

THEY WANT A HOSPITAL.

SEVERAL OF MONCTON'S CITIZENS HAVE THE FEVER BADLY.

They will take as Small Subscriptions as Twenty-five Dollars From any Citizen who is Generally Disposed—Some of the Things to be Considered in the Scheme.

The people in Moncton who want a hospital evidently want it very much indeed, if one may judge by the energetic manner in which they are working for their pet scheme. Opposition is said to be the life of trade, and apparently it puts life in other things also, and give a wholesome fillip to enterprises that might otherwise die of inanition. The hospital is not by any means a new idea, it has been proposed several times before, but on each occasion died a natural death, and the cause, as given in the burial certificate, was lack of interest. A few people were so genuinely in earnest, and so enthusiastic over the crying need of a hospital in the city, that they were willing to devote whatever of time and money they had at their disposal, to the good cause; but unfortunately, there were either "not enough" to form a quorum or else the people who were rich in enthusiasm were too poor in coin of the realm to be able to give their opinion that substantial backing without which a cold and calculating world is apt to receive even the most philanthropic of schemes, with discouraging indifference. Besides that there was no one else in the field with a rival attraction just then, and therefore little reason for any undue excitement over the matter. Now however all this is changed, and as a certain number of the citizens are convinced that there is a much greater need of public squares, and also that they are by far the most practicable and least expensive of the "proposed jubilee memorials; the hospital party" have arisen and girded themselves for action, and even those who are not in sympathy with their views cannot help admiring the energy and earnestness with which they have set about their task.

A meeting was held in the Y. M. C. A. parlors last Thursday evening for the purpose of thoroughly discussing the feasibility of the scheme, and all those interested were invited to attend. Judging by the number who responded to the invitation there were a goodly number interested, for the rooms were tolerably well filled. Mr. Peter McInerney was called to the chair, and after various propositions had been submitted to the meeting the suggestion of Mr. Joshua Peters was finally adopted. Mr. Peters suggested that the citizens purchase a suitable site, erect and equip a cottage hospital which shall not cost more than seven thousand dollars, and present it to the city provided the city council will vote a certain sum per annum towards its maintenance. On the chairman agreeing to this proposition it was decided to appoint a committee to draw up a guarantee to this effect, and Messrs. Joshua Peters, Dr. McCully and H. C. Hanington were chosen.

Each one present then pledged themselves to spend at least one hour in obtaining other signatures, and the meeting dispersed after magnanimously deciding not to confine the privilege of subscribing to those who could give thousands, and hundreds of dollars, but to accept contributions of such small sums as twenty five dollars, or even less. This was a step in the right direction as doubtless the committee who will be appointed later to receive subscriptions will be overwhelmed with entreaties from all classes, to be allowed to contribute to the fund even the small sum of twenty-five dollars. The agreement finally drawn up reads as follows: "We, the undersigned, hereby constitute ourselves a general committee for the purpose of commemorating the Queen's Diamond Jubilee by the erection and equipment of a public hospital for the city of Moncton, according to plans and specifications to be approved by the city council, and not to exceed in cost the sum of seven thousand dollars, provided that the city as its part in the celebration of the same event, contribute the sum of one thousand dollars per year for the maintenance of such hospital."

Here follows the signatures, but the peculiarity of the document is one which will strike the business man at once and cause him to wonder whether it could possibly have been intentional—it consists of the utter absence of financial obligation of any kind, and therefore if the promoters should succeed in securing a thousand names they would still be unable to form the slightest estimate of the amount they could count upon. The documents is merely a list of those who are in favor of a hospital rather than public squares, as a jubilee memorial. So thoroughly are the ladies who favor the hospital in earnest that a number of them are engaged in making a house to house canvass in order to find out the true state of public opinion on

the subject. Should the result be satisfactory it will be placed before the citizens at the next meeting and the hospital will probably become an accomplished fact.

So far so well! It will doubtless be a moment of triumph for those who have worked so valiantly, when Moncton, Cottage hospital is completed, and handed over to the city, but at the same time the city's troubles will have only just begun—The municipality is by no means a wealthy one, so far it has not felt itself in a position to expend the money required to complete the paving of Main street, and the sidewalks on many of the side streets are in a most deplorable condition, therefore the logical inference is, that the funds at the disposal of the city council are inadequate to permit of a sufficient appropriation to keep the streets in proper order; and if so, how is it possible that the large sum of a thousand dollar a year can be forthcoming towards the support of a hospital? It can only be done by increased taxation, and the Moncton taxpayer is justly of the opinion that he pays just as high a price now, for the privilege of residing in the railway city, as he can afford.

It is not as if the one thousand dollars would be sufficient to support the hospital, it will be scarcely one third of what will be required—about enough to pay the salary of a thoroughly competent superintendent—and how the other two thousand is to be raised does not appear at the present time, and is scarcely likely to appear with any great clearness in the future.

The way the matter works is this—first the citizen is invited to contribute towards the seven thousand dollars required for the first cost of the institution, and if he is a poor man, as most of the citizens are, he will be inclined to feel that after he has contributed even the small sum of twenty five dollars, he has done all he can afford to. When he finds his taxes increased in order to enable the city to pay the thousand dollars pledged towards the yearly support of the hospital he will feel that he has done more than he could afford; and when he is blandly called upon once more to help out the other two thousand required to maintain the jubilee commemoration in comfort, he will be inclined vulgarly speaking—to kick, and also to wish that model cottage hospital at the bottom of the sea. "Oh! says some enthusiastic friend of the hospital scheme—"You don't know anything about it, why we are going to do as they do in the American cities, we intend having a thorough training school in connection with the hospital, and keeping a constant supply of trained nurses always on hand. The trained nurse in her second year is considered just as good as a graduate, and these nurses shall hire out at ten and twelve dollars a week, the money to go, of course, as is customary to the hospital. In this way we shall have a constant source of income, apart from our earnings by private patients and what we expect from private subscriptions." Very good indeed, but then a training school is going to add considerably to the expense of the hospital! Even in Canada no hospital offers its probationers less than six dollars per month, and in Montreal and Ottawa, I believe eight is the usual sum, less being considered inadequate for the ordinary expenses which even the most economical girl must incur during her student years. That of course is an item of expenditure to be considered, and as for the ten and twelve per week to be earned by the students, the prices paid for such services will have to increase largely before any such sum will be paid as the regular price for a trained nurse is now six dollars per week, and excellent nurses without diplomas can be got for five. Therefore it is scarcely likely that people in moderate circumstances will feel inclined to pay double prices for nurses just to help the hospital along.

Again, a training school requires a full staff of competent nurses, in order to be "thorough," as well as a constant succession of patients since it is impossible to furnish the necessary training in medicine, surgery, obstetrics and contagious diseases without object lessons and practice; and it is greatly to be feared that if more than half a dozen patients per year are required for the successful conduct of a hospital in Moncton, they will have to be imported for the purpose and carefully preserved as subjects.

It is all very well to accuse those who do not honestly believe that Moncton is able to support an hospital, of looking on the dark side, but it is well to look at both sides all the same, and to think seriously before taking a decisive step that cannot very well be retraced. A hospital is a good thing though a very expensive one,

but there are many things Moncton needs more at the present time, such as better postal accommodation, better sidewalks, a general delivery of letters and—more than all some place where all classes can go for a breath of air and an hour's rest during the hot summer months.

GEORFFREY CUTHBERT STRANGE.
A ROMAN PICNIC.
How the Great Artist Showed he had a Very Kind Heart.
On the sad occasion of the death of Lord Leighton an august personage wrote of him, and justly, "There was something even greater than his work, and that was the man himself." A pretty incident of the great painter's early life is told by Giovanni Costa in Cornhill Magazine.

In the month of May it was the custom formerly for all the artists in Rome to indulge in a picnic at Cervara, a farm in the Roman campagna. There used to be donkey-races, and the winner of them was always the hero of the day.
On one of these picnics we had halted at a small town three miles out of Rome for breakfast. Everyone had dismounted and tied his beast to a paling, and all were eating merrily. Suddenly one of the donkeys kicked over a beehive, and out flew the bees to revenge a beehive, and out flew the poor beasts, but they all unloosed themselves and took to flight, kicking up their heels in the air—all but one little donkey, who was unable to free himself, and so the whole swarm fell upon him.
The picnic party also broke up and fled, with the exception of one young man with fair, curly hair, dressed in velvet, who, slipping on gloves and tying a handkerchief over his face, ran to liberate the poor little beast. I had started to do the same, but I less resolutely, having no gloves. So I met him as he came back, and congratulating him, asked him his name.
His name was Frederic Leighton.

Special Talents.
Many persons have some special talent that ought to be cultivated. How much would it be worth for such to go to a "real business" school—to get started right. Young men go wrong for lack of a practical education. Let me help you pick out the right business, trade or profession and get started right. My students all do well. Lessons by mail.
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WANTED SITUATION AT ONCE A CAR Finisher. Good on straight Ours and Spoon Ours; Canoe Paddles a specialty. Address W. P. O. Box 142, Moncton, N. B.
WANTED APPRENTICE GIRLS wanted to learn dress making. Apply to MISS DALY, 85 City Road.
AGENTS FOR OUR NEW MARVELOUS Transforming sign; nothing like it; pa's a big money saleable to all merchants. Address SPECIALLY CO., 24 Adelaide street, East Toronto.
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A CHANCE! We offer for sale our COMPLETE MODERN STUDIO OUTFIT, for making Photos any size A chance for a Photographer or anyone wanting to start in a good paying business, to the latter we can give complete practical instruction in Modern Photography, by our methods, easy and simple for any one. Address the ROBERTSON PHOTO SUPPLY COMPANY 94 Germain St., St. John, N. B.
WANTED Old established wholesale House wants one or two honest and industrious representatives for this section. Can pay a bundle about \$12.00 a week to start with. DRAWER 29, Brantford, Ont.
WANTED Young men and women to help in the Armenian cause. Good pay. Will send copy of my little book, "Your Place in Life," free, to any who write. Rev. T. B. Linscott, Brantford, Ont.
WANTED RELIABLE MERCHANTS in proof Cold Water Paint. Five million pounds sold in United States last year. VICTOR KOPFOD, 49 Francis Xavier, Montreal.
RESIDENCE at Rochesay for sale or to rent for the Summer months. That pleasantly situated house known as the Titus property about one and a half miles from Rochesay Station and within two minutes walk of the Kennebec Falls. Rent reasonable. Apply to H. G. Fenety, Barrister-at-Law, Pagsley Building, 24 64

It Pays to Get The Best
Mr. ALBERT PHILLIPS visited Woodstock at Easter, intending to be back in a few days, but while there was offered so good a position that he was tempted to remain.
He writes us: "I got the position here because I had been at the SAINT JOHN BUSINESS COLLEGE."
Mr. Phillips is only one of about twenty of our students who have recently obtained situations. Send for Catalogues of our Business and Short-hand Courses.
S. KERR & SON.

Windsor Salt
Purest and Best for Table and Dairy
No adulteration. Never cakes.

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Tetley's TEAS
FROM ANCIENT INDIA TO SWELT CEYLON

Helps for Housekeepers
OUR STORE IS FULL OF THEM.
GRANITE WARE—These goods are cheaper than ever. Note some of the prices: Tea Pots 40c. to 75c., Tea Kettles 85c. to \$1, Sauce Pans 15c. to 45c., Pudding Pans 15c. to 25c., and everything else in proportion. You can save money by visiting our store, as we have everything needed.
ENAMELLED WARES—A job lot of Enamelled Pots, special bargain. Note prices: 1 quart 29c., worth 45c.; 1 1/2 quart 37c., regular price 50c.; 2 quart 43c., regular 60c.; 3 quart 49c., regular 70c.; 4 quart 57c., regular 75c.; 5 quart 64c., regular 85c. Do not miss this chance, as we cannot duplicate at these prices.

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MANLE'S EARLY
Thoroughbred POTATO.
The Greatest Cropper
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I raised 569 pounds, or over 3 1/2 barrels, from one pound in year 1896.
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Is the attraction at Allan's Drug Store this week.
Both windows are filled with TOILET, BATH and CARRIAGE SPONGES, the best values in St. John. Look at the display.
REMEMBER THE STORE:
Allan's Pharmacy,
The White and Gold Front,
35 King Street.
Where Physicians' Prescriptions are accurately dispensed.

T. O'LEARY,
Choice Wines and Liquors
and Ales and Cigars,
16 DUKE STREET.

Your Turn Now
Hot Weather Coming
You have finished house cleaning, now consider the need of something being done for that poor weak body of yours.
TREE'S HYGENIC BATH CABINET
expels all humors and impurities from the system by luxurious bathing and makes you feel like a new being. Used in any room as substitute for water bath, the summer heat will not trouble you. A boon to rheumatics. Price \$5.00.
Send 3c. stamp for "Hygenic Bathing."
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RECEIVED THIS WEEK:
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A positive cure for Catarrh, Colds in Head, etc. Prepared by THOMAS A CROCKETT, 162 Princess St. Cor. Sydney

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City Market.

**Music and
The Drama**

IN MUSICAL CIRCLES.

A musical treat, not specially unlike some that has been given here before in prospect for the citizens at an early date. The treat referred to is a production of the "Mikado" by a number of the more talented among our local amateurs. The performance will be under the direction of Mr. I. W. S. Ford, who is now attentively rehearsing the company. It is more than probable the opera will be given between the 24th inst and the end of the month.

What with concerts announced and concerts in contemplation, concerts in North End, concerts in South End and concerts in West End by local talent, in aid of different organizations, organized for the jubilee celebration, it goes without saying that there will be "music in the air" of St. John for some weeks to come. Then there are concerts to be given in some of the churches as well.

I notice that the Carleton Opera company has closed in Halifax after a season that has not proved a financial success. Some of the papers of that city express regret that such an excellent company should meet adverse fortune. After the little more than rehearsals given our people, Halifax should be the gainer if the company were at all improved by their stay here. Perhaps, however, this improvement may not have been manifest. It may well be impressed on the minds of managers that the people in both cities are not so likely to be willing victims, as it may have been they once were. Other Halifax papers attribute the indifferent patronage given the Carleton opera company to the excellence of the amateur production of opera given there from time to time.

Adolf Wilhelmj is a violinist who has just made a successful debut in Berlin. He is a son of the famous August Wilhelmj.

The 12th, season of the Music hall (Boston) promenade concerts, commonly known as the "Pops" began last Monday evening. Max Zack will be leader for the first half of the season and Leo Schultz the other.

Sir Arthur Sullivan will compose another cantata or oratorio for the next Leeds (Eng.) festival.

Puccini's opera "Da Boheme" was recently given in England for the first time and with splendid success. It was sung in English by the Carl Rosa opera company.

Carl Zerrahan the well known musical conductor will sail for Europe on the 25th inst.

The estate left by the lately deceased composer Brahms amounts to \$72,000. He left no quantity of unpublished musical works.

Tamagno made a great hit in Paris a short time since and later will sing in "Otello" three times at Covent Garden.

Tones and Undertones.

"Valhalla" is the name given to a new opera by Geo. W. Currier. It was produced in Boston this week. The libretto is the joint work of Shirley E Johnson and Frank K. Young.

The Boston city band is now in such excellent form that it is said to rank with the best professional and concert organizations of that city.

Myron W. Whitney the well known basso and George J. Parker, the almost equally well known tenor, assisted the Apollo club of Boston in a recent concert given by the club. It was given in Music hall last week and was the fourth of their twenty sixth season.

The Cecelia club of Boston gave their last concert of the season on Thursday of last week. Among the assisting talent was Miss Adele Ans der Ohe whose work is described as follows: "Her piano playing was as usual masterful, brilliant in its execution, dramatic, commanding, inspiring throughout, she is indeed a superb artist."

Miss Elizabeth C. Gaffney, is a soprano from New Haven, Conn. who sang in Boston last week and who has received much critical commendation. A notice of the lady says "Miss Gaffney is a singer of wide experience in church and concert work in New York, New Haven and other cities and her voice is remarkable for its clearness and bird-like quality. To the brilliancy of her singing is added a charming personality."

Madame Nordica, prima donna, intends to return to America late in September to sing at the state musical festival in Maine. Afterwards she will begin a tour of forty concerts.

"The greatest pleasure of my life I get from music," said she. "What a good advantage you have over your neighbors," re-

**Baby's
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IS NOT, as most soaps, made from "soap fat," the refuse of the kitchen or the abattoir.

VEGETABLE OILS supply the necessary ingredients — one of the reasons why it should be used in nurseries and for delicate skins.

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plied the unfeeling brute.—Boston Traveler
Pinsuti's "Good night, beloved" was given in Tremont Temple, recently, and it is said "for the first time in Boston."

"Rip Van Winkle" the new opera, will be presented by the Bostonians for a run of one week, on the 24th inst., at Providence, R. I. The work is by Jules Jordan.
Miss Lillian Carlsmith, who will be remembered in this city as a more than pleasing alto, is meeting with fair success in New York, where she has recently taken up her residence.

Miss Marie Everitt of Copley is another who will go to Paris next month to resume her musical studies with Madame Marchesi.

Last week at Springfield Mass., was held a musical festival of which George W. Chadwick was conductor. On Thursday evening there was a grand concert with Mlle. Emma Calve, Mme. Emma Juch, Barron Berthald, Ffrangoon Davies, Miss Aus der Ohe and other important soloists in the programme.

An endeavour is being made among the wealthy patrons of opera in Boston to secure a guarantee fund in connection with the proposed Damerosech opera season at the Boston theatre for next February. The idea is to have four weeks with four operas each week, the repertoire to comprise Italian, French and German. The expenses for the month are estimated at \$70,000.

Another new opera "The Walking Delegate" by Cook and Hosmer, will be presented for the first time on any stage at the Tremont theatre, Boston on the 31st inst. Laura Joyce Boll, Oscar Girard, W. S. Hawkins and James Gilbert are among the talent participating in the production. Mr. Gilbert needs no introduction to St. John readers.

TALK OF THE THEATRE.

W. S. Harkins and his dramatic Company open their season on Monday evening next with a production of "The Cotton King," a play new to this city and one that has the reputation of a great success wherever produced in the United States. Theatre patrons all know the genial manager, his business record in our midst, and his earnest desire to give our people the best plays possible, and by performers who are almost invariably of high order in their profession. Besides all this Mr. Harkins has a record of fidelity to his word and is in every sense an honest manager. These qualities combine to make him what he always is an exceptionally popular man. There could not be a Harkins season without "Tom" Wise of course and it is pleasant to note that this "boy's" jolly face and slim figure will be again among us. Malcolm Bradley, too, who has made such an excellent impression here on former occasions as a careful painstaking actor, is also a member of this season's company. Among the ladies of the Company this year will be several new faces but one and all will be fully adapted for the work imposed upon them. They will all be welcome.

Miss Josie Mills and company have been occupying the Opera house this week, opening in "Master and Man" to good business.

Coleman's SALT
CELEBRATED DAIRY, HOUSEHOLD AND FARM
PURITY GUARANTEED
CANADA SALT ASSOCIATION
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The prices are 10, 20, 30, with a daily matinee, excepting on Monday.

The Vaudeville company at the Mechanic's Institute under the management of Mr. James R. Macy, this week has surpassed its best previous record. Mr. Macy is an energetic and capable manager and knows what the patrons and people generally want. This gentleman has a good baritone voice and interprets "song stories" admirably well.

"Under the Red Robe" which has been on the boards at the Empire theatre New York nearly all winter and up to the present, closes its season to-night. Mr. W. S. Harkins as previously mentioned, has been a member of the company presenting this successful play.

Rose Coghlan, who as stated before, was engaged for the Avenue theatre, Pittsburg Pa., has been obliged to give it up in order to undergo surgical treatment in a hospital. While the operation is said to be not a serious one, a lengthy vacation is necessary.

Thomas R. Keene it is said will revive "Drink" next season. The play is an adaptation of Zola's "L'Assommoir."

At a benefit to Mrs. Chas. R. Bishop arranged for today in New York, "Joe" Jefferson will give the grave scenes from "Hamlet" and his reply to the alleged Shakespeare-Bacon Cryptogram.

Miss Estelle Clayton is dramatizing "Dorothy, the Puritan" for Miss Isabelle Evesson, who intends producing the piece next season. The story is by Augusta Campbell Watson.

Fanny Davenport opens a season at the Boston theatre on Monday next, the 17th inst. She will give a week of Sardou dramas.

Boston society people are very generously patronizing vaudeville entertainments this year.

"The Tempest" is being given each evening this week by Miss Ada Rehan and company at the Hollis street theatre, Boston, with the single exception to this evening when "The Magistrate" is the bill.

The writer over the signature "The Matinee Girl" expresses disapprobation of Miss Rehan in the role of Beatrice in "Much ado about Nothing" and says that "Miss Rehan's reading of Shakespeare is always faulty and at times, atrocious." "The Matinee Girl" considerably premises that "of course, the public can do as it pleases."

Miss Ethel Knight Mollison is still playing in "The Cherry Pickers."

Miss Gertrude Whitty (Mrs. Tom Wise) will not be in St. John this season as a member of Harkins' company. She has gone to visit her relatives in England and sailed on Saturday last. She will be much missed as she is very popular here. Meantime it is in order to say "Bon voyage."

Thomas E. Shea opened a season in Halifax last Monday evening with a production of "Man o' War's Man."

HOW JAPAN COMMEMORATES.

The Various Ways in Which the Country Celebrates Victories of war.

The military revival of Japan, which began with the conquest of China, showed itself in the various ways the great industries of the country celebrated the heroic incidents and victories of the war. The toy-makers sent out legions of mechanical toys representing the flight of Chinese soldiers, the storming of Port Arthur, and the fight of the Japanese flag-ship with the enemy's ironclads.

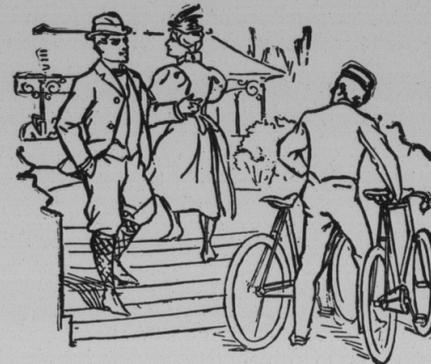
Artists commemorated the nation's triumphs in procelain, metal work and lacquer ware. Designers portrayed them on the dresses of men, women and children. Tobacco-pouches, sleeve-buttons, hairpins, combs, and even chopsticks were covered with representations that expressed the war spirit.

"Bundles of toothpicks in tiny cases were offered for sale," writes Mr. Hearn in the Atlantic, "each toothpick having engraved upon it, in microscopic text, a different poem about the war."

Gallant deeds were dramatized. The fatal courage of a Japanese soldier who scaled a rampart and opened a fortress gate to his comrades; the heroism of fourteen troopers who held their own against three hundred infantry; the successful charge of unarmed coolies upon a Chinese battalion were reproduced before thousands of spectators. Mr. Hearn mentions one incident whose realistic portrayal must have thrilled the audience—the death of bugler, Shirakami Genjiro.

At the battle of Song-Hwan, the Japanese bugler was ordered to sound the charge. He had sounded it once when a bullet passed through his lungs, throwing him down. His comrades tried to take the bugle away, seeing the wound was fatal. He wrested it from them, lifted it again to his lips, sounded the charge once more with all his strength, and fell back dead.

IN THE PARK.



When a person who knows nothing of bicycles desires to purchase a wheel the safest course to pursue is to talk it over with friends who already have wheels.

Any rider will usually swear by his wheel; but get under the surface—find out whether he really means it or seeks but to justify his judgment.

Ask where you will, of rider, dealer, mechanic—they will tell you the same story—Stearns bicycles are above criticism, possessing more general grace and desirable qualities, such as beautiful lines, stylish finish, lightness, yet perfect strength, ease of running, than any other bicycle.

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GERMANY'S EMPEROR.

Pictures Which Were a Great Corrective of Warlike Appetites.

The great Russian artist, Vasilii Verestchagin, has painted many pictures which depict with terrible fidelity the grimness and horror of war. None of them represent its splendor and romance. Some of them are startling portrayals of war's most terrible aspects, wrought from the personal knowledge of the artist.

Recently paintings of Verestchagin's including representations of scenes in the life of the great Napoleon, have been exhibited at Berlin, the capital of the great empire where the military art has in this generation reached its highest exemplification, and where the warlike passion appears to dominate the life of the people.

The young Emperor of Germany—himself the vaunted "war-lord" of the nation, and a man of so strong a leaning toward militarism that it was feared that when he came to the throne he would plunge the country into a foreign war from eagerness for fighting—lately went to see these pictures.

He stood pondering thoughtfully over them for a long time. Verestchagin was present; and to him the emperor said, referring to one of the pictures, "Never did the judgment of God so plainly strike man as it struck Napoleon at Moscow." Again he said, and very significantly, "Your pictures are an excellent corrective of warlike appetites."

The German emperor's remark is a new proof that it is eminently a sobering thing to be the head of a nation. No good man in such a place could incite war for the love of it; for the sake of glory or conquest, or indeed from any motive save the national defence.

Humphreys' No. 10
gives the appetite
Zest.

A dose of No. 10 whets the appetite. A dose of No. 10, before or after eating—will save you the distress caused by poor digestion.

If, after eating, you feel as if you had swallowed a stone, a dose of No. 10 will dissolve the lump.

If, after eating, you feel heavy and dull, No. 10 will raise your spirits.

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If you feel out of sorts and don't know what is the matter, look to your liver. A torpid liver is gently assisted by No. 10.

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He Knew.

The butcher's boy who had called to deliver a parcel thoughtlessly left the garden gate open, and the seven-year-old ruler of the house called after him to come back and shut it. The Chicago Times-Herald prints the story.

The butcher's boy stopped, but showed no inclination to obey the command.

"I don't have to!" he shouted, defiantly. "Yes, you do," insisted the seven-year-old. "You come right back and shut it, or somebody's going to get the worst licking he ever had."

The butcher's boy came running back, full of fight.

"He is, eh?" he said. "Well, who's going to lick him, eh?"

"Mother is," calmly responded the youngster. "If you leave that gate open, I'll be certain to go out into the street; mother'll see me and I'll get licked. Shut it tight, please, so I can't get out."

And the butcher's boy shut it.

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Never was a greater truth than when said of Dr. Agnew's Liver Pills, 20 cents a vial.

Little priced, little doses, but little terrors to drive out impurities and leave you a clear brain and a bright eye.

Do you suffer from Constipation or other disorders arising from this cause? Dr. Agnew's Liver Pills are a safe and pleasant cure. At all druggists, 40 doses in a vial.

Trimmed and Untrimmed
MILLINERY!



We are showing a large and magnificent display of all the latest styles in Trimmed and Untrimmed

Hats, Toques and Bonnets, including the latest French, English and American Styles.

Prices moderate. Inspection cordially invited.

CHAS. K. CAMERON & CO.,
77 King Street.

PROGRESS.

EDWARD S. CARTER, EDITOR

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All Letters sent to the paper by persons having no business connection with it should be accompanied by stamps for a reply. Manuscripts from other than regular contributors should always be accompanied by a stamped and addressed envelope.

Copies Can be Purchased at every known news stand in New Brunswick, and in very many of the cities, towns and villages of Nova Scotia and Prince-Edward Island every Saturday, for Five Cents each.

SIXTEEN PAGES.

AVERAGE CIRCULATION 13,640

ST. JOHN, N. B., SATURDAY, MAY 15.

NAMING THE PARK.

The voting for the Park still continues in a desultory sort of manner. The interest which would naturally be expected from the citizens in this matter is certainly not overwhelming, tho' this may be due to the fact that the votes are perhaps a trifle high. Considering that there is comparatively little expense attached to the voting contest it would perhaps have been as well to have placed the sum at fifteen or twenty cents, with half tickets for children. In a year when there were not so many demands upon the citizens the amount now asked would certainly have been considered small, but as matters stand, many are debarred from giving their mite toward the completion of what promises to be one of the finest pleasure grounds in the lower provinces, if not in Canada, the far-famed Hallifax gardens not excepted. Rockwood seems so ar to stand highest in public favor and there is no good reason why any other should be given the preference. Sentiment certainly should not be allowed to prevail with the result of conferring a name that would convey neither a compliment to the Queen, or a distinctive name upon the park.

Out of 5,000 criminals recently examined 90 per cent. were found to have deformed fingers and it would thus appear that such persons are as misshapen in body as in mind. A medical authority writing on this matter says: "Thieves are found to have long thin fingers, a wide space separating the first and second and the little finger crooked. In murderers the fingers are short and thick; the thumb is long and the hands altogether powerful. In cases where excessive brute force has been used the little fingers on both hands have been found to be weak and deformed; knotty fingers are prominent where craftiness is exhibited. Among habitual criminals, especially burglars, the fingers are found to be thicker at the tops than near the knuckles." Deformity, of course is not a proof of wickedness; it is only a suggestion. SHAKESPEARE is found the hint that the tendency to criminality, may be the result of deformity rather than of innate depravity. He makes hunchback RICHARD say of himself: "Then since the heavens have shaped my body so, let hell make crooked my mind to answer it." The natural repugnance with which men and women are accustomed to look upon unfortunates whom Nature has branded with marks of singularity or monstrosity, may breed an answering repugnance among unfortunates who are what they are without their own contriving, and who result the injustice as best they may.

One of the most important medical reports that has come from the Old World is the statement that Dr. SMIRNOW of St. Petersburg, has discovered a new method of obtaining a diphtheritic antitoxin of therapeutic value. The Russian scientist has a process of electrolysis by means of which virulent broth cultures have been rendered antitoxic. Experiments with this electrolytic antitoxin have proved successful in the case of animals and it may soon be tried on human patients. The cost of preparation of the Behring antitoxin has multiplied greatly against its general use; but this new remedy, if efficient, will be cheaply manufactured.

