

PROGRESS.

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City Court Scenes.

The Poor Man's Court is Used by the Rich and Seems to be Very Popular.

Civil Court Day as it is known at the St. John police court is one of no ordinary interest. The number of spectators generally present on this day, which is of so much importance especially to the younger members at the bar are large and appreciative. Not many weeks ago the chief magistrate noted the fact and condemned the action of so many persons in disposing of their time in such a manner. His Honor in this respect may be right and yet there are many quarters paid for the sake of witnessing entertainments far less amusing than those that are sometimes on the board at the Civil Court. Not that the law is not administered in a dignified and impartial manner, but under the present legal system unique occurrences are bound invariably to arise. The present Saint John City Court was established on the foundation of redressing wrongs and collecting bad debts in the cheapest manner possible—in other words a court for the poor man's benefit. Under this impression it has become a court that the rich man as well as the poor man has taken advantage of. Probably because law has come to be looked upon by many as so expensive that it is a relief to sue and be sued at such a little cost. Not a few citizens have become so well acquainted with the city court proceedings that they have the idea that no lawyer is required. The examinations of witnesses do not, they think, call for any legal knowledge, hence the ridiculous situations that arise in many instances are of a highly interesting character. Not infrequently matters are gone into wholly for the sake of the case, and participants become so excited that all talk at once. It is no wonder that His Honor often finds it difficult to quell the uproar. Men bitterly opposed to each other in law do not hesitate to tell just what they think of each other, and language flows that may be termed juicy. Then there is the litigant, who has not the conceit to think that he knows all the law, but he hates the lawyer just the same, so the constable is sought as his chief adviser. The latter draws the paper. This he informs his employer is just a simple matter and no doubt he feels amply repaid for he gets the fee of serving the paper. The constable is not always successful, but that does not interfere with his payment. His client is the loser and he leaves court a sadder but a wiser man. Next there is the merchant who looks upon the court as a chance to get a snap verdict. He is not always sure of his account, but the case may not be defended and a judgment by default is a clincher. It should happen that the defendant is ready to meet the charge the case is withdrawn and all are made happy. Other individuals have their peculiar modes of proceeding in the poor man's seat of justice and a few are successful.

Thursday is the regular City Court Day and the suers and the sued, the constables and the policemen, the lawyers (especially the younger lawyers) and the witnesses gather for the weekly tussle. His Honor calls attention. Perhaps he has some remarks to make on general matters before proceeding with the civil docket. The police force this week were the subject of his remarks. Houses of ill fame still existed and the guardians of the peace should see that they were blotted out. There was no reason why certain parties because they had an assumed name or reputation in the city should be allowed to escape, while the unknown character was sought out and punished. These were not his honor's exact words but that is the impression conveyed. It was a rap over the knuckles so to speak. There was no photographer present while the address was being delivered, but here was a case where the amateur friend lost one of his greatest opportunities, a picture of the assembled multitude; the impression on the faces of the policemen cannot be described or imagined. There are some sights that can never be recalled to the mind's eye.

After the excitement occasioned by His Honor's remarks, had subsided, the business of the day was taken up. The first case called was for the payment of a bill. A man of somewhat elderly appearance stepped forward as the plaintiff, but

he was met by a more elderly party as his opponent. The judge tried by every means to get some evidence, but no one could blame him for his utter failure in this respect and so the case was dismissed. The plaintiff retired but the defendant stood as one in a trance.

"What are you waiting for?" asked his Honor.

"Are you done with me?" was the reply.

"Yes; that is all, you can go now."

"Am I free, is that all?"

"Yes, the case is dismissed."

That was sufficient. There was a grabbing of a hat and an exit to the door. No time was lost. No Klondike nugget was ever picked up with greater quickness and thankfulness than was that hat, and as for the departure, some men are not nearly as old as they look.

Next came a case that did not suit the presiding magistrate as to the way the debt was set out. This led to inquiry and discovery brought out the fact that Constable So and So had drawn the paper. "Well it is wrong and I won't allow it," was the Court's ruling and so it went like many others. "Surely," concluded his Honor "there are enough lawyers left in St. John to draw these papers, they haven't all gone West yet." A happy smile spread over the face of the legal fraternity, the one bright piece of satisfaction they had thus far experienced that morning. And so the cases came and went. Can you blame anyone who has time on his hands at wanting to be present at city court on Thursday morning. It is a poor man's court and why shouldn't the poor man enjoy the pleasant side of life as well as the bitter.

The Departing Soldiers.

St. John gave its departing soldiers for South Africa a good send off. They were a fine looking lot of men and no one has any reason to feel ashamed of those who have gone forward to fight on behalf of their king and country. Of course all didn't go who would have so liked, but that could not be helped. One young man who was most desirous to lend aid to his country's cause was given to understand by his parent that if he went he need never darken his father's door again. The young man did not go and he is now living in hopes that his choice of a wife will not meet with similar treatment. Another's fond parent told his offspring that he need never enter his house again unless he did go. He has gone. Such is the inconsistency of nature. Both parents are happy, but as much cannot be said for the children. Others could not go either because they failed to qualify or they were not wanted. But such is life and the result must be taken in the best of spirits.

The Right and Wrong.

Fredericton held its civic elections this week, a doctor was elected mayor and another doctor an alderman, at the same time the ratepayers defeated the scheme to put down new sewerage and thus benefit the sanitary conditions of the city. Herein lies a conundrum for the wise man to solve. A place that elects two doctors as its representatives must believe that doctors are good men to look after its interests, and a doctor's chief business is to provide health, but Fredericton does not want health either, for it is satisfied with its old worn out sewerage system. The majority of ratepayers evidently think that two doctors will fill the place of new sewerage. This may be so but it is doubtful. The tax payer refused to vote for the new scheme because it might add a few cents to his annual tax bill, that would be all wrong. To have typhoid fever, perhaps have a death or two in the family, pay a physician's bill of some dollars, that would be all right.

They Were Reunited.

There are turkeys, there are chickens as many other estate commodities. They all have their good points. It is seldom however that a pair of chickens ever enter St. John's market like those that Farmer Northrup of Kings produced for Mr. Dean's inspection last Monday. Eighteen pounds said the scales and they were

beauties. Mr. Dean captured the prize and some one of his numerous customers have had a surpassing dinner this week.

SOME MORE GLIMPSSES.

What the Future Proclaims, As Revealed to Date.

The Weather bureau is not always fortunate in proclaiming the future condition of the weather elements. There are often mistakes in its prophecy. So likewise there is apt to occur errors in all scientific instruments. The futuroscope is not yet perfected. Writings in some cases are quite obscure and so if a few blunders are made they are excusable. We cipher the annexed paragraphs.

Under the head "The crop that never fails" the following is taken from a paper of October 1903:

"Eighteen students passed the examination for Attorney of the Supreme Court this week and were sworn in yesterday. It is the intention we believe for some dozen of the number to practise their profession in St. John."

An item taken from a paper of July 1906 is of interest to many St. John persons.

Last night the police made a raid in several of the notorious houses situated in the South end. It is reported that the police have determined to clean the city of these places and the chief is going to leave no stone unturned to carry out this object. Other paragraphs of exceptional value are the following:—

November, 1908.—Mr. Hannay has assumed the editorial control of the Telegraph. Mr. Hannay occupied a similar position on that paper some years ago. He is the twenty-sixth editor the journal has had in the past dozen years.

March, 1907.—The Liberals had a majority of fourteen in the Canadian Senate yesterday—quite a turn over from the way parties stood a few sessions ago. Mr. Ellis voted with the Liberals.

January—1910.—Madam Albani delighted a large audience at the Opera House last night. The celebrated singer was in fine voice and received an enthusiastic reception. It is learned that Patti is about to make a favorable tour of this country and an attempt will be made to have her come to St. John.

August 1909.—The new flying machine is proving a great success. The trip between here and Fredericton was made yesterday in less than thirty minutes. The Morgan syndicate of the States controls the new machine, but the C. P. R. are large stockholders in the enterprise.

April, 1907.—The Alderman elections are exciting no little interest especially in North End, where Dr. Christie and Dr. Smith are opposing each other. It is not the first time that these gentlemen have met in contest, in fact for the last ten years or so they have been fighting it out.

April, 1912.—It is said that St. John will soon have its much coveted Dry Dock, and practical steps are being taken to carry the scheme out.

PROGRESS CONTENTS TODAY.

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WHERE THE FAULT LIES.

Bad Management Has Made the Exhibition Unpopular With the Powers That Be.

Exhibition matters are engaging a considerable portion of the attention of the people of St. John at the present time. The disinclination of the government to grant the request of the association for a grant of \$5,000, as well as the refusal of the common council to see its way clear to co-operate in the scheme proposed by the directors of the exhibition appears to have so disheartened those gentlemen that they have concluded to abandon the show and throw themselves upon the mercy of the city and the province for the payment of their indebtedness.

There has been so wide a difference of opinion in the city in regard to the management of the exhibition, that there is not so much surprise felt at this conclusion of the executive as might be supposed. The directors of the association are good citizens, most of them merchants in splendid standing, but they have not had the time even if they had the inclination to attend to the details of the work that they undertook, in the same way that they would attend to their own affairs. Year after year they have left the management of the show to Mr. Charles A. Everett and it has been repeatedly pointed out that he is not the right man in the right place. Mr. Everett's ability in certain directions is no doubt conceded but it does not run in the line of exhibitions. This gentleman at the outset possessed no knowledge of the show business and at the finish he has failed to exhibit that which would naturally come from experience.

The people as a whole have generously supported the exhibition. The exhibitors, on the contrary, complain that they have been so hampered by conditions, that were unbearable that they have been unable to exhibit without great expense and little satisfaction. PROGRESS has pointed this out time and time again and shown in what department the exhibition was a failure.

Of late years so much attention has been paid to special attractions, which no doubt are very proper in a certain way, that the exhibition as such has been neglected. This paper has shown that machinery hall, which in time gone by was one of the great drawing cards of the show has become literally a place where nothing is to be seen, except the great useless engines, the power of which is not required and the expense of which is very great. In spite of this fact, mechanical superintendents have been hired at the same expense year after year, attendants to the same number have been added to the pay sheet, and all for what? For the purpose of driving one or two machines of little attractiveness. It is acknowledged on all sides that while the expense of machinery hall has been great, the results have been practically nil.

The management has been, in the opinion of many, very extravagant in the erection of buildings, grandstands etc. No one will deny that a grand stand is very necessary nor would any one say that outside buildings for special departments are not necessary but they have been altogether of too extensive a character, costing too much money.

With an attendance such as the exhibition had last year, with the additional receipts that it obtains from the special attractions, with the large income that flowed into its coffers from the excessive rates charged for space, under economical management the show should have paid without any subsidy from any quarter. It is little wonder that the government of the province and the city of St. John cannot see their way clear to place confidence in the exhibition under its present management. The city has always been liberal, either in the way of grants or of guarantees. The province last year gave \$4,000 towards the show, so that but little fault can be found with them in the matter of generosity. The city this year promises to give \$3,000, the province holds aloof. If the gentlemen who are in power in Fredericton could have made a grant under certain conditions the people would have been well pleased. They receive a great deal of money from the city of St. John by reason of special taxation, succession duties etc., and any

reasonable request from the citizens towards such an object as a provincial exhibition should meet with their most serious consideration. No doubt they have pressing demands from other quarters. The exhibitions in Sussex and Woodstock have been successful, not only because they were good shows, but because as well they came out at the right end financially. They did not take months after the show was over to send out a statement to the people, as in St. John. In other large cities were exhibitions are held and are a feature of the progress and life of the community the management of the show present a statement to the people a very short time after the fair has closed. Here it was months before any satisfaction could be obtained as to the results of the exhibition from a financial standpoint. The directors, themselves, complain very much about this, and were not satisfied at all with the explanations that were given them. Probably the fact was that the show was so poor, that the longer it could be postponed the least comment would be made upon it.

It is sincerely to be hoped that the people will not rest quietly under the present state of affairs but will urge upon the directors, upon the city and upon the common council as well as upon the government the necessity of continuing the annual fair, which has become in fact one of the features of the year in the province of New Brunswick.

Somewhat Sudden Death.

The quite sudden death of Mrs. P. M. Goldrick on Sunday morning to her many friends who in common with the family and relations esteemed her highly. Heart failure was the cause of death and the estimable and aged lady who was in her usual good health in the morning at noon had passed away. Warden M. Goldrick and Rev. Thomas McGoldrick were her two sons. The latter arrived on Monday to attend the funeral which took place on Tuesday morning. The attendance was large and the service at the church of unusual impressiveness. A husband and two daughters as well as the sons have the sympathy of many friends.

Well Known Here.

The death of Mrs. L. G. Stevens was heard in St. John this week by many with sincere regret. Mrs. Stevens who was the wife of the former rector of St. Luke's church had a very large circle of friends in this city especially in the North End. The most of her lifetime was spent in this vicinity. She was the daughter of the late Dr. Waddell, formerly superintendent of the Lunatic Asylum and as Miss Waddell she had endeavored herself to a large circle of acquaintances.

The Pet Bear no More.

Joe Harley of the North End has lost his bear. This is a happy ending for a good many people had an idea that some day Joe would vanish and nobody know anything about it but the bear. Sergeant Baxter was the man chosen to do the deed and with a good rifle he thought he was once more in his native woods looking for game. What sport there might have been if the bear had been let loose in some wood land and a party of hunters followed him up.

He Has No Pauper's Grave.

It is due to Mr. H. Ervin of the Daily Telegraph that the body of the sailor Elliott was not laid in a pauper's grave. The subscriptions he collected were enough to give him a decent interment and his mother returned to Eastport with at least that consolation. Why there is not some provision by which sailors can be buried out of the mariners fund is difficult of explanation but it is a fact that no proposition came from this quarter.

That Spring Excursion.

An alderman, a shipping man and several well known merchants secured the wharves west out of town in a sleigh this forenoon. The excruciating cold and a ripple of curiosity on Charlotte street, and there is a suspicion that the party went out into the country to see if the sap had commenced to run.—*Tuesdays Star.*

Another rumor was to the effect that it was an expedition for picking up chips—perhaps for summer fuel at Robesay. Or it may have been a private committee of inquiry in regard to the election list.

A Few Hints from Paris.

France is supposed to be the home of good manners. The average Parisian thinks that the Americans know absolutely nothing of polish, unless it might be the shoe or stove variety. And they think they know it all. Hence the absorbing interest which one cannot fail to take in French books on etiquette.

There is one, for instance, called 'Le Savoir-Vivre et la Politesse.' Which being literally translated means, 'The Know-How-To Live and Politeness.' Under this comprehensive title the editor Mr. Emile Guerin, provides advice for most of the emergencies which may arise from the cradle to the grave.

Inexperienced Americans may think Mr. Guerin goes too much into details. But the man who has lived in Paris would like to paste some of the gentleman's recommendations in the hat of almost every man and woman in that city.

The instructions he gives for behavior at the table, for instance, are so explicit and would make life so much more agreeable if the population of Paris could be prevailed on to follow them. The chapter is called 'The Know How to Live at the Table' and it is excellent. The book, by the way, is a serious one. It is not a joke. At least, it is not intended as one.

'At a dinner of friends,' says this oracle on behavior, 'the guest has many chances to be polite. As soon as a successful dish has been tasted by the other guests, he gives the signal for praises of it and neither does he spare his exclamations of admiration of the old wine served en extra. To eat a good dinner and find it good is simple politeness, though. To eat a bad dinner and keep still, that is the height of the know-how-to-live.

'Wipe your mouths, all you gentlemen with moustaches, but above all be careful not to breathe into your glass and then wipe it with your napkin. This isn't done except in cheap restaurants! A great General who was dining with a lady of the court had this mania for wiping his glass. Nothing had cured him of it. Finally the irritated hostess ordered the butler to take away all the glasses which the General had so carefully polished and put on others. As soon as the General saw what had been done he cried in a voice of thunder: 'Ah, madame invited me here to wipe the glasses!'

'He did not understand and continued to breathe into his glass and polish. But you, monsieur, who are not a great General, do not, I pray you, expose yourself to a similar lesson.

'And then there are people who, when they find a foreign substance in the food, hold it up and exhibit it to the company. This is impolite and absurd. You run the risk of disgusting the guests and annoying your hostess. You mustn't help yourself to bread, but ask the servant for it. You should not leave wine in your glass nor wipe your plate with a piece of bread.

'Do not eat too fast, nor rattle the dishes, and it is very rude to talk to your neighbor in a voice too low or too loud or in a language the other guests do not understand.

'Suppose, for instance, that a young man is at the table with his superiors in his profession. It will be bad for him if he smacks his lips in eating rattles his knife and fork, gets gray on the gown of his neighbor, breaks the bones, cracks the nuts with his teeth, tries the fruit with his fingers to find whether it is ripe or shows that he thinks the pieces of meat too small.'

As this happens to be a summary of the table manners of the average Frenchman there is more sense in including such advice in Mr. Guerin's book than Americans would think. Perhaps his next injunction is not so necessary. He does not seem to think so himself.

'I do not need,' he says, 'to tell you that it is the extreme of impropriety to put into your pocket any of the things served at the table. Also, well-bred people never get drunk when dining out. At the most they permit themselves only a little blush, as they say in Belgium.

'Our grandfathers used to sing over the dessert. This custom has gone out. Don't pick your teeth with your knife, which is untidy, nor even with a toothpick, which is not proper. Hide yourself so that nobody will see you do it.

And when you get up from the table do not fold your napkin. Finally—an English custom which ought to be proscribed—do not steal away after dinner without saying anything. It is rude.'

The subject of teas is next taken up,

from which it appears that these teas come off at intervals of one or two weeks, one invitation being good for the whole season. But the queer part of it is that the tea is served at 11 p. m. on 'a table called American.' These teas should not be attended by more than thirty persons, according to Mr. Guerin.

Next we come to the subject of dances and we learn that a gentleman 'should never squeeze his partner's hand nor talk into her ear,' that he must not put his arm around her waist, but place his hand flat in the middle of her back; and also that it is 'very bad form to dance without taking the hand of one's partner.' The young people are also cautioned not to look at themselves in the mirror when they are 'bowing, talking or dancing. Apparently they may look at themselves as they please at other moments.

One point in the chapter on 'Play' is interesting. Mr. Guerin says that in commencing a game of cards the dealer salutes the other players with a slight bow as he distributes the cards. He finishes the chapter with: 'Young ladies never play cards.'

When a girl makes a debut, 'the father gives her his arm and presents her to all his friends. For the ball she has a white toilette; for calling, a costume in black silk or of color, with a hat trimmed with roses; for receiving at home she wears pearl gray.' This leads to the important subject of marriage.

'A young man,' says the book on the know-how-to-live, 'wishes to marry. He has perhaps met in his circle a young girl whom he finds to his taste. What ought he to do? First sound the relatives of the girl to find out if they want to marry her, if there is any other engagement and what is the amount of her fortune.

'When the young man knows how things stand, he gets his relatives to make the proposal of marriage to the girl's father, or if he is not living, to her mother. The young girl never, under any pretext, takes part in these preliminary discussions.

'When the arrangements have been made, the young man's parents call upon those of the young girl and then, in the presence of the two families, takes place the first official interview between the future bride and groom. The marriage is announced as speedily as possible.

'A repast, called the betrothal, is given by the girl's parents and this is returned by the young man's. All strangers are excluded. The ring is sent after the dinner, also a white boquet.

After the engagement is announced the family ceases to receive. Reception days are discontinued. The young girl does not go out at all. The fiancee is received every day, though he should use his discretion about abusing this privilege.

The meetings between the young people take place in the presence of the girl's mother. As the marriage approaches this surveillance may be relaxed somewhat, but they are never left alone nor ever allowed to sit together on the same sofa.

'The civil marriage occurs a few days before the church ceremony. When the register is presented the wife signs first, then passes the pen to the husband, who says: 'Thank you, madame.' From that time, though she remains with her parents until after the church wedding she is called madame.

'The day of this final ceremony, the young man goes with his family to get his bride and carries her a white bouquet. The groomsmen go in a carriage for the bridesmaid, also carrying a white bouquet. They are accompanied in the carriage by her parents. The bride, her father and mother, ride in the first carriage. Then comes the bridegroom with his father and mother. Then the bridesmaid and groomsmen, and after them the other relatives and friends.

The father leads the bride to the altar. They are followed by the bridegroom who escorts his mother. Next comes the mother of the bride and the father of the bridegroom. At the altar the friends of the bride sit at the left, those of the groom at the right.'

In Paris, the 'gay' city, there is more show of mourning than in any other city in the world. A widow wears mourning at least two years, this period being divided into three sections. The first year is that of deep mourning, accompanied by a long crepe veil which sometimes trails on the ground.

Then comes six months of what is called ordinary mourning and finally six months of half mourning. Even if a widow marries

again she takes off her mourning for the day of wedding only putting it on again the following day. A widower wears mourning for a year only; six months deep and six months half.

'All mourning,' says Mr. Guerin, 'may be prolonged, but it is very bad taste to shorten it.'

A widow may not remarry inside of a year after her husband's death; but for a widower there is no fixed period of delay. He may console himself as soon as he chooses. Mourning paper must have a black border half an inch wide, but this border grows narrower with the successive periods of mourning. A husband, a wife, a father or mother do not attend the funeral of wife, husband or child respectively.

The directions for attaining a distinguished demeanor in the street are interesting. For example: polished and distinguished persons walk straight ahead without turning to the persons who are passing and without looking in the windows. They look neither at the sky nor at the ground, but keep their gaze fixed on a point several steps straight in front of them. Always give the inside of the walk to women, children and old people.'

This custom, by the way, which is followed by some persons and not by others, results in the greatest confusion. No matter how wide a Paris walk may be the two streams of pedestrians always seem to be inextricably mixed up and an American is continually dodging about and fussing and fuming because he can't get through.

This valuable little book gives a great deal of advice about other matters than those of etiquette. It tells how to treat children and recommends certain rules which would turn American homes upside down.

'Forbid to your daughter all reading of papers, magazines or novels. Novels nowadays should be prescribed without any distinction. Never take your daughter to the theatre without well knowing the piece to be played.'

In parenthesis it may be remarked that in that case the French mother would never take her daughter to the theatre, as in deed she almost never does. She takes her to the Opera Comique, which is a sort of exhibition place of marriageable girls.

'As for your son, choose the plays he sees. Avoid farce, parody and operettas. They can only injure him. The circuses and concerts are the sole public places where your children may be taken without harm. It is the same thing with books. Never let your children read anything you do not select for them. Give them instructive books on history, geography and the sciences. You must accompany them to serious reading and not let them have frivolous or simply amusing things.'

'It doesn't sound gay, does it? Small wonder that when French girls and boys get to the time when they can do as they please they please often to do things which are frivolous and amusing and not so edifying as history and geography.

'Father,' concluded Mr. Guerin, 'never be a comrade to your son! This good comradeship is contrary to all your duty and his son loses his respect for you.'

American fathers will scarcely think highly of Mr. Guerin's book after this injunction, but they must remember that he is only French. And then, he was right about not wiping your glass with your napkin and not picking your teeth with your knife.

How the King's Civil List Money Goes.

The Civil List amounts to £385,000. This sum is divided as follows: Expenses of the household, £72,500; salaries of the household and retired allowances, £131,260; royal bounty alms and special services £13,200; unappropriated £8,040; the monarch's Privy Purses, £60,000.

When we turn to the details of this expenditure we find that a great portion of it goes to provide sinecure offices at the expense of the people for a large number of superfluous members of the aristocracy of both sexes. Let us take a few items. First there is the Kitchen, which is managed by what is called the Board of Green Cloth, the steward of which is the Earl of Pembroke, whose salary out of the taxes is £2,000. The Master of the Household is another titled person. Lord Edward Pelham Clinton, who takes £1,158. The Comptroller is another aristocrat, Viscount Valentia, M. P., who takes £904. Then there is a treasurer, at present vacant for whose office another £904 attaches. All these sinecures are in the gift of the Government of the day. Of course, there are also connected with this kitchen department cooks and scullions and a 'First Gentleman Porter,' a 'Coroner of the Varge'—an ancient, but obsolete office for holding inquests on people who die suddenly or accidentally in the royal palaces—and other quaint survivals.

Out of the public purse again come such court officials as German secretary, Indian munshi and Indian attendants, French

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CANADA IN BOSTON.

A Club's Good Work in the United States—The Annual Dinner.

In the year 1889, the many Canadians attending Harvard University decided to form a Canadian Club. The affair after being talked about for some time, at last took definite shape and an organization was formed which immediately took root and met with most unexpected success, until today it has become to be looked upon as one of the leading clubs of its kind in the United States. The gentlemen who met a dozen years ago and started the movement that has turned out so successfully, and is such a benefit particularly socially to Canadians visiting Massachusetts Universities, embraced many New Brunswick boys. Among them were Prof. W. F. Ganong the well known scientist, Prof. F. W. Nicolson, a distinguished graduate of Mount Allison, A. W. MacRae, well known in connection with many colleges and an alderman of St. John, J. W. Bailey and H. G. Fenety of Fredericton, recent graduates of New Brunswick's University, C. S. Skinner and S. M. Skinner sons of Recorder Skinner of St. John as well as several others from Upper Canada at the time in attendance at Harvard. These gentlemen had the credit of starting a Canadian club. Many Harvard professors native Canadians joined heart and soul in the undertaking and it was decided that besides the usual social gatherings, the club should hold an annual dinner. This yearly gathering, small at first has grown until at the present time it has become a social meeting of the first magnitude, attended by the leading men of Boston and the vicinity. Last week the annual dinner was given in Capley Square Hotel, Boston, and was a leading event in the social world. Prof. Roberts, the well known Canadian writer, and son of Canon Roberts of Fredericton, was not only honored by being the leading guest of the occasion, but the handsome menu cards, as a compliment to Canada's standing in the literary world, was ornamented by the poet's picture. The American papers describe the whole affair as one of great credit, and Prof. Roberts' remarks given so small attention. The Boston Herald in its description of the many speeches made gives the following report of Prof. Roberts' admirable address. 'Prof. Charles G. D. Roberts was then introduced and had a warm reception. It

seems to me, he said, that coming here to the Canadian club of Boston, I have a right to speak to you more personally than I would anywhere else, because this club is made up so largely of men from my own part of the world—brother 'blue noses' from Nova Scotia, Prince Edward Island, New Brunswick. I cling, by the way, in parenthesis, to the term 'blue nose,' which on account of its historic associations, is a great honor to all who come from those maritime provinces. I dare say some of my brother 'blue noses' who are here do not know of the important division which exists among the 'blue noses.' Of course, we all 'Canucks.' But among 'Canucks' there are special divisions—the 'blue noses' are one special subdivision, and no small one. Then among 'blue noses' there are special divisions. The original Nova Scotians were the original 'blue noses.' There are Brunswickers who are the 'buckwheat blue noses.' Finally in Prince Edward's Island our brother 'blue noses' are 'red foot blue noses'—a term which perpetuates the memory of their rich and unfailingly fertile soil.

After making some remarks regarding New York city as a literary centre, the speaker went on to describe his feelings for the United States. It is better, he said, for both peoples, in my opinion, that they should be preserved intact, and that the two branches of the race shall come as closely together as possible, should be ready to stand together against the world and should at all times and on all occasions remember that blood is thicker than water.

And now as to Canadian literature. This literature—leaving out my own name—is one of which any country ought to be proud. In literature Canada has won for herself a position which does her credit, and has done this while confronted by tremendous responsibilities and problems. Why, I found the other day that some of the French writers are translating Canadian writers into French, and when France does that it is paying us a decided compliment, because France is very careful about praising any country she recognizes as having 'arrived.' For a young country like ours to be so recognized is a triumph—a Canadian triumph.

Again, when I was in London, the greatest of living critics, as I believe, said: 'Why you fellows in Canada are doing, in my judgment, the best work being done by the young men now writing in our English speech. When he had said this, Mr. Swinburne, added: 'Undoubtedly you Canadians are doing splendid things in every direction. Your work in literature is sincere and less self-conscious than anything that is being done in the rest of the empire, and it is only a part of the great work that Canada is doing.' 'Canada,' he added, 'is educating the empire; Canada is the heart of the new imperialism.' Then from Kipling came another encouraging word. 'You fellows,' he said, 'somehow write as if you were not tired.'

Canadian literature, continued the speaker, though at present in its infancy, is distinguished by some of the great qualities. It is characterized by sincerity. Its writers bring to the study of nature an absolute freshness. It has seen things in nature which neither Wordsworth nor Emerson have touched upon. It has not yet devoted itself very deeply or very largely to the study of man, but that will certainly come. Prof. Roberts finally recited 'The Strand of the Ship' and other compositions of his own. He was loudly applauded.

Music The

The concert of which Madame Allotiaux star, was the year. It was very fact was almost equal, to her first ago. A musical saying that it was Every number only in one or two pliance [with the Mme. Albani was in this respect and Her numbers were though] perhaps greater portion of the most pleasure and Fair, and Hon was certainly a woman power in the last, were rendered almost best.

Next to [Albani] seems to have] work and her work elicited. She is the voice, the equal sweetness, of which here.

Mr. Douglas is not the owner of any means. It was to, that was all. The instrument the flute and Na excellent, and the have stood more thoroughly finished it. Mr. Harris is it, and indeed, so it deserves more. It was generally more talents were more. But he certainly is. As a financial very great success.

Mr. Fred G. another concert in time the attraction soprano.

A Goethe society with Franz Liszt to a great name, cousin of Liszt the of criminal law at

Music is to be at the Pan-American and the Temple structure of its kind tiful glass dome of be the largest ever

Madame Patti, fifty-ninth year, pa of greatness, by her known. She was 1843, at Madrid, Patti and his wife Chiesi. 'Long ago don Daily News seems to have disappetual youth, and appearance she taken for twenty years next, by the way anniversary of Mr. Covent Garden, wh of Amiens, and amazed her audience voice, and at once are at least four William Davison, (Edwards) still living recall the scene.'

TALK OF W. S. Harkins or two this week tments for a spring opera house.

Mr. Edward R. Stocks leading man gin an engagement May, presenting N

Lovers Leno has sentation in New popularity.

