

# PROGRESS.

VOL. XII, NO. 616.

ST. JOHN, N. B., SATURDAY, MARCH 31 1900.

PRICE FIVE CENTS

## Troubles of a Judge.

The disclosure proceedings in the matter of the property of Judge Vanwart that took place at Fredericton this week were indeed disclosures. A good deal has been said from time to time of a trust deed but it was never produced before. Mr. Vince of Woodstock had the document and it showed that there were 47 creditors whose claims ranged from \$15,000 down to hundreds. The largest one was that of a woman and Mr. Vince himself and Hon. A. F. Randolph and others figured for considerable sums.

Judge Vanwart had been holding the circuit court in St. John and he ignored the orders of Judge Wilson to appear before him and having adjourned the circuit in St. John the week before to the date fixed for his examination calmly proceeded to let the latter await his pleasure. This was the state of affairs that confronted Mr. Geo. F. Gregory when he appeared before Judge Wilson on behalf of his client, Mr. Lynch.

Mr. A. H. Hanington of St. John appeared for the judge. One time before, if PROGRESS mistakes not, the examination was postponed on account of the absence of Mr. Pugsley who has been associated with Mr. Hanington in the case. But this week Mr. Pugsley did not appear though he was in Fredericton. It may be that the reason for this was the bridge inquiry but there have been insinuations to the effect that the proposed deal that hinges on the retirement of Judge Vanwart concerns the political ambition of Mr. Pugsley to some extent and for this reason the counsel for the government in the bridge investigation might not be anxious to appear.

The publication of the deed of trust Judge Vanwart gave to Mr. Vince would prove interesting. There have been so many statements as to who his creditors were and the amount, that were due them that some definite information on this point would be valuable.

The statements have gone broadcast that the greater portion of this money belonged to estates that were entrusted to the judge when he was in law business in Fredericton and that he used the money and cannot return it now. The reformed Baptist denomination have no hesitation in stating their case to be one of this kind and the Maudsleyville church people say the same. These are extraordinary statements which if true can hardly be overlooked. If they are not true the denial should be prompt and complete. Respect for the judiciary at best demands an investigation. This is what Mr. Gregory aims at before Judge Wilson, but Judge Vanwart does not seem eager to go on the stand.

When Mr. Hanington made his statement that his client Judge Vanwart was detained in St. John and asked that the examination be postponed for a few days, the fun began, and according to the report in the Fredericton papers the following sharp discussion took place.

Mr. Gregory said that Judge Vanwart had been duly served with an order for examination and had accepted fifty cents as costs and money and that it was his duty to obey the order of court and be present. It was true that he was at present presiding at the St. John Circuit, but he was constrained to believe and had no hesitation in saying that he could have arranged without any inconvenience to the circuit or to himself to attend before Judge Wilson today. Judge Vanwart, Mr. Gregory continued, had some days ago, after he had been served with the order for examination and knowing that his presence here was expected today, adjourned the circuit court sitting at Fredericton last week and returned to St. John yesterday, just in time to support an application for adjournment of his examination. This Mr. Gregory characterized as a manoeuvre and a trick for the purpose of delaying and escaping examination.

Mr. Hanington asked that these words be taken down.

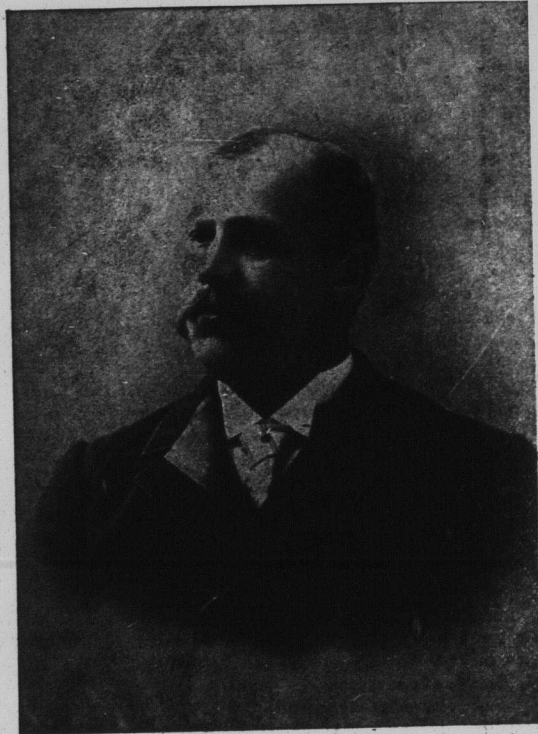
Mr. Gregory said he had no objection whatever and in order that there might be no mistake about it he would repeat them slowly and deliberately. He said furthermore he would challenge Judge Vanwart or Mr. Hanington or any other barrister

to take any proceeding they might think the use of such words called for.