Professor DUBAUD of Geneva, Switzerland, announces the discovery of a system whereby the deaf can be made to hear. The apparatus is known as the microphonograph and it consists of an exceedingly sensitive phonograph connected with a microphone. The speaker talks into the phonograph and the words are transmitted to the deaf person through the microphone.

Professor DUBAUD expects to have his invention perfected for the Paris exposition in 1900 so that large audiences of deaf persons may listen to lectures.

The city of Paris is making a sanitary record of every building in the city. Since March 1894, 85,000 houses have been described and it is expected that the register will be completed by 1900. It contains for each house a record of the drains, cess pools, and wells and of the plumbing; a record of whatever deaths from contagious diseases have occurred in it and of all disinfections and analyses of water, air or dust.

Commenting on the statement that KIPLING'S salary of \$5,000 for reporting the Cretan war "would be a pretty fair salary for a beginner in reportorial work," a New Hampshire paper gravely calls attention to the fact that KIPLING is not a beginner, but has done local, edited telegrams and written editorials. All right then; he is entitled to as much pay as the rest of us.

Statistics from various sources report that in the United States there are 1,118,000 women stenographers earning annually about \$60,000,000. That in France there are 2,150 women authors and journalists, and 700 women artists. Among the writers 1,000 are novelists, 200 poets, 150 educational writers, the others writers of various departments.

In his recent researches in regard to rinderpest, the destructive cattle disease which has wrought great havoc in South America, Dr. KOCH, has discovered that by using the bile of an animal that has died of rinderpest to inoculate a healthy animal, the latter is rendered immune to the pestilence for some months at least.

A man in Toronto ran over a dog the other day and received a severe fall from his bicycle. Ever since he has been seeing things double. This is much cheaper than the usual way of producing such effects.

A lady in one of the western provinces advertises in a local paper that she "will not be responsible for any debts which her husband may contract." The new woman is beginning to strike back.

Chemists express the belief that the coming oil will be made of sunflower seed. It is a perfect substitute for olive oil and will be so cheap that it may be used on the poor man's table.

A despatch from New York says "gold has become a drug on the local market." There seems to be a fine chance for some enterprising young man to enter the drug business.

The strangest newspaper in the world is published at Athens. Its contents are written in verse even to the advertisements.

LAND OF FRUIT AND FLOWERS.

Wonders and Beauty of the Santa Clara Valley, California.

The wonderful resources of the Santa Clara Valley are so well known that the very name has become, in a measure a household word with Californians. One could not be introduced to this wonderful valley at a more auspicious season than the spring. Every inch of its thousands of acres is a show of blossoms of every description. The fruit orchards are a mass of fluffy white, the nearest semblance of snow that the dwellers of this valley know. The Santa Clara Valley is closed in by the Santa Cruz Mountains on the west and the Coast Range on the east. The rivers as they come from the mountain heights bring down rich alluvial soil and keep the fertile ground well moistened, and against the long dry months, when it raineth not, the far-sighted farmers have built immense reservoirs, from which, through well-constructed canals, they irrigate thousands of acres of fruit orchards and vineyards. The special climatic conditions have made this valley the fruit garden of California. Grapes, figs, olives, prunes, cherries, apricots, pears, peaches, almonds—all grow to equal perfection, and are picked, canned and shipped all over the globe. San Jose, the queen city of the Santa Clara Valley, is called the Garden City. It is fifty miles south from San Francisco, and about its pleasant homes all kinds of semi-tropical plants flourish; such as callas, fuchsias, heliotropes, and geraniums, the latter growing over house walls in a very fascinating sort of way. Every known variety of rose grows after its own sweet will, till one is lost in admiration at this daily flower show.

Chinese Sweets.

Chinese are said to possess secrets in the preparation of sweets that astonish our most accomplished confectioners. They know how to remove the pulp from oranges and substitute various jellies. The closest examination fails to reveal any opening or incision in the skin of the fruit. They perform the same feat with eggs. The shells are apparently as intact as when the eggs were newly laid, but upon breaking and opening them the contents consists of nuts and sweetmeats.

VERSE OF YESTERDAY AND TODAY.

The Voice of the Lilia.
O the fragrance deep in the purple hue,
Of the beautiful lilia's bloom;
So sweet in its veils of pearl fringed dew,
Noted in nature's book?
A voice it brings me on wings far flown,
From the light of a summer land;
From a sweet soul singing the old love tone,
Where the blooms the lilia stand.
O the voice of the lilia of long ago,
Though it calls you here in vain;
Has a sadness our spirit forever known,
In the silence upon us laid.
It speaks to me still love soft and low;
In the same sweet accents yet;
As its blossoms are swinging to and fro,
In the field we can no longer forget.
O ever the scent of the lilia sweet.
Shall tell me though never more;
You stand with me where its branches meet,
And your essence its leaves deplore.
The promise for aye, the whispered vow,
And the heaven within my soul;
Still keep you mine though never more,
Our prayers can our lot control.
And the heart of the lilia has a sigh,
And may a hidden tear;
And often at night a waked cry,
In this blossoming time of year.
My breaking heart must also respond,
'Till it ceases to beat for good;
O never all action can cease to be fond,
That is warmed in its warmest blood.
I mourn that a faithless faith like mine,
Should have led you to doubt the way—
True love is led by a light divine,
Though darkness may cloud the day;
Though you could go your love must come,
To me in the lilia's breath;
And stay me here till we meet at home,
Over the bridge of death.

CYRUS GOLDS.

Gettin' Religion.
I ain't much on religion, nor prayer meeting beside,
I've never found the church a joy, nor ain't been satisfied;
But a tender sort of feeling draws me nearer to the shies,
Since I got a peep of heaven through a pair of trusting eyes.

Time was when robbing moved my thoughts above
This sinful world;
No preacher's words could stir me up, in wrath an'
Tury hurred;
But lately I've been drifting nigher to the better
And the force that leads me upward is a little dimpled hand.

Seems like the bud thoughts sneak away, with that
wee chap hard by;
And words that were handy once won't come
when he is nigh;
Fact is, it sort o' shames me to see those clear
An' my throat gits sort of husky when he blesses
me, an' then
I'm dead sure I've got religion by the time he
says "Amen!"

I don't know much of heaven or angels an' such
things,
But whenever, when I picture 'em it ain't with
harps and wings,
But with yaller curls all tangled, and tender eyes
that shine,
An' lips that's soft and loving, like that little chap
of mine.

Then, when he folds his dimpled hands in his little
bed at night,
An' says "How I lay me," why, there's some-
thing ails my sight,
An' my throat gits sort of husky when he blesses
me, an' then
I'm dead sure I've got religion by the time he
says "Amen!"

The Disappointed Goldenrod.
Please judge of my surprise one day,
'Twas in the woods, the month was May,
To see, in yellow beauty dressed,
Some goldenrod—'I don't know it!
"Come, tell me, goldenrod?" I cried,
"Whatever you hear in the fresh May tide?"
The pretty flower raised up its head
And looked at me, then quietly said,
"I tire of hearing all the trees,
The birds, the insects, the very breeze;
In autumn praise the flowers if I may,
They're far fairer than you, they say,
"Wait a minute,"—their argument is strong—
"Because we're here, the whole year long!"
I've got permission for myself,
And came to see this purple eld,
They call the violet; and to look
At bloodroot blossoms by your brook.
The mandarin, too, I wish to find,
Who boasts of petals left behind.
"An' what do you decide?" I said,
The autumn leaves tossed his head,
"I think them weak and pale and small;
A fig for spring—give me the fall!"
Frey what are these to autumn's dower
Of aster, mint and cardinal flower?
Straightway from home I'll take my way,
And come to see this purple eld.
My eyes unclosed, still I flew the stream,
The flower was gone. Was it a dream?
Caryl B. Storrs.

Rainy Day.
On rainy days I take my pipe and set
Upon the porch and dream that by the hour,
The raindrops, pattern down ward, seem to get
The low to praise for the gentle shower.
Upon the fence the partridge stands upright
An' slides his white shirt through the haze,
An' circles, chimney swallows sink from sight,
On rainy days.

All sounds rise low an' meller, like the tone
Of preachers readin of the ritual, while
A peevish swing on a limb alone,
In green across the wood that slowly die.
Up from the kitchen, on the air a swim,
My daughter's voice comes in a song of praise,
And then my soul is set toward on the hymn,
On rainy days. —Wm T. Hale.

Good-Bye.
"Good-bye" is a solemn word, dear friend,
"Good-bye" is a solemn word;
Shall we meet again?" is the thought conveyed,
As we echo the parting word.
I clasp your hand in mine, dear friend,
I clasp your hand in mine;
The friendship's pledge of faith and trust,
The hand that is clasping thine.
"Good-bye" is a sacred word, dear friend,
For the loved of earth must die;
I may never hear you say again,
The parting word, "Good-bye."

Thine Eyes.
Thine eyes still draw my soul into thine own;
Although our hands have strangers grown,
And lips have never dearer known,
Thine eyes all other loves de throne—
Thine eyes with passion's dews sown.

All that the tyranny of life denies—
Heart-broken vows, un-acted replies,
Visions that swift forbidden rise—
Live in the nearness of thine eyes—
Thine eyes too tender to be wise!
—Harper's Bazar.

A Chance in a Life Time.
He got his first coupon last week.
We will give it to you. Start now on the 30
to get the shirt. We dye and clean in 3
days only, at Ungars's Laundry and Dye
Works. Phone 58.

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

QUEER SLIPS OF THE TONGUE.

Funny Mistakes of Language Picked From Various Phases of Life.

A transposition of two or more letters, or the mistakes of hasty punctuation, offer a miscellaneous comic literature that, from its absurdity, is worth collecting. Take for instance this extract from a bride's letter of thanks: "Your beautiful clock has been received and is now in the drawing room on our mantelpiece where we hope to see you often."

The literature of advertisements is sometimes as humorous as the sayings of the funniest men. In the far west a man advertises for a woman "to wash, iron and milk two cows." A rather ghostly humor surrounds the announcement of an enterprising undertaker, who says in the daily paper: "No person who has once tried our airtight caskets will ever use any other."

"A dry goods firm put a placard in the window which read: 'Bargain sale now going on. Don't go elsewhere to be cheated come in here.'"

A complication of curious advertisements results in the following: "Wanted—an organist and boy to blow the same." "Wanted—A boy who can open oysters with a reference."

"A lady desires to sell her piano as she is going abroad in a strong iron frame." "Widow in comfortable circumstances wishes to marry two sons." "Bulldog for sale; will eat anything; very fond of children."

A dentist advertises: "Teeth extracted with great pains." There is a delicious humor in the description of "a young man who sold peaches with red hair."

The mistakes of speech are sometimes amusing to all except the embarrassed speaker. For instance, that of the insignificant youth who was introduced to a distinguished lady, and completely transposed the meaning of his elaborate address when he bowed low and said: "I think, madam, you have had the pleasure of meeting me before." Or that of the charming elocutionist who thus rendered the climax of the heroic poem she was reciting: "Go, your liver loves," said Cromwell, "Curlew shall not ring tonight." And the mishap of the smart boy of the village, who spoke his piece before a large audience, beginning thuswise:

Under the spreading blacksmith tree
The village chestnut stands.

Then come the slips of reversion tongues, when it is wicked to laugh, and worse not to, for who could preserve a normal gravity on hearing the hymn "Conquering kings" given out as "kinkering conge," or the "fig tree" transposed into the "wig tree," and not feel a sinful inclination to laugh? And the parson who took for his text "Bow not thy knee to an idol," and read it to his congregation "Bow not thine eye to a needle," must have been chagrined to see the smiles follow, and not know why. So with another of the cloth who intended to read "This world is all a fleeting show," but by a slip of the tongue rendered it thus: "This world is all a floating show."

One can imagine the embarrassment of the grand lady who, finding a stranger in her pew, asked him haughtily if he intended to "occupy that pie." An Oklahoma editor expressed his thanks for a basket of oranges in this strain: "We have received a basket of oranges from our friend Fred Bradley, for which he will please accept our compliments, some of which are nearly six inches in diameter."—Chicago Times-Herald.

RAILROADS IN RUSSIA.

Six Thousand Miles of Railroad now Being Built in the Caer's Domains.

The State of Illinois has 10,600 miles of railroad, Iowa 8,500, and Michigan 7,500. The three States—Illinois with a land area of 56,000 square miles; Iowa, with a land area of 55,000 square miles, and Michigan with a land area of 57,000—have collectively 26,260 miles of railroad, or more than the empire of Russia had, according to the last official reports, which showed that the beginning of the present year the total length of railroads open for traffic in Russia was 35,975 miles of which 15,230 miles belonged to the State, exclusive of 945 miles of the Trans-Caspian railroad, which is in the hands of the Minister of War. The area of Russia in Europe is 2,100,000 square miles, and of Russia in Asia, 6,400,000 square miles, a total of 8,500,000 square miles. This deficiency of communication, however, is being, if not rapidly, at least steadily, overcome, and it is computed that there are now 6,000 miles of roads in course of construction, and it is estimated that by the end of the century there will be something like 32,000 miles of railroad in the Russian empire, two-thirds belonging to the state.

The growth of the railroad system in Russia, modestly begun in 1837, has been very rapid since 1890. The first road constructed was sixteen miles long, from St. Petersburg to Tsarskoe-Selo, and in 1840 that time the United States had in operation 2,800 miles. In 1850 the mileage of Russian Railroads had increased to 300 miles, and in 1880 it was still less than 1,000. The railroad mileage of the United States in the same year was 30,600 miles. In 1870 the mileage of the Russian railroads was 7,000 miles; in 1880 it was 14,000; in 1890 it was 19,500. It has since increased with such rapidity that as



stated, it is expected that before 1900 there will be 52,000 miles of railroad in Russia, though of course, these figures compare poorly with the totals in the United States, where there are now 180,000 miles of railroads. One difficulty from which the railroads of Russia have heretofore suffered severely has been the lack of freight business. In other words the Russian railroads have been run chiefly for passenger traffic, the profits of which are relatively small and the expenses of which are inordinately large. Up to twenty-five years ago the railroads of Russia carried twice as many passengers in a year as they did tons of freight, though gradually the disparity between the two has lessened, and since 1880 the proportion of freight carried has been materially larger than heretofore. In the United States about 70 per cent. of the railroad earnings are from freight, and this is the chief item of profit in operation on all the lines. The Russians are beginning to utilize their railroad facilities for the transportation of freight to greater extent than was formerly the case with them, and as a result of this, managers of the various lines have found it profitable to extend them.

YOUTH IS OUT OF DATE.

Middle Age is now in Fashion—Now Brag of Being Forty.

There is no mistake about it! To be young, to be in the first faint flush of premiere jeunesse is no longer either admirable or enviable. The fashionable age for a successful society woman in London now is between 30 and 40. A man to be thoroughly appreciated in that charmed circle known as 'the best set' can range in years from 35 to 50. Just at present the doctrine of middle ages is being preached, and from the inmost centres of Mayfair exclusiveness to the outer circles of rank bohemianism the men and women who are the most popular are those who have 'lived.'

I don't know why or wherefore this strange inversion of fancy has occurred. Somebody says because the young men and girls of the present day are older and more world-worn than the men and women who have passed the first stages of real youth. Certain it is that the conditions of life at this end of the century are not calculated to keep the spring time fresh in the hearts of its girls and boys. The doctrine of middle age is being preached with exceeding vehemence at two of the most fashionable theatres in town—at the St. James's Mr. Finer's 'Princess and the Butterfly' or the 'Fantasia' is pursuing its erratic career with immense success, while Charles Wyndham at the Criterion is personifying 'The Physician,' by Henry Arthur Jones, with his untiring cleverness. In both these plays (studies of social life each of them) the chief interest centres about men and women who have left the 'white muslin' stage and crept out to the once derided precipice of maturity.

And it is in fashionable real life as it is within the artificial glamour of the stage. The women of whom we hear the most in London have certainly no longer any claim to be considered young. They are frankly middle-aged, and they seem to glory in it. 'There is the Countess of Warwick—passes we would have dubbed her in other times. She is still beautiful, but he who runs reads her age in Debutant's Peerage. Then there is that still lovely dowager, the Countess of Dudley, a grandmother, but with as many moths fluttering about the light of her blue eyes as would satisfy many a debutante's heart. She is going to marry again, so they say, and she is still a beauty. Lily de Grey is another instance of the apotheosis of middle age. The most talked-about woman of her time is this tall Countess, and one of the most envied. She holds the future as well as the past of Italian opera in London in the hollow of her slender, aristocratic hands. What she says or suggests at Covent Garden Opera House 'goes,' and when she is displeased she's very gods tremble.

Not Transferable.

The theatres in Japan have a novel method of pass-out tickets, which are positively not transferable. When a person wishes to leave the theatre before the close of the performance, he goes to the doorkeeper and holds out his right hand. The doorkeeper then, with a rubber stamp, impresses on the palm the mark of the establishment.

A Devoted Bicycle Cat.

There is a cat in Danville, Pa., that is a victim of the bicycle craze. Being unable to pedal himself, this feline takes his rides perched on the shoulders of bicycle riders and never misses his hold after being placed in a secure position. When a boy starts for a ride the cat follows and meows pitifully until assured that he is to take part in the sport.



and that before 1900 miles of railroad in course, these figures in the totals in the there are now 180,000. One difficulty from Russia have heretofore been the lack of the profits of which the expenses of the large. Up to the railroads of as many passengers as tons of freight, disparity between the and, since 1890 the that carried has been a locomotive. In the 70 per cent. of the re from freight, and of profit in operation. The Russians are their railroad facilities of freight to as formerly the case as a result of this. Lines have found them.

OF DATE.

Fashion—Now Brag e Fort. About it! To be rest faint flash of pre- longer either admir- fashionable age for woman in London now. A man to be thor- that charmed circle can range in years to present the doctrine of preached, and from Mayfair exclusiveness of rank bohemianism who are the most pop- 'lived.' y or wherefore this fancy has occurred. The young man and are older and more men and women who stages of real youth. conditions of life at try are not calculated to fresh in the hearts. The doctrine of reached with exceed- of the most fash-—at the St. James' and the Batterly' is pursuing its ar- immense success, nam at the Criterion 'The Physician,' by , with his untiring these plays (studies of) the chief interest and women who have stage and crept out precipities of maturity. donable real life as it is the glamour of the stage. we hear the most in any no longer any claim ing. They are frankly seem to glory in it. of Warwick—passed her in other times. , but he who runs may 'trett's Peagee. Then ely dowager, the Count- randmother, but with uring about the light of would satisfy many a She is going to marry and she is still a beauty another instance of the le age. The most of her time is this tall as well as the past of on in the hollow of ratic hands. What she at Covent Garden 's, and when she is gods tremple.



Miss Helen Furlong came home from Boston this week for a few months visit.

The Misses Walker of Princess street gave a delightfully enjoyable whist party on Tuesday evening to a few of their friends. It was an informal affair but extremely pleasant. After a winter of most enjoyable and instructive mock parliamentary gatherings, the St. George club of Canterbury church met on Monday evening last to conclude the seasons series of "sessions" in a sociable manner. Thirty-five of the ladies assembled in one of the large class-rooms which was suitably decorated for the occasion, and sat down to a sumptuous repast. His excellency the Governor General (Mr. Geo. A. Henderson) occupied the position of honor at the table, and beside him sat the Premier, (Edward Sears, J.) Rev. John Read, Messrs. Geo. and Theo. Jenkins and Mr. Speaker, (E. T. C. Knowles) were the other notable guests. After Mr. speaker had offered prayer, the journals of the last session of the house were read and passed. The speaker followed in a stirring address reviewing the deliberations of the house during the session about to close, and scoring the opposition for their alleged obstruction and hindering of good government.

The leader of the minority W. H. Golding was called upon to defend himself and did so quite acceptably. He in turn reminded the government of their lack of stability upon different occasions, and their almost total collapse upon the prohibitory measure brought about by the opposition. Mr. speaker next called the roll, almost every member answering to the name of his constituency. The house was then prorogued, to meet again upon the evening of the second Monday in November at 8 o'clock.

The election of officers resulted as follows: President, Walter H. Golding; vice-president, Otto Naege; secretary, Harold Lynam, (re-elected); treasurer, Arthur Ervine. An executive is to be appointed by the new president. The following round of toasts was proposed and responded to as the supper progressed, the remarks of the ladies and their friends being quite out of the ordinary, full of sound judgment and loyalty!

The Queen, proposed by the President. God Save the Queen. The Governor General, proposed by E. Sears. Response, G. A. Henderson. The Speaker, proposed by W. H. Golding. Response, E. T. C. Knowles. The House of Commons, proposed by S. Elkin. Response, W. Golding, W. Manning, Max McCarty. The British Empire, proposed by H. Lynam. Response, W. Patterson, H. Binning. Song "Rule Britannia," F. Bowman. Canada, proposed by Geo. Jenkins. Response, W. McCarty. "Our Own Canadian Home," E. Bowman. The ladies, proposed by Arthur Ervine. Response, B. Fowler, B. Fiddington, S. McMurray. The Clergy, proposed by H. Henniger. Response, Rev. J. Read. The Boys' Association, proposed by Mr. Theo. Jenkins. Response, President, Vice-President, Secy. Treas. Kindred Associations, proposed by the President, Response, A. Robb.

The outgoing and incoming officers were toasted and called upon for speeches which were given amid the cheers of those gathered together. Rev. Mr. Read spoke at some length, dwelling upon an impartial comparison of the Canadian boys with the many juvenile male products of other countries; the reverend speaker claimed the palm for young Canada. The party broke up at 11:30 o'clock. Mr. George M. Jarvis and Miss Jarvis of Moncton have been visiting the city during the week. Mr. E. H. McAlpine left the first of the week for Ottawa.

Mr. G. D. Campbell and Mrs. Campbell of Weymouth N.S. spent a day or two in the city this week. Mr. John R. Armstrong is seriously ill at his residence, Union street. Mr. Wallace Marshall of New York spent part of this in the city. Mr. David Gleason of the Custom House, left the first of the week for Saint-Joville called there by the death of his little daughter Florence, aged two years.

Mr. and Mrs. Robert Haines of Montreal were here for a few days this week. Mr. and Mrs. Charles E. Day of Boston are spending a part of their honeymoon in the city. Mrs. J. B. Gilles, the Misses and Master Gilles of Granville Ferry, N.S. have been paying a brief visit here. Mr. John Lowery of the customs was married Tuesday evening to Miss Sarah Elizabeth Farren, daughter of William Farren of the customs also. The wedding took place from Mr. Farren's residence at eight o'clock. Rev. Mr. Fraser, pastor of St. Stephen's church, officiated, and a reception was held after the ceremony. The bride received a handsomely framed photo from the infant class of St. Stephen's church Sabbath school, and a handsome rocker from the officers and teacher of the infant class. Mr. Lowery was presented with a handsome easy chair by a number of his associates in the customs service.

Mr. and Mrs. J. W. Montgomery left this week for a trip to Boston, New York and other cities. Mr. G. P. Harding of Minneapolis spent a few days here recently. Mrs. P. S. Archibald was here for a few days this week; she returned to Moncton on Tuesday. Mrs. Frank Skinner received her friends on Tuesday Wednesday and Thursday of this week at her home 175 Queen street. Mrs. B. C. Borden of Sackville spent a day or two in the city this week. Mrs. Archibald of Joggins Mines and her sister Miss Laura Hall of Springhill were here this week, returning from Bermuda where they had been for the benefit of Mrs. Archibald's health. They were accompanied by Mr. Hall who went South a couple of weeks ago to accompany his daughters home. Mrs. Archibald's friends are very glad to know that her four months stay in the land of sunshine and flowers has greatly benefited her.

Mr. H. P. Wetmore of Halifax spent a few days here this week. Miss Flora Whelan has returned to Sussex after a pleasant visit to city friends. Mrs. Burr and son of Chatham are visiting St. John. Mr. E. A. Stammers and family will remove to Duck Cove for the summer, about the first of June. They will occupy the same cottage that they did last year.

Mr. and Mrs. H. J. Bennett were here for a brief visit last week on their way to Fredericton. Mr. Harry La Roche of Quebec has been in the city for a few days this week. He received a warm welcome from his many friends.

Col. Marsh, of Fredericton spent last Saturday in the city, returning to Fredericton in the evening. Mr. Robert Archibald came to the city this week to accompany Mrs. Archibald who came up from Bermuda on the Duart Castle, he was to Springhill. Elean. L. J. Tweedie of Chatham was here for a day or two this week. Mr. Avard Hall spent last Sunday in Port Lorne. N. S. a guest of Mrs. Susan Hall. Mr. B. B. Blizard was in Fredericton this week. Miss Agnes Carr is in Fredericton a guest of Mrs. Fowles.

The St. John ladies who will attend the annual meeting of the Women's Council in Halifax next month are Lady Tilley, Miss Murray, Mrs. Smith, Mrs. H. G. Peters, Mrs. W. H. Peters, and Miss Mabel Peters. Lady Tilley will be a guest of Mrs. Archibald of Inglis street, during her stay in Halifax. Capt. F. P. Trille left Wednesday afternoon for New York.

Mr. and Mrs. A. H. Jones of Moncton spent a short time in the city this week. Mr. W. A. Chesley left Thursday afternoon for Roseland B. C. A large number of his friends assembled at the depot to see him off. Mrs. James Sarpe of Moncton was here for a short stay this week. Rev. D. J. Fraser of St. Stephen's church left the first of the week on a visit of a week or two to Boston. His place is being supplied by Rev. G. D. Ireland of Montreal. Miss Tatour of Richibucto has been visiting St. John during the week.

Mr. W. J. Shannon and Miss Shannon of Annapolis were here for a part of this week. Mr. R. J. Hurst of Woodstock was here on Wednesday for a few hours. Mr. B. A. J. Ross of Sussex was in the city for a short time the middle of the week. Mr. Wm. Clark of Sackville has been staying here for a few days. Mrs. S. B. Townsend of Digby made a short stay with city friends this week.

Mrs. Wm. Boyle was out Wednesday for the first time since last January. A severe attack of grippe followed by a relapse, kept her a prisoner all winter. Mr. and Mrs. McKeel who has been for some time the guests of Dr. Morehouse at upper Keswick have returned to their home in Fairville. The death of Mr. Louis Herbert Edman, from peritonitis, occurred at the General Public Hospital last Wednesday night after an illness of five or six days. As a traveller for S. Hayward & Co., Mr. Edman was very well known throughout the maritime provinces and his early death will occasion much regret. The funeral which took place yesterday was very largely attended.

Mrs. and Miss McCallin have returned to St. George after having spent the winter here with Mrs. Laurance. Rev. B. E. Smith of St. George spent a part of last week here. Mr. R. V. S. Staver of Summerside has been visiting the city for a part of this week. Mr. Thomas McAllister of Toronto has been in the city for several days. Mr. Alex. B. Allen and J. Ormiston Reid are here on a visit from Scotland.

Mr. Charles Waddell of Hopewell is paying a short visit to the city. Mr. T. J. Faed of Montreal was here the middle of this week. The first annual exhibit of original work by the Women's Art Association was opened on Tuesday and continued throughout the week but will close this afternoon. Notwithstanding the disagreeable weather which prevailed, numbers of visitors attended the different days and the affair in many respects was highly successful.

Many beautiful pieces of painting have been sent from branches of the association in Yarmouth, Saint Thomas, Toronto, Montreal, California, New York and Saint Paul. The local exhibitors are: Miss Reed, Miss Holly, Miss de Barry, Mrs. Alward, Miss M. B. Smith, Miss Markham and Mrs. F. M. Rogers. Among the oil paintings on exhibition is one of Mr. W. W. Turnbull by his daughter Mrs. Alward; two Dutch pieces by Miss Wright, of New York; two very fine productions by Miss Dynam, and an excellent one by Miss E. E. Harding, which received so much attention from Upper Canadian papers. Three very fine landscapes are by Miss Holly. Among the water colors are a couple of California scenes by Mrs. Alward, and two pieces by Miss Holden, of Montreal, which are especially worthy of mention. Miss de Barry exhibits specimens of her work in black and white. The whole exhibit is worthy of close attention, and should be visited by all lovers of art in St. John. The doors will be open each day from 10 a. m. to 6 p. m.

Mr. J. D. and Robert Pinesay of Richibucto spent a short time in the city this week. Mr. Earl Goodwin of Halifax has been spending a short time in the city this week. Miss Mary Carter who has been seriously ill in St. Stephen for several weeks has sufficiently improved to come to the city, and is now here with friends. Mr. and Mrs. P. S. McNutt and Mr. J. J. McGaffigan have been attending the Nashville exposition.

The admirers of Miss Gertrude Whitty (Mrs. Tom Wise) will be disappointed to learn that she does not accompany the Harkin's Co. to St. John this season. Mrs. Wise is on her way to England to visit relatives. Mr. W. H. Johnson of Halifax paid a short visit to the city this week. Mr. Frank Christopher of New York is in the city this week in the interest of Sousa's band which appears here.

Messrs. George Mitchell M. P. P. and A. E. Jones of Halifax were here Tuesday on their way home to Halifax from Ottawa. Mr. A. W. Ebbett and Mr. James A. Stewart of Gagetown N. B. spent a few days here this week. Mr. Walter Doskin of Montreal is in the city on a visit. Mr. Alexander F. Robb left Friday for Tatamagouche, N. S., where he will be engaged in church work.

