shade, for the last rays of the sun were fading from the top of the highest trees, and a faint pale spark of light on the north toll of the breaking forth of the stars.

"Very well," said Saintone, sharply. "I have no time to waste. Half-a-dozen of you. Fire."

Dulau heard every word, but there were no reports from the many loaded pieces as he drew his breath between his teeth with a sharp hiss and listened.

He knew what was coming and he bent down and