

# PROGRESS.

Board of Works 8m498

VOL. XI., NO. 526.

ST. JOHN, N. B., SATURDAY, JUNE 11, 1898.

PRICE FIVE CENTS

## ALDERMEN ON THE MOVE

THEY HAVE THREE COUNCIL MEETINGS IN A WEEK.

Some Comment on What was Done—The Old Police Question Still Before a Committee—The Reports of Alderman Hamm and His Proposal.

That old saying "a policeman's lot is not a happy one" might well be applied to the aldermen this week. They have had meetings in the morning, meetings in the afternoon and while none have been held in the evening still the last council meeting on Thursday did not adjourn until between six and seven—late enough for even an alderman to be hungry. And yet the business was not completed and the representatives of the city concluded to meet on Monday and finish their monthly work.

The duties of an alderman are becoming so onerous that some of those who chose to be elected again are complaining of the burden imposed upon them. They find that two or three afternoons and sometimes more are taken out of the week to sit for hours at the business of the council. It is quite true that some of them do not worry their heads about the council meetings but of the great majority it may be said that they are regular in their attendance and attentive to the duties of their position. Still it was a strain upon the nerves even of an obliging and dutiful alderman to have three council meetings in one week besides all that pertained to the gatherings of the three boards and the appeals and bills and bye law committees.

Consequently if it was ten minutes after three when the council was ready to open, his worship was quite ready to forgive the offence of unpunctuality that he had reminded the aldermen of on a previous occasion.

There was a good deal of business transacted without much fuss, and the discussion was not up to that standard of excitement that the council has manifested in the past. The reports of the several boards and committees gave the aldermen a chance to indulge in a little recreation and think of what was to come before them.

Really the council proceeding are largely a rebash of what goes on at the meetings of the boards and committees. A member has another chance at the council to protest against anything that he is opposed to and it may be that if he has got any new information that will impress his brother alderman that he will succeed in effecting his purpose. But that is rare.

Yet there was one matter that did not come before the full council this week because it was "referred back." That everlasting "referring back" is one of the great draw backs to the business of the city. Alderman Hamm, as chairman of that special committee, appointed to inquire into police matters, brought in an elaborate report in one or two respects. There was a complete list of all the men on the force, the year they were appointed and their age at that period. It was an easy matter to discover their present age and the number of years they had served on the force. That revealed the fact that while there were many young men on the force there were some whose ages went beyond the three score and ten. Policeman Watson appears to be the oldest man on the force. He has served the city for 44 years and is still watching the street between the station and Prince William street. He is a sergeant and has been one for many years. He owns up to seventy two years of life.

Next to him comes Sergeant Hipwell who is just seventy and yet has been in the service of the city since he was 23 years of age. That means that he has been a policeman for just three years less than half a century. That is a long time for a policeman to be in harness and some of the aldermen must have thought so as they looked over the report. Still no one got up to move that these old servants of the people should have a long summer's vacation or be retired on half pay. Sergeant John Owens has not reached the age of seventy yet. He lacks two years of it, and he is eleven years less in harness than his sturdy companion Sergeant Hipwell, yet if anything helps the feeble one of the trio. He has a chair in the police office where he does such easy work as may be necessary about a court room. The chief, therefore, has three old men upon the force, too old to be active and yet good officers in all respects but that.

Chairman Hamm had other interesting

statistics, such as the cost of the service, the number of men, regulars and specials and the number of sergeants. That, of course, has been told the alderman again and again but to see it in plain black and white is another thing and the report was studied again and again as it passed about the safety board. There were no recommendations and then the board began to discuss the report. What they were trying to effect was not very clear. Whether they thought there were too many men on the force or too few, or whether they wished to cut the head off of some sergeant but at any rate the whole subject was talked over as usual but nothing was done; the sub committee was discharged and the police matters generally referred to the safety board which is the proper place for them.

Still in the discussion there were some funny suggestions and some that had good common sense in them. Alderman Hamm had an idea that he was expected to propose something and so he did. His proposition was somewhat startling since it suggested the removal of Janitor McDonald from his place of long suffering in the police office, where he makes out city court summonses and shovels coal into the furnaces, to that much discussed chair in the mayor's office. But he was only to get a dollar a day in his new place, according to Alderman Hamm. There was a quiet laugh at this idea and the chairman, Alderman McGoldrick, had a fine chance to get a word in sideways about the alderman's craze for economy manifested a short time ago when the police magistrate appointed Sergeant Caples to the same job. That did not seem to disturb Alderman Hamm much. In fact nothing does. He speaks on impulse and forgets the past and present while the words roll from him.

The one apparent fact in the report was the great disproportion of officers to men. When eight sergeants, two captains, a detective and a chief are taken out of the small force of police allotted to St. John there is not an effective force remaining. This too was dwelt upon briefly and there was not any answer to make to it. The fact was pointed out however that the chief was sending the sergeants on their holidays and at the present time nothing had better be done. Sergeant Campbell hadn't his letter before the safety board on that day but it was read before the council and will come before the board at its next meeting. Then the chief wants to be heard as well. Campbell contends that as long as he was appointed sergeant while there was a vacancy that he should get a sergeant's pay. Many people will take this view of it. The council has no right to try and reduce the pay of a man because his promotion, was, as it were, accidental. Campbell did no wrong. He was promoted because his chief thought he was a good officer and it hardly seems fair now to "refer" him back to the position of a patrolman on account of the mistake of another.

There was a much sharper discussion over the duties of Detective Ring and the fact that he was a provincial constable was also before the board in an unofficial way. Some of the aldermen expressed themselves strongly on this point. Why the government had any right to call one of their men from his work to do something for them was beyond their ken, and they grew quite indignant as they thought over the matter. "What you want to do to remedy this state of affairs," said Chairman McGoldrick "is to petition the government to permit you to appoint your own chief of police and then you can regulate all these matters." He did not appear to be sarcastic but there was a twinkle about his eye as he made the proposition that seemed to argue that way. That of course, is what every alderman dreams of that some day they may be able to appoint recorder, chief of police and police magistrate, but 'tis only a dream. The explanation was made however that whenever Detective Ring was absent from his duty in the interest of the government he was not paid by the city. Yet on the principle that no man can serve two masters, the aldermen discussed the question of his departure from his duties at any time quite seriously.

Nothing was done however and the whole police business is in just about the same state as it was when Alderman Millidge undertook to silt the matter about a year ago. The direct outcome of that at the time was the proposal to install the police telegraph system. Alderman Warren was the father of that idea but he saw

it die almost as soon as it was born. And yet his arguments at the time were good and people listened to them with much attention. He was glad of the chance to say a word about this pet scheme when the committee failed to make any recommendation and he said it was the solution of the whole business. The mayor was sitting alongside of him but he did not say anything. He had pronounced against the new system in his inaugural and he thought that quite enough. But Alderman McMullin did not keep quiet and he raised his voice in protest against the idea.

When all this useless discussion was done the chief of the fire department had a chance and there was some brief comment upon the "referring back" of the recommendations of the board to appoint George Scott to the vacancy in No 5. It appears that the friends of Mr. Rubins had gathered in force and wanted him appointed. The chief was in a pleasant mood and he had nothing but praise for the two firemen. But Scott's longer service gained him the preference but it was stated that Rubins stood next in line for promotion. An interesting feature of the discussion were the records produced by the chief who stated the number of times each man had been absent from fires. If all the firemen have as good records as these two men the city has a very vigilant department.

There were more important matters before the board of works all the week. The chairman, Dr. Christie, was ill—too ill to be around and yet the work went on, though his experience and industry are valuable at all times. A lot of work came within their province which did not appear when the council met. That recent vexatious question of Protection street and elevator is not settled yet though the railway people are going along with their building preparations. The suits for damages will come later and then the fun will begin. The people now enjoy a wide street—90 feet in fact—and they object to its being narrowed down to the width of Princess which is only 50 feet wide. Then they claim that their chimneys would draw well with a high building so near them and on this account and on general principles they want damages. The plea about the high building is enough to make one smile. It is the right of any one to erect a building as high as the law will allow without danger of damages but perhaps it is no harm to make the claim. A more serious question is the blocking up of the right of way and that is what the city is puzzling over. According to the plan of the C. P. R. their new power house will be over a hundred feet away from the elevator. Where the steam conduits will be was not quite clear to the mayor and city engineer but great deal depended upon that fact. The right of way is a most important thing especially when it is proposed to block it as in this instance.

That dredging business was to the front again and brought out some sharp discussion. The fact the city had some \$14,000 of west side improvement money on hand did not warrant the dredging committee, Ald. Macrae thought, in going ahead and spending it. That is a new name for that select body known in past days as the "advisory board." To be termed a dredging committee now is surely a come down. And yet Mayor Sears as chairman did not relish the proposal to take the dredging business from them and transfer it to the board of works. That was a sort of a want of confidence motion and yet Alderman Robinson did not intend it that way. So the motion was amended to refer to the general committee.

By the time that the council got through with the communications and other matters it was between six and seven o'clock so an adjournment was made until Monday. It was worthy of note that the office of caretaker of the council chamber was awarded to Thomas McPherson who stood a chance of losing his job as constable because he ventured to run as alderman at large. He did not run and now he is in a position where he can see and hear all that goes on within the sacred walls of the council chamber.

The Designer of the Yacht Thetis  
Yacht racing has received quite an impetus this year. There are many new members and two new yachts at least, Thetis and Canada. Both are swift. The owner of the former, H. R. McLellan thinks she can beat the Canada but the owners of the latter do not agree with him. The Thetis was designed and built by Joseph Carle who met a sad death by drowning before he saw the success of his creation and handwork.

## HOW CHILDREN GET LOST

VARIOUS WAYS IN WHICH LITTLE ONES LOSE THEMSELVES.

The Case of the Little Welsh Boy, and His Coolness When Found—Bessie Myers and His Trip to New York Comes to a Sudden End—Other Incidents.

When a child strays away from its home there is usually four or five times as much excitement as when a grown up person gets lost or strayed. The little Welsh boy of three years who this week wandered away from his mother during a visit to the park was the object of more tender solicitude and enquiries on the part of all classes and grades of citizens than would have been the case with half a dozen men women or even half grown children, and heartfelt expressions of gladness were heard on every hand when at last the little wanderer turned up twenty seven hours after he was missed, not much the worse for his night's camping out in the woods. When found the little chap was lying on a bed of ferns, and was greatly delighted when a lad by the name of Martin one of a party of Grammar school boys who were out on a search for him invaded his sylvan retreat.

When Martin came upon the baby, he was lying with his eyes closed, and the former fearing he might be dead, called loudly to his companions; the child turned wondering eyes upon him and young Martin was so rejoiced to find his fears ungrounded that he sprang eagerly towards the little one saying "Don't you want to go to mamma?" "Oh, yes," was the cool response "but wait till I get my hat." The hat was found a few feet away and when it was placed on its head the little chap seemed perfectly happy. Martin took him to a house near by, and it was there that Detective Ring and the other searchers found him and carried him home in triumph.

Another little fellow, Bessie Myers the four-year-old son of Mr. B. Myers of Main street, conceived the idea of going to New York this week and with that city as an objective point and one cent as capital with which to begin life, he boarded a car at the Union depot on Tuesday afternoon. When the conductor questioned the tiny traveller he was greatly amused to learn of his intentions and the state of his finances. He told the little fellow he was taking a rather round about way to reach the great American metropolis, and so he made arrangements to have him sent back from Rothesay. Greatly to the joy of his parents he arrived in the city about eight o'clock in the evening in charge of Mr. John Lawlor. The would-be American citizen was highly delighted with his ride to Rothesay but deeply grieved over the loss of the cent he had when he started.

These incidents recall a very funny little event which happened in a provincial town not very long ago. Two prominent young people had embarked on the sea of matrimony and their native place on the day of the wedding was agog with excitement. Friends flocked to the depot, and before the train started the local band of which the groom was a member, serenaded the happy couple.

The little three old boy of a local physician was playing around his father's residence all the morning, and though he began the day spick and span he had promptly endeavored to remove all trace of cleanliness by a course of mud pies and other pastimes in which all properly regulated youngsters indulge. His mother busy with her household duties, forgot the child for a few moments and when she began a search for him he was nowhere to be seen. It was thought that attracted by the music of the band he might have strayed to the depot a mile away but as no one had seen the boy there that hope was abandoned and a systematic search organized. His parents were grief stricken, and as the child was a great favorite there was much sorrow over his disappearance. Late in the evening came a telegram to the town asking if a child had been missed, and stating that one was on the train which had left at noon for which no owners could be found and was in the care of the train officials. A satisfactory reply was sent back, and the happy father of the truant boarded an early morning train for a town about 120 miles distant. In describing the affair afterwards he said, "When I arrived the young scamp was in charge of the station master and was having a high old time; he had followed the bridal party on board the train, but as

they were in the pullman they knew nothing of his escapade. What a sight he was; the dirtiest child I think I ever saw; his hair which was long and curly, was all matted up with candy and all sorts of stuff. He wouldn't let any one change his pinafore, wash his face, or in fact touch him while he was awake, and they didn't like to disturb him when he fell asleep. His enquiry the moment he saw me was whether I had found two nails he had left lying on the back door step. I had made up my mind to punish him for disobedience in leaving the yard, when I got hold of him, but in the face of that artless query, what could a man do. I decided to leave that part of the programme to his mother, but I don't think that particular number was ever carried out."

## WHERE HE FOUND THE FIVE.

A Countryman who Sold His old Vest Feels It Again.

The finding of a bank note in an unlooked for place the other day and the relation of the fact drew forth a story from a gentleman in the junk business who knew something of politics in the days gone by. An election was being held in a neighboring county and one of the voters was an fellow who had a local reputation of being particularly close and, though honest, was not above being paid for the trouble it gave him to leave his farm, lose his day and drive to the poll.

It was a Dominion election and votes were worth, as the saying is, from \$5 upwards. Of course the old man did not get the money before he voted but he got the promise of it and that part of the bargain was faithfully carried out. He was handed a five dollar bill and the agent remembered how carefully he folded and tucked it away into a small pocket in an old vest he had on. Time passed on and one day months afterward the "agent" was in his office in this city when he was surprised by a call from the old gentleman of the rural district where he had stood upon election day. He wasn't long stating his business. He wanted that promise of the \$5 bill carried out. "But I gave you the \$5, said the agent and you put it in a side pocket of your vest.

The old man thought a minute then scratching his head, he said "I sold that old vest to a feller working for a junk store somewhere about here."

Partly out of curiosity the agent accompanied his country caller to the junk store and permission was obtained for him to rummage among the heap of rags. Sure enough the vest was there and the \$5 bill was in the vest pocket. Then as the old man tucked it away in a healthy wallet he slowly remarked "Sure enough, you did keep your promise."

## IN DEFENCE OF THE IRISH

A Citizen Takes up the Cudgels and Resents an Offensive Remark.

The report book in the police station had an unexpected report upon it this week. Nothing else than the police being called in to the Royal hotel on account of a disturbance. There is where the surprise came in because the Royal has the just reputation of being a quiet, well conducted house.

It appears that a commercial man of large proportions and a friend of his, who claims to be a slinger, were in the Royal bar between 8 and 9 o'clock in the evening and at the time two St. John men, who are good peaceable citizens, were enjoying what was probably a "night cap." The discussion that ensued was doubtless about the war and such innocent topics. From the war the conversation would naturally drift to nationalities and here was the huge gentleman of 300 or more got into trouble. The quietest appearing Irishman is sometimes the quickest to resent any reflection on his land or its people. Therefore when the stranger made some uncomplimentary remark about the Irish he was no doubt surprised to receive a straight left hander from the medium sized citizen. The witness did not tell Progress the number of rounds or the blows but there must have been some propelling force behind them for the stranger began shouting lustily for "Chief Marshall." He wanted the police, and he got them, for in a short time Officer Earle walked in followed soon after by Capt. Jenkins. Before their arrival however the pugilistic friend of the big stranger wanted to interfere but the other citizen who had been quiet up to this time took the part of his friend and threatened to hit the slinger on the nose. This was prevented however by friends and when the police did come there was no person to arrest and all was quiet.

## THE NEGROES OF AFRICA.

BISHOP TURNER'S REVISED VIEWS ON THE EXODUS.

The Negroes' Position and Opportunities in South Africa Not Altogether What We Had Pictured Them Before Our Recent Trip—New Openings for the Negroes.

Bishop Henry McNeil Turner of Georgia is the missionary Bishop of Africa of the African Methodist Episcopal Church, one of the strongest branches of the Methodist denomination in the United States. He is a self-educated man, who has done a vast deal of reading and thinking. He was chaplain of a regiment in the civil war, and a very active politician in Georgia in the reconstruction era. Like a good many educated men of his race, Bishop Turner chafes under the restrictions imposed upon Afro-Americans in the United States and has grown rashly impatient of them.

Bishop Turner left New York for South Africa in February last, and he has just returned to Atlanta. Before he left Atlanta where he makes his home, he submitted to a long interview by the Atlanta Evening Journal, in the course of which he said:

'The South African territories, being already under white government, are not as desirable for a home for the American negro as Liberia, where he has a government of his own, makes his own laws, and runs things after his own notions, but in any of the South African colonies the condition of the colored man is a thousand fold better than in America.

'Africa is not only the most desirable country to which the negro can emigrate, but it is the only spot on God's earth where the black man can hope to establish a nation and government of his own. It is his only chance, and you may report me as saying that any negro who thinks otherwise is nothing more or less than a fool.'

The good Bishop had only made several hasty trips to West Africa when he delivered himself in this fashion. He had been to Liberia, which has a territory of only 14,600 square miles, and with the 195,000 square miles of Abyssinia is about the only territory in Africa, which comprises a total of 11,874,600 square miles that remain outside of European occupation or influence.

When Bishop Turner went to South Africa he came into close touch with the dominating and exclusive and prejudiced rule of the Europeans, and was thus in a better position to judge whether in the South African colonies the condition of the colored people is a thousand fold better than in America, and whether those 'who think otherwise are nothing more nor less than fools,' or whether they are wise in their day and generation. He has sent a number of letters to this country from Pretoria, in which he appears to have forgotten entirely the statements of fact and opinion made by him in the Evening Journal interview. On March 31 he wrote from Pretoria:

'I am puzzled about what to do here, after all. I believe in twenty-five or thirty years we shall have a million of members in South Africa, but their own leaders will have to come from themselves. Their language is different from ours. On the Conference floor members sometimes debate and discuss questions, and laugh, while the Bishop knows no more what they are saying than a horse. An every time the Bishop opens his mouth some English-speaking minister would jump up and translate or interpret, one in this language and one in that language.'

Evidently an ignorant Afro-American finding himself in South Africa, outside of Liberia and the English colonies, would be in a vastly worse predicament in making himself understood than Bishop Turner and would stand a splendid chance of starving to death for lack of companionship if not for lack of bread, and a great many have done so and are doing so, at least on the west coast, and are cursing Bishop Turner for advising them to go there, according to the oft-quoted testimony of Missionary Trice. Bishop Turner thinks that Afro-American Collegians, male and female would have a splendid opportunity in South Africa, as the whites refuse to teach the natives anything but reading, writing, arithmetic, and grammar and "they are crazy for Greek, Latin, and higher mathematics."

"Our ministers are begging us for a college until I feel sorry for them, says the good Bishop. "They say that if we will give them a college or seminary we need do nothing else." It is very pathetic what they really need it agricultural, mechanical, and scientific education, and plenty of it, in order to lay a material foundation on which to build the higher intellectual structure. We began at the top twenty-five years ago in the education of the Afro-American, and we are just beginning to realize what a great big mistake we made.

In his letter, dated at Pretoria, April 5, Bishop Turner shows conclusively that the Afro-American who goes to South Africa to better his condition is "nothing more nor less than a fool." He says:

'Foreigners and the colored people are disfranchised. White foreigners from England, Europe and the United States can

get a vote after remaining here and paying taxes for twenty-five years, yet the foreign whites outnumber the Boers five to one. Nobody, white or black, can have a gun or pistol, except the Boers or Dutch, without Government permission.

'The native Africans are not allowed on the sidewalks when travelling the streets. The better class of whites, who are disgusted with the treatment of the native African, have begged us to get 1,000 well educated colored men and women from the United States to come here and scatter through the country as teachers, and thus raise the status of the native African. The Boers are afraid of the educated colored man at least so say some of the whites, but the Boers do not appear to fear educated white men very much.

'The Boers do not allow the natives to ride in a first or second car unless they are preachers or teachers.'

'It the African natives derive any advantage whatever from European contact, except the right to pay taxes on everything they eat and wear and the miserable huts in which they live—the tax on huts in the British colony of Sierra Leone recently provoked an uprising in which four African missionaries lost their lives—I have failed to discover it in a close reading of African newspapers edited by educated natives. It certainly is not made to appear anywhere in the symposium on white man's Africa, covering forty-one broad columns, in the New York Independent of May 5, in which the most eminent authorities on the subject in Europe and America, with Henry M. Stanley in the lead, are included.

'Africa is no longer a dark continent, nor a continent dominated by black men; its map is as well defined and accurate as that of South America, and it is owned and ruled by white men as absolutely as Europe.

'We need all the citizens we have in this country, and when the Spanish war is over we shall need them more than ever. When Cuba is free and Porto Rico and Hawaii and the Philippine and Caroline Islands are safely under the Stars and Stripes, we shall all have plenty of room to turn around in, the ignorant and the educated, the black and the white, the red and the yellow. There will be an immense demand for American capital, enterprise, and labor in those possessions, and any Afro-American who dislikes the conditions in one State can easily better them by going to another, without losing his citizenship, without changing his flag.

Even before the Spanish war began there was some talk of supplanting the coolie labor on the sugar plantations of the Sandwich Islands with Afro-American labor, and when those islands are annexed the matter will most probably take tangible shape. And in all the other islands whose possession will be affected by the war there will be a like demand for raw Afro-American labor in field, factory, and construction work of one sort and another, directed by American brains and capital, because the superiority of this class of labor in warm climates has been demonstrated. If intelligent Afro-Americans do not embrace the opportunity of bettering their condition by going into these new possessions of the United States, they will have nobody to blame but themselves. But the chances are that they will do so, judging from the general discussion of the subject in Afro-American newspapers, and paradoxical as it may seem, the more of them who do so, the better will it be for those who shall remain in the United States proper. There is an imperative need of scattering the dense black population of the Southern States so that it may cease to excite antagonism because of its numerical strength and distinct racial idiosyncrasies, for it is noticeable that Afro-Americans thrive best and enjoy most immunity from race or color prejudice where they are found in small numbers.

### BUILDER AND STRENGTHENER.

That is the Term an Ottawa Lady Applies to Dr. Williams' Pink Pills.

Among many in Ottawa and the vicinity who have been benefited one way or another by the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People, the Journal has learned of the case of Mrs. Gilchrist, wife of Mr. T. V. Gilchrist, of Hintonburgh. Mr. Gilchrist keeps a grocery at the corner of Fourth Ave., and Cedar street, and is well known to a great many people in Ottawa as well as to the villagers of this suburb of the Capital. Mrs. Gilchrist states that while in a "run down" condition during the spring of 1897, she was greatly strengthened and built up by the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. Speaking of the matter to a Journal reporter, she stated that while able to go about at the time she was far from well; her blood was poor, she was subject to headaches, and felt tired after the slightest exertion. She had read at different times of cures effected by the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, and decided to try them. She was benefited by the first box and continued their use until she had taken five boxes, when she considered herself quite recovered. Mrs. Gilchrist says that she always strongly recommends Dr. Williams' Pink Pills as a builder and strengthener, when any of her friends are weak or ailing.

### A Successful Preacher.

An English bishop, as he was going about his diocese, asked the porter of a lunatic asylum how a chaplain whom he, the bishop, had lately appointed, was getting on:

'Oh my lord,' said the man, 'his preaching is most successful. The idiots henjoys it particularly.'

Modern needles are said to have come into use in 1545.

### SEED OF THE HORSE.

It is claimed that he can outrun the deer at any time.

A man on a horse is twice a man. He feels more secure, is braver, is in every way more formidable. European officers know this. In clearing the streets of Paris only cavalry are used. We call out the infantry or the militia and have to shoot people. In Europe they use the flat of a sword held by a mounted man. No unarmed body of humanity will stand the impact of horses. They melt before the charge like snow. It is the uncontrollable instinct to get out of the way, and to do it as soon as possible. Some day we will grow wiser on this side of the Atlantic. Just now we have fifty infantry companies of militia to one of cavalry. Many of our militiamen are unable to pay for the keep of a horse, which is expensive even if a man does the currying and bedding with his own hands. Many others of them would not know what to do with a horse if they had one. This is bad, but with the trolley and the bicycle crowding the steed of our fathers closer and closer to the wall there is not much chance that it will be bettered. Five hundred years from now, unless all signs fail, gray-headed college professors, with piano-leg calves and eighteen inch chests, will be lecturing upon an extinct animal and reconstructing him for the benefit of students from a piece of stiffs and a front tooth.