Mr. E. J. Vickery came over from Yarmouth during the week. Mr. A. B. Murray of Fredericton, was among the city's visitors during the week. Miss Maggie Boyle entertained the members of the Junior Literary club last Monday evening in a delightful manner; two or three others besides the members were present and the evening was spent in music and games after which refreshments were served. Among those present were, Miss Edith Youngclaus, Miss Z. A. Morton, Miss Eva McNichol, Miss Lillie Tall, Miss Evelyn Greasy, Miss Oora Clerke, Miss Gertie Cain, Miss Gladys Stammers, Miss Annie Stammers, Miss Bertie Wetmore, Messrs. Maurice Peters, David Lodingham, Harry Morton, Willie Gunn, Harry Youngclaus. Mr. J. H. Lawson of the Yarmouth Herald was in the city this week.

In spite of the disagreeable evening, the audience which assembled in Brussels street church to hear

Miss Mabel Dugart under her dramatic costume of Ben Hur, was a large one, and thoroughly appreciated. Her wonderful elocutionary powers, dramatic ability and pleasing appearance all combined to make the evening one to be long remembered. Miss Godard and Mr. Manning accompanied her on the organ and violin the music adding much to the effectiveness of the different scenes. Miss Dugart leaves today for a brief visit to Fredericton returning to the city on Monday. Messrs. D. R. McDermott and A. R. Macgrove of New York are in the city for a few days. Messrs W. A. Wilson, R. E. Johnson and L. S. Stewart of Boston were in the city this week on their way north on a fishing trip.

Mr. B. B. Lorne of Toronto have been paying a short visit to the city recently. Mr. R. O. Crowe of Truro has been making a brief stay in the city this week. [Prognosis is for sale in Fredericton by W. T. H. Fosdy and J. H. Hawthorne.] Mrs. James Tibbits went to Andover on Monday. She will spend a few weeks visiting her son Mr. Harry Tibbits. Col. Mansell and Mayor Vanwart have returned from St. John. Mrs. John Robinson left on Monday for St. Andrews, and will be gone for several weeks. Mr. Jack Robertson of Toronto spent Sunday with friends in the city.

The Musical club held their last meet of the season last evening at the residence of Mrs. Wm. Jeffrey's. A full membership was present and a most successful evening enjoyed. It is the intention of the club to enlarge the membership next season. Col. Frank B. Gregory of Victoria B. C., son of Mr. Geo. F. Gregory of this city, commanding the 5th Regt. British Columbia Garrison Artillery, is among the officers selected to accompany the Premier to England. Mr. Gregory is expected to arrive here in a few days and will visit his relatives, before leaving for England. Mr. and Mrs. Greenville James of Woodstock are spending a few days in the city. Mrs. John Fairley and daughter of Sackville are visiting the city.

After a pleasant visit with friends in the city Mr. and Mrs. J. W. Robson have returned home. Mr. L. C. MacNitt, editor of the " Herald" who has been on a holiday trip to Ottawa returned home on Saturday. Mrs. Geo. Atherton is visiting friends in Sussex. Mrs. Brackett of Jersey city, New York, is visiting friends here. Mrs. Atherton, wife of Dr. Atherton, is visiting her sister Mrs. Lawson, in Boston. Mr. B. Blizard of St. John is in town. Mr. and Mrs. Harry McFarlane of Boston is visiting Fredericton and will remain for the summer months. Mr. Fred Wall of Montreal and Mr. Bert Cowan of Toronto are spending a few days among friends here.

Mr. J. Redmond of Glasgow, Scotland, is with friends in the city. The college boys will hold their annual sports on the college campus on the afternoon of the Queen's birthday, the events will take place on the 25th. Messrs. Munroe, Freedman and Firth of Montreal are in town for a few days. The members of the Fredericton Bar, met at the office of Messrs. Joe F. & A. J. Gregory on Saturday afternoon and presented Daniel Jordan Q. C. with a beautiful souvenir and an address which was read by Mr. Geo. F. Gregory, the senior barrister present. Mr. Jordan made a suitable reply, thanking them for their many kindnesses and for the beautiful gift. Mr. Jordan left yesterday for his new home in St. John, carrying with him the good wishes of a large circle of friends.

Miss Agnes L. Carr of St. John is visiting at Mrs. Foy's College road. Mrs. V. F. Fraser of Halifax is visiting at her mother's Mrs. James Hunter Church street. H. G. Vavasour lately of Sisco, Mexico, who has been visiting his mother leaves for the far west again early next week. AMHERST. [Prognosis is for sale at Amherst by H. V. Farley.] May 11.—Society events are low water mark and the prospect is not bright as to the coming season will be of a different style from the usual method of entertaining. Wheeling parties will be the leading function, and new ideas in that line will be foremost with our hostesses as there are a score of pretty bicycles to be utilized. The Amateur Art exhibition under the auspices of the Y. M. C. A. opens this evening and bids fair to be a grand success, as it is the first exhibit of art on so large a scale ever held here. Mrs. Munro is principal designer, and her pupils in art will fill the walls with a fine collection of oil paintings water color and charcoal drawings; there is a greater display of art nowhere. The Amateur Art exhibition under the auspices of the Y. M. C. A. opens this evening and bids fair to be a grand success, as it is the first exhibit of art on so large a scale ever held here. Mrs. Munro is principal designer, and her pupils in art will fill the walls with a fine collection of oil paintings water color and charcoal drawings; there is a greater display of art nowhere.

Mr. W. D. Douglas leaves this week to reside at Sheet Harbour for the summer, this is greatly to be regretted by her many friends in town. The Misses Oxley of Oxford are in town for a few days the guests of their aunt Mrs. J. Moffat. Mr. and Mrs. Clarence Trueman have gone to Montreal for medical advice for Mrs. Trueman who has been in poor health for a long time. Mr. H. Main and Mr. Borden have gone on a trip to the upper provinces. Mrs. Crocker of St. Stephen is paying a visit to her son, Mr. Crocker secretary of the Y. M. C. A. Mrs. N. Tapper has gone to Truro to visit her daughter Mrs. Nelson. Mr. C. B. Smith has a concert for the little folk of St. Charles R. C. church this evening. The concert in the parish house on Tuesday evening was an excellent affair and the young ladies who took part are receiving many congratulations.

ELGIN A. C. May 11.—Dr. R. C. Weldon and family of Halifax, arrived at "The Farm," last week. The genial doctor appears as vigorous as ever. On Sunday last John Steves of Port Pitt River died at the residence of his son Enoch; he was 80 years of age and a prominent member of the Baptist church in that place. The funeral services were conducted by Rev. E. Hopper. Mrs. Jonah whose husband was killed in Portland N.S., a few days ago will spend the summer in Elgin.

PORT LORNE. May 11.—Mr. Patterson Foster has gone to Boston. Capt. Ned Hall spent a day or two at home lately. Mr. Ulrich Johnston died last week at the age of 73 years. Mr. William Dalton is moving back to his own house again. Mr. Linn Brown visited friends here last Monday. Mr. Avard H. will spend Sunday here a guest of Mrs. Stephen Hall.

Last Month For Opportunity to Get ... A Free Bicycle DON'T FORGET that the competition for the BRANTFORD RED BIRD BICYCLES (4 new \$100 1897 Ladies' or Gentlemen's Wheels, at option of the winners) to be given away by the WELCOME SOAP CO., closes MAY 31st, 1897, when the wheels will be awarded promptly for the 4 largest numbers of "WELCOME" SOAP WRAPPERS sent in from the Maritime Provinces. Buy the Famous "Welcome" Soap AND SAVE YOUR WRAPPERS. THE WELCOME SOAP CO., - - ST. JOHN, N. B.

As Good as Gold Is the friend that stands by us in an emergency. "QUICKCURE" is The Great Emergency Remedy Many of the best known people in the land testify to its efficiency. It promptly cures Toothache and all pain. Quickly allays inflammation. Wherever the skin is cut, bruised, burned, inflamed or diseased in any form "Quickcure" will do its wonderful work. Dr. E. B. Ibbotson, Major Royal Scots, Montreal, and Commandant of Bisley Team in 1894, writes: "Quickcure" is a treasure, and does just what you say for it; when it is known every household will have it. It is worth its weight in gold to parents, who should keep it in the house for emergencies such as toothache, burns, cuts, etc.

When You Order Pelee Island Wines BE SURE YOU GET OUR BRAND. While PELEE ISLAND WINE is highly recommended for La Grippe, Debility, Dyspepsia, etc., etc, it is the only Canadian wine so recommended. It is frequently the case customers ask for our brands and get a substitute. Ask for Our Brand and See You Get It E. C. SCOVIL | Maritime Agent | Tea and Wines | 62 Union Street. ROYAL GORDON... 10 Years Old—the Perfect Scotch Whisky. ROYAL GORDON PERFECTION... 15 Years Old—the very oldest and finest Whisky shipped from Scotland. MCINTYRE & TOWNSEND, St. John, N. B., SOLE AGENTS FOR CANADA. FOR SALE WHOLESALE BY JOHN O'BEGAN, St. John, N. B. BIGELOW & HOOD, Truro, N. S. JOHN TOBIN & CO., Halifax, N. S. J. & T. MORRIS, Charlottetown, P. E. I.



FOR ADDITIONAL SOCIETY NEWS, SEE FIFTH AND EIGHTH PAGES.



HALIFAX, NOTES.

PROGRESS is for sale in Halifax by the new shop and at the following news stands and centres.

- C. S. DEPRETTAS, Brunswick street
MORSON & CO., Barrington street
CLIFFORD SATTERTON, George street
LANE & CORNOLLY, 111 Hollis street
POWERS' DRUG STORE, Opp. L. C. E. Depot
CANADA NEWS CO., Railway Depot
J. G. ELIEN, Antigonish street
H. SILVER, Dartmouth N. S.
J. W. ALLEN, Dartmouth N. S.

Years such as the present, wonderful in a great event, always cause stagnation before and after that event. Everything is now the jubilee—only a month or more away. Halifax will indeed be gay. The military, helped by the militia, will take the heaviest part of the work upon their shoulders. A military tournament after the manner of that of Kingston, held in the Exhibition rink, will run three nights. It will prove a wonderful attraction; the city will be full of visitors, provincial and American, and the exhibition given will be a novel one to them. The programme will consist of an attack on a fort held by Arabs or Malays, by representatives of an entire army corps; shifting heavy guns, a competition between the regulars and militia; musical drill and dumb bells, and the gymnastic exercises so popular at the naval fair. Tent pegging and lemon-cutting will also be included. On Jubilee day a grand review will be held on the common and a torchlight tattoo at night, probably on the common. This latter will be a novelty new in Halifax. The military tournament again the next night, and a grand ball at Government house on the night of the 24th which will be the only day that his excellency will be here, as he has to be in Montreal on Jubilee day. As all the ships will be in and Admiral and Mrs. Erskine preparing to say farewell, other entertainments will be given.

Bye-the-bye this is the first time within the memory of man that a change of flags takes place here. It is usually in Bermuda. But I hear that Admiral Fisher and the Renown will arrive here soon after the Crescent and we shall have bombardment enough to satisfy anybody.

The marriage of Miss Beatrice Kline to Major Hamilton Smythe, military secretary to General Moore, will take place in London in the latter part of July. I hear that Major Smythe will not return again to this station.

For June Halifax will be without one fashionable marriage. The Berks will be the first regiment for many years that has left Halifax without taking away one of our fair daughters. This is rough on the Berks. Perhaps they yet have time to remedy the evil. Who knows?

Come and try our ice cold soda flavored with pure fruit syrup dispensed from Tait's patent fountain. Jackson's, 45 Barrington street.

Ladies' Sterling Silver blouse sets 35 cents per set, at Nye's Gorington street, opposite North Baptist church.

The death occurred last week at his residence, 95 Lockman street, of Daniel J. Smith at the age of 78 years. Mr. Smith was born in Windsor, but was quite young when the family removed to this city though he had more than once previously walked from Windsor to the city, and then it was a long walk, there being no habitations on the road except inns. He was a very industrious lad and was not loath in obtaining employment after coming to city, and all through life he exhibited the same traits of energy and uprightness which distinguished his early years.

When grown to manhood Mr. Smith took an active interest in matters pertaining to the community. He was one of the most intrepid members and officers of the old Union engine company. In 1871 he was a candidate for alderman in ward 5, being opposed by the late Sir John Thompson, the latter being elected by a majority of 25 out of about 600 votes.

LAWRENCE TOWN, N. S.

MAY 12.—Rev. J. L. Eaton spent a short time here on Monday.

Mrs. Clark is building a neat little house just west of the parsonage. We are glad to welcome her here.

Arbor day was not very generally observed here; but has still room for a few more. In order to attract the best pupils Miss Manning has announced her intention of giving free to any pupil of exceptional ability and industry one half a double course.

TRURO.

[PROGRESS is for sale in Truro by Mr. G. O. Falton, and D. H. Smith and Co.]

MAY 12.—Rev. G. R. and Mrs. Martell Matland, are guests of Mrs. A. H. Learment at the "Learment."

Dr. J. H. McKay entertained a number of his gentlemen friends last Friday night at a very sumptuous dinner, covers were laid for eighteen guests and with one or two exceptions who were unavoidably absent, they all responded in person. The guests sat down about nine P. M. and it was after twelve ere they rose from the hospitable board. The speech makers were all in a very happy and humorous vein. They all spent a most pleasant evening and thoroughly enjoyed their genial hosts' hospitality was evidenced by the very hearty manner in which all joined in singing "For He's a Jolly Good Fellow," ere final adieux were said.

Among the guests, were the following: Mayor Turner, Dr. D. H. Mair, W. D. Dinock, T. G. McMullen, M. P. P., Dr. J. B. Hall, G. A. Hall, R. G. Leckie (Torbrook), E. Walsh (Acadia Mines), W. B. Alley, W. E. Bligh, A. H. Learment, W. Fraser, W. A. McDonald, A. S. Murphy, J. J. Snook.

Miss Irvine, concluded her dancing class, last night, with an "At Home," which was a very pleasant evening. Besides the "class" there were a number of invited guests. Light refreshments were served, during the evening, among those present were: Mr. and Mrs. E. Phillips, Mr. and Mrs. B. F. Porter, Mrs. Atkinson, Mrs. Gordon Waring, Mrs. E. A. Randall, Mrs. Geo. Henderson, Miss Sutherland, Miss Anna Sutherland, Miss

A Row in the Choir

Henry Ward Beecher used to say that the evangelization of the world could never be accomplished until the church choir was dispensed with. It is proverbial that choirs are given to internal dissension. We do not pose as missionaries. We are selling Throat Kumforts for the money there is to be made out of it. But it has been shown time and again that where we have introduced Throat Kumforts into choirs the enthusiasm they have created has spread oil on the troubled waters. They make the voice clear as a bell for speaking and singing, and the choir that has once used them will never thereafter be without them. Put up in neat tablet form, convenient to carry and use. Invaluable for smokers' sore throat. Try a box for next Sunday.

E. L. ETHIER & CO. MANUFACTURERS OF Billiard and Pool Tables BOWLING ALLEYS, &c. Importers of Billiard Cloth, Balls, Tips, etc. Our Columbus Electric Cushions are known to be the best in use. 88 St. Denis St., Montreal.

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AT LAST you may draw an easy breath. Let poor flour alone after this. You were a long time finding out that good bread only comes from good flour. "Tillson's Pride" was all right. We told you so. THE TILLSON COY (Ltd.), Tillsonburg, Ont.

OYSTERS FISH and GAME always on hand. IN SEASON. MEALS AT ALL HOURS. DINNER A SPECIALTY. CAFE ROYAL BANK OF MONTREAL BUILDING, 56 Prince Wm. St., - - St. John, N. B. WM. CLARK, Proprietor. Retail dealer in CHOICE WINES, ALES and LIQUORS.

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"STRONGEST AND BEST."—Dr. Andrew Wilson, F. R. S. E., Editor of "Health." Pure Concentrated COCOA.

OVER 200 MEDALS AWARDED TO THE FIRM.

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BRIDGETOWN. MAY 12.—Mrs. Lewis Bath is home from Moncton on a visit. Mr. B. H. Calkin of Kentville was in town Tuesday. Mr. O. F. Ruffee spent a couple of days at Nicotax Falls last week. Miss Georgia Bath spent a day in Annapolis lately. Dr. L. S. Saunders of Kentville was in Bridgetown last week. Miss Leavitt of Annapolis spent a few hours lately with friends here. Miss Maide Hayes of Halifax is visiting her sister Mrs. W. F. Gibbon. Rev. A. Lund spent Sunday in Annapolis and vicinity. Conductor Williams of the D. A. R. is enjoying a short visit to New York. Rev. A. Coburn of Wolfville presided in the baptist church last Sunday morning. Miss Nettie Armand and the Messrs. Harry and Guy Armand made a short visit to Bridgetown last Saturday. They came on their wheels. Mr. J. H. Austen of Halifax who has been visiting Granville friends returned to the city on Tuesday. Capt. C. P. Raymond and family who are in Brooklyns are expected to return to Digby shortly to reside. Capt. Raymond has been under a surgical treatment in the hospital for some months. His health is completely shattered and his retirement to the country has been ordered by his physician. The 69th band played some excellent music in the open air last Wednesday evening. It was their first night out for the season and they gave a splendid performance. Dr. S. Primrose of Lauretowa gave the boys a generous donation upon this occasion. Mr. Fullerton of Digby was in town last Friday and Saturday and was the victim of a cycling accident. Friday evening he and Mr. Ernest Howe collided on Queen street and both were thrown from their wheels. Both received slight injuries. Rev. F. M. Young will start on his trip through the Northwest, about the 25th, if Mrs. Young's health will permit. Mr. and Mrs. H. W. Cann have moved into Mr. J. W. Beckwith's cottage near the railway station.

SPRINGFIELD, N. S. MAY 13.—Mr. Arthur A. Marshall continues still very ill. Mr. Bartlett Starratt is very much improved in health and most of the other invalids are in a convalescent condition. Mrs. McGill who has been visiting friends in the Annapolis valley for several weeks returned home last Saturday. The sacred concert held on a Sunday evening recently, was exceptionally good and was greatly appreciated. Rev. J. W. Gardner of Guysboro was here last week the guest of Rev. J. Webb. On Sunday he preached twice in the baptist church. Little Miss Nora Grimm went on a little fishing trip last week with one or two young friends and returned with a trout weighing two pounds and measuring seventeen inches.

RICHIBUCTO. [PROGRESS is for sale in Richibucto by Theodore P. Graham.] MAY 10.—Mrs. White wife of Mr. Walter White of Shediac died last week at the age of fifty years, leaving a husband and three children. The remains were brought to Kingston for burial, interment taking place in the presbyterian cemetery. Quite a number of persons have purchased bicycles this spring among them being several ladies. The fair riders are Mrs. W. E. Forbes, Mrs. A. E. O'Leary, the Misses Ella and Nessie Ferguson, and Miss Sylvia Black. Capt. Thomas Haines has arrived from Cape Breton with the schooner he lately purchased there. Rev. Mr. McCurdy of Dartmouth N. S. supplied the pulpit of St. Andrew's church for two weeks. Mr. William Robinson has been appointed by the Miramichi presbytery to labor in Eouchebois again this summer, making it his third year in this field.

You may get over that slight cold all right, but it has left its mark on the membranes lining your throat. You are liable to take another cold and the second one will hang on longer than the first. Scott's Emulsion is not an ordinary cough specific, but it is "the ounce of prevention." It builds up the system, checks inflammation and heals inflamed membranes. "Slight" colds never bring serious results when it is promptly taken. Book on the subject free. SCOTT & BOWNE, Belleville, Ont.

MONCTON. PROGRESS is for sale in Moncton at the Moncton Bookstore, by W. G. Standfield and at M. B. Jones' Bookstore. May 11.—The uneasiness caused by the diptheria cases in the city is probably accountable for the extreme quietude in social circles. The injunction to avoid public gatherings as much as possible, seems to have been applied almost literally and there have been no gatherings of any kind lately. However, the churches were opened again last Sunday, and the white placards are beginning to disappear by degrees from the different houses; so it is to be hoped that there will soon be something of a social nature to record. In looking over my notes for last week, I see that in the press of a rather heavy budget of news I forgot to mention the departure of Mrs. Allison Cushing and family for their home in St. John. Mr. and Mrs. Cushing were residents of Moncton for some years, and when they removed to St. John they left many warm friends who sincerely regretted their departure. It is scarcely necessary to say that they met with a warm welcome when they returned last autumn to spend the winter, and their friends bade them a regretful farewell when they left us once more at the beginning of the month. It is to be hoped that Moncton will prove sufficiently attractive to lure Mrs. Cushing and her bright and winning daughter back again next winter, as they will be greatly missed in society. Mrs. C. F. Hainington and Miss Trixie Hainington who remained in town for a few days after breaking up housekeeping, to the great satisfaction of their numerous friends, departed last week for their summer home at Shediac Cape. Mr. F. H. Blair organist of St. John's presbyterian church, returned on Saturday from a week's visit to his home in Chatham. Miss Stevenson of Manchester N. H. hospital is spending a few weeks in town visiting her parents Mr. and Mrs. Duncan Stevenson of Cameron street. I made brief mention last week of the death of Mrs. E. A. Whitney which took place at Valdesia Georgia, yesterday week, and spoke of the shock the news had given her friends who imagined her in her usual health, and were looking forward to welcoming her home next month, greatly benefitted, as she be scarcely possible to express the feelings of those who knew and loved her, but they were numbered amongst all classes, when all that Mr. Ernest Howe brought home last Saturday for interment, nor the heartfelt sympathy expressed on all sides for the bereaved husband and daughters. Mrs. Whitney had been an invalid for nearly nine years having suffered from an injury to her knee which practically laid her up for that length of time, but her individuality was so strong, and her disposition so bright and happy that even prolonged illness and almost constant suffering could not change her, or make her other than a sympathetic friend always ready to listen to the troubles of others, and a charming companion, with an unceasing flow of spirits and the keenest sense of humor. Mrs. Whitney was ever a kind and helpful friend to the poor and her death will leave a void in the hearts of many humble friends, as well as in those of her own personal friends. The deceased lady was a daughter of the late John Elliot, a well known merchant of this city, who led some years ago. Two daughters survive her Mrs. John H. Harris, and Miss Hattie Whitney a present a student at Roxbury College for girls. The funeral took place on Monday afternoon from the family residence on Church street, to the rural cemetery, and was very largely attended by citizens of all classes and denominations. A short service was held at the house by Rev. J. E. Brown of St. Paul's R. E. church assisted by Rev. W. W. Brewer pastor of Central Methodist church. The casket was completely covered with rare and beautiful floral tributes last tokens of esteem and affection from sorrowing friends. The pall bearers were Messrs. Thomas Williams, C. D. Thomson, I. W. Binney, C. P. Harris and E. T. Triles. Mrs. Whitney's death was caused by a sudden attack of peritonitis. The many friends of Miss Mary Flanagan who was so severely burned some months ago will be glad to hear that she has sufficiently recovered to be up about the house and will shortly be able to get out for a drive. Messrs. Walter Colpitts, and George McCarthy who recently passed brilliant examinations at McGill college returned to Moncton last week, to pass the summer months at their respective homes in this city. Mrs. Blair Betsford who has spent the past year in Salt Lake City, Utah, visiting relatives, returned to Moncton on Saturday and will make her home in future with her daughter Mrs. J. H. Nickerson of St. George street. Mr. and Mrs. L. R. McLaren of Digby are spending a few days in town visiting Mrs. McLaren's father Mr. C. D. Thompson of Betsford yesterday. Moncton people were greatly shocked yesterday to hear that Mr. George Logan of the I. C. E. engineering department, an old and highly respected resident of the city, had been found lying dead at the side of the road leading out to the Gorge about three miles from Moncton. Mr. Logan left his home immediately after tea on Monday evening intending to walk to the school house at Babbit Brook on the Mountain road where Rev. Mr. Patterson was holding a religious service. He had almost reached his destination when he evidently succumbed to heart failure, as he had been warned by his physician against over-exertion on account of a weak heart. Mr. Logan was about sixty years of age and very well known in railway circles having been connected with the I. C. E. for many years: He leaves a widow and six children all of whom live in Moncton: the Misses Helen and Ida Logan, and Messrs. George, Chipman, Frank, and Jack Logan. The bereaved family will have the deepest sympathy of their numerous friends in their sad and sudden affliction. The many friends of Dr. A. H. Chandler formerly of this city but lately of Boston were glad to see him in town again last week. Dr. Chandler is spending a few days with friends. Mrs. J. A. Flett of Halifax formerly Miss Mabel Hillson of this city, who has been spending a few days with her parents Mr. and Mrs. A. Hillson, left town last week for Boston, to visit friends. Mrs. Flett was accompanied by her little sister, Miss Winnie Hillson. IVAN.

Why buy imitations of doubtful merit when the genuine can be purchased as easily? The proprietors of MINARD'S LINIMENT inform us that their sales the past year still entitle their preparation to be considered the BEST, and FIRST in the hearts of their countrymen.

Spring Possibilities AT..... The Parisian

Opportunities for early bargain buying have never been so great as they are now. The first prices placed on our Millinery are not the usual exorbitant charges for the season's novelties, but show only a fair profit for conveying to you the best products from Paris, New York and London. Such a display of

Hats, Bonnets, Flowers, Laces and Novelties

was never before seen in this city.

The Parisian Cor. Union and Coburg Sts.

MINARD'S "KING OF PAIN" LINIMENT

MINARD'S "KING OF PAIN" LINIMENT

TEABERRY. FOR THE TEETH PLEASANT AND HARMLESS TO USE 25c. ZOPESA-CHEMICAL CO. TORONTO

New Cloths FOR SPRING AND SUMMER WEAR Just opened, a full stock of Cloths for the coming season, consisting of English and Scotch Suitings, Trouserings and Overcoatings, Black and Colored Worsteds, Black and Blue Serges and Cheviots. Beautiful both in finish and design. By ordering early, customers will avoid the annoyance of having to wait, which is necessary later in the season. A. R. CAMPBELL, Merchant Tailor, GERMAIN STREET.

100 Good Second-hand HACKS, LANDAUS, COUPES, BREAKS, WAGONETTES, DEPOT CARRIAGES, etc., etc., \$100 to \$200. 50 from \$200 to \$600. 75 good strong HACKS, COUPES, BAROUCHES, DEPOT CARRIAGES, \$25 to \$100. Some odd style vehicles for the price of repair. 2,000 vehicles in stock, new and second hand. Lowest prices. HENDERSON BROS., North Cambridge, Mass.

ST. STEPHEN AND CALAIS.

Progress is for sale in St. Stephen by Master...

MAY 12.—Invitations were given on Monday...

Arbor day was not generally observed by the...

A most charming entertainment was given on...

For the pleasure of her pupils and their friends...

The hall was most prettily and tastefully arranged...

Small tables with the equipments for serving tea...

Letters were received here this week containing...

The sad news of the death of Mr. J. Francis Hayward...

Mr. Hayward had many friends here where he is well...

Mr. Hayward and her children have the sincere...

Much sympathy is expressed here for Mr. and...

Mr. Stephen Peabody of Princeton, where their...

Mr. Peabody is now suffering from this terrible...

Mr. George J. Clarke has been visiting Banor...

Mrs. H. W. Barnard of Portland Maine, has been...

Mrs. C. G. McCully.

Mrs. Betsa Clarke has returned from a pleasant...

Mrs. Genevieve Sherlock of Eastport is the...

Mr. W. B. Morris of St. Andrews is here for a...

Mrs. John M. Stevens and J. E. Ganong, who...

Mr. Harold Clarke who recently graduated at...

Friends of Mrs. Frank L. Blair will be glad to...

Mrs. S. H. Blair is spending this week in Quincy...

Mr. George R. O'Dell of Toronto was registered...

Mrs. Howard Grimmer of St. Andrews was the...

Mr. C. E. Hayden is visiting Eastport this week...

Mr. Hume Bates is spending a few days in town...

Mr. C. E. Senez of Montreal was a guest at the...

Mr. Graham K. King of St. John spent a few days...

Mr. George B. Hallett of St. John was registered...

Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Nichols visited Newville...

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Mrs. C. G. McCully.

Mrs. Betsa Clarke has returned from a pleasant...

Mrs. Genevieve Sherlock of Eastport is the...

Mr. John Lutes, station agent at Coal Branch, has...

Mr. Benjamin McLeod who was on a visit to...

Mr. Joseph Clare has removed from the Bailey...

Mr. Robert Phinney of Richibucto left here by...

Mr. Alphonso Lurram returned on Saturday from...

Mr. Bette late teller of the Merchant's Bank at...

Mr. James W. Morton station agent at Kent junction...

Mr. J. F. Black of Richibucto is in town today...

Mr. Johnson Murray of St. Nicholas River has...

Mr. S. M. Dunn left yesterday on a business trip...

Mr. James Chrytal who sprained his ankle some...

Mr. M. J. Wilson was compelled to remain in Har...

Mr. George H. Morton is improving in health.

ST. ANDREWS.

MAY 12.—Mr. Robert Peabody and Mrs. Peabody...

Rev. W. A. Mahon's friends are delighted to...

Miss Robertson, missionary from the metho...

There is an energetic movement to beautify the...

Local Fishermen are meeting with excellent...

ST. GEORGE.

MAY 12.—Mrs. Daniel Gillmor and Master Horace...

UPPER CALABRICE.

MAY 13.—Miss Aggie Johnston is visiting friends...

Mrs. Reagh of Brooklyn, N. S. has been paying...

Mr. T. Wilson spent Saturday and Sunday at Mr...

Mrs. Rosa Raymond of Wilmot is a guest at Mr...

Miss Rosa Elliott has been obliged to give up...

Mr. M. O. Prie is improving the appearance of...

Miss Eva Freeman arrived from Boston last week...

Mrs. L. W. Beals arrived Saturday from a pleas...

THE TREASURY OF VALUE.

One of the latest sanitary devices is a germ-proof...

"I understand the consul felt that he isn't getting...

Mr. Thomas Ballard, Syracuse, N. Y., writes: "I...

On his recent seventy-fifth birthday, Edward...