Continuing, Mr. Gregory declared that even if Judge Vanwart's present engagement at St. John Circuit were not designed as an intimation there was no sufficient excuse for his disobedience of Judge Wilson's order, for he could, had he so desired have

proceedings against the judge. It will be remembered, Judge Vanwart upon that occasion did not spare the defendant in the suit, who is now making things pleasant for him in return. The counsel for the plaintiff at the divorce trial is probably aware whether this is correct or not and also whether there is any truth in the report that a gentleman keenly interested in the divorce proceedings figures as a creditor of the judge for very considerable sum.

No doubt all the facts will come out in time but at present the people are waking



GEO. E. COULTHARD M.D.

A Respected Physician and Resident of Fredericton Who Died Saturday Week.

readily called in any other Judge of the Supreme Court to relieve him.

Mr. Hanington vigorously resented Mr. Gregory's imputation that Judge Vanwart had deliberately adjourned the St. John Circuit last week for the purpose of preventing the examination.

Mr. Gregory read an affidavit of service of order on Judge Vanwart and moved for an order nisi for an attachment against him for disobedience.

Judge Wilson said he would not under the circumstances grant this application.

Mr. Gregory then stated that he had served a summons upon Mr. D. McLeod Vince of Woodstock to attend for examination touching Judge Vanwart's affairs and he was expecting him in town by the noon train. He therefore asked that Mr. Vince's examination be proceeded with today.

Mr. Hanington opposed this, claiming that no witness could be examined in Judge Vanwart's absence, but Judge Wilson held otherwise.

Thereupon Mr. Hanington stated that he had wired Mr. Vince last night that the examination would not be held today.

Mr. Gregory censured Mr. Hanington severely for so interfering with a witness.

Mr. Hanington said he would undertake to have Mr. Vince present at the time to which Judge Vanwart's examination should be adjourned.

Mr. Gregory wanted to know how Mr. Hanington could make such an undertaking. He, as Judge Vanwart's counsel, had no control over Mr. Vince or any other witness summoned by the plaintiff.

Upon Mr. Gregory's reverting to Mr. Hanington's telegram to Mr. Vince, Judge Wilson said that in view of this he would take into consideration Mr. Gregory's motion for order nisi for attachment.

Mr. Vince did however put in an appearance and the examination went on, when as noted above the trust deed was produced.

These disclosure proceedings will no doubt add much to the interest in the rumors regarding the retirement of Judge Vanwart. If there is an investigation many of the rumors that are floating around will no doubt get attention. One of the most recent PROGRESS has heard and its correctness was confidently asserted, is that there is some connection between a recent divorce court trial and the

## He Got His Full Pay.

It is somewhat unusual for the application of a policeman for pay while absent on account of sickness, to be opposed by the chief, yet this was the surprise that official sprung upon the safety board at a recent meeting.

Officer Finley went home sick one night about nine or ten o'clock and lost a day. He was docked by the chief and as this is not always done when a man is ill for a portion of a day the officer put in his application to the safety board for full pay for that day and for half pay for two days lost same time before. Before his application had been read the chief appeared upon the scene and said that there was one application that he could not recommend and he mentioned that of Officer Finley. As the application had not been read at that time the chief did not get much satisfaction. He had far better have remained silent, for when the officer's request was read the Safety board gave him full pay for one day and half pay for two. That evening in the guard room the chief, learning what the Safety board had done, made the statement that he had not opposed Officer Finley's application. This was a poser and surprised even those who stick to the chief through thick and thin, because the fact had come from the city hall that the chief had opposed Officer Finley's request and mentioned his name.

It is somewhat dangerous to talk back to the chief in the guard room and there was but little discussion, but the incident made an unfavorable impression on the force because they knew why Officer Finley was not in favor with the chief.

With a good deal of difficulty PROGRESS got at the facts. It seems that Finley, who is considered one of the best men on the force, steady and competent, took an interest in the police fund and was one of a committee to inquire into its affairs. There were three of them Sergeants Baxter and Kilpatrick being the other two. The result was that a meeting was held early in February and those long delayed bye laws and constitution were adopted and officers were elected. There were two candidates for the office of president, the chief and Sergeant Kilpatrick and the latter beat Clark two to one. Sergeant Baxter was chosen vice and Officer Collins secretary with Officer Finley financial secretary and Capt. Jenkins treasurer. These names appeared in the papers as the officers the next day but the fact that they resigned shortly afterward, in fact, the very day that they appeared in print was not made public.