I believe that the horse is the swiftest animal in the world. One hears strange tales of the speed of the antelope, the white-tailed lawn, the springbox, the elephant, the jack-rabbit and the wolf. The fastest of these is the American antelope, and I have never seen one that a good pony could not beat. As for the rabbit or any kind of deer, the horse will simply run over him. Taking into consideration the fact that the horse generally carries more than 150 pounds of rider, saddle and gun, one gets an idea of how much superior he is. A speedy pony will outrun a greyhound. I have seen this tried. It is customary among men who use them to give the dogs all the law possible in order to avoid riding over them. In hunting with a brace of very good coursing hounds five years ago it was found that there were five ponies in the party which would outfoot the dogs, and one of them, a gray of undoubted Mustang ancestry, it given the bit, would do his best to run over them and killed them. He did not like them. They belonged to his owner and he was jealous.—Chicago Times-Herald.

### You Will Never Have Cough.

If you use Foot Elm your feet will not burn or chafe. It gives instant relief to sweaty, tender feet, and prevents corns. There are imitations. Beware of them. Send 25 cents. We pay the postage. P. Stott & Jury, Bowmanville, Ont., or at druggists.

### Misinformation in Australia.

The following account of the proper way of reaching the Klondike is taken from an Australian newspaper: 'The real starting point for the Klondike is Spokane. There the traveler takes a canoe, by which he voyages to Vancouver, B. C. At the latter point he takes a sailing vessel direct to Dawson City.'

### CLAIMED MONEY.

We have the names of 800 persons who are advertised for to claim money—money left to each person mentioned, or it dead their heirs are wanted to make claim. Many of those persons came to Canada and now know nothing about it. There is no expense whatever in obtaining any of these legacies. Send stamp for new list.

McFARLANE & CO. Truro, N. S.

### CONDENSED ADVERTISEMENTS.

Announcements under this heading not exceeding five lines (about 35 words) cost 25 cents each insertion. Five cents extra for every additional line.

A GENUINE FOUNTAIN PEN FOR 35c. Imitation hard rubber barrel with gold-plated pen. Satisfaction guaranteed. Postpaid 35 cents. BRUNSWICK NOVELTY CO., Boston, Mass.

WANTED By an Old Established House—High standing, willing to learn our business then to act as Manager and State Correspondent here. Salary \$900. Enclose self-addressed stamped envelope to A. T. Elder, Manager, 278 Michigan Ave. Chicago, Ill.

STAMPS COLLECTIONS and old stamps bought for cash. State size of collection or send list. For particulars address Box 558 St. John, N. B.

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### No Summer

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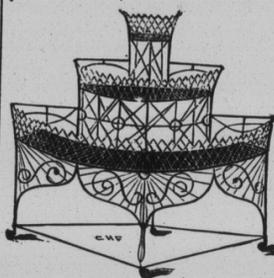
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**Music and  
The Drama**

IN MUSICAL OPERAS.

The great Maine Musical Festival in Bangor and Portland last October is well remembered. This probably was the most successful event of the kind ever held east of Boston, Nordica and Evan Williams being the leading attractions. The success of this affair was directly due to the energy and enterprise of the great New York conductor W. R. Chapman. This energetic gentleman, is now on a tour through Maine, embracing the principal towns; his artist for this occasion is it is claimed one of the most attractive in the country, and a perfect wonder in his particular sphere; the singer referred to is Gwylim Myles of New York, the great Welsh baritone, and cousin of Evan Williams; as a baritone it is claimed he is fully equal to his great kinsman's wonderful tenor. It is a matter of regret that this singer cannot be heard in St. John while so near as a perfect treasure is being created by Mr. Myles in Maine. St. John parties who have heard Mr. Myles in the American centres where he is so popular, say that should some enterprising parties, induce him to visit St. John, Evan Williams triumphs will be duplicated.

**Tones and Undertones.**

"The Poster," a comic opera, was produced for the first time on any stage at the Tivoli, Frisco, last week. John P. Wilson, L. G. Carpenter and Chester S. Packard are the authors, the latter having furnished the music. Most of the piece is supposed to be a dream, in which poster creations become animated, and the satirical idea of the piece is brought out, showing the false foundation on which the poster, as a work of art, is built. The third act portrays the "dissolution of the poster dream," "The Artist" returning to natural forms, as exemplified by true art. Edwin Stevens is in the cast.

Michael Efmowitz Medledeff, the greatest Russian singer, first tenor of the Imperial Opera, the Czar's own organization; intimate friend of Rubinstein, Tchaikowsky and other great Russian composers; a man who has won every distinction and received every decoration that his Government can give, and who was publicly presented with a medal by the Czar, is singing on the Bowery, New York.

In the new musical comedy, "The Runaway Girl," at the London Gaiety, Ellaine Teris figures as a young lady who runs away from a convent school in order to escape from a marriage, arranged by her guardians, with a young gentleman whom she had never seen. She falls in with a troupe of traveling minstrels, and becomes their chief singing maid. In this capacity she is beloved by a handsome young tourist, and returns his affection. He is, of course, the husband destined for her people. Mr. Edmund Payne enacts a jockey who is made a Cook's courier by accident—a most ludicrous courier.

Helen Bertram, who was prima donna of the Bostonians several years ago, will return from Europe next season and sing again with the company.

The Bostonians last week, at the close of the season, divided \$72,000 net profits for the year. It is unlikely that Nat Goodwin, Frank Daniels, Richard Mansfield, E. H. Sothorn and Sol Smith Russell have earned less than \$30,000 each on the season. Mrs. Minnie Maddern Fiske, May Irwin and Julia Marlowe, among female stars, have been very prosperous.

"The Chorus Girl" is dead. John Philip Sousa, the bandmaster, will take the first holiday he has had for sixteen years, and will spend this summer on a Vermont farm.

"The Bride-Elect" closed its season last evening at the Knickerbocker Theatre. Hilda Clark, the prima donna, will go abroad.

Blind Tom, the pianist, resides at Navesink, N. J.

**TALK OF THE THEATRE.**

The opera house has been occupied this week by the Thomas E. Shea company which aggregation opened on Monday evening with "The Man-of-War's Man" to a large—and very noisy audience. A criticism of Mr. Shea's work in the role of Captain Jack Conway, U. S. N. appeared in this column last year, so that further comment is unnecessary. There was something distinctly disappointing about Monday night's performance for while very great attention is paid to the scenic effects, which are really excellent, the fact that good support is quite as necessary seems to have been entirely overlooked. That given the star is inferior

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with one or two exceptions. It might also be said incidentally that not even an expressive face and good figure can atone for soiled gowns. The company gives a matinee performance this afternoon.

Sad news reaches this office of the complete mental collapse of a young man who was here with the Ethel Tucker Co. during the seasons of 96-97. The unfortunate young fellow, who made friends of all with whom he was brought in contact here, was stricken with insanity during an evening performance and became so violent that removal to an asylum was necessary. The attack was brought on by worry and overwork.

The Miles Ideal Stock company begins an engagement of two weeks at the Opera house next Monday evening. The personnel of the company is quite different from that of last year. Mr. and Mrs. Butler being the only ones retained. It is said the company is particularly strong in specialties.

Miss Margaret Anglin has just closed a very successful season with E. H. Sothorn and has signed with Richard Mansfield for next season. She will likely spend a portion of her summer holidays with friends in this city.

Lewis Morrison is in Frisco.

Bernhardt will produce "Medee" in London.

Adelaide Hermann will be one of the touring magicians next season.

Annie Russell will play the title role in the London production of Bret Harte's "Sue."

Mr. and Mrs. John T. Sullivan (Rose Coghlan) meditate a joint appearance in vaudeville.

Anna Held was last week threatened with diphtheria, but is now on the road to recovery.

The mother of George Monroe ("Aunt Bridget") was buried at Philadelphia last week.

A company that is to give all fresco performances in Washington will include Selma Fetter-Boyle and Mildred Holland.

Novelli, whom Bernhardt has brought to Paris, is the greatest actor in Italy, and he belongs to the same school that Duse leads.

Maud Northam, of Modjeska's company, recently married Thomas M. Reilly, treasurer of that organization. Her father is a millionaire.

"Julia Arthur's repertoire next season will include: "As You Like It," "Ingomar," "Mercedes," "Infidelo," "Camille," "A Lady of Quality" and "Macbeth."

If Hugh Morton is unable to place Mr. Seabrooke in the New Casino production it is unlikely that Lederer & McLelland will send him to London to play the part recently played by Dan Daly in "The Belle of New York."

"The ragged regiment," a new play, by R. N. Stevens, founded on an incident of the present war, will be produced by Messrs. Mordaunt Block's Stock Company at the New York Herald Square Theatre on June 20.

"In many ways," says the Salt Lake Tribune, "Janet Achurch is the superior of either Margaret Mather or Julia Marlowe, with whom the mind readily associates her." Miss Achurch's manager is the woman who discovered Julia Marlowe.

"Jim Bailey," said Charles A. Davis, "started about thirty years ago as a bill-poster with his little armful of 'onesheets' and can of paste, and to-day he is far and away the greatest figure in the amusement field of both hemispheres, and probably doesn't know himself how much he is worth financially. James A. Bailey—to give him his full cognomen—is now sole owner of the Barnum-Bailey, nearly half owner of Buffalo Bill's Wild West and has a large interest in the Forepaugh-Sells circuses, the three largest amusement enterprises the world has ever known."

The Liebler Company, which is next

season to manage the tours of Charles Coghlan and Viola Allen, has secured the American rights to the dramatization of Hall Caine's "The Christian." Miss Allen will play the part of Glory Quayle in this work, beginning her season at Lyric Theatre, N. Y., on October 3. Frank Worthing has been engaged for the leading man's part.

Lillian Russell is appalled by the rapidity with which her 14-year-old daughter is ripening from bud to blossom. The young lady has arrived within the past week at the dignity of her first pair of corsets, an epoch in her life which has convulsed the prima donna's household with the most intense excitement. "It has really made me feel positively old," declares Miss Russell.

Maud Adams, after all the speeches and special souvenirs of "The Little Minister's" 300th performance at the Empire on June 14, will take a well earned rest. With the younger sister of Katharine Florence for companion, Miss Adams is to spend the summer at Ontario, in this state. Not only the cottage, but the cook has been engaged. A donkey for riding is also among the attractions, Miss Adams having engaged the same intelligent beast that last summer carried the future "Lady Babble" on her gypsy tours through the Ontario wood.

Mr. and Mrs. Richard Mansfield are spending the summer on the shore of Long Island Sound, at Rye, N. Y., and an interesting rumor has spread through the neighborhood to the effect that an incident of the utmost importance is expected in the domestic circle of the actor.

Negotiations are now going on whereby Julie Opp will remain in this country next season.

Francis Wilson is the only star of the lot to break away from the syndicate who had the nerve and consistency to stick to his task. The others, including Mr. Mansfield, Mr. Goodwin and Mr. Crane, who were going to form a pool against playing the syndicate houses, were all very glad to come in out of the wet, and for a time it looked as if Wilson would be pretty thoroughly drenched. But he "stood pat," as the saying goes, and has reason to feel satisfied with the result. His business in three of the larger cities this year was not up to mark, but in the one-night stands and the rest of the towns he visited his houses were enormous. He played in four towns in Indiana to more than \$1000 a night in the same week. The accounts show a profit that is between \$7,000 and \$8,000 larger than the net earnings of the previous year, a condition of affairs that must be exceptionally gratifying under all the circumstances.—Leander Richardson in New York Telegraph.

The New York Telegraph's London correspondent says "Dan" Daly will not return to the cast of "The Bell of New York." Said Mr. Daly: My little 'ruin' with Miss Dupont was merely an unpleasant incident—that's all. I had fully made up my mind to leave the organization before it occurred. The part I played in 'The Belle of New York' was one which taxed my strength to the utmost. I asked to be cut out of the Wednesday matinee, but the management considered that a few dollars might be lost if they yielded to my wishes, and in consequence I have been playing at every performance under protest. I have plenty of offers from London managers and can better myself in a financial way without any trouble, and at the same time play a part which will be less trying on my strength than the role I have been enacting." He says that he has been annoyed by the members of the company who persisted in indulging in whispered side remarks while he was on the stage. To an actor of Daly's nervous disposition this practice was intolerable. When annoyed in this way Mr. Daly usually expressed his feelings in emphatic language. The fact that he has not been in good health for some time is mentioned as an extenuating circumstance by the friends of the comedian who have discussed the altercation between Miss Dupont, wherein he used language somewhat stronger than is usually employed in polite society.

Concerning Sidney Grundy's new version of "The Three Musketeers," in which Beerbohm Tree and Olga Nethersole are to join forces, the London Daily Mail says: "In the novel two channels of interest run parallel—the assassination of Buckingham and Richelieu's attempt to ruin the Queen by securing as proof of her perfidy the diamond 'points' which were her parting gift to her lover. It is only with the latter that Mr. Grundy concerns himself. Consequently the atmosphere of the play will be that of the brightest comedy of intrigue, adventures in love and in arms chasing one another through gay scenes of hostilities, palaces, and parks, the climax being attained, not with the death of Buckingham, but with the brilliant court ball

given by Louis at the Hotel de Ville, when the machinations of Richelieu are foiled by D'Artagnan, and he receives as guerdon the hand of Constance."

"The Ambassador," the play by "John Oliver Hobbes" (Mrs. Craigie) which George Alexander has produced with success at the London St. James', is a simple story of two pairs of lovers, who fall early into each other's arms after the usual cross purposes. There is also a beautiful widow, the good angel of the play, with a scamp of a son, who, in the end, repents and reforms. The ambassadorial hero is a lover of middle age, a popular character just now. The scene is laid in Paris, and much reliance is placed upon the dialogue, which is said to be of uncommonly good quality.

Concerning the current rumor that Sir Henry Irving is meditating a production of "Man'rd," it may be noted that Byron's play was very successful when produced, upon a spectacular scale, in Drury Lane Theatre 35 years ago, with Phelps in the title character.

"Teresa," Mr. George Pleydell Bancroft's initial effort produced at the Metropolitan Theatre, London, is a highly creditable first attempt. It flags in certain passages, is far-fetched in idea, and a little spasmodic in action. Still it tells—in a fashion that is always interesting and sometimes impressive—a Sardou like story. It deals in part with the socialistic tendencies of modern Italy, which have of late been painfully manifest. The heroine is assaulted by her fiancee's brother, stabs him to death with her "spillo" (a fancy dagger used as a hair-pin), and finally kills herself to escape disgrace.

Bernhardt may create the chief role in Catulle Menes' new play, "Medea," during her London season.

Coquelin is soon to appear in a new role in a play by Emile Bergerat.

Ada Rehan closed her season last in Chicago.

The New York Clipper says that "A Female Drummer" will be produced with a strong cast at the Park theatre, Boston, next September.

In "Not Wisely, but Too Well," the play which Mr. and Mrs. Kendal will bring to this country next season, Mrs. Kendal, has the character of a "woman with a past." The play was written for the Kendals by Walter Frith.

According to French papers, Sardou has returned to his country seat at Marly, and is at work completing a play called "Robespierre," which he is writing for Sir Henry Irving. Irving, of course, will be the "sea-green incorruptible."

Burr McIntosh has postponed the production of his college play, and has signed a contract to play the leading role in "A War Correspondent," a new comedy drama by Lottie Blair Parker which will be brought out early in September.

Mr. David Belasco writes from London to the Dramatic News, strongly denying the report that his new play will have its original production in London. He has had an offer to present the play in the English capital at the opening of the autumn season with Mrs. Carter in the leading role; he has declined it however, and will present it in America first. If successful it will be taken to London in due course of time. The new play is said to be entirely different in style and character from "The Heart of Maryland," and will present Mrs. Carter in a character entirely unlike any which she has heretofore played.

Louis Mann is an enthusiastic wheelman. The profits of the tour of the Lambs' Club is estimated at over \$20,000.

Modjeska is acting with the local stock companies in several California cities.

Mrs. Leslie Carter will spend the summer in Switzerland recuperating her health.

Katherine Grey has been engaged as Charles Coghlan's leading lady for next season.

Julia Arthur has been in New York visiting the theatres there. She has entirely recovered her health.

Kvrlie Ballew has been made a fellow of the Royal Geographical society and a fellow of the Royal Microscopical society.

Frank Worthing will play John Storm when Viola Allen makes her debut as a star in "The Christian" at the New York Lyceum theatre on Oct. 3.

"Legal Bounds," a new society drama by Augustus Vatter will receive its first production to-morrow evening at the Dudley Street opera house.

"A Stranger in New York" will open in London on June 14 instead of Aug. 8, as originally intended. This will be Charles Hoyt's first venture in the English capital.

All the principals of "The Highwayman" company have been re-engaged for next season. The opera will be given at Manhattan beach Aug. 8, and the first of the

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Mr. Robert Downing, the eminent tragedian who will shortly appear at Keith's in his famous rendition of "The Gladiator," takes a very sensible view of the vaudeville stage as legitimate actors go. He says that a trip over the Keith circuit will enable him to reach a class of people that he might not get in his regular season at the house he plays, but he feels that after presenting the arena scene he will create a desire among vaudeville patrons to see him in other impersonations, and while the tour will be a great financial success for the six weeks, he thinks that he will reap a reward in after years by increasing his patronage in the regular combination houses.

Defeating a Privateer.

The New England privateer contests in the long ago gave a distinguished officer of the royal navy his first opportunity. Charles Wager was the nephew of John Hull, a Newport merchant. He was with his uncle in one of his vessels when she was threatened by a French or Spanish privateer. There is a well-attested tradition that Wager, only a lad, but high-metled persuaded the peaceful, non-resistant owner to retire to the cabin and give him control of the vessel. Charles mustered the crew,—they were always armed,—and handled them so bravely and skillfully that the attacking party was baffled. The old Quaker's anxiety prevailed over his principles, and coming into the companionway, he stood taking snuff and watching the fight. As he was below the level of the combatants, he could well see the effect of the firing. His interest grew and his excitement waxed high as the contest went on. He took pinch after pinch of snuff in most wasteful fashion; his usually immaculate waistcoat became recklessly powdered. Finally he cried out: "Charles, it thee means to hit that man in a red jacket, thee had better raise thy piece a little!"

The attack was repulsed, and the gallant Charles was commended by his uncle with, "Thee did well, Charles, thee did well, but fighting is wrong. Still, Charles, it thee had let them whip, I could have flung thee overboard."

Through his friends Wager obtained a post in the royal navy, ending his honorable career as Sir Charles Wager, First Lord of the Admiralty, and finally with a monument in Westminster Abbey.

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SABBATH INCONSISTENCIES.

Sabbath observance, or rather its non-observance, is frequently coming to the front in one form or another. We have had examples of it in St. John without number. Only a short time ago a barber was fined for shaving a customer on Sunday and the result is that it is next to impossible now for any one to get shaved by a professional on the Sabbath day. Now, acting upon the suggestion of Judge FORBES, the chief of police has laid information against those cigar dealers who keep open on Sunday and their case is before the court. The information is made apparently under an old statute which made it an offence to perform servile labor on Sunday. But that particular law does not define servile labor and the only exception it specifies is work of necessity and mercy.

No one will pretend for a moment that it is necessary for a man to smoke on Sunday. At any rate, if he must smoke he can buy his cigars on Saturday, but the word "servile" may quite properly, in our opinion, be held to mean servant. According to WEBSTER it means "of or pertaining to a servant or slave; befitting a servant or a slave; proceeding from dependence; hence man submission, etc." This meaning appears to be quite plain and it bears out the contention of some that when the proprietor of a cigar store sells cigars himself it can hardly be possible, for him to be doing servile labor, but if, on the contrary, any employe of his served him on the Lord's day then the employe would be liable for breaking the servile labor law.

But if this ancient law is put in force what is likely to be the probable result? Who can say that it is either a work of necessity or of mercy that the street railway cars shall run on Sunday and all the employes connected therewith compelled to do such labor? Neither would it be necessary for coaches to ply their usual vocation on Sunday. Travellers who are able can walk from the trains to their destinations, but how much more is it unnecessary for private coachmen to drive their masters and mistresses to church and wait upon them all through the Lord's day. Under the law even the sale of a postage stamp cannot be called a legal act and yet how many of them are sold upon the Sabbath. If it is illegal for cigar dealers to keep open upon Sunday and sell cigars surely it must be against the law for the hotels to dispose of them and yet what would the stranger think who asked his hotel clerk for a cigar on Sunday to be refused because the sale of it was against the law!

There is a moral rigidity about this attempt at Sabbath observance that is almost painful. It might be well to proceed slowly and upon other lines. If the people must be educated up to the old puritanical idea of Sunday, the plan of instruction should be carefully prepared. First of all it might be well to enlist all the officials in the good work and select the greater evils to start with. These might be said to include such useless diversions as drinking either hard or soft drinks; then, when the town becomes absolutely dry upon the sabbath, the inclination for excursions might be checked, for example, by serving notices on all steamboat employes that they must not work on the Sabbath, or by warning off the bus drivers on King Square that they must not sell a ride to any person who wants to go to the cemetery or to the park or in fact anywhere else that can be reached by the natural means of locomotion.

What greater harm is it for LOUIS GREEN

to sell a cigar on Sunday than it is for Ald. HANCOX to hire a team for the Sabbath? To go a little further it is absolutely necessary that domestics must perform servile labor on Sunday. The mistress, if anxious to comply with the law, might take her place on the Sabbath. What a revolution that would be!

THE COST OF CABLING.

Readers of the newspapers now a days form but little idea of the money it is costing the press associations and the large newspapers of the United States for their war telegrams. The expense is enormous and yet if all the staff we read as coming from the Philippines or from Cuba did actually come over the cables no newspaper or association could stand the strain. A vivid imagination is absolutely necessary to any man employed upon an American paper at the present time. Elaboration is an art that has been diligently cultivated. The reporter who can make a readable column out of a ten word cable message is appreciated while those whose imaginations are below par are detailed to study maps and distances, the habits and life of the native islanders and to weave that into the matter that fills the newspapers of the United States to-day. But it is interesting to note what it does cost to send cable messages in these days. To send ten words from New York to Manila, for instance, costs \$23.50, or \$2.10 per word beyond London. This is the commercial rate. Newspaper despatches go for about half this sum, but even so, the cost of bringing a column of news from the Philippines mounts up to nearly four figures. Even from a point so near as Curacao, which became for a short time the centre of news interest, the commercial rate by the cheapest route is \$1.98. These two samples will give a fair intimation of the immense sums being expended by the newspapers in gathering information about the war.

It may seem at first thought that \$2.35 is a large sum to pay for sending a single word from New York to the Philippines, but when one reflects that such a message travels 20,000 miles, and that it must be received and transmitted over a score of different lines or branches, he is more likely to come to the conclusion that it is very cheap, all things considered. From New York the cablegram goes first to Halifax, and from there by another loop to Heart's Content, Newfoundland, where it dives beneath the Atlantic to reappear on the coast of Ireland and be again forwarded to London, which is the great centre of cable and telegraphic communication for the whole world.

From London to the East there are two great routes. The first, via either the Eastern or Indo-European Company's lines, will take the message across the Channel and overland to Marseilles, or by the all water course around the Spanish peninsula, stopping at Lisbon; thence through the Mediterranean to Alexandria, across Egypt by land, down the Red Sea to Aden, through the Arabian Sea to Bombay, over India by land, across the Bay of Bengal to Singapore, along the coast to Hong Kong, and across the China Sea to Manila.

The other route from London is even longer and covers a much greater part of the journey by land. It takes the message from London by the lines of the Great Northern Company across Russia and Siberia to Vladivostok, and thence along the China coast to Hong Kong.

In its long voyage, occupying from three to twenty-four hours, according to its urgency, the message has crossed or skirted a score of countries, representing almost as many different nationalities, and yet the sender may rest assured that it will be transmitted with promptness and secrecy, and at a fixed and known charge. This assurance is provided by the Bureau of International Telegraphs, which has its headquarters at Berne, Switzerland. It was inaugurated thirty years ago for the purpose of collecting, arranging, and publishing information on this subject, regulating accounts, and guaranteeing the interest of senders and receivers. It brought order out of the chaos previously enveloping international communication by wire, and has made it possible to cable to any part of the world as easily as one sends a telegraph message from his office to his home.

The tendency of the American woman to unpunctuality was prominently displayed at the recent Mothers' Congress in Washington, where allowances of half an hour had to be made for the opening of sessions and the arrival of speakers. At a reception given the delegates by Mrs. MCKINLEY, many of them arrived too late to see her, although the hours had been distinctly noted in the invitation. "It is the fashion to go to Banelagh after it is over," HORACE WALFOLLE once wrote to a friend; "the music ends at ten, the guests

arrive at twelve." Unpunctuality may not be one of the seven deadly sins, but the person who lags behind a stated hour shows that she considers her own convenience before that of others.

Never before was a war so written up and overwritten. There are cable despatches which cost five dollars a word, and it is estimated that American journals spend in the aggregate for war correspondence a hundred thousand dollars a day. Indeed, millions would soon be eaten up by the fleets of steam-yachts and tugs manned by reporters, sketchoers and photographers, fluttering about among the battle-ships and plying between the Cuban coast and the mainland. And it costs a pile of money to manufacture countless columns and pages of "news" out of mere rumors and guesses, or to beat a few drops of facts into iridescent froth enough to flood half a dozen daily editions.