'In the Palace of ing large audience New York.

The Banker's D. Howards earliest in New York short

Henrietta Cross New York engage The piece will be short run, the last

Sir Henry Irving traordinarily succo Dublin. The amon announced, excee

The death is an English comed favorite in Lonc

Music and The Drama

The concert of last Friday evening of which Madame Albani was the bright particular star, was the musical event of the year. It was very largely attended; in fact was almost equal, in point of numbers, to her first concert here five years ago.

Every number was encoored but it was only in one or two instances that compliance with the demand was granted. Mme. Albani was of course very gracious in this respect and responded several times.

Her numbers were beautifully rendered though perhaps those from which the greater portion of the audience derived the most pleasure were Angela Ever Bright and Fair, and Home Sweet Home. There was certainly a world of pathos, beauty and power in the last, and the closing notes were rendered with a silence that could almost be felt.

Next to Madame Albani, Miss Muriel Foster seems to have won the warmest approval and her work elicited many admiring comments. She is the possessor of a contralto voice, the equal in sympathy, depth and sweetness of which has never been heard here.

Mr. Douglas Powell was pleasing, but not the owner of a phenomenal voice by any means. It was just pleasant to listen to, that was all.

The instrumentalists, Messieurs Brossa the flutist and Nachez, the violinist, were excellent, and the audience could very well have stood more of the latter's work, so thoroughly finished and altogether fine was it.

Mr. Harris made an ideal accompanist, and indeed so good was his work that it deserved more than passing recognition. It was generally thought that Mr. Harris' talents were more in the managerial line, but he certainly is a splendid accompanist. As a financial venture the concert was a great success.

Mr. Fred G. Spencer is talking of another concert in the near future. This time the attraction will be a famous Scotch soprano.

A Goethe society is in existence at Berlin with Franz Liszt as president. The heir to a great name, in it seems, a second cousin of Liszt the pianist and is professor of criminal law at Berlin university.

Music is to be one of the chief features at the Pan-American Exposition at Buffalo, and the Temple of Music is the finest structure of its kind ever built. The beautiful glass dome of this building is said to be the largest ever constructed.

Madame Patti, who has just entered her fifty-ninth year, pays one of the penalties of greatness, by having her age accurately known. She was born on February 10, 1843, at Madrid, the daughter of Signor Patti and his wife, a prima donna, nee Chiesa.

Long ago, however, as the London Daily News remarks, "the prima donna seems to have discovered the secret of perpetual youth, and alike in voice and in appearance she might certainly be mistaken for twenty years younger. May 14 next, by the way, will be the fortieth anniversary of Madame Patti's debut at Covent Garden, when, in the peasant dress of Amina, and entirely unheralded, she amazed her audience by the beauty of her voice, and at once became a star."

There are at least four musical critics (Lincoln, William Davison, Bennett, and Sutherland Edwards) still living who, we think, can recall the scene.

W. S. Harkins was in the city for a day or two this week trying to make arrangements for a spring engagement at the opera house.

Mr. Edward R. Mawson the Valentine Stocks leading man of last season will begin an engagement at the opera house in May, presenting Nell Gwynns.

Lovers Lane has reached its fiftieth presentation in New York and is growing in popularity.

"In the Palace of the King" is still drawing large audience to the Theatre Republic New York.

The Banker's Daughter one of Bronsons Howards earliest successes will be revived in New York shortly.

Henrietta Crossman is to play another New York engagement in Mistress Nell. The piece will be put on at Wallacks for a short run, the last of April.

Sir Henry Irving has just played an extraordinarily successful engagement in Dublin. The amount of his receipts it is announced, exceeded all previous records.

The death is announced of Alfred Malby an English comedian, who was a great favorite in London especially at the

Criterion where he played for many years. He was extremely successful in the parts of comic old men.

The Tendon of Achilles is the title of a piece by Louis N. Parker and Boyle Laurence which will be given in London in due course by Fred Terry and Julia Neilson.

twelve years ago. His story 'The Mystery of a Hanson Cab' attracted a great deal of attention, and he is the author of a great many other exciting and creepy stories. His experiment with blank verse will be awaited with interest.

It now appears that the author of the New Blank Verse play which Sir Henry Irving is to produce this spring in the London Lyceum, is Mr. Fergus Hume. This gentleman who was not suspected of poetic inspiration is a New Zealander who came to London.

Mr. Herman Merivale has been at work for some time upon an English version of Pailleur's famous comedy 'Le Monde on Con S'Ennuie.' He has preserved the outline of the story but has substituted English motives and atmosphere, all the types being modern.

A London paper says concerning Hadson Chamber's new play. "The Awakening": "The play is both interesting and clever, and has comparatively few dull moments. It is, however, the outcome of ingenuity and artifice, and though it has dramatic scenes, is not dramatic as a whole."

Kyle Bellow, who now occupies a high place among contemporaneous actors will star in American next season in a dramatized version of "A Gentleman of France" which really has dramatic and romantic possibilities although it does not by any means follow that the adapter will be able to get any of them across the footlights. Eleanor Robson will be Mr. Bellow's leading lady.

May Irwin is planning a trip around the world. This does not mean that she is going to play around the world. Her travel will be chiefly for pleasure. At the close of her present season, which occurs out on the Pacific coast, she has decided to go to the Yellowstone Park for a week or two for recreation, and after enjoying the outing in the West will take passage for Japan, China, India.

John Drew is almost an ideal Richard Carvel if one may judge by the strong words of praise which have been spoken in every city in which the dramatization of Winston Churchill's famous novel has been seen. For months the Empire Theatre was packed to the doors, and the same state of affairs would have gone on indefinitely but that Mr. Frohman had to bring back the Stock company which previously occupied the house.

A correspondent of a London paper, speaking of Gerhardt Hauptmann's latest play, 'Michael Kramer,' says that 'it is written round the paternal love and disappointment of an old artist, whose son is an artistic genius, but morally a coward and a liar. The note of deep tragedy is sounded throughout, and when at length the son commits suicide the play finishes with a lament similar to David's over Absalom, which is said to be equal to anything in German literature.'

Speaking of "Michael Kramer" and its morbid tone, a writer in a German paper says of Gerhart Hauptmann: Hauptmann's art seems to me like a wondrous flower, blossoming in lonely beauty upon a hideous, pestilential pool. Would not this flower blossom all the more beautifully if it were transplanted to a heavy soil? Would not in other words, the poet Hauptmann appeal all the more strongly to our aesthetic instincts if, instead of the abnormal and the diseased, he offered us types of the universally and harmoniously human?

The authorities of Manchester and some of the other large provincial cities in England have interferred to prevent the posting of some lurid bills heralding the approach of certain theatrical organizations, and the bill posters, taking alarm, have appointed executive committees to examine all such illustrations before signing contracts for sticking them up. The managers are greatly opposed to submitting to this kind of censorship, and are discussing the propriety of abandoning the picture poster altogether. This would be a great victory in the interests of art and public decency. It is a pity that some vigilance committee of a similar character cannot be established in this part of the world. Some of the exhibitions on suburban fences are abominable.

It seems plain, as it was certainly to be expected, that the adapter of "A Cigarette Maker's Romance," now running at the London Court theatre, has been no more successful than others in the attempt to reproduce the potency of the original story. The London Athenaeum says: "A

knowledge of Mr. Marion Crawford's novel will not add to the enjoyment of a visitor to the Court theatre. Between the original work, with its exquisite treatment and its quaint and psycholy, and the comedy founded on it there is almost as much difference as between a psalm in the Vulgate and the same in a rendering of Tate and Brady. A delicate prose idyll is converted into a commonplace and conventional melodrama. The atmosphere is entirely changed. So far as regards putting back the action from near the close to the middle of the last century, something may be said. Mr. Harvey wished apparently to bring within the period covered by Dickens and to give the characters a Dickensian flavor. Why, however, for the little colony of Russian exiles Germans and Jews are substituted we are unable to conjecture.

Says the 'Matinee girl' of the Dramatic Mirror, surely a competent authority: A still, small voice has come over the telegraph wires from Milwaukee to the effect that matinees are bad for us girls. The voice belongs to a scientist, who claims that youthful emotions are torn up to such an extent that morbid ideas of life are engendered, together with excitable nerves, too romantic notions and all sorts of things. This is about the worst ever. For years we matinee girls have stood for the good, the beautiful and the true, amid the army of playgoers the world over. We have been the ingenues of the playhouse, our eyes always ready to brim up, or our hearts to thrill over the sorrows or courageous deeds of stage heroes and heroines.

Just fancy what an ungirl like creature a young woman would be whose emotions were carefully kept in, compressed, and trained to answer to an educated intellectual wire with an optic nerve connection. Emotions are not hurt by calisthenic exercises. The thrills and tears of the matinee are just as healthful to the mental wellbeing of girls as the swinging of dumb bells and clubs is for their bodies. Repression of the emotions is worse than the most tearful matinee that ever caused an afternoon audience to sob into its chocolate creams.

Take the girl who grows up with her tears and her smiles carefully kept in; who analyzes, weighs and sizes up everything she meets, and calculates as to the choice of conversation that will prove the most impressive. What a queer young person she is! She occurs sometimes, and she is always anemic, impossible. And as she develops she grows into a still more disagreeable woman. The matinee is a far more wholesome influence in the lives of women than novels. A few years ago women sat at home all day poring over novels and weeping over them. Now they laugh at them. At the theatre they may laugh and cry also. They get diversity of emotional message.

To many women who are ill, worn out from housekeeping or the various domestic woes that crop up in modern lives, and must be lived through, the matinee each Saturday is a boon and a blessing! It gets them out of themselves and gives them a good cry, or a good healthy shiver along the spine, or a fluttering of the heart strings, that keeps them from rusting out before their time. If we never outgrow our matinee emotions we'd never get tired of each other, ourselves or our dinners. It's the blessed enthusiasms of life that make it beautiful. It is the constant, never-dying, looking out over the horizon with the sails of our ships in view, headed for us, laden with all the beautiful promise of life, that makes existence worth while.

When the emotions dry up and our hearts get so they rattle within us when we walk, then it is time for a quick curtain and an audience that leaves without either a smile or a sigh. No—when we get out of the matinee habit we might as well put on our rheumatism plasters and begin to tell stories about our neighbors. I see lots of gray-haired girls sprinting into the theatres afterwards, but I know that their hearts are full of primroses in bloom, a perpetual crop that the matinees keep in a flourishing condition.

SIR ARTHUR'S CANINE CRITIC. The Composer's Dog Knew Good Music and Made His Opinion Known.

It is not generally known that the late Sir Arthur Sullivan was not only passionately fond of dogs, but had made a special study of them in every way. The brilliant composer declared frequently to the writer that in the dog are embodied all the necessary conditions for the appreciation of music of all kinds, and that the organ of hearing in a dog is of marvellous delicacy. Sir Arthur bore out the truth of this statement by relating the following anecdote:

His signature is on every box of the genuine Laxative Bromo-Quinine Tablets the remedy that cures a cold in one day.

notes or incidents which came directly under his notice.

Some ten or fifteen years ago, when Sir Arthur was accustomed to go down to the theatre very regularly in order to conduct the rehearsals of his own operas, he was followed every morning by a dog, which entered the theatre the same time as he did, placed itself between the legs of the musicians, and listened delightedly, eagerly, to the music. This occurred day after day, until the constant appearance of the dog at the rehearsals excited the curiosity and admiration not only of Sir Arthur himself, but of all the musicians, who, not knowing its name, gave him that of Melody. Very soon he was petted by all, and each one in turn invited the dog to dinner. "Melody, will you dine with me today?" These words were sufficient. The dog followed his host, ate heartily, and, as soon as dinner was over, rushed off again to the theatre, found its way to the orchestra, placed itself in a corner, and never left until the evening performance was finished.

Nothing could be more amusing, more curious than the attitude of Melody during the performance. If a new work was being performed he found it out before the overture had been played many seconds. He listened with the greatest attention. If the piece abounded in rich and original melodies he testified his pleasure by his delighted barks and by scraping his feet rapidly on the ground. On the other hand, if the piece was only ordinary—inipid—Melody invariably gaped or yawned, turned his back upon the orchestra, gazed around the boxes and at last slunk away in a decidedly bad humor. This expressive pantomime was the most piquant criticism of the new opera. When the work of some great master was played Melody always knew the precise moment when an artist was going to sing some striking song or play some special part of the work, and then his movements, his gestures, were such as almost to plead for silence among the spectators.

"I do not know," said Sir Arthur, not many weeks before his death "what became of this dog later on, but his name and his reputation are still fresh in the memories of several musicians who have frequently seen his singular antics."

Mrs. Nebb—Do you take the 'Sunday Bather'?" "You know a picture goes with every copy."

Mrs. Reed—No, we prefer the 'Sunday Gaabag.' It comes in four volumes and has a bottle of family liniment with it every week.

Foot Light—Why do they call a place where a play is first given a dog town? Sue Bretts—Oh, I suppose because it is where the first growls are heard.

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PROGRESS.

Some time ago there was a notable automobile procession in the city of Buffalo, N. Y. It was notable for its size, and also for the fact that it was entirely composed of automobile wagons (like that in the cut above), built to distribute the advertising literature of the World's Dispensary Medical Association, proprietors and manufacturers of Dr. Pierce's medicine. In many a town and village Dr. Pierce's automobile has been the pioneer horseless vehicle. These wagons, sent to every important section of the country, are doing more than merely advertise Dr. Pierce's Remedies—they are pioneers of progress, heralds of the automobile age.

And this is in keeping with the record made by Dr. Pierce and his famous preparations, which have always kept in the front on their merits. Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery is still the leading medicine for disorders and diseases of the stomach and digestive and nutritive systems, for the purifying of the blood and healing of weak lungs.

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The offer that Dr. Pierce makes to men and women suffering with chronic diseases of a free consultation by letter, is really without a parallel. It places without cost or charge the entire resources of a great medical institute at the service of the sick. Such an offer is not for one moment to be confounded with those offers of "free medical advice" which are made by people who are not physicians, cannot and do not practice medicine, and are only saved from prosecution by artfully wording their advertisements so that they give the impression that they are physicians without making the claim to be licensed.

Those who write to Dr. Pierce, chief consulting physician to the Invalids' Hotel and Surgical Institute, Buffalo, N. Y., may do so with the assurance that they will receive not only the advice of a competent physician, but the advice of a physician whose wide experience in the treatment and cure of diseases, and whose sympathy with human suffering leads him to take a deep, personal interest in all those who seek his help and that of his associate staff of specialists.

Dr. Pierce's Medical Adviser (in paper covers), 1000 pages, is sent free on receipt of 31 one-cent stamps, or 30 stamps for the cloth-bound volume, to pay expense of customs and mailing only. Address Dr. R. V. Pierce, Buffalo, N. Y.

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SIXTEEN PAGES.

ST. JOHN, N. B., SATURDAY, MAR. 16.

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

THE SUMATRAN ECLIPSE.

Before the echoes of the last eclipse have fairly died away the astronomical world is again astir with preparations for the next—to occur on May 17th-18th. The moon's shadow will then cross the Indian Ocean, traversing the islands of Mauritius, Sumatra, Borneo, Celebes, and the southern coast of New Guinea. In Sumatra, where the eclipse occurs near noon, the totality will last nearly six and one half minutes, a duration almost unexampled in the history of solar eclipses.

The results of the last eclipse, although somewhat meager on account of the shortness of totality, were not unimportant, since they fully confirmed some important observations, formerly somewhat in doubt, regarding the corona spectrum, besides yielding numerous photographs of the corona finer than any before produced. Still their highest value lies in their bearing upon the methods and apparatus to be used next May. The Dutch government has sent out a large expedition to Sumatra in charge of NILLIND and WILBERDINK, who observed the last eclipse in Georgia, as a preparation for the coming one. Their party will divide into several, occupying different stations, and offering hospitality to visiting astronomers.

Other European nations will also observe in the field; and from the States four parties have already started—from the Lick Observatory, from the Massachusetts Institute of Technology and from Amherst College. Astronomers from other institutions accompany some of them.

The long duration and corresponding intensity of the darkness render the coming eclipse exceptionally valuable for such work as the search for intra-Mercurial planets, the study of the spectrum, polarization and heat radiation of the corona, and judgment dealing with nearly every problem that can present itself. It is unfortunate, however, that the weather probabilities are not entirely satisfactory.

FROM GRAVE TO GAY.

The formal opening of the British parliament by King Edward VII. was attended with unusual pomp. The old state coach, which had been accumulating dust through forty years of disuse, was refurbished up. All the old ceremonials were revived; those quaintly named officials, 'Black Rod,' 'Gold Stick' and 'Silver Stick' and the rest, performed their prescribed functions, and the House of Lords was brilliant with the scarlet and ermine robes of the peers and judges, and the uniforms of the diplomatic corps.

There was a wild melee when the members of the House of Commons, in obedience to the summons of the gentleman usher of the Black Rod, struggled fiercely to get into the restricted space reserved for them. The scene was impressive as the king took the solemn oath which had come down from the time of CHARLES II; and later, when he read his speech.

There was a meaning in all this pageantry. It represented not only the passing from one reign to another, but from an old order of things to a new. It marked a transition from grave to gay in the social customs of the English people.

Queen VICTORIA's personal bereavement intensified her natural seriousness of temperament, and English society takes its tone from the court. The new king will follow in his mother's footsteps in matters of state policy, but he has tastes of his own which he will gratify in the ordering of the court. London is likely to become

one of the gayest capitals of Europe, and that will be a good thing for the shopkeepers, and not necessarily a bad thing for the public.

Resplendent among all the jewels worn by Queen ALEXANDRA the other day at the opening of parliament and surpassing them in brilliancy was the famous Kohinoor, or 'Flood of Light,' which has been the most valuable of all the crown jewels of Great Britain since it was ceded to the English government of India at the time of the annexation of the kingdom of Punjab, to the reigning family of which it had until then belonged. It is stated to be the most valuable diamond in the world, though there are others larger, and Queen VICTORIA was wont to wear it on all ceremonial occasions, and even at the dinner parties which she gave as a brooch. Its appearance on the dress of Queen ALEXANDRA served perhaps more than anything else to impress upon those who observed it the fact that Queen VICTORIA, with whom it had been so intimately associated, was no more, and that all the crown jewels had passed into the possession of Queen ALEXANDRA.

King EDWARD, contrary to what has been stated in several of the English newspapers, has not severed his connection with any of the leading London clubs to which he belongs. There is no reason why he should, although it is doubtful whether he will frequent the Marlborough, the Turf, etc., as much as in days of yore. He has, however, since becoming king retired from the committees of the Marlborough and of the two other clubs in whose direction and management he was associated.

Mr. GEO. W. FOWLER M. P. was home from Ottawa a few days ago and if one might judge from the evidently friendly conversation that he and Mr. THOMAS GILLILAND were observed to be engaged in on the train he has no scalping knife sharpened for the Rotherham revisor. These supreme court suits and politics are strange things sometimes.

Alderman MILLIDGE is to the front again as an opponent of the ambition of the Council to spend money. He has a good many sympathizers this time. Steel companies are all the rage now but there seems to be considerable steel in them.

MR. GEORGE ROBERTSON wants some more time from the city to promote his dry dock scheme. Time is about the cheapest thing the city can give him.

It would have been better for Hon. MR. MCKEOWN's bill if Mr. JAMES BRENNAN had confined his attention to stip laboring interests.

The chief of police says that he is not talking but working.

THE MAGISTRATE AND THE CHIEF.

The Former Defies His Position in Relation to the Police Force.

PROGRESS has referred so often to the differences that exist between the police magistrate and the chief of police, that the carefully considered remarks of the former upon the position he occupies in relation to the force are worth reproducing.

"In one of the city churches some time ago, and again last Sunday, I occasionally felt that I was made to certain disorderly houses in this city.

"There cannot be any doubts as to whose duty it is to search out such houses and prosecute the keepers thereof.

"In the police district of the city of St. John there is a police force and a police magistrate. Over the police is a chief of police, who has the same power as any other constable of the force, and whose duty it is to control and direct the internal arrangements of the police force.

"The police force has a legal head—the police magistrate—to instruct it on the law, and to call the attention of the force to alleged violations of the law. It is the duty of every police constable to carry out and take steps to enforce the provisions of the Dominion statutes, provincial acts and city by-laws. Each man prior to going on the force makes oath before the police magistrate to the faithful performance of his duties.

"The police magistrate of the city of St. John is appointed by the local government and performs his duties within the police district of St. John. He is appointed by one, the provincial authority; he is paid his salary by another. The civic authority in whose special interest and welfare, as well as in the interest of public morality severally he discharges his duties.

"In the discharge of these duties he is not subject to any control, nor to dictation from any quarter.

Whatever views may have prevailed on this question within the past few years in the interest of orderly civic government, within this police district and having in view the utterances of pulpits and press, I would direct every member of the police force, whatever his rank, honestly to act, and earnestly to live up to the obligations of his oath, and search out and prosecute any violation of law in our city, without fear or favor, affection or ill-will.

A New Clothing Store.

A new clothing store is opened in the Opera house block by Mr. J. N. Harvey and he has issued a neat circular giving some idea of his goods and his prices. Hats and caps are also included in his assortment

ment which seems to be a most complete one. Up town clothing stores are scarce and the stand Mr. Harvey has secured is on a popular thoroughfare and should ensure him plenty of callers from the outset.

Title—Who is that cross-eyed woman with hair-lip, talking so loud?

Tattle—Why, that is the Duchess of Stormingcourt, whom the duke married for her fortune. She has ten million.

Tittle—Hump! The duke earned his money.

'Why don't they start the performance?' impatiently asked one of the spectators at the seance.

'The medium says the room is too cold,' replied some one who seemed to know.

'I should think she could rap up,' grumbled the other, 'and call for spirits.'

Elsie—My papa doesn't like the little sparrows at all. He says they're naughty birds.

Mabel—Oh, my! that ain't so.

Elsie—Yes, it is. I guess my papa ought to know; he's a part policeman.

Mabel—Oh, I know; he's mad because they won't keep off the grass.

VERBES OF YESTERDAY AND TODAY.

Dis beddest Polywogs.

Two Polywogs went out to play Upon a pleasant summer day;

"We'll have some fun," they seemed to say, Those youthful Polywogs.

"We've long been pent in this poor pond, And have not seen the world beyond, And yet of new things we are fond, If we are Polywogs!"

And so these jolly little doers— These wiggling, wiggling Polywogs Struck out from their moss-covered logs— Two dainty Polywogs.

The rushes quickly they got through, And then they dived upon their view A world beyond, both vast and new, To those two Polywogs.

A mighty deep before them lay With lots of room for them to play And here they thought they both might stay— Two happy Polywogs.

They had been told—yes, old and o'er— They must not venture far from shore, Or they would meet with troubles sore, Too great for Polywogs.

But they were wogs that knew no fear And heard advice with scorn and jeer, And felt quite wise, though born that year— Conceited Polywogs!

So each one gave his tail a sweep, And forward sprang with gladsome leap From shallow water into deep— Those careless Polywogs!

Just then a fish went swimming by, He spied these wogs with his sharp eye, And said, "Those chaps have got to die— I'll eat those Polywogs!"

One sweep he made with ever fish, Then stretched his mouth and took them in, And so they perished in their sin— Those foolish Polywogs.

So sometimes do foolish boys Go out to swim in sinful joys, But always find that sin destroys Not only Polywogs.

But other sinners, we are told, We sin through drink or love of gold; They mostly die before they're old, Like these two Polywogs.

Had they obeyed, these two young wogs Might have grown up to stately frogs; Enjoy life in their own bogs, Nor died as Polywogs.

And so if boys would grow up men There are commands, some eight or ten, That they must follow, now and then, Or they'll die Polywogs!

J. W. Whitfield.

My School-Day Friends.

Sometimes I go, reflectively, On joyous retrospectives, And for the moment dwell amid the scenes of long ago;

And on such outings, as a rule, I wonder to the dear old school, And visit with the boys and girls whom there I used to know.

Perchance you were acquainted, too, With many old-time friends I knew; Or may have met Ann Alyssa and, also, Ann Eliza;

Or, maybe, chummed with Algy Bray, Or sandwiched with Phil Dasherly, Or dived with Ed Tuckson, who was wont to be so wise.

And there was Etta Mology, Ah, yes, and Ann Thropology, And Polly Goo and Polly Grot and Polly This and Polly That;

You may have played at Ella Cutson, Cast a smile at Eva Linton, Or with Ella Mentary enjoyed a little chat.

Now all those friends I need to see Yet half forgotten dreams to me, And once within my thoughts they held a quite important place;

But they commenced 'commencement day' From memory to slip away Till now I scarcely know them if I met them face to face.

Checkers on the Exam.

The checker board is all worn out From use each winter night;

The checkers have become begrimed, Which once were shining bright; But still the game goes straightway on, Altho' the squares are blured,

While Cynthia pens up Reuben's men, Or Reuben captures hers.

Sometimes the old man takes a hand To show his practised skill, And then the farm his circle round While everyone is still;

They would not say a single word That would distract his play; So breathless they observe him drive Young Reuben's men to bay.

Ah, what would winter evenings be Without the checker board, With double corners, jumps and moves And fun which they afford;

Our disipation of constance In loo-much checkers here, Which makes the gossip tell about Our checkerboard life's career.

Chairs Re-seated Once, Splint, Forfeited, Dwell, 17 Waterloo.

Chairs Re-seated Once, Splint, Forfeited, Dwell, 17 Waterloo.

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

News of the Passing Week

The Sultan's Government had a majority of ten on the vote on the Budget. St. John Circuit Court opened Tuesday morning. There was no criminal business. Nova Scotia has been awarded \$671,000 as its reward in the Eastern Extension claim.

Thos. Pugsley, son of the attorney general, was married at Chatham, Wednesday to Miss Russell. Count Tolstoi, the novelist has been excommunicated by the Russian church for heresy writings. Dr. Crocket was elected mayor of Fredericton, Monday, over Ald. Smith by a vote of 544 to 262.

On Wednesday night a Fredericton hockey team defeated St. John by a score of four goals to one. Moncton curlers administered a severe defeat to the St. Andrews club last week, the score being 68 to 24.

Ex Pres. Gen'l Benj. Harrison died at Indianapolis, Wednesday, surrounded by his family and physicians. The death occurred on Sunday last of Mr. Patrick McGoldrick, mother of Warden McGoldrick of St. John.

Admiral Dewey will receive \$9,670 in prize money for the destruction of the Spanish fleet in Manila harbor. St. John board of school trustees has eighteen applications for the position made vacant by D. P. Chisholm's death.

A serious revolver fight took place near Shubenacadia, N. S., last Sabbath. Five men took part and one was fatally shot. St. John's City Council has decided to ask the Legislature to give it power to assist the proposed shipbuilding industry.

It is the intention, if the Duke of Cornwall arrives in time at Halifax to have him open the Nova Scotia Exhibition this fall. Robt Fitzsimmons the great prize fighter has signified his intention of visiting New Brunswick and hunting moose the present year.

By a majority of fifty Fredericton has refused the invited plan to put down a new sewerage system. The vote taken was very small. The death occurred on Tuesday at Ormoco of Miss M. S. Allan, eldest daughter of J. Cob Allen, first Police Magistrate of Portland, S. John.

The offices of the N. Y., N. H. and Hartford Railroad, New York, were destroyed by fire Sunday. The damage amounts to \$250,000. The official reports regarding the progress of the bubonic plague in Capetown since the outbreak show a total of 22 deaths and 102 cases.

The Corner's jury in the Nova Scotia revolver shooting case failed to agree, eleven of the twelve held that the shooting was done in self defence. Early in the week a severe storm swept over the South and West much, damage being done property in the states of Kansas, Kentucky and Illinois.

In the civic elections in Moncton the citizens ticket was successful Mr. H. Atkinson being elected mayor by a majority of 270 over R. W. Hewson. The death occurred this week at Augusta, Me., of Mrs. Reid, daughter of the late Sylvester Wood of Fredericton and a cousin of the late Sir S. L. Tilley.

The Fredericton curlers have had the most successful session in their history and of any club in the Maritime Provinces, having met with only one defeat. Rev Father Gaynor on Sunday vigorously denounced the St. John police force for not stamping out several houses of ill fame in the vicinity of Lower Cove.

A fire in a nest of store houses on Union Wharf, Boston, Wednesday, the property leased by between 40 and 60 tenants caused a loss estimated at \$50,000. It is probable that the time for ratification of the treaties with Great Britain respecting reciprocity with the British West Indian colonies, will be extended during

the present week, for a period of one year or 18 months, in order that the treaties may be considered by the Senate next December. Carnegie the millionaire has made a gift of five million dollars for the endowment of a fund for supernannated and disabled employees of the Carnegie Company.

By the explosion of the boiler in the Boreman laundry, Chicago, Monday morning eight persons were instantly killed, 29 were injured and several are missing. By a vote of 34 to 30 the Canadian senate decided to hold an investigation into the Cook charge of the offer for a seat in the Senate if \$10,000 were paid for the same.

Mr. Arthur Dawson of St. John, has been awarded the contract for making the spring uniforms for the officers and men of the government steamers Carlew and Lansdowne. The British naval estimates for 1901 02 amount to £30,875,500, an increase of over £2,000,000, chiefly for ship building.

There is an increase of 3,745 in the number of officers and men. The Montreal Chambre de Commerce has unanimously adopted a resolution endorsing the idea of borrowing a million from the government with which to erect a two million bushel elevator.

A rear-end collision between a time freight and stock train on the Chicago and Northwestern road at Arlington Heights, Ill., Tuesday, killed two stockmen, fatally hurt one and injured seven others. Bourassa's motion favoring interference in South Africa Peace negotiations was defeated in the Canadian Parliament by a vote of 144 to 3. The result was hailed with the singing of God Save the King.

The death is announced of Mrs. L. G. Stevens, wife of the former rector of St. Luke's church, St. John. She was a daughter of the late Dr. Waddell, for many years superintendent of the Provincial Lunatic Asylum. The Toronto council of the board of trade has adopted unanimously a resolution favoring a material increase in the Dominion premier's salary and the payment of an allowance from the public treasury to the opposition leader.