SEVERE AND AGUE and Bilious Derangements are...

After what he rightly calls "half a century of hon...

Safe, Certain, Prompt, Economical—These few...

Where is your mother, where is she? "She's havin'...

Severe colds are easily cured by the use of Bickel's...

AGED OUT.—None but those who have become...

Our cashier's defalcation was a great surprise to...

There can be a difference of opinion on most sub...

"He ain in life rems to be a poor one."

Are you a sufferer with corns? If you are get a...

Caller.—"What is that terrible odor, sir?"

CONDemn THE "FLYING DEVIL."

Fishermen Are Outspoken Against a New...

Anglers who love the sport for its own...

FOR THE SEA SHORE...

OR THE COUNTRY.

A dress fabric which will not spot from rain...

WATERWITCH SERGE.

Priestley's name stamped on every five yards.

DUNDEE BEST ON EARTH

Watson's Dundee Whisky

Thoroughly Matured and Free from Deleterious Ingredients

CHARD JACKSON & CO., Agents, Montreal

"The Ideal Tonic."

CAMPBELL'S QUININE WINE

Tones up the System, Restores the Appetite.

THE TREASURY OF VALUE.

take it readily, and many varieties of prey...

This paragraph of the circular, headed...

'How to Murder Fish,' is displayed in a...

'A bait made only to catch the fish, with...

never a thought of giving a chance to it...

to fight for life, I call a murderous lure,'...

said La Roche to a reporter of The Sun yesterday...

'The Flying Devil' not only holds the fish...

fish, but also mutilates it. The manufacturer...

claim that it will cause a strike from...

fish the size of the bait, consequently if...

under-sized bass is landed it will probably...

have several of the fifteen hooks in its...

body. Now what will the angler do with...

the under-sized fish, for the catching of...

which there is a fine of \$20 or more?...

Throw it back! Of course. But will the...

fish live to strike again? No; and I think...

a law should be passed to prohibit the...

manufacturer or use of such a terrible...

hook. If such a law is passed we will have...

far more game fish in our lakes and rivers.'

Black bass suffer the most from this new...

hook. In this State the black bass season...

is open from May 30 to Dec. 31, except in...

a few counties where special laws govern...

the dates of fishing. It is illegal to catch...

a black bass less than eight inches long...

(ten inches in the waters of the 'Thousand...

Islands), and in case any such fish is caught...

or taken, the person taking it, according to...

section III. of the game laws, 'shall immediately...

return it to the waters from which it was...

THE TREASURY OF VALUE.

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Islands), and in case any such fish is caught...

or taken, the person taking it, according to...

section III. of the game laws, 'shall immediately...

return it to the waters from which it was...

John Mahoney's Luck.

Disorderly conduct was the charge...

which confronted John Mahoney when he...

was arraigned at the Desplaines street...

station.

'Where do you live?' asked the court.

'On Fifteenth street,' responded the...

prisoner.

'Well make it \$15 costs then,' said...

the Justice, as he wrote the amount...

of the fine opposite the prisoner's name.

'Gosh, I'm lucky that I do not live on...

YOUR SPARE TIME

Men, women, to conduct business at home...

Work is simple writing and copying lists of...

addresses received from local advertising...

to be forwarded to us daily. No canvassing...

no previous experience required, but plain...

writing preferred. Permanent work to those...

contented to earn \$5 or more weekly in spare...

time. Apply to WALKER, FRANK CO., LONDON, ONT.

Blair, Ruel & Blair,

BARRISTERS, ETC.,

49 Canterbury Street, St. John, N. B.

THE GREAT TWINS

AND K.D.C. PILLS

Believe and Cure

The Great Twin Pills

INDIGESTION AND CONSTIPATION.

Write for samples, testimonials and guarantee.

K. D. C. COMPANY, Limited,

New Glasgow, Nova Scotia.

137 State St., Boston, Mass.

Second-hand

COFFERS, BREAKS, COT CARRIAGES,

and various other articles in stock, new...

Health.

Concentrated COA.

abilities

Parisian

early bargain buying

Hats, Bonnets, Flowers, Laces and Novelties

Parisian

and Coburg Sts.

ARD'S OF PAIN.

MENT

ARD'S OF PAIN.

MENT

BERRY. TEETH

NO-HARMLESS

cloths

AND SUMMER WEAR

second-hand

COFFERS, BREAKS, COT CARRIAGES,

WOMEN'S CLUBS IN INDIA.

They are not Devoted to High Ideals and Social Lines are Marked.

In India club women do not aim at realizing lofty ideals. There comfort and amusements are the avowed objects of all women's organizations. Debates are never held, papers are never written and therefore never have to be listened to, and the gravest problems discussed are the probabilities of Capt. A.'s marrying Miss B. on his small income, the wonderful power that Mrs. X. has over the deputy Commissioner, whose wife lives 'at home,' that is, in England, and the scandalous report that Gen. Z.'s great-great-grandmother was 'dark.' A person who has never been in India cannot comprehend the gravity of this last matter. Such an accusation is worse than saying that a man had no great-great-grandmother at all.

The clubhouse is a large, roomy bungalow, the most attractive thing about it being the broad gallery, which extends all the way around and is inclosed with lattice work. The bungalow includes four or five rooms, by far the most important being a bar where refreshments, principally liquid, are served. The largest room is—whisper it not in womanhood—devoted to the main to dancing. It has a parquet floor, and at least once a week a dance is given by the club members. This room is also let to people wishing to give balls, and here bachelors and grand widowers are permitted to give their women friends little dinners or theatre supper parties.

Another room, much smaller, is used as a library. It is furnished with tables covered with the latest magazines and newspapers and a couple of book shelves filled with novels of the day and such works of light-weight science and philosophy as have made a stir in the reading world. To say that a woman has read the last is equivalent to saying that she has something in her. A drawing room and dressing room complete the house for such a thing as a residential club for women is still unheard of in India. A brown bespectacled native sits on duty at a table on the veranda. His function is to keep the accounts and to send round the subscription book every month when collections are made.

The club women all go in for athletics. Attached to every clubhouse is a large hall with an earthen floor. This is covered with matting, and here that most exciting game, badminton, is played in the cool of morning and afternoon. Sometimes tournaments are held. On dance nights this court is utilized as a promenade, when it is lighted with Chinese lanterns and decorated with potted plants. Tennis courts are also frequently attached to the building, and a regiment of small boys in uniform is on hand to get the balls.

The clubhouse is invariably located where the plays on certain evenings. On such occasions every one sits at small tables on the lawn eating ices, drinking cooling beverages, and discussing the coming races or the prospects for the next season at Simla. Children are admitted on these days, though ordinarily a placard tells them plainly that they are not wanted.

This is the smart women's club. Another variety of club flourishes in India at big stations, and is devoted to women who are not quite at the top notch of Anglo-Indian swiftness. Its membership consists of those who attend the big balls and general gatherings at the Government house, but a little out in the cold when it comes to the Sunday dinners and small dances. The wives of the cavalry officers and those who value their reputation as belonging to the upper crust shun these Murgib Khans, as they are called, and their members are they would the plague itself. One who enters such a club will find that the company consists of a crowd of women engaged in discussing domestic affairs, such as which is the best soap for washing dish cloths or how to keep babies' flannels white. When a woman becomes domestic in India she becomes very domestic. There is no betwixt and between. Her horizon is a narrow one. Art, literature, and the affairs of the nation have no place in her mind. If one does stray in it always turns out that is after one or two things—a raw after-dinner story or volunteers to do some work, such as decorating the church, for example.

Rich Red

Blood is absolutely essential to health. It is secured easily and naturally by taking Hood's Sarsaparilla, but it is possible to get it from so-called "nervonics," and opiate compounds, absurdly advertised as "blood purifiers." They have temporary, sleep-inducing effect, but do not CURE. To have pure

Blood

And good health, take Hood's Sarsaparilla which has first, last, and all the time been advertised as just what it is—the best medicine for the blood ever produced. Its success in curing Scrofula, Salt Rheum, Rheumatism, Catarrh, Dyspepsia, Nervous Prostration and That Tired Feeling, have made

Hood's Sarsaparilla

The One True Blood Purifier. All druggists. \$1 are purely vegetable, reliable and beneficial. See Hood's Pills

SKINS ON FIRE

Skins on fire with torturing, disfiguring, itching, burning, bleeding, scaly, and pimply humors, instantly relieved by a warm bath with CUTICURA SOAP, a single application of CUTICURA Ointment, the great skin cure, and a full dose of CUTICURA RESOLVENT.

Cuticura

Subscriptions to women's clubs in India vary from seven rupees up, according to the station and reputation of the club. There is an admission fee, and members are elected by ballot. It is said that the temptation to drop in a black ball, as a form of revenge for some former slight, real or fancied, often overcomes a member, but woe to her if she is discovered, for her sister members make it hot for her.

HE SAILED WITH LAFITTE.

"Uncle Jolly" Witnessed Barbarous Murders and Atrocities.

An old negro, whom the white people believed to have been much more than 100 years old died on the Bruls cotton plantation, near All-Seeing Eye, in Texas, a short time ago. The negroes called him 'Old Pirate' from the fact that he never tired of talking of his adventures at sea. To the white people he had always been known as 'Uncle Jolly,' a name which he maintained was given to him by Lafitte's pirates when he was a boy, from the fact that he was sprightly and always in good humor.

According to his story he was born a slave on one of the islands of the West Indies. When he was ten or twelve years of age his master started on a voyage to New Orleans, taking his family and the negro boy Jolly along. One day, shortly after they had left the island, a big ship sailed close to them and began to fire big guns. The ships drew closer together and the people in both vessels began to fire guns and pistols. After a few moments the pirate ship ran alongside and hundreds of ferocious-looking men with swords and pistols in their hands sprang on board, uttering savage yells and curses. Jolly saw his master fall fighting on the decks, and he ran below to tell his mistress. There were several women and children in the cabin.

It is hard for anyone to believe that anything in the shape of a human being could have been guilty of such cruelties as these monsters perpetrated upon their defenseless victims. The negro said that he could not bear to witness the agonies of the women and children, and he returned to the companionway, where he met several of the pirates. One struck at him with a cutlass, but another interposed, remarking: "Don't kill him; he is worth a pocketful of gold." They threw him up on the deck and went on into the cabin of the ship.

The captain and a half dozen of the crew who had escaped the massacre were put in chains. The women and children were driven below. The pirates at once began to loot the doomed vessel, and several hours were spent in transporting the booty to the decks of the pirate ship. Late in the evening the ship was set on fire and the pirates sailed away.

Little attention was paid to the negro boy, and he was permitted to wander about as he pleased. The next morning the pirate captain, followed by several officers, stumbled on deck, and then the negro boy witnessed a scene that haunted him to his grave.

The prisoners were all driven on the forward deck of the ship, preparatory to walking the plank. The captain was the first one ordered to walk out. He folded his arms across his bosom, and moved to his death with a firm step and with his head erect. The women and children now realized that they were to be drowned in the sea, and they began to pray and moan piteously. One poor woman, pressing a child to her bosom, walked up to one of the pirate officers, and implored him to spare her life, offering him her jewels and promising him a large sum of money. The monster tore a gold chain from her neck and began to curse her. The child was crying, and the merciless demon wrenched it from her arms and huried it into the sea. The poor mother at once ran to the side of the ship and sprang overboard. Jolly's curiosity prompted him to follow her to the ship's side where he saw her rise upon a wave and grasp her infant in her arms. He felt some satisfaction in knowing that the poor mother sank to rise no more with her little baby clasped to her breast.

The sailors walked the plank one after another, all but one who was permitted to join the pirate crew. The poor women had to be forced and dragged on the plank. Many of the children were thrown into the sea, where they were swamped up and crushed in the jaws of a shark that had gathered around the ship.

One beautiful young lady marched with her head erect and a scornful look on her face toward the plank, and when near it the captain of the pirates threw his arms around her waist and dragged her back. She angrily tried to break away from him and throw herself into the sea. Two ugly brutes seized and forced her into the ship's cabin. Jolly did not see this pretty girl alive any more, but a few days afterward he saw the pirates throw the dead body of a woman into the sea.

The pirate ship, on board of which Jolly had been installed as a cabin boy, finally anchored at the Lalar d of Barataria, just at the time when the great pirate chief, Lafitte, was preparing to march to the assistance of General Jackson at New Orleans. Jolly was assigned as a servant to one of the pirate captains, whom he accompanied to the Crescent City, and he was always very sure that he witnessed the great battle of New Orleans.

MEN AND PROCESSIONS.

The Idea of Forming in Parade in Vogue Among the Ancients!

Man, as a species, loves a procession, says Harper's Bazar. It is the one love, in fact, that sets him apart from the rest of the vertebrates. In his primitive condition it belonged to him. Civilization has only fostered it. Both sacred and profane history give evidence of this. And records of contemporary life the world over prove the truth of it every day.

It is four years now since this love has been gratified among us, since the last of our great processions blockaded and blackened the streets of New York, and masses of people filled the doorways and windows of houses for miles, or stood all day on the pavement to watch the troops file by. Neither fatigue nor hunger appalled them at the time; nor did the memory of anything suffered dampen the ardor of their response when a new procession was announced, for the day of the dedication of General Grant's tomb.

From every part of the country, in fact, men and women came and for weeks, as we all know, preparations were everywhere being made.

But when the day arrived one saw again, what one always sees on occasions like it, that a procession or parade, after all, or any great function, is very much like every thing else in life—the interest it inspires depending upon that which each individual has in himself to bring to its enjoyment.

The patriot is stirred by such a one as we witnessed the other day. He never loses sight of the great idea being celebrated, nor ceases to thrill with its meaning. But the small boy sees only the glitter and glow of that which passes before him. The young woman taking a holiday is blind to every thing but the happy chance which is hers of seeing it all by the side of her lover. The speculator with seats for sale recognizes only a field for profit, while the woman of hospitable instincts finds an unexpected opportunity for the exercise of her talents in adding to the pleasures of all.

Indeed, in all large towns, as well as in New York, there are always groups of friends invited to use the windows of householders along the line of march, and the charm of these parties is not easily forgotten. One must be young for them, perhaps. One certainly, in remembering them, can hardly escape wishing one were young enough again.

For there are the tete-a-tete and elbow-touching over the window sill as the procession goes by below—waving flags, glittering accoutrements, the rhythmic tramp of the soldier's confused clatter of horses' hoofs, the shrill whistle of the file and the trumpet-call of martial music. How the blood bounds! Then there is the dainty luncheon in the darkened dining-room, the perfume of flowers everywhere, when the glare outside has become wearisome. Then there is the other tete-a-tete in the library, the window sill resigned—purly unselfish reasons of course! And then there is the sudden shout as a favorite troop rides by, and every one rushes pell-mell to the window again, with waving handkerchiefs, stirred for the moment by a real enthusiasm for outside things.

No wonder, then, that all men love processions. No wonder either that they sometimes forget what a procession is for—the welcome of a potentate, the triumph of a conqueror, the celebration of a victory or the doing honor to a man whom we hold as great as General Grant.

Public services are not really forgotten nor noble examples of patriotism ignored, because for the time being everything else is forgotten in one's individual pleasure born of the day. And perhaps the reason for enjoying a procession as he does, is that he loves a holiday and to be the looker-on.

Some Big Coins.

It is said the largest coin now in circulation is the gold ingot or 'locl' of Anam, a French colony in Eastern Asia. It is a flat, round gold piece, and on it is written in India ink its value, which is about \$220. The next sized coin to this valuable but extremely awkward one, is the 'obang,' of Japan, which is worth about \$55 and next comes the 'benda,' of Assam, which represents a value of about \$16. The California \$50 gold piece is worth about the same as the 'benda.' The heaviest silver coin in the world also belongs to Anam, where the silver ingot is worth about \$15 then comes the Chinese 'tael' and then the Austrian double thaler.—Pittsburgh Dispatch.



A Prosperous Farmer

will always have an air of success about himself and his farm. Nothing will give such an air of prosperity to your houses, barns, wagons, buggies, tools, etc., as the careful use of paint. There is economy in paint. A barn that is painted, and kept painted, will not wear out half as fast as one that is allowed to become weather beaten. That is true of everything paintable.

THE SHERWIN-WILLIAMS CREOSOTE PAINT

is exactly suited to the coarse-grained woods generally used in barns, fences, etc. It contains creosote. Creosote is a disinfectant and prevents decay.

Our booklet, "Paint Points," tells why it is economical to use paint. It tells what to paint, and how to paint. It is a handy book to have about the house. Send for it to-day—it is free. For booklet, address 7 St. Genevieve Street, Montreal.

THE SHERWIN-WILLIAMS CO.

CLEVELAND
CHICAGO
NEW YORK
MONTREAL

SIR FRANCIS DRAKE'S FORTUNE.

Cold Facts for People Thinking of Trying to Capture a Phantom Es'sate.

Louis Stoughton Drake, of Auburndale, Mass., compiler of 'The Drake family in England and America, from 1360 to 1895,' has this to say about the 'Drake Relative Association,' formed in Western Pennsylvania for the purpose of recovering the 'lost Sir Francis Drake Fortune.'

'As this wild scheme has broken out once or twice in each generation for the last hundred years, and people of the name, of all races, all over the country, have been intentionally and unintentionally duped or swindled out of thousands of dollars by men 'who have looked the whole matter up.' I think that it is time to call a halt. The days when something can be gotten for nothing have long since passed and no person by the name of Drake has the slightest reason for hoping even that there is any money to come from Sir Francis Drake's fortune or any other source in England.

'In the first place the amount of property left by Admiral Drake's heirs has been grossly exaggerated. I have copies of all of the wills by which it passed from one generation to another, which shows that it finally dwindled down to the ancient parish house at Buckland Abbey, in the parish of Buckland, Monachorum, and a mansion house at Nutwell Court in the Parish of Woodbury, Devon, England, and various personal property of little value, at the time that it passed out of the Drake family.

'The final result of the work of all of the different Drake Associations has been to discover, after endless research and expenditure of hundreds of dollars, that the 'Squatt's Claim' of twenty years entitled the family into whose hands the property passed to complete possession, and debarred everyone else. I have in my hands a letter written from England by a lawyer sent over there by the 'New York Drake Association' of 1870, in which he says, as a result of his researches and conferences with English lawyers, that if the members of that society could prove their descent from the brothers of Sir Francis Drake a hundred times, which, by the way, no one can do, it would do them no good whatever.

'When one takes into consideration that there are in this country Drakes of English descent, Irish descent, Scotch descent, Dutch and Spanish descent, and all of the Drake Fortune Societies have taken them all in as members, and promised them their share of the property on a payment of a suitable initiation fee, it can be readily seen on the face of it how much the whole thing amounts to.'

THREE CURIOUS PLANTS.

The Cannibal Tree, Grapple Plant and Vegetable Python.

Three of the most dangerous of vegetative plants in the world are the 'cannibal tree' of Australia, the 'death' or 'grapple plant' of South Africa, and the 'vegetable python' of New Zealand.

The 'cannibal tree' grows in the shape of a high pineapple and attains a height of eleven feet. It has a series of broad board-like leaves, growing to a fringe at the apex which forcibly brings to mind a gigantic Central American agave, and these board-like leaves, from ten to twelve feet in the smaller specimens and from fifteen to twenty feet in the larger, hang to the ground and are easily strong enough to bear the weight of a man of 140 pounds or more. In the ancient times this tree was worshipped by the native savages under the name of the 'devil tree,' a part of the interesting ceremony being the sacrifice of one of their number to its all-too-ready embrace. The victim to be sacrificed was driven up the leaves of the tree to the apex and the instant the so-called 'pistils' of the monster were touched the leaves would fly together like a trap, crushing the life out of the intruder. In this way the tree would hold its victim until every particle of flesh would disappear from his bones.

The 'grapple plant' is a prostrate herb,

growing in South Africa. Its flowers are purple and shaped like the English fox-glove. Its fruit has formidable hooks, which by clinging to any passer-by, is conveyed to situations where its seed may find suitable conditions for growth. Sir John Lubbock says it has been known to kill

the 'vegetable python,' which is known to the naturalist as the clusia or fig, is the strangler of trees. The seeds of the clusia being provided with a pulp and a very pleasant to the tropical birds which feed thereon, are carried from tree to tree and deposited on the branches. Here germination begins. The leafy stem slowly rises up while the roots flow, as it were, down the trunk until the soil is reached. Here and there they branch, changing their course according to the direction of any obstruction met with. Meanwhile from these rootlets heavy branches have been developed, which, pushing themselves through the canopy above, get into the light, and enormously accelerate their growth. Now a metamorphosis takes place. For the hitherto soft aerial plants begin to harden and spread wider and wider, throwing out side branches which flow into and amalgamate with each other until the whole tree is bound in a series of irregular living hoops. From this time on it is a struggle of life and death between the forest giant and the entwining clusia. Like an athlete the tree tries to expand and burst its fetters, causing the bark to bulge between every interlacing; but success and freedom are not for the captive tree, for the monster clusia has made its bands very numerous and wide. Not allowed expansion, the tree soon withers and dies, and the strangler is soon expanded in a great bush, almost as large as the mass of branches and foliage it has effaced. It is truly a tragedy in the world of vegetation. Los Angeles Herald.

RUSSIAN HUNTING DOGS.

The Duties of These Animals is of a Varied Nature.

Harding Cox writes about laikas, or Northern dogs, to the London Field. He says that the duties of the true laikas, are of an extremely varied nature. Among the Chinese about 1,000,000 are eaten every year, while in Russia the beast is trained for all sorts of hunting—quarrels, bear, deer, snipe, capercaillie, ermine, sable, and all the other beasts are taken every year with them, even the wolves. It is estimated that nearly 1,000,000 rubles' worth of game is taken every year with the aid of the laikas in Russia. Prince Schirinsky, a Russian noble, is trying to get a cross between the laika and some setter or retriever, believing that he would thereby obtain a dog which would make as nearly a perfect hunting dog as is possible. In the polar swamps the laikas as used in drawing sledges as well as in hunting by the natives, while their warm pelts are made to serve as coats and trousers after death. The laika has an upright, pointed ear, which the dog pricks when excited. The muzzle is long and sharp, but powerful. The ribs are big and long. The chest is deep and broad. The legs are for running, while the coat is thick, having 'cotton' under the hair, which makes it warm. The chief colors are from black, and black and tan to grayish, but the dogs are never spotted in pure blood. A few of these dogs can stop a bear or anything else easily. The dogs are just short of two feet high.

Only a Question of Fat.

'But we cannot live on papa,' protested the savage's bride to be. 'He is dreadfully poor.'

'We can wait until he is fatter!' said the cannibal.

Very... Elegant Barouche

Cost \$650, used one season, for \$175.

ONE USED SIX MONTHS FOR \$135.
BERLIN HACK, fine style, for \$150.
LIGHT HACK for \$100; One for \$50.
COUPÉ, in fine order, \$80.
GOOD LANDAU, \$60; Six-Seater, \$40.

2000 Vehicles, new and second hand.

HENDERSON BROS.,
NORTH CAMBRIDGE, MASS.

ST. JOHN, N. B., SATURDAY, MAY 15, 1897.

ARE MADE OF VENEER.

MILLIONS OF BASKETS FOR BERRIES, AND CRATES FOR FRUIT.

All Sorts. From Pie Plates and Butter Dishes to Barrels for Peas—Machines That Shave Logs—Girls Get 25 Cents a Thousand for Shaping Baskets.

When you buy a pie, a pound or two of butter, or strawberries or other small fruits for dessert, the grocer sends them home to you each in its own neat wooden plate, cup, or basket, with no extra charge for the package and with no injunction upon you to return or even to care for the package. You use the package for other purposes, burn them, or pitch them into the refuse barrels, probably without a thought as to the source from which they came, the ingenuity of their manufacture, or the great convenience which they offer to yourself and the dealer in the improvement over the methods of handling goods which were in vogue only a few years ago.

The next time one of these neat wooden packages comes into your hand give it a moment's attention, and ten to one it will set you wondering at the skill and ingenuity which is evident in its production and at the cheapness of a product which can be given away with each few cents' worth of groceries or fruit. Butter plates are in fact so cheap that if the grocer weighs the thin wooden dish as part of the butter and sells it at the price of butter he is making a larger profit upon it than he makes on the butter itself. The manufacture of these clever wooden packages has all grown up within a few years, but the use for them has grown to such an extent in this short time that the numbers of them sold every year can only be computed by getting into the hundreds of millions. The manufacture of them has become a very important industry in communities where perhaps little or nothing else in the manufacturing way could be successful, and it is computed that between 25,000 and 30,000 persons are employed in this industry. The making of the packages goes on during the whole year, but the great market time for them is just beginning, commencing with the first shipments of early fruits and garden truck from the market gardens of the South. It is the farmers who nowadays pay for the packages in which we buy our fruit and vegetables, and little as these packages cost, they form a serious tax upon the farmer at the present prices of his products.

The simplest of all these packages is the pie plate—a mere circle of veneer stamped into form in a hot die. Next comes the butter dish, which, if you undo one and lay it out flat, you will discover was cut from a single piece of veneer and bent into form along lines partly cut through it. It is held in its final form either by being crimped at the edges between bits of tin or stitched with small wire staples which are driven through and clinched. A more complicated piece of work is the berry basket. The butter dish needs little strength, for its duty is done in going from the shop to the purchaser's house, and it does not matter that a cross-grain section of wood forms the sides. But the berry basket must be strong enough to carry its load through the rough handling of perhaps hundreds of miles of railroad travel, two or three cartings, and finally, perhaps, the hawking of the berries through the streets. If you examine one of these you will find it made of two-pieces cut with ingenuity, so that when they are folded and crossed they form a basket, with the grain of the wood running endwise in each piece, and these pieces are finally fastened together with tacks or staples and bound around the edge with a double strip of a veneer of tough wood.

Go to the fruiterer, the grocer or green grocer, or the florist and you will find each using baskets or cups made in similar ways and of veneers. The foundation of this modern package business lies in the invention of a machine which shaves logs of wood into continuous strips of veneer instead of the old way of sawing the veneers out like boards. That machine was invented about twenty years ago, and since then it has turned whole forests into pliable strips of wood of the thickness of ordinary cardboard and as capable of manipulation, while possessing qualities which makes them available for purposes for which cardboard would be utterly useless.

As could be guessed easily, the manufacture of fruit packages has to be carried on at places which are right at the edge of the forests, while at the same time near to or

upon transportation lines and in the vicinity of towns and villages. Not many spots combine all of these features, and the men who own the principal factories make a matter of mystery of the exact locations of their works. Where poplar, beech, and birch and elm and sweet gum grow, there are made the baskets. The crates in which berries are sent to market are made where white spruce grows. So it one were to hunt along the outskirts of the farming districts, in New Hampshire, New York, Delaware, Maryland, Virginia, and in Michigan every once in a while he would find a little town in which perhaps 200 persons were employed in making fruit and berry packages. Twenty-five or thirty of these would be men, who are hauling in the logs from the woods and doing the heavier parts of the factory work, and all the others girls and boys or women, who do all the lighter work.

The process of manufacture begins at once with the barking of the logs. The logs are then sawed into sections of about 2 1/2 feet in length and immediately plunged into a long vat of boiling water or sealed into tanks where live steam is fed to them. They are steamed or boiled for twenty-four hours. A crane picks them up one by one and lands them between the centres of a burning lathe, where they are automatically cut and clipped fast. As they begin to turn a broad sharp knife as long as the logs come up and slices the log spirally into one immense ribbon of wood. As the ribbon glides over the knife rollers catch it and feed it under fixed knives which slice it into the right widths for basket parts. Other knives, set so as to cut but part way through it, makes the marks upon which the parts are afterward folded. Other knives set in the faces of the rollers cut the ribbon into proper lengths. These pieces of veneer still have to be shaped, and this is done by passing them between other rollers set with knives.

The work of the men ends with the turning out of the veneers. Now girls take the formed pieces. Whether they are making berry or peach baskets, the next process is about the same. Each girl has before her a wooden form, shaped like the basket she is to make and banded with iron where the tacks or staples are to be driven. She deftly folds a strip of tough birch or elm about the form for the inner band, binds over this the pieces which form the body, and over these another band of tough wood. If she is making tacked baskets, she already has her mouth full of tacks, and she takes these one by one and drives them through the veneers, where they clinch against the iron bands of the form. These baskets which are fastened with staples are tacked by a machine which carries a coil of wire which it bends and cuts into staples and drives into place almost as rapidly as a sewing machine stitches while the girl holds the form under it.

Some girls will make about 3,000 berry baskets in a day, and the average worker can make about 2,000. They get 25 cents a thousand for the work. For peach baskets they get 75 cents a hundred. The bottoms of these baskets are round pieces of wood, and the machine which cuts these is a clever piece of work. It is a saw made of a cylinder of steel with the teeth on its bottom edge. Boards are piled up a dozen or more high and passed under the saw. Each time it cuts down it cuts clear through the pile, and soon turns the whole pile into round blocks.

In other parts of the factory crates are being sawed out and nailed together. Each well-made crate will have sixty or seventy nails in it, be fitted with hinges, and a hasp for the cover, and yet one of these with thirty-two quart berry baskets in it sells for only twenty-six cents. Better crates which are made to be returned to the farmer, and are provided with metal corner pieces for strength and are made of heavier material, still for a few cents more. Few of the baskets are ever used a second time, and it is estimated that 200,000 berry baskets alone are used in this country every year.