HE ENJOYED THE PLAY.

Even if He Did Annoy Those all Around Him.

There was a queer mixture of an audience at the Opera house on Monday evening. It could hardly be called the typical popular price audience either, for it was perhaps a few grades below that but it was a very free and easy one and everybody enjoyed themselves in the way that seemed best suited to their particular idea of what constituted a good time. There was a restlessness everywhere from gallery to orchestra, and the number going out between the acts was unusually large. The play—"The Man-of-War-Man," attracted a good many sailors, and their jolly good natured faces were seen everywhere. They were not above the little weakness either of going out between the acts, and they did it with a beautiful disregard of any inconvenience they might be causing those who sat near them.

One of these a great broad shouldered fellow entered into the spirit of the play so thoroughly that he was a source of amusement to every one in his vicinity. He made audible criticisms on the different characters and led off in the applause when ever Mr. Shea made a point against his opponents. At the beginning of the second act his breath was almost as loud as his applause and in order to tone it down a little he had recourse to that untailing remedy—the peppermint lozenge. The mixture wasn't agreeable to the man's neighbors and heads were turned in opposite directions. He wasn't selfish either for he turned to a very dignified lady on his right, who was accompanied by a very dignified looking gentleman, with a friendly "have some?" "No thank you," was the chilling response. Nothing daunted the sailor turned his attention and the paper bag, to two ladies on his left.

"Do you like peppermints? Have some?" said he.

"Oh thank you," was the prompt reply "we are very fond of peppermint" and the bag and its contents were quickly transferred from their obnoxious owner's possession into that of the ladies who awaited an opportunity when the sailor was not looking to deposit them under the seat. The joke however was turned upon them later in the evening; at the end of the second act the seaman procured more lozenges and was left in undisputed possession of them the rest of the evening.

Renewing Old Acquaintanceship.

Mr. W. S. Baldwin, formerly of this city but now of Augusta, Maine, spent Sunday and Monday renewing old acquaintances and making new friends. Mr. Baldwin was in the employ of Mr. G. F. Fisher when here but now conducts a business in Augusta. He has been 17 years in Maine and in accent and manner differs little from the typical New Englander. But while he carries the Stars and Stripes his remembrance and affection for the Union Jack is shown in the flag button he carries. He was accompanied on his trip, which was mainly pleasure with a little business thrown in, by a friend, Mr. James Wade, who belongs to the civil service of Uncle Sam. This was his first visit to St. John and his preconceived ideas got a rude shock when he looked the town over. He enjoyed the visit and those who met him had equal pleasure in making his acquaintance.

Old clothes dyed to look like new, Hosiery mended free to you, Curtains 25c per pair, And you quickly ask me, Where? At Ungar's Laundry & Dye Works 28 to 34 Waterloo St. Telephone 58.

When the color of the hair is not pleasing, it may be beautified by using Hall's Hair Renewer, a preparation invented to restore and improve the hair and its color.

There are more blind people among the Spaniards than any other European race.

VERSE OF YESTERDAY AND TODAY

The Call of the War Trumpet. The war trumpet sounding abroad, Its shrill note with cheer echoes fill; The mountains beyond the blue coast, Its blast sweeps the valley and hill; It summons all nations to follow, The footsteps of destiny still. The reign of the tyrant no matter, What color or form it may wear; It may be a purple robe kingdom, A nation sunk high to despair; Or luxury crowned with corruption Alarmed as its doom draweth near. When woman degrades like Herodias, And banquet and revel inflame; A nation that stood as a giant, May sink into sorrow and shame, And a kingdom despoiled of its glory, Exist but in shadow and name. Today the proud eagle forth flying; Screams loudly the wild note of war; Since conflict at home is self righted, Its banner of stars leads afar; Accrescent its fierce talons forcing, Its glory to make or to mar. Be its swift flight for freedom from bondage, To lift the down trodden to life; To grapple the slave driving monster Whose blood reddened lash is yet rife. In the slain of the children of sorrow; God speed thy hand strong in the strife. God strengthen thine arm till oppression, Deserving thy vengeance shall fall; And the suffering sorely, unshackled; The merciful blessed shall call. The whole world arising shall cheer thee, For God giveth freedom to all. But ever if guiding thy banners, Dost leadeth the greed that commands, The death of the slain of the vanquished, To spoil them of dwellings and lands; Remember distress shall overtake thee, Injustice requital demands. Who takes up the sword of destruction, Unhappily heartless is wrong; Themelves proving treacherous minions, Shall be but a byword and song; For sooner or later swift judgment, Is His to whom judgments belong. Battle Hill, June 1898. CRANES GOLDEN.

A Variation.

An angler with a costly pole Surrounded with a silver reel, Carves in quaint poetic scroll— Jointed and tipped with finest steel— With yellow flies, Whose scarlet eyes And Jasper wings are fair to see, Whose bubbles beam Down murmuring eddies wild and free, And casts the line with sportsman's pride Where the fish "teeth the bushes glide. A shock-haired boy with birch-wood light, Pronged somewhat like a fish's spine, And on the end a bit of white— The common kind of grocer's twine— With naught but great Ground worms for bait, Tramps to the water full of glee, His hat beneath Observe the wreath Of smiles most beautiful to see, While he casts in the plashing brook A banded pin—his only hook. The angler with the costly pole Comes homeward full of airy grace— If repairs the archer's bow It doesn't blossom in his face. The former has twenty-three Fishes that speckled in the sun. The shock-haired boy Is left of joy— He's caught what's known as "nary one," The rod and reel have won today— Somehow it sometimes works that way!

Some Other Day.

There are wonderful things we are going to do, Some other day; And harbors we hope to drift into Some other day; With folded hands the oars that trail, We watch and wait for a favorite gate To fill the folds of an old sail Some other day. We know we must tell if ever we win Some other day, But we say to ourselves there's time to begin Some other day; And so, deterring, we loiter on, Until at last we find withdrawal The strength of the hope we leaned upon Some other day. And when we are old and our race is run Some other day, We fret for the things that might have been done Some other day; We trace the path that leads us where The beckoning hand of grim despair Leads us ponder out of the here, Some other day.

The Missing Path.

Why should it seem so pleasant, the path we missed today? With flowers fair and fragrant that ran along the way; The sky all bright above it; the breezes balmy sweet. Why should it seem so pleasant, the path we fain would meet. Why should it seem so pleasant, although we could not see Its living lines of beauty unfolding full and free? Well we knew each winding would our weary feet relieve, Gliding upward, onward, through the realms of life and light. Why should it seem so pleasant, the path we missed today? Blooming fresh and fragrant as the blossoms of the May? The sky all bright above it, the breezes balmy sweet. Why should it seem so pleasant, the path we fain would meet? —Corra C. Bass.

The Sun.

The sun is like a candor-ple Suspended in the air; It is too hot to eat; that's why I think they hung it there. The sun has naught to do but shine Upon the earth all day; But it can't shine these shoes of mine,— It doesn't shine that way. The sunshine lies upon the street And covers up the gloom, But you can't push it with your feet Nor sweep it with a broom. Each night the sun sets in the west, I think to rest its legs; At setting, an old hen is best Because she hatches eggs!

Love and Friendship.

Love and Friendship came this way By our village father day Friendship wore a cloak of gold, Rich and full with many a fold, Ever had but bows and arrows, And he aimed at men and sparrows, Ever slaying, ever gay. "Gammer, gammer, answer true, Watch of us may slip with you?" Some chose Love, that laughing fled Ere the morning clouds were red, While who so had Friendship hidden, Ofttimes found young Cupid hidden, Peeping that same mantle through.



HAS THE BEST YET.

H. H. Allingham is Doing Something Toward Lacrosse Out West. Many people will remember the genial H. H. Allingham who a few years ago was in the C. P. R. telegraph office here and used to take such an interest in lacrosse. In fact he introduced the game here. Ill health sent him to Vancouver where according to the Vancouver World he has the lacrosse fever again. The following article which appeared in that paper along with an engraving of the cup will interest many.

The Province to-day is able to give the intermediate lacrosse league boys an idea of one of the trophies they are to battle for this season.

The cut herewith given represents the famous Nelson cup, which was fought for a number of years by crack clubs in the maritime provinces.

The cup originally was presented by Messrs. H. A. Nelson & Sons, the well-known wholesale sporting goods firm of Montreal, for competition among the lacrosse clubs of New Brunswick and Nova Scotia.

The Union club, of St. John, N. B., of which H. H. Allingham, now of this city, was honorary secretary, won the trophy. Shortly after winning it they disbanded and lacrosse giving way to the baseball craze which at the time swept over that part of the Dominion, the cup reverted to Mr. Allingham. It is on behalf of Nelson & Sons that he now puts it up for competition here.

The cup is a very handsome one and is well worth working for. It will no doubt prove a great incentive to the Vancouver juniors, who already have laid pipes for capturing the trophy.

STIRRED BY THE BULL.

When Jonny Bob Beard the Music He Treated a G. A. E. man.

An old man came cantering across the avenue last week, and, accosting a G. A. R. man, asked some pertinent questions about enlisting. Where he had kept himself would have been hard to tell, but he looked pretty much as though he had spent the thirty or more intervening years between the last war and this in grubbing for goffers. He excitedly exclaimed that the bugle did it all. He had uncomplainingly gone the rounds of his humdrum life. When war was declared he read the papers with great interest, but no thought of taking an active part presented itself. He came to town the day before to see about an old war claim, and, as he paddled down the avenue, passed a good many men in soldier clothes, having no lingering fondness and no tender memories of the color, they failed to impress him. A band or so passed him on the way, and though he stepped a trifle livelier when they played "Dixie," and the perspiration trickled down his face as he struck a trot with "Yankee Doodle," when they sent "My Country, 'Tis of Thee," floating down the avenue, he just stopped and took off his hat. It was when he neared Market Space that real patriotism struck him, when the bugle sent its merry, cheery call reverberating across the way. He had not heard it since he was a soldier in gray, and floods of memories rose up and waited him over to Market Space. He was quite out of wind from doing a double quick march when he landed up against the old G. A. R. man and began his interrogations. After the man in faded blue had answered all patiently, and tried to dissuade him from presenting himself for enlistment all to no avail, he finally said:

"Look here, partner, I've done all I could for the Union, and you done all you could agit' it. I was only right because I come out best. If you all had, why, you'd a-been right. We ain't got much longer here in these ranks, noway, and 't'pose we just send a schooner adrift to the health of the boys in the present conflict."

Over the way they went, as chipper as the rawest recruit, and felt better for being able to serve their country by a wholesome union of good wishes.

No Fence After the War.

Dorothy—It's all right for you to sit there and say you hope the war won't last long, but you wouldn't feel that way if you were in my place. I shall have to go away from here just as soon as hostilities cease.

Francis—Why, what on earth do you mean?

Dorothy—I'm engaged to four different brave fellows who are at the front now; that's what I mean.



HALIFAX NOTES.



It is warm and sunny, while the men were properly dressed in afternoon or fall, to suit.

Progress is for sale in Halifax by the newboys and at the following news stands and offices. C. S. DeFERRIS, Brunswick street...

There was very little done in P. A. last week, excepting some small teas, which were most acceptable entertainments on very wet days.

Among late arrivals are Mrs. Commisar, who has been spending the winter in England, and Mrs. Riddell, Mrs. Hampson and Mrs. Nichol, from Bermuda.

There was a large gathering at the station Wednesday afternoon to bid farewell to the general and Mrs. Montgomery Moore, who went off fairly burdened with flowers, and carry with them the best wishes of their many friends.

The students of Kings college, Windsor, will give their annual concert on Thursday, June 23, in the convocation hall of the college.

The students of Kings college, Windsor, will give their annual concert on Thursday, June 23, in the convocation hall of the college.

With the arrival of the flag ship summer gales are supposed to begin, but they will probably be delayed this year until Lord and Lady Seymour are installed at Bellevue.

TO CURE A GOLD FROWN DAY. Take Laxative Bromo-Quinine Tablets. All Druggists refund the money if it fails to cure. Sec.

YARMOUTH.



It is warm and sunny, while the men were properly dressed in afternoon or fall, to suit.

Progress is for sale in Yarmouth by Thomson & Co., E. J. Vickers, and J. A. Craig.

June 6—One of the cosy little afternoons of the past week was the tea given by Miss Johnson to a few of her lady friends.

The most brilliant function of last week was the At Home given on Friday evening when Miss Annie McGray was hostess to over a hundred guests.

The married element of the invited crowd were received, and regaled with delicious viands from eight to half past nine, while the younger set were asked to come from the latter hour until eleven.

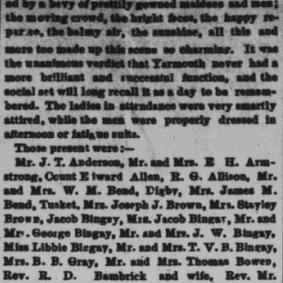
The extensive grounds extending to Main street, and partially wooded, with landscape gardening in the foreground and miniature fountains throwing their crystal streams in unison with the tuneful melody from Avenburg's band all in brilliant array on the green sward in front of Beacon House.

The generous sprinkling of men which always adds zest to an afternoon function, made this especially enjoyable. "Beacon House" never looked more charming or presented a more hospitable appearance than on this occasion.

The Thomas Shea company playing here for the past week has drawn unusually large houses. The repertoire of this company has been one of the best ever presented here.

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PARSBORO.



It is warm and sunny, while the men were properly dressed in afternoon or fall, to suit.

Progress is for sale at Parrsboro Book Store.

June 3.—"Ficra's Festival" a cantata was most successfully rendered by the public school girls on last Tuesday evening in the Assembly hall to an appreciative audience.

The Thomas Shea company playing here for the past week has drawn unusually large houses. The repertoire of this company has been one of the best ever presented here.

Miss Lillian Binsay who has been ill is now able to amuse her many friends again.

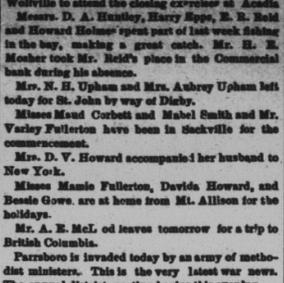
Miss Parker has taken the position of matron pro tem of the Old Ladies Home during the absence of the present manager.

The Thomas Shea company playing here for the past week has drawn unusually large houses. The repertoire of this company has been one of the best ever presented here.

Miss Gibbons who spent the winter in Toronto is the guest of Mrs. Norton at Parrsboro.

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GRVILLE.



It is warm and sunny, while the men were properly dressed in afternoon or fall, to suit.

Grville, Mr. L. G. Gove and others went to Wolfville to attend the closing exercises at Acadia.

Misses Maud Corbett and Mabel Smith and Mr. Vanley Fullerton have been in Duckville for the commencement.

Mr. D. V. Howard accompanied her husband to New York.

Misses Mamie Fullerton, David Howard, and Bessie Gove are at home from Mt. Allison for the holidays.

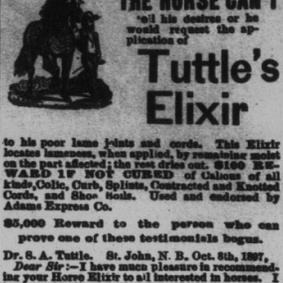
Mr. A. E. McL. led leaves tomorrow for a trip to British Columbia.

Parrsboro is invaded today by an army of Methodist ministers. This is the very latest war news.

Mr. J. D. Harris went to Halifax last week on a visit to her daughter Mrs. Witter.

TO CURE A GOLD FROWN DAY. Take Laxative Bromo-Quinine Tablets. All Druggists refund the money if it fails to cure. Sec.

THE HORSE CAN'T



THE HORSE CAN'T

to his poor lame joints and aches. This Elixir makes lameness, when applied, by remaining moist on the part affected, the rest of the day.

Dr. S. A. Tuttle. St. John, N. B. Oct. 8th, 1897. Dear Sir:—I have much pleasure in recommending your Horse Elixir to all interested in horses.

TO CURE A GOLD FROWN DAY. Take Laxative Bromo-Quinine Tablets. All Druggists refund the money if it fails to cure. Sec.

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Tuttle's Elixir advertisement with logo and text.

PUDDINGTON & MERRITT, 55 Charlotte Street Agents For Canada.

Novelties - IN - New York Hats!

The War Scare to secure New York Millinery at prices never before heard of in St. John.

GOODS OPENED YESTERDAY! The Parisian. LIFE LASTS LONGER

If Puttner's Emulsion be taken regularly by Consumptives and all weak and ailing people.

Always get PUTTNER'S. It is the original and best. CROCKETT'S... CATARRH CURE!

A positive cure for Catarrh, Colds in Head, etc. Prepared by THOMAS A CROCKETT, 162 Princess St. Cor. Sydney

Miss Jessie Campbell Whitlock, TEACHER OF PIANOFORTE. ST. STEPHEN, N. B.

SCIENTIFIC DRESS CUTTING. Dressmaking and Millinery taught thoroughly at our Academy or by mail.

gown of white silk brocade, arranged with lace and pearl embroideries.

Mrs. E. F. Wetmore looked well in black embroidered chiton over silk, bouquet of white and purple violets.

Miss Cummings wore a very becoming gown of pale blue silk; and her cousin Miss Doherty looked equally well in halitropes organza, over silk.

The music we have enjoyed now too often, to give it further mild praise, other than that every number was a delight. It was well into the small hours ere this most charming dance broke up.

Miss Mand Archibald entertained a few tables of what Saturday night in honor of her guest Miss May McKenzie of Halifax.

Dr. and Mrs. J. W. McKay, en route from their bridal trip down the Annapolis Valley, were guests at the Leonard one day this week.

Mrs. Geo. Stewart arrived home last week from Boston, via Wolfville where she was attending Acadia's closing. Mrs. Stewart is accompanied by her daughter, Mrs. Arthur Cox from Boston.

Miss Emmeline Black entertained a small party for what, on Monday evening, in honor of her guest Miss May Tremaine, Fort Hood, those present were; Mr. and Mrs. A. S. Black, Misses Duthard, Miss Wetmore, Miss Cook, Messrs. O. A. Hornsby, E. D. Kemon, J. W. Dickenson, F. L. Murray, A. V. Smith. After supper an impromptu dance concluded a very pleasant evening.

Miss High leaves next week for Cape Breton, where she will be the guest of Mr. and Mrs. H. F. Donkin, at Glace Bay.

Mrs. Harry Magee, St. John, is a guest of her friend, Miss Emma Snook this week.

Mr. L. K. Riddle and Miss Lizzie McDonald, a young lady well known and highly esteemed here, are principals in an interesting ceremony being solemnized at Shediac, N. B. today. Mr. and Mrs. Riddle on their return will board for the present with Mrs. A. N. Cox, Prince street.

FRS.

ST. STEPHEN AND CALAIS.

PROGRESS is for sale in St. Stephen at the book stores of G. S. Wall & Co., Atkinson and J. Vroom & Co. in Calais at O. F. Ives's.

JUNE 8.—A party of ladies drove to the Raven's Head some six miles below town and enjoyed a most delightful afternoon yesterday. The day was so fine and warm that to be near the river was greatly appreciated. The picnic was made for the pleasure of Mr. George Hogan of St. John, Mrs. C. H. Clarke's guest. Other ladies who were on this pleasant occasion were, Mrs. J. G. Stevens, Mrs. Fredric Scammell, New York; Mrs. Henry Graham Mrs. W. F. Todd, Mrs. John Algar, Mrs. John Black, Mrs. Howard McAllister, Mrs. C. H. Clarke Mrs. Colter and Miss Carrie Washburn.

Mrs. James G. Stevens has invited a dozen of her lady friends to enjoy a doorstep party at her home this evening.

A number of young people of the Calais High school enjoyed their first picnic of this season at Porter's Mill Stram yesterday afternoon.

Mrs. Howard Sprague and Miss Jean Sprague of Summerside, P. E. I., are visiting relatives in town.

Mrs. G. S. Wall and Miss Jessie Wall arrived from Moncton last evening.

Mrs. S. H. Blair has arrived in Boston from Jersey City, N. J., and will spend a fortnight visiting the "Hub" before she returns to her home here.

Lad's Tilley is in town visiting at the "Cedar" her mother Madame Chipman.

Mayor and Mrs. Clarke arrived from New York Friday.

Mr. John M. Stevens of Edmundston is still in town.

Miss Carolyn Washburn's friends most cordially welcomed her home on Saturday.

Mrs. Walter Tarr has gone to Newport, Rhode Island to spend the summer.

Miss Marshall, who accompanied the children of Mr. Wallace Broad to England, to see them safely on their way to Africa has arrived again in Milltown.

Mrs. George Tattersall of Woodstock and her children are visiting relatives in Milltown.

Miss Roberta Marchie arrived from Sackville, yesterday after a delightful visit of a week.

Messrs. Fred Hill and A. Dunstan two of our bright young townsmen, last week graduated with honors from the University at Fredericton, Mr. Hill bringing home with him the Governor General's gold medal.

Mrs. C. A. London, president of the St. Stephen, W. C. T. U., Miss Jennie Vessey and Mrs. James McWha county president got to Woodstock tomorrow to attend the W. C. T. U. convention held there this week.

Mrs. Fraser, nee Miss Bessie Tilley is expected here today to visit her aunt Mrs. John D. Chipman, Mrs. M. S. Main, arrived from St. John today after a few days visit.

Senator and Mrs. Temple have arrived in St. Andrews and have taken the Robinson residence for the summer months.

Collector Graham spent a few days in St. John during the past week.

Miss Nellie Meredith has recovered from her illness and is able to greet her friends and patrons at the Public Library again.

Mr. John Stuart of Woodstock was in town during the past week.

Mrs. Ruth Crocker who has been the guest of her aunt Mrs. Harriette Washburn for several months, has returned to her home in Minneapolis.

Mrs. Arthur Stanley Burdette of Mexico, who is now visiting relatives in Massachusetts, is expected here the last of this month to spend the summer with her mother Mrs. Ceila Brown. She will be accompanied by her little daughter Edith, for whose health she has come north.

Rev. Randall Smith of St. George was the guest of Rev. O. S. Nowham on Friday last.

Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Torrance, left for their home in Halifax on Wednesday last.

Mrs. G. S. Wall and Miss Jessie Wall have been spending the past week in Moncton, the guests of their cousin Judge Wells.

Master Gustave Gispert of Cuba is visiting his friend Master Arthur Chipman.

The marriage of Miss Mattie Nichols to Mr. Robert R. McEne, is announced to take place on the twenty-second of this month.

Mrs. Webb of Portland Maine, is in Calais and

will spend the summer with her daughter Mrs. Alfred Saunders.

Mr. Harry F. Graham left last week for the North-west, where he has accepted a most lucrative position. His friends in St. Stephen wish him success and good luck.

Dr. Stephen E. Webber has been visiting Portland on a business matter.

Mrs. Dick Macdonald has recently been in town the guest of her daughter Miss Lillian Dick.

Mr. and Mrs. Robert Hill of Greenfield, Australia are the guests of Mr. and Mrs. George Elliott.

Captain Howard McAllister visited St. John during the past week.

Mrs. G. H. Raymond was the guest of her sister Mrs. Helen Grimmer on Sunday.

Miss Winifred Brecken of Charlotte town, Prince Edward Island is the guest of her school friend Miss Constance Chipman.

Mr. Frank A. Grimmer left last week for Chicago where he hopes to locate and will remove his family as soon as he is established in business.

Mrs. G. Durell Grimmer who was Mrs. Waterbury's guest during the past week has returned to her home in St. Andrews.

Mrs. Percy Gillmor is expected home at an early date to spend the summer months in Calais.

Miss Mabel Smith has arrived from Acadia college, Wolfville, bringing with the Governor General's gold medal. She was accompanied by her sister Miss Abbie Smith who had been at Wolfville attending the graduating exercises at Acadia.

Mrs. David Melville with her mother Mrs. Harriette Clarke are now occupying the Callinan house on Main street, which has been thoroughly renovated and put in order for them.

Mr. James L. Thompson principal of the Danforth, Maine high school has arrived home and will spend the vacation season on the St. Croix.

SACKVILLE.

PROGRESS is for sale in Sackville by W. J. Goodwin.

JUNE 8.—Now comes the especially quiet season for this town. The rarest thing of the rare June days or evenings is a social entertainment; by July when visitors arrive there is an occasional party or picnic like an angel's visit, but this month we must content ourselves with the beauties of nature. Sackville never looked better than it did this year at closing. Everything was green and fresh with the apple blossoms just coming out, and the usual close of the year had apparently folded his wings in peace. There were many favorable comments made on our little town by the strangers which is always agreeable to the inhabitants. It is a delightful thing to have the strollers mended but last week did seem a strange time for the road commissioners to select for uprooting the walks. However a good job has been done in spite of people forging up toward York street as if to gain a seat in Beethoven hall was the one object in life.