The senate in Boston Tuesday took up the bill abolishing the death penalty in Massachusetts, a number of senators speaking on the measure. In the house the annual woman's suffrage debate began. Mr. Fall of Malden, led in support of the amendment of the constitution for women to vote.

The London Westminister Gazette says it hears there are rumors of imported grain being made to pay a portion of the budget and says it would take the form of the reimposition of the shilling retention charge abolished by Robert Lowe, when he was chancellor of the exchequer in 1868 73.

The state department at Washington has been informed by Consul General Turner at Ottawa that a member of Commons of Canada has given notice that he will move not to allow the preferential tariff of 33 1-3 on English goods unless they come to Canada by Canadian ports. It will seriously affect the steamship lines of Portland, New York and Boston if his motion is carried.

The young men, Henry Keay and Thomas Carey, came to Guysboro, N. S., Monday, from St. Francis and in the afternoon when returning home, they called at the house of John O'Connor, three miles from Guysboro town. After a short stay Keay and Carey left in their wagon and Edward O'Connor, a son of John O'Connor, went with them up the road. Later on in the afternoon young O'Connor was found on the side of the road near Milford Haven bridge, with his skull badly fractured and blood apparent. He died later. The theory is that the trio were drinking and O'Connor was hurt in a quarrel. An inquest will be held.



The Albany concert day evening last is still the popularity of claim to the affection evinced on that evening she was greeted with enthusiasm and applauded to fill every note and the audience later during the rendering Fair and Home Sweet Home and it is no exaggeration to say that she was also much admired and loudly applauded. She Madame Albany has Saturday. To them stated many interesting experiences since her and her concert troupe train. They arrived in the Montreal Star account of an interview Albany's father, The Chambly, where he daughter, whom he has many facts relative to and musical training man in the quiet but his people.

Dr and Mrs J Reynolds to arrive at Quebec holds was formerly Mr Judge Kline who now Reynolds holds now she will probably come to England.

Mr and Mrs George York on Saturday last to England, where they few months.

A fashionable and people were deeply ham on Tuesday eve. Bassell daughter of grand daughter of the united in marriage with of Attorney General. The ceremony was church, the pastor officiating. The bride ing on the arm of Fre beautiful gown of with lace and chiffon end with orange bud of pink roses. The wore a pretty dress of Alex McMillan of groom.

After the ceremony the residence of the b tion was held and lun Mr and Mrs Pugsley extended tour throu returns they will reside. The bride received presents. The groom with diamonds and a of diamonds and opals Mrs Pugsley has her several visits to acquisition to St John

The parlor concert and Mrs James H. Monday evening was event. A small and proceeds being for the The programme was enjoyed. Refreshment ant evening brought national anthem.

Miss Mabel Purcell Amherst after making visit to friends in the Mrs W J Duncan city on Tuesday and weeks the guest of Mr Mr and Mrs P. S. York and Atlantic for some weeks.

Miss M L Connell few days as a guest Miss Annie Lurgin time, left this week for dergo special medical

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he trio were drinking
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The Albany concert at the Opera House on Friday evening last is still the topic of conversation. The popularity of Madame Albani and her claim to the affections of the people of St. John was evinced on that evening, when at her every appearance she was greeted with a tremendous cheer of enthusiasm and applause. Her beautiful voice seemed to fill every nook and crevice of the building and the audience listened in spell bound admiration. During the rendering of Angels Ever Bright and Fair and Home Sweet Home perfect silence reigned and it is no exaggeration to say that one could have heard the proverbial pin drop.

Miss Muriel Foster's beautiful contralto voice was also much admired and her every number was loudly applauded. She responded to several encores. Madame Albani had many callers at her hotel on Saturday. To them she was all graciousness and related many interesting stories of her travels and experiences since her last visit here. The singer and her concert troupe left here on Saturday night's train. They arrived in Montreal on Tuesday evening.

The Montreal Star in its Tuesday issue, gives an account of an interview with Mr. St. Louis, Madame Albani's father. The old gentleman came in from Chambly, where he resides, to meet his famous daughter, whom he has not seen for some years. Many facts relative to Madame Albani's early life and musical training were told by the old gentleman in the quiet but musical dialect of the Acadia people.

Dr and Mrs J Reynolds of England are expected to arrive at Quebec early next week. Mrs Reynolds was formerly Miss Florrie King daughter of Judge King who now resides at Ottawa. As Mrs Reynolds intends paying a long visit to her parents she will probably come to St John before returning to England.

Mr and Mrs George West Jones went to New York on Saturday last. From there they will go to England, where they expect to remain for some few months.

A fashionable and pretty wedding in which St. John people were deeply interested took place at Chatham on Tuesday evening, when Miss Mary Helen Russell daughter of the late Thomas G Russell and granddaughter of the late Senator Mulhead was united in marriage with Mr Thomas P Pugsley, son of Attorney General Pugsley of this city.

The ceremony was performed at St. Andrew's church, the pastor, the Rev Duncan Henderson officiating. The bride who entered the church leaning on the arm of Premier Tweedie was attired in a beautiful gown of white silk, elaborately trimmed with lace and chiffon. She wore a bridal veil fastened with orange blossoms and carried a bouquet of pink roses. The bridesmaid, Miss Ada Russell wore a pretty dress of mauve and white silk. Mr Alex McMillan of this city ably supported the groom.

After the ceremony the bridal party returned to the residence of the bride's parents, where a reception was held and luncheon served.

Mr and Mrs Pugsley left on the late train for an extended tour through western cities. On their return they will reside in St. John.

The bride received many handsome and costly presents. The grooms gift was a gold bracelet set with diamonds and a ring, the setting of which was of diamonds and opals.

Mrs Pugsley has made many friends here during her several visits to our city and will be quite an acquisition to St. John's social circles.

The parlor concert held at the residence of Mr and Mrs James H Armstrong, Waterloo street on Monday evening was quite a pleasant little social event. A small admission fee was charged, the proceeds being for the benefit of an aged couple. The programme was excellent and was thoroughly enjoyed. Refreshments were served and the pleasant evening brought to a close by the singing of the national anthem.

Miss Mabel Pugsley has returned to her home in Amherst after making an extended and pleasant visit to friends in the city and vicinity.

Mrs W J Duncan of Restigouche arrived in the city on Tuesday and will remain here for some weeks the guest of friends.

Mr and Mrs F S McNair left this week for New York and Atlantic City, where they will remain for some weeks.

Miss M L Connell of Chatham is in the city for a few days as a guest at the Royal.

Miss Annie Lugin who has been very ill for some time, left this week for Boston, where she will undergo special medical treatment. She was accom-

panied by Miss Constance Vall, who will remain with her while at the Hub.

The many friends of Mrs Thos L Lunney are grieved to hear of her continued serious illness, at present her condition is considered quite serious, Miss Theodora Morse of Amherst who has been here for some weeks as the guest of the Misses Munro, returned last week to her home. Miss Morse made many friends during her stay in the city and should she return will be sure of a warm welcome.

Mr and Mrs S Hayward of this city were among a party of tourists who sailed from New York last week. The steamer goes direct to France and after spending sometime there the travellers will cruise along the Mediterranean. They will also visit Italy and return by way of England. Mr Ryan, brother of Mrs Hayward was also one of the party.

Miss Lou McAvity gave a thimble party for the entertainment of a few of her lady friends on Wednesday afternoon. A dainty collation was served and the time passed in a most pleasant manner.

The Monday evening skating club met this week for the last time this season. The prizes for the recent walking competition which were won by Miss Daisy Fairweather and Mr. H. E. C. Surden, Miss Mabel Thomson and Mr. H. F. Puddington, were presented by Mrs. J. H. Thomson. Many of the skaters express regret that the season is over and are enthusiastic over the club.

Tea, coffee and refreshments were served on Monday evening, the tea room being presided over by Mrs. J. H. Thomson and Mrs. Harry Puddington.

Mrs H H McLean entertained a number of her friends at a dinner party on Tuesday evening. Mrs McLean is an ideal hostess and her guests are always sure of enjoying everything provided for their entertainment. The party of Tuesday is said to have passed off most pleasantly.

Just now the coming of Dr Drummond, the talented and learned lecturer of Montreal is a much talked of event in literary circles. He is expected here sometime during the latter part of March and during his stay will lecture, on one or two evenings at the Mechanics Institute.

The ladies of the Red Cross Society and Soldiers Wives League made and distributed among the boys who left here on Monday evening to join the Baden-Powell constabulary, over one hundred housewives. These will do doubt prove very useful to the young Canadians as they contain thread, needles, buttons and such small but very important trifles which are not likely to be found on the African veldt.

The ladies of the different societies with which the late Miss Francis Murray was connected are contemplating some methods of perpetuating the memory of one so deeply and energetically interested in all things relative to the good of humanity. Just what form the memorial will take has not, as yet, been fully decided.

A concert of a most interesting nature will be given in St. Andrew's church on next Tuesday evening. The affair promises to be most enjoyable, and as the names on the programme include some of our best local talent, the concert will no doubt be profitable as well as pleasant. One interesting feature of the evening will be the grandfather's album.

Mrs J. De Wolfe Spurr is entertaining Miss Jessie Fleming of Chatham.

Mrs. J. A. Gregory has returned from a trip to Boston.

Mr. and Mrs. George Fraser intend moving to Sydney, C. B., where Mr. Fraser has accepted a lucrative position.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank Baird arrived this week from Boston where they have been spending a short vacation.

Mr. and Mrs. F. Stetson have returned from a pleasant trip to New York and Boston.

The first rehearsal of Rossini's Stabat Mater was held in the church of England Institute rooms on Thursday evening at 8 o'clock. Mr Callison will direct the rehearsals of both the choruses and the principal parts. The solos will be sung by Miss Frances Travers, Miss Grace Manning, Mr Robert Seeley and Mr J A Kelly.

Miss Nan McDonald left for New York on Monday afternoon. She will study nursing at St Luke's hospital training school. A number of her friends were at the depot to bid her farewell and wish her success with her studies.

Mr Lance Campbell left on the same day for Putnam, Conn., where he has received a good position and intends locating.

Miss Ida Berryman who has been visiting friends here for some weeks, has returned to her home in St. Stephen.

Miss Maud Curran of this city is visiting friends in Bridgetown, N. S.

Miss Margaret Black left this week for Boston and New York, where she will visit friends.

Dr. and Mrs. Pugsley and sons Willis and Jack Mrs. D. Pugsley and Mr. W. C. Whitaker were in Chatham this week attending the marriage of Mr. Thomas P. Pugsley.

The death of Miss Aggie Mullin which occurred on Monday at the home of her parents on the Old Westmorland Road, a short distance from the city has occasioned much sorrow among those who knew and appreciated her gentle disposition and winning manner. Miss Mullin was a graduate of

the Victoria school and had many young friends in the city.

The Ladies Association of the Natural History Society had a very interesting meeting on Thursday afternoon. Mr G U Hay was present and gave an address of some length. His subject was Nature of Literature. The connection which Canadian literature, especially in the earlier stages had with the scenery of the country was ably and clearly demonstrated by the scholarly gentleman.

Miss Maud Cline is visiting her parents, Pilot and Mrs. Cline, St. James street. Miss Cline has been studying at the General Hospital at Fall River, Mass., and has been most successful with her examinations. She received her diploma last week.

Rev. Thomas F. McGoldrick of Dorchester, Mass who was here to attend the funeral of his mother, Mrs. P. McGoldrick, is quite seriously ill with an attack of la grippe. Father McGoldrick is a brother of Warden J. McGoldrick.

The Misses Thompson of Fredericton were among the visitors in the city. This week Miss Thompson has gone to Ottawa to visit her sister, Mrs. A. G. Blair.

R. Clarke Lewis of London, Eng., a son of the late Senator Lewis is at the Royal. Mr. Lewis is being warmly welcomed home by many old friends. Mr. J. S. Neill and Mr. P. G. Puts of Fredericton were in the city this week.

Mrs. H. G. Fenety has gone to Fredericton to visit Mrs. G. E. Fenety at Windsor Hall. Mrs. E. S. Carter who has been visiting Miss Carter at St. Stephen and her mother Mrs. G. E. Fenety of Fredericton has returned home.

ST. STEPHEN AND CALAIS.

[Progress is for sale in St. Stephen at the book store of O. S. Wall, T. E. Acheson and J. Vroom & Co., in Calais at O. F. Treas's.]

MAR. 14.—What promises to be an excellent entertainment is the concert to be given on Friday evening by the graduating class of the Calais Hill School.

Mr and Mrs Arthur Dixon have returned from Hampton, where they have been residing for some time. Miss Sadie Ryan is contemplating a trip to Boston in the near future.

Friends of Mrs John F Grant are grieved to hear of her serious illness.

Mrs Spence returned from a visit to her son, Harry who is studying at Rothesay.

Miss Hazel Grimmer is visiting St. John and St. Andrews.

Mrs Riddick has been quite ill with grip during the past week but is now recovering.

The St. Croix whist club is to be entertained at the Windsor hotel this evening by the gentlemen of the club.

Dr and Mrs Franklin Eaton and Miss Irene Eaton have gone to Providence, Rhode Island, where they will visit for several weeks.

Mrs J W Millidge attended the Albany concert at St. John last week.

Mrs Wilfred L Eaton and Mrs Frank P Woods have returned from Boston.

Mr and Mrs I R Todd are visiting in Boston and vicinity.

Mr and Mrs George Downes are guests at the St Croix Exchange.

Mrs George Sands went to Moncton this week.

Miss Ida Berryman has returned from an extended visit with relatives in St. John.

Mrs Russell of Eastport is the guest of Mrs Corey in Calais.

W C G Grimmer was suddenly called to St. Andrews last week on account of the illness of his mother, Mrs G S Grimmer.

Miss Bessie Porter has returned from a visit to St. John.

Mrs Alanson Eard has returned to her home in Boston.

Charles B Lowell is the guest of Mr and Mrs Eliwell Lowell.

ST. ANDREWS.

Mar. 13.—Mrs Wm Cummings of Cummings Cove came to St Andrews this week for medical treatment. Her daughter, Miss Agnes Cummings, is with her.

Mrs G Lamb who was prostrated with la grippe is now reported improving.

Mrs G S Grimmer's condition has improved.

Mrs James Stoop has developed pneumonia and her friends are very anxious concerning her.

Mrs E F Estes has gone to Sydney to join her husband.

The Iceberg.

The Aurora decks my brow with flame,
Rose-red my crystals burn;
Out of the eternal deep I came,
And to the deep return.
Borne to the herald winds I go;
The trumpet of the storm I blow;
And round my heart I wear the mantle of the snow.

Yet by the Polar moonbeams kissed,
A steller robe is mine;
The silken raiment of the mist
Enshrouds me for a sign.
I am the eldest child of death,
As that pale venture witnesseth;
The unrelenting wave grows still before my frozen breath.

And landmen, far on Norway's coast,
Have seen my plumes white.
And wondering asked what strange sea ghost,
Went by them in the night.
As down those racing tides I sped,
A spectre from a world more dread,
Darkening a thousand stars with my tremendous head.

Sometimes 's my forlorn domain
There comes a lonely sail;
The rangers of the untravelled main
Who follow the great whale.
When the gray fog lies dark and cold,
Along a slumbering ocean rolled,
Into its shades they steer, with jound heart and bold.

Till breaking through that fatal veil,
Athwart their bows I loom;
And the leaves their drooping sail
Before the impending doom.
Even as those pale mist reveal
The foe their wavering folds conceal,
My ponderous bulk descends upon their shattered keel.

With crash of many a rending beam
And shriek of drowning men,
As the green billow's stilling stream
Floods the forecastle's pen;
While I, of ignorant soul and blind,
Miss shaves of a driver's mind,
Leave my yet grasping prey, nor cast one glance behind.

Still southward, ever southward pressed,
By hurrying currents driven;
Till on screech seas I rest,
Beneath a bluer heaven.
And as some guilty spirit dies
Before our Lord's accusing eyes,
Into the wave I sink, watched by those cloudless skies.

Edward Sydney Tyler.

'For, look you, my friend Van Tank
has a treasure of a wife! Sayest thou so?'
'In truth, he has! For, when he goeth
out with a friend and getteth a jag, she
blameth it all on the friend!'

Umbrellas Made, Re-covered, Repaired
Ducal 17 Waterloo.

JOHN NOBLE, L^{td}.
BROOK ST., MANCHESTER, ENGLAND.
Largest Costumiers & Mantlemen in the World.

From all parts of the Globe ladies do their "shopping by post" with this huge dress and drapery enterprise, it being found that after payment of any postages or duties, the goods supplied could not be nearly equalled elsewhere, both as regards price and quality, and now that the firm is so firmly rooted in the public favour and its patrons so numerous, it can afford to give, and does give, even better value than ever.—Canadian Magazine.

ORDERS EXECUTED BY RETURN OF POST.
SATISFACTION GIVEN OR MONEY RETURNED.

Model 256.
Made in John Noble Cheviot Serge or Costume Coat, consisting of Velvet revers, pret- and White, Plain \$2.56 fashionable Skirt with one box-pleat. Price complete, only \$2.56; carriage, 65c. extra. Skirt alone, \$1.50; carriage, 45c. extra.

Model 1492.
Made in Heavy Frieze Cloth Tailor-made, Double-breasted Coat, and full wide carefully finished Skirt, in Black or Navy Blue only; Price complete Costume \$4.10; Carriage 65c.

JOHN NOBLE
KNOCKABOUT FROCKS
FOR GIRLS.

Thoroughly well made, in Strong Serge, with saddle top, long full sleeves, and pockets. Lengths in front, and Prices:
27 inches 49c. 81 cents.
30 33 inches 75c. 88 cents.
Postage 22 cents.
36 39 inches 97c. \$1.10
42 45 inches \$1.22 \$1.34
Postage 45 cents.

PATTERNS
of any desired material, and the latest Illustrated Fashion Lists sent Post Free.

SPECIAL
values in Ladies and Childrens Costumes, Jackets, Capes, Under-clothing, Millinery, Waterproofs, Dress Goods, Houselinens, Lace Curtains, and General Drapery.

Readers will oblige by kindly naming this paper when ordering from or writing to

JOHN NOBLE, LTD.
BROOK ST. MANCHESTER, ENGLAND.

Leave Your Spring Painting, etc.
Orders Early for
At ST. JOHN PAINT STORE,
158 PRINCESS ST. TEL. 697.

H. L. & J. T. McGowan
We sell Paint in Small Tins, Glass, Oil, Turpentine, Whiting, Putty, etc.

WHITE'S For Sale by all First-Class Dealers in Confectionery.

Caramel Snowflakes

Don't take inferior goods; the best do not cost any more than inferior goods.

CROWNED BEST OF ALL.

Every lady who has worn Corticelli Skirt Protector crowns it the best of all protectors.

Its soft, porous, elastic texture, of pure selected wool outwears the skirt, sheds dirt and dust, dries out quickly. Steam shrunken in the yarn, cannot pucker the skirt, cannot fade—no frayed edges, no cut bottoms, no pulling away from the stitching. Sewed on flat, not turned over. Every dress goods shade. Sold everywhere.

Stamped with this trade mark: Corticelli

Corticelli SKIRT PROTECTOR

When You Want a Real Tonic 'ST. AGUSTINE' ask for (Registered Brand) of Pelee Wine. GAGETOWN, Sept. 21, 1899.

E. G. Scoville, "Having used both we think the St. Augustine preferable to Vin Mariani as a tonic." JOHN C. CLOWES

E. G. SOOVI, [Telephone 162] 62 Union Street

Fry's Cocoa

is absolutely pure Cocoa in its most concentrated form. It is very rich, healthful, nourishing. It is economical to use because of its great strength. It dissolves easily. It has taken medals everywhere because of its superior excellence. A quarter pound tin of it costs but 25 cts, and makes fifty cups.

Sold by leading dealers everywhere.

FOR ADDITIONAL SOCIETY NEWS, SEE FIFTH AND EIGHTH PAGES



HALIFAX NOTES.

Programs for sale in Halifax by the cubsboys and at the following news stands and cost as follows:
The Standard News Co. ... 1000
The Halifax News Co. ... 1000

March 13.—Mrs Jones received her friends at Government House on Tuesday afternoon.
The members of the Dalhousie Glee Club are arranging a concert which it is supposed will be held on next Thursday week.

An event of interest this week, will be the Irish concert on Friday evening, at which a large number of our leading talent will take part. Several young ladies from different parts of the province will also assist.

At a meeting of the Dartmouth Literary Society on last Thursday evening, papers on the life and works of Tennyson were read by the members. An instructive and pleasant evening was spent.

The latest engagement to be announced in social circles is that of Miss Marjorie Faysant and Mr Percy Brown.

Mrs Edward Twining is paying a visit to friends in New York.
Miss Sadie Brown has returned from a pleasant visit to relatives in Wolfville.

Miss Eva Holmes is spending a few weeks in Montreal.
A number of local amateurs under the direction of Mr H B Clarke and Mr C M Pyke have begun rehearsals of the Chinese of Normandy. The opera will no doubt be successful.

Miss Laura Graham is visiting friends in Boston and New York.
Mrs E Martin, Shelburne, is in the city the guest of her sister Mrs Jas R Ormon.

Miss Kittle Tretaway has returned home from a visit to New Germany.
Miss Bessie Watt left this week on a visit to Boston.

Mrs Dr Gord on gave a reception to the students of the Ladies College and the Dalhousie college, on Saturday evening last at their residence Pine Hill. Those privileged were with a very few exceptions in attendance and a very pleasant evening was spent. Dainty refreshments were served. The hostess being assisted in dispensing her hospitality by a number of the young lady students.

Rev J and Mrs Cox of Falmouth are in the city and intend remaining here until spring. They have taken apartments at the Brunswick.
Mrs Farquhar and the Misses Farquhar have gone to Boston and will probably remain there until after Easter.

Mrs Jas A Lade and Miss Dalay Lade went to Boston this week.
Miss Nellie Otto is paying a visit to friends in Boston.

Miss G McIntosh and Miss A E Scott left this week for the Hub.
Many dances and sleighing parties which were to have taken place last week or this week have been abandoned on account of the absence of snow the roads being in a very poor condition. At present indications are that the drives will have to be postponed until next winter.

A pretty event took place at the Methodist church at Waverley on last Thursday evening when Miss Laura Sprigg, daughter of Mr John Sprigg and Mr James Otto, both of that place, were united in marriage. The bride wore a pretty blue cloth gown and was attended by Miss Nellie Otto, sister of the groom. The ceremony was performed by the Rev Mr Perry at the conclusion of which the happy young couple left on a wedding trip to American cities.

KENTVILLE.

Mar 12.—An enjoyable and successful social was held at the Mansie one evening last week. A pleasant evening was spent by the many present and quite a sum realized for church purposes.

Mrs M Terry is paying a visit to her daughter, Mrs Creighton, at Dartmouth.
Miss Gertrude Melster arrived this week from Waverly, Mass, and is enjoying her vacation at her home in Port Williams.

Miss Nellie Robertson, of Halifax, who has been the guest of Mrs J C Starr has returned home.
Miss Cummings, of the Western Union Telegraph office, is spending her vacation at her home in Great Village.

A large "at home" was given by Miss Woodworth, Main street, on Friday evening. The affair was most enjoyable and passed off pleasantly.

Mrs J C Starr is paying a visit to her home in Bridgewater.

AMHERST.

Mar 13.—Miss Nellie Chapman is taking a course of instruction at the Truro Business College.
Miss Theodora Morse is home from a pleasant visit to her friends, the Misses Munro, St John.

Mrs Beek who has been a great sufferer for years passed away last week at the residence of her son-in-law, Dr T G Tupper, Crescent Avenue.
Mrs D C Allan is in Halifax paying a visit to her friends, Rev J L and Mrs Batty.

Mrs Charles Dunbar, of Windsor has been the guest of Mrs John Taylor, Acadia street.
Miss Beatrice Harper has returned to Shediac, after a few weeks' visit with her friends, the Misses Calder, Church street.

Mr and Miss Chapman, of Dorchester were in town recently, guests of Mr and Mrs J Iguila Bent, Church street.
Miss Mabel Pugsley has returned from a visit to friends in St John.

Miss Arnold of Boston is staying with her brother, James Arnold, Batchford street. Mrs Arnold entertained a number of friends in her honor quite recently.

The marriage took place at St Lukes Cathedral, Halifax on Thursday evening, the 23rd, of Mrs Jessie Robb, widow of F B Robb, late of this town to Thomas Henry Cochran, drug clerk of the above place.

TO OBTAIN BROMO QUININE TABLETS. All druggists return the money if it fails to cure. See E. W. Grove's signature on each box.

city, Mr and Mrs Cochran arrived in town on Friday night and are located in the bride's home Havlock street.

Miss Hunter of Moncton is a guest of her aunt, Mrs D L Hunter, Laplace.

Mr and Mrs Nathaniel Curry left last week for New York, en route for Europe. They sail from there direct to France, will cruise on the Mediterranean, spend some days in Italy, returning home via Liverpool and Halifax, and will be gone six weeks. Among those who have joined the party for the trip are Mr and Mrs Samuel Hayward, St John, and Mr Ryan, brother of Mrs Hayward, and Mrs Ryan, Sarkville.

Mrs Thomas Henry Cochran, nee Robb was at home on Tuesday and Wednesday evenings. She was greeted in black with a pink bedcase and was assisted by Mrs Dr McDonald and Miss Isabel Main.

Mrs D W Douglas has gone to Ottawa.
Mrs M D Fride left last week on a short trip to Boston and New York.

WINDSOR.

Mar 13.—Miss Rose Ouseley is visiting friends in Dartmouth.
The marriage of Rev T Davie, B A, curate of St John's church, Truro, and Miss Madeline Black daughter of Dr J B Black of Windsor, will be celebrated the third week in April.

Miss B A Frites of Moncton, was here last week, the guest of Miss Lulu Putnam, Brooklyns.

Miss Bullock, Halifax, came to town last week and is staying with Mr and Mrs Handcombody.
Miss Annie Mosher returned home on Friday from Seakville, N.B, where she has been visiting friends.

Miss Florence Dakin, Halifax, was in town on Saturday until Monday the guest of sister Mrs Grant Goudge.

Mrs John W Maxner has returned home after spending six weeks in Halifax with her daughter, Mrs John W Taylor.

Mrs R Conlon has gone to Quebec city to visit her parents, Mr and Mrs John Vincent, whom she has not seen for 17 years.

Mrs and Miss Robbins of Yarmouth are in town, and are boarding with Mrs Stephens, King street.
Miss Robbins is filling the position as stenographer in the office of the Windsor Plaster Co.

Mrs A ward Forsythe, Windsor, and two children left by steamer Evangeline for Liverpool, where they will join the Capt and then proceed to Cape Town. Mrs Forsythe will probably be absent about a year, and her many friends wish her bon voyage.

Mrs F R Eaton has returned to New York after paying a long visit to her parents in this city.
Mrs M Bradford of Annapolis Royal spent a few days in town last week with her sister, Mrs Norman Dmook and returned home on Friday.

Latest styles of Wedding invitations and announcements printed in any quantities and at moderate prices. Will be sent to any address. Progress Job Print.

YARMOUTH.

Mar 12.—Mrs Eben Hilton and daughter, Miss Edna, of Boston are in town. They came here to attend the funeral of Mrs Caleb N Cook.

Miss Sadie Kirk went to Boston last week where she will visit friends for some time.

Mrs Jacob Sweeney was a passenger on the steamer Boston last week.

Captain Reuben Cameron and Mrs Cameron also left on the same day to pay a visit to friends at the Hub.

Mrs G W T Farish has gone to Montreal, where she will visit for a short time.

Hon. Wm Law and Mrs Law arrived from Halifax on Monday and leave to return on Wednesday.

Mrs Hamilton Byers and her sister Mrs John Allen arrived from New York Saturday last.

Mrs B W Ray went to Boston on Saturday last, where she will visit friends.

Miss Kate Smith is spending some time with relatives at the Hub.

Miss Jeannette Weston, Miss Sadie Cunningham, Miss Ella Smith, and Blanche Canning were passengers on steamer Boston on Saturday evening last.

There is to be a masquerade carnival at the rink on Friday evening. The affair promises to be most enjoyable.

DIGBY.

Mar 13.—Mrs Aubrey Brown was in St John this week.

Master Gerald Hughes who has been seriously ill is now convalescent.

Mrs McCormack and Miss Fannie Smith were visiting in St John this week.

Miss Nellie Conwell is visiting friends at Annapolis. She will return home this week.

Rev A F Robb of St John who is on route to Korea in the interests of Foreign Missions was in town last week.

Mr Frank Bent who has been seriously ill for some length of time is rapidly recovering.

Miss Lizzie Felton of Lawrenceton has returned home from Boston. She was accompanied by her father Mr B E Felton, from Yarmouth.

Mr and Mrs F B Sanders returned home from Halifax via yesterday's express. They will be at home Wednesday and Thursday evening, the 13th and 14th inst.

Mr and Mrs H A Merritt have the sympathy of the entire town in the loss of their thirteen year old son, Charles Fben, which occurred on Thursday last, after a few days illness.

BRIDGE TOWN.

Mar 13.—Mrs N R Burrows returned from New York last Saturday.

Miss Marshall of Paradise spent several days of last week with Mr T Ruggles.

Miss Maud Curran of St John is the guest of her aunt, Mrs Geo Russell.

Mr and Mrs F W Baker of St John were guests of Mr and Mrs J R Fudge on Monday.

Mrs J W Brown and daughter, Muel, arrived home on Saturday, after a five weeks visit in Boston.

Mr Frank Johnson of Wolfville is visiting his brother, Mr F H Johnson at Carlton's Corner.

Capt A R Crowell, who has been visiting his sister, Mrs L R Miller, several weeks, has gone to Halifax.

ANNAPOLIS.

Mar 12.—Mr William Godfrey of Yarmouth, was here recently staying with his mother.

Mr and Mrs H M Bradford, have returned from Windsor.

Mrs Arand, who has been visiting her friend, Mrs Rice, of Bear River has returned home.

Bishop Courtney is the guest of Mrs Godfrey while in town this week.