The 16 quart peach baskets, which are also used for vegetables, sell for 3 1/2 cents each. They find their way into use mostly from the peach orchards of Delaware, New Jersey and Georgia, and in good peach years the number that is sold is enormous. It runs into millions. The neat crates and baskets in which grapes are sent to market are another form of package of which many thousands are used. These usually consist of the crate and 8 baskets, the whole holding 40 pounds of grapes. Crate and baskets can be bought complete for 14 cents. Verbena baskets, with double wire handles, are used in great quantities by florists. These are more expensive. They cost about \$14 a thousand or nearly 1 1/2 cents each. Of butter dishes, ranging in size from the 1-pound to those holding 5 pounds each, it is estimated that 200,000,000 a year are used, and these cost from 65 cents a thousand for the smaller ones to \$2.25 a thousand for big ones bound all

An Announcement

That appeals directly to every one of our LADY CUSTOMERS, and one that all should carefully peruse.

The most important and largest purchase of.....

FASHIONABLE COLORED SILKS

ever offered to the Ladies of Saint John. ELEVEN DISTINCT NEW STYLES in all the popular colorings for this season. For Blouse Waists, Separate Skirts, Entire Costumes, Linings, etc. ONLY FOUR PRICES in this large offering—

55c., 65c., 75c. and 85c. per yard.

It must be borne in mind that these are not Japanese or Chinese goods, with which the market is flooded at the present time. They are GENUINE FRENCH SILKS, of the purest quality and most exquisite design. We have added a new and attractive feature to the above. It is a line of National or Jubilee Silks (Red, White and Blue Stripes), at 55c per yard.

Manchester Robertson & Allison, St. John

along the two ends with tin. Pie dishes are used, too, by the million, and they do not cost as much as the sweetening in the pies.

There are many forms of baskets and crates and some attempt has been made to make even larger packages of veneers. One of these, a half-barrel covered basket for peas and such light articles, has proven successful. These are sold for 11 cents each. A barrel is also made of veneers, the side in two pieces, hinged upon metal hoops. The parts are shipped flat. One thousand five hundred or more barrels can be got into a car and it is easy to set them up into form. Having no bilge, the filled barrels pack closely together and look shapely, but the lack of bilge leaves them weak and they do not carry heavy fruit without working and bruising the fruit.

Another kind of package formed an important article of manufacture in Maine before the great frosts destroyed all the orange groves in Florida a few years ago. Florida at that time used 2,500,000 orange crates a year. The sides of these came from the Maine woods and the ends were from Florida's native woods. Next winter it is expected that a new growth of trees will begin to bear in Florida, and another demand will come for orange crates.

BOB CASEY'S TERRIBLE RIDE.

An Awful Experience That Resulted Sadly for the Victim.

Some years ago Fort Benton had a daily mail from Helena. The stage-coach brought it three days of the week, and on the alternating days the mail sack was brought on horseback or in a light wagon. The wagon was driven by a young boy, Bob Casey by name. This boy knew the road perfectly, and was warmly dressed, and perhaps his people were not old enough to the country to know that he could be in danger from blizzards.

One Friday morning, an hour after Bob had left Sun River Landing for Benton, a blizzard of the wildest description set in. In a few moments the roads were obliterated and rendered exactly like all the rest of the boundless plain. Bob had no idea which way he was going, and decided that his only chance was to give the horse his head and let him go where he would. The mail was small and the wagon light, and so was Bob, and he had no doubt the animal would pull through somehow.

But before long the horse was as hopelessly lost as the boy. He wandered and wandered, and found no way out of the desert. This blizzard increased in intensity, and as Bob was well wrapped on his seat, he could do no better than continue to sit there and keep the horse going. This he did throughout the whole of a dreadful day, that seemed to Bob, and doubtless to the horse, too, longer than an ordinary week. At last night came on; and just at this time Bob and the horse struck a considerable patch of tall grass, the tops of which came up through the snow. Here Bob decided to camp for the night. He could at least feed the horse with the grass, though there was no food for him.

Though the storm still raged with unabating fury, Bob succeeded in making a fire by pulling and mitting the tall grass, and got through the night alive.

In the morning the sun shone brightly, though the fine, powdery snow still filled the air. Bob could not make out where he was; nothing was plain to him except that he was far from the road to Benton, and that not a single familiar object met his gaze; but he still trusted to the horse to find the way. Mounting his seat, cold and very hungry, he gave the reins to the horse and bade him "go on."

On he did go, but not in the right direction. The endless march of the day before

was repeated. The weather was frightfully cold. Here and there, where a bunch of tall grass came through the snow, the horse stopped to browse, and Bob let him do so as often as he wished.

Another night came, and another day, and days and nights after these, and still Bob and the horse and wagon wandered, getting farther and farther away from civilization all the time; the horse supporting life by browsing the grass, but Bob slowly growing weaker and freezing, for the weather continued intensely cold. Meantime the people of Benton had started out in search of the missing boy. The whole region between Sun River and Benton was thoroughly searched, but no trace found of either horse or boy. A week after the disappearance the search was abandoned. The people had no doubt that boy and horse had perished in the storm, and been covered by the drifting snow.

But valuable letters were in the mail-bag, and ten days after Bob had disappeared some of the parties interested in these letters employed Billy Rows to go out in search of the bag—not of Bob.

Billy went on horseback, and rode far and wide. Passing over some rising ground, he thought he perceived a moving object in a distant coulee, and went toward it. As he approached he saw that it was a horse, slowly drawing a light wagon.

And in the wagon was seated a small human figure. At length Billy saw that it was Bob Casey and the mail-wagon.

Bob seemed to have settled down to sleep; but now and then he would straighten up, grab the reins, and attempt to guide the horse, only to drop back into his seat a moment later apparently unconscious.

Rows overhauled them and shook the boy. He could get no answer, but at any rate the boy was alive. Rows wrapped him up anew, and started for Twenty Eight Miles Springs, the nearest place. Here he gave the boy stimulants, and then went on to Benton. At the hotel the speechless and almost lifeless boy was placed in a sitting posture, with his feet in a tub of cold water. He could eat nothing, but light stimulants were forced down his throat, and in that position he slept for thirty six hours being occasionally aroused for stimulants.

He recovered but it was found necessary to amputate both feet. A big purse was made up for him and he was sent east to school.

More Natural.

The Rev. Walter Colton, author of "Ship and Shore" and other books, gave a most forcible illustration of the character of an officer on board the ship to which he was attached as chaplain.

The officer was always meddling with other people's business, and was seldom in his own place. Consequently he was most unpopular with the sailors.

One them, goaded to unusual irritation, said one day, "I do believe that at the general resurrection the lieutenant will be found getting out of somebody else's grave!"

NIGHT TERRORS

Some of the Conditions Which Give Rise to This Condition.

In childhood the sleep is sometimes disturbed by what are called night-terrors. A child that has gone to bed apparently well and for an hour or two has slept soundly, or perhaps has been slightly restless, suddenly starts with a piercing cry.

It is found, seemingly wide-awake, sitting up in bed or standing in the middle of a room, trembling, screaming and looking intently at some imaginary object. His skin is moist and his hands clutch each other or anything within reach; and when spoken to he does not appear to understand. He calls for his mother or nurse, but does not know them when they come, and often alternately clings to and repulses them.

After a time, lasting from a few minutes to an hour, or even longer, the child recognizes those about him and gradually falls into a sleep from which he does not awake until morning. These attacks may vary in frequency; they may occur every night, every few nights, or at longer and somewhat irregular intervals. The conditions which cause them are sometimes easily discovered, but frequently no immediate cause can be found. As a rule, however, night-terrors occur in children who are delicate and excitable.

An attack is often caused by a disturbance of the digestive organs, resulting from a weak digestion or improper food. Other frequent causes are a catarrhal condition of the nose or throat, enlarged tonsils, morbid excitement of the mind during the day, fever, worms, teething, irritation of the skin, and ill-ventilated sleeping-rooms. Night-terrors of the least common causes of this disturbance.

Night-terrors of themselves result in little, if any, serious harm; but as an indication of a nervous organization they are most valuable. They have been likened to the "slacken speed" signal of the engineer, a signal which must always be heeded. An essential part of the treatment of this disturbance, then, is a strict attention to the child's surroundings and a careful supervision of his training to prevent as far as possible, any undue mental or nervous strain. Equally important is it that his food should be easily digested and nutritious, but not stimulating, and that an effort should be made to improve his general health by bathing, and exercise in the open air. Whenever indigestion, catarrh, enlarged tonsils, or any of the conditions which might cause this disturbance are present, they should receive their appropriate treatment. Children who, with the exception of an occasional attack of night-terrors, are apparently in perfect health, are frequently cured of the attacks by eating a supper of bread and milk.

Pill Clothes.

The good pill has a good coat. The pill coat serves two purposes; it protects the pill, and disguises it to the sensitive palate. Some coats are too heavy; they won't dissolve, and the pills they cover pass through the system, harmless as a bread pellet. Other coats are too light, and permit the speedy deterioration of the pill. After 30 years exposure, Ayer's Sugar Coated Pills have been found as effective as if just fresh from the laboratory. It's a good pill, with a good coat. Ask your druggist for

Ayer's Cathartic Pills.

This testimonial will be found in full in Ayer's "Curebook," with a hundred others. Free. Address: J. C. Ayer Co., Lowell, Mass.

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Barouche

used one season, for \$175. MONTHS FOR \$135. One style, for \$110. or \$100; One for \$20. or \$100. Six-Seater, \$40. One and second hand. HENDERSON BROS., NORTH CAMBRIDGE, MASS.

SHORT'S "Dyspepticure" WITH STOMACH TROUBLE. Cures Dyspepsia, Headache, Biliousness, etc. Sold and \$1. From C. K. Short, St. John, N. B., and druggists generally.

CAPTAIN STORMS.

Captain Storms put the glass to his eye, and took a long look. Far on, black against the silvery horizon line, the shapeless speck showed. What was it? Captain Storms' prolonged survey ended, he slowly dropped his glass, and turned to Mr. Scott, the mate. 'I knew I was right,' he said; 'it is a wreck, a dismantled hulk, drifting about at the mercy of wind and sea. There may be no one left aboard, but we'll bear down and have a look.'

and unwound the clasping arms and walked off, and straightway was whistling cheerily along the deck of the lovely Lass and quite forgetful, I am afraid, of his little Peace and her grief. 'Dear, good guardian,' thought Peace, 'he's so kind and so good-natured; and it was nice playing on the deck of the lovely Lass; but, for all that, I had rather be here and wear pretty dresses, and play with Mrs. Lee's boarders, and never be afraid of shipwrecks any more.'

one of her pet novels, to romantic Peace. So they sailed for that far-off celestial land of tea and pig-tails. Captain Storms and his handsome ward. And Peace had her fairy dreams realized, and there was a Brussels carpet in the cabin, and a piano, and lots of new novels; and she was as happy as the days were long. Her music filled the lovely Lass with sweetest melody; her clear voice rang out over the purple midnight sea, in songs sweeter than the siren strains of the mermaids; and her beautiful face lit up the grim old ship like the summer sunshine itself. Peace was bright and bewitching, and happy as a bird. The sailors adored her as an angel of light and the captain—ah, the captain!—adored her too. Sailing along, by day and by night, through days of amber sunshine and nights of misty moonlight, to that distant land, Captain Storms, in his 42d year—old enough and big enough to know better—told madly desperately and ridiculously in love. He lost his sleep and he lost his appetite; and he hung on a girl's foolish words, and existed only in the radiance of a pair of laughing girl's eyes.



SEE THAT LINE It's the wash, out early, done quickly, cleanly, white. Pure Soap did it SURPRISE SOAP with power to clean without too hard rubbing, without injury to fabrics. SURPRISE is the name, don't forget it.

flag floating over the fort. At first the Cretons thought that it was a snare; but there was no mistaking it; it was a flag of truce. They were bound to see what it meant. Three Greek officers, who had previously resigned to take their places among the insurgents, and the correspondent of an American journal advanced toward the blockhouse. They were soon followed by a crowd of insurgents. The commander of the fort, who, no doubt, was tired of the blockade, told them that he was ready to surrender with all his men, provisions and ammunition on the condition that the lives of himself and of his little troop would be spared. Then and there the bargain was made. The insurgents were absolutely delighted to comply with those conditions, and the Turks proceeded immediately to deliver up their arms.

HARD STUDY IN SCHOOL.

BRINGS ON A SEVERE ATTACK OF ST. VITUS' DANCE. A Young Girl's Life for a Time Made Miserable—Could Not Use Her Hands and Found it Difficult to Walk—Health Restored. From the Napaeze Express. Nervousness is the frequent cause of much misery and suffering. One of the effects of this breaking up of the nerves, particularly among young people, being chorea or St. Vitus' dance. A correspondent tells of a young lady at Selby who was badly afflicted with this trouble. He says: 'I never saw anyone suffering so badly from nervous disorder. She was violently jerking and twitching all the time, and could not use her right hand at all. Anything she would try to pick up with it would instantly fall. When she would attempt to walk, her limbs would turn and twist, the ankle often doubling down and throwing her. Lately I heard that she had been cured but doubted the truth of the statement and went out to see her.'



ment proved quite true, and believing that a recital of the facts of the case would be of advantage to some one who might be similarly suffering, I asked permission to make them known, which was really granted. The young lady is Miss H. M. Gonyou, a general favorite among her acquaintances, and it thought that her trouble, as it is not infrequently the case, was brought on by hard study in school. Miss Gonyou gave the following statement: 'All gave the following statement:—All through the fall of 1894 I had been feeling unwell. I did not speak to anybody about it, for I was going to school and was afraid if I said anything about it to my parents they would keep me at home. I kept getting worse, and at last grew so nervous that I could not hold my pencil. My right side was affected most, though the trouble seemed to go through my whole system. In January I was so bad that I had to discontinue going to school, and I could not use my hands, because I would let everything drop, and frequently when I attempted to walk, I would fall. My brother had been ailing for a long time and was then using Dr. Williams' Pink Pills and getting better, so I thought as they were helping him so much they would be a good medicine for me. Before the first box was done I was feeling much better, and after using the Pink Pills for about a month, my health was fully restored. It is now more than a year since I discontinued the use of the pills, and I have not had the slightest trace of the malady since. I am satisfied Dr. Williams' Pink Pills saved me from a life of misery, and I would strongly recommend them for nervous troubles. Dr. Williams' Pink Pills create new blood, build up the nerves, and thus drive disease from the system. In hundreds of cases they have cured after all other medicines had failed, thus establishing the claim that they are a marvel among the triumphs of modern medical science. The genuine Pink Pills are sold only in boxes, bearing the full trade mark, "Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People." Protect yourself from imposition by refusing any pill that does not bear the registered trade mark around the box.'

A FLAT CONTRADICTION.

The oft-repeated statements by Physicians that Chronic Rheumatism Cannot be Cured Refuted by Sworn Statements. There never was a time when people were so sceptical in reference to medicine as the present; 'tis no wonder, for their credulity has been played upon by the unreliable claims of advertised cure-alls until doubt is converted into a belief that all announcements are imaginary pen pictures. Rheumatism sufferers are of the class whose intense suffering has led them to try first one thing, then another, until repeated failures convince them "there is no help for them." They hear about the startling cures made by Kootenay, but cannot overcome the suspicion that 'tis like all the rest. "They do not know of the hidden power in "The new ingredient" peculiar to this preparation, that banishes Rheumatism—of how it enabled George Ball, blacksmith, residing corner Sanford Avenue and Huron Streets, Hamilton, to arise from a helpless condition and take up work in the City Quaries at hard labor, discharged from the hospital with the assurance "they could do nothing for him, his system was so full of rheumatism no power on earth could drive it out;" then lying at his home for weeks unable to lift his hand to mouth, having to be fed by his wife, when the King's Daughters of Hamilton brought him Kootenay. Three bottles effected a complete cure. This is not more strange than the story told by Mrs. Guy, wife of Mail Carrier Robt. Guy, Brant Ave., Hamilton, whose mother love breathes thanks for the restoration of their seven year old Willie. His lower limbs were so swollen with inflammatory rheumatism he could not put his feet to the floor, the slightest touch causing intense pain, growing gradually worse, until his condition was pitiful; it seemed they were going to lose him, when Kootenay was used and three bottles completely cured him, so that he is going to school. The detailed sworn statements of above cures, with hundreds of others, can be obtained by addressing The Elyokman Medicine Co., Hamilton, Ont. If Kootenay is not obtainable of your dealer, sent charges prepaid on receipt of price, \$1.50 per bottle. Send for Chart Book, mailed free. One bottle lasts over a month.



Heart Disease Relieved in 30 Minutes. Dr. Agnew's Cure for the Heart gives perfect relief in all cases of Organic or Sympathetic Heart Disease in 30 minutes, and speedily effects a cure. It is a peerless remedy for Palpitation, Shortness of Breath, Smothering Spells, Pain in Left Side and all symptoms of a Diseased Heart. One dose cures the most obstinate cases. This is the only remedy known to the medical world that will relieve in a few moments, and the ingredients of Dr. Agnew's Heart Cure are essentially liquid, and hence neither it nor anything like it can be prepared in pill form.

A BLUNDER IN CRETE.

Explanation Given by a French Paper of the Bombardment at Malaxa. The Paris Figaro gives the following account of the bombardment by the fleets of the powers of the blockhouse at Malaxa, near Canes, Crete, which the despatches converted into a serious warlike demonstration. 'During the night the insurgents commenced to fire a few shots at the blockhouse. It was purely a platonic demonstration. The shots were fired at intervals of half an hour, and did no damage whatever. 'Sixty Turkish soldiers, well armed and commanded by a Captain occupied the blockhouse. They had sufficient provisions to last them for several days, and consequently, might have held out in tranquillity. But what was the surprise of the insurgents when in the morning, after those few cannon shots, fired so to say, pro forma, they perceived the white

A Good way to Haug.

First Tramp—What do they mean by hangin' a man in effigy? Second Tramp—That's when they just string up a stuffed figure of him. First Tramp—Well, if I wuz goin' ter be hung I'd like to have it done that way.

With Hilarity.

Richard—How are you and Miss Smarte getting on? Does she smile on your suit? Robert—Smile on it? She actually laughs at it!

Sunday Reading.

DANCER SINGALS.

God does not let us go into danger un- warned. No young man forms harmful habits except against the protests of his own nature. In the following little sketch a well-known writer emphasizes the fact that men who are wise enough in temporal things frequently disregard the danger- signals which God and nature have set up.

'This red flag is a signal of danger, Nan- nie,' said the tall engineer. 'A signal, father?' 'How Nannie's blue eyes were lighted to- ward her father in anxious inquiry!

'Yes, it means danger. If anything is not just right, that red flag on the railroad track is a sign, and an engineer will stop his train.'

'Would you stop yours, father?' 'I rather think so, Nannie Payson. If I didn't, there would be trouble. What I have given you is only a toy flag, but you may like to play with it.'

Nannie was an enthusiastic child. She eagerly seized the toy flag, and delightedly played with it. Her father had scarcely left the room to hurry off to his train, when she heard her mother sighing, 'Oh, dear! Then her mother cried.

'Oh, I wouldn't cry!' urged Nannie, throwing her arms about her mother's neck. 'Tell me what is the matter.'

The mother hated to say. 'I know why it is.' She went to a closet and opened the door. She pointed at a black bottle on a shelf.

'That is it, mother.' The mother nodded her head. 'It is growing on him, Nannie. He does not think so, but he drinks more than he used to, and he drinks oftener. He will lose his place on the road the next time.'

The times of the whiskey engineer had taken escaped from the closet into the room. 'He thinks people don't know, but they can't help knowing. Just as the smell of it is coming out of the closet, the trouble gets out and everybody knows it, Nannie. You can't hide it.'

What could Nannie do? She resolved to do one thing the next day, though she made up her mind with fear and trembling.

When the engineer went to the closet the next morning, he saw the toy flag be- side the black, the danger signal near the brink of death.

PLANTING KINDNESS.

A Record of Every Kindly Deed on Earth is Kept in Heaven.

It is true that a good deed is never lost, and that the who sows courtesy reaps friendship, and he who plants kindness gathers love.' If all of the illustrations of this truth as they have occurred in real life, could be gathered into a volume, it would be a helpful book for those to read who are habitually discourteous and unkind. Those who sow discourtesy reap enmity, and those who plant unkindness gather dis- like if not real hatred.

The writer saw a pretty little occurrence in a great city post-office one day recently. There was quite a crowd of persons before the money order window waiting their turn. Among them was a middle-aged, shabbily- dressed and extremely homely Irish woman who had her money tied up in a wad in a far from clean handkerchief clasped tightly in her grimy hand. When she finally reached the money order window she said:

'O! want to send me mother back in Oireland tin dollars.'

'Where is your application?' 'Me phwat?' 'Your money order application.'

'O! dunno anything about any application. O! jist want to send me widdy mother back in Oireland two poun's or tin dollars, an' here it is.'

'But you will have to fill out a regular application blank. Here is one. You fill it out and I'll make out the order for you. Please don't block up the window any longer.'

He handed her a regular foreign money order blank as he spoke. She took it in evident ignorance of what she was to do with it.

with several money order applications in his hand. He touched the old woman lightly on the shoulder and said: 'Would you like to have me fill that out for you?'

'Oh, could you, sor?'

'Yes, indeed; I always fill them out in the office where I am employed.'

He stepped from the line with her and went to a shelf deak against the wall on which were pens and ink.

'Now,' he said, 'just tell me to whom you are going to send this money.'

'To me ould mother, County Galway, Oireland.'

When she had told him her mother's name and the town in which she lived, to- gether with her own name and address, he wrote them in the proper places and handed the application back to her saying:

'Now it's all right.'

'It is? What a foine thing it is to have the larnin' ye have, and a kind heart to go along wid it! An' ye've lost your place in the loice and at the windy to do me this servicc.'

'Oh, that makes no difference at all. I'm in no great hurry, and I don't mind taking my place at the foot of the line again.'

'Luk at that now!' exclaimed the grate- ful woman. 'It's not many young lads as wud do so much for won loike me. If iver O! mate your mother O! I'll tell her she has a bye to be proud av for his kind heart and his gentlemanly way. Hivin bliss ye, me lad!'

And I am sure that there is a record kept in heaven of every kindly deed like this, and that God's blessing rests upon all who practice His law of love and kindness in being courteous and helpful to others, no matter how poor and lowly they may be.

IN THE LOGGING CAMPS.

A Glimpse of How the Lumbermen do Their Work.

In a very interesting letter to the 'New York Evangelist,' R. v. F. E. Higgins gives a glimpse of how the good work is carried on among the sturdy lumbermen's isolated camps. Mr. Higgins is living at Barnum, in the north-eastern part of Min- nesota, having charge of the First Pres- byterian church there. In the fall many of his young men leave home and spend the winter months in the woods. One day last winter the minister accompanied Mr. Cain, the owner of the camps, to his field of action, staying over night with the lum- bermen.

'The boys wanted me to preach them a sermon, which I did, and I was much sur- prised and pleased to see the attention and respect that was showed throughout the service. Upon leaving, some of them asked me to come and preach again, which I did in the spring, when to my great surpris- e the boys made me a present of a collection, amounting to over fifty dollars. This I con- sidered came direct from God, as my people are very poor, and these hard years, with one hundred and fifty dollars of our missionary money taken away from us, I find it hard to make the ends meet.'

This year seeing a chance for good work in this line I commenced early in the winter going from one camp to the other. I have in all six camps where I preach, and hope to reach each one at least three times dur- ing the season. These camps are all from sixteen to twenty-six miles from the rail- road on which I live. Three of them be- longing to Mr. Cain are situated at the head of Kettle river; the other three be- longing to Mr. Mason are located at the head of Dead Moose river. I make these trips during the week, returning to Bar- num for my Sabbath work. I carry with me a number of hymn books, and always find a few in every camp that can help me sing, and for the first half hour we have a song service, then prayer and more singing and reading of the Scriptures, after which I preach to them. Throughout the entire service there is the most warm attention and respect paid to God's Word.

In each of these camps there are from forty to seventy men, and it is interesting to see them work. I sometimes go to the woods and watch them cutting, sliding and hauling the logs to the lake which is called the 'Landing.' On one sleigh with four

horses they draw from ten to twenty thou- sand feet of logs, and some have even drawn over thirty thousand feet in one load.

During my visit to these camps, I find many fine young men, well educated, but because of these hard times, they are forced to go to the camps for employment. Some tell me they have not been in church for years, but I tell them my home in Barnum is always open to them, and Mrs. Higging and I often have a call from some of the boys that I have met in my visits to the camps. I am glad to say that many of them also find their way to church to hear me preach when they come to town, and so by this and in other ways I find that God is blessing my work in the logging camps.

WHERE SAFETY LIES.

Nothing is so safe in any Emergency of Life as the truth.

'There is nothing so strong and safe in any emergency of life,' says a great Eng- lish writer, 'as the simple truth.' A little evasion, a slight departure from sincerity, will often enable us to avoid what is un- pleasant. But the way of the least resis- tance is not always the path of right, nor do those who follow it always come out just where they would have chosen.

From her childhood Clara Lee had been noted for her skill in avoiding anything that was disagreeable. She was fertile in ex- cuses, and could usually extricate herself from any difficulty, either at home or at school, by some plausible explanation. She had a great deal of the quality which passes for tact. She made it a rule to say pleasant things, and gave very little consideration to their truth or lack of it.

Yet Clara's life was not a success, even in her own opinion. She was an excellent stenographer, but she seldom held a position long. 'She's too smooth for me,' bluntly said a lawyer for whom she had worked two months. 'I didn't mind her taking a holiday now and then, but I did object to her being threatened with pneu- monia whenever she wanted a day off.' And each of her employers had something of the same feeling. Her excuses were plausible and abundant, but she was not to be de- pended on, and it did not take long for her acquaintances to find it out.

Though her manners were agreeable, and she was given to compliments, Clara was not rich in friends. People seldom asked her for advice, because they knew she would answer what she thought would be pleasant to hear and not according to her convictions. She was demonstrative, and profuse in professions of affection, but her acquaintances accepted her protestations with indifference. The love they valued was less a matter of words and more of heart.

At twenty-five Clara Lee was a morbid and miserable girl, neither loved nor trust- ed. She had been amiable and agreeable, but she had failed to be sincere. She had chosen what seemed to her the easier way, not realizing that nothing is so safe and strong in any emergency of life as the simple truth.

He Took His Stand.

Our readers may perhaps remember see- ing in these columns the story of a Chinese mat-merchant, named Mr. Wang, who was subjected to petty persecution because he refused to furnish some mats and awnings for the heathen temple of his village. A recent letter in the 'Missionary Herald,' tells of the decided stand he has lately taken on the question of observing the Sab- bath, which shows that he is a thorough Christian, as well as a moral hero.

Not long ago Mr. Wang rose in prayer- meeting and said that his mind had for some time been ill at ease on the question of keeping the sabbath, and that he had de- cided to make a pronounced stand. On the following Sabbath the doors of his shop were closed, and a conspicuous red poster pasted upon them announced to the public the reasons for closing. Large numbers of men read the notice; some with wonder, but many with sneers of derision. His family, many of the men who are employ- ed in his shop, and all of his neighbours, call him a fool for being so deceived by the foreigners, but he stands firm and his shop has been closed every Sabbath since.

LANOLINE Toilet Preparations. For the Health and Beauty of the SKIN. Lanoline Toilet Soap. Lanoline Toilet Cream. Lanoline Toilet Lotion. Lanoline Toilet Powder. Lanoline Toilet Soap. Lanoline Toilet Cream. Lanoline Toilet Lotion. Lanoline Toilet Powder.

WHAT KIND OF SORRY?

He Wanted the Kind of Sorrow That Would Prevent Repetition.

Two little fellows were spending the afternoon together when the larger boy transgressed the rights of his weaker play- mate, and the latter, to proud to make complaint, withdrew some distance and sat by himself, manfully winking back the too ready tears. After a little, however, the small tyrant grew tired of solitary play and called, 'Say, Georgie, come back, I'm sorry.'

Georgie, warned by previous experience, did not respond to the invitation at once. 'Yes,' he replied cautiously, 'but what kind of sorry? This kind so you won't do it again?'

It is to be feared that a good many of us take credit to ourselves for a regret over sin that practically does not interfere at all with a repetition of the same. There is nothing easier than a certain senti- mental sadness for wrong-doing, a sadness which produces the somewhat contradictory result of making us 'feel good.' A young man who was being taken to task for his misdeeds said in an injured tone, 'Why, I'm not a bad sort of fellow. I do almost everything that I shouldn't, I admit, but I'm always sorry.'

And the most singular part of all was that he actually felt almost justified for his mis- spent days by the moments of remorse that never led to reformation.

Paul tells us that godly sorrow worketh repentance, but that the sorrow of the world worketh death. To mourn weakly over a wrong-doing will bring no advan- tage, and, indeed, there is danger of wast- ing in useless regret the strength needed for doing better. To be sorry for a wrong is one necessary step toward the right, but before we indulge in any self-approbation regarding it, we may profitably put to our- self the little lad's question, 'What kind of sorry? The kind so you won't do it again?'

Love's Work.

It is wonderful how the hearts expand when its door has opened and love has entered it. A band of young women of leisure are doing beautiful work by devot- ing some of their time to caring for crippled children.

They learn of the little unfortunates through the different hospitals, and then, when they are no longer under the physi- cian's care, and go home, perhaps in- valid for life, each member of the society takes one of the children under her wing, to teach, to amuse, to help in whatever way she can. Certain days are given to the visits to one protegee, and the work carried on is systematic if the child is well. If feeble or ill, music and games and little talks take the place of a course of instruc- tion. Self-help and development are, however, always kept in mind.

YOU ARE A VICTIM.

Medical Statistics Prove That Eighty Out of Every Hundred are Tainted With Catarrh.

Are you one of the eighty? Foul breath pains over the eyes, dropping in the throat and headaches denote it. Have you these symptoms? Dr. Agnew's Catarrhal Powder never disappoints in a cure.