There was a great deal that was entertaining at the different performances that was not on the programme. The greetings and partings of friends, bits of their conversation, questions one would be asked; but watching the young people among the visitors was perhaps the best fun of all, they did have such lovely times. One couple afforded amusement to many at one of the concerts, they were so utterly taken up with each other, the music was nowhere. The girl was extremely pretty which crossed the young man from being someone but did his "onesie". I wonder excuse the needless wretch who planned the following notice in large letters on his back: "I am in love, don't speak to me." When the victim left the hall he still unknowingly bore the device on his coat.

The class of '98 did not cut up many of the usual coppers on taking farewell of their alma mater. It was an exemplary class as it was large; possibly the valedictorian should a quieting influence over the boys she left behind her. The students were not able to blow up any cannon like the N. B. university lads because all such fire arms have been disposed of long ago, the only thing they indulged in was one of eloquence and red paint on the high white washed fence near the ladies college in which they asserted they were the "hottest babies in the bunch" and said farewell to the girls and Sackvillians, promising to come again.

During closing week a pleasant little whist party was given by Miss Williams in honor of Miss Weir, Moncton, one of the visitors. The guests were Miss Emerson, Miss Grace Fawcett, Miss Annie Fawcett, Miss Carlyle, Miss Robinson, Miss Steadman, Messrs. Chandler, Turner, H. Ford, Mowbray, L. Harrison, Dr. Sprague. A very pleasant evening was spent, a whist party at this season being a great treat.

The teachers of the ladies college are all dispersed and wandered; Miss Jeeves is teaching vocal music in St. John, Miss Johnston is visiting in the same city, Miss Chase and Boston, Miss Webster has returned home to Quebec, Mrs. Archibald is in Halifax, Miss Harrington is visiting in Sussex, Miss Cook is with friends in Truro, Miss McLeod, Pt. de Bute, Miss Thomas, Kentville.

Miss Robinson left for St. John Friday.

Mrs. Parson who had been visiting Mrs. Arthur Dickey, Amherst, returned Tuesday.

Mrs. Frank Jones, Bangor Me., is the guest of Mrs. Wm. Milner Square street.

Mrs. Harry Dickson goes this week to Antigonish to visit Mr. Dickson's relatives.

Dr. E. Hart has returned from the Penn. dental college having successfully passed the final examinations.

Miss Josephine Crane was the delegate from Bayfield for the Woman's Missionary Convention, Point de Bute last week.

Mrs. Emily Roach, Nappan has been visiting Mrs. D. G. Dickson since closing.

Miss Laura Milner leaves this week for Kingston N. B. She will be absent several weeks.

The many friends of Prof. Woolson, director of the Mt. Allison conservatory, will be glad to learn he has returned to the operation for appendicitis successfully in Montreal Monday and is doing favorably.

John Campbell left for Long River, P. E. I. last Friday.

Miss Mary Fawcett has gone home to Upper Sackville on account of ill health in her family. Her place in the central school is taken by Mr. Young, Mt. Allison student.

Mr. and Mrs. A. W. Bennetts have returned from a trip to Albert Co.

Mr. and Mrs. Edward Treman have gone to Sydney C. B. to visit their daughter Mrs. Harrington.

Miss Stewart, St. John one of the friends of Mt. Allison has been the guest of Miss Lavin Ford since the college closed.

Mr. and Mrs. Marcia Lane have taken the house on Weldon Street lately occupied by Aubrey Smith. Mr. Lane has accepted the position of book keeper with Geo. C. Ford. Mr. Fawkes the ex-book-keeper is in the employ of Rhodes & Curry, Amherst.

Miss Georgia Dawson, St. John, is visiting her sisters at the Wry House.

The Misses Roberts, St. John, nees of Mrs. (Dr.) Stewart, have taken rooms for the summer at Eugene Bowser's, York street.

Work on the Methodist church is progressing rapidly. F. Peters, Jr., arrived from St. John Tuesday to take down the organ which will be stored

still the restoration of the building. Service is now held in Beethoven hall.

Mrs. Fairly remains for the summer in Boiestown. Mr. Fred Dixon and family are occupying their home on York street.

Mrs. John Essey, Halifax, and Mrs. E. Ross, Montreal, are guests of Mrs. (Dr.) Stewart.

Mr. James Dixon is out again apparently as hale as ever in spite of advancing years and his recent illness.

Mrs. Bedford Dixon was at service at St. Paul's last Sunday, where she has not been seen for a long time on account of ill health.

Mrs. Howard Treman, Point de Bute, left Tuesday for Brandon, Manitoba, to visit relatives.

Miss Fanny Bliss, Mt. Whistler, has been on a short trip to Moncton.

Equus John Fawcett, Upper Sackville is visiting in Boston.

LADY OF SHALOTT.

FREDERICTON.

(Progress is for sale in Fredericton by Messrs W. T. H. Fenety and J. H. Hawthorne.)

JUNE 8.—Mrs. A. Gibson Jr. of Marysville gave a delightful drive and tea in honor of Mrs. John Tapley, Mrs. Chisholm of Sackville, and Mrs. E. J. Dowling of St. John.

Messrs. Bert Wiley and Ryan are home from McGill university.

Hon. Mr. T. Seale of Chatham and Premier Emerton of Dorchester are in the city.

Mrs. B. J. Dowling and little daughter Miss Grace of St. John are visiting Mrs. Ernest Tapley at Marysville.

Miss Alma Gibson has returned from Sackville accompanied by her sister Mrs. Chisholm, and son of Sackville who will remain guests at Marysville for the summer.

Mr. Fraser Winslow has returned from a visit to friends in Woodstock.

Mrs. Ch. Hall and little daughter Margaret Catherine, are guests at "Red Top."

Mr. and Mrs. James Tibbitts have gone to St. John for a couple of weeks to visit their daughter, Mrs. J. D. Hazen.

Rev. J. A. and Mrs. McLean of Harvey Station have been visiting the city this week and were guests at "Orange Cottage" during their stay.

Mr. Joseph of Montreal, Lieut. Massie and James McKay of the same city spent Sunday in the celestia.

Mr. Harlan West is here from Australia and is the guest of his father-in-law Dr. Bailey of the University.

Mrs. John O'Brien and children of Nelson are here visiting Mrs. O'Brien's mother Mrs. McPeake.

The Misses Wanslow of Chatham are visiting Mrs. W. E. Smith.

Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Hall of Montreal are visiting the city.

Miss Turnbull of St. John is visiting friends in the city.

Governor McClellan is in town this week.

Prof. Stockley of the university left yesterday for Montreal, en route for Ireland where he will spend his vacation.

Mr. Joshua Clawson of St. John has been spending a few days in the city. Mr. Edward Evans of Hampton is one of the strangers to the celestia this week.

Mrs. Guilford F. Williams and Mrs. McKinnon have returned from visiting Mrs. Whiteside at Woodstock.

Chief Justice Tuck, Judge Barker and Mr. Justice McLeod and Dr. Stockton, are among the strangers in the city.

Mrs. Luke Stewart has returned from a week's visit to St. John.

Mr. Frank Phinney has returned from Philadelphia where he has been pursuing his studies at college.

Mrs. W. Schuster of St. John is in the city.

Miss Ethel Beckwith, daughter of Mr. Harry Beckwith is home from Waltham, on a vacation.

Mr. Jack Robertson of Toronto is spending a few days in town.

Post office Inspector and Mrs. Colter of Woodstock, were in town this week the guests of Mr. and Mrs. J. J. Wedal.

Mr. Handford McKee returned on Saturday from McGill for the summer.

CRICKET.

PROGRESS is for sale in Moncton at Hattie Tweedie's Bookstore, M. B. Jones Bookstore, S. Melanson's, and at Railway News Depot.

JUNE 8.—Mr. and Mrs. J. R. Bruce left town last week for Montreal to spend a few days.

Mrs. P. S. Archibald departed on Monday for Antigonish where she will remain for part of the summer.

Mrs. Thomas Robb returned to Moncton last week from Truro where she has been visiting her mother Mrs. E. Price.

The many Moncton friends of Miss Florence Blair will be pleased to hear of her graduation from the New-ri hospital; Miss Blair came off with high honors.

Miss Wall of Mount Allison Ladies college is in the city spending a few days with Mrs. Wells of Main street.

Mr. James Bruce son of Mr. J. R. Bruce of the I. C. B. audit office who is a medical student at McGill college, has returned to Moncton to spend his summer vacation at his home here.

Rev. Horace Dibblee of Marguerite is in the city the guest of Rev. E. Bertram and Mrs. Hooper.

Miss Bliss, who has been spending a few days in the city with her friend Miss Milliken leaves today for Sackville.

The many friends of Mrs. A. E. Holstead will be glad to hear she is able to be out again after her serious illness.

Miss Maxwell of Mount Allison Ladies college is spending a few days in town the guest of Mr. and Mrs. E. A. Borden of Bouisford street.

Mr. D. Pottinger general manager of the I. C. B. returned on Monday afternoon from Quebec.

Dr. Webster of Montreal who is visiting at his home in Shediac spent last Thursday in town the guest of Dr. F. J. and Mrs. White Bouisford street.

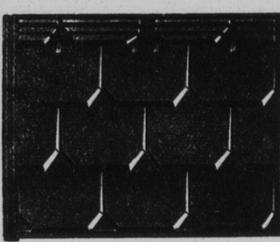
The many friends of Mr. James Stewart, who has been ill for some months past will regret to learn that it has been considered advisable to remove him to Montreal for treatment, his illness having progressed so far to yield to any of the remedies applied.

TEA ON TRIAL. Send for a sample packet Free by mail. MONSOON INDO-CEYLON TEA IS ITS OWN BEST ADVERTISEMENT. We guarantee it to please. 25, 30, 40, 50 and 60 cts. per pound. THE MONSOON TEA CO., 7 Wellington St. W. Toronto.

CAMPBELL'S WINE OF BEECH TREE CREOSOTE CURES OBSTINATE COUGHS. DOCTORS RECOMMEND IT HIGHLY. ASK YOUR DRUGGIST FOR IT.

Mr. Stewart left last week for Victoria Hospital accompanied by his brother-in-law, Mr. James Burns. A quiet wedding in which Moncton people will be deeply interested takes place this afternoon at five o'clock in St. Paul's Episcopal church, Sackville, the former home of the bride, when two popular residents of Moncton will be made one. The principals in this happy event will be Miss Grace Campbell daughter of Dr. C. F. H. Campbell and Dr. R. W. Simpson of the I. C. B. engineering department. As I have had the privilege of inspecting the trousseau, I can state with authority that the bride will be attired in a very handsomely tailored and traveling suit of metal blue broadcloth with hat of black, and turquoise blue, and will carry a bouquet of bridal roses and maiden hair fern.

DON'T TAKE CHANCES ABOUT YOUR ROOF. Use Our Reliable Eastlake Steel Shingles.



They are a proved success and last indefinitely. Fire, rust and leak proof—with our patent cement and water gutter—they are quickly and easily laid, and always give the best and most economical satisfaction. Write us for full information.

Metallic Roofing Co., Limited. 1189 King St. West, Toronto.

HOTELS.

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. E. CAROL WILLIS, Proprietor.

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. J. SIMS, Prop.

QUEEN HOTEL, FREDERICTON, N. B. A. A. EDWARDS, Proprietor. Fine sample rooms in connection. First class Livery Stable. Coaches at trains and boats.

The Violet. Here she is again the dear, sweetest vestal of the year. In her little purple hood, brightening the lonesome wood, We who, something worn with care Take the road, find us aware. Joy that heartens, hope that thrills, Love our cup of life that fills. Since in Spring's remembered nooks Lining fair familiar nooks, Once again, with curtsying grace In the same dear lowly place, God his unusual sign has set In the tender violet.

THINGS OF VALUE.

To Cuba in 1892, the United States exported some what more than four million dollars' worth of machinery and manufactures of iron and steel; in 1897, three hundred and forty-five thousand dollars' worth. It is a sad difference in terms in dollars and cents, whether their neighbors are filling steam hothead—or ambulances.

The great demand for a pleasant, safe and reliable antidote for all affections of the throat and lungs, is fully met with in Bickel's Anti-Consumptive Syrup. It is a purely Vegetable Compound and acts promptly and magically in subduing all coughs, colds, bronchitis, inflammation of the lungs, etc. It is so palatable that a child will not refuse it, and it is put at a price that will not exclude the poor from its benefits.

Mr. Dabney thinks the bicycle is a great exerciser, but he won't get one himself. "No; he claims he gets all the exercise he wants dodging those who do ride."

Sleeplessness is due to nervous excitement. The delicately constituted, the fanciful, the business man, and those whose occupation necessitates great mental strain or worry, all suffer less or more from it. Sleep is the great restorer of a worried brain, and to get sleep, cleanse the stomach from all impurities with a few doses of Parmentier's Vegetable Pills, gelatine coated, containing no mercury, and are guaranteed to give satisfaction or the money will be refunded.

A burden which one chooses is never felt. They Never Fall.—Mr. S. M. Boughner, Langton, writes: "For about two years I was troubled with Iwari Piles, but by using Parmentier's Pills, I was completely cured, and although four years have elapsed since then they have not returned. Complaint, Dyspepsia, Constipation, Headache, Flue, etc. will result from the secretions and remove all without matter."

After the fight, there are lots of brave men. How to Cure Headache.—Some people suffer until misery day after day with Headache. There is rest neither day or night until the nerves are all unstrung. The cause is generally a disordered stomach, and a cure can be effected by using Parmentier's Vegetable Pills, containing Mandarins and Dandelion. Mr. Finlay Wark, Liverpool, P. Q., writes: "I had Parmentier's Pills a first-class article for Bilious Headache."

One thorn of experience is worth a whole wilderness of warning. Excellent Reasons exists why Dr. THOMAS' EUCALYPTI OIL should be used by persons troubled with affections of the throat or lungs, sores upon the skin, rheumatic pain, corns, bunions, or external injuries. The reasons are, that it is speedy, pure and unobjectionable, whether taken internally or applied externally.

There is no dispute managed without a passion, and yet there is scarce a dispute worth a passion. Worms derange the whole system. Mother Graves' Worm Exterminator deranges worms, and gives rest to the sufferer. It only costs 50 cents to try it and be convinced.

More than a fair profit is realized on the article sold at a church fair. A lady writes: "I was enabled to remove the corns, roots and branches, by the use of Holroyd's Corn Cure." Others who have tried it have the same experience.

In Ireland there are 2,500,000 acres of bog land.

BUY Colman's Salt THE BEST Every package guaranteed. The 5 lb Carton of Table Salt is the neatest package on the market. For sale by all first class grocers



ST. JOHN, N. B., SATURDAY, JUNE 11, 1898.

LABRADOR'S NATIVES.

THE WHITE MEN WHO LIVE THERE OF THEIR OWN CHOICE.

Vocation That They Follow—Their Homes and Their Religion—A Falling off in their Civilization—The Eskimos and Their Easy-Going Life.

It seems strange that with freedom to come and go civilized men should choose to dwell in a region so terribly bleak and sterile as Labrador. Yet of the 8,700 inhabitants of that great peninsula, 3,000 are of the white or mixed race. They mainly are descendants of English sailors, some of whom were shipwrecked and more of whom probably left their ships without leave. Finding themselves stranded on this lonely shore, they made the best of their lot, marrying eskimo wives and living after the manner of the country. In later times some Newfoundlanders chose rather to settle in Labrador than make the uncomfortable trips to and fro yearly from St. John's for the annual codfishing off the Labrador shores. These brought their wives and children with them and introduced a new strain of civilized life.

All of these people live in little settlements strung along the coast, on islands or in fords, from Battle Harbor south to the Gulf of St. Lawrence. They dwell in houses of stone or logs. In winter they wear fur garments like the Eskimos; in summer the ordinary garb of Newfoundland fishermen. The women dress in gray or blue wollen stuff, with a gaudy gown for best. On their heads they wear a knit hood or a bright-colored handkerchief, and it may be, at out-of-door work or abroad on the water, a man's sou'wester.

Against the walls in their houses are pasted such pictures as they have been able to clip from the few newspapers that fall in their way, advertising lithographs that have come with goods to the trading stores and pictures of the sort issued by tract societies. On the table or a shelf in the living room is always a Bible, religiously read on every Sunday when the cod are not biting or a fare of fish to be dressed flaked. It is a devout and sober-minded community, that of the whites along the coast of Labrador. Their religious ministrations are provided by the Moravians, who have several missions in Labrador; their temperance is assured by stringent laws forbidding the landing of any liquors in Labrador, and these are made effective by a thorough patrol by the Dominion revenue cutters, which deal inexorably with smugglers of strong water.

In summer the white colonists fish for cod with trawls, nets, traps, and hands line. Before the cod arrive they usually turn a turn in salmon fishing, using nets and spears. They dispose of their surplus fish at the trading stores, with which they keep a yearly account that rarely is completely settled. In October, when the cod have left the shores for deep water, ending the fishing for the year, and the twenty-odd thousand Newfoundland fishermen who came at the beginning of the season have departed for home, the residents in Labrador prepare for winter. He lays evergreen boughs round the foundation of his house for warmth and looks after his supply of firewood. If living far to the north, where wood is scarce he may depend on an oil stove or lamp for heat. For provisions he has an abundance of salted cod and smoked or pickled salmon of his own catching. If the season has been fairly good his credit at the trading store will insure him flour, tea, sugar, and canned or salted meats. If he has a plot of ground in a sheltered, sunny place he may have raised a few bushels of turnips or watery potatoes to help out his fare, and if they have not been kept too busy at the flakes his wife and daughters have gathered from the uplands in the summer wild berries which they preserve in jars of cold water.

Until snow falls he will have traps set for mink and otter in the streams that pour down into the fords. Afterward he will go on snowshoes to the uplands to hunt caribou, and to trap and poison the wolf and Arctic fox for their fur. Also he will do some seal and walrus hunting off the shore for the skins and to get food for his dogs, and seal, like caribou meat, is an agreeable addition to his bill of fare. He keeps from six to twenty Eskimo dogs and does all his winter travelling in a komatik, or sled, drawn by a dog team, usually taking the ice along shore for his roadway.

Taken altogether the white colonist in Labrador is simple of character, ignorant,

religious and superstitious. He is fortified in prejudices and a believer in all sorts of sailors' and fishermen's omens and old wives' tales. The rigors of the climate keep him down to the stern necessities of providing warmth and food and leave him little time for anything else. It is a curious study what the ultimate effect of such conditions upon a civilized white people will be. But already there is found a decrease in stature and a lessening of mental energy. How far these things may be overcome by acclimation remains to be seen. The Icelanders, as far to the north, are noted for learning and intellectual energy—but then they started as a race of hardy and sagacious men.

Another sort of people are the Eskimos, of whom about 1,700 live along the coast of Labrador from Cape Chidley to the Straits of Bellefleur. Through the winter they live in their igloos, or huts of stone, by the waterside, hunting the seal and walrus. They do not go to the uplands, for they are afraid of the mountain Indians, their hereditary enemies. They do not fish for cod, but with the coming of summer set up their sealskin tents at the mouth of streams emptying into the head of a ford and catch trout and salmon for food. This occupation they vary by killing seal and walrus that come with the pack ice or are found summering along the shore. The walrus they kill from their kayaks with the harpoon, to which an inflated seal skin is attached by a string, and, floating at the surface, informs them of the movements of the walrus when he dives below. After they have killed the walrus they observe some queer ceremonies in respect to him.

In towing the body to the shore or ice pan, every man in the hunting party must forgive the others any injury ever done him and declare all quarrels with them to be at an end—else they will not get the walrus safe from the water. When once the walrus is upon the ice or shore, before cutting it up they give it a drink of water. Otherwise, they believe, they would catch no more walrus. This having been done, they divide the meat and take it to their igloos.

The Eskimos bury their dead under mounds of stones, or jutting promontories. A year or two ago a yachting party from St. John's, which had landed near Cape Chidley, saw an Eskimo burial. Four Eskimos hauled over the dry ground the komatik, or sled, on which was the body of a hunter who had been drowned in the killing of a walrus. After them came in irregular order a procession of about thirty men and women. On a high, rocky point of land overlooking the sea they placed the body in a sitting position, laid the hunter's paddle, harpoon, throw stick, and snowshoes beside it, and then, with stones as large as could be handled, proceeded to build a wall about the body. When the wall had been carried above the head they roofed it with flat stones and then built a rounded mound over the whole. But they left a hole in the roof so that the man could come out at any time if he wished. Then the party ranged itself in a semicircle before the mound and one man sang a weird chant with a chorus or refrain in which all the others joined. This done, they went back to their encampment with no further show of grief and resumed their usual occupation.

THE RAW PEANUT HABIT.

Why Bath N. Y., Sells More Unroasted Peanuts Than any Other Place.

'The village of Bath,' said a wholesale dealer in nuts, 'sells more raw or unroasted peanuts than any other place in this State. As a matter of fact, the sale of raw peanuts is quite the feature of the peanut trade in Bath, because there are more people there who have the raw peanut habit than there are in any other one place in the State. The reason for it is that the State Soldiers' Home is located there. That is why Bath's peanut trade is unique in the quantity of raw peanuts it handles.

'No one likes raw peanuts until he acquires the habit, and then he wants them just as regularly as he wants his tobacco. Before the civil war the peanut was chiefly a holiday luxury to the great mass of the people in this country. The day when the circus was in town, and the day when the county fair was whooping it up in behalf of the honest husbandman and the man with a four-minute trotting horse, and when the great and glorious Fourth of July had come round again—and it came round with bells on in those days—were about the only occasions when the popular yearning for peanuts was to any extent satisfied. On those memorable occasions the nut was

shucked and masticated until every buccalio jaw was lame. It was only in the towns and large villages that the favored few could have peanuts with them always. Before the war there wasn't a peanut roaster in the whole country outside the big towns, and the rural dealers bought their stock of peanuts already roasted. They were delivered in big, coarse bags. Today every crossroads, from Maine to California, has its peanut stand and its wheezing steam roaster, and the great American nut has no better or more exclusive standing on circus day or the Fourth of July than it has on any ordinary day of the year, although there is a greater concentration and application of energy in its shucking and chewing on those red-letter days.

'A large proportion of the soldiers who went South with the Union army were from the rural districts. So, when they got among the peanut patches of Virginia, North Carolina, and Tennessee they were, metaphorically speaking, right in clover. At first they roasted at their campfires the peanuts they pulled from the patches, but it wasn't long before they not only learned to like them raw, but actually preferred them that way. The result was that the boys discovered after a while that they banked after peanuts almost as much as they did after tobacco, and they brought the longing back home with them after the war was over. What has been the consequence? The demand for peanuts increased so rapidly with the return of peace that the crop then grown did not begin to supply it. Wide-awake farmers in Virginia, North Carolina and Tennessee saw the point, and their patches of peanut vines, which had been not much more than an incidental adjunct to the farm, expanded into broad fields and improved cultivation and new methods in caring for and disposing of the crop took the place of the old-time carelessness and crudities. The peanut crop of these three States amounts to more than 4,000,000 bushels annually—a result due entirely to the civil war and the contracting of the peanut habit of the soldiers. The bulk of this crop is handled, prepared, and shipped from Norfolk, the value of it being not less than \$8,000,000 a year.

'Naturally, the returned soldier's loud call for peanuts soon brought about a situation that placed the nut within his reach and that of the rural population to the furthest limits 'wayback, and the nut ceased forever to be simply a holiday luxury. The floor of the backwoods grocery is now littered nightly with shucks of peanuts, hot from a revolving roaster, thicker than it ever was on any Fourth of July of the olden time, and the old soldier can get his supply of raw peanuts at Wayback Corner just as fresh and regular almost as if he were still on the old camp ground yanking the nuts from their native soil.

'So that is why the soldiers' Home at Bath makes that village the champion raw-peanut centre of the State. There are hundreds of old soldiers living at the home and many of them have the war time peanut habit, and it takes heaps of the nuts to keep pace with them.'

Kipling's Advice to Schoolboys.

Two English schoolboys who run a school newspaper have drawn a letter from Rudyard Kipling, which the London Daily Mail reprints:

'CAPETOWN, Easter Monday, 1898. 'To the Editors, School Budget.

'GENTLEMEN: I am in receipt of your letter of no date, together with a copy of the School Budget, Feb. 14; and you seem to be in possession of all the check that is in the least likely to do you any good in this world or the next. And, furthermore, you have omitted to specify where your journal is printed and in what county of England Horsmonden is situated.

'But on the other hand, and notwithstanding, I very much approve of your 'Hints on Schoolboy Etiquette' and have taken the liberty of sending you a few more, as following:

'1. If you have any doubts about a quantity, cough. In three cases out of five this will save you being asked to 'say it again.'

'2. The two most useful boys in a form are (a) the master's favorite, pro tem., (b) his pet aversion. With a little judicious management (a) can keep him talking through the first half of the construs and (b) can take up the running for the rest of the time. N. B.—A syndicate should arrange to do (b's) imposts in return for this service.

'3.—A confirmed guesser is worth his weight in gold on Monday morning.

'4. Never shirk a master out of bounds.

Pass him with an abstracted eye and at the same time pull out a letter and study it earnestly. He may think it is a commission for some one else.