The chief was much incensed at the so-

tion of his men in not choosing him president and this was apparent in a very short time. After the constitution and bye laws had been adopted he wanted to change them but Officer Finley, who had a hand in framing them, maintained that this would not be done except in the regular way.

His reward for this very proper objection was to listen to his chief calling him ignorant and dishonest. As the officer was not on duty he asked for an apology or insisted that the chief should prove his charge that he was dishonest. The chief refused to do either and the discussion became somewhat bitter. The result was that Sergeant Kilpatrick resigned his position as president and the other officers who had been elected followed suit. This seems to have dealt the association a death blow because at the next meeting there was not a quorum.

The petition for incorporation of the association was presented to Officer Finley but he refused to sign and gave as a reason that until the chief apologized for his language to him he was done with the affairs of the fund.

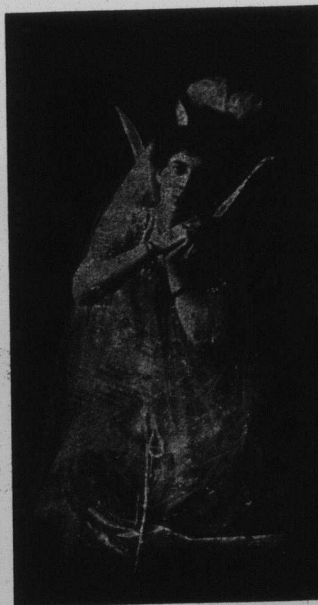
The chief was supported of course by Sergeant Campbell and this caused a good deal of bitterness among the men who do not have any respect or consideration for him. They do not hesitate to say that he owes his promotion to his willingness to do the chores of the chief. Clearing the sidewalk of snow is but a small portion of his additional duties. To attend the furnace, groom the horse and lug out ashes is the price of his chief's favor. The men know this and have no respect for the man who is promoted over their heads and is always willing to bear some tale about them to headquarters.

Said one officer to PROGRESS "If I had acted as Campbell has, been as brutal to the prisoners, figured in a Fox scrape and so forth I should not be on the force, and yet I see he is applying for pay from the time he was appointed sergeant, when the regulation was that there should only be so many sergeants. Finley is one of the best men on the force, never takes a drink and has not had a complaint against him and now I will wager he will be dogged and watched and if nothing can be found against him he may, like poor Tom Burchill, have to go to the North End. Why, do you know that Sergeant Campbell even totes the chief's horse blankets and stuff down to old Nell Mitchell on Sherfield street to be mended. This is the kind of work he is rewarded for while the policeman who respects himself and refuses to do such menial work is liable to be reported for nothing, lied about and traduced. A lot of us are getting tired of the injustice of the chief and if we can unite and get pluck enough to risk dismissal on some trumped up charge we propose to present our case to the members for the city or the council or whoever can best assist us. But the man who expresses an opinion differing from the chief must keep a look out. Finley is our last example of this."

### A Man Who Will be Missed.

Doctor Geo. E. Coulthard, whose portrait PROGRESS publishes in this issue, died at Fredericton, on March 17th in the 61st year of his age. The death came as a severe blow to relatives and friends. Cut down in the very prime of life the loss to the community of one who did so much to advance mankind cannot be easily estimated. In the medical profession, he took a foremost place among his brother practitioners and by his patients few doctors have been more loved. Judged in whatever sphere, whether domestic, professional or public Doctor, Coulthard set a grand example. Many a home has been made sad and desolate, the poor has lost a true friend and the city of Fredericton and the province a worker and a helper. By little children he was greatly loved as this story told shortly after his death illustrates. A little child of six had been taken ill, her little sister seeing her sick exclaimed "Well it is no matter if you do die for if you die and you get sick in Heaven you will have Dr. Coulthard to come and see you." PROGRESS publishes the above picture knowing it will be welcomed by many who have no other means of obtaining the likeness of one so much beloved.

Undertaken Wed., Dec. 20, 1899, Reported Dead 27 Waterloo.



MISS CLARA JEAN BRENNAN

Is one of St. John's foremost vocalists and although her career in prominent musical circles has not been very long she has earned unstinted praise for her singing.

Miss Brennan's first appearance was less than two years ago, but since then she has sung in many grand concerts, and last week sang very acceptably the role of Iolanthe in the amateur opera. Her greatest success has been the singing and acting of a part from "Il Trovatore" with Prof. E. W. Buck.