'For years I was a victim of chronic catarrh. I had tried all kinds of cures, and had been treated by numbers of physicians, but no cure was effected until I had procured and used Dr. Agnew's Catarrhal Powder. The first application gave me almost instant relief, and in an incredibly short time I was absolutely cured from this distressing and disgusting malady.' James Headley, Dundee, N. Y.

REASONING OF A MONKEY.

They are Adepts in Mimicry and are Gifted with Reason.

Monkeys love by nature to imitate what they see, and have been known to smoke a pipe and to pretend to read a book that they have seen other people reading. But sometimes they can do a great deal more than this and show that they can calculate and reason better than many men, says Lang's Animal World.

A large Abyssinian monkey was one day being taken around Khartoum by its master and made to perform all sorts of tricks for the amusement of bystanders. Among them was a date-seller, who was squatting on the ground beside his fruit. Now the monkey was passionately fond of dates, but fond of dates, but being very cunning was careful not to let this appear, and went on performing his tricks as usual, drawing little by little nearer to the date basket as he did so.

IS THIS A TRUE SAYING?

'Love like water, only flows downhill'

Do you know who first said that? or wrote it? I don't know myself. But it is a keen saying. Maybe you don't catch the meaning exactly. Depends on who you are. If you are an elderly man or woman, with children grown, or fast grow- ing, out of hand, you will understand it. Yes, yes; and possibly the thought may stir up bitter regrets here and there.

Now don't any of you strike back before you are hit. The author of that sharp sentence doesn't mean to say that all children are ungrateful—but there! He didn't explain it nor shall I.

One, two, three. Here are three short letters, all from mothers; and all about daughters. Read them, please, and then we will have a dozen words of talk.

'Five years ago,' says the first, 'my daughter fell ill. She seemed tired and languid. We could scarcely induce her even to taste food. She said she didn't want it, had no relish for it. When she did eat a trifle she complained of weight and pain at the chest; and her face would flush up. She was weak and miserable. Nothing gave her any strength. No medi- cal treatment helped her. For two weeks she was like this. We were worried, and didn't know what to do. It was then I first read of your remedy. She began taking it, and in a few days felt better; and was soon quite cured. You may suppose that we were both surprised and thankful. Since then I have always kept a bottle in the house as a family medicine. (Signed) Mrs. Evelina Loxley, Pandora House, Station Road, Harborne, near Birming- ham, January 10th, 1893.'

'In March, 1893,' says the second, 'my daughter complained of a sinking, weary, and tired feeling. Her appetite was poor, and she had great pain at the chest, sides, and back. She was pale and transparent, as though her blood had lost its color. Her heart palpitated, and she grew so weak she could hardly walk. I became very anxious about her. We did every- thing we knew, and consulted a doctor; but she got no better. After two years of this we heard of your medicine, and by- giving it to her. In a few days her appetite returned, and her food agreed with her. Then her color came back, and she got strong and well. Since then she has enjoyed the best of health. To show our gratitude I freely consent to the pub- lication of this letter. (Signed) Mrs. Julia Stebbing, Barford, Wymondham, Norfolk, March 23rd, 1893.'

'Sixteen years ago,' says the third, 'my daughter had an attack of scarlet fever, which left her very weak and miser- able. After all she ate she suffered terri- bly. She had scarcely any appetite. She became weaker and weaker until she could only walk in a feeble, spiritless way. I was constantly calling in a doctor, but his medicine seemed to do her no good. I took her to Burnmouth, but the change was of no avail. A friend of ours, Mr. Hutchins, of Walpole Street, London, urged us to try your remedy. We did so; and soon she began to eat and gain strength. In a few weeks, by continuing to take it, she was hearty and well as ever. It gives me pleasure to state these facts. All mothers should keep this wonderful medicine in the house. (Signed) (Mrs.) A. S. Harmer, White Horse Hotel, Wey- mouth, March 10th, 1893.'

In their anxiety about their daughters these good women felt only as all mothers feel. The current of love, running down- hill from parents to children, is a mighty river. With what toils and watchings and cares and sacrifices it is exemplified. Does it run backwards as strongly? I am afraid not. Solve the mystery for yourself.

But whether they are grateful or not the young people will fall ill. Youth is a perilous time. Parents cannot be too much on guard. The first signs of ill-health should not be overlooked or made light of. The remedy these ladies finally employed (Mother Seigel's Curative Syrup) ought to be even nearer to the nearest chemist shop; it ought to be right on the shelf.

Walter Baker & Co., Limited.

Dorchester, Mass., U. S. A. The Oldest and Largest Manufacturers of

PURE, HIGH GRADE Cocos and Chocolates

on this Continent. No Chemicals are used in their manufacture. Their Breakfast Cocoa is absolutely pure, delicious, nutritious, and costs less than one cent a cup. Their Premium No. 1 Chocolate is the best plain chocolate in the market for family use. Their German Sweet Chocolate is good to eat and good to drink. It is palatable, nutritious and healthful; a great favorite with children. Consumers should ask for and be sure that they get the genuine Walter Baker & Co.'s goods, made at Dorchester, Mass., U. S. A.

CANADIAN HOUSE, 6 Hospital St., Montreal.

Burdock BLOOD BITTERS

THE BEST SPRING MEDICINE Cures all Blood Diseases, from a common Pimple to the worst Scrofulous Sores.

Notches on The Stick

"O Ettrick Sweet!"
The genial Shepherd! full of boisterous glee
As any schoolboy; dreamer of fairy dreams,—
Rapt wanderer by lonely glens and streams,—
More than aught else had he the making o' me,
From earliest childhood 'twas my lot to be
Charm'd with his music; with the witching gleams
He caught from Ettrick; and his speech which terms
With rustic mirthfulness, merriment and free,
How like his own sweet mountain lark he seems.
—Rob Wanlock.

The Duchess of Buccleugh, when dying, requested of her lord a bequest to the Ettrick Shepherd. There was a little farm, of seventy moorland acres, Altrive, on the Yarrow, which he gave rent free for life; to this the Shepherd afterward added a farm of ampler dimensions, on the opposite bank of the river, known as Mount Benger; and there Hogg reared the home in which his remaining years were spent. But his successes were never in sheep-raising; there were his losses. He had thriving neighbors all around him; but they "tended no flocks upon Parnassus hill," had no excursions to make, to Edinburgh, to look after profits, or to Fairyland to hunt up Kilmeny. These were plodders, who spent little time in hunting or fishing, or blowing the airy bubbles of the imagination. His literary successes were uncomprehended by them; but they perfectly understood the reasons of his stock failures. Howitt, on visiting Yarrow, after the Shepherd's death had some amusing impressions from the comments of these trifling peasants upon their famous and recent neighbor. An old farmer and his wife "blamed Hogg extremely for taking Mount Benger. 'Perhaps,' I observed, 'he did not find that little farm of Altrive enough to maintain him.' 'Why should he not?' asked they. 'He has nothing to do there but look after his own little flock—that was all he had to care for—and that was the proper business of a man that called himself the "Ettrick Shepherd"—as though there was never a shepherd in Ettrick but himself. . . . But he was always wanting to take great farms, without any money to stock them. He was hand and glove with great men in Edinburgh. Professor Wilson, Scott, and the like; he was eye going to Abbotsford and Lord Napier's; and so he thought himself a very great man too, and Mrs. Hogg thought herself a great woman, and looked down on their neighbors. These poets think nothing's good enough for them. Hogg paid the Duke no rent, but he caught his fish, and killed his game; he was a desperate fellow for fishing and shooting. If people did not do just what he wanted, he soon let them know his mind, and that without much ceremony." Here was a mirror with some features reflected; but the honor a man finds abroad is not always accorded him in the little borough to which he belongs; knowing him very well, they know him not at all. Yet, with all the peasantry of the vale of Ettrick have now an honest pride in their famous Shepherd, and the spirit that dictated the foregoing remarks has probably departed. They know indeed, that he was not a shining example of worldly prudence but they understand, better than their father, that to be a poet was his pre-eminant vocation.

He was married, in 1820, to Margaret Phillips, an Annandale lady; and having a well-stocked farm, and some £1,000 in cash, they were not in ill circumstances to set up a home. Here, at Mount Benger, much literary work was done. Indeed, when we consider his disadvantages, and the late period of life at which he commenced, the amount of his work is as astonishing as the quality of the best of it. There are some 31 volumes; of which this is a partial list: "The Queen's Wake"; "The Pilgrims of the Sun"; "The Hunting of Badkwa"; "Mador of the Moor"; "Poetic Mirror"; "Dramatic Tales," 2 vols; "Brownie of Bodsbeck," 2 vols; "Winter Evening Tales," 2 vols; "Sacred Melodies"; "Border Garland"; "Jacobite Relics of Scotland," 2 vols; "The Spy"; "Queen Hynde"; "The Three Perils of Man," 3 vols; "The Three Perils of Woman," 3 vols; "Confessions of a Sinner"; "The Shepherd's Calendar," 2 vols; "A Selection of Songs"; "The Queen's Book"; "The Royal Jubilee"; "The Mountain Bard"; "The Forest Minstrel." Few of these books are now much read; but in most of them there are remarkable passages that arrest the reader, and testify what the writer with greater concentrativeness and reliance on his own peculiar faculty, might have accomplished. He was too eager to invade all fields, and emulate all success. His speaking out propensity led him to utter sharp comment on the treatment which he, in common with other authors, experienced from his publishers,—who contemned the authors they flattered, for their shiftless impudence: "I would never object trust-

Easy to Take Easy to Operate

Are features peculiar to Hood's Pills. Small in size, tasteless, efficient, thorough. As one man

Hood's Pills

said: "You never know you have taken a pill till it is all over." 25c. C. I. Hood & Co., Proprietors, Lowell, Mass. The only pills to take with Hood's Castor Oil.

ing a bookseller, were he a man of any taste; for, unless he wishes to reject an author altogether, he can have no interest in asserting what he does not think. But the plague is, they never read works themselves, but give them to their minions, with whom there never fails to lurk a literary jealousy; and whose suggestions may be uniformly regarded as anything but truth. For my own part, I know that I have always been looked upon by the learned part of the community as an intruder in the paths of literature, and every opprobrium has been thrown on me from that quarter. The truth is that I am so. The walks of learning are occupied by a powerful aristocracy, who deem that province their own peculiar right; else, what would avail all their dear bought collegiate honors and degrees?"

In 1831, or shortly before his death, Hogg visited London, and was there the lion of a few days; he had incense in the parlors of the nobility, and sat at their feasts, with the literate and public men of the day. Doubtless the excitement of that time was unfavorable to his health, and by overtaking him, hastened his death. On his return, an ovation awaited him at Peebles, when, after a dinner at the town-hall, with his friend Wilson, in the chair, he heard the rustling of the laurel again, and knew by the highest attestation that he was a child of fame. But it was the cry in the ear about to grow dull; the fire in the heart whose flames leaped before expiring. "He never afterwards seemed himself again." That he was listless, they say, and feeble, and tried to rally, but never did. A dropsical complaint had been for some time developing, and on the 21st of November, 1835, after some days of insensibility, he breathed his last as calmly, and with as little pain, as he ever fell asleep in his gray plaid on the hillside."

It was a dull and chill November day when the funeral procession left the farm at Mount Benger, and moved slowly along the vale of Ettrick, to the funeral-yard. There was sadness in the walk, and sorrow in the faces of those shepherds, bearing to his rest the most illustrious of their guild, in Scotland; but most affecting and even imposing, it was to see that majestic figure of John Wilson bowed over the coffin of his friend, his great frame convulsed with grief, to see him standing at the grave "after every one else had left it, with his head uncovered and his long hair waving in the wind, and the tears literally running down his cheeks." The Kirk-yard of Ettrick is only a few yards from the poet's birth-place. It is an old burial-place, where lie the ashes of many generations; but the kirk itself is comparatively recent. The shepherd's grave lies nearly central in the yard, and is marked by a stone, erected by his widow. The stone is said to be a handsome one with a sculptured harp upon it, and this inscription:

JAMES HOGG.
The Ettrick Shepherd.
Who was born at Ettrick Hall, 1770, and died at Altrive Lake, the 21st Nov. 1835.

"When the dark clouds of winter pass away from the crest of Ettrick-peak, and the summits of the nearer-lying mountains, which surround the scene of his repose, and the yellow gowan opens its bosom by the banks of the mountain stream, to welcome the lights and shadows of the spring returning over the land, many are the wild daisies that adorn the turf that covers the remains of the Ettrick Shepherd."

So wrote Henry Scott Riddell. Around him in kindred dust; and near by the grave of William Laidlaw, "the far-famed Will o' Pausap, who for feasts of frolic, agility and strength, had no equal in that day." This memorial was erected to his memory by the Shepherd himself, who also "gloried as much in the sports, feats and exploits of the borders, as in poetry." The vale in which he lies is quiet and sequestered. "Ettrick kirk lifts its head with a friendly air. It is built of the native adamantine rock, the whinstone; has a square battlemented tower; and, what looks singular, has, instead of Gothic ones, square door-ways, and square, very tall sash windows." Within, "like most of the country churches of Scotland, it is a plain fabric, plainly fitted up with seats, and a plain pulpit."

With respect to the poet's esteem for sports, and proficiency in exploits of that kind, it is said that he "in his younger years displayed much agility and strength in the border games; and in his matured years was often one of the umpires at them. In

Lockhart's Life of Scott are related two especial occasions in which James Hogg figured in such games. One was a famous foot-ball match played on the classic mead of Carterhaugh, between the men of Selkirk and of Yarrow, when the Duke of Buccleugh, and numbers of other nobles and gentlemen, as well as ladies of rank, were present. When the different parties came to the ground with pipes playing, the Duke of Buccleugh raised his ancient banner, called the banner of Bellenden, which being given by Lady Ann Scott to young Walter Scott, he rode round the field displaying it; and when Sir Walter led on the men of Selkirk, then the Earl of Home, with James Hogg as his aide-de-camp, led on the men of Yarrow. The other occasion was at the annual festival of St. Ronan's Well, when James Hogg used to preside as captain of border bowman, in Lincoln green, with broad blue bonnets; and when, already verging on three-score, he used often to join at the exploits of racing, wrestling, or hammer-throwing, and would carry off the prizes, to universal astonishment; afterwards presiding, too, at the banquet in the evening, with great éclat, supported by Sir Walter Scott, Professor Wilson, Dr. Adam Ferguson, and Peter Robertson."

The bird has gone! but the beautiful vales of Yarrow and of Tweed remain, and the region of the shepherd's home,—peopled by his genius, and that of the greater Minster, with roman; or fairy forms,—is still there. There are the hills and vales, consecrated by that sweetest vision Kilmeny; and there the rugged heights of Bodsbeck rise between Moffat and Ettrick-dale, haunted by his 'Brownie.' There the traveller, on his way to the poet's birth-place and his grave, may still come to St. Ronan's Well, and St. Mary's Lake, on Yarrow, and may pause there, if he would muse alone on the vanished shadows of greatness. And as he comes to Ettrick-kirk, he may look along the lonely slopes of the "monotonous green mountains," looking softly bright under the evening sky, and dotted over with their white flocks. He may see, too, how "beautifully dark" they can appear, "when the winds come sweeping and roaring" over that great solitary sheep-walk, unobstructed, save by a house, remotely rising here and there, as he approaches, or a sombre cluster of firs; and the rain clouds with frowning impatience swell the water courses and the swift rushing river in the narrow vale below. And by and by, he will come to Ettrick-house, where this child of phantasy first looked at the world, that to him was clothed with supernal beauty, and where he passionately rejoiced in the days when that golden bowl was full of life, that here lies broken beside the fountain. But all are gone! There is not one of all that haunted time—no lingering white-haired bard of all that bright circle to sigh with the Border Minstrel,—

"Seems as, to me of all bereft,
Sole friends the woods and streams were left;
And thus I love them better still,
Even in extremity of ill.
By Yarrow's stream all let me stray,
Though none should guide my feeble way;
Still let the breeze down Ettrick break,
Although it chill my withered cheek;
Still lay my head by Teviot stone,
Though there, forgotten and alone,
The Bard may draw his parting groan."
PASTOR FELIX.

IN BED FOR WEEKS.

And Every Breath she Drew Was an Excruciating Pain—Rheumatism had Fastened his Talons on his Prey—South American Cure Snatched her from his Grasp.
"For fifteen years I had been troubled with rheumatism. It had settled in my back. At times the pain was so severe as to entirely lay me up for weeks at a time. I was just about discouraged and had given up hope when I was recommended to try South American Rheumatic Cure. I did so. The first bottle enabled me to leave my bed, and in one week from the time I commenced its use I was completely cured. It is undoubtedly the best remedy in the world for rheumatism." Mr. John Beaumont, Elora, Ont.

Was the old Better!

Ever since the last earthquakes, says a letter from Athens the immediate ruin of the Parthenon has been a foregone conclusion in case another earthquake should occur before certain contemplated repairs are made.

The writer of the letter declares that, though we have been taught to believe that only the best material was used in constructing the Parthenon, as a matter of fact the builders employed first-class marble on the outside only, where the eye could see it. Faulty stones within, after the building became roofless, invited the destructive work of rain, frost and heat.

The rotten blocks are not only a menace to the structure, but a striking testimony to the fact that ancient architecture had its illusions, and like modern architecture, was sometimes proof that builders were careless about "truth in the inward parts."

Novel Writing.

"Pushpen thinks he has struck a new note in fiction."
"It must be a bank note."

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It was originated in 1810, by the late Dr. A. Johnson, an old-fashioned, noble-hearted Family Physician, to cure all ailments that are the result of irritation and inflammation; such as asthma, abscesses, bites, burns, bruises, bronchitis, colds, coughs, croup, catarrh, chaps, chilblains, colic, cramps, cholera-morbus, diphtheria and all forms of sore throat, earache, fractures, gout, headache, influenza, la grippe, lame back, side, neck, mumps, muscular soreness, nervous headache, pimples, pain anywhere, rheumatism, stings, sprains, stiff joints, toothache, tonsillitis, wind colic and whooping cough. The great vital and muscle nerve.

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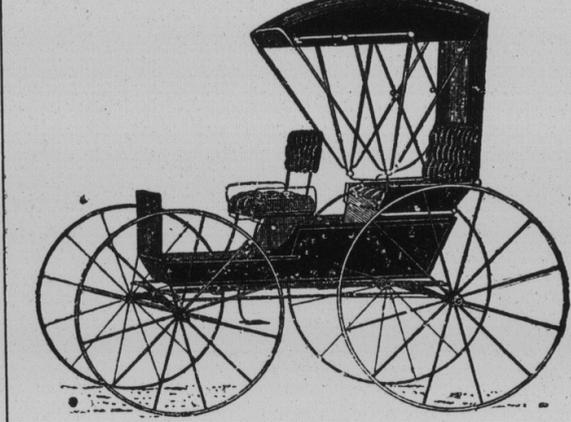
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HE KEPT HIS SEAT.

A Captain's Heroic Action was Rewarded With Promotion.

During one of the naval engagements of the late war, a sailor by the name of John Davis performed an act of bravery that has rarely been equalled. While the battle was at its height, a shell entered the Valley City, of which ship Davis was gunner's-mate, and exploded on the berth-deck, setting it on fire.

Captain Chaplain, the commander of the vessel, jumped down into the magazine, and while directing his men to extinguish the flames, passed up with his own hands the loose cylinders of powder. The fireworks on board became ignited. Rockets whizzed and blue lights blazed up in the very midst of the ammunition. The shell-room caught fire, and it seemed as if the Valley City must be blown to pieces.

John Davis, appreciating the danger, and desirous of doing all in his power to avert it, jumped up on an open barrel of gunpowder and sat down on the head,

covering it with his person as well as he could to protect it from the showering sparks.

Captain Chaplain, seeing him quietly seated while everybody else was at work, ordered him in peremptory tones to 'get down and help put out the fire.'

"The young gunner's-mate stayed where he was, and replied calmly: 'Don't you see, sir, I can't? For if I do, the sparks will fall into the powder. If I get down, captain, we shall all go up!'" Notwithstanding the terrible danger, Captain Chaplain could not repress a smile, and Davis's heroic action was rewarded after the battle by immediate promotion.

TEN YEARS IN THE TOILS.

South American Kidney Cure Loosed the Bonds and Freed the Prisoner—It Relieves in Six Hours.

"This is to certify that after taking six bottles of South American Kidney Cure I am completely cured of stricture and gravel, having suffered from these complaints for over ten years. I felt relief almost immediately, and after taking three bottles felt greatly improved. I continued its use until I was satisfied I was perfectly cured." Willis Goff, Chippewa, Ont.

Woman and Her Work

I scarcely know whether old bachelors are as much out of date as old maids now, but somehow I scarcely think they are; the latter having changed within the past ten years into the alert, business-like thoroughly up to date "bachelor woman" but who ever knew a bachelor long past his prime who was not convinced that he had only to ask and have the most charming girl of his acquaintances, or who was not seriously convinced that every beautiful and wealthy widow, every blushing debutante, and every mother with marriageable daughters was "making a dead set at him!" The older the bachelor the more convinced of his own attractiveness does he become, until after sixty it is scarcely safe for a woman to be commonly civil to him lest he should suspect her of harboring some kind of design upon him; and his life is spent in concocting plans to defeat the various schemes he is sure are being hourly laid to deprive him of his liberty. Curious to relate this dear old soul seems to curiously underestimate the attraction of younger men and it is really amusing to watch him when in their society. Should a charming girl pass, of his acquaintance, he never for one instant doubts that the bright blush and sweet smile accompanying her bow are tributes to his manly charms, instead of those of handsome Charles, or athletic Dick beside him. I suppose a lifetime of self worship has made him that way poor soul, and he is scarcely to be blamed for his little ways, but they are funny to the looker on, all the same. I cannot quite endorse all that is said about the meekness, humility, and general tendency to self effacement of old maids for I have known many who held their own valiantly in the world, and utterly refused to be effaced by anyone, but one thing is quite certain—they are under no pleasing allusion as to the position they stand in with regard to young girls, and carefully avoid placing themselves at a disadvantage by entering into competition with them in any way, this showing their good sense, and avoiding many a snub and heartache since girls are far more cruel to older women, than young men are to the elders of their own sex, and are not slow to let the old maid feel her position.

The bicycle season is here once more, and the gay bicycle maid is out on her wheel and arrayed more gloriously than ever, for the swiftest of modistes, and the best of ladies tailors have been laboring unceasingly to add grace and beauty to the cycling costume which has not been considered just what it should be as far as beauty is concerned up to the present time. Said to relate, the goal does not seem to have been reached yet in spite of all the improvements that have been made in the past two years.

True superior material has been discarded, skirts shortened openings skillfully defended against possible accident, and mysterious combinations of buttons and elastics have effected wonders in the management of a skirt in a high wind; but yet the costume which can really make a figure of generous proportions appear to advantage on a wheel has still to be invented! If we could only be like brave soldiers and always keep our face to the foe we should do well enough, but alas we can't, and it is the back view that is so trying. Opinions vary greatly as to whether women in general look well on wheels; for my own part I have seen but one, who was really at her best on her wheel; and but two or three who looked well when wheeling. There is something about the knee motion which is fatal to grace, and poetry of motion. A great deal depends upon the costume, I know, and any woman who wants to make the best possible appearance when cycling must pay strict attention to her dress. It seems to be generally conceded that the divided skirt more nearly approaches grace than any other when on the wheel, but off the wheel it is hopeless, and for that reason many object to it, since a costume that would prevent one from wheeling to a picnic or attending any gathering at a distance where it would be an advantage to be able to make use of one wheel, and yet where a more correct costume than the divided skirt, would be required. Therefore many designs in bicycle costumes have come out this spring and the wheelwoman has her choice.

Simple circular skirts are preferred by many women to the more elaborate models, and these are merely cut shorter than the ordinary walking skirt and lined with silk just across the front in order to make the movement of the knees easy. Other designs show skirts plaited in front, or made with double sides independent of the

back so that they fall on each side of the wheel. These would probably be rather heavy and cumbersome for summer, but another model is divided half way up the middle of the back, between the plaits, and lined with pieces of the same material, hemmed on the bottom and cut large enough to allow the skirt to be drawn on like trousers. This is said to be perfectly secure in the strongest wind and to hang perfectly when walking. Each skirt is supposed to have its separate merits, but generally there is very little difference in effect between them; it is the jacket that gives individuality to the suit, and the variety in style, cut, and mode of trimming is simply bewildering. Serge covert cloth tweed, and venetian cloth are the favorite materials just now, but for warm weather there are the daintest and coolest of pique and lined suits. The jackets may be either loose or tight fitting but they must be short, and the cton or bolero shape is very popular. Close fitting double breasted jackets which only reach to the waist are very desirable as they do not catch the wind, and annoy the wearer by blowing nearly off when she has to face a strong gale. A pretty costume of tan cloth is made in this style, and has black silk revers and collar, large smoked-pearl buttons, and a vest of white lawn frills edged with yellow lace.

Another jaunty little jacket of this style has a queer little coat tail at the back, a pointed front, and rows of black braid forming a belt finish on the edge.

A very swell cycling gown is of fawn cloth with facing of white moire on the coat. White drill or pique may be substituted, and made to button on, so that it can be removed and laundered.

Another, a loose sacque, coat is perfectly straight and loose in the back, and the revers are piped with white and arranged to button across or be left open.

For the daimel who likes a rather striking costume when she sallies out on her wheel, is one of green tweed with two points of white cloth set in the skirt just at each side of the centre of the front breadth, at the foot. These points are trimmed round with black braid in military fashion, and the same idea is carried out in the coat, which is a jaunty little mess jacket with slightly pointed fronts trimmed up each side just where the last dart would be in a bodice, with the same design in braiding and opening over a vest of white sarah; a wide linen collar, and a scarlet tie finish the costume.

Another costume which is very stunning indeed but too conspicuous for good taste, is of deep red cloth, the jacket having revers, collar and cuffs of black and white striped silk, and a waist belt of white kid. A black tie spotted with white, is knotted loosely under the revers. These very fancy costumes are neither ladylike nor serviceable, and another model, a brown tweed with eton coat the revers of which are edged with tan cloth and finished with rows of narrow black braid, is far more trim looking, and in much better style. A very fresh and pretty summer wheeling dress, is of white pique made with strapped seams, the revers and cuffs covered with pink pique edged with white braid.

A coat that bids fair to rival the eton, is the short belted Norfolk jacket coming about four inches below the waist and having a belt of light leather running under all the plaits except the one in the back. It can either be made loose like a coat or as close fitting as the wearer wishes and is often made with a yoke having three short points in the back outlined with braid. Another belted coat is of navy blue serge, fastening close up to the throat with but one reverse, which, with the collar and cuffs is of white cloth covered with rows of narrow blue braid.

The latest and best authorities on cycling garments assert that it is quite impossible for any woman to have the proper ankle motion which is absolutely essential to enable her to indulge in long trips, without fatigue, if she persists in wearing high laced boots. The only proper foot and leg coverings, which give absolute freedom to every muscle and sinew and allow a free circulation of the air which does much to stimulate and refresh the rider. Anyone who has gone for a long walk on a mild day wearing high, tight cloth leggings will remember the feeling of miserable dis-

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comfort experienced, the almost impossibility of walking and the heat and constriction; and will understand what I mean. Golf stockings do away with all this, and are quite as desirable as far as trimness and modesty are concerned, covering the leg quite as effectually as either leather or cloth.

The latest cycling gloves are made of silk or cotton net, in tan, or white, and with leather palms to make them durable. The up to date cyclist also carries a cycling fan which has a cycling party painted on a white satin background; but what earthly use she can find for such a ballroom trifle, is a mystery.

MOBID AND NEEDLESS.

Everybody can Make Some Friends if They Care to try.

The old doctor impatiently threw down the book of poems which he had been reading. 'It is one long groan from cover to cover!' he said. 'Not a living creature, apparently, appreciates or loves the woman who writes it. Our literature is full of such despairing cries for sympathy. They recall an odd little incident which happened when I was in Italy years ago.'

'There is a church, Santa Croce, in Florence which is known as the Westminster Abbey of Italy. It is filled with the tombs of her great rulers, poets and painters. They crowd the church and the quiet cloisters which encircle a shady square outside. Walking one day in these cloisters, I found in one corner a grave over which was a marble slab with the inscription in Italian:

'To the memory of a woman who was greatly loved.' 'Beneath it were the words in French, written with a pencil: 'O woman, who was greatly loved, pity me, whom no one loves'

'A handsome young girl sat near under the trees, a book in her hand. Her fashionable clothes her whole air and bearing, showed ease and prosperity, but her face was sullen with discontent and gloom. I noticed that she looked at me keenly as I turned after reading the words, and could not avoid the inference that she had written them, and was looking at me to note their effect. Just as the woman who wrote these poems has sent out in them a prayer for sympathy.

'I was busy for a brief time sketching a sculptured angel over the tomb, and while I stood there several tourists passed and read the pencilled words.

'Ah, poor creature! they would cry and express their pity in every modern tongue. The gloom deepened on the girl's face with each word. She evidently believed herself banished and barred among human beings, set apart to misery and solitude, and pitied herself with all of her soul.'

'Presently a wholesome English girl, with her brother, paused and read the writing. 'Nonsense!' was her sole comment.

'What do you mean?' the man cried, indignantly. 'The writer of that must be a grown woman. Why should any woman not a lunatic be friendless? The world is full of honest, good people. Let her go to work and make herself beloved. It is her own fault if she stands alone.'

'She passed on, and I saw that the other woman had risen and was looking after her with flaming anger in her eyes.

'I never saw either of them again, and I do not know whether the chance words bore any fruit; but whenever I read such morbid, sickly cries for pity as these poems, I remember the brief sermon of the English girl in Santa Croce.'

THE UNIVERSAL POET.

Longfellow May be Regarded as Such if Popularity Counts.