Miss Emma McLachlan, who has been with her sister, Mrs H deBlais, since Christmas returned to Lunenburg last week.

MOST PEOPLE OPSIDED.

Difference Between the Legs, Eyes and Ears of Men and Women.

The two sides of a person's face are never alike. The eyes are out of line in two cases out of five, and one eye is stronger than the other in seven persons out of ten. The right ear is also, as a rule, higher than the left.

Only one person in fifteen has perfect eyes, the largest percentage of defects prevailing among fair-haired people. Short sight is more common in town than among country folk, and of all people the Germans have the largest proportion of short-sighted persons.

The crystalline lens of the eye is the one portion of the human body which continues to increase in size throughout life and does not cease with the attainment of maturity.

The smallest interval of sound can be better distinguished with one ear than with both. The nails of two fingers never grow with the same rapidity, that of the middle finger growing the fastest, while that of the thumb grows the slowest.

In fifty four cases out of a hundred the left leg is stronger than the right. The bones of an average human male skeleton weigh twenty pounds; those of a woman are six pounds lighter.

That manly member, the tongue of a woman, is also smaller than that of a man, given a man and a woman of equal size and weight. It may be appalling to reflect but it is nevertheless true, that the muscles of the human jaw exert a force of over five hundred pounds.

The symmetry which is the sole intelligible ground for cur ideas of beauty, the proportion between the upper and lower half of the human body, exists in nearly all males, but it is never found in the female. American limbs are more symmetrical than those of any other people.

The rocking chair, according to an English scientist, is responsible for the exercise which increases the beauty of the lower limbs. The push which the toes give to keep the chair in motion, repeated, makes the instep high, the calf round and full, and makes the ankle delicate and slender.

British women are said to average two inches more in height than Americans. Averages for the height of women show that those born in summer and autumn are taller than those born in spring or winter. The tallest girls are born in August.

As far as boys are concerned, those who first see the light during autumn and winter are not so tall as those born in spring and summer. Those born in November are the shortest; in July, the tallest.

An average head of fair hair consists of 148,040 hairs, dark hair of 105,060, while a red head has only 29,200. Fair haired people are becoming less numerous than formerly.

A person who has lived 70 years has had pass through his heart about 675,920 tons of blood 675,920 tons of blood, the whole of the blood, in the body passing through the heart in about thirty two beats. The heart beats on an average of seventy times a minute, or 36,792,000 times in the course of a year, so that the heart of an ordinary man, 80 years of age, has beaten 3,000,000,000 times. The heart beats ten times a minute less when one is lying down than when one is in an upright position.

Vain Precaution.

'With the idea of naming my boys,' said a white-haired man, 'so that there could be no nicknames—which I have always detested—in the family, we called the first Edmund, the second Edward, the third Edgar, the fourth Edwin, the fifth Edson, and the sixth Egbert.'

'That surely served your purpose, didn't it?' asked one of the listeners.

'Not at all,' rejoined the patriarch, rather shamefacedly. 'Beginning with the eldest, they were known as Eddie, Chuck, Bim, Snorker, Muggins and Pete, and every mother's son of them answered proudly to his nickname.'

'Why are each of you ladies so desirous of becoming president of your debating society?'

'It saves time,' answered Miss Cayene. 'When you are in the chair you are able to snub so many people at once.'

Save!

It is economy begins at home. A woman had had better discard the old-fashioned powder dyes and use Maypole Soap, which washes and dyes at one operation. No mess, no trouble. Brilliant, fast colors—quick, easy to use. Best dealers sell it.

Maypole Soap

See for Colors. Get for Black.

Woodsmen

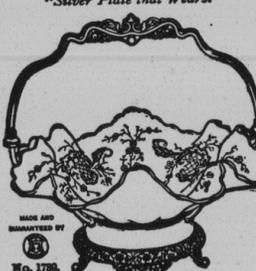
Know that in spite of hard work in the clear forest air the blood often becomes impure. The heavy food served in the lumber camps is to a great extent responsible for this condition of the blood, which renders the body an easy prey to many forms of disease. There is no better blood purifier than Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery. It cures eruptions, pimples, eczema, scrofula, rheumatism, and other diseases caused by an impure condition of the blood. It cures absolutely and infallibly together by cleansing the blood from the poisons which breed and feed disease.



Accept no substitute for the Discovery. There is no other medicine "just as good" for the blood. I will forever thank you for advising me to take Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery. I am in good health now—better than I ever was in my life, owing to Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery. I stopped.

Dr. Pierce's Common Sense Medical Adviser, containing 1008 pages, and over 700 illustrations, is sent free on receipt of stamps to defray expense of customs and mailing only. Send 31 one-cent stamps for the book in paper cover, or 50 cents for the book in cloth binding. Address Dr. R. V. Pierce, Buffalo, N. Y.

"Silver Plate that Wears."



MADE AND MANUFACTURED BY No. 1728.

For the Sideboard

We are showing a variety of pieces in Meriden Britannia Company's "Silver Plate" that wears. This beautifully colored and decorated dish is fittingly enclosed in a handsome standard, the whole making a very attractive article. Other pieces of like greater value in the same grade of plate in almost endless variety.

"1847 Rogers Bros."

Knives, Forks, Spoons, etc., are always in stock.

FAT REDUCTION.

Mrs. M Dumar studied the reduction of human fat for over 30 years, with the greatest specialists in Europe and America. Over 10,000 grateful patients attest to the success of her treatment. It is not "Banting," nor starvation diet. She protests against the "Free Trial Treatment" fraud, so often advertised. Her treatment is endorsed by the Colleges of Physicians and by "The United States Health Report." Her total charge is \$1, which pays for prescription, for medicine sold in all first class drug stores, full instructions as to the treatment, and stamps or Money Order to reduce one pound or more a day. No extra charges. No wrinkles and no injury to health.

FROM NEWSPAPER EDITORIALS. The patients of Mrs. Dumar are legion, and all of them are her friends.—Weekly Tribune and Star. Twenty odd years she has spent in serving her sister-sufferers and all have benefited by her treatment.—Family Physician Magazine, N. Y.

For many years this successful specialist has been curing excessive fat, and we (acknowledged to be the highest American authority on all matters pertaining to health, sanitation and hygiene) feel authorized to recommend this treatment.—United States Health Report. If you find this treatment not based on common sense, and if it doesn't work, she will send you a check. If you question the value of this treatment, ask any proprietor of a first class newspaper. They all possess this treatment. She has not published a testimonial in years. She does not need it. Her work is too well known. If you are interested in reducing flesh and believe that a sure, guaranteed reduction (as promised above) is worth \$1 to you, mail that sum in bill, stamps or Money Order to Mrs. M. DUMAR, 15 West 28th St. New York.

Use Perfection Tooth Powder.

For Sale at all Druggists.

BRANDIES!

Landing ex "Corean." Quarts or Pints. 100 Cts. Villedard XXX 100 " Tobitt & Co. 10 " Moret, France. 10 " Olavies. For sale low in bond or duty paid. THOS. L. BOURKE 25 WATER STREET.

NOTICE.

NOTICE is hereby given that an application will be made to the Legislative Assembly of this Province at its next session, for an Act to amend the law relating to Hard Labor Sentences in Schools, for the purpose of the better enforcement of such sentences in the Goal of the County of the City and County of Saint John.

Dated the 17th day of January A. D. 1901. By order GEORGE E. VINCENT, Secretary.

NOTICE.

APPLICATION will be made to Legislature at its next session for the passing of an act to incorporate a company by the name of THE COTTAGE CITY PARK, Limited, for the purpose of acquiring, owning and managing Real Estate, and improving the same, and the erection of cottages and other buildings thereon, with power to lease, mortgage or sell the same, and with such other powers as may be incident thereto.

St. John, N. B., Jan. 14th. 1901.

Eugene Field's Poems A \$7.00 Book. Given Free to each person interested in subscribing to the Eugene Field Monument Souvenir Fund. The book contains a selection of Field's best and most representative works and is ready for delivery.

EUGENE FIELD MONUMENT SOUVENIR FUND, (Also at Book Store.) 180 Monroe St., Chicago. If you also wish to send postage, enclose 10 cents.

THE BOSTON CLUB very pleasant evening carried out, after which served. Mrs M Garland is with pneumonia. Miss Hausman of Campbellton has returned from the city the guest of Mrs George Launk. Mrs Nellie Anderson is in town for a few weeks.

Mar 12.—The ladies held a parlor social at Belmont on Monday evening was spent, of and musical program. Miss Mary Connelley a short visit to her home in St John.

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Use the MURKIN LANN FLOR WAT

"The Universal For the Handker Bath. Refuse a

MORON

Mar 12.—Miss Jean B...

<

Use the genuine MURRAY & LANMAN'S FLORIDA WATER

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

MONCTON.

MAR 13.—Miss Jean Robinson who with her parents leaves Moncton this week for Rossland, B.C. was entertained at a driving party and reception on Friday evening last.

Miss Beattie Triles is home from an enjoyable trip to Wolfville. Mr. Frank Smith and bride have returned from their wedding tour.

Dr. and Mrs. Bourque and Mr. and Mrs. A. E. Holstead were in St. John last week attending the Albert concert.

The Ladies Auxiliary of the Y.M.C.A. gave an at home this week in the association rooms.

Mrs. J. Van Buskirk was called to New Glasgow on Monday by the very serious illness of her daughter Miss Eva.

Senator F. McSweeney and daughter Miss Williams arrived home this week after an absence of several weeks in Montreal, Ottawa and southern American cities.

Mr. George McSweeney, Miss McSweeney, Miss Doherty and Mrs. John Lefurgey left Moncton last week for Florida.

Mrs. John Sellick and daughter left this week for Edmunston, where they will in future reside.

Miss Jardine of Campbellton, who has been visiting here for some weeks has returned home. Her friend Miss May Atkinson of this city accompanied her and will visit there for some time.

Mrs. John McKinnon, who has been here for some time, has returned to her home in Charlottetown.

Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Fry of St. John were in Moncton this week. They were going to Dalhousie where Mr. Fry has official business.

Mr. Mattie McKelver of this town, who has been very ill at Charlottetown, P. E. I., has come home and will remain here until she is fully recovered.

The Beethoven club met this week and enjoyed a very pleasant evening. A choice programme was carried out, after which ice cream and cake were served.

Mrs. M. Garland is quite seriously ill at her home with pneumonia.

Miss Hausman of this city who has been visiting in Campbellton has returned home.

Miss Nellie Anderson of Springhill is visiting in the city the guest of Miss Nellie MacDougall.

Mrs. George Laanik of St. George street, is entertaining Miss Jean Robinson of Quebec.

Miss Jephria Flanagan is visiting in Nova Scotia.

WOODSTOCK.

MAR. 12.—The ladies of the Methodist church held a parlor social at the residence of Mr. William Balmain on Monday evening last.

Mrs. George Fisher and Miss Fisher of Chatham are in town for a brief visit.

Mrs. George Mitchell is visiting in St. Andrews.

Mr. and Mrs. Allison McCala, Centerville, were in town recently.

W. A. Peterson, Calais is in town visiting at Mrs. Porter's, Connel street.

Mrs. John Smith, Summerfield, is the guest of her daughter, Mrs. Thomas Wallace, Woodstock.

Mrs. A. B. Holyoke has returned from St. John, where she has been visiting friends.

Mrs. Charles G. Hand and her little girl left on Saturday for Fredericton and Burton, Sunbury County, where they will visit friends and relatives for a few weeks.

NEWCASTLE.

MARCH 14.—Mrs. John Ferguson has gone to St. John.

Mrs. Wm. Vye, who has been ailing for some time has gone to the Montreal General Hospital to consult the leading physicians there.

Miss Beattie Jardine left Monday morning for Boston, Mass., where she will visit.

Miss B. Mullis of Bathurst is visiting Miss Quigley.

Mr. and Mrs. E. Hutchinson of Douglastown are home from an extensive tour through the Southern States.

Latest styles of Wedding Invitations and announcements printed in any quantities and at moderate prices. Will be sent to any address.

TRURO.

MARCH 13.—Ms and Mrs. C. B. Longworth, en route home, from their wedding tour to Prince Edward Island were guests at the Stanley House, one or two days last week.

Mrs. D. C. Allen and Miss Duplessis Allen were in town last week, guests at the Stanley and renewing acquaintances with many old friends.

Mr. C. M. Blanchard was in Halifax, one or two days last week.

Miss Gough who has been visiting Mrs. S. L. Walker returned to Halifax last week.

Miss Nora Blanchard has returned to town from visits with friends in different parts of the Province.

Miss Cunningham, Antigonish, was a guest of Mrs. Leaman's for a few days this week.

WOLFVILLE.

MAR. 13.—Miss Kessie Banks of Waterville and

an old student of the summary, has been visiting Prof. Weisman's.

Mr. Parker of Aylesford has been visiting Mrs. Huntington, Prospect street.

Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Clark leave this week by steamer for Halifax for Trinidad and other points in the south. They expect to return about the middle of May.

Miss Edna Stirling of Windsor is paying a visit to Miss Triddell.

Mr. Thorpe of Centerville was the guest of Mrs. T. J. Porter's last week.

Miss Nellie DeWolf of Halifax is the guest of her grandmother, Mrs. Edwin DeWolf.

On Thursday last Capt. Halburton of Wolfville, was married to Miss Clara Harris, daughter of Smith Harris of Lower Wolfville. The happy couple will reside on Dr. B. Milton's place, Canard Corner, which Mr. Halburton has purchased.

THINGS OF VALUE.

None—I just heard you talking of your alma mater. Of what institution are you a graduate? Lushley—Keeley.

A PLEASANT MEDICINE.—There are some Pills which have no other purpose evidently than to get patients into a hospital, or some other simple case. But if precautions be not taken, this simple case may have most serious consequences.

When his wife met him with another woman she turned green with envy and gave them a black look. The woman at turned red and the man turned white. Eventually they all fell blue about it.

Pale sickly children should use Mother Graves' Worms Expeller. Worms are one of the principal causes of suffering in children and should be expelled from the system.

"Remember this, young man," said he who through the mill had been; "Dust and grass is green as it can be. Grass widows are not green."

Holloway's Ointment is a specific for the removal of corns and warts. We have never heard of its failing to remove even the worst kind.

Buster—I am having awful hard luck. I am now down to my last dollar. Deasbrooke—Pshaw! that's nothing. Wait till you are down to the last dollar of your last friend.

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

"I would give you my seat, sir," said the fair young girl to the pale young man who was leaning a strap in the street car. "But I am very tired. I have sat through a matinee performance of Rantem, the actor."

"Never mind, madam," said the pale man, taking a fresh grip on the strap; "I am Rantem the actor."

Differences of Opinion regarding the popular internal and external remedy, Dr. THOMAS' COLIC-TRIC OIL—do not, so far as known, exist. The testimony is positive and concurrent that the oil relieves physical pain, cures lameness, checks a cough, is an excellent remedy for pains and rheumatic complaints, and it has no nauseating or other unpleasant effect when taken internally.

Beating An Avalanche.

One of the most exciting Alpine adventures on record was Mr. Tuckett's race with an avalanche on the Eiger Glacier in 1871. He was ascending the glacier with two friends and a guide. Says Travel:

The glacier sloped somewhat steeply, and on the upper part, above the climbers, a mass of loose, freshly fallen snow had collected. Suddenly the travellers heard a thundering noise, and perceived a huge mass of snow and ice sliding down toward them. They could only try to reach the rocks at the side of the glacier, hoping to do so before the avalanche should sweep them away. Through the knee-deep snow they ran for their lives.

"I remember," said Mr. Tuckett, "being struck with the idea that it seemed as if the avalanche were sure of its prey, and wished to play with us for a while. At one moment it let us imagine that we had gained on it; and the next, with mere wantonness of vindictive power, it suddenly rolled out a vast volume of grinding blocks and whirling snow, as if to show us that it could outflank us any moment it chose."

"Nearer and nearer it came, its front a mighty wave about to break. It aimed straight at us, swift, deadly, implacable. The next instant we saw no more. A wild confusion of whirling snow and fragments of ice, a frozen cloud, swept over us, entirely concealing us from one another. But still we were untouched, and still we ran."

"Another half second, and the mist parted. There lay the body of the monster, whose head was still careering away at lightning speed far below us, motionless, rigid, harmless."

"Would you please give me \$2 to get some bread for my hungry family?" said the beggar to the man passing.

"Why, \$2 would buy a whole lot of bread, my man!"

"Yes, I know it; and I need a whole lot sir. You see, the turkey has to be stuffed my wife must have bread puddin', and three of the children are always crying for milk toast, sir."

PUBLIC OPINION is strong in favor of Pain-Killer. For over sixty years the foremost household remedy for cuts, bruises, and all bowel complaints. Avoid substitutes, there is but one Pain-Killer, Perry Davis' 25c. and 50c.

MURDER AT A MURDER TRIAL.

Prisoner Struck By A Brother Of His Victim In Court At Naples.

A sensational trial which throws an interesting light upon the Neapolitan character, has just come to a sensational conclusion at Naples. A singularly named and mild looking young man named Simeoli was indicted at the Criminal Assize for the murder of one Ricci. The court was from the first predisposed in the prisoner's favor, for he made a good impression in the dock. Moreover, nearly all the witnesses called gave evidence distinctly in his favor.

Hope shone from Simeoli's eyes, and as he was leaving the court during the luncheon interval on the last day of the trial he cast upon the prosecution a smile, just one little smile, of gentle triumph. He never smiled again, for at that moment two young women, sisters of the murdered man, threw themselves upon Simeoli and punched and clawed his face with unadvised vigor.

Several gendarmes went to the prisoner's assistance and reached him in a very bedraggled condition. But Simeoli had only escaped from the frying pan into the fire. A young brother of Ricci broke through the gendarmes and drove a dagger right into Simeoli's heart, killing him instantly.

Afterward it was discovered that Simeoli was a murderer and a leading member of a secret band of criminals who have for years past terrorized the vicinity of Naples and even the city itself by frequent highway robberies, burglaries and assassinations. All his witnesses were proved to be members of the same society and perjurers.

Income, \$ 58,890,977 21

Disbursements, 38,597,480 68

Assets, 304,844,537 62

Policy Reserves, 261,711,988 61

Guarantee Fund or Surplus, 50,132,548 91

Insurance and Annuities in Force, 1,052,665,211 64

Loans on Policies During the Year, 4,374,636 86

The Mutual Life Insurance Company OF NEW YORK

RICHARD A. McCURDY, President.

STATEMENT FOR THE YEAR ENDING AUGUST 11, 1900.

Table with financial data: Income, Disbursements, Assets, Policy Reserves, Guarantee Fund or Surplus, Insurance and Annuities in Force, Loans on Policies During the Year.

J. A. JOHNSON, General Agent for the Maritime Provinces and Newfoundland

ROBERT MARSHALL, Cashier and Agent, St. John, N. B. M. McDADE, Agent, St. John, N. B. C. E. SCAMMELL, Agent, St. John, N. B.

Baby's Own Soap advertisement featuring an illustration of a baby and text describing the soap's benefits for skin.

APIOL & STEEL PILLS advertisement for a remedy for irregularities, listing ingredients and contact information.

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

CAFÉ ROYAL advertisement for the Bank of Montreal Building, 56 Prince Wm. St., St. John, N. B., listing proprietors and menu items.

Job... Printing advertisement for Progress Job Printing Department, 29 to 31 Canterbury Street, listing services and contact information.

CAFÉ ROYAL advertisement (repeated) for the Bank of Montreal Building, 56 Prince Wm. St., St. John, N. B., listing proprietors and menu items.

THE DUFFERIN advertisement for a popular hotel in St. John, N. B., listing amenities and contact information.

Victoria Hotel advertisement for 81 to 87 King Street, St. John, N. B., listing electric passenger elevator and contact information.

CE. that an application will Assembly of this Pro- an Act to amend the Statutes in force, for enforcement of such sea- County of the City and January A. D. 1901.

Given Free to each person interested in subscribing to the Eugene Field Monument. A certificate of subscription to fund. Book contains a selection of Field's best and most representative works and a contribution of the book could not be less than \$1.00. is divided equally between Eugene Field and the monument of the beloved poet.

1900 LUDS. "Tommy and ROOSEVELT'S "Well" (serial). HARDING DAVIS'S social articles. MAN'S The Russia WALTER A. WY. of "The Workers".

ORIES by on Page, Dyke, n-Thompson, rton, net, on White. ARTICLES IRLAND'S article a exploration. ARD FIFTY GO," by Sena- ART FEATURES WELL ILLUSTRATED celebrated American artists.

Chavannes, LAFARGE, illus- color. strative schemes (in black and white) by PPLETON CLARK, TTO, HENRY MO- WIGHT L. BLMEN- others.

Illustrated Prospectus any address. SCRIBNER'S SONS, hers, New York.

JOURNALISM AS IT IS WRITTEN.

Independence. We are not running a paper to please everyone, and those who are so apt to criticise can do so and be hanged.—Richmond Record.

On to Him. If a certain party is not such a frequent visitor at this office since April last it is because he has worked the injury he had in view for some time. More anon.—Richmond Record.

A Farmer's Friend. Mr. Tanner has asked in the legislature that the surplus of \$76,861 be paid to the municipalities for roads.—Truro News.

Important if True. A horse belonging to Mr. G Dryden left standing in front of the Bank of Nova Scotia this morning at 7 o'clock suddenly disappeared. It was found this afternoon at the head of Alma street by Chief Tingley.—Moncton Transcript.

Pedigree in a Nutshell. Premier Tweedie, of New Brunswick is of Irish descent, was born in Chatham in 1849, started a conservative in politics, joined Blair's conditional government in 1890 and made premier in 1900. He is a methodist.

Always on Top. The press gallery at Ottawa this year has two quite distinguished members; Nicholas Flood Davin, ex-M. P., poet, philosopher, editor, barrister, and Mr. Royal a former Lieutenant Governor of the North West Territories.—Toronto Paper.

Long Distance Sign Talk. Talking by smoke was one of the means of communication upon the American plains in the early days of travel. This kind of talk soon became intelligible to the traveller, so that he understood the significance of the spires of smoke which he sometimes saw rising from a distant ridge or hill, and answered in kind from a different direction. It was the signal talk of the Indians across miles of intervening country, and was used in rallying the warriors for an attack, or in warning them of a retreat when that seemed necessary.

The Indian had a way of sending up the smoke in rings and puffs, knowing that such a column would at once be noticed and understood to be a signal, and not the smoke from some ordinary camp-fire. The rings were made by covering the fire with a blanket for a moment, then suddenly removing the blanket and allowing the smoke to ascend, when the fire was instantly covered up again. The column of ascending smoke rings said to every Indian within a circle of perhaps twenty or thirty miles: 'Look out, there is an enemy near.'

A writer in the Chicago Tribune explains that three smokes built close together meant danger. One smoke simply said 'Attention.' Two meant, 'Camp at this place.' To one who has travelled upon the plains the usefulness of this long-distance telephone becomes at once apparent. Sometimes at night the traveller saw fiery lines crossing the sky, shooting up and falling, perhaps taking a direction diagonal to the line of vision.

If he was an old-timer he might interpret the signals, and know that one fire-arrow—an arrow prepared by treating the head of the shaft with gunpowder and fine bark—meant the same as the column of smoke puffs, namely, 'An enemy is near.' Two fire-arrows meant 'Danger.' Three arrows said, 'This danger is great.' Several arrows said, 'The enemy are too many for us.' Two arrows shot up into the air at once meant, 'We shall attack.' Three at once said, 'We attack now.' Thus the untutored savage could telephone as well at night as by day.

First Horse in Central Africa. In 'A White Woman in Central Africa,' Miss Daddick gives an interesting account of the first horse which had survived the attacks of the tsetse fly on the journey from Durban to Mianje. This lucky or luckless animal had an adventure on the way which came near ending its history, if not its life.

The horse was landed safely at Chiromo, but one evening, while the party was in camp, something frightened it, and it broke away with the saddle on its back. The boys followed it in vain, and at last gave it up as lost and went on to Mianje. From there natives were sent out in all directions to search for the lost horse.

It was quite two weeks before the animal was found, tired out, very hungry and still very much frightened. Its saddle was still on, but turned underneath its body.

It was the first horse the natives had seen and they gazed at it awestruck, not daring to touch it or even to go near it. Finally they gave the animal a great heap of native corn and while it was eating they hastily

put a fence around it which they made very high and strong. They then built a roof to shelter the horse from the sun, and set off for the owner to come quickly.

It was a long time before the poor beast got over the fright and the fatigue and the sore places caused by the saddle, but it did recover at last, and became the joy and pride of its owner.

Short and Snort. There had been a small bank failure, and the bank had gone into the hands of a receiver. The receiver had proved to be dishonest, and had absconded with what remained of the funds of the institution. Expert detectives, however, were on his track, and he was run to earth in a mountain town and taken back to the scene of his financial exploits.

It was after midnight when the detectives arrived with their prisoner, and Mr. Means, the principal depositor in the bank, and therefore the principal loser, was awakened at his home and informed by telephone of the capture.

He expressed his gratification and went back to bed.

Shortly afterward he was aroused to receive another telephone message to the same effect, from a different source.

'Thanks,' he said, 'but I had heard of it already. Good night!'

And again he sought his couch. About two o'clock he was awakened a third time. The telephone bell was ringing.

In no gentlemanly frame of mind he answered it.

'Hello!' he said.

'Hello!' responded a voice through the telephone. 'Is this Mr. Means?'

'Yes. What do you want?'

'Mr. Means, this is Deputy Sheriff Jones. We've caught that runaway receiver. Is there anything you'd like to have me do, personally, in the matter?'

'Yes!' roared Mr. Means. 'Hang up the receiver!'

And he was not disturbed again.

A Family of Pie-Eaters. A very busy woman is Mrs John Walters of Blair county, Pennsylvania, who has every reason to believe that she holds the pie baking record, at least in her state.

For the year ending December 1st Mrs. Walters baked eight thousand three hundred and three pies of various descriptions which were disposed of mainly by her husband and seven sons.

In July she broke the monthly record with a total of eight hundred and nine pies, forced to this unusual exertion by the fact that several farmhands had been added to the harvesting force.

In an amusing calculation it is developed that Mrs. Walters pies, if put all in a string, would reach thirteen miles and a half. If put one on top of the other, they would be three hundred feet higher than the Eiffel Tower. If put a step apart they would reach forty-three and five tenths miles, and a man would tramp on a pie at every step.

Mr. Walters is sixty-five years old, and is apparently none the worse for his pie diet. He figures on three pies a day, and thinks that on this basis he has eaten forty three thousand eight hundred pies since his marriage.

Raising Violets. Many women out farms in Virginia have of late been utilized for the growing of violets. The industry is spreading rapidly and some of the most successful growers are women. They employ small negro boys to carry on the work, which is not laborious. The greater part of the yield is taken by Philadelphia dealers.

The great violet growing center, however according to Dr. B. T. Galloway of the Department of Agriculture, is Poughkeepsie, New York. All violets from this district find a ready market in New York city, the flowers generally bringing the raisers not less than a cent each. The average yield of a single plant is fifty flowers a year, and with good care a hundred may be obtained.

In the Virginia violet farms, after the young offshoots have been transplanted into open frames, rolling wooden screens are used on the top of the frames to regulate the amount of sunshine which shall be admitted to the plants.

Everybody is pleased with the results, from our special wardrobe department. We sponge, press, minor repair such as sew on buttons, etc., all clothing contained in your wardrobe, for 12.00 per year, payable monthly. We will call for return at any time wanted. Telephone 58, now Ungars Laundry and Dye Works.

'She's well educated, isn't she?'

'Well, she's one of those women who can pass as being that way. When she meets any one that can speak French and not German she can speak German, and when she meets anyone who can speak German and had not French she can speak French.'

"Put Money In Thy Purse."

Nobody suffering from brain-fag, lack of energy, or "that tired feeling" ever puts money in his purse. Lassitude and listlessness come from impure, sluggish blood that simply oozes through the veins. Hood's Sarsaparilla makes the blood pure and gives it life, vigor and vim.

Pimples—"My face was covered with pimples and blackheads but after taking Hood's Sarsaparilla a short time, I was entirely cured, and my skin was smooth and clear." May Ryan, North St., Chatham, Ont.

Hood's Sarsaparilla Never Disappoints

Housekeeping in Paris. Housekeeping difficulties vary in different lands, but are never entirely lacking.

A writer in Harper's Bazar introduces American readers to one of the drawbacks of the system of housekeeping practised in Paris.

Housekeeping ought to be all a delight, one would think, in a house where there is no washing nor ironing to be arranged for, where bread, cakes and pies have not to be baked, and there is no breakfast to prepare.

Moreover, when company comes unexpectedly the fortunate housekeeper has only to run round the corner and buy a delicious morsel in the shape of a fowl ready roasted.

The little details of every-day life also are very manageable in this Parisian home. There is no difficulty in prevailing upon the concierge to attend to the stove, wait at table, run errands, polish floors, and do the thousand and one odd jobs that are the bone of a housekeeper's existence.

But let no one believe that the mistress of a Parisian household is without her trials. Chief among them is the principle of caste, and next comes 'the son in the franc.' The French cook does the marketing, and for every franc she spends she gets a sou; and, human nature being what it is, it is unnecessary to add that the cook likes best to do her shopping where she will spend the greatest number of francs.

When it is understood, further, that custom does not favor the doing of her own marketing by the Parisian housewife, it will be fairly evident that housekeeping is not without its difficulties.

'I have known but one woman in Paris who did her own marketing,' says the writer, 'and she was a penurious and wealthy person who was accustomed to put on a long ulster and carry home her purchases beneath it.'

'One day, as she passed a courtly Frenchman, a leg of mutton dropped from the friendly shelter of the ulster and rolled over on the sidewalk. The gentleman picked it up and handed it to her. 'Madam, here is your fan,' was all he said.'

Baby Was Busy. There is an infant in Washington who, when he gets old enough to read about Sisyphus, will know how to sympathize with that mythical Greek. Baby was not in evidence on a certain afternoon when a Post contributor called on his mamma, and as the newspaper woman writes, she asked if he were asleep.