'5. When pursued by the native farmer always take to the nearest plough land. Men stick in furrows that boys can run over.

'6. If it is necessary to take other people's apples do it on a Sunday. You can then put them inside your topper, which is better than trying to button them into a tight 'Eton.'

You will find this advice worth enormous sums of money, but I shall be obliged with a check or postal order for 6d at your earliest convenience, if the contribution should be found to fill more than one page. Faithfully yours, Rudyard Kipling.

THE RED CROSS AND ITS FOUNDER.

The Origin of the Famous Order to Relieve the Wounded.

The battle of Solferino, fought in 1859 between the allied French and Sardinians and the Austrians, was one of the most sanguinary conflicts of modern times. Twenty thousand Austrians and eighteen thousand of the allies were killed and wounded.

To Henry Dunant, a Geneva philanthropist who witnessed the battle, it seemed that the wounded, not the soldiers who met instant death, were the real unfortunates. The military hospitals, overburdened, proved inadequate; most of the wounded were left in agony. Thousands who might have been saved by timely help, died upon the battle-fields.

Monsieur Dunant and other volunteers did all they could to relieve the suffering, but that was comparatively little. The Genevan asked himself, What can be done to mitigate the horrors of war? He dwelt upon the problem until he was able to suggest a plan of action; and this he set forth in a pamphlet called 'A Souvenir of Solferino.'

He advocated an international society composed of volunteer nurses, who should hold themselves in readiness to follow armies and aid the wounded of any nation—protected by all nations as neutrals and non-combatants, engaged in works of mercy.

With this pamphlet the Red Cross Society practically began. Monsieur Dunant's project was warmly approved by his own Swiss government; and when he went to Paris, seeking to organize a convention of the powers, he found that there also the "Souvenir" was known.

On the very day after its publication, Madame de Stael, sister to the Duc de Broglie, caused the Red Cross badges to be placed in her drawing-room. To visitors who asked their meaning the lady made such convincing answer that both Paris society and the French government were soon committed to the Red Cross principle.

The international conference which organized the society was held at Geneva in October, 1863. By the end of the following year thirteen governments had officially approved the society's purpose. To-day every civilized nation sustains it. The good it has done in thirty years may be gaged by the single fact, during the Franco-Prussian war, the German society alone expended thirteen million dollars.

But the story does not end here. After Monsieur Dunant had won his victory for the world, he had his own battle to fight, his own tragedy to meet. Unfortunate business ventures cost him his fortune, and he learned what destitution meant.

Happily his misfortunes came to an end. The Dowager Empress of Russia and the Federal Council of Switzerland granted him pensions. These were supplemented by a sum of money contributed by citizens of Stuttgart, Germany.

Now in his peaceful old age the philanthropist knows that these tributes from three nations express the feeling of all toward the man who reminded them that the claims of humanity are never wholly to be disregarded—even in war.

APT QUESTIONS.

Why Speakers Frequently Fail to Make a Desired Point.

A simple question put in parliament a few years ago caused a laugh throughout all England, and defeated a great measure. Mr. Curzon, then Under Secretary for India, was making a long and elaborate speech against a measure urged by the opposition regarding that dependency, as certain to result in a loss to the government of many lacs of rupees. He repeated with emphasis: 'Consider. Not pounds nor guineas, but lacs of rupees!'

A quiet voice on the opposition benches asked, 'Exactly how much is a lac of rupees?'

Mr. Curzon opened his mouth, stammered, grew red, and then with English candor, said, 'I really don't know.' The House laughed, and in that laugh he lost his cause.

A somewhat similar scene occurred many years ago in Congress. A present of Arabian horses, a sword, etc., arrived from the Imam of Muscat for President Adams. A Western member, with some heat, moved that the gift be sent back with a letter from Congress, informing the ruler in Muscat that the President of the United States was no king, but the servant of the people, and was not permitted to give or receive presents.

Another member rose. 'Such a letter might easily be written. But where is it to be sent? Where is Muscat?'

There was no response. Apparently not a member of the House was prepared to answer, nor could Muscat be found in any atlas published in this country. It was found at last on a German map. A civil answer was returned, and the geographers made haste to insert Muscat in the next edition of their maps.

Nothing perorates bombastic oratory like a sharp question. When Burke, in the height of a labored peroration in Parliament against France, drew a dagger and threw it on the floor, somebody made the act absurd by saying, 'Yes, that's the knife. Where's the fork?'

Equally sharp was the reply of Pope Pius IX., when the cardinals met and eloquently condoled with him on the sufferings in certain villages from earthquake and famine.

'How much are you sorry, my brethren?' he said. 'How many lire does your sympathy weigh?'

The only answer possible to this question was the relief of the villages.

Rain for Plants.

Rain does plants comparatively little good until it enters the soil, where it can be absorbed by their roots. A daily record of the amount of water in the soil would indicate whether the indications were favorable or otherwise for certain crops. There is a plan for burying specially constructed electrodes in the soil, in order that by measuring the resistance to the passage of a current through the soil the amount of moisture can be ascertained. This method was suggested by the necessity of grounding thoroughly telephone and telegraph lines. If the terminals are not continually in a moist soil the lines do not work during dry seasons.

Your Liver

needs coaxing, not crowding. Dr. Ayer's Pills stand without a rival as a reliable medicine for liver complaint. They cure constipation, and they cure its consequences, piles, biliousness, indigestion, sick headache, nausea, coated tongue, foul breath, bad taste, palpitation, nervousness, irritability, and many other maladies that have their root in constipation. They are a specific for all diseases of the stomach and bowels, and keep the body in a condition of sound health.

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A TANGLED WEB.

(CONTINUED.)

The cry rose in the silence of the night... He fired instantly, but his fear had spoiled his aim...

He fired instantly, but his fear had spoiled his aim; the bullet whizzed past Lavarick's head...

CHAPTER XIX.

Lord Lorrimore was aroused by the sound of pistol-shots. He was on his feet in a moment...

Lord Lorrimore was aroused by the sound of pistol-shots. He was on his feet in a moment, and almost at the same instant...

They rode forward quickly but cautiously. The sound of firing had ceased, but suddenly there rose from the dense stillness...

They rode forward quickly but cautiously. The sound of firing had ceased, but suddenly there rose from the dense stillness...

Great Heaven! he said, "that's a woman's voice!" "You're right, sir, it is," assented the captain...

Great Heaven! he said, "that's a woman's voice!" "You're right, sir, it is," assented the captain...

The captain pulled up presently, and bending down till his head was below his horse's neck...

The captain pulled up presently, and bending down till his head was below his horse's neck...

As if they were racers who had been waiting for the word "Go!" the excited men rushed forward...

As if they were racers who had been waiting for the word "Go!" the excited men rushed forward...

Presently they heard the sound of hooves in front of them, and Lorrimore's heart gave a bound...

Presently they heard the sound of hooves in front of them, and Lorrimore's heart gave a bound...

He pulled up for a moment, took the line Lavarick was going, saw that he was striking for the plain...

He pulled up for a moment, took the line Lavarick was going, saw that he was striking for the plain...

It was now an open race. Lavarick looked round, scanned the horse and rider pursuing him...

It was now an open race. Lavarick looked round, scanned the horse and rider pursuing him...

sounded behind him, but Lorrimore scarcely heard it. It was this man with the helpless woman in his grasp...

boys in the camp he; we'd looked forward to a high old time with the trial and the execution...

black-ringed, mournful eyes, the girl who had walked so happily through the woods...

By this time Lorrimore was almost enjoying himself, and he would have been at the height of enjoyment...

By this time Lorrimore was almost enjoying himself, and he would have been at the height of enjoyment...

"Why, of course," he said, with a smile. "Every one would be. Is there anything you want—anything I can do for you, Miss—?"

He looked down at Sylvia and back at the pursuer. That he would be hung within, say, twenty-four hours of his capture...

He looked down at Sylvia and back at the pursuer. That he would be hung within, say, twenty-four hours of his capture...

"Oh, we won't talk of that just now," interrupted Lord Lorrimore. "You must try and forget all that."

The sight of her youth and her beauty, and the terror which, though she was still unconscious...

The sight of her youth and her beauty, and the terror which, though she was still unconscious...

"What is it?" said Lorrimore. "If there is anything, no matter what—" "I want—his coat," dropped from her lips...

He took her in his arms and carried her to his horse. The animal, as if aware that his presence was needed...

He took her in his arms and carried her to his horse. The animal, as if aware that his presence was needed...

"This is her brother," said one of the men. "And dead as a herring, poor devil!" said the other...

As he approached it, the captain and a couple of men rode out. They set up a shout of congratulation...

As he approached it, the captain and a couple of men rode out. They set up a shout of congratulation...

"We've found him, sir," he said—"dead. Here's his coat." Lorrimore put up his hand to stop them...

CHAPTER XX.

Sylvia was not dead, but the hand of Death hovered so near that Lord Lorrimore could scarcely tell whether she lived or not...

Sylvia was not dead, but the hand of Death hovered so near that Lord Lorrimore could scarcely tell whether she lived or not...

"I shall be sorry I brought it to you," he said, gently. "If you cry so."

On the second day he learned from the doctor that Sylvia's condition had improved. She was not yet, however, fully conscious...

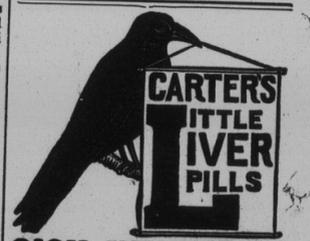
On the second day he learned from the doctor that Sylvia's condition had improved. She was not yet, however, fully conscious...

"She thinks of nothing but her brother," said the doctor's wife. "It's pitiable to hear the poor girl call upon his name, and in a voice that brings the tears to your eyes."

Lord Lorrimore wandered about the camp, watching the diggers, who went on with their work...

Lord Lorrimore wandered about the camp, watching the diggers, who went on with their work...

Neville himself could scarcely have recognized in the then wan face, with its



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Sunday Reading.

FAREWELL TO THE DOBSONS.

In every community, no matter how democratic, one family at least, is considered beneath the social level.

Mrs. Dobson once said bitterly, "How do they know? We never had any chance here in Nebraska.

Mr. Dobson looked up with a good-natured grin, but said nothing. Apparently, he took no more notice of his wife, who went off to spread her meagre washing on the gum woods.

"Meanest, dirtiest, water I ever saw," he thought dubiously. "Taint no good to anybody. Don't fetch down any mill power; can't to any trade boats; isn't ever two days alike it's so shifty and sneaking."

He sighed, and glanced sheepishly at his wife, who was shaking out the last tattered garment of the washing. He watched her uneasily a moment, and then his eyes wandered vaguely to the far-off purple bluffs across the river; but what he saw was a distance of years instead of miles.

"Abner," called his wife, plaintively, "just look at me. I reckon Mrs. Barnard hasn't got any such sand-burs as we have. She don't get pricked to pieces when she goes to spread her washing. I do wish you'd—but she stopped hopelessly.

Mrs. Barnard don't have to spread her washing," corrected Abner, doggedly; "she's got yards and yards of clothes-line and pins and baskets and a machine."

Melvina Dobson glanced at her husband anxiously. Never before had he seemed uneasy or envious. "I reckon Mrs. Barnard has her drawbacks," she admitted, generally.

"Yes," answered her husband, moodily, "and Barnard aint no more willing than I'd be if I was him. His paw left him money, and mine didn't. I know one thing, though, if I was Barnard, Mrs. Barnard wouldn't wash, if she did have a machine. I'd sell the pigs first."

Melvina looked at him gratefully. "I know it, Abner," she answered soothingly, "you always have been good to me. If there aint money enough for both, you always want me to have it. I reckon 'taint your fault that we are so poor; I don't care for myself but the children."

She broke off suddenly, and went to get the scanty dinner. Abner took down his rusty hoe, and passed reluctantly into the neglected potato patch.

He was working with great deliberation when his half grown daughter passed, without speaking.

"Sallie," he called. The girl seemed not to hear him. She held her head with an air of offended dignity, and looked neither to the right or to the left. A second call from her father brought her to a defiant pout.

"I say," he called lazily, "what ails you? You? Have I done anything?" "Reckon not," she answered, sullenly. "And your maw don't seem natural. Is she ailing?"

The girl looked at him full in the face and her eyes were not pleasant. "O maw, she answered, sharply, "why, maw is kind of worn out with church socials and things, maw is. It's most made her sick, sewing on her new silk dress, and doing up her hair. And now there's the party at Sansen's."

"Sansen's?" "Yes, when they move into the new house. Everybody has been asked, even Mrs. Jenkins, 'cepting maw. Maw has such fine clothes and is so stuck up, that she wasn't bid."

Abner turned the hoe in his hands, and watched a potato bug travel calmly from one hill to another. Something in his attitude touched the child. Suddenly she lost her look of defiance, and said brokenly:

"Maw couldn't go anyway, she's got nothin' to wear. Her old gray dress turned yellow in the sun years ago. Mrs. Barnard gave me some dye for Easter eggs, and when I heard about Sansen's

Thin in flesh? Perhaps it's natural.

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party, I thought I'd color maw's dress and have it ready."

A tragic silence followed. Abner looked up questioningly.

"She can't wear it no more," answered the girl, unsteadily; "it turned brown and green, and went all spotted and speckled."

For a minute the silence was heavy; then Abner said gently, "Never mind, Sallie; I'm real proud of you for trying. 'Now you run along and help your maw. You're a good girl, Sallie."

The child went back to the shabby sod house with smiling eyes, and left her father to his own devices. From the force of long habit he sat down to cultivate his thoughts, while the bugs and the weeds waxed strong among the potatoes. What he thought to-day was something new and strange, and not agreeable. Often his mind reverted to the coming party.

When the company finally assembled at the Sansens' they repaid Abner Dobson for his speculations by freely and frankly discussing him and his.

"Oh, folks like the Dobsons don't care," insisted Mrs. Sansen; "they could get ahead if they wanted to. Sansen and me didn't have anything but a mortgage when we started, and now look at the farm and its improvements."

"The rest of us aint far behind," laughed Mrs. Early. "Only fourteen years ago we drove into the state with a span of horses a wagon-load of furniture, and two dollars."

"We are all better off," suggested somebody else, "than our folks that we left behind."

"Except the Dobsons," corrected Mrs. Sansen.

"Why are they so far behind?" asked Mrs. Barnard, in the tone of a newcomer.

"Weren't they early settlers?" "Of course they were," answered Mrs. Sansen, "but they didn't use their chances. They were too shiftless for anything."

A little faded woman in rusty black, whom Sallie Dobson had spoken of as "even Mrs. Jenkins," looked up with keen protest in her eyes.

Mrs. Early saw the glance, and hastened to smooth things over by saying, "Maybe the Dobsons haven't used judgment, but they did work better before they got so discouraged. While the rest of us were getting a start, they had more than their share of sickness and death and accidents to their property."

"You needn't worry about that," broke in Mrs. Jenkins, they are going back to the mountains. Mrs. Dobson told me that they were tired of being lonesome."

A sudden uneasy hush fell on the little company, followed by a confused demand for further information.

Mrs. Barnard sat listening to the talk, which had drifted back to the days before she lived in the neighborhood. When a pause finally occurred in the conversation, she turned to her companions and asked, brightly, "Why can't we give the Dobsons a farewell party? I am sure it would please them; and whatever we saw fit to give would seem prompted by friendship rather than charity."

The women looked at each other in keen surprise, but before any one could protest, Mrs. Barnard spoke again: "I was think-

ing how much Mr. Dobson needed another horse, since one of his span died. I am going to give him my old Bess. She is homely and rather mean, but she can work. Mr. Barnard said yesterday that we had too many horses."

"I can't do anything so handsome," exclaimed Mrs. Jenkins, "but I can give a quilt or two."

"And I some canned fruit, and a ham or so," added Mrs. Early.

The enthusiasm spread, and amid a confusion of tongues, the list of donations grew and grew.

"Suppose you stop on the way home, Mrs. Barnard," suggested some one, "and tell them about the party. I'm afraid they wouldn't be tidy enough to enjoy a surprise."

So when the party dispersed, Mrs. Barnard delivered the neighborhood message, and passed on with a smile of satisfaction.

From that time forth a new life dawned on the Dobsons. Their lamp was the last in the valley to go out at night, and the first to be lighted in the morning. The whole family seemed possessed with a fever and hurry of joyous excitement.

"Got to have everything slick and mended," admonished Abner; "can't go off leaving things shifless like."

When the eventual day of the party finally arrived, everything was in perfect order. Two hours before the earliest guest could be expected, Mrs. Dobson went to the door in her fresh, new calico, and looked about anxiously.

"They will be along now pretty soon," she announced, excitedly; "you haven't forgot your piece, have you, Abner?"

"I reckon not, he answered, thoughtfully as he flicked a straw from his new overalls; "it begins—'Fellow neighbors."

"Oh, never mind about sayin' it now, paw, she interrupted, "I reckon you will get through when the time comes."

But Abner was not so certain. He repeated it over and over again. Even during the arrival of the people, he could not escape its haunting phrases. He forgot it only when he went to see the unexpected gifts from his neighbors. Then his vision suddenly grew dim, and his mind confused.

He wandered back to the end of the house which the men had appropriated. After a moment he drew himself erect, and began in a loud, artificial tone: "Fellow neighbors—"

The unusual address attracted the notice of those nearest. A wave of silence passed on to the women's edge of the company.

"Feller neighbors," he began again, "me and Mrs. Dobson feel to thank you for this here unexpected notice. Maybe we-uns aint been any credit to you-all before, but after this we're going to be."

He cleared his throat, while the people looked at each other questioningly. His gite prompted him quickly. "Mrs. Dobson and me—" she whispered.

"Mrs. Dobson and me," he repeated, "got lonesome, and thought we'd better go back to our kin. But lately you all have showed we-uns that there is kin nearer than them of blood. They didn't give us no farewell party. You-all have been mighty good; Mrs. Dobson and me know that there aint no other such neighborhood on earth. So we aint going to the mountains."

A gasp of astonishment, almost of consternation, escaped the company.

"We aint going," he concluded; "we-uns are going to stay right here and act like white folks. That's all, fellow neighbors. He sat down in silence and confusion.

The neighbors were startled, but they had undertaken to make this party a success; to a man, they arose to meet the new occasion. For the first time they made the Dobsons welcome.

After the party was over, when the last wagons were separating, Mrs. Sansen said, "I'm glad we did it, anyhow. It's just made people of them Dobsons. Him and Billy come over and cut all them Canada thistles we blamed them for."

"And mended our barbed wire fence," added Mrs. Early, "and fixed Mrs. Jenkins's plow."

"Say, Mrs. Barnard," laughed some one "your party was a big fizzle as a good-by."

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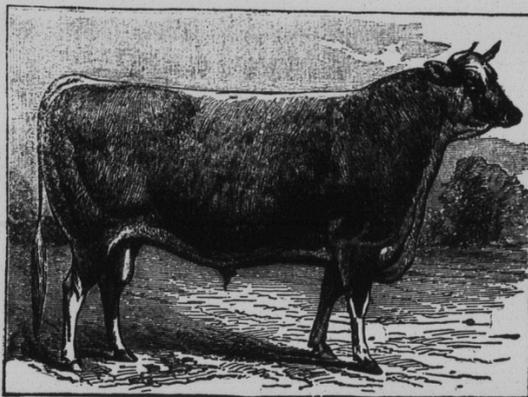
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"Perhaps," she answered, softly, "but I think it was a great success as a farewell to the Dobsons. Good night, dear."

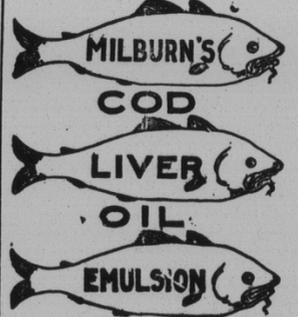
The well-satisfied neighbors passed under the quiet stars, which looked down peacefully, long after they had vanished, on the lazy, vacillating Platte, and to-day the Dobsons, regenerated by neighborly kindness and made active by sympathy and approval, bear no resemblance to the sluggish, unlovely stream.

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An Enormous Sapphire.

The London Times tells of a Ceylon sapphire now in that city, the property of Major Robley, which is not less remarkable for its size than for its translucency and the brilliance of the optical effects it can show. The weight of the gem is 638 karats, and it is of a dark, milky blue color perfectly transparent and flawless. Larger sapphires have been known but they have usually, if not always, been dull and muddy instead of having the clear translucent color of this specimen. But in addition it possesses a property occasionally found in slightly cloudy or milky Ceylon sapphires—which sometimes in other gems, too—which greatly enhances its value in the eyes of believers in the occult powers of precious stones to confer health and good fortune on their wearers. It is a star sapphire, or asteria. That is, being cut en cabochon, it displays a beautiful opalescent star, dividing its six rays at the apex, which changes its position according to the movement of the source of light by which it is viewed. By employing two or three sources of light, two or three of these stars can be simultaneously seen in the



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### Notches on The Stick

The longest part of Leigh Hunt's active life in England was spent in the suburbs of London, "in what Milton called 'garden houses'; for some years in Chelsea near Carlyle, and afterwards in Edwardes Square, Kensington,—a square of small neat houses, built by a Frenchman, it is said, in expectation of the conquest of England by Buonaparte." In his "Reminiscences" Carlyle gives us this glimpse: "Leigh Hunt was continually sending us notes; most probably would in person step across before bedtime, and give us an hour of the prettiest melodious discourse. . . . Figure and bearing of the man, of a perfectly graceful, spontaneously original, dignified and attractive kind. Considerable sense of humor in him; a very pretty little laugh, sincere and cordial always; many tricky turns of witty insight, of intellect, of phrase, countenance, tone and eyes well seconding; his voice, in the finale of it, had a kind of musical warble, (chirp we vernacularly called it,) which reminded me of singing birds. He came always rather scrupulously, though most simply and modestly dressed. 'Kind of Talking Nightingale,' we privately called him. He enjoyed much, and with a kind of chivalrous silence and respect, her (Mrs. Carlyle's) Scotch tunes on the piano."

We have all heard the apocryphal account of the origin of Hunt's lines, "Jeannie kissed me," how that Carlyle's Jeannie gave him the invaluable smack, for gladness at hearing her Thomas was to have a pension. But of course a poet's love song needs a legend. At Edwardes-Square Hunt lived under his customary restriction of poverty, wrote for bread-money, and fought hard times. Indeed through all his life, almost till the last, he never was released from this necessity. "All his life-long," writes S. C. Hall, "his income was limited; it is indeed notorious that he was put to many 'shifts' to keep the wolf from the door." It boots not to argue the cause; his misfortunes had made large pecuniary draughts upon him; he was never very pennywise, doubtless, nor were his literary tasks profitable as merchandise;—in journalism, so to speak, these brothers had been the fathers of too many dead dogs. So, though he was no spendthrift; though 'he was utterly indifferent to what are called the 'luxuries of life,' and was 'simple in his ways, and temperate almost to the extreme,' the wolf of destitution was often nearly at the door. As his son Thornton, writes,—"The plan of working, the varied and precarious nature of the employments, an inborn dullness of sense as to the lapse of time, conspired to produce a life in which the receipt of handsome earnings alternated with long periods that yielded no income at all. In these intervals credit went a long way, but not far enough. There were gaps of total destitution in which every available source had been absolutely exhausted." At last in the 1844, when Sir Percy Shelly had succeeded to the estates of his grandfather, his father's friend and benefactor was remembered with an annuity of £120; and in 1847, he was, through the agency of Lord John Russell, placed on the pension list, and received thereafter, "in consideration of his distinguished literary talents" the sum of £500 a year.

Leigh Hunt's person has been clearly described by his intimates. He has been pictured by his son "as in height about five feet ten inches, remarkably straight and upright in his carriage, with a firm step and a cheerful, almost dashing ap-

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proach." Through others we have seen the sensitive, yet brave and delicate spirit in that form of marked features; the hair wiry straight and dark,—afterward grizzled as he grows into age,—and parted in the centre; the dark-complexioned face, with its full black eye-brows, "firmly marking the edge of a brow over which was a singularly upright, flat, white forehead, and under which beamed a pair of eyes, brilliant reflecting, gay, and kind, with a certain look of observant humor."

His wife died in 1857. Life was then empty and more lonely, for his sons had gone forth from him, or were dead, and he began to feel the most pitiable and pathetic of all earthly circumstances, the solitude of age. "When last I saw him," writes one to whom he was known, "he was yielding to the universal conqueror. His loose and straggling white hair thinly scattered over a brow of manly intelligence; his eyes dimmed somewhat, but retaining that peculiar gentleness yet, brilliancy, which in his youth were likened to those of a gazelle; his earnest heart and vigorous mind outsparking yet, in sentences eloquent and impressive; his form partially bent, but energetic and self-dependent, although by fits and starts,—Leigh Hunt gave me the idea of a sturdy ruin that 'wears the mossy vest of time,' but which in assuming the graces that belong by right to age, was not oblivious of the power and worth and triumph enjoyed in manhood and in youth."