An incident described in the Independent by Prof. E. A. Grosvenor gives a striking illustration of the fact that Longfellow's poems have sung themselves into the hearts of men and women of many nationalities. The incident occurred in 1879 on board the French steamer Donai, bound from Constantinople to Marseilles. We condense the description.

One evening, as we were quitting the Straits of Bonifacio, some one remarked at dinner that though Victor Hugo was born in Paris, the earliest impressions of his life were received in Corsica, close to which



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we were passing. One of the party spoke of him as the exponent of what is best in humanity.

The Russian lady exclaimed in English to the gentleman who had last spoken: 'How can you, an American, give to him a place that is occupied by your own Longfellow? Longfellow is the universal poet. He is better known, too, among foreigners, than any one, except their own poets. Then she began repeating:

'I stood on the bridge at midnight, As the clocks were striking the hour, And the moon rose o'er the city, Behind the dark church tower.'

She added, 'I long to visit Boston that I may stand on the bridge.'

In the company was an English captain returning from the Zulu war, a typical British soldier with every characteristic of his class. As soon as the Russian lady had concluded, he said, 'I can give you something better than that,' and began in a voice like a trumpet:

'Tell me not in mournful numbers Life is but an empty dream! His recitation of the entire poem was marked by the common English upheaval and down-letting of the voice in each line; but it was evident that he loved what he was repeating.

Then a tall, lank, gray-haired Scotchman, who seemed always communing with himself, suddenly commenced:

'There is no flock, however watched and tended, But one dead lamb is there.'

He repeated only a few stanzas, but apparently could have given the whole poem had he wished.

For myself, I know that my contribution was "My Lost Youth," beginning:

'Oren I think of the beautiful town That is seated by the sea, Often in thought go up and down, The pleasant streets of that dear old town, And my youth comes back to me.'

A handsome, olive checked young man, a Greek educated and living in England, said, 'How do you like this?' Then he began to sing:

'Stars of the summer night! Far in your stars sleep, Hide, hide your golden light! She sleeps! My lady sleeps! Sleeps!

The captain of the Donai was not her regular commander, but an officer of the national navy, who was in charge only for a few voyages. To our astonishment, in accents so Gallic that one discerned with difficulty that he was attempting English, he intoned:

'Zee zeds of zee fair valezeng fat, Ven troug an Alpein redzace past A yont, who bore meed snow and cece A banhar veed dez strazge devece, Excelsior!'

Nons of the other passengers contributed but already six nationalities had spoken—Scotch, Russian, Greek, French, English and American. As we rose from the table and went up on deck to watch the lights glimmering in Napoleon's birthplace, Ajaccio, the Russian lady said:

'Do you suppose there is any other poet of any county, living or dead, from whom so many of us could have quoted? Not one. Not even Shakespeare or Victor Hugo or Homer.'

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Any man or woman can have all desire for intoxicating liquor removed in 2 or 3 days and be permanently cured in three weeks. Medicines taken privately—no body need no—does not interfere with business duties and the immediate results are normal sleep, appetite, and clear brain and all without exercising any self denial. Investigation invited—Undeniable testimony sent sealed. A. Hutton Dixon, 129 Avenue Road, Toronto, Canada.

He Knew. Teacher—Now I have explained to you the difference between good and evil, tell me what sort of little boys go to Heaven. Billy Snooks (promptly)—Dead 'uns.

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IN THE TOILS.

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SOME VENOMOUS REPTILES.
The Tarantula a Very Dangerous Fighter at Close Range.

'He's an independent sort of fellow, the tarantula,' said a mining engineer who resided for several years in Arizona, in the New York Sun. 'He's an awkward walker, sometimes sprawling like a crab, and again lifting himself, stiffly upright on his long, hairy legs, so that he suggests the idea that he is walking on stilts. He can run fast on occasion; but, whatever style of getting along he may adopt at any time, there is always a devil-may-care swagger to his gait, which says as plainly as words could: 'I'm a fighter, and dangerous, and I know it; and you know it. Don't pick me up; and give me room.' The best looking feature about the tarantula is his furry back, varying from light brown to dark brown in hue, and sleek and glossy. His eye is bad, very bad, under-acted as it is by the two curved, black poison fangs as sharp as cambric needles. The tarantula's temper is as bad as his eyes and it needs little proaction to set him fighting mad. At such a time he develops an activity which makes him the most dangerous of all the Arizona reptiles. I have seen a tarantula in a rage leap from the ground to the height of a man's breast, which is a longer striking reach than the largest Western rattlesnake has.

'As a rule the tarantula, if left alone, will, like other reptiles in general, retreat from the presence of man. Most of the cases where persons have been bitten by tarantulas have occurred through their unwarily coming upon one where he thought he had no chance to run; and a frequent cause for such a mishap is the rolling over of a sleeper upon a tarantula, or the throwing out of a hand in sleep in the direction where one may be, when instantly the reptile fastens to its victim with a fury that is terrifying. His bite is as dangerous as the rattlesnake's and the approved treatment for it is by the standard remedies, ammonia and whiskey. If treatment is immediate the bite of any reptile rarely proves fatal to a healthy man, though often recovery is slow and attended with pain, and sometimes disfigurement. Once in a camp in Colfax County, N. M., our party were driven from the tent one night by tarantulas, which for some reason unknown to us swarmed in and took possession. None of them offered to attack any of us, but there they were on the ground and bedding and tent walls, and they were coming faster all the time. To try and clear them out was hopeless, and no man cared to take the risk of trying to sleep in company, so we maneuvered to get our bedding, and then went out of doors to sleep under the stars while the tarantulas kept the tent. In the morning when we went to the tent, expecting to have round-up of tarantulas, not one of the big spiders was to be seen.

'One of the quickest and completest and most justifiable killings that ever I saw came about through a tarantula. It was at a mine camp, and the camp bully had a tarantula impaled on a stick. A man newly arrived from the East stood gazing, fascinated with horror at the squirming reptile, working its black fangs in the effort to reach something that it could fasten itself into. Suddenly, without warning, the bully thrust the tarantula straight into the tenderfoot's face. His whiskers saved him from the fangs, but he let out a yell as if he had actually been bitten, and jumped back, I fully believe, ten feet. Then, as the fellow came poking the tarantula toward him again, the tenderfoot drew his revolver and turned loose on his tormentor. His first shot would have been enough, as it went straight through the fellow's body, but the tenderfoot had his excitement to work off, and he never stopped shooting until his revolver had been emptied and the man with the tarantula was a sieve. 'Served him right,' was the verdict of the coroner's jury, and the case never went to court for trial.

'The tarantula's nest is a curiosity. Its interior is of mud, dried by the sun to the hardness of adobe brick. Its interior of cylindrical shape, is lined with a fleshy white substance like cotton wool, and this queer house is furnished with a circular door of hardened mud, and opening outward upon a hinge of the same material. Bold as the tarantula is, he has one enemy from whom he will seek refuge anywhere that he can—the tarantula hawk, a huge black, hairy wasp, which in appearance conveys the idea of a flying tarantula. When the big spider opens its door of an afternoon preparatory to a promenade, on business or pleasure bent, if he spy a tarantula hawk hovering around he draws back into the house in a hurry and closes the door; and not a step will he venture beyond his threshold until the air is free from signs of danger. He knows he is no match for the hawk, which will tackle him too quick if he once gets the chance.

'Uglier of aspect even than the tarantula is the crawling centipede, built somewhat on the model of a train of cars, the resemblance being enhanced by the reptile's habit of running straight backward when suddenly confronted. Every joint of its long body has two legs, each jointed and tipped with a sharp point like a bee's sting. Its head is furnished with two pincer-like poison fangs, which work horizontally toward each other, and instead of legs its rear-most joint is furnished with two long hooked claws, which drag behind as the centipede walks, and by which it can hang head downward from any place to which it can fix them. If a chance is given the centipede it will run from the presence of man,

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The only food that will build up a weak constitution gradually but surely is
Martin's Cardinal Food
a simple, scientific and highly nutritive preparation for infants, delicate children and invalids.
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and most of the cases where men have been bitten by one of these reptiles have come about through the man's rolling upon them or in some other way crowding them while asleep. The sensation produced by a centipede's crawling upon the bare skin, with its numerous and keenly pointed feet, is usually described as similar to that of being touched with a red hot poker. If the person thus invaded remains perfectly still, the reptile will crawl off as soon as it can; if an attempt be made to shake it off, it sets every claw into the flesh in the effort to hold on, with an effect like the simultaneous stinging by a score of bees, and if in any way it be crowded or jammed it bites, injecting a poison which, though less virulent than that of the tarantula or rattlesnake, causes a serious sloughing from the wound during the progress of recovery.

ABOUT TELEGRAPH MESSAGES.

Interesting Experience of Messengers in City and County.
'The telegraph messenger,' said an old-time messenger boy, 'has to deliver messages in many strange places. The message is not like a letter, which is simply left at a man's house or place of business, to be found by him when he comes back, it is out, but it is often so addressed as to reach him promptly wherever he may be. Thus it is not unusual to deliver messages on railroad trains. One man has occasion to send word of something that has turned up after the other man started. He telegraphs to John Jones, on the 10:30 train at Gristleton, of course allowing a sufficient margin of time. The telegraph office is not far from the station; there is probably an office in the station. A boy with the message is standing on the platform when the train comes in. The chances are that he doesn't know Mr. John Jones, and he starts at the forward end of the train and goes through, calling for him. It may be that this is an unusual experience for Mr. Jones, who, when he hears his name called, may make himself known from half way down the car; or it may be that Mr. Jones is an experienced traveller and man of business, in which case he waits until the boy is passing the end of his seat and then stops him quietly and takes his message without attracting general attention.

'A boy may have occasion to deliver a message to a farmer at the plough; or he may have a message for somebody in a church, or in a theatre, if the person addressed is not known, he may be called for from the pulpit or the theatre it may be that in anticipation of such a happening he has left his theatre address, seat and number at home or at his hotel, and an usher is thus enabled to go straight to him, though he be a stranger, and deliver the message without any fuss or flurry and without attracting attention to him.

'Messages are delivered to people in courts as well as higher courts. They are delivered to captains aboard vessels and to people in various other places, and under circumstances that seem odd at first thought but that are simple enough when you come to think them out.

'All this is suggested to me by something that I saw on the day of the Grant celebration, the delivery of a despatch to a man in the procession. It might seem as though it would be difficult to find a man in a procession, he being, in such a procession as this, one man among fifty thousand, and it might be difficult under some circumstances, but ordinarily it would not be, for the messenger would in all probability start with a knowledge of the regiment and company to which the man to whom the despatch was addressed, belonged, and then all that would be necessary would be to locate the organization, a task comparatively easy with the aid of a programme and a little figuring as to how far the regiment would march in a given time.

'This message that I speak of was for a member of the staff of the Governor of Ohio, then riding up Riverside Drive. Its prompt delivery was as simple a matter as rolling off a log. The Governor and his staff were singled out without the slightest trouble by means of their State flag. Without the slightest hesitation the boy tackled the Governor and handed him the despatch. The Governor saw at a glance that it was not for him and at once motioned the boy toward his staff. The boy then tackled the first man he met, and that member of the staff indicated to him the member to whom the despatch was addressed. The messenger promptly delivered it. To find the right man he had found it necessary to go to but three men out of fifty thousand.'—N. Y. Sun.

A Prominent Londoner.
LONDON, ONT.
Chase's Ointment is an invaluable remedy for Itching Piles and in my own case I would pay \$50 per box for it if it could not be otherwise had.
JOHN PEDDICOMB,
160 Sydenham St.
Another Victim.
Teacher—Where were you yesterday? Pupil (whimpering)—It was all 'Billy Smith's fault; he hipertized me, an' made me go fashin' with him.

A THOUGHT THAT KILLED A MAN!

HE thought that he could trifle with disease. He was run down in health, felt tired and worn out, complained of dizziness, biliousness, backaches and headaches. His liver and kidneys were out of order. He thought to get well by dosing himself with cheap remedies. And then came the ending. He fell a victim to Bright's disease! The money he ought to have invested in a safe, reliable remedy went for a tombstone.

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For a spool of CLAPPERTON'S THREAD, and you'll get the kind that will give you most profit and satisfaction—and it costs no more than inferior kinds are sold for.
It pays you to get **CLAPPERTON'S THREAD.**
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When Your Wife Has Callers
Does she serve them a cup of COCOA? Just ask her if she has found any beverage that is as good value as **MOTT'S BREAKFAST COCOA,**
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Or the Liquor Habit Positively Cured by Dr. Hamilton's Golden Specific. It can be given in a cup of tea or coffee without the knowledge of the patient. It is absolutely harmless, and will effect a permanent and speedy cure. IT NEVER FAILS. Mothers and Wives, you can save the victims.
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SOUTHERN HOUSEKEEPING.

Southern Ladies are Wiser Than Their Northern Sisters.

Southern women, at least, can never be accused of being afraid of fresh air, and in the South one sees fewer cases of nervous prostration than anywhere else in the United States, writes a Southern woman. The real Southern woman takes things easy, and she rarely ever lives in a badly ventilated house. Houses, as a general rule, are not any too well built here. The doors do not fit, and the windows often admit air at the top when they are closed.

From Tennessee to the jump-off place in Florida I believe that more bedding is put to air in the morning sun each day than in all the Middle and New England States put together. The mattresses, pillows and bed clothes are hung over the piazza railings, or on the fence, till, looking out on your neighbors' back yards, you almost feel as if you were in the midst of a Massachusetts house-cleaning epidemic.

The kitchen is often separated from the house by a laticed porch; or, if the house is built in a more modern way, there usually a big back porch, well covered, at the rear of the house, and on this back porch the mistress of the mansion makes the salads, prepares dainty desserts, and if there is but one servant and a large family, she sits there in the cool of the morning and shells the peas and prepares the other vegetables for dinner, and does much of the work which a Northern housekeeper does in a hot kitchen.

And then there is the afternoon nap. Once at a Tennessee mountain resort, in which all the guests were Southerners, save half a dozen, I took some notes on the nap question, and I found that not a woman among them who had been born south of Mason and Dixon's line was ever known to forget her siesta, and that most of the gentlemen as well took their after dinner naps. Of the five Northern women in the house, three had troublesome nerves, and looked it, while many of the Southern women were remarkably fresh and young looking, though I will admit many of them were there to drink a certain mineral water for dyspepsia, due most likely to the eating of hot bread three times a day the year round. There was one ambitious little Northern lady in the house who preferred a little music to a nap after her midday meal, and so for some time she played Chopin after dinner, till one day she found a notice pinned on the wall beside the piano that the 'guests in the house should not be performed upon between the hours of two and five.' The 'afternoon nap' was to be an institution in that well-ordered hostelry. And to between the hours of two and five quiet was made to reign supreme for the nerve and beauty preservers.

Southern women are conservative. Perhaps it is the climate which makes too much energy a dangerous thing. Clubs are not numerous and flourishing here, but instead, one sees and feels the strong influence of the women who love home and family best of anything in the world.

ENGLISH RURAL PASTIMES.

They are Simpler Than Those of the People of This Continent.

Playing at marbles, says Harper's Round Table, does not strike one as an amusement that is very well suited to grown-up people, yet it is widely practiced by the colliers throughout the Midlands in Great Britain. In a pit village it is a common sight to see a number of men squatting on their haunches and playing at 'knock-out,' or other games of marbles, with as much zest as any body of school-boys could display in a similar pastime. But there is this difference between the two, that whereas the schoolboy plays for the purpose of winning marbles, the collier plays for the sake of winning something more substantial. Several other parts of the province also have pastimes that are peculiar to a district. The Yorkshire game of knurr and spell—a kind of bat and trap—has attained celebrity beyond the broad-acre shire, though it is played nowhere else; but the game of 'shoes' is a pastime that one finds in vogue nowhere except in a few villages in North Nottinghamshire. It is very similar to quoits, but instead of quoits being thrown, a peculiar kind of clumsily formed horseshoe is used by the players. The farm-boys in the Fen districts while away the summer evenings by the somewhat boisterous amusement of holy-through-the-shoe. A couple of lines are drawn across the road, and one boy is placed between these, who endeavors to catch the others as they run by him. Every boy that is caught has to stay and assist his captor, and so the game goes on until a string of boys is formed between the lines. These have to join hands and endeavor to collar such of their companions as try to dodge from one boundary to another, and it is when a long string of lads are struggling and tugging in various directions that the fun comes in.

Itching, Burning Skin-Diseases Cured for 25 Cents.

Dr. Agnew's Ointment relieves in one day and cures tetter, salt rheum, piles, scald head, eczema, barbers' itch, ulcers, blotches and all eruptions of the skin. It is soothing and quieting and acts like magic in the cure of all baby humors; 25 cents.

LOVE WINS THE DAY.

The butler's new boy was serving his first dinner. He stood behind the chair of the young Countess Lida, handing her the dish with the asparagus from the right instead of the left side. She gave him a disdainful glance over her shoulder. He was a helpless, overgrown lad. His big hands, clumsier than they were naturally in the white cotton gloves, clung like grim death to the fine, gold-bordered dish, and his round, moon face was red and hot, and covered with fine beads of perspiration. When the countess saw the embarrassment of the youngster she relented. The butler's boy made her laugh.

'Excuse him, countess,' implored old Mariot, the butler, 'it's my nephew's first experience. He will soon learn to do better.'

'Certainly, Mariot,' smiled the girl, graciously. Then she turned, looked straight into the youth's bashful eyes, and asked him for his name.

'Christian?' answered the lad.

'One can learn anything one chooses, eh, Christian?' said the countess, to the overgrown, hapless youngster, with the exasperating air of a would-be-wise young woman.

The party which sat around Count Minsterhaven's festive board grew merrier as the wine began to flow. The young cavaliers teased the countess, who was never at a loss for an answer.

Old Mariot stood stark and stiff behind the chair of the dowager countess, and nephew, Christian, was rigidly glued to the back of the chair of the Countess Lida.

He looked down upon the fair young neck, against which trembled soft, dark tendrils. Filmy lace half veiled the fair white flesh of the shoulders, the like Christian had never seen before.

Christian came from a poor, forlorn home in a little out-of-the-way village. He knew nothing beyond what he had learned at the village school and from the parson, who had prepared him for confirmation. He had never seen Beauty—he had never even dreamed of it.

To wait at table was not his sole occupation, for Christian had been especially hired to care for the young countess's Spanish pony Olander, to lift her into the saddle when she mounted her horse to accompany her father on his country rides. Day after day her dainty foot rested in his broad, red palm. Day after day it made him happy—he knew not why.

Count Minsterhaven was an omnivorous reader, and his daughter shared that praiseworthy quality. Besides novels and works of current literature the count's library contained valuable scientific works of early and later date. Just now a third person seemed to take an interest in these books. The count missed first one and then another work, which he remembered having laid in a certain place. After awhile it always came back to where he had placed it.

Like the wise man that he was, he said nothing about his discovery. It amused him that his daughter's book hunger had led her into the field of science. Soon Lida herself began to complain. Her Shakespeare had disappeared. Christian was sent for and ordered to look under the couch in the billiard-room, where the young countess was wont to read her stanzas on sultry summer days. But the volume—handsomely bound in green with gold—was not to be found. Old Mariot was given a hint by the count.

'Let me know what you would like to read and I will help you,' suggested Count Minsterhaven.

He would not dare to touch the smallest of the count's books, he declared. When night came he was much too tired to read more than his prayers and say his beads. Christian, of whom he had expected so much, was no help to him whatever. He was a stupid, lazy lout, and tried his god nature beyond endurance.

'You must be patient, Mariot,' advised the count. 'The poor fellow is unused to his surroundings and shake off his embarrassment.'

The old butler shook his head. He could not understand the lad at all.

That afternoon Countess Lida came storming into the room of her father. She shrieked with laughter.

'Papa, grandmamma—what do you think I saw—just now in the stable? Oh, it is too funny! I went there to treat Olander to a lump of sugar. When I called for Christian there was no reply. I climbed the ladder to the hay loft. There he sat close to a life in the wall through which the sunlight came like a narrow golden band. In his clumsy hands he held my Shakespeare, half reading, half spelling the words, and following the lines with his fat, red finger. It was such a comical sight!'

The count and the dowager countess were almost as much amused as Lida Minsterhaven. The count sent for Christian and ordered him to go to his study. There the new groom confessed that he had appropriated from time to time the missing books; books on artificial irrigation, national economy, Greek sculpture and French novels. He had read them all in the hay loft over the stable.

But you did not understand a word of them? said his master.

'No, not a word,' admitted Christian. The count became interested in the rank, unoppressed youth, who was far from good-looking.

'What did you think when you read all this stuff?'

'That some day I might learn to understand it all.'

'Yes, it is possible,' answered the aristocrat, 'but, somewhat impressed with this young and stubborn giant before him, who with eager, misguided hands reached out for the treasures of education and culture.'

'What good will all this understanding do you?'

The groom was silent and the interview came to an end.

One winter evening, not long after this occurrence, Rev. Mr. Feinmann, who presided over the village church, spoke of a strange new scholar, to whom he gave private lessons in both German and Latin. Christian, the groom, was applying his Christmas gift, a sum of money which Count Minsterhaven was in the habit of bestowing upon all his servants, to the payment for these lessons.

The aristocratic family of the Minsterhavens pointed out this groom as something of a freak to their visitors and acquaintances.

Old Mariot was deeply distressed over this state of affairs, and it would have fared hard with Christian had not Countess Lida taken his part with the old servant. She found the new groom an interesting presage, all but his hands; they were too red and unshapely.

When Christian had been in the count's service for a year he asked for his dismissal.

'Are you dissatisfied, Christian?' asked Count Minsterhaven.

No, the lad had no complaint to make; he merely wanted to go to the city.

'City pleasures and city ways; ah, I see!' laughed the Count. 'Your young fellows are all like that.'

'I am going to college, Count.'

'To college! What for?'

'To study.'

'My dear boy,' remarked the Count affably, 'you have an erroneous impression about studying. What are you going to study?'

Christian was deeply embarrassed. He rubbed his clumsy hands up and down his leather breeches.

'I am going to be a scientist.'

Pin Your Faith to Burdock Blood Bitters. THE BEST SPRING MEDICINE. It Roots Out Blood Diseases--This Is the Proof: "In 1884 I was attacked by a strange skin disease, which first manifested itself by a small scale on the cheek. This kept growing larger and larger; and apparently nothing could be done to cure it. In eight years I tried four different doctors. On two occasions they succeeded in healing up the sore for a short time, but it quickly broke out again in both instances. I may say that it had all the appearance of a cancer. Finally, after suffering almost everything possible for human endurance to bear, I began using B.B.B. in the spring of 1892. I followed the directions strictly, using the medicine both externally and internally. In all I used nine bottles, with the result that my face was completely healed and my general health restored. The doctors told me that it would break out again when I stopped using B.B.B., but their words did not come true, as it is now four years since I stopped using B.B.B., and I have had no symptom of a return of the disease. Burdock Blood Bitters positively cured me, and I have stayed cured. I pin my faith to this wonderful medicine, and I have good reason to do so, because it did what no other medicine or doctor could do. (Signed) Mrs. JOS. WOOD, Cole's Island, N.B. MESSRS. T. MILBURN & Co., Toronto, Ontario: "Gentlemen,—I am personally acquainted with Mrs. Joseph Wood, and know of the severe illness of which she was cured by B.B.B. This has not been a faith cure, but is a cure in fact, and I can vouch for the correctness of Mrs. Wood's statements. Yours truly, A. WEST." THE TRUE ROAD TO GOOD HEALTH.

aided over the village church, spoke of a strange new scholar, to whom he gave private lessons in both German and Latin. Christian, the groom, was applying his Christmas gift, a sum of money which Count Minsterhaven was in the habit of bestowing upon all his servants, to the payment for these lessons.

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Christian was deeply embarrassed. He rubbed his clumsy hands up and down his leather breeches.

'I am going to be a scientist.'

'You'll have a hard row to hoe, Christian. Better stay here, where you can earn your daily bread and a little more. You may succeed in reaching the strange goal, but you may starve in doing it.'

'I have starved before.'

'What plans have you made for your future?'

Christian referred the Count to Rev. Mr. Feinmann, who had conducted his preliminary studies. From him his master learned that Christian had made wonderful progress in his studies, and there was more in the lad than had appeared on the surface.

Surprised at this information, the Count decided to help the young man along. He recommended him to a friend, who took a lively interest in human curiosities. With the latter Christian took service, and devoted his evenings to earnest and laborious studies.

Countess Lida cried a little when her new groom bade her farewell.

'When you are a doctor, Christian, come back again,' she said enthusiastically.

Christian held the rosy, soft-worked minute in his own clumsy, hard-worked palm.

'Yes, Countess, I will,' he stammered, and blushed like a schoolboy of 10.

Soon after Christian and his existence were forgotten in the house of Count Minsterhaven.

The Countess Lida had been for several years belle at court and in the aristocratic circles in which she moved. Then those younger than she took her place, though she was still a celebrated beauty. She had refused several good offers of marriage and her acquaintances regarded her as rather eccentric on that account.

One morning, when she returned from a ride with her father and the Duke d'Ugelli, she found on the reception table in the ante-room a card.

'Dr. Christian Marlot,' it read.

The young girl was surprised. 'Dr. Marlot—that name—' Then suddenly recollecting, 'Papa, our former groom,' she cried, passing the card to her father.

'We must invite him to our reception.'

A dainty note was dispatched to Dr. Marlot. Countess Lida desired his presence on Thursday evening from 8 to 10.

The great moment came at last, when

the old family butler threw back the portieres and announced Dr. Christian Marlot.

The assembled guests seemed to know that a phenomenon stood in their midst. A tall, serious man, in irreproachable attire, bowed correctly and without show of embarrassment before the Count who introduced him to his daughter and the dowager.

Again the doctor bowed and saluted the young Countess. He tried to speak, but his voice failed him, and when he regained his composure he could only stammer and proceed in broken syllables.

Lida watched him with interest. The wholesome red of the country boy had gone out of his countenance. His features were large, as of yore, but a well-trimmed beard brooded of the idealist was more than ever visible; at the temples the hair turned gray. His hands were well groomed and showed the skill of the manicure.

'A man—a brave true man' thought Countess Lida, and was happy in the anticipation of obtaining a glimpse of his strange life and career.

The society bells devoted the best part of the evening to the new-comer. She was tender and benign in her efforts to show her esteem.

Dr. Marlot had put on the best silver all on your account, and I myself procured the flowers at the last moment,' she whispered, as he conducted her to the dining room.

He drew out the chair for her, and as she sat down his eyes rested again on the soft, silken tendrils that nestled coyly against the firm white flesh of her neck.

Every one was eager to know something of the learned man. He was the assistant of one of the foremost surgeons in Vienna. Several treatises by him had appeared in medical journals,' said those who were well acquainted with his name.

While the guests talked of the new light that had suddenly appeared on the social horizon, Dr. Marlot gave Countess Lida a brief outline of his career. The family friend to whom he had been sent had interested himself in the lad from the start. He had helped him to obtain valuable instruction, and when two years later he left his home to go to college his benefactor had liberally supplied him with money. He, Marlot, was deeply indebted to him.

'He lived to see the day when I was admitted to the university,' he said. 'Then my struggles began. But of these I will tell you later.'

Countess Lida sat at the window of her pretty boudoir. The hyacinths in their porcelain pots vied with the tints of the evening glow that filtered in violet and purple mists through the softly curtained windows. The light of the dying day played coyly over the closely written pages of a letter in Lida's lap.

Christian Marlot had revealed to her the main spring of his career. It was not innate love for science, nor thirst for learning and booklore, nor ambition to throw off the menial's yoke and become a ruler among men, that had urged him forward to success and elevation—it was the love of woman.

Love that came into the untutored heart and fancy fired brain of the country boy the first day he stood behind the chair of the Countess. And now he craved his reward. The lonely man implored her to share his fate.

Tears flowed from the girl's eyes. Her lips trembled with excitement. The pages dropped from her fingers and her eyes wandered out into the twilight mists.

The Duke d'Ugelli rose by and saluted. She loved that man. He, too, had asked her to become his wife.

Countess Lida sought her father in his study and confessed her love for the aristocrat and her deep respect for the plebeian scientist. She deputed her father to carry to the latter her refusal of his honest and honorable suit.

Christian Marlot said not a word. Shortly afterward he went to Africa in the interest of science, and at the head of a scientific commission.

Countess Lida Minsterhaven, after all was not married to the Duke d'Ugelli. Although she was a Countess, her patent of nobility was not formidable enough for the old Duke and the young Duke's brothers.

Several years afterward the Countess, now 35, and still handsome, married a plebeian physician, who had returned from Africa after rendering science an extremely valuable service.

It was a happy union, for the aristocratic lady had learned to love the erstwhile groom, who for love of her had mastered the world.

Show Them Up To The Public. As the public—particularly the ladies—are so often swindled by profit-loving merchants and dealers, it is well that people should have an example of what is done in the sale of certain package dyes for home dyeing.

The makers of common and adulterated package dyes sell their crude colors to the retail merchants at a cost of four cents per packet, and the public who buy these cheap dyes are made to pay ten cents for Mr. Storekeeper! No wonder he uses every endeavor to sell and reliable Diamond Dyes.

The Diamond Dyes, that all live and honorable dealers in Canada handle and sell, cost a good deal more money, yet the public get them for ten cents, which only allows the dealer a fair profit.

But mark the difference, ladies! The cheap dyes are really worthless, and are made for the profit of the manufacturer and the dealer, while Diamond Dyes are made for the profit, pleasure and blessing of every home dyer.

An Ascending Scale. Curate's Little Girl—My hen has laid an egg.

Vicar's Little Girl—My hen has laid two.

Bishop's Little Girl—That's nothing, my father has laid a foundation stone.

Absorbing Ambition. 'Did you say that boy of yours was ambitious?'