'Oh, no,' answered the mother, 'he's wide awake, but he's busy just now, and babies never cry when they are busy.'

Of course I made inquiry as to what a baby of ten months could possibly be busy about, and the mother opened the door of the bedroom that I might see for myself.

There, on the rug, spread where the sun would catch it, sat his little lordship, "77"

The Symptoms of a Cold and the Grip are Coincident. GRIP The Grip begins with influenza, pains in the head, back and chest, soreness all over. Colds began the same way before Grip was ever heard of. Grip runs into Pneumonia—Colds have been followed by inflammation of the Lungs ever since the world began. Fever and Sore Throat are equal symptoms of both—so is a Cough—so is Bronchitis. Either may result in Catarrh. The cardinal point of difference is the great prostration of Grip. The use of "77" will break up Grip and Colds, and its tonic prevents the prostration by sustaining the flagging energies.

as a judge, doing—why, you'd never guess what that blessed child was doing. His hands had been smeared with some sticky substance (let us hope it was innocent), and to one of them stuck half a dozen tiny feathers. Baby gravely picked the feathers off his left hand with his right, and then as solemnly set to work to pick them off his right hand with his left.

'My mother always kept her babies quiet that way,' said the young matron 'and I find it works beautifully with Algeron. I always fix his hands so when I expect company, and he'll sit for hours trying to get the feathers off.'

I offer the plan for the benefit of perplexed mothers, but at the same time I think it's a mighty mean advantage to take of the patience of an innocent child.

Encouraging Mottos. In Winston Spencer Churchill's book on Gen. Jan Hamilton is the description of a prosperous Boer farmhouse, a large, square building with a deep veranda, a garden and half a dozen barns. Indoors he found a series of decorations evidently ministering less to a sense of beauty than to the moral life.

The walls were hung with curious prints or colored plates, and several texts in Dutch. One set of plates represented the ten stages of man's life, and another showed the woman's. Both were displayed in every period from the cradle to the grave, and the terminus lay at the comfortable age of a hundred.

The woman's fortunes were especially prosperous. At birth she sprawled contentedly in a cradle, while loving parents bent over her in rapture, and dutiful angels hung attendant in the sky. At ten she scampered after a hoop. At twenty she reclined on the shoulder of an exemplary lover. At thirty she was engaged in teaching letters to seven children. At forty she celebrated a silver wedding. At fifty still young and blooming she attended the christening of a grandchild.

At sixty it was a great-grandchild. At seventy she enjoyed a golden wedding. At eighty she was smilingly engaged in knitting. Even at ninety she was well preserved nor could she with reason complain of her lot when at a hundred the inevitable hour had arrived.

Increasing a Golf Outfit. She was a Boston girl, not given to sudden crazes and ill-considered pleasures but last summer and in the early fall she fell a victim to the golf habit, and from that time her thoughts, sleeping and waking, ran on brassies and mashies and cleeks and other implements of the peace destroying sport. So as Christmas approached and she had every reason to believe that her aunt would remember her as usual, she went to her and diplomatically suggested that her aunt would remember her as usual, she went to her and diplomatically suggested that the present this time should be in a direct way associated with golf.

A day or two before Christmas the expected bundle arrived from the aunt, accompanied by a note in which the elderly lady apologized for her ignorance concerning golf, asserting that all golf terms were alike to her, and she didn't know a brassy from a stymie. 'But my dear,' she went on, 'I have done the best I could, and I hope this little present, which is certainly associated with golf, will be acceptable and useful.'

The expectant athlete, somewhat dashed by the smallness of the parcel, untied the string, unrolled the paper, opened the box, and took out—a golf pin!

Called to Preach. It is to be feared that some other men's 'call' to preach is not more imperative than that of the negro referred to by Mr. Booker Washington in the Outlook.

The old negro was working in the cotton field one hot day in July. Suddenly he stopped, and looking toward the sky, he exclaimed: 'O Lawd, de cotton am so grassy, de wuk am so hard, an' de sun am so hot, dat I b'lieve dis darky am called to preach!'

Laureate Nonsense. Tennyson is said to have been fond of 'colish fun, that ever delightful sort of fun which is not wit but nonsense.

One day, at Burlington House, he asked the guests a conundrum which he had just made: 'Who are the greatest women in the world?'

The answer was: 'Miss Ours, the Misses Ippi and Sara Gossa.'

'I see that some astronomer says that the new star isn't a new star at all. It is just an old star that has got a new shine on it.'

'Say, I wonder what brand of polish they use up there?'

Advertisement for Surprise Soap. Includes an illustration of a man holding a box of soap. Text: "SURPRISE MAKES EVERYTHING WHITE." "That Snowy Whiteness can come to your linens and cottons only by the use of SURPRISE Soap which has peculiar and remarkable qualities for washing clothes." "SURPRISE is a pure hand Soap." ST. CROIX SOAP MFG. CO. St. Stephen, N.B.

Advertisement for Winsor & Newton's Oil Colors, Water Colors, Canvas, etc. Text: "FOR ARTISTS. WINSOR & NEWTON'S OIL COLORS, WATER COLORS, CANVAS, etc., etc., etc." "Manufacturing Artists, Colormen to Her Majesty the Queen and Royal Family." "FOR SALE AT ALL ART STORES." A. RAMSAY & SON, - MONTREAL Wholesale Agents for Canada.

Advertisement for Calvert's 20 per cent. Carbolic Soap. Text: "CALVERT'S 20 per cent. CARBOLIC SOAP Cures and prevents Insect and Mosquito bites." "The strongest Carbolic Toilet Soap." F. C. CALVERT & Co., Manchester, Eng.

Advertisement for Hot Water Bottles, Fountain Syringes, Silk Elastic Stockings, Trusses, Knee Caps, and Anklets. Text: "Hot Water Bottles, (Guaranteed for Two Years.) Fountain Syringes, Silk Elastic Stockings, Trusses, Knee Caps, and Anklets. JUST RECEIVED AT W. C. Rudman Allan's, Chemist and Druggist, 87 Charlotte street, (Telephone 239), and 173 King street West (Telephone 54A). ST. JOHN N. B. Mail orders promptly filled. Remember the store."

Advertisement for Allan's White Pharmacy. Text: "Allan's White Pharmacy Bouteche Bar Oysters. Received this day, 10 Barrels No. 1 Bouteche Bar Oysters, the first of the Spring catch. At 19 and 23 King Square. J. D. TURNER."

Advertisement for Pulp Wood Wanted. Text: "WANTED—Undersized saw logs, such as Battling or Spilling. Parties having such for sale can correspond with the St. John Sulphite Company, Ltd., stating the quantity, price per thousand superficial feet, and the time of delivery. M. F. MOONEY."

'She told me,' said the enthusiastic lover 'that heaven must have sent me to her.'

'Of course, you recall the name of the party who was sent away from heaven,' returned the sarcastic friend, 'but I really hadn't supposed that you—'

Here, noticing the dangerous flash in the lover's eye, he wisely stopped.

Hoax—I see a certain scientist declares that there are 2,000,000 stars visible to the naked eye. Joak—Is that all? I guess that scientist never sat down suddenly on an icy pavement.

The City of exiles. Every trouble in his country. Every book to that devoted to the These are most files of many stained tables tyrants at home. The waiter Latin Quarter communicative man who smokes and chats in a lazy-looking way he is a person. 'That's says M. Sidi ben H of the Syrian bar. Those are his retarities there every night to The Cafe So of Orientals. wearers of the citizens, and it proportion of gorgeous robes the customers the language, the uninstru footed spider. 'We come hly lost among persons,' says course we, the Sultan's spies, we often have communicate to are not yet kn unobserved am If we met on t case, they wou bad books of would increase no one who h of us leaders any Turkish p the Turkish fr and a [fanciful reach the ath would be at on and thrown in time. There seem any rate, a di tween the you ary Armenians the one are le rank and file d to be friends in the Porte. Many of the of the Armeni in a musical o the shadow, a the light strain of 'Traviata,' Tchobagians, corians, lay t of their remot avenging of t follow countr Those Paris csuako fell to a triple war. subjects, oth white unifor in Paris to pl They are eng short of force still burning a language and who, in those ing, to absor element. In this the gularly. Th increasingly h tant Polish st a few thousan istration rapi the local ac language. T Sons of Kos at the Cafe N gestion of th difficult to ev contripted Pol Fandred corner of a c

ST. JOHN, N. B., SATURDAY, MARCH 16, 1901.

Plotters in Paris Cafes.

The city of Paris is a rendezvous of exiles. Every European who has got into trouble in his own land naturally gravitates hither. Every really up-to-date guide book to that city should have a chapter devoted to the 'Plotting Places of Paris.' These are mostly cafes, where sit the exiles of many lands, weaving over beer-stained tables combinations against the tyrants at home.

The waiter at the Cafe Sorfilot in the Latin Quarter points out to you, if he is communicative, a dark, lazy-looking young man who smokes innumerable cigarettes and chats in a bored way with other dark, lazy-looking young men. To the waiter he is a personage.

'That' says the functionary proudly, 'is M. Sidi ben Hassan Bey. He is the chief of the Syrian branch of the Young Turks. Those are his lieutenants and his two secretaries there with him. They come here every night to conspire.'

The Cafe Sorfilot is a noted rendezvous of Orientals. One sees there as many wearers of the fez as ordinary silk hatted citizens, and it is rare not to find a certain proportion of the customers arrayed in gorgeous robes. The newspapers kept for the customers are printed in five or six of the languages, whose characters look to the uninitiated eye like the trail of a light footed spider.

'We come here because we are practically lost among a nightly crowd of some 200 persons,' says Sidi ben Hassan Bey. Of course we, the chiefs, are known to the Sultan's spies, who abound in Paris. But we often have business instructions to communicate to members of our party, who are not yet known. They pass in here unobserved among so many Eastern people. If we met on the streets, or in an ordinary cafe, they would at once be entered on the bad books of the Yildiz Kiosk. That would increase our difficulties tenfold; for no one who has been seen talking to any of our leaders would be allowed to enter any Turkish port, or in any way to cross the Turkish frontier. His full description and a faithful history of his doings would reach the authorities ahead of him, and he would be at once stripped of his papers and thrown into prison for an indefinite time.'

There seems to be some jealousy, or, at any rate, a distinct lack of sympathy between the young Turks and the revolutionary Armenians. Some of the leaders of the one are leaders of the other, but the rank and file do not appear at all anxious to be friends in the common action against the Porte.

Many of the most prominent members of the Armenian Haik Society foregather in a musical cafe, the Taverne Muller, in the shadow of the Pantheon, where to the light strains of the 'Blue Danube,' or of 'Traviata,' the Armenian leaders, the Tchobagians, Elmassians and Doritorch-coorians, lay their mines for the liberation of their remote mountain lands and for the avenging of their thousand of massacred fellow countrymen.

Those Parisian exiles for whom Kosciuszko fell to wit, the Poles have to wage a triple war. Some of them are German subjects, others are controlled by the white uniformed Austrians. They meet in Paris to plot against the three countries. They are engaged in striving by all means short of force to keep the Polish spirit still burning and to preserve the national language and customs against foreigners who, in those three different lands are trying to absorb and transform the Polish element.

In this the agitators are succeeding singularly. The three Powers are finding it increasingly hard to assimilate their reluctant Polish subjects. Wherever there are a few thousand Poles in a town the administration rapidly falls into their hands and the local acts are couched in the Polish language. The Paris Committee of the Sons of Kosciuszko, which meets weekly at the Cafe Napolitain, is making the digestion of their countrymen increasingly difficult to every Power that controls a concentrated Polish population.

Hundreds of Americans know every corner of a certain long, low roofed bar-

room within a stone's throw of the Madeleine. This is Old Pat's, though Pat Reynolds himself is now dead. Pat's was the rendezvous of extreme Irish revolutionists, Fenians, Clan-na-Gael men and members of all kinds of desperate little societies, that split off from these or hung upon their outskirts. Many a desperate plot was arranged in the little curtained recess at the right end of the room; many a brave fellow left that place to take ship for Dublin, carrying documents to the home leaders, or guns for a hoped for rising.

There is no Irishman or Irish American of note in the unwritten secret history of the Green Isle, among the early exiles of '48, the Fenian leaders of '67, or the Land-League men of the 80s, that has not passed into that little recess and talked Ireland to the fumes of Old Pat's curious whiskey.

There was a curious scene at Old Pat's several years ago. Arthur Balfour, the nephew of Lord Salisbury, who was then the incarnation in the Emerald Isle of the rigid repressive measures of England and was held in detestation by the people, was once brought to visit the Irish-American bar as one of the curiosities of Paris. The first man he saw, at a little table near the door, was William O'Brien, whose shaven hair had not yet had time to grow since he came out of prison, where Mr. Balfour himself had sent him under the Coercion act.

The English visitor made a hasty salute and passed along. At a little distance down the room he nearly fell into the arms of Michael Davitt, who, at the very moment, was wanted by the Balfour police on a coercion writ, which had forced the Mayo patriot over the straits. Had the Briton ventured a little further he would have fallen among an assemblage of Irishmen whose principles and plans would have made his hair stand on end; men in comparison with whom Mr. O'Brien and Mr. Davitt were as innocent babes of the revolutionary movement. But Mr. Balfour stood not upon the order of his going; he went at once, fleeing as it his own police were after him. Old Pat laughed to his dying day over Mr. Balfour's comically rueful face on this occasion.

Another English-speaking bar at which conspiracy—of a kind—has been hatched is the well known house in the Rue de la Chaussee d'Antin, where, two or three years ago, the late ex-king Milan of Serbia used to hold his highly unkingly revels. Milan loved English ale and Scotch whiskey. When he had imbibed generously of both in turn he used to hold forth with eloquence on his doings and on the unfulfilling conduct of his 'usurping son,' and called upon all who happened to be there to join him in seeing justice done to a dethroned king and an unhappy father.

Sometimes he would conclude his incoherent orations with a request for the loan of half a dollar to go on with. It is a fact that he often ran absolutely out of cash through his reckless extravagance, though he had a princely allowance from the private purse of his son, the King, as well as from the Serbian House of Parliament. Lots of people lent him the half dollar or the 20 francs he happened to ask for; there is always a certain satisfaction in having a King among your creditors. Milan, of course, never paid. Sometimes, for a joke, some one would remind him of the debt.

'Sire, I had the honor of lending your Majesty half a dollar last week.'

The ex-king would draw himself up with a drunken dignity. 'Sir, you forget yourself. Sir, you do not know to whom you are talking. I am a King, sir; and a King never borrows money.'

If his creditor insisted Milan's wrath was sublime. He once said to a man who was taking a rise out of his drunken majesty. 'Sir you have been my friend; I would like to have been yours; but all is over between us from this day. Thank your fates that I do not wield the power of my ancestors. They would not have suffered this insult!'

His Majesty sublimely forgot that his grandfather, the first Obrenovitch had been a herder, tending pigs and on the Servian mountain slopes.

That English bar has, all the same, seen some real conspiring. Milan was quite often sober about midday, and it was in the lunch room, over the English food he liked so much, that he met the discontented or disgraced officers and the intriguing deputies of the Sobrarije, through whose efforts he hoped to dispossess his son and revenge himself upon Queen Natalie.

The grand cafe on the Boulevard des Capucines, just under the Hotel Scribe, where President Kruger put up during his triumphant visit to Paris, has long been a house of call for European chiefs of the Transvaal Republic Dr. Leyds, the young and active Boer plenipotentiary to the European Powers, was generally to be found at this cafe between 5 and 6 o'clock in the evening when he was not at Brussels or filling a temporary commission to some foreign court. I have often seen him taking his appetizer at a table just by the window, talking the while to the members of his staff, who counted on finding him there, or to sympathizers with the Boer cause. It was here he made arrangements with the American and Irish pro-Boers who were sending volunteers to aid the daring farmer soldiers.

There is in Paris a little circle of the exiled adherents of Don Carlos who hope one day to aid him in snatching the crown from the head of the boy King of Spain. These exiled grandees are, truth to tell rather a shabby lot, though they are all dukes or marquises at the very least. Carlism does not seem to agree with them. At the little eating house off the Avenue de l'Opera, where they meet to play cards and presumably to do a little conspiracy, their dinner bills do not represent a fortune to the proprietor. They seem generally to dine on a bowl of soup, strongly flavored and scented with garlic, and a great chunk of bread.

But if their bill of fare is not extensive and their cuffs show frayed edges, their manners are those of courts. They salute each other like kings and they offer you a cup of bad coffee as if they were presenting you with Tokay in a golden vase. Always before breaking up their nightly card party they solemnly drink to 'King Carlos and his right.' Poor ragged dukes and grandees; there is something charmingly pathetic in their unwavering fidelity.

KING'S VOICE CARRIES WELL.

His Early Training in Elocution and His German Accent.

The following paragraphs are from the London Daily Chronicle. It may be of interest to add that Mr. Tarver did not get rid of the Prince's German accent, which is still pronounced. Even the Duke of York's accent is not quite free from the same taint:

'Everybody hearing the King's speeches during the past weeks has remarked anew that his voice carries remarkably well. The House of Lords is easily within the common range; but the King's voice is one of the few voices that can make themselves heard at speaking pitch in every nook and cranny of the Albert Hall. This penetrating quality is not due merely to a sounding quality of voice—it is the result also of a great training and labor. As a pupil in elocution the Prince was taught young. There is absolutely nothing clerical about his intonation. All the same, his first master in the art of voice production was a clergyman, Mr. Tarver.'

'Many stories were current in those days—stories which had the rare and un-Stalky quality of being creditable to both pupil and master. One morning, when his reverence said, "Go on reading," his Royal Highness, with a frankness that has continued to be his characteristic, replied: "I shan't." Mr. Tarver, bowing gravely, left the room. Next day the Prince said: "Mr. Tarver, I was very rude to you yesterday; permit me to apologize." On another occasion the Queen came with inquiries about the pupil's progress. "Well, I regret to say that I can't get rid of the Prince's German accent; and when he is older, and has to speak in public, the people will not be pleased with it." The Queen ruled that henceforth the future King should show his progress in pure English by a daily reading before her. The country now benefits in the result.'

The Bear proposed disarmament. 'Praying like a man, eh?' sneered the lion.

'No, I'm down on all four just now!' retorted the bear. Here the lion roared with laughter, having a traditional weakness for the drollery of a play on words.

Just Lord Roberts's Way.

Private Miller, No. 3203, lay in the end cot. The big school room had been turned into a hospital, and the blackboards stretched around the walls like a band of premature mourning.

Once he had been a very big man, but now his hairy arms that lay listlessly outside the cover were almost the same size from wrist to shoulder, and every bone in his skull showed plainly through the skin. His hair had been clipped and so had his beard, but a thick stubble hid his big, gaunt jaws.

The doctor said that he was probably going to recover, but he did not look it. Eteric fever had made such a wreck of him that death seemed to be written in his deep sunken eyes and sound in the weak, hollow tones of his voice.

He was used to hospital life, having been down to Wynberg twice in the first six months of the war, with Mauser holes in him. Then he got the fever at Natal Spruit, and this was all that was left to look at—the mere framework of the strongest man in the regiment.

It was very quiet in the bare little room. Occasionally a man muttered, but as a rule they all lay there with their eyelids closed, or else looking blandly up at the ceiling in a slow breathing, half waking sleep.

An army nursing sister came into the room quietly. Some of the men followed her with their eyes. She went to the little table near the window and put a little bunch of flowers in a glass. She wasn't very pretty; she was tall and angular, and had prominent front teeth that were continually showing but her very presence seemed to brighten the room. The little cap, with its long white streamers, appeared to soften the strongly marked face.

After she had arranged the flowers she turned to the end cot and straightened the pillow with a knowing pull here and a soft pat there. She was very proud of him, was Sister Potter, for twice they had put the little screeen around his bed, behind which men are expected to die more privately, as it were, and make their exit as gracefully as they can alone and uninter-

rupted. But Sister Potter had determined to pull him through, if possible. Not that she was not determined to pull every one through who came into her hands, but this man especially, for the orderlies said that the end cot would soon be vacant. And there were plenty enough waiting out in the tents of No. 5 field hospital to fill it a score of times.

The volunteer surgeon who had charge of the ward declared that Sister Potter had saved Private Miller by sheer force of will. Every one knew she had a will of her own, and her word was law. But whatever it was, the screen had been withdrawn and the cloud of death had passed by the end cot to settle suddenly and unexpectedly on a light case near the doorway.

The sister had not said anything to her patient as she arranged his pillow. She had simply smiled at him, more with her eyes than her lips, which were open continually. She felt his brow with her long, cold fingers.

Number 3203 looked up at her. He did not smile in return, but started to say something, and after one or two efforts came out with it weakly:

'Is ta little mon 'comin' ta see me?' he asked.

The nurse did not reply at first. It was the same thing he had said over and over again in his delirium: When was the little man coming; why wouldn't they let him in? He was just outside there asking for Private Miller. Over and over again, in all sorts of way, it had been repeated; as a question a complaint, or a request. Now here he was without a degree of fever, and yet with the same words on his lips.

'Oh, he's coming soon, but I suppose he is very busy now,' said the nurse quietly, and as she spoke it was evident wherein lay her power and charm. It was her voice, so low and sweet and comforting. Many a poor fellow had listened to it and never known why he felt better. Many had found the secret, and questioned her for the mere sake of the sound of her reply. Private Miller only nodded his head slowly

two or three times, as if he was agreed and consoled.

In the evening as is customary with the fever, his temperature rose, and when the nurse came to give him his little bowl of arrowroot, he was a little flighty and would not touch it.

'He wand na coom,' he muttered. 'He's hard pressed wi' ta big fight that's comin' on. I want ta see—he wand na coom.'

'No, he couldn't come today,' said Sister Potter, 'but perhaps tomorrow.'

Then she went out and told the volunteer surgeon; and that night he dined with a member of the headquarters staff.

The convalescents, in their light blue hospital suits with the broad, white trimmings, stood up and saluted. A little knot of red caped nurses in the corridor were in a flutter of whispering. The orderlies standing at the entrance of the wards froze into an attitude of attention. Sister Potter bent over Private Miller's pillow.

'He'll be in in a few minutes,' she said. 'Who?'

'The little man. You know you wanted to see him.'

'God guide us, I'm not fit to be sent! Caud na I get a shave first, eh? A'am sair unkeempt.'

He put his weak fingers to his rough, hairy chin. 'I'm disreputable. But you're na meanin' it,' he added, weakly. 'He wand na take the trouble to see the like o' me.'

In reply the nurse gave a little soothing caress to his wasted bony hand.

Down the corridor came four or five khaki clad figures. At the head walked the volunteer surgeon and beside him, with a strong, quick step, walked a short, well knit figure, clad in an immaculately neat uniform, held in by a broad belt and cross straps. Above it rose a kindly, strong face, with a gentle, almost merry expression in the eyes. A firm mouth with strong downward lines, yet sympathetic as a woman's, a brow furrowed by care and work and a voice that, like the nurse's, made one's heart warm to him, completed the man.

It was the 'little mon,' 'Bobs the beloved!'

The occupant of the end cot caught sight of him just as he entered. He struggled to rise, but Sister Potter's hand restrained him. He saluted none the less, with a swift movement at first, and then a drop to the counterpane, as if the effort had been too much for him. His face flushed and his breath heaved. For an instant the sister looked at him nervously. The other men in the room, who were all convalescents, rose to a sitting posture.

The Field Marshal took them all in with a sweeping, kindly recognition, and walked to the end cot quickly. He sat down on the edge and took the big, red, hairy paw in his.

'Well, Miller,' he said, 'I've come to see you. They tell me you're doing famously and soon will be out there sitting in the sun.'

The man could not reply. His eyes shifted from the Field Marshal's face to the hand that was holding his own. Two or three times his lips moved, but he could not speak. But the little man was talking again.

'And now I'm going to tell you what we're going to do with you,' he went on. 'As soon as you're strong enough, we're going to send you to England, to home, and then when you come back you're going to get your stripes, for your captain has spoken very well of you. You were wounded at Belmont, I understand, and at Koodenberg, weren't you?'

But Private 3203 could not even move his head in reply. He just looked and looked; so the Field Marshal gave him a slight farewell hand grasp, then a friendly nod, and with a word that included all the others and an answer to their salute, he took his staff and his presence from the room.

As for private Miller, he looked up at the sister, smiled a wan smile and faintly dead away. But when he came to himself, the first words he said were these:

'D'ye ken the little mon? He took ma hand.'

And with that he lay there, looking at the almost useless member, as if it were a valuable curiosity.

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The Story of an Argonaut.

Fifty two years ago a young fellow of 18 ran away from his home in the east and went to Illinois. Then came the news of the California gold finds and he pushed his way on to the mines. When at last after many hardships he reached Nevada City he wrote to a chum in the east a full account of all his adventures. This letter was found recently among the papers of the gentleman to whom it was addressed, who has been dead now for several years. The tale it told and faded ink tells of what it meant to go overland to California in the days of the Argonauts makes curious reading for those who in the five days' journey from New York to San Francisco now sweep along in a luxurious hotel train over substantially the same route the writer of the little diary took.

The youth himself did not long remain in California. The news of the marvellous gold finds in Australia reached him, and there was that in his roving, restless temperament which needed little stimulus to keep him moving. So he left his land of Ophir, and went on over the Pacific to the Antipodean El Dorado.

Here he took an active part in all the rough and tumble turmoil of the early days of Australian development. He was a subordinate officer, for one thing, in the ill-starred exploring expedition which the Royal Society of Melbourne sent out under the command of Robert O'Hara Burke. When some hundreds of miles up the country he quarrelled with Burke, resigned and made his way back alone through the wilderness. Burke and all his expedition perished save one man, named King, who was found some years afterwards demented and a prisoner among the savages.

But long prior to this the young man had had his experiences as a public character. The miners were subjected to vexatious taxation. The cry of 'No taxation without representation' was raised, and it appealed to the Yankee blood which the young man got from his American Revolutionary ancestors. He was made a prisoner in the insurrectionary battle of Ballarat and was tried for high treason, as were many others. But there was no great desire to convict, and he was acquitted and borne on the shoulders of sympathizers to an adjacent hostelry, where there was revelry.

So it happened that from 1851 to 1891 the wanderer lived in Australia without seeing America or any of his kin. In 1891 a nephew, born many years after his departure from home, went to see him in Australia. There was high festival for many weeks and when the nephew went to Sydney to take the steamer the wanderer quite broke down.

'It's no use, boy,' he said. 'I can't see you go away. I must go with you. I must see the old land again. And the north star! Lord love you, boy, you can't guess how I have longed these years to see the north star once more. I'm going with you lad.'

He bought his ticket and with the clothes in which he stood for baggage, after more than forty years of wandering, turned his face toward the old home once more, pestering the officers of the ship not a little on the voyage with questions as to the precise hour and minute when they would raise the north star. And when the pointers of the Great Dipper did at last show, twinkling dimly above the watery horizon, the star on which he had not looked since he was a beardless boy, there was rejoicing and festivity throughout the ship.

Even in the choking dust of the alkali wastes he could hardly be dragged in from the rear platform of the pullman car on which he insisted on riding the greater part of his journey eastward from California. And still, after he reached his old home, it was written that his life was to be out of the commonplace.

Some six months after his return there broke out in many newspapers throughout the country quite a rash of personal advertisements, requesting him to meet the writer thereof at various places, and finally naming the Fifth Avenue hotel in New York. To this last one he responded and there met an old Australian chum on his way, with much wealth, to retirement in his old home in England.

The American chum had had an interest, which he had allowed to lapse in mines out of which the Englishman and his brother as well had just made great fortunes by a sale to a syndicate in England. The American had some lands in Australia, and had been rich half a dozen times, but in his old age was practically a poor man again.

'But it isn't right, you know, old man, said his English friend, 'that you should be left out of all this last big deal, even if you were such an awful ass as to let your own claim go by the board. So on my way home I determined to find you and I advertised for you and here you are and I've five thousands pounds to put to your credit in any bank you may name, and brother Bob who has gone home by way of Suez, is to send you as much more as soon as I get home and tell him where to send it.'

So the old man got his \$25,000 and in due course of time came another \$25,000 from England to join it, and he was independently comfortable in his old home once more. But to the first elation of getting back there soon succeeded a sadness which grew deeper and deeper as the week and months passed on.

'I hunt for my relatives and boyhood friends,' he said, 'and the directions people give me all lead to graveyards. I am sick at heart reading the inscriptions on tombstones.'

Only one boyhood friend did he find, and he in sorry straits, with many dependents on him and a mortgage that would soon take the farm away. The old man paid off the mortgage and bought needed stock and implements and set his old-time playmate joyfully on his feet once more. Then he returned to the city.

'But I can't stay here, lad,' he said to his nephew one day. 'The back of my head is growing into my shoulders trying to look up to the top of the high buildings, and it's only a question of time when I will be killed by one of those clanging, slam bang cars. Besides, the noise that is everywhere and that you can't get away from is driving me mad. No, it will not do. I must get where it is wider.'

'I can't breathe right here. I'll sit on the end of the car again, I guess, and ride back over the old trail once more to Frisco. And then I'll go on, maybe—yes, I guess I'll go on again, boy, and see the North Star sink into the ocean once more, and forever, this time. I want try to raise it again, my boy; and, when I think of it, it will only be as shining on graves and gravestones.'

So back over the old trail and back over the sea he went. A few letters came from him at intervals, and then the news that his wanderings were at an end and that he had stretched himself out for his long sleep in the far-away land which he had never thought of as his home until he went back to it for the last time.

It was not until after he had returned to Australia and died there that the little diary-like narrative of his journey across the plains fifty-two years ago came to light among the papers of one of the boyhood friends whose grave he had visited while he was in this country. Here are some of the things it faded ink tells of what it was in those days to take a little run out to California, as people speak of it now:

'We recruited our teams and bought provisions at Salt Lake. Then we started for Ogden Fork. The afternoon after we left Salt Lake I was walking with one of the boys and he told me he was going to California to get money so he could go back and take care of his mother and young sister.'

'His father died when he was ten years old, he said, and his mother had scrimped and saved and gone without things she needed to give him a good education, and he was going to dig gold enough to take good care of her in her old age.'