After having lived in so many homes, none of which were his possession, this good and gentle and gifted man died in the house of a friend, but one whom he had long tried and greatly valued,—C. W. Reynell, in High street, Patney. We have a print of the house before us, as we write, and, as it appears from the street, does not seem the most prepossessing of habitations. But it is said there was a good garden in the rear, where the poet loved to ramble, to admire the flowers, of which he was a special lover. Immediately in front is the old gabled, quaint-looking Fairfax House, in which, it is said, Ireton lived, and where that general and Lambert often met.

Not vainly had this lover of his kind cultivated the humanities. He lacked not friends to stand about his bed and minister, nor eyes to weep when he was dying, and after he had passed into that world of the beautiful whose treasures he sought to import into this. His grave was made in Kensal Green, where, after some years, a monument was raised by public subscription, adorned by the accomplished chisel of Joseph Durham. It was inaugurated on the poet's birthday, 19th of Oct., 1869, Lord Houghton presiding on the occasion, delivering an address full of gracious and generous utterances in praise of a truly worthy man. We read in the Life of Dickens, by Forster, that he was bidden, but declined on the plea that such a solemnity was not agreeable to him. The inscription is simple. On one side we read his memorable line:

"Write me as one that loves his fellow men."

What at the end, shall we say? This was a man to love, and, on the whole to respect. Not that in mien and action, while he lived, he was of the irreproachably heroic kind, who command our reverence. There was a brave soul in him behind much constitutional timidity. There is something in the very mould of a man that may fill us with a momentary awe, and make us say, "Sir, and My Lord," when he cannot live as a subtle power in our lives after he has passed by. His virtue is too cold reserved and self-respecting. But Hunt, with all his foibles and innocent vanities, at which the wise and prudent were offended, which provoked the jibes of enemies and the titter of friends, steals into our thought like a sunbeam and into our hearts like the aroma of spring woods, to remain there forever. A life that was capable of communicating so much pleasure combined with so much profit, must, in spite of sorrows, and vexation, and much infirmity, have been a happy life. As Sannet Smiles says, in his admirable sketch of our subject,—"It is the heart that makes life sweet, not the purse,—it is pure and happy thoughts, a well stored mind, and a genial nature full of sympathy for human kind." And these were his possessions who descended to his

grave without bitterness or regret, accepting all the events of his life as on the whole the best that Providence could have assigned him.

"The Prisoner of Chillon,"—on the whole the noblest and most spirited of Byron's tales in verse, full of the pathos of domestic love and sorrow, and of the crushing out of the heart the love of freedom,—was written in 1816, shortly after the author left England for the first time, and while he was living with the Shelleys in Switzerland. It was early one of our choicest intellectual treasures, and we are persuaded that 'twill never lose its charm while the heart is capable of responding to such sentiments.

Our correspondent, Mr. Thomas Hutchinson, of Pegwood, Marpeth, Northumberland, England, writes: "I am still slowly—adding to my collection of Canadian poetry. One of my greatest prizes this year, so far, has been a copy of the edition de luxe of 'The Habitant and Other Poems,' by Dr. Drummond of Montreal. It is simply a lovely book, both in get up and contents. But there is a book I haven't yet seen—nay, I do not even know its title, though I have heard of its publication,—that it will be necessary for me to purchase; I mean the new book of poems by Bliss Carman. Mr. Sherman gave me a hint, a month or two since, that it would be worth buying." The reference is to Carman's book of sea poems; "The Ballad of Lost Haven" if we remember rightly, is the title.

"The Elegy in a Country Churchyard," by Thomas Gray, was completed in 1750, having been begun in 1742. Few poems have been rewritten more times, or been subjected to more fastidious revision, till each stanza is well-nigh perfect. For a time it was circulated among friends of the poet, in manuscript form, and was first printed in 1751. It at once began its career of popularity, and became, as one has declared, the most widely known poem in our language. Dr. Johnson, who subjected the poet's Odes to severe criticism, excerpted the "Elegy," saying: "The 'Churchyard' abounds with images which find a mirror in every mind, and with sentiments to which every bosom returns an echo. The four stanzas beginning 'yet even these bones' are to me original; I have never seen the notions in any other place; yet he that reads them here persuades himself that he has always felt them. Had Gray written often thus, it had been vain to blame, and useless to praise him."

Our good poet has written many agreeable personal addresses, similar in manner to the following:

To Mrs. Olive Bush Lee.  
1803-1868.  
By Dr. BERTRAM F. LECHE.  
Again the hand of April sets,  
In dreamful beauty born,  
On sunny slopes her violets  
To glad thy natal morn.  
With liquid notes the air is starred  
To greet thy rounded year,  
The blue-bird's tender trill is heard,  
The robin's song of cheer.  
Thy pilgrim feet have wended long  
Beneath a changeful sky,  
While April bloom and April song  
Have marked the years go by.  
What wine of love to-day shall fill  
Thy cup to overflow,  
In lands where snow-wreaths linger still  
And near the juncos' blow.  
And near and far love's wishes sped  
From loyal hearts again,  
Shall lay her crown upon the head  
Of four-score years and ten.  
And every heart will breathe one hope  
And frame one tender prayer,  
That God will lead across the slope  
And make thy sunset fair.

Wordsworth's "Intimations" of Immortality from Recollections of Early Childhood.

### Springtime and the old standby

Experts are constantly trying to get a dye better than the Magnetic. THEY CANNOT DO IT. Especially in the richer colors, that test both dye and dyer, as Crimson, Green, Navy Blue, and Black.

## MAGNETIC DYES

Especially Black, are the best of dyes—giving best results with least work. If your dealer does not keep Magnetic Dyes, we will mail you as sample, a full size packet, any color, post paid, on receipt of price, 10c. HARVEY MEDICINE CO., 424 St. Paul, Montreal.

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Trotters and teams, get fine glossy coats, good appetite, increased energy, when given DR. HARVEY'S CONDITION POWDERS. Sold by all reliable dealers, 25c. per package. Full size package sent post-paid as sample on receipt of price.

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**ESSAY** not to exceed 300 words. Subject: The most satisfactory way to use Surprise Soap for washing clothes.  
**POEM** not to exceed 5 verses. Subject: Whiteness of white goods when washed with Surprise Soap.  
**ADVERTISEMENT** 4 in. square, either plain writing or illustrated, drawing may be larger. Subject: Surprise Soap, best for washing clothes.

**CONDITIONS.**—Each poem, essay, or advertisement must be accompanied by 25 Surprise Soap wrappers. Everyone sending in the 25 wrappers will receive a picture, and the best essay, poem, or advertisement will receive the money prize in addition. Prizes will be awarded September 28, 1898. Sent in at any time. It will be kept on file. Address  
**THE ST. CROIX SOAP MFG. CO., St. Stephen, N.B.**

hood" was composed partly in 1803 and 1806, in the maturity of its author's powers, and it contains some of his noblest thoughts in their most exquisite garb of expression. It arose out of peculiar psychological experiences, which he relates, and the whole poem is suffused with emotion, subtle and profound. Its beauty and sublimity are without question, and whatever may be said of its philosophy; and it has by Emerson been justly characterized as the "high-water mark of English thought in the nineteenth century." The "Ode to Duty" is also a poem of great dignity, strength and beauty.

Denis Diderot the brilliant French Encyclopaedist, wrote, in advanced life, to Mademoiselle Voland: "The man of mediocre passion lives and dies like a brute. . . . If we were bound to choose between Racine, a bad husband, a bad father, a false friend, and a sublime poet, and Racine, a good father, good husband, good friend, and dull worthy man, I hold to the first. Of Racine the bad man, what remains? Nothing! Of Racine the man of genius? The work is eternal." This comes dangerously near the assertion of the identity of genius with irregulated passion,—a notion that has sometimes falsely obtained. Happily we are not in want of instances of most powerful passions, disciplined and restrained,—Dante, Luther, Wordsworth; and we need not pause to enumerate the exalted geniuses who were not only "sublime" poets but sublime men; and who knew how to be good husbands, good fathers, and good friends,—though they were not "dull." Would Diderot so choose? So would I.

No thoughtful reader of George Eliot's "Romola," can doubt the strength and greatness of the work, nor that she put the intensity of her soul into it. It involved deep reflection, wide research, and the absorbed brooding of a great genius, before it was produced. It is not so pleasant, nor so easy reading as some of her books—"Silas Marner" for instance,—but it exercises the reader more and takes a deeper hold upon him. It is a remarkable portrait of a remarkable man, and of a remarkable age. As is usual with works of such calibre, its idea was long present with the author before it was shaped and written, and its effect upon herself was marked. In her own words: "I began it a young woman. I finished it an old woman." Now that the four hundredth anniversary of Savonarola's tragic martyrdom is here, (May 23, 1488) this book may profitably be read again.

Of Gladstone the editor of the Home Journal fitly writes: "A king among men, despite his limitations. He lacked the firmness of Cromwell or Wellington; but neither Cromwell or Wellington loved England more truly. They lacked his Hyperion brow, and silvery side of speech. He lived amid the old inspiring genii of Latin and Hellenic lore, yet he lived on the tongues of Britons as well."

### THE MISSIONARY'S PUMP.

They Thought it was Magic and so Made a Little Test.  
Lobengula, the late king of the Matabels of South Africa, was a friend of the Rev. E. Carnegie, an English missionary, at Hope Fountain, several miles from Bulawayo. The Matabels warriors, on the other hand, looked with suspicion on the missionary and all his works; but they knew better than to molest the friend of their king. Time after time, in passing the mission house, they noticed a force-pump at work, supplying water for the family and for irrigating the garden, understanding what it was for, their untutored minds concluded it was some sort of magic. It was "intagati," or bewitched, and they watched to see how it was managed that they might turn the white man's magic against himself. One moonlight night a party of picked warriors repaired to the bank of the stream where the pump

was. On trying it, they were jubilant to find that two men at either handle could do the trick. Turn and turn about they kept the pump going for two hours; determined that the missionary should have all the magic he wanted, and a balance in hand. Then, exhausted, they went homeward, ignorant of the fact that they had filled the missionary's tank to overflowing. His good wife hoped that a similar supply of 'magic' might be furnished every week.

### EXPRESS MY FEELINGS!

A Minister was recently trying to make a telephone connection. The sweet telephone girl at the exchange was probably exchanging confidence with her Sweetheart. The minister "hello'd" several times, but got no answer. He was in a hurry, and the inattention put him out. A lady friend came behind him. He turned to the latter. "My dear fellow," he said with a look of mingled wrath and misery, "would you kindly express my feelings?" Ladies never use strong language, but if anything would tempt them it would be the many appearances of their dress or jacket after using any other dyes but TURKISH DYES. They now appreciate their worth. TURKISH DYES will never wash out. No other dyes will stand a soap and water test. The TURKISH DYES invite it, soap only brings out their lustre. Every color is perfect. No ill tempers when you use TURKISH DYES. No spoiled garments. Try them and see how you can augment your wardrobe with beautiful garments which ordinarily would have been thrown aside.

Send postal for "How to Dye Well and" Sample Card to 481 St. Paul Street, Montreal.

The Left Side of the Face. Photographers, in their constant study of the face, find that the left side makes the more pleasant picture, and that the profile as seen from the left gives a more correct likeness than when viewed from the right.

### They Never Come Back.

There is great satisfaction in the hearts of those cured of cancer and tumour by our painless home treatment, for there is never any danger of a return of the trouble. It takes every trace of the disease out of the system. Send for particulars. P. Stott & Jury, Bowmanville, Ont.

This notice has just been issued by a Southern blacksmith: "De copartnership heretofore existing betwixt me and Mose Skinner is hereby resolved. Dem what owe de firm will settle wid me, and dem what de firm owe will settle wid Mose."

### STRENGTH CAME BACK.

The Avil once more rings with the strokes of his hammer.

Mr. Thos. Forbicus, the well known blacksmith of Goderich, Ont., tells how sickness and weakness gave way to health and strength. "For the past four years my



nerve have been very weak, my sleep fitful and disturbed by dreams, consequently I arose in the morning unrested. I was frequently very dizzy and was much troubled with a mist that came before my eyes, my memory was often defective and I had fluttering of the heart, together with a sharp pain through it at times. In this condition I was easily worried and felt overtaxed and exhausted. Two months ago I began taking Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills, since that time I have been gaining in health and strength daily. They have restored my nerves to a healthy condition, removed all dizziness and heart trouble, and now I sleep well and derive comfort and rest from it. That Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills are a good remedy for Nervousness, Weakness, Heart Trouble and similar complaints goes without saying." Price 50 cents a box at all druggists or T. Milburn & Co., Toronto, Ont.

Laxa-Liver Pills cure Dyspepsia.

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That most shoe dressings are fatal to leather is as generally known as is the fact that

**Packard's Special Combination Leather Dressing . . .**

is entirely free from destructive ingredients. A perfect cleaner, a perfect dresser, a perfect preservative.

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25 CENTS AT ALL SHOE STORES. PACKARD, OF MONTREAL. L. H. PACKARD & Co.

### Woman and Her Work

I once heard of a girl who was engaged nineteen times before she finally settled down into the quiet jog trot in double harness of married life. She must have been a wonderfully attractive girl to have got so much more than her share of love and admiration, and no doubt she enjoyed her triumphs immensely and was the object of much envy from her young companions, but how about the matter when looked at from the point of view of the man who finally married this fascinating dame? What of his feelings when the thought came home to him that in all probability there were nineteen men scattered around the world who had enjoyed the privilege of kissing and caressing his wife, who had each cherished the same aspirations and hopes with regard to enshrining her one day as the queen of their homes, and calling her by the name of wife, as he had done himself, with the only difference that his hopes had reached fruition, while theirs had been disappointed; perhaps there may be men who would not be troubled by such a state of affairs, but all the same I think they would be very few. Man is a selfish animal, and a conceited one withal, so he is always on the look out for the very best article in the market, and like the infant in pursuit of Pear's soap, he won't be happy till he gets it. Consequently he not only expects to secure the very best and prettiest girl in his set, but he wants to feel that he is her first and only love, that no other man has ever dared to cast his eyes upon her except with the most respectful admiration, and that she regards him very much as the ladies of the harem regard their lord and master—as the one man in the world.

To such a being as this the certainty that the idol of his dreams has loved no less than nineteen times before she found her true affinity, must be bitter in the extreme, and his love deep and strong in order to enable him to face the humiliation of being the twentieth man.

I thought this was a record breaking case until I read the other day of a woman who acknowledged to having had seventy three lovers, and proudly boasted of having retained every one of them as her friends even after she was married. It sounds incredible I know, but then we know that American girls belonging to the smart set have lovers by the dozen if they happen to be belles, and perhaps seventy three is not considered such a large number by those to the manner born. It is the way in which this girl managed to obtain the regard of her admirers which seems to me so unusual, and so worthy of imitation by all other girls whether the number of their lovers be large or small.

In the first place she was not a susceptible girl who fell in love readily, but one of the bright vivacious damsels who never carry their hearts upon their sleeves, and are slow to yield to the charms of the other sex, so she always held herself above her lovers and let them worship her from afar, she never gave them the encouragement which is what men blame women most for, when they are rejected, and she never wrote them notes. She stood calmly on her pedestal and looked smilingly down upon her adorers with an air that said plainly "I am out of your reach, and I am not coming down." That she says is the real secret of a woman's power, never to make herself too cheap and never to waste her substance, in the shape of love, in idle flirting. If she holds herself aloof and makes men regard her as a sort of superior being, then respect will form the basis of the love men give her, and she can make friends of all of them who are worth having. Perhaps no one ever knows a woman so well as the man who has ceased to be in love with her, and when a girl has passed triumphantly through the ordeal of both winning without any effort on her own part, and refusing a man's love, and still retains his respect, the man who is worth having says to himself—"This is a girl who is worthy to be the friend of my mother or my sister, and who will prove a valuable friend to me, if I cannot have her for anything dearer. I cannot afford to let such a woman pass out of my life" so he doesn't

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Genuine and Guaranteed  
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### A Protection...

**Baby's Own Soap** is something more than a cleanser. It is a protection against the annoying and irritating skin troubles so often endured by infants. It makes babies happy and healthy, and keeps the delicate skin rosy, pink and clean. Fragrant and pure, it is a perfect soap.

**THE ALBERT TOILET SOAP CO., Mfrs.**  
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**CAUTION.**—Many of the imitations of Baby's Own will burn and ruin the skin. 75

let her drift away from him, and she has made a firm friend out of a rejected lover. It is an example worth imitating girls, and it would be well for us all if we could hold ourselves so blamelessly that in losing the love of a man we should still retain not only his admiration, but his sincere respect and esteem.

I daresay there are numbers of women living to day in whose memories the American Civil war is still comparatively fresh, and who can recall easily the time when they knitted socks, rolled bandages, and conscientiously scraped up old linen tablecloths into the murderous preparation known as lint. These veterans will smile a grim smile when they hear how some of the sisters of the present generation are proposing to alleviate the hardships of war for the brave men who are now earnestly engaged in playing hide and seek with the Spanish fleet. The women of Boston ever practical, and full of common sense are engaged in manufacturing sensible little bags containing waxed thread and large sized thimbles and buttons. Somehow or other they seemed to have forgotten the needles, and to have overlooked the fact that no man ever uses a thimble but all the same their intentions were good. The women of New York who are popularly supposed to be of a frivolous turn of mind are providing smoking outfits for their country's brave defenders, and I doubt not that their gifts will meet with far greater appreciation than those of their more cultured sisters, always provided that the outfits are not too elaborate, and cumbersome to be carried. But it has been reserved for the women of Iowa to select the most original mode of supplying the needs of the boys in blue, and a woman's club in Iowa, has decided to provide ear muffs for the sailors, in order to deaden the terrible effect of the concussion when the guns are fired. Of course the sailors will be delighted and will use them religiously, but after all ear muffs, smoking materials and button bags are quite harmless, which is more than can be said for the old-timint.

Many of the very smartest gowns both morning and afternoon wear, are made of foulard silk. One special design intended for dressy morning wear, especially at the seaside is of red and black foulard, the plain five gored skirt measuring but three and a half yards around the bottom, and being untrimmed. The lining is attached instead of being made separate as so many linings are.

The guimpe waist and sleeves are of soft white batiste finely tucked, and the silk bodice opens narrowly over the guimpe in front, to show the white; epaulettes of silk finish the tops of the sleeves, square revers turn down on each side from the round out neck, cuffs of silk finish the batiste sleeves, and all the edges are simply finished with a narrow fold.

Foulard, by the way, is a very popular material this season in spite of all predictions to the contrary—the soft, pliable texture lending itself so readily to all the fashionable fancies in the shape of tucking, shirring and ruffling, without which no gown is really complete.

The guimpe waist is one of the most desirable styles for any thin material in the more dressy gowns, and it is quite as satisfactory for the more simple morning dresses which look so cool and fresh at the seaside, or the fashionable mountain resort. Red foulards with either black or white designs are very effectively trimmed

with tiny ruffles of black chiffon, and if you want to be very stylish indeed, make the sleeves of the black. A French gown of pale green and white foulard is made with a narrow front in the skirt of finely plaited mousseline de air decorated with an applique of black chantilly. Three ruffles of silk edged and headed with one row of narrow black velvet ribbon extend around the skirt separated at wide intervals. The bodice is quite tight fitting at the back and bloused a little in front, where it is crossed with bands of inch wide velvet ribbon drawn through tiny paste buckles, which by the way, are all the rage this season. Black applique lace forms a bretelle trimming over the shoulders, ending with a fancy buckle at the waist in the back.

Violet and white form a very popular combination in foulard, and one of the novel models in this silk is made with three deep circular flounces each finished on the edge with three little tucks, and pointing upward in the middle of the front. The bodice is a simple full waist with a wide belt of black satin ribbon fastened with fancy buttons. A little sleeveless bolero of the silk elaborately trimmed with bands of violet velvet and Mechlin lace insertion is the especial point of this gown, and it is cut to hang loose on the lower edge like a sacque, and short enough to show nearly all of the belt. The collar band is of velvet and lace.

Foulards in all kinds of Oriental patterns are very popular, and one gown of this silk is trimmed with gathered frills of narrow white satin ribbon. The chemisette vest is of tucked and hemstitched white batiste, and the belt and bow are of pale green silk.

A white and blue foulard shows frills of half inch dark blue satin ribbon edging the three ruffles on the skirt, and the bodice which is a simple blouse below a round narrow yoke of tucked white mull is entirely covered with a diamond trellis design formed with the ruffles of ribbon.

Knite plaited frills of taffata silk trim organdies as well as silks. A white taffata check with fine black lines is prettily trimmed with frills of pale blue taffata, and plaited frills of lavender silk trim a white organdie with a lavender flowered pattern. One plaiting peeping from beneath a narrow gathered ruff of organdie heads the Spanish flounce, and frills of silk edge the guimpe neck.

Ruches of narrow Scotch plaid ribbon decorate a gown of brown poplin, and rows of black velvet sewn on a band of colored glace silk trim another woolen gown effectively, while tucked bands of satin form still another variety in the trimming line. Perhaps one of the newest and really the oddest trimmings seen on the new imported gowns was a ruff of cream white duchess satin striped around with three rows of black velvet ribbon, trimming a gown of grey barege. The ruff extended all around the skirt, edged the sailor collar, and was carried down one side of the bodice and the skirt, to meet the trimming at the bottom.

Rows of stitching in a contrasting color, are another feature of dress decoration, and the rage for appliques of lace has no limit. So it will be seen that the real variation in fashions is in the trimming far more than the cut of either bodice or skirt which remains substantially the same as it was nearly a year ago. ASTRA.

**A Great Advantage.**  
Hitherto it has been generally considered that when cancers or tumours were removed by knife or plaster, they were almost certain to return in an aggravated form, in from 5 to 6 years' time. When our patients home treatment is used the cure is permanent. Send for particulars. P. Stott & Jury, Bowmanville, Ont.

**An Armor-Plated Fish.**  
Dr. A. C. Panton, of Portland, Ore., has received from a friend who is wintering on the coast of the Gulf of Mexico the skin of a fish the like of which has never been seen there before. The scales are diamond



**A vegetable remedy for diseases arising from Disordered Liver, Stomach or Bowels, such as Headache, Biliousness, Constipation, Coated Tongue, Bad Breath, Feeling of Langour, Distress after Eating, etc.**

Mrs. Clara Hows, Moncton, N.B., says: "I used Laxa-Liver Pills for Headaches and Liver Trouble, and they not only relieved me but cured me. They do not grip or sicken and are easy to take."

**Sold by all Druggists at 25c. A Vial or 5 for \$1.00.**



### Your market

and butcher shop ought to use Pearline, surely. There's no place that needs to be kept cleaner. There's no place that's half as hard to keep clean. Soap and water is of no use at all. It takes Pearline, and nothing but Pearline, to keep down the general greasiness. How many places you see, where the whole shop and fixtures in it seems to be fairly crying out for Pearline!

**Millions NOW USE Pearline**

shaped and are of bone, the edges being as sharp as shark's teeth. In fact, the skin looks as if it was covered with small shark's teeth. The skin looks as if it was about fifty inches in length. No fish with common scales would stand a ghost of a show in combating one of these armor plated monsters.

### THE KIND YOU NEED.

#### The True Reliable and Easy Working Diamond Dyes.

When the Diamond Dyes are used the work of home dyeing is a pleasure to every woman. Doubts and fears regarding results are never entertained. There is a confidence in every woman's heart that perfect work will crown her efforts. It is an established fact that all colors of the Diamond Dyes come out in fulness, richness and beauty.

For long, long years Diamond Dyes have been the favorite family dyes in every civilized country, and although imitation package dyes are now being offered for sale by dealers who think more of big profits than of giving satisfaction to the public, the great inferiority of these imitation dyes in strength, fastness, beauty and brilliancy was soon discovered, and they are now avoided and condemned by all who prize good, bright and durable colors.

Thousands of testimonials are coming in from all parts of the country testifying to the excellence and vast superiority of the Diamond Dyes.

Retuse all poor, worthless and imitation dyes when they are offered to you. Ask for the "Diamond" and see that the name is on each packet.

Book of directions and card of 48 colors free to any address. Write to Wells & Richardson Co., Montreal, P. Q.

**SAVED BY A COBRA.**  
It Saved a British Officer's Life but it was by Accident.  
An unusual kind of snake story is printed by the New York Sun on the authority of John Bain, 'who served in the British cavalry in India.'

"I know a case in which a cobra saved a British officer's life—not intending in the least to do so, of course. The officer had gone with a detachment to a district in northern India to bring to order one of the hill tribes that had been making trouble and had killed a civil officer or two. His quarters were at the bungalow of the magistrate of the district.

"He had got things quieted down among the tribesmen, and everything safe, to all appearance, and was preparing to take life easy, when one night, sleeping at the bungalow, he heard a cobra moving about in his chamber.

"A cobra looking about for prey, or when ready to fight, rears its head and about one-third of its body straight upward from the ground, and as the bed on which the officer lay was a low one he knew that if the cobra came to it he was very likely to get bitten. At any movement he made the cobra would hiss, showing that it was in an unpleasant temper; and to make things worse, the officer's night lamp had gone out, so that he could judge of the snake's position only by sound.