'Ambitious! Well, I should say! Why, that boy does nothing but sit around all day and think of the great things he's going to do!'

Dr. CHASE'S Syrup of LINSEED and TURPENTINE cures All Throat and Lung Troubles Teaspoonful Doses PRICE 25 CENTS

Life Was a Burden.

Four Years of Agony and Misery.

A Marvellous Cure By Paine's Celery Compound.

Three Bottles Suffice To Make Mr. Finter well and Strong.

The hopeless, despairing and all who imagine they are lost, because the doctors have failed, should rejoice to know that Paine's Celery Compound fully restores the worst cases, and never fails to restore lost health.

It is no vain or idle boast when the declaration is made that Paine's Celery Compound cures when all other means fail. Today a grand army of men and women in our Canada can vouch for the truth of the statement made.

As a proof that Paine's Celery Compound cures in the darkest times of disease and misery we give the testimony of Mr. F. Finter of Ottawa, Ont., who was saved at almost the eleventh hour. He says:

'I consider it a duty to acknowledge the great good that I derived from your valuable remedy, Paine's Celery Compound. For four years I endured terrible agony and misery owing to pains in my head and chest. Life was a burden to me, and no living mortal could describe my sufferings. I was treated by doctors, and used many patent medicines, but nothing gave me relief until I used your Paine's Celery Compound. I used God for the day it was found. I brought my notice in the Ottawa papers. I have taken three bottles of the medicine, and to-day I can truly say that I feel like a new man. I feel certain that if the suffering people of Canada would only try Paine's Celery Compound they would be cured. I will recommend the remedy whenever I have the opportunity, as it is the best ever given to sufferers.'

'Wonders and Wonders.' Familiarity breeds the commonplace, ignorance the wonderful. Harper's Round Table illustrates the fact:

One of our American line steamers landed its passengers in New York the other day just after dusk. Among them was a son of Ireland, whose friends lost no opportunity to point out the wonders of the city; and soon they had the poor fellow simply dazed with admiration, and willing to believe anything.

Suddenly he caught sight of a street arched light on its pole, and pulling up short, he grasped the arms of his friends nearest him and exclaimed:

'Faith, it's wonders and wonders, sure if my eyes don't deceive me, yez have the moon stuck on a stick beyant here!'

A God-Sent Blessing. Mr. B. F. Wood, of Easton, Pa., was a great sufferer from organic heart disease. He never expected to be well again, but Dr. Agnew's Cure for the Heart was his good angel, and he lives today to tell it to others, heart him: 'I was for fifteen years a great sufferer from heart disease, had smothering spells, palpitation, pain in left side and swelled ankles. Twenty physicians treated me, but I got no relief. I used Dr. Agnew's Cure for the Heart. One dose relieved me inside of 30 minutes. Several bottles cured me.'

Spring Cleaning. 'I do my spring cleaning at all seasons of the year.'

'How is that?'

'I am a watchmaker.'

SLEEPING.

dear than their sisters.

that, can never be of fresh air, and in cases of nervousness also in the United States.

in a bedly ventilated general rule, are here. The doors were often admit air closed.

the jump-off place in more bedding is put in each day than in New England States—stresses, pillows and over the piazza rail—ill, looking out on yards, you a'most the midst of a Massing epidemic.

ten separated from porch; or, if the modern way, there b, well covered, at and on this back the mansion makes minty desserts, and if and a large family, pool of the morning d prepares the other and does much of northern housekeeper

is the afternoon nap—mountain resort, in were Southerners. took some notes on I found that not a I who had been born Dixon's line was ever well, and that most well took their after

ive Northern women had troublesome it, while many of the ers remarkably fresh though I will admit here to drink a certain dyspepsia, due most of hot bread three round. There was one ernal lady in the house

little music to ay meal, and so for ve Chopin after dinner, a notice pinned on e that the 'guests ed that the piano ned upon between the ve.' The 'afternoon itution in that well—o between the quiet was made to e nerve and beauty

erative. Per- too which makes too ngerous thing. Clubs d flourishing here, but d feels the strong in- who love home and ing in the world.

REAL PASTIMES.

Than Those of the Peo- ble Continent.

bles, says Harper's not strike one as a very well suited to it is widely practiced throughout the Midlands in a pit village it is a see a number of men haunches and playing at her games of marbles, as any body of school- in a similar pastime.

is difference between hereas the schoolboy these of winning marbles, or the sake of winning substantial. Several other since also have pastimes to a district. The York- and spell—a kind of a attained celebrity be- sacred shire, though it is else; but the game of e that one finds in vogue in a few villages in North

It is very similar to id of quots being thrown, d of clumsily formed ed by the players. The the Fen districts while r evenings by the some- mument of holy-through- pule of lines are drawn and one boy is placed be- o endeavors to catch the, un by him. Every boy, s as to stay and assist his he game goes on until a is formed between the lines. oin hands and endeavor to their companions as try to boundary to another, and g string of lads are strugg- ing in various directions nes in.

om Skin-Diseases Cured for 25 Cents.

Ointment relieves in one letter, salt rheum, piles, rama, barbers' itch, ulcers, it eruptions of the skin. It ad quieting and acts like ure of all baby humors; 85-

INDIANA NOTIONS OF EAGLES.

They are Cruel Birds and Not at all Proud, with Furious Eyes When Enraged. 'If I were a betting man,' said an Indiana man, 'I wouldn't be afraid to bet dollars to peanuts that you would no more associate Indiana with eagles than I would connect the coast of Labrador with parrots. But, just the same, if anyone should come to you and beg you to point him the way to eagles, direct him to Indiana, and you will make no mistake. Direct him, especially, to Vermilion county seems to be their favorite retreat. Why eagles flock there particularly I don't know, but they do.

'We have in Indiana not only the bald but also the golden eagle, and the golden eagle doesn't hang around in many other places nowadays. They are rare birds, even in Indiana, but there is a family of them in Vermilion county. Lots of people think they have seen golden eagles when they haven't. What they thought was a golden eagle was a female or a coming two-year-old of the bald eagle family. The reason a bald eagle is so called is because of a white crest which the male is ornamented. He doesn't get that crest until he is two years old. The golden eagle looks very much like the bald eagle without the crest. Consequently folks who are not up in eagles as Vermilion county people are, think they have had the pleasure of seeing specimens of the rare golden eagle, when all they have seen was either some old bald eagle's wife or his young son.

'There is a farm in Vermilion county where there is a regular bald eagle assembly, and it has been there as long as any one out there can remember. Every night the eagles hold a convention there. They come in the dusk of the evening, and seem to meet for some consultation of importance rather than to have a good time. The big birds come soaring in one at a time, and every newcomer is received with shouts of welcome by the eagles that have preceded him to the rendezvous. If you've ever heard an eagle or two in a cage give voice to their natural song you can probably get some idea of the grand and melodious chorus that swells out upon the ancient Vermilion county air about that bald eagle assemblage every evening. The rendezvous is in a very solitary place, where there are numerous high and bare-kimbed sycamore trees. The eagles occupy these limbs. As many as fifty-three eagles have been counted in the trees at one time.

'We have learned out in Vermilion county that a great deal of poetical rot and humbug have been written about the eagle. There isn't anything noble or inspiring about him at all. He is not only the biggest of all feathered thieves, but he is the cruelest. His especial delight is to attack and torture the most innocent and defenceless of birds and animals. He will capture a lamb, for instance, tear out the eyes of the little bleating thing, and then release it and goot over its agonized movements. When the poor lamb grows weak and cannot furnish an exhibition of agony any longer the eagle will capture another one of the flock and subject it to the same torture. One eagle has been known to maul a dozen lambs in one flock in this way, frightening the ewes and rams and keeping them at a distance by harsh cries and loud flapping of his great wings. From all that I have seen of eagles in Indiana I don't believe that the biggest eagle that flies will attack any animal capable of showing resistance to him. Then it is all bosh, too, about the eagle disdaining to dine on anything he has not vanquished and killed himself. Everybody ought to know how he will rob the fish-hawk of its hard-earned prize, and I know that the bald eagle will settle down on and make a meal off of its victim as if it were a buzzard that ever scented a dead horse.

'Eagles grow big in Vermilion county. I killed one once that measured eleven feet from tip to tip of its wings. We don't bother to hunt eagles out there for the purpose of killing them, but, of course, if one comes in our way, we lay him out if we can. We depend on the jaybirds and the crows and on their own careless nest building to keep them down to a point beyond which they might be a destructive nuisance. I don't mean that the jaybird or the crow pitches in and destroys eagles by giving them battle, but they make a business of scrambling every eagle's egg they run across, and they are generally nosing around looking for eagles' eggs, too. The eagle builds its nest out of the reach of man on inaccessible rocky summits or in the top of some dry and isolated tree. Some people don't believe that eagles don't build their nests in old dead trees because the trees are old and dead, but when the nests were first built there the trees were alive and were killed by the eagles nesting on them. No one in Vermilion county believes that, because we know better. The eagle is a bird that wants to see what is going on around him all the time, and when a nest is built it is put in a bare tree because it offers better opportunity for observation. Eagles' nests are built of coarse sticks, carelessly thrown together. They do not furnish security to the eggs in case of storm, and the future of many eagle families is destroyed by the eggs being tumbled out of their nests and broken on the ground or rocks.

'No one ever sees two eagles together in flight, although close observation in Vermilion county has established the fact that every ten miles square of territory in that

country is occupied by a pair of eagles, assigned to their particular hunting grounds, undoubtedly, by the assembly of eagles that I mentioned. These two eagles come together at night at their roost or nest, but they never hunt in company. 'You may have heard of the terrible eye of the rattlesnake when the reptile is enraged. It is terrible then, for I have seen it. But I have seen the eye of the enraged bald eagle at close quarters as well. The awful eye of the rattlesnake cannot compare with the dazzling, magnificent fury of an angry eagle's eye.'

NANSEN'S RETURN.

A Man Who Was Anxious to See Nansen and How he Did it. The return of Nansen from his three years' explorations in the Arctic regions was the fitting close to the endurance and daring of the undertaking. He says himself of his reception that it was 'worthy of a prince.' Silently and unobserved the Windward glided into Vardo Haven.

I was soon on my way to the telegraph station; the only being that took any notice of the returned wanderer was an intelligent cow which stopped in the middle of the street to stare at us. That cow looked so delightfully sumery that I felt inclined to go up and pat her.

The telegraph operator took indifferently the bundle of telegrams, but as his eye fell upon the signature of the despatch that lay on the top, his face suddenly changed and became radiant. Then the instrument began to send through the country the news that two members of the Norwegian Polar Expedition had returned safe and sound, and that their ship was expected home in the autumn.

Meantime the whole town had heard of our arrival; the street was full of people, and from all the flagstaffs in town the Norwegian flag was flying.

Wherever we passed, the heart of the people went out to us. As we sailed up the sound, a fisherman tolled at the cars to keep up with us. He shouted to me: 'Can you tell me where Nansen is?'

'He's on board this ship,' I replied. 'Oh, I wonder if I couldn't get on board? I'm so desperately anxious to see him!'

'It can hardly be done, I'm afraid. They haven't time to stop now.'

He stared fixedly at me as I leaned on the rail, smiling. 'Since you're so anxious to see him now,' said I.

'Welcome home again!' he cried, and dropping his oars, stood up in the boat and took off his cap. So along the coast of Norway we passed from town to town and from fete to fete. Men-of-war saluted, steamers swarmed around, the whole sound was one multitudinous we come. Yet what was it, after all? We had only done our duty. We had simply accomplished the task we had undertaken.

NEURALGIA TORMENTS.

Thousands Could Tell the Same Story of Misery that William Davidson Tells—And Thousands Have Today the Same Reason for Rejoicing—Cured by South American No. 1. 'I suffered untold misery for over three months from neuralgia of the stomach. Physicians did their best to help me, but all attempts were baffled. I saw South American Nervine advertised and resolved to try it. The first bottle gave me great relief, and after I had used six bottles I was completely cured of this dreadful disease.'—William Davidson, Theford, Ont.

A Hopeless Case.

Husband—You don't try to make home attractive. Look at that table now; no luxuries to tempt the appetite. Wife—Why, you provoking thing! you told me only last night that you didn't have any appetite.

BORN.

- Halifax, April 30, to the wife of J. D. Mansel, a son.
Barrington, April 29, to the wife of Fred Christie, a son.
Bale Verte, May 1, to the wife of C. S. Sutherland, a son.
Yarmouth, April 28, to the wife of J. A. Davis, a daughter.
Barrington, May 2, to the wife of H. H. Banks, a daughter.
Hibernia, April 25, to the wife of John Sheridan, a daughter.
Halifax, May 9, to the wife of John Daubiedy, a daughter.
Truro, April 19, to the wife of J. T. Hallisey, a daughter.
Truro, April 18, to the wife of David Youid, a daughter.
Yarmouth, April 30, to the wife of R. Williams, a daughter.
Lower Granville, April 19, to the wife of Wm. A. Ellis, a son.
Chateau Mountain, April 2, to the wife of William Bruce, a son.
Aronville April 20, to the wife of Duncan L. Robertson, a son.
Bridgetown, April 26, to the wife of Archibald C. Hick, a son.
West New Glasgow, April 30, to the wife of Joseph Fraser, a son.
Hampton, May 4, to the wife of John B. Templeman, a daughter.
Upper Stewiacke, May 11, to the wife of C. E. Graham, a daughter.

MARRIED.

- New Glasgow, April 29, Isaac Fraser to Kate Henderson.
Liverpool, April 18, Hiram Outhouse to Ethelene Outhouse.
Boston, April 15, Thomas W. Sears to Mary McGilivray.
Truro, 28; by Rev. L. W. Parker, William Burrows to Laura Moore.
Truro, April 14, by Rev. J. W. Bolton, John Gillard to E. S. Small.

- Dartmouth, May 4, by R. V. S. B. Kimpson, Charles W. W. to Jessie Myers.
Bear River, April 27 by Rev. J. Craig, William Taylor to Jessie Miller.
Sackville May 5, by Rev. A. Witman Henry Kaiser to Stella Blazney.
Westville, April 28, by Rev. T. D. Stewart, James Wadden to Martha Brown.
Halifax, April 25, by Rev. G. E. Ross, E. Blanchard Benton to Miss P. Fleming.
New Glasgow, Apr. 29, by Rev. A. Bowman Alexander Small to Janet Fraser.
South Boston, April 29, George Gerson of Dartmouth N. S., to Clara Fisher.
Liverpool, April 29, by Rev. R. Smith, William Brough to Frances H. Mullins.
Truro, April 30, by Rev. T. B. Layton, Samuel J. Hamilton to Alice M. Madill.
Fraserville N. S., April 21, by Rev. L. A. Cooney, Wm. Fraser to Nettie Knowlton.
Mill Village, April 22, by Rev. James Tamden, Albert Now to Emma McDonald.
New Glasgow, May 3, by Rev. A. Bowmas, William Johnstone to E. Isa Campbell.
Isaac Harbor, April 16, by Rev. A. J. Vincent, John J. Langley to Eva Luddington.
Great Village, May 6, by Rev. James McLean, A. Geddes to Miss M. Chisholm.
Pictou N. S., April 28, by Rev. A. Falconer, Alexander W. McDonald to Cordelia McKee.
Sydney N. S., April 28, by Rev. G. L. Gordon, Alexander McDonald to Elizabeth McLeod.
Waterloo N. S., April 28, by Rev. E. O. Read, Howard G. Christie to Minnie F. Charlton.
New Glasgow, April 6, by Rev. A. Bowman, Samuel J. Archibald to Elizabeth McLeod.
Westville, April 29, by Rev. T. D. Stewart, Edward W. Hennessey to Ina W. McDonald.
Brooklyn N. S., April 24, by Rev. R. B. Hull, William Henlow of N. S., to Hannah Elizabeth.
Everett Mass, April 27, by Rev. G. B. Titus, Wm. F. Barlow to Minnie J. Ross, all of Nova Scotia.
Cambridge Mass, April 22 by Rev. J. W. Brigham, M. S. Killett to Eva M. W. L., all of Nova Scotia.

DIED.

- St. John, May 9, Robert Barry 70.
Digby, May 3, Amiable Dionne, 63.
Antigonish, Apr. 11, John Smith, 51.
Mispec, May 9, William J. Cooper 23.
Pasphebe, April 26, James R. Curry 62.
Digby, May 4, Francis Hutchinson, 77.
Woolville, May 1, James Woodman, 75.
Halifax May 2, William Humphrey, 77.
Gays River, Apr. 23, William Cook, 81.
Truro, April 30, Charles L. Pearson, 75.
Aylesford, Apr. 3, David Anderson, 49.
Campbellton, April 30, Dorothea Ross 23.
Bear River, April 22 James A. Swift 32.
New Minas, Apr. 23, William Bishop, 85.
Halifax, May 8, James Godfrey Smith, 53.
Beaver River, May 2, Mrs. Charles Piper.
St. John, May 1, Capt. David Churchill 74.
Salmon River, April 25, Henry Boniface 88.
Halifax, May 3, Mary, widow of John Kite.
Sackville, April 23, Rufus Smith Culmer, 80.
Yarmouth, April 23, Mrs. Tupper Varco, 82.
Chester, N. S., April 22, Timothy Ridden, 38.
Canton N. S., April 21, William McIntosh 69.
Aylesford, Apr. 15, Alexander Anderson, 84.
Roxbury, Mass., May 6, Israel N. Molesey 55.
South River, N. S., Mrs. Margaret McGilivray.
West Pubnico, May 8, Stephen D'Entremont 91.
Upper N. Sydney, April 28, John B. Moore, 74.
West Paradise, N. S., May 4, Clayton Saunders.
South Brookfield, April 18, William Cameron, 77.
Halifax, May 1, Ed. M., child of William Flint, 11.
Nictaux, April 29, Lucy, wife of Burton Nelly, 55.
Denmark Queens Co., May 3, Caroline Connelly 74.
St. John, May 8, Clara wife of Walter Trearstin 85.
S. W. Mabou, May 4, Mary wife of Angus Beaton, 55.
West River, N. S. Apr. 14, John McLean of Ohio, 29.
Kingston, K. C. March 6, Mrs. Archibald Walker, 61.
Canso, April 9, Charlotte S., widow of Jacob Whitcomb, 79.
Woolville, May 6, Annie T., wife of John F. Godfrey, 40.
Canso, April 9, Bharlotte S., widow of Jacob Whitcomb, 79.
Halifax, May 5, Susana widow of John G. Laurillard, 92.
Hubbards Cove, May 3, Leah, wife of Caleb Johnson, 53.
Canso, May 4, Sarah, wife of George Thomas.
St. John, May 7, Anna E., wife of Lieut. Governor Boyd 67.
New York, Apr. 20, John A. McDonald of Antigonish.
Bristol N. S., April 18, Mary E., wife of Oliver Egan 65.
Clifton N. S., May 1, Lillie, widow of Capt. Israel Charles 89.
Hantsport, April 12, Eugenia, child of Mr. and Mrs. K. Baker 6.
Boston, May 1, Mrs. L. Nickerson of Yarmouth Co. N. S. 84.
Pictou, Antigonish Co., Apr. 31, William Chisholm, 84.
Acadia Mines, April 27, Christina, widow of Duncan McDonald.
Mt. Uelacke, Apr. 19, the infant child of Mr. and Mrs. H. Fraser.
St. John, May 9, Nellie, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. James Duff 63.
Moncton, May 4, Mrs. McConnell, widow of Barrington Head, May 1, Bertha daughter of Mrs. Johanna Watson 18.
North Head, Grand Menan, May 2, Alice M. daughter of George Griffin 14.
Mallard, April 19, Martha, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Samuel Hughes, 14.
Halifax, May 2, Charlotte, widow of James Rankine formerly of St. John, 81.
Parker's Cove, April 28, Rosella child of Mr. and Mrs. James Eaton 9 months.
Millon N. S., April 26, Katie, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Frank Martin, 16 months.
Port La Tour, April 23, Ivan Burnett child of Mr. and Mrs. G. H. Smith 6 weeks.
Upper Canada, April 4, Margaret H. daughter of Mr. and Mrs. James McKee, 5.
Pictou, N. S., Apr. 17, Maggie daughter of Mr. and Mrs. John Chisholm, 16.
Saultierville, N. S., May 8, Florence A. daughter of Mr. and Mrs. David Gleason 2.
Sherbrooke, N. S., April 23, Hattie, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. W. McDonald 5 1/2.
Cheverie N. S., May 1, Emma M., daughter of the late Fred Palmer of Carleton Co. N. B., 20.

BEST POLISH IN THE WORLD.

RISEING SUN STOVE POLISH. DO NOT BE DECEIVED. With Pastes, Enamels, and Paints which stain the hands, injure the iron, and burn the rod. The Rising Sun Stove Polish is Brilliant, Odorless, and Durable. Each package contains six ounces; when moistened will make several boxes of Paste Polish.

HAS AN ANNUAL SALE OF 3,000 TONS. DEARBORN & CO., WHOLESALE AGENTS. THE DUFFERIN. This popular Hotel is now open for the reception of guests. The situation of the house, facing as it does on the beautiful King Square, makes it a most desirable place for visitors and business men. It is within a short distance of all parts of the city. Has every accommodation. Electric cars, from all parts of the town, pass the house every three minutes.

BELMONT HOTEL. ST. JOHN, N. B. Directly opposite Union Depot. All modern improvements. Heated with hot water and lighted by electricity. Baggage to and from the station free of charge. Terms moderate. QUEEN HOTEL, FREDERICTON N. B. Fine sample room in connection. First class every Stable. Coaches to trains and boats.

SHERIFF'S SALE. There will be sold at Public Auction at Chubb's Corner (so called) in the City of St. John in the County of New Brunswick, on SATURDAY the fourteenth day of August next, at the hour of five minutes after twelve o'clock P. M. of the said day: All the right title and interest of Thomas Youngblood and to the leasehold premises described as: All the certain lot of land situate lying and being in the Dufferin Ward in the City of Saint John on the southwestern corner of Mill and Main Streets bounded and described as follows: Beginning at the southeast corner of Robert F. Hazen and Main Streets thence running westerly along the Southern line of Main Street forty two feet nine inches, thence southerly parallel to Mill Street twenty six feet, thence at right angles Easterly sixty feet to the Western line of Mill Street, thence along the said Western line of Mill Street thirty four feet nine feet more or less to the place of beginning being the northern portion of lot number two as shown on plan of Robert F. Hazen. Together with the buildings and erections thereon standing and being.

Staterooms can be obtained on application to City Agent. Close connections with trains at Digby. Tickets on sale at City Office, 114 Prince William Street, and from the Purser on steamer, from whom time-tables and all information can be obtained. W. R. CAMPBELL, Gen. Man'gr. K. SUTHERLAND, Superintendent.

INTERNATIONAL S. S. CO. COMMENCING March 16, the Steamers of this Company will leave St. John for Eastport, Lunenburg, Portland and Boston every Tuesday and Thursday Mornings at 8 o'clock standard. Returning, leave Boston every Monday and Thursday Mornings at 8 o'clock, and Portland at 8 p. m. Connections made at Eastport with steamer for St. Andrews, Calais and St. Stephen. Freight received daily up to 8 o'clock. C. E. LAEGELER, Agent.

STAR LINE STEAMERS. FREDERICTON and WOODSTOCK (Eastern Standard Time.) Mail steamers David Weston and Olivette leave St. John every day (except Sunday) at 8 a. m. for Fredericton and all intermediate landings, and will leave Fredericton every day (except Sunday) at 7.30 a. m. for St. John. Steamer Aberdeen, leaves Fredericton every TUESDAY, THURSDAY and SATURDAY at 5.50 a. m. for Woodstock, and will leave Woodstock, on alternate days at 7.30 a. m. while navigation permits. GEO. F. BAIRD, Manager.

On and after Saturday, April 24. The Steamer Clifton will leave her wharf, Hampton, every MONDAY, WEDNESDAY and SATURDAY at 8.30 a. m., for Indiantown and intermediate points. Returning, will leave Indiantown on same days at 4 p. m. CAPT. E. G. WABLE, Manager.

CANADIAN EXPRESS CO. General Express Forwarders, Shipping Agents and Custom House Brokers. Forward Merchandise, Money and Packages of every description; collect Notes, Drafts, Accounts and Bills, with goods (C. O. D.) throughout the Dominion of Canada, the United States and Europe. Special Messengers daily, Sunday excepted, over the Grand Trunk, Quebec and Lake St. John, Quebec Central, Canada Atlantic, Montreal and Sorel, and the Consolidated Midland Railways, Intercolonial Railway, Northern and Western Railway, Cumberland Railway, Chatham Branch Railway, Seaboard Railway, Digby and Annapolis and Charlottetown and Summerside, P. E. I., with nearly 600 agencies. Connections made with responsible Express Companies covering the Eastern, Middle, Southern and Western States, Manitoba, the Northwest Territories and British Columbia. Express weekly to and from Europe via Canadian Lines of Mail Steamers. Agency in Liverpool in connection with the forwarding system of Great Britain and the continent. Shipping Agents in Liverpool, Montreal, Quebec and Portland, Maine. Goods in bond promptly attended to and forwarded with despatch. Invoices required for goods from Canada, United States and vice versa. J. E. STONE, C. CREIGHTON, Asst. Supt.

RAILROADS.

Intercolonial Railway. On and after MONDAY the 7th September 1896, the trains of this Railway will run daily, Sunday excepted, as follows:

Table with 2 columns: Train Name and Time/Rate. Includes 'TRAINS WILL LEAVE ST. JOHN' and 'TRAINS WILL ARRIVE AT ST. JOHN'.

TAKE THE CANADIAN PACIFIC RY. Kootenay GOLD FIELDS. CANADIAN PACIFIC TRAIN from Maritime Provinces WEDNESDAYS, FRIDAYS and SATURDAYS connects at Revestoke, B. C., following Mondays, Wednesdays and Saturdays, for all points in the Kootenay County. Wedne day's train connects at Montreal, Thursday morning, with Weekly Tourist Sleeping Car for B. C. points.

Dominion Atlantic Ry. On and after 1st March, 1897, the Steamship and Train service of this Railway will be as follows: Royal Mail S.S. Prince Rupert, MONDAY, WEDNESDAY, FRIDAY AND SATURDAY. Lve. St. J. at 8.00 a. m., ar. Digby 11.00 a. m. Lve. Digby at 1.00 p. m., ar. St. John, 4.00 p. m.

EXPRESS TRAINS Daily (Sunday excepted). Lve. Halifax 6.30 a. m., ar. in Digby 12.45 p. m. Lve. Digby 1.08 p. m., ar. Yarmouth 5.55 p. m. Lve. Yarmouth 8.00 a. m., ar. Digby 10.41 a. m. Lve. Digby 11.00 a. m., ar. Halifax 5.47 p. m. Lve. Annapolis 7.00 a. m., ar. Digby 8.30 a. m. Lve. Digby 8.30 p. m., ar. Annapolis 4.40 p. m. *Monday, Wednesday, Friday and Saturday.

Staterooms can be obtained on application to City Agent. Close connections with trains at Digby. Tickets on sale at City Office, 114 Prince William Street, and from the Purser on steamer, from whom time-tables and all information can be obtained. W. R. CAMPBELL, Gen. Man'gr. K. SUTHERLAND, Superintendent.

INTERNATIONAL S. S. CO. COMMENCING March 16, the Steamers of this Company will leave St. John for Eastport, Lunenburg, Portland and Boston every Tuesday and Thursday Mornings at 8 o'clock standard. Returning, leave Boston every Monday and Thursday Mornings at 8 o'clock, and Portland at 8 p. m. Connections made at Eastport with steamer for St. Andrews, Calais and St. Stephen. Freight received daily up to 8 o'clock. C. E. LAEGELER, Agent.

STAR LINE STEAMERS. FREDERICTON and WOODSTOCK (Eastern Standard Time.) Mail steamers David Weston and Olivette leave St. John every day (except Sunday) at 8 a. m. for Fredericton and all intermediate landings, and will leave Fredericton every day (except Sunday) at 7.30 a. m. for St. John. Steamer Aberdeen, leaves Fredericton every TUESDAY, THURSDAY and SATURDAY at 5.50 a. m. for Woodstock, and will leave Woodstock, on alternate days at 7.30 a. m. while navigation permits. GEO. F. BAIRD, Manager.

On and after Saturday, April 24. The Steamer Clifton will leave her wharf, Hampton, every MONDAY, WEDNESDAY and SATURDAY at 8.30 a. m., for Indiantown and intermediate points. Returning, will leave Indiantown on same days at 4 p. m. CAPT. E. G. WABLE, Manager.

CANADIAN EXPRESS CO. General Express Forwarders, Shipping Agents and Custom House Brokers. Forward Merchandise, Money and Packages of every description; collect Notes, Drafts, Accounts and Bills, with goods (C. O. D.) throughout the Dominion of Canada, the United States and Europe. Special Messengers daily, Sunday excepted, over the Grand Trunk, Quebec and Lake St. John, Quebec Central, Canada Atlantic, Montreal and Sorel, and the Consolidated Midland Railways, Intercolonial Railway, Northern and Western Railway, Cumberland Railway, Chatham Branch Railway, Seaboard Railway, Digby and Annapolis and Charlottetown and Summerside, P. E. I., with nearly 600 agencies. Connections made with responsible Express Companies covering the Eastern, Middle, Southern and Western States, Manitoba, the Northwest Territories and British Columbia. Express weekly to and from Europe via Canadian Lines of Mail Steamers. Agency in Liverpool in connection with the forwarding system of Great Britain and the continent. Shipping Agents in Liverpool, Montreal, Quebec and Portland, Maine. Goods in bond promptly attended to and forwarded with despatch. Invoices required for goods from Canada, United States and vice versa. J. E. STONE, C. CREIGHTON, Asst. Supt.