'I left him leading a pack horse and walking and went on ahead. A few minutes after I had gone the pack turned and scared the horse he was leading. The horse reared up and brought down both feet on his shoulders. We carried him under a tree and did what we could for him, but he only lived a little while. We dug a grave and buried him where he died.'

'The worst place we have had so far was back after leaving Echo Canon. From Echo we passed to another canon leading over the divide between Green River Valley and Salt Lake valley. The gorge was filled with snow, and it was melting and streams of water were pouring in. The horses broke through the soft crust, and we had to drag them out. The wagons had to be taken to pieces and carried. Then at night we had to take our horses back to Webber Canon to feed.'

'We had five days of this. Some of the streams were very deep and swift. The way we got across was the best swimmer would take a line in his teeth. We paid out the line from the top of a tree if there

was one, so the swimmer would not have so much of the drag of the current on it to hold him back. When he got across he towed a rope over. Then we caulked up the wagon boxes tight and used them for ferries to take the things over.'

'We had hard work getting our horses to take to the water. My Canada pony Billy and I got swept down a mile to a bend once before we could get out. It took us two days to get across a stream a few miles south of Ogden Fork.'

'When we came to the Sink of the Humboldt there were two trails and some were for taking one and some another. We took the one that led through the desert, which we thought we could get across in a night. We started about 8 o'clock in the evening. It was June now and the days were pretty hot, but the nights cool. When the sun came up we were still in the desert and no signs of getting out of it. Some were for going back, but we kept on.'

'About 10 o'clock we came to a sand mound and on the other side of it were two small lakes and some bunches of rooey looking grass. But the lake water was bitter alkali. Some of the horses got a few swallows down before they got the taste of it, but we managed to keep the others away. 'Old Tige,' the horse we bought back at Laramie, got the most of the alkali water and was getting weaker every hour. All were failing except the Canada ponies. They were all right.'

We laid over until midnight and then started on, but made poor headway. In the morning we saw low bushes ahead and knew there was water. The horses and mules knew it, too, and pricked up their ears and pushed on. But poor old Tige, who had been staggering along, finally stumbled and fell. We pulled off his pack and let him lie. Some were for killing him, but Costler and I stopped it.'

'One by one five more horses dropped and we left them where they fell. Soon we came to a little stream of fresh water. When we got recruited up a little some of us started back with water after the horses. Old Tige was five miles back, but we met the poor old fellow staggering along a few rods and then stopping. We gave him about a gallon of water and he started on a trot for camp. We found one of the others dead, but saved the other three.'

'Five days from this place we camped at the mouth of a canon, and about 3 o'clock in the morning there was an awful yelling and the Indians came down on us, trying to drive off the horses. We turned off and made it hot for them, but they killed three or four of our party with arrows and wounded four more. We buried the three comrades in one grave and did what we could for the wounded. One had three arrows in him and could not live, and another had an arrow in the shoulder blades and I couldn't see how he could live.'

'We mustered about twenty horses when the Indians were gone. We began to pack up, and about 8 o'clock in the morning the Indians came down on us again. We rushed for our horses and poor Jim Pierson was struck in the neck with an arrow and fell, and before he could get up an Indian struck him with a stone hammer and killed him.'

'Those that could get to their horses and rode for dear life to the mouth of the canon. But the Indians had blocked us there and we had to shoot our way through. They did not chase us, and when we got clear of them in the open we found there were only nine of us out of the twenty three.'

'We loaded up our guns and pistols and rode back to the canon, where we found one of our poor fellows whom the Indians had overlooked. He had four arrows in him. We buried all our dead that afternoon. They were stripped naked and even the three poor fellows we had buried in the morning had been dug up and stripped.'

'We now had a horse apiece and Old Tige extra. God knew what would become of us with nothing left but our horses and our arms and poor old Tige. One of our boys had put the pack saddle on Tige when the raid started, and the bag, with our few last pints of flour, had hung with the kettle and frying pan from the saddle. Tige followed us pell-mell, with the kettle and frying pan rattling when we ran, and you could hear his tinware racket above the yelling and the shooting.'

'After it was all over one of the boys said: 'Charley, you are hit, too!' and sure enough I was with an arrow shaft two or three feet long sticking out of the small of my back. My clothing was thick and the arrow did not go in very deep. The boys cut it out. It left a sore that, hurt a good deal but did no damage.'

'Again some were for going back to the sink of the Humboldt, but finally we agreed to go on. We built up fires as though we were going to stay there until morning, but as soon as it was dark we went on until it was 10 o'clock in the evening when

we lay down and slept until daybreak. Then we went on until full daylight when we stopped and made coffee and baked our pancakes. Our allowance was three spoonful of batter each.'

'Then after a little rest we went on until 9 o'clock and so until the fourth day. On the morning of that day we found that poor old Tige had died in the night. Is there a heaven for good horses? If there is, old Tige is there with a free range of green pastures watered by clear crystal streams.'

'That day when John Lee and I were riding a little ahead we found an animal something like a badger and killed it. We had quite a quarrel about how it should be cooked—some were for soup, some for boiling. So we had both, and little it was among all us starving men. We had been so long on nothing to eat that we were getting used to it, but all were very cross and surly.'

'For three days we rode absolutely without anything to eat. As for myself I felt better than I did when we had the pancakes, for I soon became laint and wanted nothing and cared less. On the other hand, the pancakes created a gnawing hunger that brought to memory all the stuff that ever was got for eating. We would have killed our horses only this would have dismounted us, for we would go no faster than the slowest man and if one were afoot we might as well all be afoot so far as time was concerned.'

'Well, as we were trudging along, rather down at the mouth, the star of hope suddenly made its appearance and shone bright as noonday. For as we came around the point of a large hill we struck in a wagon trail, apparently about three days old. I do not ask you to imagine our joy, for you cannot. We shook hands and laughed and some of us boo hood and cried. Had an angel from Heaven come down and welcomed us to dine in the regions of bliss, we would not have been happier than we were at simply seeing a wagon track three days old.'

'We followed it until 12 o'clock that night, and as soon as there were any light we were up and off. We travelled sixty miles that day and overhauled a train from Oregon on the way to the mines as we were. We got plenty to eat from them by paying well for it. The mines were now only 150 miles off. We bought flour of them at \$1 a pound and pork the same, and milk \$1 50 a quart, for they had a number of cows with them.'

'We stayed with them five days and then left them after dropping \$70 with them for food. We rode to old Lawson's the first day, the distance being sixty-one miles. I will here mention that old Lawson is the one who laid out that route we got on and caused so many to perish. We passed the bones of hundreds of people lying bleached on the ground—some that had starved to death and had been left where they dropped by those too weak to bury them, and others the Indians had dug up to plunder of their poor rags of grave clothes.'

'Well, I have reached the land of Ophir at last, and now I must go to the mines and make my pile quick and get back home as soon as possible, for I am sick of this country already. Give my love to Sarah and tell her I can beat any woman in the States baking—particularly pancakes.'

KING'S CORONATION OATH.

Government Decides That no Change in the Phraseology is Necessary.

It is understood that the British government has decided that there is no necessity to initiate legislation for the purpose of altering the phraseology of the coronation oath in consequence of the disestablishment of the Irish church during the late Queen's reign. The oath, it is held, is sufficiently elastic to cover the event which happened. The following is the form used at the coronation, including the questions put by the Archbishop of Canterbury and the sovereign's answer.

Archbishop—Is your Majesty willing to take the oath?
King—I am willing.

Archbishop—Will you solemnly promise and swear to govern the people of this United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland and the dominions thereunto belonging according to the statutes in Parliament agreed on and the respective laws and customs of the same?
King—I solemnly promise to do so.

Archbishop—Will you to the utmost of your power cause law and justice, in mercy to be executed in all your judgments?
King—I will.

Archbishop—Will you do the utmost of your power to maintain the laws of God, the true religion of the gospel, and the Protestant reformed religion established by law? And will you maintain and preserve inviolably the settlement of the United Church of England and Ireland, and the doctrine, worship, discipline and government thereof as by law established within England and Ireland, and the terri-

ories thereunto belonging? And will you preserve unto bishops and clergy of England and Ireland and to the churches there committed to their charge all such rights and privileges as by law do or shall appertain to them or any of them?
King—All this I promise to do.

Then, advancing to the altar, kneeling upon the cushion placed on the steps and laying the right hand upon the Holy Gospel in the Great Bible the King takes the coronation oath, saying: 'The things which I have here before promised I will perform and keep. So help me God.'

Extreme Weakness

RESULTING FROM POOR WATERY LOD.

Heart Palpitation, Dizziness and Weakness in the Legs Followed Until the 4th Day Felt That His Case was Almost Hopeless.

From the Mirror, Meaford, Ont.
No man in Meaford is better known or more highly respected than Mr. Patrick Dalaney, who has been a resident of the town for nearly forty years. Mr. Dalaney is a stone mason by trade, and has helped construct many of the buildings which go to make up Meaford's chief business structures. Hearing that he had received great benefit from the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, a reporter of the Mirror called to obtain particulars of the cure, and Mr. Dalaney cheerfully gave him the following statement: 'Last March,' said he, 'my health became so pure that I was compelled to quit work. The chief symptoms of my illness were extreme weakness in the legs, loss of appetite, and palpitation of the heart. The least exertion would cause my heart to palpitate violently, and if I stopped to pick up anything I would be overcome with dizziness. My legs were so weak that I was compelled to sit down to put my clothes on. The doctors I consulted said I had a bad case of anaemia. He prescribed for me and I took three bottles of medicine, but all the while I actually grew worse until I became so weak and emaciated that it seemed impossible that I could recover. Having read of the cures effected by Dr. Williams' Pink Pills I determined to give them a trial. From the first box I noted an improvement in my condition. My legs became stronger, my appetite improved, and by the time I had used four boxes I felt better than I had done for months. That the pills are a wonderful remedy there is not the least doubt. I can do light work about home without experiencing any of the unpleasant sensations that I once underwent. I feel an altogether different man despite the fact that I am now sixty-seven years of age. All I can say is that I attribute my present good health to Dr. Williams' Pink Pills and I would advise any other similar sufferer to try them.'

To those who are weak, easily tired, nervous, or whose blood is out of condition, Dr. Williams' Pink Pills come as a blessing, curing when all other medicines fail and restoring those who give them a fair trial to a full measure of health and strength. The pills are sold only in boxes bearing on the wrapper the full name Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People. If your dealer does not keep them they will be sent post paid at 50 cents a box or six boxes for \$2.50 by addressing the Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

A Century-Old Cobbler's Bill.

The language of the following extraordinary piece of literature appears not a little startling at first sight, and we are somewhat surprised to learn that it is only an ancient cobbler's bill of a hundred years ago:

To Mr. Bolton,	Wenchley Hill.	Shillings.	Pence.
Nov.—Clogged up Miss.....			10
Dec.—Mended up Miss.....			3
Jan.—Tapped Master.....			2
March—Turned up, clogged and mended the Maid.....		1	6
April—Lined, bound and put a piece on Madam.....		4	6
June—Soled and tapped Maid.....			8
Nov.—Tapped Madam.....			3
Dec.—Put a piece on Madam, stretching and toying little Master.....			5
			8
			7

Itching, Burning, Creeping, Crawling Skin Diseases relieved in a few minutes by Dr. Agnew's Ointment. Dr. Agnew's Ointment relieves instantly, and cures Tetter, Salt Rheum, Scald Head, Eczema, Ulcers, Blotches, and all Eruptions of the Skin. It is soothing and quieting and acts like magic in all Itchy Humors, Irritation of the Scalp or Rash during teething time. 35 cents a box.—159

Temprantz—You said you were going to have your photograph taken today.
Soakley—Yes; but to tell you the truth I was a trifle under the influence, and, of course, the photo wouldn't have been like me at—

'No; but why didn't you take half a dozen more drinks and be like yourself?'

'My Stomach gave out entirely and I suffered untold agonies.' This was the experience of Mr. D. G. Whidden, Postmaster, East Wentworth, N.S., after three attacks of La Grippe. Doctors and doses gave him no permanent relief, but Dr. Von Stan's Pineapple Tablets had the permanent virtue that won him back to perfect health—pleasant and harmless but powerful and quick. 35 cents.—166

Teacher—If you are polite and kind to your young comrades, what will be the result?
Bully Jones—They'll know they can lick you.

There is the fashion. At all times men, but fascination utterly heavier, the fall plumage there is a chiffon, listibly to the spring the reign warm sun herself in are not in curiosity and mate whether the suitable. The delight things set the very m gives to the rarely ma. The mill lovely come most fastio of the mat spring ba colors and meehline a everywhere handsome combine to worn at E lines. colors are evidence of the large padour in popular; flare off it the hair the fon or lace ure is the closely to hats and tu shown in the fon or meel braid put of of handsome centres. The triple or These tripl handsome a or mechin, gold braid, daintiest sh And flow season a ca for roses le fore, and the flowers in the of loveline things, who gauge of sh novel as is the petals of feature of the of black fl combination very marke roses are all black as we in gold gauze unlimited ex gorgeous a ful, with all instances. As to color ed preference reds are tall but these ton and summer that there being gener varied shade the new hat that approach be good, and be a very may be said use of gold there is noth use. Indeed, ribbons, vel harmonious pleasing to th White mall mean the sam gold, makes the pattern h which braid perishable fa vet also figur models. A for example of the mali pale blue vel pale blue libe front. One s fet ball pins.

Chat of the Boudoir.

THE NEW SPRING HATS.

There is no subject which so interests the fashionable world as spring millinery. At all times millinery is attractive to women, but the spring hat is of peculiar fascination, probably because it is so utterly different from the necessarily heavier, darker hat that obtains during the fall and winter seasons.

Black and delicate shades of blue, with gold and creamy laces, is a very marked and lovely combination that promises to be much favored. One of these hats has been already noted, and another, a toque to come down over the face, is of tacked and shirred black maline, with a soft crown of delicate blue velvet covered with the creamy cobweb lace.

Another striking detail of the new millinery is the long gold buckles with steel. These gold buckles attain to a length of three eights and even half a yard, and form no small part of the trimming. One of these is seen to much advantage on a mushroom hat of white plaited chip with gold threads crossing the plaits.

Among the most stylish of the spring headgear are the picture hats, large picturesque things with fine lines and graceful plumes, that are made entirely of tacked black chiffon and lace or maline, a d for finish have novel round buckles of pearls and rhinestones.

Flower hats, that is, hats made entirely of flowers, will also be much worn this summer, and for early spring hats composed entirely of violets with a bit of creamy lace will be favorites. Wreaths of flowers are also used very effectively, as may be seen in an exquisite creation something in the style of a Pompadour hat or modified poke.

room toque, having a soft crown of pale blue velvet, covered with creamy renais sance lace, and a black tulle brim embroidered with very narrow satin ribbon and jet paillettes, the large loosely draped bow of blue velvet which trimmed the projecting front was caught with a big handsome jet ball pin.

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beauty without gaudiness—Helen A. Kerr in the Ladies Magazine.

FRILLS OF FASHION.

A revival is promised of the old-time silk mitts for summer wear and especially with the elbow sleeves. One style of mitt has applique flowers of lace in the finest net.

Casual hints and glimpses of the spring millinery seem to reveal the fact that in general hats are still to be low and broad, and yet other reports assure us that the high crown in the Directoire style will be one feature suggested by the long coats.

Ever since last autumn the French fashion makers have tried to launch their full skirts into favor, but as yet the American woman will have none of them. The thin fabric together with some very enticing models may win her fancy to this style, however.

A pretty blue silk blouse is trimmed with stitched bands of white cloth and gold buttons. The sleeves open the entire length on top, are strapped across with the cloth bands ending in a point at either side with a flat button and the undersleeves and vest of lace are also strapped with cloth.

Black velvet dotted over with gold beads, with a star decoration at intervals, is one variation of dress trimming which in the two inch width makes a very pretty belt.

Something very elegant in the way of a nightgown is made of finest lawn with a bolero bodice of medium heavy lace. The body of the gown falls into this bolero by means of fine tucks set in about three inches deep all around. The bolero varies in shape, but in one style it reaches to the waist and is run through on the lower edge with ribbon which forms a belt and ties in front with a bow and long ends.

It is not of much use to venture into the realm of neck wear, which consists of boas, collars, scarfs, stocks, ruffles, fichus and berthas of both domestic and Parisian manufacture, with any definite idea of giving a clear description of the varied modes. But there is one little stock which is conspicuous for its simplicity and shape, pointing down a little below the usual line directly in front.

It is made of bands joined with an open stitch, or bands of gold cloth overlapping each other a bit, like folds, with a row of buttons or a silk band covering the seam which must be in front to give the pointed shape. A band of black velvet ribbon, relieved by a narrow one of embroidered ribbon with gold braid on edge, is very pretty with a belt to match.

Bands of silk, satin or velvet on a lace stock wired into position make one of the popular stocks, which is supplemented with loops and ends of the velvet ribbon in front a lace butterfly bow or a bow and soft ends of chiffon and lace.

The narrow turnover edges of lace or embroidery are still worn. Among the boas there is the short ostrich feather variety in white and pale gray, just filling the neck, and finished with soft long ends of the lace to the waist.

Eolienne fabrics are very much worn. They show a sort of corded stripe this season, both in straight and curved lines, and also chiné flower designs.

The Louise XV coats are to be one of the features of dress this spring if reports are to be relied upon, and they are made of plain tafetas as well as brocaded silks, fall fully fourteen inches below the waist line, and the revers and broad collar are of lace. This sort of coat is worn over a plaited mouseline, panne or silk skirt in plain color.

The uses for pretty wash silks seem to be legion, and they are made up into children's gowns, shirt waists, negligé costumes of all kinds, night gowns and men's pajamas.

The flare in some of the tailor skirts is produced by opening the seams on either side of the front and at the sides and inserting a plaiting of the material. In dressy thin gowns this fullness is sometimes of lace.

TRICKS IN THE SILK TRADE.

How Shoppers are Fooled—Tests Which Show the Pure Material.

Pure silk, when it has been through all the processes necessary to bring out all its good qualities, is worth its weight in silver, said an expert the other day. Therefore the women who expect to buy pure silk at little more than the price of cotton must expect to be fooled; and there are lots of ways by which the manufacturer gets even with them.

passes for it with credulous persons who don't know any better, out of nearly any old thing now. One favorite imitation silk is made of cellulose treated with chemicals. It isn't a good material to get on fire in. Then there are South Sea Island cottons and some mercerized cotton which, after treatment, look something like silk, though of course they wear very differently and their silken appearance soon vanishes.

But it is in adulterating goods which really have some silk in them that the greatest skill is exercised to deceive the buyer. To obtain the required rustle and body rough fluff is often used for the wool of the material. This soon causes it to wear shaly.

Another trick is to increase the weight and apparent solidity of a flimsy silk material by using metallic salts in the dye vats. Pressing, with some kinds of silk, increase the weight also, but at the sacrifice of strength. Cheap, crackly, stiff silk which has heavy cords is good silk to avoid. It won't wear.

There are several tests which reveal readily the purity of a piece of silk. The microscope, of course, will show at once, even to an unpracticed eye. Pure silk has the appearance of fine smooth tubes. Another good test is by burning. Pure silk burns slowly with a slight odor; cotton flares up quickly and would throw off a decidedly disagreeable smell.

Then the tongue will readily reveal the presence of metallic salts. There is no mistaking their taste. But all these may be disregarded, said the expert when silk is offered for the price of cotton. You need not bother to test that stuff.

TOLD BY A DOCTOR.

His First Meeting With the Man Whose Skull Adorned the Mantelpiece.

This is a story without a moral. Prof. G. Frank Lydson of the medical department of the University of Illinois tells it, impelled by its truth. Its dates are nebulous, its place is Minnesota only, and the names of the chief characters are repressed. But its tragic elements are all there.

About ten years ago Dr. Lydson was visiting a friend in the northern part of Minnesota. The friend was a practicing physician of more than middle age, with iron gray hair and beard, and distinguished by a snow white band of hair that ran from his right temple half way round his head. Dr. Lydson never had remarked this peculiarity, and the friend, in the three years Dr. Lydson had known him, had never referred to it.

But on the occasion of Dr. Lydson's visit the Minnesota physician had a peculiar skull on the mantel in his study. It had been beautifully polished, showing to striking advantage the strong, white bulldog-like teeth of the man who had found his being in the long, narrow, arching cranium.

'What would you say of the former owner of it?' asked the friend, noticing that Dr. Lydson was eyeing it critically.

The doctor remarked several cranial irregularities and made a general observation. 'That is the skull of a murderer who was hanged,' continued the host. 'Do you see this?' he continued, brushing his fingers through the white streak at the right side of the head. 'The owner of the skull did that, too.'

Then the physician told the story. Ten years before when the Northwest was still troubled with the wandering Sioux and by still more lawless white men, the physician had gone from Bellevue Hospital to a town near Red Wing. Most of his work was in the probing for bullets and sewing up knife cuts; but the atmosphere of the great Northwest was pleasing to him, and he stayed.

One night he had a call by telegraph to go to a small station thirty miles down the railroad. It was 18 degrees below zero, dark, and a blinding snowstorm was blowing. Wrapping up the doctor went down to the little railroad station to wait for a train that was almost due.

Just as the physician reached the station platform two young countrymen were getting out of a buggy and saying goodby to the man who had driven them into the little village. The three reached the waiting room door, to find it locked on the inside. They pounded at it for several minutes, until finally it was flung open, and they were looking into the muzzles of two revolvers.

'Come in here,' was the order, and the unnamed doctor and the two countrymen went in, only to find the station agent bound and gagged and lying on the floor. The two men wore black masks, and it was evident that they meant to hold up the train, then almost due.

TO THE DEAF.—A rich lady, cured of her Deafness and Noise in the Head by Dr. Nicholson Artificial Ear Drums, has sent \$1,000 to his Institute, so that deaf people unable to procure the Ear Drums may have them free. Apply to The Institute, 700 Eighth Avenue, New York.

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

'Go through 'em, Pete,' was the remark of the man of the skull; 'I'll cover 'em.' Pete made a satisfactory haul from the pockets of the two countrymen, but the doctor had only a silver watch and \$5 in silver. Pete made a particularly ugly remark to the doctor, and when the doctor resented it the robber gave him a kick.

The contemptuous kick was the straw that broke the patience of the physician. Forgetting the revolvers, the doctor swung his fist, striking the fellow in the face. At that instant the fellow's companion fired and the doctor dropped in his tracks.

Seeing the fight on the two countrymen closed in on the desperadoes, but when the shooting was done both lay dead on the floor. The robbers were frightened, however, and gave up the attack on the train.

Within half an hour a posse was on the track. At daylight in a running fight, Pete was shot and killed. His companion was shot through the shoulder and was forced to surrender.

A legal execution followed after a few weeks, and the body of the bandit found its way into a medical school in Minneapolis. Later the skull of the criminal was sent to the living victim of the holdup, for in the meantime the physician had recovered from the blow of the glancing bullet.

Today the Minnesota physician points out the skull covering of the motor centre which prompted the pulling of the revolver trigger.

Man and Wife in Distress.—Rev. Dr. Bochrer, of Buffalo, says: "My wife and I were both troubled with distressing Catarrh, but we have enjoyed freedom from this aggravating malady since the day we first used Dr. Agnew's Catarrhal Powder. Its action was instantaneous, giving the most grateful relief within ten minutes after first application." 50 cents.—153

Church—Singer was at the opera house last night.

Gottham—Oh, by the way! The new opera was brought out. 'Did Singer say he saw the new opera or he heard the new opera?' 'Neither; he said he endured it.'

The Kinks and Twists in Rheumatism Rugged Road.—For 4 years the wife of a well-known Toronto physician was on crutches from Rheumatism Scourge, and not until she began using South American Rheumatic Cure could she get a minute's permanent relief from pain. Four bottles cured her. Write for confirmation if you're sceptical.—154

Rusher—I can write a novel in a month but I can't sell it in five years.

Bighead—Perhaps if you reverse the process you might succeed. If you wrote a novel in five years you might be able to sell it in a month.

In Heart Disease It works like magic.—'For years my greatest enemy was organic Heart Disease. From uneasiness and palpitation it developed into abnormal action, thumping, fluttering and choking sensations. Dr. Agnew's Cure for the Heart gave instant relief, and the bad symptoms have entirely disappeared. It is a wonder-worker.'—Rev. L.S. Dana, Pittsburg, Pa.—155

'What do you think of this no breakis it fact?' 'I think it's a splendid thing for people who don't get up until luncheon time.'

Stumbling Wrecks!—Undone and overdone! Discouraged and desolate! Emaciated nerve wrecks! Not one of you is too deep down in the mire of disease but the story of such a potent remedy as South American Nerve can reach you and lift you back to good health. It's nature's trusted lieutenant, gentle, but firm and unflinching. It never fails.—156

Teacher—Now, Willie, you may tell me what a tangent is.

Willie—A tan gone? I guess that's a very light colored man.

Woman, Why?—You have sallow skin, pimples, eruptions, discolorations. Why resort to cosmetics and powders to hide the effects? Dr. Agnew's Liver Pills regulate the system and restore to the cheek the healthy rosy bloom and peach blush of youth. From one to two pills a dose will clarify and purify the complexion in short order. 10 cents for 40 doses.—157

Johnnie—Paw, what's a promoter? Paw—It's a fellow who hasn't any money and who is looking around for some one who has.

The Great Serpent of all Diseases.—Kidney disease may well be called the "boa constrictor" disease, unusual in its progress, it gets the victim in its coils and gradually tightens till life is crushed out, but the great South American Kidney Cure treatment has proved its power over the monster, and no matter how firmly enmeshed, it will release, heal and cure.—158

Friend—So your wife has saucer eyes? Jagon—Yes, whenever I come home in my cups.

to belonging? And will you bishops and clergy of England and to the churches there their charge all such rights as by law do or shall appertain to any of them? I promise to do.

Weakness

FROM POOR WATERY LOD.

Follow, Diseases and Weakness Followed Until the Case was Almost Hopeless.

Measford, Ont. Measford is better known or respected than Mr. Patrick has been a resident of the town for forty years. Mr. Delaney on by trade, and has helped of the buildings which Measford's chief business strength that he had received great use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for the Mirror called for of the cure, and Mr. tully gave him the following "List March," said he, "I became so pure that I had to quit work. The of my illness were excruciating in the legs, loss of palpitation of the heart. Pain would cause my heart to stop, and if I stooped to pick up a pin I would be overcome. My legs were so weak that I had to sit down to put my shoes on. The doctors I consulted said I had an anemia. He prescribed me three bottles of all the while I actually grew weaker and weaker. It was almost impossible that I could read of the cures effected by Pink Pills I determined to try. From the first box I was in my condition. My appetite was stronger, my appetite by the time I had used four boxes I had done for the pills are a wonder. I can do light work without experiencing any sensations that I once felt an altogether different fact that I am now sixty-six. All I can say is that I feel good health to Dr. Williams' Pink Pills and I would advise any sufferer to try them. I am weak, easily tired, my blood is out of condition, Pink Pills come as a blessing on all other medicines fail those who give them a fair measure of health and pills are sold only in boxes wrapper the full name Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People. If you do not keep them they will cost you 50 cents a box or six boxes by address of the Dr. Williams' Pink Pills Co., Brockville, Ont.

Old Cobler's Bill.

of the following extra-ordinary literature appears not at first sight, and we are pleased to learn that it is only a cobbler's bill of a hundred years

Table with 2 columns: Item, Price. Includes: Wenchy Hill, Enoch Jones, up Miss, up Miss, Master, up, up, clogged, the Maid, sound and put a, Adam, capped Maid, Madam, on Madam, and toying little, 8 7.

Burning, Creeping, Diseases, relieved in a few days by Dr. Agnew's Ointment. Dr. Agnew's Ointment, and cures Tetter, Head, Eczema, Ulcers, Eruptions of the Skin. It is cooling and acts like magic in all eruptions of the Scalp or Rash on the face. 35 cents a box.—159

You said you were going to photograph taken today. I said I would tell you the truth about the influence, and, of course, you wouldn't have been like me.

Each gave out enough of untold agonies. This is the case of Mr. D. G. Whidden, of Wentworth, N.S., after three weeks of suffering. Doctors and doses gave no relief, but Dr. Von Stan's had the permanent virtue that perfect health—pleasant and fruitful and quick. 35 cents.—160

They're polite and kind to you, and what will be the result? They'll know they can lick

The Smashers of Kansas.

Since Mrs. Carrie Nation and her hatchet made their record in the way of demolishing saloons, old timers have been coming forward with reminiscences which show that she is by no means the first person to engage in this particular method of warfare against the liquor traffic. Mrs. Sberiff, who sprang into brief notoriety some time ago on the strength of a small raid made in Harper county, and who asserted her right to the honor of being the pioneer in the movement instead of Mrs. Nation, also took up the work about forty years too late to make her boast good.

As well as can be ascertained the first raid of this nature took place in Lawrence in the winter of 1856-1857. This was in Territorial days. Then there were no restrictions on liquor selling and everything was wide open. Lawrence had 800, or perhaps 1,000, inhabitants, and there were a disproportionate number of saloons.

After the matter had been carefully discussed at meetings the women made up their minds to clean the places out, and one day quite a number of them, attended by a few men who went along to see that no harm befell them, marched out on their errand of destruction. They went from one resort to another, and at each place rolled out barrels, demijohns and vessels of all kinds containing liquor and poured the contents into the gutters.

A Miss Spencer, a schoolteacher, was one of the leaders. At one place, where a saloon was being run in a log cabin, the proprietor put up an ugly front, and it looked for a few minutes as though there might be trouble. But in the face of it, Miss Spencer, who was an athletic girl, pushed a chair up to the bar, mounted it, from there jumped over to the barkeeper's side, seized a keg of liquor—all there was in the place—and threw it over to her fellow workers, who immediately demolished it.

The men who accompanied the destroyers took no part in the work, but stood by to be in readiness in case violence was encountered by the women.

Not more than eighteen months later came the raid on the 'Pro-Slavery Doggery' at Trading Post, which had a bloody ending. Trading Post was a small place in Linn county about four miles from the Missouri line. In the early days there was a saloon there which was the resort of the pro-slavery fellows from Missouri. It was always called the 'Pro-Slavery Doggery.'