"He stood the strain as long as he could and then made up his mind that he would at any rate get to a place where the snake could not reach him. A tall dressing case stood against the wall, about six feet from the head of the bed. The officer reached out to a chair, set it half way between the bed and the dressing case, and then stepped, from the bed to the chair, and from the chair to the top of the dressing-case. There he was safe from the cobra.

"As he perched on the dressing case in the dark, think how ridiculous and uncomfortable his position was, two hillmen stole in at the door, rushed to the bedside and struck fiercely with their tulwars the heap of bedclothing under which the officer had lain before they had discovered that he was not there.

"The snake set up a loud hissing, which seemed to convince the assassins that the officer could not be in the room, and they went away without seeing him, passing the dressing case not a step away.

"The cobra presently crawled out of the room door they had left open, and the officer was able to get down from the dressing case and raise an alarm. The two hillmen he never caught, but he slept

### AN ASSISTED PROPOSAL.

**He Found Courage in an Emergency and Lived Happily.**

Dr. A. Toomer Porter says, in his autobiography, that some of the scenes connected with the Charleston earthquake in 1886 were exceedingly funny. One, especially, led to a romantic conclusion. A certain young man had been visiting an attractive young woman for a long time, but without being able to ask her to become his wife. He could not summon the necessary courage. When the shock came they were in the parlor together. The house was on the battery facing the bay an exposed situation if anything was to be feared from the sea. It was only reasonable to expect a tidal wave with such a shock, and when the earthquake came, the young man at once rushed to the window and put out his arms. Sure enough, he plunged them in water to the shoulders. He ran back, and threw those arms about the lady.

"Come, O my darling!" he cried; "let us die together!"

So they stood, dying together, and the water stood also; for it did not come in at the window. After a time the father and mother appeared, and found the pair in this alarmed embrace. They asked its meaning and were told, the story being illustrated by the young man's dripping arms. Then the old people had an explanation to add. Their prospective son-in-law said they had not thrust his hands into the sea but into an aquarium outside the window. Nevertheless, he did not regret the shock, since it completed an uncertain business, and he and the lady have not died, but lived, together.

### A DOCTOR'S HOMAGE.

Prescribed for his Patient South American Rheumatic Cure, and the Man's own Words for it: "It Saved my Life."

Wm. Erskine, Manager for Dr. R. H. Hopkins, Grand Valley, writes: "I have a patient who has been cured by South American Rheumatic Cure. He had been trying everything on earth without the slightest relief, and had taken to his bed. Three doses relieved him, and when he had taken two bottles he was able to drive out. He immediately came to me and said this great remedy had saved his life. This remedy relieves in a few hours and is curing the world."

### A Curious Hog Pen.

W. T. Harmon, living on the Days Mill turnpike near Tilton, has in use a very curious but convenient hog pen. The pen is nothing more than a huge sycamore tree, which is hollow, and furnishes sleeping quarters for at least twenty large-sized porkers. The tree has been used for its present purpose for over ten years, and during that time over 1,000 hogs have been raised in it.—Flemingsburg (Ky.) Gazette.

### Three Country Ladies.

Recently three ladies came to the city to do some shopping. By noon one of them was completely tired out. Her two friends felt none the worse for all the tramping they had done. The reason was that the two had placed Foot Elm in their shoes, and it always makes the feet comfortable. It prevents chafing, and instantly relieves sweaty, swollen, tender feet. 25 cents or 5 boxes \$1, by mail. P. Stott & Jury, Bowmanville, Ont., or at drug stores.

"Yes, sir," remarked Derringer Dan; "we're proud of Crimson Gulch, and we're not going to run any chances of leavin' it in the 'ckground."

"Those three horse thieves you caught last week don't belong in this city, then?"

"No."

"Aren't you going to do anything with them?"

"Course we are, just as soon as we get the census took."—Washington Star.

### Breaking in Shoes.

There is not much fun in breaking in new shoes. They make your feet ache, burn and swell. This can be easily prevented by using Foot Elm. It cures tender, sweaty feet, and makes new shoes comfortable. 25 cents, postage free. P. Stott & Jury, Bowmanville, or at druggists.

It may be good idea to belong to a lodge; you are sure then that someone will sit up with your remains when you are dead.

The favorite punch of the modern pugilist is served in a glass.

FLASHES OF FUN.

England is quite as wise as she is strong.—Truth.
She—'So many tall men marry little women' He—'Yes; a man likes to have a wife who can pretend to look up to him.

We can now understand what Blanco meant when he remarked that he would have no use for the Spanish ships.—Nashville Banner.

'Florida, if we should elope, would you father pursue us?' 'No; I think he would move so we couldn't find him when he got ready to come back.'—Chicago Record.

'If your boy doesn't reform, Robinson, you won't be able to keep him out of jail when he grows up.' 'If he doesn't reform, old fellow, I won't want to keep him out.'

To all American warship commanders in Cuban or other waters: Gentlemen, if you can choose between shooting mules or Spaniards, pray, don't shoot the mules.—Truth.

The minister of marine said at Madrid the other day that the Spanish fleet is where it ought to be. Not yet. It will not be there until Sampson or Schley get hold of it.—Atlanta Constitution.

Mose Muddycrik—'I's fairly infatuated wid dat lovely Miss Snowball. I feel jest ez if I'd like to eat her.' Sam Sandyhill—'Dat's hal unication, man, not infatuation! She aint no spring chicken!'

New Servant—'Please, mum, there's a strange lady down stairs and she didn't have no card. She took off her things as if she intended to stay, and she looked around the room with her nose in the air, as if things wasn't good enough for her, and she rubbed the winder to see if it was clean, and she peeked in the dark corners, an' then looked at the dust on her fingers, an' sniffed.'

Mistress—'I can't imagine who the creature can be. My husband's mother and sister are in Europe.'—N. Y. Weekly.

A newspaper correspondent at the battle of Athara in the Soudan tells a good story about a couple of Scotsmen. He was walking softly about the camp so as not to disturb the sleepers on the night before the fight, when he overheard a sentimental Seaforth Highlander say to a comrade: 'Ah, Tam, how many thou-and there are at home across the sea thinking o' us the night.'

'Right, Sandy,' replied his chum, 'and how many millions there are that don't care a— Go to sleep, you fool.'

And silence again fell upon that corner of the square.

Stranger (in Pettyville tavern)—'Is there an attorney in the village?' Landlord—'Yes, sir, a first-rate one. Keen as a briar—knows his business, I guess, about as well as most of them high priced city lawyers. That's his office, in the little, rickety-lookin' buildin' over there, where you see the sign 'John Slicksmith, Attorney-at-Law; real estate, insurance, and collection agent. Sweet cider five cents per glass.' If he ain't in or gone fishin', you'll probably find him somewhere around the livery-stables. If you happen to need a hair-cut, he's a good barber; and if your horse gets sick, he's the best veterinary surgeon in the neighborhood.'—Harper's Bazar.

Rastus, a well-known colored man of Kansas City, recently entered the office of a lawyer who had often befriended him, and the following conversation took place: 'Morning, Judge.'

'Good-morning, Rastus, how's business this morning?'

'Mighty pore, boss; fac' is I cum to see of you's he'p me a little dis mornin'.'

'What's the matter, no one sick I hope?'

'No sah, de ole woman died las' night.' (With quick sympathy) 'What can I do for you, Rastus?'

'Well, Judge, I shot maybe you'd he'p me git a coffin.'

'Certainly, Rastus; is there anything else you need?'

(Smiling and bowing) 'No, sah, thank ye, Judge; I got all de ingredients for de funeral 'ceptin' de coffin.'—Truth.

'Yes, boys said the Kohack Philosopher, addressing a group of sun-kissed urchins; 'like every other old codger that comes dodderin' along and stops to inflict a few wise remarks on a gang of boys, I was once a boy, myself. But, as it happened, I wasn't any better than you little rascals 'pears to be. I was jest such an unwashed, freckled, squablin' young imp as the worst one of you tellers, and just as full of the Old Cat as any of you.'

'I never found any money in the road and returned it to some nice old man for purpose of gittin' patted benignly on the head—I wasn't that kind of a boy, as I recollect myself. I wasn't especially smart, either, and I didn't have any more reverence for old folks than you seem to have. I was simply an unpromisin', runty young shirk, and didn't love work nor give a darn about anything in particular. I was tardy to school times almost without number, but it is my boast that I was never a minute late to the circus.'

'Well, I aint got any more time to waste on you young cubs than you have to waste on me, so I'll just trudge along now. I won't ask you to remember that the child is the father of the man, nor anything of that kind, but will jest kinder caution you to bear in mind that if you fling anything at me when my back is turned, as I should probably have done when I was a boy if some old foggy had come along and interrupted the game, as I have been doing now, I'll flail you with my cane within an inch of your lives.'—Pack.

IT PANS OUT WELL and in this respect Klondike gold is like



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Mrs. D. A. Gray, of Waterford, says: "For a number of years I was a great sufferer from indigestion and general debility and many times was unable to attend to my household duties. I was treated by nearly all the doctors in the town and got no permanent relief. I read of a cure by South American Nerve which seemed to exactly fit my case. I procured one bottle and got great relief, and six bottles cured me absolutely. It certainly has not an equal."

'No,' said her father, sternly, 'I do not like the young man. I have not liked him since I heard him singing the other night.'

'But you surely cannot be prejudiced against him because of his music.'

'It wasn't the music. It was the words. The way he sang about standing on the bridge at midnight filled me with such a desire to take him by the heels and heave him over the railing that it made me positively nervous.'

A Wonderful Letter From a Grateful Man

PAINE'S CELERY COMPOUND SAVED HIS LIFE.

Physician, Medicines and Mineral Springs Failed Him in His Time of Need.

A Prominent Druggist Vouches for the Truth of Every Statement.

WELLS & RICHARDSON Co., GENTLEMEN:—I think it my duty, without solicitation from any one, to write in the interests of other sufferers, and give you a testimonial in favor of your (to me) almost miraculous remedy, Paine's Celery Compound. For more than a year I was suffering from the agonizing pains of sciatica, and after trying all that medical skill could devise, and using many remedies, patent and otherwise, I concluded to try the Hot Springs at Banff. I took the treatment thoroughly and carefully for six weeks, and came home at the end of that time racked with pain and weighing 43 pounds less. At this juncture, when hope had almost fled, I heard of Paine's Celery Compound. It seemed suited to my case, and I sent to my druggist, Mr. J. W. Higginbotham, of this place, and asked about it. He recommended it to me, and I took a bottle. I soon began to feel better, and after taking the second bottle I was a cured man and threw away my crutches.

I keep a bottle on hand in case of any return of the complaint. I am now 58 years old, and I feel as spry and healthy and free from pain as I ever did in my life. I was born in Norfolk, England, and came to Canada when only 3 years old. I was brought up in the township of Cornwall, Ontario, and came to Manitoba eight years ago. Have always been a farmer, and am as able to do hard work now as ever I was.

With a heart full of gratitude for the benefits derived from the use of your remedy, and a wish to influence others who may suffer, I gladly and freely indite this letter.

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Mr. J. W. Higginbotham, the successful and extremely popular druggist of Virton, vouches for Mr. Leverington's statements, as follows:

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J. W. HIGGINBOTHAM, Druggist.

There is one column of the daily papers that, even in war-time, is never printed in large type—yet the "married" announcements look large to the June brides.

WOMAN.

THE HEALTH OF A NATION DEPENDS ON THE HEALTH OF ITS WOMEN.

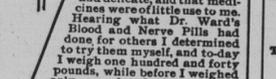
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I had been a sufferer like a great many other women with a disease peculiar to my sex. I tried every thing I could read or think about to help me, but was getting worse instead of better. My condition was terrible—I was losing flesh and color, and my friends were alarmed. I consulted a doctor of this town and he said I would never get better; that I would always be sickly and delicate, and that medicines were of little use to me.

Hearing what Dr. Ward's Blood and Nerve Pills had done for others I determined to try them myself, and to-day I weigh one hundred and forty pounds, while before I weighed only one hundred and eight pounds, and I now have a constitution that is hard to beat. I have not suffered any pain in months and earnestly hope that Dr. Ward's Blood and Nerve Pills will reach every woman suffering as I did. Sincerely yours, MAY COLE, SIMCOE, ONT.

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Tight Shoes and Pain. Patent leather shoes for walking are almost as distressing to their wearers as the compressing shoes of the orientals. The first spring days are apt from an unknown cause to produce discomfort after walking over the hard pavements, and the advice of a chiropodist to bathe the feet nightly in salt water is worth repeating. Handfuls of salt should be damped and rubbed over the feet from ankles down, taking care to get up a heavy circulation in heels and toes. This treatment persisted in will do much toward overcoming painful tendencies.

Menu Cards, Wedding Invitations, Programmes, etc., Printed in the very latest styles, by the Progress Job Printing Department.

PRACTICAL POLITICS.

How an Astute Quaker Managed the Very Unpopular Office.

The people of the town of Wayback, as we may call it to spare their feelings, are very conservative. They look with suspicion and opposition on any project which threatens to change the way of their life or affairs. They had among them, however, not many years ago, one man of a progressive temperament. His special hobby was the education of the young. He was always working to get better schools in the town, and to have more money expended on them. His projects, as he learned early, were not looked on with favor by his townsmen. One day, a little while before town-meeting, he was visited by a neighbor a Quaker, who said to him: 'Friend James, wouldn't thee like to see a better road between thy house and mine?'

'Indeed, I should I be answered. 'Thee knows that I have never opposed thy educational projects with so much hardness as some others.'

'That is so neighbor.' 'Well, Friend James, I have had an article put in the town warrant for an appropriation for the improvement of the road between thy house and mine.'

'And you want me to favor it in town-meeting?'

'Far from it, Friend James. I want thee to oppose it.'

The unpopular man, after a moment of wonder, saw through the Quaker's astute project. He wanted him to throw upon the side of the road project the great weight of his opposition to it.

'Very well, neighbor,' he said, 'I will oppose your project with all my might.'

In town-meeting, therefore, when the article for the improvement of [the Quaker's] road came up, he rose and said he could not understand the use of such a scheme as his neighbor's. As for him, the road was good enough. He only knew that when, in driving, he came to that particular piece of road, he laid the reins over the dashboard and went to sleep—he had so much confidence in that road. If, now, instead of spending so much money on the roads, the town would lay it out on the schools—

There was an uproar at once. Men were rising all over the hall and protesting, and in a few minutes the Quaker's project was carried by a large vote.

A LITTLE SURPRISE FOR HIM.

The Experiences of a Man the First Time he Passed the Plate in Church.

'The first time I ever passed the plate in church,' said a reminiscient man, 'something very unexpected happened. I got half way up the aisle, and was getting along as nicely and smoothly as could be, when a man sitting in one of the pews that I came to indicated a desire to speak to me.'

'Now you know that was something I had never dreamed of. It had always seemed to me that the man passing the plate walked straight up the aisle in a solemn kind of way, while the whole church was still, never pausing except to hand the plate in the pew and get it back, and the idea that anybody could ever speak to him had never occurred to me, and so this man's indication that he wanted to speak to me came as a great surprise and something of a shock. But I didn't drop the plate, and I had gumption enough to incline my head to him so that he wouldn't have to shout to make me hear, and what he said was: 'Can't you have that window over there closed?'

'I straightened up and passed by, and when I had finished my part of the collecting and got back to the rear of the church I sent the sexton to close that window, and, as he saw it go up, the man that had made the request sent a friendly glance down the aisle to me.'

'Later, at one time and another in the course of my experience, I received various requests while passing the plate, and now and then a notice for the minister, but I was always ready for them after that.'

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never fails to give the most absolute satisfaction? Their seal and signature on each pound and two-pound can in which it comes is a guarantee of perfection.

Bad Blood Will Out.

Can't help but come in the form of Ulcers, Sores, Boils, Pimples and Rashes of one kind and another. Especially is this so in the SPRING. At this time of the year the Blood needs purifying, the System needs cleansing. Nothing will do it with such perfect success as

B. B. B.

Jessie Johnston Rockwood, Ont., writes: 'I had boils very bad and a friend advised me to try Burdock Blood Bitters, so I got a bottle. The effect was wonderful—the boils began to disappear, and before the bottle was done I was totally cured. As an effectual and rapid cure for Impure Blood B. B. B. cannot be equalled.'

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(CONTINUED FROM TENTH PAGE.)

"Sometimes, while I've been lying here, I've thought it was all a dream, and that it wasn't true. Sometimes I've even seen him—seen Jack—standing near the bed and heard him talking; and when I came to and found it was only a dream, and that he really was dead, I was sorry, sorry that I had not died too. We should both be in heaven then and happy—but not happier than we used to be," she added, with a simple pathos that brought the tears to Lorrimore's eyes.

He remained silent, for he knew that it did her no harm to talk. It is the pent-up grief which works the keenest torture.

"There was no one like him," she went on, more to herself than to Lorrimore. "All the rest in the camp seemed different; not one like him. My Jack—she lifted her eyes solemnly to his face—"was like my father—one of God's gentlemen."

Lord Lorrimore stroked her hand soothingly.

"I think I know how you must have loved him, my poor child," he said. "If I had ever had a sister, I should have wished her to love me as you loved your brother. Other hearts as well as yours will miss him. He must have had many friends in the camp."

She shook her head.

"No," she said, absently. "They all admired him, but he had no friends. They were different; they were all common men, not like Jack—and now I am all alone!" and she hid her face again.

Unconsciously she had given Lord Lorrimore the information he required.

If this girl's brother, who was dead, was the only gentleman in Lorn Hope Camp—and he felt that her opinion could be relied on—then Neville Lynne was not there.

It never occurred to him for a single moment that she was mourning for the very man for whom he was searching.

How could her brother be Neville Lynne who never had a sister?

He stayed with her a little longer, until her tears had ceased and she had fallen back with her hands clasped tightly on the coat; then he stole out and hunted up the doctor and gave him an account of the interview.

"Poor girl!" said the doctor. "It must have been heart thrilling, my lord, but it's a good sign. She has seemed half-frozen with grief, and when they're like that one can only wait for the thaw. She'll be better and grow stronger now, and then the sooner she is taken away out of this better."

"You think so?"

"I'm sure of it. You see, what's the matter with her is the loss of her brother; and while she's here, in the midst of scenes that must remind her of him, she'll pine and fret—that's common sense. Take her away, my lord, as soon as you can. I'll answer for her recovery once the change of scene begins to lessen the memory of her trouble. She's got everything in her favor, you see for I never saw a stronger little lassie. Yes, what you've got to do is to get her away from here as quickly as you can. We shall be sorry enough to lose her, for the poor girl with her sweet patient ways has stolen into my mistress's heart, and it will be like parting from a child of her own."

"Very well," said Lord Lorrimore. "But I must ask her what she would like to do; for, though she is only a girl in years, she seems a woman in experience and self-reliance."

"That's just how she strikes us," said the doctor. "She's been through a lot, my lord. That girl's history would be worth hearing."

Lorrimore thought the matter out during the remainder of the day. Most men would have rested, satisfied with what he had done, but Lorrimore was not the man to shirk a responsibility; and somehow he felt that Providence had placed Sylvia in his care, at any rate for the present.

There would be a certain amount of inconvenience in travelling about with a young girl, but he could engage a companion and chaperon for her, and no doubt he would be able to learn something of her people from her and ultimately restore her to them.

That same evening, Sylvia, waking with a sigh from a troubled sleep, saw a strange face bending over her. She was startled for the moment by her hitherto her only nurse had been the kind-hearted doctor's wife. And yet there was nothing in this new face to startle her, for, though a very sad one, it was a gentle and, in a way, a beautiful one.

It belonged to a woman who, though still young, looked as if some great trouble had permanently aged her. The face was pale and marked with the lines and hollows which sorrow graves more surely and deeply even than Time, but the eyes were gentle and full of sympathy, and the lips smiled with a gentle pity. Altogether it was a sweet face, and Sylvia's large eyes rested thoughtfully on it.

"You did not expect to see a stranger," said the woman in a low voice. "I hope you do not mind my being here? Mrs. Langley has gone to help nurse a man who has broken his leg, and I asked permission to come and sit beside you."

"It is very kind of you," said Sylvia, with the apathetic resignation to anything and everything which belongs to a mind deadened by bereavement.

The new nurse smoothed the pillows and drew Sylvia's mass of hair from her white face, then sat down beside her, with that motionless quietude which is the first quality in a nurse. Sylvia lay and watched her dreamily and absently for some time, neither of them speaking.

The pale face, with its sad, resigned expression, interested her in a vague unconscious fashion. At last she said:

"What is your name?"

The woman started slightly, as if she had been engrossed in her own thoughts, but she answered at once:

"Mercy Fairfax."

Sylvia repeated it mechanically.

"It's a pretty name," he said. "Do you live in Wildfall Camp? Have you been here long?"

"At present. No, not very long—I came out with the doctor and his wife."

"Are you any relation of theirs?" asked Sylvia in an objectless way.

"No," replied Mercy. "I came out from England with them. I was quite alone and friendless, and they were very good to me." Her voice faltered slightly.

Sylvia's face flushed.

"I—beg your pardon," she said in her direct fashion. "I didn't mean to ask painful questions. Yes, they must be very kind people. See how they have been to me."

"The world is full of good people," said Mercy, gently.

Sylvia turned her head away.

"And bad—yes," assented Mercy. "But God rules over all!"

Sylvia turned her head again and looked at the speaker. The tone of resignation and long suffering patience impressed her.

"Do you like being here in camp?" she asked, for the sake of saying something.

"You look so quiet, so unsuited to the wild life."

"One has to adapt one's self to circumstances," said Mercy. "But I don't think I must let you talk, or Mrs. Langley, when she comes back will say that I have been anything but a satisfactory nurse. Try and go to sleep again," and she arranged the bed-clothes with a gentle hand.

Sylvia sighed.

"I am almost afraid to go to sleep," she said, pitifully, "for I dream directly—dream of all—all that I have lost!" and the tears welled to her eyes.

Mercy bent over her and wiped her eyes.

"Try and think that all is for the best," she murmured. "It is a hard thing to do, I know—yes, I know! For I, too, have been so unhappy as to fear to sleep and dream. But try and remember, dear, that we are all in God's hands!"

Sylvia sighed and closed her eyes. The wise words brought little consolation just at that moment, but the voice—the tone in which they were uttered—soothed her.

She slept for some time, and when she awoke, Mercy was still sitting beside her, watchful and unwearied.

"You are still there?" Sylvia said.

Mercy assented.

"Did you think I should leave you? Yes, I am here, and I am going to ask Mrs. Langley to let me stay—that is, if you would care to have me."

"Yes, stay," said Sylvia, with a sigh.

"I'd like you to stay."

"I'm glad of that," responded Mercy, gently, then relapsed into silence.

Several times that night Sylvia turned her eyes upon the pale, sad face, and each time with increased interest. When one is in the depths of trouble and sorrow the sight of other people's happiness jars painfully upon the sore heart; but here was a face which, with its expression of resignation and peace, acted like a balm on the bereaved girl's aching spirit.

When Lord Lorrimore came to the tent the next morning he was almost as startled as Sylvia had been at the presence of the new nurse, for in her plain black dress, and with her subdued manner, she seemed singularly out of place in such a wild spot as a diggers' camp.

She made Lord Lorrimore a respectable little bow.

"You will find her much better this morning, I hope, my lord," she said—for Lord Lorrimore's rank had leaked out by this time—and she went and stood at the door of the tent, just out of hearing.

"So you've got a new nurse?" said Lorrimore, taking the hand Sylvia extended to him. "And I hope her report of you is a correct one."

"Yes," said Sylvia, "I am better."

"Well enough to listen for a little while to something I have to say?" said Lorrimore.

"What is it?" she asked, opening her eyes upon him almost fearfully.

"Nothing alarming," he answered. "There is no more bad news."

"There can be no more for me," she answered, with a simple pathos.

"I wanted to talk over a proposal I am going to make," said Lorrimore, cheerfully, "and I hope you'll be quite frank with me, Sylvia." He hesitated as he spoke her name, for she looked so womanly that he almost fancied he ought to say "Miss Sylvia." The doctor thinks you ought to have a change as quickly as possible—that it would be better for you to leave Wildfall."

"Yes?" she said, apathetically.

"Now, I am going away directly," he said; "and what would you say to coming with me?"

Sylvia looked at him thoughtfully, but without answering.

"I am going to travel for some months, and the change would do you good, we all think. Of course, you must do as you like. I don't want to ask you painful questions, Sylvia, but it is for you to decide whether you will stay here with the kind friends who will, I know, be glad to have you, or whether perhaps you would like to go back to Lorn Hope."

A shudder shook her.

"Go back there—without Jack!" she breathed.

"Very well," said Lorrimore, quickly. "Will you come with me, then? I will get some kind woman to keep you company, and she and I will take every care of you."

She put out her hand to him.

"Why do you take so much trouble for me?" she said.

Lorrimore smiled.

"Well, for one thing, because you are not capable of taking any trouble for your-

self," he said, lightly. "And now, then for another question. I want to ask you about your friends, relations, Sylvia."

She shook her head.

"I have none," she said. "I had only Jack, and now—"

Lorrimore saw that it was useless to question her further.