In 1856 Gen. Clark drove out the Free State element with the statement that there was no room in the county for more than one party. But in April, 1858, James Montgomery, a local Jayhawker chief, appeared at Trading Post with about twenty followers and called for a clean house. They raided the saloon, and taking three barrels of whiskey out in front of the place, the heads were knocked and the contents thrown out, while Montgomery, with a revolver in each hand, stood by to see that not a drop of it was recovered.

Among the pro-slavery men who were present was Charles Hamilton. A month later Hamilton with a number of companions returned to Trading Post to even up old scores. He captured eleven Free State men, who were taken into a ravine, lined up and shot.

Perhaps one of the most complete single handed jobs of saloon wrecking ever done, was performed by a woman at Abilene, a little more than twenty years ago. She became incensed because the proprietor of a saloon in that city persisted in selling whiskey to her husband, after he had been asked repeatedly to desist.

One day, without warning, she appeared in the saloon armed with a stout club. She unlimbered and went into action without a moment's delay. Before the astonished proprietor or his assistant was able to grasp the situation the work of destruction was well under way and by the time they had recovered their wits they made no effort to stop her simply because there was nothing left in sight worth saving. Glasses, bottles, mirrors, all articles smashable, were in ruins. An eye witness declares that when the woman finished her work there was nothing left intact in the room except the bar, the stove and the metal spittoons.

Nothing was ever done in regard to the matter. The woman had had her revenge and the saloon man seemed to be satisfied to regard it as a closed incident.

Three years ago the women of Milton vale, a small town in Cloud county, organized a wrecking crew and started out accompanied by some men, to close a joint

operated by a man named Hammerli. The latter barred his door and when an attempt was made to force it, fired through the door with a shotgun, injuring one person in the head and putting out an eye of another. Hammerli was tried and convicted on the ground that while he had a right to protect and defend his property, notwithstanding it was a joint where liquor was illegally sold, yet he had in this instance used greater force than was necessary or justifiable in the defence of his property.

Counsel against Hammerli asked the court to instruct the jury that Hammerli, being engaged in an illegal business and conducting a public nuisance, the women were entirely within their rights in attempting to abate it in person. Judge Sturges took the contrary view of this question. In his instructions he said:

'In this case, the fact, if it is a fact, that the defendant was a joint keeper and his habitation a joint, it was, and his property therein liquor and fixtures used in disposing of the same, if such is the case, can make no difference. The mere fact that some are engaged in unlawful business does not give others any lawful right to destroy the property or to injure the person of those so engaged without in intervention of law.'

The Supreme court sustained the decision of the lower court, but in its decision it ignored altogether the question as to the right of private citizens to close up the joints as public nuisances.

Another thing called to mind by the Carrie Nation raids is the hot time Kansas had on the last night before the prohibitory law went into effect. May 1 is Prohibition Day in Kansas and is the anniversary of the day when the prohibitory law went into effect in 1887. If May 1, 1887 was the original Prohibition Day, then the evening of April 30, 1881, has an equal right to be called Drunkard's Night in Kansas.

It was the last night for the open saloons in Kansas. All the drinkers determined to swallow all the stuff they could before midnight, the closing hour, and many men who were not much at drinking took part in the gayety just on account of the importance of the occasion.

April 30 fell on a Saturday. For many men that was pay day and that, of course, made the gait of the night all the swifter. There was probably more liquor punished in Kansas between the hours of 6 P. M. and midnight than there ever had been in the State in any one week before.

Topeka, the capital, was at that time the largest city in the State, and, of course, had the biggest time. The majority of men who came downtown that night carried jugs; and on the home trip about all of them had jugs whether they had jugs or not. The streets were filled with a whooping crowd determined to make the most of the last few hours of the old wide-open style of doing business.

Promptly at midnight the lights in the barrooms were put out and the places closed. Many of them might just as well have closed up hours before. So great was the rush of the thirty men that numbers of the places were sold out entirely before the arrival of the hour after which to sell a drink would be in violation of the new law.

The next day was Sunday, and not a drink was to be bought in town. There were some saloons which had yet a small supply of liquor on hand, but it was not for sale; and for the first time many men had to get back to their normal condition without the solace of a sobering up glass. The scenes in Topeka were duplicated in every town in the state.

Within a short time, though liquor was on sale again. At first great secrecy was observed, and boot leggers did a flourishing business. The dealers became bolder and bolder, and bars were put in. Then came the practice of making the joint keepers put up a monthly fine, and soon after saloons began to do business in the old fashioned, wide open style.

At first this practice was confined to such towns as Atchison, Fort Scott, Wichita, Leavenworth and Kansas city, but it spread rapidly until of late years many towns of a few hundred inhabitants contained joints which paid a regular revenue into the city treasury. Up to a few weeks ago one town of 2,300 inhabitants in northwest Kansas contained several saloons from which a monthly revenue of over \$800 were derived.

Topeka is the only big town of the state which has steadily refused to accept revenue from their places. Topeka has al-

ways had joints; but the joint keepers have never been able to do business openly.

Prohibition has been a bonanza for some druggists. The druggist who can get a permit is allowed to sell intoxicating liquor for 'medicinal, mechanical or scientific' purposes. Blanks are provided them by the probate Judges on which application must be made by every purchaser of liquor in any quantity, and it must be specified for what the liquor is to be used. These applications in the hands of many of the druggists, become a good deal of a taro. It is told of a Kansas druggist that he once made a sale of liquor on an application signed with a name of a President of the United States, and on the line giving the ailment for which the liquor was to be used appeared this entry: 'To allay thirst.'

A newcomer in a Kansas town one day expressed surprise on hearing that a man had quit work as a stone mason to take a job in a drug store.

'Huh?' grunted the man to whom he had expressed his surprise. 'It don't take much to qualify a man to work in his department Any man who knows enough to rake change off a barrelhead can hold the job.'

There have been many wet or dry campaigns in Kansas in the years following the adoption of prohibition; but the municipal campaigns of this nature in the State this spring will be the hottest ever conducted and nearly every town in the State has one of this kind in progress now. The women are going to take a hand in the fights in greater degree than ever before. There will be a big registration of women for the town elections. In Topeka about two thousand are enrolled now. Election Commissioner Yont said this week that the number would go up to 5,000.

BRITISH TELEGRAPHERS PRAISED

Especially Good Work Done by Them in the Field in South Africa.

LONDON, Feb. 23.—British telegraphers have recently received a good many compliments. The King has thanked them for the services they rendered at Osborne and at Windsor during the last illness of Queen Victoria, and the German Emperor has decorated Charles Mullens, the operator who was sent from London to work the cable laid temporarily from the imperial yacht Hohenzollern to the shore.

The cross bestowed on Mullens is a handsome piece of work. On the front is the imperial monogram W. R., surmounted by a crown, and on the back is an inscription setting forth that the recipient had rendered service to the State. If Mr. Mullens should ever care to settle down in Germany the cross will entitle him to draw a modest pension.

Equally gratifying to the telegraphers is the emphatic testimony to the excellence of their work during the war in South Africa. Field Marshal Lord Roberts, in the full despatches just published in the official London Gazette, says that, despite the enormous difficulties of the country traversed, his telegraphers almost always managed to keep him in communication with all his scattered forces in the enemy's country.

Gen. Buller writes of their technical knowledge, their unwearied perseverance and their high state of efficiency, adding 'all officers, non-commissioned officers and men of the Telegraph Department have done exceptionally well. The only fault I have to find with them has been that they have been sometimes too anxious to keep their line up and have incurred undue risk.'

Gen. Sir George White declares that the service of the telegraphers during the historic siege 'was of the highest value and conducted greatly to the successful defence of Ladysmith.' The use which Gen. Baden Powell made of his small band of telegraphers is by this time pretty well known. All his outlying forts and lookout posts at Mafeking were connected with headquarters, and he was thus able to receive reports and issue orders for all parts of the defence instantaneously. Signalling was reduced to a fine art and maintained by heliograph lamp and flag. Megaphones were also made and used in outlying trenches and posts, and phonophores, attached to ordinary telegraph lines, were used on the armored trains which used to bother the Boers so much.

Gen. Baden Powell thus sums up his appreciation of the services of the gallant telegraphers: 'Their duties were unceasing by night as well as by day and were frequently carried out under heavy fire and at great personal risk. The zeal, energy and willingness displayed by these officers was most conspicuous throughout the siege, and their work had a large share in bringing about the successful issue of the siege.'

WOOD EATS.

Mischievous Tricks of These Animals are Often Very Amusing.

The mischievous little animals popularly known as wood and bush-rats have been the pest of hunters and miners from the Rockies to the Pacific coast.

Their nests are usually built in the lower branches of trees, but occasionally are found in a secluded place on the ground.

A large quantity of sticks is gathered, and carefully made into a dome-shaped structure, often ten feet high and six feet wide. There are several openings into the center, leading to the nest proper. This is made of the inner part of bark, dried grass, leaves, or anything available. Cactus spines are sometimes heaped around the nests, and are supposed to be used as a protection from coyotes and other enemies.

The wood rat of the Pacific coast is larger than its Eastern cousin, and differs from them in some important particulars. Almost any old settler can tell stories of its depredations, with results which are sometimes tragic, but often comic.

A stranger came into a mining-camp one day, and asked for work. He was unknown and penniless, and in some manner incurred the dislike of the men. In spite of this he was set to work, and proved an industrious man. The owners and men all slept in one large cabin, and soon after the arrival of the newcomer small articles belonging to different persons began to disappear. Almost everything lying around loose would be taken, and suspicion at once pointed to the unwelcome stranger.

The climax was reached when a bag containing a hundred dollars' worth of gold-dust was missing. The newcomer was about to receive the summary punishment inflicted in those times, when a wood-rat's nest was discovered in the attic over the cabin. It contained all the missing things, even the precious metal, and the stranger just escaped suffering for a crime of which he was innocent.

One of the most remarkable anecdotes relating to a wood-rat's nest was told by a retired mill owner. When work on his sawmill was ended, a quantity of stuff was stored in the adjoining buildings. In the main house, containing the kitchen and dining room, a lot of packing for the engine was put, and half a dozen kegs of spikes. There were tools and cooking utensils in the closets, and a large range in the kitchen. During the time that work was stopped at the mill, the place was not occupied for several years. Its only guests were tramps, who broke into it and used it as a temporary shelter.

When the owner entered the house after an absence of two years, a remarkable object attracted his attention. It was a structure which covered the entire top of his range. This was a rat's nest—the outside made of spikes, which were arranged with precision, the points outward. The central part, or nest proper, was made of fine fibers of hemp packing.

Interwoven with the spikes and around the nest were found the following articles: Three butcher knives; a large carving knife, fork and steel; several dozen table forks and knives; some plugs of tobacco; the outer case of a silver watch in one place the glass in another and the works in another; most of the small tools on the place; some large augers, and a purse containing a little money.

The mill owner, after carefully examining the nest, said it was the most curious one he had ever seen. The heavy iron articles used in its construction, and their studied arrangement, showed a superior order of intelligence and unusual skill. He could not at first imagine where the purse and watch came from, but concluded that they

Dr. Chase's Opinion of Dyspepsia.

Indigestion and Pains About the Heart Now Accepted by Leading Physicians—His Treatment the Most Effective Obtainable.

Several years ago Dr. Chase claimed that by far the greater part of digestion takes place in the intestines, and is directly impaired just as soon as the kidneys, liver and bowels are at all inactive or irregular. This being the case he prescribed his famous Kidney-Liver pills proven as a treatment for severe cases of indigestion that even doctors use them largely and endorse them as a most extraordinary medicine.

The case described below is merely a sample of many thousands that might be referred to. Doctors could not cure this man, because they merely sought to relieve the stomach when the real trouble was with the liver and kidneys. Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills invigorates and regulate the liver, kidneys and bowels, and remove the cause of chronic indigestion, dyspepsia and biliousness.

Mr. Anson Clark, Coneseon, Ont., states: "About four years ago I was attacked by a very violent form of dyspepsia and stomach trouble. My appetite failed, I had severe pains on my right side and in

the region of the heart; after eating I suffered great distress in my stomach, and seemed to bloat and fill with gas. I ran down in flesh, was nervous and irritable, and could not sleep nights. Two doctors pronounced my trouble dyspepsia and liver complaint, but failed to effect a cure. Though I had little faith in Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills when I began using them, they cured me. I have recommended them to many friends and all speak in their favor. I know that Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills will not only relieve, but thoroughly cure, dyspepsia and liver complaint."

J. J. Ward, J. P. Coneseon, certifies that he knows Mr. Anson Clark to be a reliable and trustworthy man, and can vouch for what he says regarding his cure. It is any wonder that Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills have such an enormous sale? It is any wonder that they are considered indispensable in thousands of homes on this continent? One pill a dose, 25 cents a box, at all dealers, or Edmanson, Bates & Co., Toronto.

must have been taken from some tramp who was enjoying sound sleep in the rat haunted building.—Mary Peabody Sawyer in Youth's companion.

One Doctor's Opinion.

A physician who had resided in a small town for nearly a quarter of a century, and had accumulated a competence, was in a reminiscent frame one day, and said to a friend:

'It may seem strange to you, but three-fourths of my practice is among the farmers living within a radius of ten miles around this town. I have travelled every road and lane in this neighborhood hundreds of times, and know every foot of them. Farmers ought to be the healthiest people alive, but there is somebody sick in their families nearly all the time. They habitually eat too much. Their systems become clogged, and instead of starving themselves well, they send for the doctor.'

'Why don't you tell them so?' asked his friend.

'I used to do so, but it offended them, and they dismissed me and sent for some other doctor. So in many cases I have given them mild medicines, and told them they must eat little or nothing for two or three days, in order to give the medicines a chance to take effect. Town people over-eat, too, mind you, but for reasons easily explained they don't eat as much or as hearty food as the farmer and his family do. By the way, Chester,' he said, turning to his office assistant, who had just come in, 'didn't Uncle Hank Roughbrider, just south of town, kill his hogs two or three days ago?'

'Yes sir,' replied Chester.

'I'll have a call to attend a case of malaria or something of the sort in that family from eating too much sausage and pig's feet, inside of twenty-four hours,' predicted the physician.

And even as he spoke Uncle Hank Roughbrider drove up to the office, tied his horses to the hitching-post, and hurriedly came in.

Worthy to be Written in Letters of Gold.

Tete a Gouche, N. B.—You do not praise Catarrhoxone highly enough; it is worthy to be written in letters of gold. One small bottle has done more for me than all the doctor's medicines I have taken in the last three years. I was a sufferer from Bronchitic Asthma, but by using Catarrhoxone I have been entirely cured. Months have since passed, and being entirely well I feel my cure has been a perfect one. A. J. Kemp.

Catarrhoxone alone is the only cure for Catarrh, Asthma, Bronchitis and Lung Troubles. An absolute cure guaranteed with every complete outfit. Large size, \$1,000; small size, 25c.; at druggists or by mail. A trial sent for 10c. by N. C. Polson & Co., Kingston, Canada, or Hartford, Conn., U. S.

'I was captured by the cannibals yesterday, and have been in a perfect stew ever since,' wrote the missionary.

After the desert the cannibal chief then postscript, and then mailed the letter.

'I am pleased to inform you that Brother Goodleigh is no longer in the stew.'

WE PROVE IT

Catarrh and Colds can be Relieved in 10 Minutes, Permanently Cured

Eighty years old—catarrh fifty years. Dr. Agnew's Catarrhal Powder cures him. Want any stronger evidence of the power of this wonderful remedy over this universal disease? Want the truth of the case confirmed? Write George Lewis, Shamokin, Pa. He says: "I look upon my cure as a miracle." It relieves in ten minutes.

22

Doctor—Why have you deducted a quarter from my bill?

Patient—That is for the six cigars you broke when you thumped my chest.

(Continued)

'It is not necessary for me to see my father in front of me. What about my going away without?'

'I have ten pounds.' 'That is not a moment's or, I will go through the baronet's office into the girl's hands near the spot where she is getting out of the fresh start elated. 'You are too can I thank you? I don't want promised wife. —God bless strike off his of him, while you with your father. But Dick was consoled. He had wanted and joy, as before Chesapeake off to the spot where he asked his daughter. Diana had, not peeringly, not which duty pleased to do what she father. She reached bridge over a street should wait in search of him came into sight her. She grew used of him, and yet been written by 'Ah! Diana, to the call of sweet one; your hand. But you must first.' 'I would rather you, Mr. W where I shall find. 'You are un- It was by my a to escape. I d sweet self. I have you. You your father's li. 'I don't unde. 'Let me expli refused to mar lose courage but I am differ reluctant you me, the more you. I have plan of forcing father is near your decision. sire, and he go getting safely what I ask, an shall be back. 'I don't bel mistrust you. You are far to to acknowledge wile. 'You might acknowledging Her eyes fla. 'I know you so negative an said. 'You hi me legally and sacrifice me to it sufficient con nived at my fat earned punishment victim, Robert. 'You wrong this, you are p and unprofita Am I? Cor and let us say willing to abide. 'You are? ask, if your fati The girl's lip. 'If my father sent' she said, man who had a until the evil d yielded to the end to wreck Woodchuckro Norville preser of some trees arms to his da Diana kissed heart sank as less look on h. 'Would he b accept freedom and happiness? 'You have Diana? he wi. 'No, father. I me—he would his wife; but I him, promising do all in his p. 'What! The raised, and int that cowed the society and w marriageable listened to this. She smiled. 'I said you Noorville lo neck, and tur beginning to l. 'You villian spicable cur! s low as to e. Defend yourse if I can! He advanced church had oon gencies. He drew a Diana, exclaim 'Another ste ter dia! The trio for as they stood nether Diana -step, and W with his revol-

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Consecan, certifies Susan Clark to be a worthy man, and can vouch regarding his cure. Dr. Chase's pills are such an enormous relief that they are contained in thousands of homes. One pill a dose, 25 cent.

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(Continued From Fourth Page.)

"It is not necessary, Sir Ughtred. My father is fond of me after a fashion."

"What about money? He can't get away without?"

"I have ten pounds in my purse."

"That is not enough. Come with me a moment—or, no; wait for me outside. We will go through the shrubbery."

The baronet slipped a little bag of gold into the girl's hand when he overtook her near the spot where she and Dick had met that evening.

"Give him that. It should ensure his getting out of England safely and making a fresh start elsewhere."

"You are too good, Sir Ughtred! How can I thank you?"

"I don't want thanks from Dick's promised wife. I love him as a brother—God bless him! Now, nurse, I'll strike off here and go in search of him, while you proceed to your tryst with your father."

But Dick was not to be found at the cottage.

He had wandered far afield in his content and joy, and it was nearly half-an-hour before Cheshire met him, and hurried him off to the spot where Hubert Norville had asked his daughter to meet him.

Diana had, meanwhile, walked on unsuspectingly, not relishing the interview to which duty pledged her, but determined to do what she could to help her unhappy father.

She reached the clump of trees near a bridge over a stream where he had said he should wait for her, and was looking about in search of him, when Bob Woodchurch came into sight and rapidly approached her.

She grew suspicious at the first glimpse of him, and yet that note had undoubtedly been written by her father.

"Ah! Diana, I know you would respond to the call of duty. Don't doubt me, sweet one; your father really is close at hand. But you must give me a few moments first."

"I would rather have nothing to say to you, Mr. Woodchurch. Kindly tell me where I shall find my father."

"You are unreasonable, my dearest girl. It was by my aid alone that he was enabled to escape. I did it for love of your own sweet self. I want you, and I mean to have you. You are to be the price of your father's liberty."

"I don't understand you."

"Let me explain. You have repeatedly refused to marry me. Many men would lose courage when constantly repulsed, but I am differently organized. The more reluctant you are to give yourself to me, the more determined I am to have you. I have, therefore, hit on this plan of forcing you to be my wife. Your father is near at hand, anxiously awaiting your decision. Grant me my heart's desire, and he goes free; I will ensure his getting safely out of England. Refuse what I ask, and by tomorrow's sunrise he shall be back at Portland."

"I don't believe you!" said Diana. "I mistrust you wholly, and for this reason: You are far too ambitious and self-seeking to acknowledge a felon's daughter as your wife."

"You might be my wife without my acknowledging you," said Woodchurch. Her eyes flashed.

"I know you too well to believe that even so negative an honor would be mine," she said. "You have no intention of marrying me legally and you know it. You would sacrifice me to your evil desires, and think it sufficient compensation that you had convinced at my father's expense from a justly earned punishment. I refuse to be your victim, Robert Woodchurch!"

"You wrong me, Diana! Worse than this, you are proving yourself an unloving and unfaithful daughter."

"Am I? Contort me with my father, and let us say the case before him. I am willing to abide by his decision."

"You are? You will consent to what I ask, if your father bids you do so?"

The girl's lip curled scornfully.

"If my father bids me do so, I will consent," she said, with implicit trust in the man who had always done his duty by her until the evil day dawned in which he first yielded to the temptation which had threatened to wreck her life.

Woodchurch whistled softly, and Hubert Norville presently emerged from the shelter of some trees near at hand and held out his arms to his daughter.

Diana kissed him warmly, though her heart sank as she noted the nagged restless look on his face.

"Would he be strong enough to refuse to accept freedom at the price of her honor and happiness?"

"You have promised to marry him, Diana?" he whispered hopefully.

"No, father. He does not wish to marry me—he would be ashamed to own me as his wife; but he wants me to go away with him, promising that, if I will do so, he will do all in his power to help you."

"What! The convict's head was proudly raised, and into his eyes flashed a look that cowed the man who was received in society and welcomed by mothers with marriageable daughters. 'You have listened to this, Diana?'"

She smiled tenderly but sadly.

"I said you should decide, father."

Norville loosed her hands from his neck, and turned to Woodchurch, who was beginning to look dangerous.

"You villain! You black-hearted, despicable cur! Did you think I had fallen so low as to earn freedom at such a price? Defend yourself, coward! I will kill you, if I can!"

He advanced threateningly; but Woodchurch had come prepared for all emergencies.

He drew a pistol and levelled it at Diana, exclaiming:

"Another step, Norville and your daughter die!"

The trio formed a tragic-looking tableau as they stood there in the moonlight, neither Diana nor Norville daring to move a step, and Woodchurch covering the girl with his revolver, an evil smile on his face

as he glanced from father to daughter and back again.

"Which is it to be, my lord felon, death or life for the daughter you have so tenderly nurtured, and for whose future you have so generously provided?"

"Diana—darling child—what am I to say?"

"Say!" Her voice rang out clear and steady. "Say 'Death!' my father. Better death a hundred times than dishonor at his hands!"

Woodchurch grew white with wrath. "Death it shall be then, Madame Haughty! I give you ten seconds to say your prayers in. One—two—three—four—five—six—seven—eight—nine—"

But before he could say 'Ten' the pistol whizzed into the air and fell in the thick grass; his arms were grasped from behind, and he was thrown into the swiftly-flowing stream by Dick Brandon.

Norville ran forward, picked up the pistol, and, taking steady aim, fired at Woodchurch as he caught hold of one of the supports of the little bridge.

He sank at once—shot through the head; and before Diana and Dick realized what was happening, there ensued the sound of a second shot, and Hubert Norville fell dead—shot by his own hand.

CHAPTER VII.

The most skilled and untiring of nurses are but flesh and blood.

Diana had been working extra hard the last few days.

She was supposed to be relieved at midnight by Lady Ainalie's maid, who had her turn of rest by day; but the girl was so drowsy when she appeared each night, that the nurse remained at her post several hours longer, the early morning being a restless time for the patient.

Already sorely tried by the painful interview with Woodchurch and the tension of the moments preceding Dick's arrival on the scene, she was utterly overcome at witnessing the double tragedy which made her wretched father a murderer and suicide.

She had a touch of brain-fever, through which Constance Ormond nursed her with the tenderness of a sister.

It was thought advisable not to allow a stranger to attend her; her ravings revealed too much.

Dick had no desire to leave The Quarries now.

He told Cheshire that he wished to remain until Diana was well enough to travel; then they would get married quietly, and start life afresh in some new country.

Cheshire appeared to agree, smiling to himself as he thought of the pleasant little surprise in store for his friends, for Diana was becoming as dear to him as Dick.

By a happy coincidence it befell that Sir Ughtred was in a position, on the very day Diana was permitted to make her first appearance in public once more, to offer Dick the post he had been occupied in getting for him.

Dick insisted on carrying her downstairs begging his 'employer' to utter commands to that effect.

But when she was comfortably established on a couch in the library, the 'coach man' had no excuse for further lingering.

He was about to withdraw very reluctantly, after a delicious little love scene with his betrothed, when Cheshire came bustling into the room, an open telegram in hand.

"Don't go, Dick; this concerns you." He closed the door, and came up to Diana's couch.

"I am more glad than I can say to see you downstairs once more, Diana. It is no use Dick objecting to my calling you that, for I mean to do it. What is more I am going to kiss you!"

And he did, Diana returning the kiss right heartily.

Dick grinned, and asked if they wouldn't rather be alone.

"No, my dear old villain! Listen, Dick. You know I have an uncle who went on a sea trip for his health twenty years ago, and never came back? He took a fancy to a nice little place that was for sale in New Zealand, and settled down there, amusing himself by 'raising' horses. His health improved and he made a lot of money."

"But the last year or two he has not done so well. His head man left, for one thing—a dependable fellow who helped him greatly—and he has not been able to replace him satisfactorily. He himself is not as well as he was—the slightest worry knocks him over. He has been medically warned against it."

"Need I say any more? I see Diana understands. This message has just come by cable, in response to a letter I wrote some weeks since. Send him along. When can you start, Dick?"

Dick's eyes looked a bit dewy as he clasped Cheshire's hand.

"How can I thank you?" he said huskily. "You have been planning this all the time; that was why you made me come here."

"I didn't want to lose sight of you, old man. And I didn't like to speak for fear of raising false hopes. Its the very thing to suit you, Dick; you are always at home amongst horses, and you will get on capably with my uncle. Constance and I are coming out on our honeymoon to pay you all a visit; you will send us an invitation, won't you, Diana?"

"I? I—But—perhaps—your uncle—"

"I'm not going without you, you may be sure of that! I said Dick sturdily, sitting on the head of the couch, and dangling one long leg to and fro. 'Cheshire does not wish that I know!'"

"Of course not! My uncle never married from conscientious motives. He thinks it wrong for any but healthy people to marry. He will be only too pleased to have a lady at the head of his house once more. He often bemoans his lack of what he calls 'cultured femininity' in his establishment. He'll fall in love with you at sight; see if he doesn't!"

"You're a dear!" said Diana.

"I think," observed Dick, rising stately,

"it is about time Miss Ormond was informed of all that is taking place between you two, I will go in search of her."

"You seem to forget you are still wearing my livery, you impudent rascal! How dare you presume to seek an interview with my affianced bride? Diana has had as much excitement as is good for her, Dick. Wish her good-bye for the present, and come along with me. We have a heap of things to see about if you are to get off next week, as I want you to do, if Morgan says Diana can stand the voyage."

Dick took a tender farewell of his darling, and followed Sir Ughtred out of the room.

"Cheshire," he said then. "I haven't thanked you. I don't know how to thank you."

"Don't try, Dick. I am as happy as you are over this business. I am convinced you are the very man to suit my uncle."

"But he ought to know that I shall not come alone."

"I'll cable him to that effect."

The answer was prompt and satisfactory. "So much the better."

But Dick had another objection to raise.

"Have you told him who I am, Cheshire?"

"Yes; he knows all about you. Acting on a sudden impulse, Sir Ughtred added: 'Don't think all the dishonesty in the world is perpetrated by those who are found out and brought to justice. A case has recently come to my knowledge where a gentlewoman—by birth—gambled with and lost her daughter's fortune, and tried to keep the news of her loss from that daughter until she had married a man who believed her to be in possession of at least five thousand pounds a year.'"

"Something in his friend's tone told Dick the truth."

"Is that really a fact, Cheshire?"

"Yes. My poor girl considers she has as much cause as yourself to feel ashamed of her parentage. Her mother thinks I am still ignorant of her intended fraud. She will be deceived on our marriage day—that is one reason why we have planned a prolonged honeymoon."

The very recent death of Diana's father could not be allowed to stand in the way of her marriage.

Dr. Morgan pronounced her fit to travel and likely to benefit by a long sea-voyage; so she and Dick took one another 'for better, for worse' one morning about a week later in a quiet little country church a few miles from The Quarries, and started on their new life together with rather more than an average chance of happiness, for both had already had a taste of the trouble which is the heritage of every man and woman born into this world, and without which our characters cannot be perfected.

And the two lovers left behind were in similar cases, though in a lesser degree.

Cheshire shared Constance's sense of shame, and longed to make her forget it.

"Is there any reason why we should wait?" he asked, as they turned away from the station where they had gone to see Mr. and Mrs. Dick Brandon off by train.

"How soon will you marry me, Constance? We have already been engaged a month. Order your frock at once, sweetheart, and let us be off to New Zealand in a week or two."

"People would talk, Ughtred! Wait till the one month has become three, and then, perhaps—"

"No 'perhapses,' Say 'for certain!'"

"Well, then, 'for certain,'" murmured Constance, as willingly as any man could wish.

General William W. Henry, With Us in Canada.

HE IS AMERICAN CONSUL IN QUEBEC CITY.

STRONGLY INDORSES PAINE'S CELERY COMPOUND.

The Marvellous Spring Medicine.

Many of the wondrous successes and decisive victories of Paine's Celery Compound over disease and death are well known to the people of the seven provinces of our Dominion.

No other medicine ever given to suffering humanity has met with such approval from physicians, from nurses caring for the sick, from men and women of culture and influence, and from the sensible and thinking people of the toiling class. All unite in one grand chorus of praise—

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"It gives me great pleasure to indorse Paine's Celery Compound, both on account of the results obtained from personal use of the remedy and knowledge of the remarkable cures it has performed. I believe it has no equal in curing diseases of the nervous system and building up those who are weak and out of health. It has cured several friends of mine of rheumatism in its worst form, and I have no hesitancy in recommending it to all afflicted with that disease."