"Then you will go with me?" he said.

"Perhaps when you get to England we may find that you are not so friendless as you think."

"Perhaps," she said, indifferently. "I don't know. I shall know, but not yet;" and her hand went to the sealed packet which Lavarick had so nearly succeeded in stealing.

At that moment the doctor and his wife came in, and Lorrimore turned to greet them.

"Miss Sylvia and I have just been coming to a decision as to her future. How soon do you think we can start, doctor?"

"In a day or two," said the doctor.

Mrs. Langley stooped and kissed Sylvia.

"My dear, I shall miss you very, very much," she whispered. "But it is better for you to go."

"I shall want someone—some woman to accompany her," said Lorrimore, walking toward the door of the hut with the doctor.

"I've thought of that, and will find someone. What you want is a steady, sober person—neither too old nor too young—who will not only be a watch-dog, but a companion for her."

"Exactly," said Lorrimore. "But I'm afraid you'll find it rather difficult to secure such a person in a diggers' camp."

"Yes," said the doctor, thoughtfully.

As he spoke, his eyes fell upon the figure of Mercy Fairfax standing outside the tent, with some needle-work in her hand. He put his hand upon Lord Lorrimore's arm.

"By Jove!" he said, "there's the very woman, if she will go!"

Lorrimore looked curiously at the pale, sad face.

"Who is she?" he asked. "I noticed her when I entered the tent just now."

"She came out as a companion to my wife," replied the doctor. "As to who she is—well, I'm afraid I can't give you anything like full information. I met her at one of the London hospitals; she was a nurse, and a remarkably good one too. She attracted my attention by the peculiar—what shall I call it—quietude of her manner. Look at her now!"

Lorrimore did look and understand what it was the doctor found it so difficult to explain.

"A woman with a history," he said in a low voice.

"Just so. But what that history is no one knows, and I have never asked. Beyond hearing that she is a widow, I learned nothing about her. But this I can say," he went on earnestly: "that I believe few better women exist. She is patience and tenderness and devotion personified in the hospital, and since she has been with us our respect for her has increased daily. My wife will give her the best of characters. If you are content to let her past history remain a blank and will take her on my credentials—our experience of her—why, I'll answer for it, you will get just the woman you want."

While he had been speaking, Mercy had withdrawn to a little distance.

"I'll take her," said Lorrimore. "Her face and manner inspire me favorably. Speak to her, you, doctor."

She turned and came toward them as the doctor called her, and stood with downcast eyes and placidly sad face.

"Mercy said the doctor, "Lord Lorrimore and I have been talking about you."

She raised her eyes.

"I know it, sir; I heard nearly all you said until I moved away."

"Well, then," said the doctor, "what is your answer? Will you go with Sylvia and take care of her? You know we shall be very sorry to lose you, but—"

Her lips twitched for a moment—then she looked from one to the other.

"Yes, I will go," she said in her subdued voice. And so another link in the chain of coincidences was forged and clasped.

CHAPTER XXI.

Two days after the fight with the rangers, Locket and the Scuffler, happening to be strolling in the direction of the woods, came upon a man lying full length under a big tree.

"Halloo!" exclaimed Locket. "One of our fellows been on a tear? Why, dash my wig if it ain't the Young 'Un! Fancy the Young 'Un going on a spree! I thought he looked rather upset and bowled over when he came upon us in the valley and found we'd hit upon his secret. And he's been on



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the drink, he has, to rights!" he added, looking down at the prone figure with an expression half admiring and half envious.

But the Scuffler, whose experience in such cases was both varied and extensive, looked grave and shook his head.

"Pears to me," he said, as he bent over poor Neville and turned him face upward—"pears to me that this ain't no spree at all. By gosh! if the Young 'Un ain't dead he's pretty near it!"

Locket knelt beside the motionless figure and examined it.

"There's been a fight," he said. "That's what's been the matter, Lord! I see it all The Young 'Un was clearing out on the quiet with his pile, and the rangers have gone for him. Is he quite dead, do you think, Scuffler?"

That worthy shook his head.

"Here's where the damages come in," he said, pointing to Neville's battered head and crippled leg. "I should so like to have seen that fight. I'm bound the Young 'Un gave as good as he got;" and he looked round as if expecting to see at least half a dozen of the foe lying round dead.

Locket shook his head.

"It didn't happen here," he said. "He's crawled some distance; you can see that by the path. Well, if he's handed in his cheeks, you but they're square and correct; for the Young 'Un, though stiff and proudish, was a straight man."

"He's stiff enough now, anyhow," retorted the Scuffler, with grim wit.

"I dunno that I'm so sure of that," responded Locket. "Anyhow, what we've got to do is take him back to Lorn Hope. If he's alive, it'll be some amusement for the Doc, and if he's dead, why, we'll have the biggest funeral that even Lorn Hope ever rose to."

Between them they carried Neville to the hut. It was hard work, and the two men arrived, bathed in perspiration, to find old Meth in a state of excitement bordering upon pronounced lunacy.

She set up a screech at the sight of Neville which caused the Scuffler most ungallantly to clap his great paw over her mouth.

"Stop that caterwauling, Meth!" he said. "We don't want to sreak the orphan," meaning Sylvia. "Just you break it to her gently, and don't let her come upon him as he is. He ain't in a condition for a ladies' drawing-room."

"The orphan!" Sylvia shrieked Meth. "Why, you addleheaded fools, she's gone! They went off together. Didn't you get her, two?"

The two men looked at each other agast.

"The orphan gone! It's that darned skunk, Lavarick!" said Locket. "Here, just see to him, Meth, while we go for the Doc. We don't think he's dead, at least we hope not."

"Oh, yer don't!" retorted Meth. "More fools you, for I tell yer if they've been and took Sylvia from him—and it looks uncommon like it—he'd far rather himself be dead than alive."

Neville was a favorite of the Doc, and as soon as he heard of his mishap, he shuffled off to the hut as fast as his legs could carry him.

The camp was in a stir. That solitary men and parties coming to and going from the camp should be stopped, robbed, and sometimes shot by the rangers, was bad enough, but that they should dare to kidnap the orphan of Lorn Hope Camp, passed the bounds of endurance.

Within half an hour half a dozen of the best men started, unfortunately, on Lavarick's trail. Unfortunately, because that astute individual had got beyond their reach; whereas, if they had ridden to Wildfall, they would have found Sylvia.

Meanwhile, there lay Neville hovering between life and death. He had lain for six hours where he had fallen, hidden from sight among the bushes.

When he had come to, what with the loss of blood and his crippled leg—for though the bullet had not touched the bone the wound was a severe one—he had been simply incapable of moving for some time, and when he tried to get up he discovered that he could not stand. Faint with pain and hunger, and half distracted with grief and anxiety on Sylvia's account, he lay and groaned, and tore his hair like a Samson in bonds. Then, directly he could drag his legs after him, he set off to crawl back to camp; and on this terrible journey, broken down and unconscious, Scuffler and Locket had found him.

The Doc brought him back to life, but after one glance round, which revealed Sylvia's absence and brought home his loss to him, he became delirious, and the fever which had been creeping up stealthily took full grip of him. It required three men to hold him, and day and night, in the intervals of the prostrations, he called upon her name—just as she at Wildfall had called upon his.

Sometimes with her name he coupled Lavarick's, with a passion and rage which seemed to shake the hut. It was an awful sight to see him struggling in the grip of his attendants, imagining that Lavarick stood before him, and fighting with the terrible strength of madness to get at the scoundrel. Then, worn out at last, he would sink back, and moaning, "Syl, Syl, would weep like a child."

The hearts of even these rough and hardened diggers were touched.

"This yer's the hardest row I've had to hoo for a long time," remarked Locket, with a suspicious hushiness in his voice, and with a still more suspicious drawing of his sleeve across his eyes. It strikes me, Doc, that if you pull him through it will only be to land him in a lunatic asylum. I'd almost sooner they'd kill him right out than have left him like this."

"It's the loss of the girl," said the Doc. "When he comes to, you boys just clear out and leave him to me. If there's any lying to be done, it's best not to have too many on the job, and I reckon there's got to be lying."

The Doc had plenty of time to work up a falsehood artistically, for rather more than a fortnight elapsed before Neville returned

to sanity, and his first words, as he looked up with hollow eyes at the grimy, unshaven face of the old wretch who had nursed him so devotedly, were, as the Doc expected: "Sylvia—where is she?"

"Halloo, old man!" said the Doc cheerfully. "Come round at last, eh? Well, you've had a rare time of it—"

"Sylvia—where is she?" demanded Neville, hoarsely, his eyes beginning to glow threateningly.

"There don't you worry that batt' red old head of yours about her," said the Doc. "She's all right, you bet."

"Then, he looked around.

"Why ain't she here? Because she's been clean knocked out of time by this cursed contrariness of yours. We've sent her away for a change, Young 'Un, that's what we've done."

"It's a lie!" groaned Neville, struggling to rise, and glaring fiercely. That man has got her! Let me get up!"

The Doc called to the Scuffler and Locket, who were waiting outside.

"He's off again," he said.

"They came in, followed by a third man—a stranger—and got near Neville warily, for even in his weakness he was a tough customer to handle; but Neville waved them back.

"Keep off! I am not mad! How long have I been lying here? Oh, God! let me get up and try, and find her!"

"Get up, you crony lunatic! Yer ain't no more capable of gettin' up than a newborn babe. It's Sylvia you want—"

said the Doc.

"Hold hard!" said the man who had accompanied the Scuffler and Locket. "I think I can chip in here. Things have got pretty well mixed up when a dead man as is not only dead but buried can string out chin-music like that."

"Dead?" echoed the Doc, amazedly.

"Why, yes," said the man, coolly. "We buried this yer chap over a fortnight ago—buried him out there in the woods."

Neville raised himself on his elbow and turned his gaunt, haggard face to the speaker.

"What cursed folly is this man talking?" he panted. "Tell me about Sylvia I will know the truth!"

"It's the young girl as that darned skunk, Lavarick, got hold of, she's alive and well, for all I know—leastways, she was when I saw her last."

Neville staggered up.

"Let me—let me go to her!" he said, his voice vibrating with a great joy. "You are not lying like these others? It's the truth?"

"It is that," said the man, stolidly. "But as to going to her, even if you were capable of doing so, which you ain't, I don't see how you could manage it. She's left the camp more than a week ago."

"Left the camp? What camp! demanded Neville, putting his hand to his head.

"Why, Wildfall," replied the man; that's where she was took to when the English lord grabbed her out of Lavarick's clutches."

"Wildfall—English lord!" stammered poor Neville, glaring at the speaker.

"I for God's sake, be patient with me! Tell me all—tell me slowly. My head's dazed and my heart beats as if it would choke me!" and the tears came into his eyes.

"This is how it is, then," said the man, slowly and impressively: "Our vigilants came up soon after Lavarick had downed you. They laid out nine of the rangers and got the gel; unfortunately, Lavarick got away. You was missing, but a young fellow 'bout your make and wearing your jacket was found lying under the trees, and—"

Neville uttered a low cry.

"Poor Sylvia!" broke from his trembling lips.

"You're right," said the man; "it's hard on her; but what else was she to think? Get your jacket on, I tell you."

"Yes, yes!" groaned Neville; "and then? Go on—for God's sake, go on!"

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HER CHOICE.

Miss Kitty Hurst ran out with an unfinished break of 21. 'Gloves all around,' she said to the group of men who had succumbed to her prowess with the cue.

'Bravo, Kitty!' exclaimed an enthusiastic youngster.

'You have most extraordinary luck, Miss Hurst,' said Fanshawe of the Coldstreams. Fanshawe was voted a cad and frowned upon.

'Would you like me to play it over again?' asked Miss Hurst of Fanshawe of the Coldstreams. 'I'll give you more points, just to compensate for my luck, you know.'

Fanshawe pawed his mustache, and Miss Kitty smiled at him like an angel. She wore a white dress, cunningly devised from pique, and at her waist nestled three happy red roses which young Barker had picked at 6 o'clock that morning, and young Barker was always seriously indisposed by dinner time if he got up before breakfast.

'Well, what shall we do?' asked Kitty. 'No more billiards, eh? The group of men uttered an inharmonious assent.'

'You come into the orchard and flirt with me,' said the enthusiastic youngster, 'and these fellows can go into the library and improve their minds. I'll do them a lot of good, and me, too—in the orchard.'

Kitty shook her head. 'I daren't,' she said. 'You have such a fascinating way with you that I might say and do all sorts of silly things.'

'You're rather good at that,' said the boy.

Barker and the boy were Miss Hurst's most ardent admirers, and Barker considered the boy an 'impertinent young idiot,' while the boy was loud and consistent in describing Barker as a silly ass.

'Well, then, come and upset the professor's specimens,' suggested the boy. 'He's got a new lot in—bought 'em home in his pockets last night. There were three caterpillars in the bath this morning, but it didn't take long to drown them.'

'Shut up, Tommy!' said Hemming, the rising barrister. 'By the way, has any one seen the professor this morning?'

'I saw him prowling in the kitchen garden,' drawled Barker, 'and when I asked him what he was up to he muttered ghostly things about some one having seen a death's head among the potatoes.'

'He's a queer chap,' said Hemming. 'He has a nice voice,' said Kitty.

'I believe Kitty is in love with him,' said the boy. 'I saw her stroking one of his butterflies the other day. It spoiled it, didn't it, Kitty?'

'I didn't know the color came off,' protested Kitty. 'Ah, that was a female butterfly,' said the boy. 'Well, you fellows, if anybody wants to relabel portions of a small museum, they had better come with me. It's jolly slow here, and its horrible to see Barker yawning in the corner over there. I wonder why Barker looks so dreadfully unpleasant when he yawns? Never mind, you can't help it, and hitting me with a billiard cue won't improve your method of yawning.'

'You'd better leave Mr. Sinnett's specimens alone,' said Kitty. 'And so had you,' retorted the boy. 'I don't go stroking all the color off. You know you won't get him to love you that way. Entomologists are awfully touchy people. I say, Barker, don't you think you had better go to bed or cover your face with a newspaper? Hello, there is the professor. Don't look at him, Kitty. His trousers are positively indecent—Barker said so.'

Alfred Sinnett stepped lightly across the lawn. A basket, swinging from a leather strap, banged against his right hip, tin boxes bulged from his jacket, and in his left hand he carried a stick conveniently hooked to pull down the branches of trees. He was tall, dark, clean shaven and appeared about 40 years of age.

'Perhaps he has some beetles with him,' suggested Hemming, the rising barrister. Every one laughed except Fanshawe, who suppressed a shudder.

'Never mind, Fanshawe,' said the boy: 'beetles can't run as fast as guardsmen. Look out, here he is! Does anybody know a few lines of Darwin as a recitation? He might consider it a delicate compliment.'

The professor raised his straw hat in salutation. 'Any sport?' asked the boy.

The professor raised his eyebrows interrogatively. 'Have you got anything to kill?' went on the boy. 'There's nothing like drowning for caterpillars.'

The professor smiled, and his smile was rather pleasant. 'No; I have brought home nothing alive this morning,' he said. 'May I see what you have collected?' asked Miss Kitty.

'I shall be delighted to show you.' The professor opened one of the tin boxes and extracted a small specimen of blue quartz. 'This,' he said, 'is peculiar and different from any I have hitherto seen in this neighborhood, but if you can spare me a short time after lunch I shall be able to show you my recent acquisitions with less inconvenience to your friends.' And he smiled pleasantly at Fanshawe of the Coldstreams.

'It's so good of you to take so much trouble over me,' said Miss Kitty to the professor.

'I am very glad if you find my hobby of interest,' said the man of learning.

'I always envy your scientists. Every foot of the road contains for you some object of study of which the uninitiated never dream.'

'You must come with me one morning, and I will show you how to observe all the curious minutiae which are lying around you at every step. Will you excuse me



now? I shall be rather busy till luncheon. Good morning, gentlemen.'

Barker yawned, the boy whistled, Fanshawe of the Coldstreams snorted, Hemming, the rising barrister, smiled; Kitty blushed. The boy shook his head at Kitty reproachfully.

'You might leave the poor old professor alone,' he said. 'He never did you any harm. He didn't put caterpillars in your bath, and he didn't make beetles run after you.'

'Don't be silly,' Kitty said. 'That isn't the argument,' said the boy. 'The next morning Barker, the boy Fanshawe and Hemming watched Miss Kitty Hurst and the professor pass through the wicket gate at the bottom of the rose garden and enter the copse a few yards beyond. The professor walked hurriedly, avoiding the patches of wet clay by instinct. Miss Kitty had more than once to request a less speedy progress, and at the stile, which they reached after a few minutes' hurried tramp, she was glad to stop and recover her breath.'

'Isn't it lovely?' gasped Kitty. 'This meadow and this copse are worth the whole of London season.' Two months hence Kitty would be dying for a dance.

The professor looked at the flowers and dissected them with his eye, looked at the butterflies and classified them at a glance. 'Yes,' he said; 'it is very lovely.'

'They walked on until the basket and the tin boxes were almost full, and Kitty heard about many things which she tried vainly to remember. Kitty Hurst felt happier than she had been for a very long while. There was something instinct with pleasure in thus wandering through peaceful meadows, beside hedgerows, finding wonderful things in the least considered places and feeling your step spring upon the turf with continually renewed vigor.'

On the following morning Kitty and the professor again set forth with basket and boxes, and on several successive mornings, until the young men who assembled in the billiard room began to detest the professor most cordially.

'Miss Hurst,' said the professor, staring curiously at the twisted trunk of a massive oak tree, 'do you intend to undertake a serious study of botany?'

'Oh, it's very interesting,' said Kitty, 'and it's very nice to be among these delightful green fields and copses, but as to becoming a really serious botanist, I am afraid I am not built that way.'

'Yes, it's very pleasant,' said the professor, 'and your presence seems to make it even more pleasant.'

'It's very good of you to say that, but I thought that you scientific men always spoke the truth as far as your knowledge allowed. In fact, I thought that that was the basis of the scientific spirit and what made it so objectionable to the imaginative creature.'

'As far as my knowledge admitted I spoke the truth,' said the professor.

'As that's because you haven't the artistic instinct! If you had, you would see that my person in its present relations to those trees is abominable and that my frock is simply revolting beside those purple flowers.'

The professor smiled and walked on. Blue shadows dappled the old grass, a soft breeze shook the boughs overhead; the morning was perfect. Miss Hurst and the professor stopped suddenly in their walk as if by instinctive sympathy and gazed at the soft line of the downs which stretched far on their left hand.

'What a paradise, this pastoral England!' said the professor. His glance had synthesized, not analyzed.

Kitty nodded. There is an element in such a scene that hushes the human voice. 'For this,' went on the professor, 'would you care to give up a great deal of the pleasures which are in your London life—the dances, theaters and concerts—to take nature as your sole entertainer, to watch her in her passive and dramatic moods in her minute and her mighty effects?'

To such an appeal as the sunlight offered who could say 'no?' Kitty knew that dances and theaters must be loathsome and wondered how she could have considered them satisfactory.

'Yes,' she said, 'I could live like that with thorough happiness. I am sure that one is very foolish to consider so many trivial and artificial pleasures.'

'And would you care to live that life with me, if I tried to do all that might lie in my power to increase your happiness? I love you. I am not an old man, but not young enough to get bitten by a passing fancy. I know that you have scarcely known me long enough to be able to say whether you would be happy as my wife or not. My manner of living has been entirely different from yours, but I could make some concessions to your habits, and that need not be a barrier.'

Miss Kitty Hurst suddenly discovered why she had been so contented during the past few days.

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EASILY ACCOUNTED FOR.

How a Resident of Marseilles Accounted for the Hurricane.

The local spirit is perhaps nowhere stronger than with the citizens of the charming old city of Marseilles, France, which seems to have been absent of every one of the twenty-four centuries through which it has existed. An instance of the Marseillais and a northerner were travelling in southern France, somewhere to the northward of Marseilles, when they encountered the mistral, or terrible 'norther' which sometimes makes life in southern France a burden. The man from the north was out of patience with this biting and dusty wind, and shivered and grumbled. The Marseillais, on the contrary, was placid and apparently not displeased.

'Why is it,' finally exclaimed the man of the north, 'that you don't appear to be fighting angry with this wind?'

'This mistral' said the other, with wide open eyes, 'why, how can you blame it? Just put yourself in its place; it is simply in a natural hurry to get to Marseilles!'

The Hand.

Montaigne gives a curious and interesting account of the intellectual uses to which the hand is put. He says: 'With the hand we threaten, we promise, we call, dismiss, threaten, entreat, supplicate, deny, refuse, interrogate, admire, reckon, confound, repent; express fear, express shame, express doubt; we instruct, command, write, encourage, swear, testify, accuse, condemn, acquit, insult, despise, delude, flatter, applaud, bless, abuse, ridicule, reconcile, recommend, exalt, regale, gladden, complain, sflout, discomfort, discourage, astonish, exclaim, indicate silence, and what not, with a variety and multiplication that keep pace with the tongue.'

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Bridgewater, May 29, to the wife of Mr. Wm. Hall, a son.

Brookfield, May 24, to the wife of Samuel Graham, a son.

Hillsboro, May 30, to the wife of Charles Steeves, a son.

Hantsport, May 27, to Mr. and Mrs. Geo. Davison, a son.

Shediac, May 25, to the wife of Rev. Edwin Smith, a daughter.

Springhill, May 28, to the wife of John Armishaw, a daughter.

Kenville, May 17, to the wife of Mr. C. S. Nixon, a daughter.

Falmouth, May 27, to the wife of Henry Manning, a son.

Horton, May 16, to the wife of Mr. William Patterson, a son.

Middleton, June 1, to the wife of Mr. C. A. Young, a daughter.

Halifax, May 27, to the wife of Mr. A. H. Blakeney, a daughter.

Yarmouth, May 24, to the wife of Dr. G. D. Turnbull, a son.

Kingston Village, May 18, to the wife of Avard Banks, a son.

Hartville, May 14, to the wife of Mr. T. R. McMullen, a son.

Dilligent River, May 23, to the wife of Stephen Warren, a son.

North Brookfield, May 26, to the wife of Elmer Trimmer, a son.

Dilligent River, May 27, to the wife of Henry Cannon, a son.

South Boston, May 21, to the wife of Mr. Judson Huribart, a son.

South Unalaska, May 18, to the wife of Mr. Samuel Hollieson, a son.

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Young's Cove, Queen's Co., May 10, by Rev. I. N. Parker, William M. Roberts to Beatrice C. Fox.

Somerret, Kings, May 26, by Rev. G. W. Glendoninger, Joseph A. Killam to Mrs. Annie M. Reesor.

DIED.

Moncton, June 3, Mrs. Triton, 81.

Middleton, May 28, Fred Vroom, 8.

Truro, May 23, Louis A. Roddick, 3.

Kensdale, May 22, James Crocupp, 13.

Berwick, May 31, Carrie Douglas, 16.

Yarmouth, May 24, Joseph Iron Doty, 31.

St. John, June 4, Francis A. Crawford, 40.

Maitland, May 9, Mabel L. Putnam, 26.

Parrboro, May 23, Miss E. Walshe, 48.

Halifax, June 1st, Charles T. A. Swan, 1.

Linneburg, May 22, Mary Ann Hunt, 80.

Clarence, May 17, Mary Cleveland Foster, 10.

Halifax, June 2, Brooks Johnson Barnwood, 71.

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On and after Monday, the 16th inst., until further notice, Steamer Clifton will leave her wharf at Hampton on Monday, Wednesday and Saturday mornings at 8.30 a.m. (local) for Indian town and intermediate ports.

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Dominion Atlantic Ry.

On and after Wednesday, 1st June, 1898, the Steamship and Train service of this Railway will be as follows:

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Leave Halifax 6.30 a.m., arrive Digby 12.40 p.m. Leave Digby 1.02 p.m., arrive Yarmouth 3.35 p.m. Leave Yarmouth 3.55 p.m., arrive Digby 11.10 a.m. Leave Digby 11.25 a.m., arrive Halifax 3.45 p.m. Leave Annapolis 1.30 a.m., arrive Digby 8.50 p.m. Leave Digby 3.30 p.m., arrive Annapolis 4.40 p.m.

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On and after Monday, the 4th Oct., 1897 the trains of this Railway will run daily, Sunday excepted, as follows:

TRAINS WILL LEAVE ST. JOHN Express for Campbellton, Fegwash, Fitch and Halifax.....7.00 Express for Halifax.....12.10 Express for Fegwash.....12.55 Express for Quebec, Montreal.....17.10

Passengers from St. John for Quebec and Montreal take through Sleeping Car at Moncton at 20.10 o'clock.

TRAINS WILL ARRIVE AT ST. JOHN: Express from Busset.....8.50 Express from Montreal and Quebec (Monday excepted).....10.20 Express from Moncton (daily).....10.20 Express from Halifax.....12.00 Express from Halifax, Fitch and Campbellton.....12.35 Accommodation from Moncton.....24.3

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

All trains are run by Eastern Standard Time. B. FORTMEYER, General Manager. Railway Office, Moncton, N. B., 4th October, 1897.