Countess Potocka and The geor.

The Countess Potocka, in her "Memoirs," gives a delightful account of a visit to a seer. The occult and supernatural had ever a fascination for her. After much persuasion her father-in-law consented to take her to visit a famous "clairvoyant."

The affair was managed with the utmost secrecy, all tending to increase her expectation and awe. She was in a box at the French theater at Warsaw when her father-

Seal Brand Coffee

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Every bean effuses fragrant Coffee of absolute purity.

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CHASE & SANBORN, MONTREAL AND BOSTON.

in-law summoned her away. The lamps of the carriage were not lighted and the servants were not in livery—necessary precautions, she was told.

We drove rapidly for a long distance through many streets, she says; finally she entered a dark court, where silence reigned. Some one brought a dark lantern and we climbed a narrow and steep staircase. Passing through an antechamber we were left in darkness before a door on which my father in law rapped three times.

"Enter, my brother," said a sepulchral voice. Beyond the door we found ourselves in a large, dimly lighted room in the presence of the seer, an aged man with flowing white hair and huge spectacles.

The whole scene filled me with blind terror. After certain mysterious ceremonies I was asked if I would see the dead, the beasts of the Apocalypse, or the absent.

Terror-stricken as I was, I asked to see my mother, my husband and a friend. And then a black curtain opened as if of itself, and through a thin mist I saw the box at the theater which I had lately left, and the three people mentioned, who sat as if listening to a play.

The features, the dress, the gestures were so exact that I uttered a cry of astonishment. The curtain fell and I heard shouts of laughter.

My father-in-law drew me to the black curtain, opened it, and I saw, not through a mist, but quite distinctly, a lavishly bedecked table, lighted with a hundred candles, about which all our friends were supping jovially. I was dumb with amazement.

They got up, they surrounded me. I could not speak. I was unable to distinguish the reality from the imitation.

"But where are we?" I gasped at last. "In the house of Monsieur M. You have come by a thousand turns."

"And the mysterious entrance?"

"A little back staircase, which you had never been up."

"And the seer?"

"Monsieur de R." (a family friend).

"And the mist?"

"Gauze."

"And the box at the theater?"

"Painted on paper."

"And the banquet?"

"A dinner party."

The most surprising thing in all this clever deception was that the arrangers of it had so well calculated the degree of my courage and of my affection as well, and had guessed in advance that I should not trouble the repose of the dead, but I should call up the very people my friends had planned for.

THE ROMANCE OF A YOUNG NUN.

Eloped to marry the man who, as Engineer where she taught, had wooed her.

Tired of life in a convent and enamored with a sturdy young engineer, Sister Mary of St. Phillippe escaped from the convent of the Holy Cross, New Orleans, La., a day or two ago and quietly married the man of her choice.

Three years ago Joseph Robin, a wealthy planter of Lake Charles, La., brought Maggie Robin, a sixteen year old daughter to the city and placed her in the charge of Mother Superior Modesta of the convent of the Holy Cross. The young woman was a devout and willing novice and was welcomed in the holy place. In course of time the pretty young novice was assigned daily to the St. Mary's orphan asylum, where she taught primary classes. The orphan asylum is about six blocks from the convent and daily the sweet faced young novice, always accompanied by a more mature member of the order, would walk to her labors.

It was on this daily walk that W. F. Sarrazin first met the beautiful young novice. The stern costume of the order concealed her charms and with determination born of intuition Sarrazin determined to make his love known. With that sole purpose in view the sturdy young fellow applied at the asylum for the office of engineer. He was taken a little

over a year ago, and with the title of perfect he was enabled to meet the object of his infatuation.

An acquaintance quickly ripened into a lasting love, and the young engineer and a novice from the Convent of the Holy Cross were betrothed. The Sunday after that stolen interview Sister Mary promised an answer to the all-important question. The ardent young lover had agreed to abide by a signal given from the dormitory of the convent. It was almost dusk when a slight girlish figure appeared at the window that was so eagerly watched. She nodded and smiled on her knight. It was the signal of assent. It was a promise to leave the convent and the convent life forever on the morrow.

Shortly after daybreak Monday this same girlish figure, but no longer Sister Mary Phillippe, glided from the sombre big convent. Sarrazin was in waiting with two friends, and jumping into a carriage the little party was driven hastily away.

Fortune favored the lovers, until at the early morning devotions the pretty young novice was missed from her accustomed place. Inquiry at the orphan asylum revealed that she was indeed gone. Perfect Sarrazin was not to be found, and then the whole was surmised. There was a frantic telephoning to the Board of Health, to the police, instructing that the marriage should be stopped, as the sister was under age.

When young Sarrazin applied for his license with his blushing young sweetheart he was told that the license would not be issued. With a rare presence of mind a companion who had come as a witness, promptly announced that the ceremony could easily be performed in Gretna, which is in the adjoining parish of Jefferson. They left the office. News was flashed to Gretna and while the authorities were congratulating themselves on outwitting the little wedding party the very ceremony was being conducted in a local city court. Thinking the Gretna declaration would have its effect, Sarrazin and his bride hastened to Judge Wynne Rogers and before there could be any staying hand the ceremony was performed that joined the young engineer and sister Mary, now Maggie Robin.

In a little cottage less than a dozen blocks from the big convent Mr. and Mrs. Sarrazin are quartered, awaiting the verdict of the parents, which means a great deal to their future happiness. Joseph Robin, the wealthy father of the young nun, although not told of his daughter's marriage, has been sent for by Mother Superior Modesta. W. F. Sarrazin, the groom, is of an old Creole family and the son of the late Justin Sarrazin, who in life was one of the most extensive tobacco merchants in the South.

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Genuine Carter's Little Liver Pills.

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

CURE SICK HEADACHE.

"Old Ready."

John won his odd title when he was a small patient in the children's ward of the Samaritan Hospital. His broken arm was not yet out of the sling before he was helping Nurse Romaine care for the other children, and the children straightway hit upon this name that fitted him so perfectly, "Old Ready." That was ten years ago, and he was still in the hospital. The broken arm got well speedily, but before that happened it was found that the willing worker could not be spared.

First he was put on the rolls as errand boy, but he soon outworked these narrow limits and was promoted to higher responsibilities. Step by step he had come up and up since then; the position he held now it would be hard to define exactly, for he found work to do, and plenty of it, in every department of his reach. That had been the case all along; the thing that needed doing was the thing he took in hand, asking no questions, waiting for no bidding. He was still Old Ready to all in the hospital, from Dr. Ellis, the chief surgeon, down.

Promotion is a pleasant thing for boy or man; all the pleasanter for John, because his mother, hard at work in the mill, and his sister, Katy, the busy little housekeeper, had such pride and delight in his advancement. He had a hope of making them prouder still; a day, not on the calendar yet, shone away off in the future; the day that should advance him to the pinnacle of his ambition, the position of assistant steward. He was studying hard to fit himself for that.

In the fury of a winter storm, when the bitterest night of half a century was settling upon the world, John was shut up in his room, studying as hard as he had worked all day. Unless specially summoned, he need not open his door again that night. He heard the ambulance arriving with a new case, and he heard the bearers carry the litter into the children's ward.

"Poor little soul!" he muttered. "I hope it isn't a case of freezing." A glow of thankfulness warmed him; Katy, snug and warm at home, was in no danger of freezing. "Right sort of night for that, though."

It was indeed the "right sort of night for that." The air was thick with a driving white mist; the ambulance was like a snow-drift on wheels; the litter-bearers, and the troubled mother beside them, plunged through deep snow as they came up the steps. In a moment the men were out again and the ambulance was driven away; already there had been another call. John, seeing nothing of all this, only knowing of it by the sounds, went on with his studying. Doctor Steel and Nurse Romaine could deal with a case of freezing without his help.

True, but this was not a case of freezing, and they could not deal with it; the little form on the cot before them had been cruelly torn by machinery.

"I was working late, and she had just come from the house, bringing me my supper," the poor mother explained, wringing her hands. "I was telling her she shouldn't have done that in all the storm, though it's but round the corner, and while I was saying it, and while she was laughing and making light of the storm—she's always so brave and good!—the belt caught her somehow, and—oh dear! oh dear! You can save her to me, can't you, doctor? You must save her to me!"

"Only one man in the state can do that," said Doctor Steele, after a swift examination. "Ellis can, if we can get him here. We must get him, for the case is beyond me."

He hurried out into the hall, John, in his room, heard him giving a sharp order to Negley, the night messenger, then he heard Negley, as usual, piling up difficulties in the way of what he was told to do.

"I'm willin' enough to start out and try it, doc. If you can tell me where to go, I'll go, but you say yourself there ain't no clue to follow. And to wadin' round through all this snow on a wild-goose chase why—"

"Stop your grumbling and go!" With that fierce growl the doctor strode back into the ward.

John needed no more calling than this; in two minutes he was out in the hall, looking like an Arctic explorer. Negley was taking his comfort, with no notion of going out except under stronger pressure. He grinned derisively at sight of the high boots and the fur cap, but a fellow who would volunteer to go out in such a storm as this was worth seeing under the circumstances.

"Good for you? This lets me out!" he remarked, and instantly he slipped off to a warm corner, quite out of everybody's way.

Just in time, for Doctor Steel had bounced out again to put spurs to his lagging messenger. He saw John, laughed in huge relief, took everything for granted at once, and forthwith gave his order.

"Ready, I want you to find Doctor Ellis. I don't know where he is, and nobody at his house knows, but find him. Tell him to come here without losing a minute, to save life. Tell him that—to save life."

"All right, sir."

On his way out, John saw Nurse Romaine knocking at the door of his room. She saw him at the same, and hurried to him.

"I was after you to come into the ward," she said, "but if you are going after Doctor Ellis that will be better. You will say so yourself when—afterward. Much better, for you will find him. And she opened the door for him, and the blast swept him out.

She shut the door and went back to the ward. "It is a cruel thing, all round," she said to herself, "but this is the kindest part of it all. No pocket can hold the wage of the willing worker, and I pray it may be paid to him in full!"

What a storm this was that John had

come out to battle with! He was full of life, and he loved a sharp tussle with the weather, but there was something too much of this. The intense cold found him out through all his warm clothing, and the wind knocked him this way and that in spite of all resistance. Those were trifles that did not count; he could fight the wind and the fight would keep him warm; and the snow was the only thing he really feared, it hindered him so. Of course he could master the worst of the deeping drifts, if he had time, but there was the trouble; time was a precious thing when Doctor Ellis was sent for to save life.

In front of the Albermarle hotel, half a square from the hospital, he got footing on a car; it carried him a few rods; then it stopped in a hopeless drift and he got off, and that was the last car he saw that night. Well, even that short ride had almost frozen him; floundering on foot would keep his blood stirring, at any rate. Even so, his fingers and toes ached with the cold, his nose and ears smarted, his face tingled painfully under the lashing of the frozen snow.

In spite of his best efforts, he was a long time in getting to the Brotherhood Hospital, and that was really only the starting-place he had set for himself; Doctor Ellis came here every evening and here the clue must be picked up. In two minutes John was out in the storm again the clue in hand the doctor had been there and had gone off to one of his many "poor cases." Prince Street. That was all right, and John could get there only on foot. No matter, the clue led there, and he followed the clue with a light heart and perfect confidence.

He followed the trail to Beppo's house in Prince Street; then to Sullivan's house in Rose Street; then here, there and every where. Doctor Ellis, great surgeon and physician as he was at the call of who, so ever had need of him, night or day. So for half the night he seemed to him, the weary messenger pursued the chase through the hindering drifts, never losing the trail of the man he tracked, but never coming nearer to him.

The storm grew worse, if that were possible. Even on wind-swept spaces the snow was more than ankle-deep; in other places the boy must labor through drifts that swallowed him to the waist.

Where he must fight his own way; not a car was moving, and no vehicle or horse was to be had. He tried to whistle as he plunged onward but the wind outmatched him at that and drove the whistle down his throat. That was just as well, for his whistling had but little spirit in it. He acknowledged to himself that the fight had become rather wearing. In truth it was cruelly hard, and the long fierce struggle was telling fearfully at last, even on his sturdy young strength. He was cold now, terribly cold, and he never in his life had been so tired. He would not confess it, but by this time all of him was exhausted except his courage and his will.

Then the crushing climax came, the stunning hopeless word was spoken. Another messenger, coming in a sleigh with horses enough to drag it through drifts house high, had found Doctor Ellis first, and had carried him quite out of reach. Carried him where? To the Albermarle Hotel, within half a square of poor John's starting place.

What to do now? Even John confessed that he could not possibly conquer again those terrible drifts; his feet might as well have been lead for all the life or feeling that there was in them, and he was tired beyond words. The Albermarle had telephone connection! Off to the nearest telephone station, then. If the wires were not working, then indeed he must give up; but he would not give up till he had tried his last chance. After that he might rest.

He must rest before that. He had hardly started in his new course when for the first time, he fell down. He got his frozen feet under him and struggled up again, but only to fall back helpless into smothering drift. He had twisted his ankle so that he could not stand on it, and there was nothing to do but stay where he was until help came. That meant the end of everything, for no help could be hoped for; it seemed that only he, of all the city, was abroad in the storm. Well, it was good to rest, at any rate, he was so tired and sleepy. He would be snowed under like the child they had brought to the hospital, but—that remained him. He wrenched himself broad awake. Somebody must help him to the telephone station!

A sound, more welcome than any he had ever heard, reached him. Not far away an ambulance bell was changing. He shouted again and again, lustily as in his best days. Men answered him, and presently the Brotherhood ambulance was there beside him. Another minute, and he was in the ambulance, with warm blankets about him.

"Wouldn't bother you, only for the kink in my leg." He croaked the words feebly enough, but with all his old cheery pluck. "Oh with you now, quick as you can! Must telephone—Doctor Ellis—save—live—"

"Oh, keep me awake!" The flash of energy had died out already and the fatal drowsiness beset him again with a power he could not resist. His rescuers knew the full meaning of those words, "To save life," and desperate as his own case might be, they must help him do his errand. With merciful cruelty they shook and scolded him till he found himself in the warmth and light of the telephone station.

"Give me Albermarle Hotel." Rallying all his forces, he waited for the test call. He looked up at the cliff clock and was sure it had stopped. From the story it told he had been away from the hospital not much more than two hours. For a wonder the wires were working and the call was answered. Then, with all the voice he could muster, he himself called for Doctor Ellis. Doctor Ellis spoke back to him.

"Old Ready, doctor, with a message from Doctor Steel. He says you must come to the Samaritan Hospital without losing a minute, to save life. To save life, doctor!

Do you hear that? I've lost a lot of time hunting for you. You must hurry!" "I hear, Ready, and I'll go. This instant, Ready."

That was all. John had done what was given him to do, and now he could rest. When he came to himself, hours afterward, he was in the Brotherhood Hospital. Doctors and nurses were busy with him, and every part of him that could feel was in pain. They put him to sleep, and he got through the night in some way. The next day doctor Ellis himself was there, looking him over and tenderly putting him to rights.

"You'll do" the doctor said, at last. "The leg will be as good as new pretty soon, and the hands and feet will be ready for use by the time the leg is."

"Yes, but did you get there in time last night doctor? That's what I want to know."

"In good time, Ready." The doctor's face lighted up in a way pleasant to see. "There would have been a different story to tell if you hadn't got to the telephone, though. She will come through all right, and be none the worse for the accident, I can promise you that. Now go to sleep."

The doctor stood thinking for a little, then whispered in John's ear. "Get ready for duty as soon as you can—assistant steward! Oh yes, that's what it is, dating from last night! Good-by."

John forgot all the pain. Assistant steward! "The great dream of the future had come true in a night! To his great surprise he dropped off to sleep thinking about it."

Later Nurse Romaine was there, crying over him and kissing his swollen and blistered face. "Your mother would have come, dear," she explained, wiping her eyes, "but she is at our hospital with—"

"O John! It was hard to send you out away from her, and she so dreadfully hurt, and calling for you all the time, but what could we do? That was the only chance of saving her. Only Doctor Ellis could do what had to be done, and only you could be trusted to find him. Your mother agreed that it would be best not to excite you and worry you before you started. Besides, your heart would have been half broken to leave her. You two did save her, and that is the great thing, isn't it?"

"But—what?" John whispered, in troubled perplexity. "Not—it couldn't have been Katy?"

Nurse Romaine put her face tenderly against his. "Katy, yes, dear. You earned her life last night, my willing worker. She will live and be well, but she would have died only for you, John."

So the wage of the willing worker was paid in full to John, as Miss Romaine had prayed. All the promises of hope were made good to him, and the assistant steward of the Samaritan Hospital is as happy as he is busy, which is saying much.

KING EDWARD'S BEST CROWN.

It is a Jewelry Shop by Itself and Its Cost Was \$1,800,000.

At the coronation of King Edward VII. and Queen Alexandra four crowns will be used. The chief one, known as Queen Victoria's crown, will be the one actually used in the ceremony of crowning the king the second one will be used in crowning the queen consort, and the other two will be worn by their majesties during the services following the actual crowning.

These, together with the sword of state, the sceptres and coronation ring, all taken from the tower by order of the Earl Marshal of England, are in the custody of the Dean of Westminster during the coronation services.

The Queen Victoria crown, also called the state crown, is a dazzling mass of precious stones, 3,093 in all, and many of them have interesting histories. There is a magnificent sapphire which is said to have come from the ring of Edward the Confessor. Then there are sixteen small sapphires, eleven emeralds, four rubies, of which one belonged to the Black Prince; four drop-shaped pearls, 273 other pearls, 1,363 brilliant diamonds, 147 table diamonds and 1,274 rose diamonds.

With all this mass of jewels the whole crown weighs only thirty nine ounces. It was made in 1838 for Queen Victoria's coronation from jewels taken from old crowns, and is valued at \$1,800,000. The cap is of crimson velvet lined with white silk, and has an ermine border.

It is not the most costly royal crown in Europe; that distinction is asserted for the crown belonging to Portugal, which is valued at \$8,000,000. The crown which represents the smallest outlay is that of Rumania. It is made out of a bit of old cannon captured at Plewna.

The most beautiful crown is that of the King of Denmark. It is simple in design but of artistic workmanship, the leaves by which the circlet is surmounted being curved and veined by precious stones, and each leaf ornamented by a magnificent jewel.

The oldest crown in Europe, which is also the smallest, measuring only six inches in diameter, is the iron crown of Lombardy.

The one crown which is distinguished as the sacred crown is that of Hungary. It is revered by the people, being regarded as a palladium. Two nobles of ancient lineage and a troop of halberdiers guard it night and day in the Castle of Buda, where it is kept.

In olden times no king could reign in Hungary unless the sacred crown had

rested on his brow, and if he died before he had been crowned his name was stricken from the record of kings. Even a pretender acquired a quasi title to the kingdom if by force of stratagem he could possess himself of it.

Twice the crown has disappeared, but how or where it was found the first time is unknown to this day. The last time it was found buried in the ground. A magnificent sapphire is its bright particular ornament. This is surmounted by four beautiful green stones of some unknown kind, lapidaries disagreeing as to what the gems are. A sapphire of matchless beauty also adorns the imperial crown of Austria.

The crown most decorated with emblems is that of the German Emperor. It has the figure of an eagle, four diamond crosses, four hoops supporting a globe and this surmounted by another cross.

The pontifical who possesses most crowns is the Pope, eight at least being stored at the Vatican. Many of them are simply gifts and have no special significance. Napoleon I. was the donor of one to Pius VII. This is the handsomest one of all, having a beautiful emerald. A Queen of Spain was the donor of another. The principal papal crown is a triple one.

In Spain and Belgium the crown does not figure in the coronation services. The feature of the ceremony in both countries consists in the King's swearing to preserve the Constitution and laws of the country. Nor is it a matter of course that a Czar should be crowned, though Nicholas and his consort were crowned with great pomp at Moscow. The Czar being a religious as well as a temporal lord, the crown in shape is modelled after a bishop's mitre. Again, in this case, a sapphire is the most beautiful stone in the crown. There are five diamonds resting on a magnificent ruby, which form the cross surmounting the crown.

Outside of Europe the crown becomes a rarity. The Sultan, for example, possesses no crown, coronation being unknown in Turkey. In place of this is substituted the investiture of the monarch with the sword of Osman. The sabre is girt around the Sultan with the words: "Take it with faith for ye have received it from God."

The Shah of Persia has a crown, if such it can be called, which is variously described as resembling a flower pot and a bonnet. The small end is open, the other closed. It is made of cloth of gold, with strings of hanging precious stones, with here and there tufts of feathers, ornamented by diamonds, rubies, emeralds and pearls. At the top is set what is perhaps the greatest ruby in the world. An uncut absolutely flawless stone as large as a hen's egg.

LOSS OF APPELITE AND GENERAL DEBILITY are quickly overcome by the use of a few bottles of "The D. & L." Emulsion of Cod Liver Oil. Manufactured by the Davis & Lawrence Co., Ltd.

BORN.

- Halifax, to the wife J F Day, a son.
Halifax, Mar 11, to the wife of F J Carew, a son.
Bishopville, Feb 4, to the wife of James Eye, a son.
Pembroke, Mar 1, to the wife of L W Lantz, a son.
Halifax, Feb 27, to the wife of L Doyle, a daughter.
Halifax, Mar 2, to the wife of C A Evans, a daughter.
Halifax, Mar 6, to the wife of Dr T J F Murphy, a son.
St John, Feb 27, to the wife of Dennis O'Neill, a son.
Maitland, Feb 24, to the wife of James Tucker, a son.
Kemp, Feb 18, to the wife of Alex McDougall, a son.
West Head, Feb 15, to the wife of Irving Newell, a son.
Lunenburg, Feb 25, to the wife of Geo Moody, a son.
Litchfield, Feb 27, to the wife of Wilbur Hamilton, a son.
New Glasgow, Mar 5, to the wife of Y C Campbell, a son.
Halifax, Mar 1, to the wife of Wm C Bauld, a daughter.
Parrsboro, Mar 1, to the wife of Nelson Phinney, a daughter.
Halifax, Mar 7, to the wife of Capt J A Willett, a daughter.
Lawrence, Mass, Feb 28, to the wife of D M Spence, a daughter.
Halifax, Mar 7, to the wife of Capt J A Willett, a daughter.
St John, Mar 8, to the wife of Geo Thompson, a daughter.
Hantsport, Feb 28, to the wife of Fred Salter, a daughter.
Windsor, Mar 8, to the wife of Milledge Eason, a daughter.
Guilford, Feb 23, to the wife of John O'Brien, a daughter.
Leeke's Lake, Feb 19, to the wife of Charles Morris, a son.
Clark's Harbor, Feb 15, to the wife of John Branson, a son.
Parrsboro, Feb 25, to the wife of George McLean, a daughter.
New Glasgow, Mar 1, to the wife of Frank McGregor, a son.
Port Hawksbury, Mar 4, to the wife of Freeman Embree, a son.
Vancouver, B C Mar 4, to the wife of Wellesley Davison, a son.
Dartmouth, Mar 3, to the wife of Ronald MacDonald, a daughter.

MARRIED.

- Hantsport, Feb 23, J F Dalton to Alice Smith.
Lunenburg, March 6, W T Ernst, to Ida Kaalbach.
Truro, Feb 27, Thus Cameron to Mrs Mary Brown.
Truro, Feb 27, John Heson to Eliza Ann Chisholm.
Yarmouth, March 4, Mark Kenney, to Eliza Kenney.
Woodstock, Feb 27, Todd Ritchie, to Retta Grant.
Kent, N B, March 5, John Sayles, to Nettie Milten.
Annapolis, Feb 27, Fred Durland to Maud Berry.
Truro, Feb 28, Theodore Cossman, to Sarah C. Robinson.

- Cumberland, March 5, Gilbert W. Dryden, to Clara Frida.
Digby, Feb 27, Charles Morton to Carrie Morehouse.
Lunenburg, Feb 27, Norman Osbourne to Susan J. Dana.
Annapolis, Feb 27, Fred H Durland, to Maud C Berry.
Picton, Feb 27, Rev. Latchan MacLean to Sarah Munro.
Fredericton, March 6, Joseph Brownell, to Dora Parent.
Yarmouth, March 5, Aaron Durkie, to Amy L. Croby.
Annapolis, Feb 20, Rupert McWhinnie, to Ella Hudson.
Upper South River, Russell Crook to Bessie Phillips.
Truro, March 4, Harvey J Johnson, to Minnie E Vincent.
Bath, C. Co., Feb 23, Edward Mahany to Della H. Cookson.
Maple View, March 6, Wm. Swiler to Annie O. Hasden.
Clark's Harbor, Feb 27, George Sadler to Maggie Crowell.
Centerville, N B., March 4, Wm C Boyer to Gussie Wallace.
Hantsport, Feb 28, Fred Fritzel, to Eunice A Zwickler.
Amherst, March 6, Wm. McMillan, to Martha Mitchell.
Goldenville, N. S., Feb 27, Rufus Sweet to Carrie Williams.
Dorchester, Mass, Jan 31, W G Holland to Belle Whitman.
Havana, Cuba, Jan 30, Charles Couvras, to Lily McCurdy.
River Herbert, Feb 21, Charles Roberts, to Mary Rockwell.
Yarmouth, Feb 19, Rubin Fitzgerald to Georgina Fitzgerald.

DIED.

- Boston, Percy A Gaudy, 4.
Picton, Feb 21, Wm Fraser, 48.
Sydney, Feb 12, Hugh Rose, 65.
Picton, Feb 17, Mrs John Hatch.
Digby, Feb 28, Charles Merritt, 13.
Halifax, Feb 28, Alex Adams, 29.
St John, Bessie Victoria Green, 14.
Guysboro, Feb 14, Robt. Cameron.
Archie, Jan 22, Mrs McCarthy 65.
Halifax, Mar 4, Walter Orlick, 75.
Crafter, Feb 27, Henry Porter, 70.
Carleton, N S., Susan R Drake, 61.
Halifax, Mar 11, Chas. Macdonald.
Halifax, Mar 10, John B Scallar, 28.
Windsor, Mar 8, Ephraim Thurlow.
Fido, Feb 12, Mrs B Chisholm, 74.
Boston, Feb 22, Enoch K Kedrick, 70.
California, May 31, Chas Hestris, 65.
Kentville, Feb 22, Alex McInnes, 80.
Yarmouth, Mar 2, Richard Foote, 80.
Parrsboro, Mar 2, Lawson Forbes, 27.
Eureka, Feb 20, Janie McDonald, 49.
Picton, Feb 18, Mrs David Ferrin, 64.
Annapolis, Mrs Margaret Minchin, 75.
Yarmouth, Mar 4, Joseph Vikerky, 7.
Needham, Mass Feb 23, Arthur Bennett.
Dartmouth, Mar 8, Matthew Brennan, 65.
Hackett's Cove, Mar 13, Dr T E Chase.
Merigomish, Mar 1, Mrs J Jha Forbes, 70.
Morristown, Mar 1, Levi Alzerena Fox, 1.
New Ross, Mar 3, Mrs Henry Windrow, 70.
Burlington, King, Mar 4, David Finco, 92.
Greenwood, Mass, Feb 23, 5 F Setchell, 35.
Ardole, Hants, Feb 23, Mrs R J Davis, 65.
Mill Road, Colchester, Jan 12, Letta Ross.
San Francisco, Feb 22, James G Hunter, 66.
Sopernville, Mass, Feb 26, Edward Clarke 61.
Memramcook, N B, Silas Crane Chartrrs, 85.
Merigomish, Mar 5, Miss Elizabeth Fraser, 74.
St John, March 10, Mrs Patrick McGoldrick, 70.
Dorchester, Mass, Feb 10, Thomas A Allen, 62.
Newville, Mass, Jan 23, Lydia Morrison, 17.
New Glasgow, Mar 1, Mary Ann McRobinson, 11.
New Glasgow, Mar 6, Capt Robt McIntosh, 67.
Dorchester, Mass, Feb 21, Percy infant of Mr and Mrs G O Gendry.
Summersville, Hants, Mar 15, Jennie, infant of Mr and Mrs Embert Cowell.

RAILROADS.

CANADIAN PACIFIC

LOW RATE....

Settlers' Excursion

BRITISH COLUMBIA AND PACIFIC COAST POINTS.

One way second class tickets good to start on Tuesday March 20th, 1901, 25th, April 2nd, 9th, 16th, 23rd, 30th, 1901.

RATE FROM ST. JOHN, N. B.

Table with columns: To, Rate. To Nelson, B. C., \$53. To Trail, \$53. To Rossland, \$53. To Greenwood, \$53. To Vancouver, \$53. To Victoria, \$53. To Seattle, Wash., \$53.

Equally low rates to points in Colorado, Utah, Montana, Idaho, Washington, Oregon and California. For particulars of rates, train services, etc., write to,

A. J. HEATH, D. F. A., C. E. R., St. John, N. B.

Intercolonial Railway

On and after MONDAY Mar. 11th, 1901, trains will run daily (Sundays excepted) as follows—

TRAINS WILL LEAVE ST. JOHN

Table with columns: Express for Point du Chene, Campbellton and Halifax, 7:00. Express for Halifax and Picton, 12:15. Express for Sussex, 16:30. Express for Quebec and Montreal, 17:00. Accommodation for Halifax and Sydney, 22:15.

A sleeping car will be attached to the train leaving St. John at 11:00 o'clock for Quebec and Montreal. Passengers transfer at Moncton. A sleeping car will be attached to the train leaving St. John at 22:10 o'clock for Halifax. Vestibule, Dining and Sleeping cars on the Quebec and Montreal express.

TRAINS WILL ARRIVE AT ST. JOHN

Table with columns: Express from Sussex, 8:30. Express from Quebec and Montreal, 12:40. Express from Halifax, Picton and Point du Chene, 16:00. Express from Halifax and Campbellton, 19:15. Accommodation from Pt. du Chene and Moncton, 24:45. Daily, except Monday.

All trains are run by Eastern Standard time Twenty-four hours notation.

D. FOTTEGGER, Gen. Manager, Moncton, N. B., March 6, 1901.

CITY TICKET OFFICE, 7 King Street, St. John, N. B.