## PROGRESS CONTENTS TODAY.

- PAGE 1.—This page speaks for itself.
- PAGE 2.—A specially prepared article on the three big millinery openings this week, with illustrations. The opinions of experts as expressed to PROGRESS.
- PAGE 3.—Dramatic and musical columns—General miscellany.
- PAGE 4.—Editorial on Dr. Christie and the exhibition and other subjects—A letter from agent Robinson—Joys and woes of other places and good poetry.
- PAGES 5, 6, 7 and 8.—Social items from Halifax, Fredericton, Hartland, St. Stephen, Calais, Chatham, Woodstock, Wolfville, Truro, Annapolis, Yarmouth, Digby, Sussex and smaller places throughout the Maritime Provinces.
- PAGE 9.—Nearly a whole page of local topics including:—Officer Garnett's clever scoop. These desperate St. John maseurs. Well known Jubilee singer dead, N. E. Salvage Corps election. A visit which brought gloom. The wrong slayer got his bouquet. That fire on Duke street last Monday.
- PAGES 10 and 11.—The second instalment of that delightful serial "The Mystery of a mountain pass."
- PAGE 11.—Sunday reading and a short story by Rev. Chas. M. Sheldon the writer of the hour.
- PAGE 12.—"Blighted by Judge Lynch"—a writing with reference to lynching.
- PAGE 13.—Chat of the Boulevard and fashions—fancies from the style centres.
- PAGE 14.—An instructive article by an eminent French physician on "How to Restore the Drowned."
- PAGE 15.—"Gallant Little Hale Robbins"—a pleasing short fiction. Some French Canadian Talk. Births, marriages and deaths of the week throughout the Maritime provinces.





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SIXTEEN PAGES. ST. JOHN, N. B., SATURDAY, MAR. 31

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

FOOLISH ARGUMENTS.

There may be good reasons why the city council should not regard with favor the proposition of an exhibition grant but there is no excuse for delaying their decision. If they do not intend to give a grant they should say so at once and not shift the responsibility to the new council.

CAPITAL PUNISHMENT.

In five states of the union the death penalty is forbidden by law. Two or three legislatures are discussing the subject now and all the arguments are being thrashed out again. The advocates of the change insist that capital punishment is brutalizing; that it does not act as a deterrent to crime; and that it defiles the end of justice by making juries reluctant to convict when they know that a verdict of guilty will carry with it the death sentence.

HOW TO RAISE FUNDS.

So many different plans have been carried out to raise funds for this or that object that it is surprising to note an original idea that proved successful in Wheeling, West Virginia. The Kings daughters of that city, to raise money to assist in the erection of a building for a day nursery announced that one day would be a "rubber" day.

Why cannot such an idea be carried out in St. John?

Many of the hunters of the west are laying aside the rifle for the camera, and they find it more difficult to get a snap shot at big game than ever. The reward they claim is greater, as they obtain some thing that will remain them in later years of their chase.

Mr. Robinson Tells His Story.

TO THE EDITOR OF "PROGRESS"—Referring to an article which appeared in last Saturday's PROGRESS under the heading of "Two Obtrusive Agents" I beg to state that agrave injustice has been done me in the article in question. I am the representative of a Nursery firm for the Maritime Provinces.

An Unrighteous Jew.

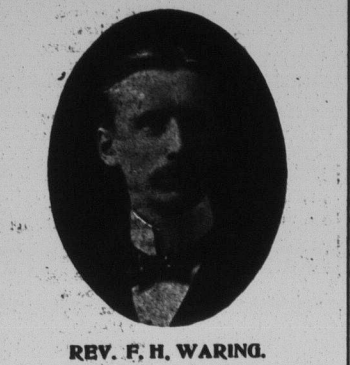
The police have alighted good and hard on a Jew named Samet belonging to West End who is known to have exhorsted money from poor and ignorant immigrants at Sand Point.

Spring Poetry Freshet is On.

The crop of spring poetry is ripe, and is a full one. Almost every day the Advertiser office is sought by some aspirant bard who timidly professes his first attempt.

foreigners who know nothing of our currency.

Brussels Street's Jubilee. The jubilee of Brussels street Baptist Church which is now being celebrated will continue until Tuesday.



REV. F. H. WARING.

Everett, Wilcox, Dr. Hopper, B. N. Nobles, H. G. Mellick, W. J. Stewart, Dr. Carey, and the present incumbent H. F. Waring, whose picture is here shown.

A Liveryman With a "Pull". A case in which a Waterloo street livery stable keeper and one of his hired men figured found it way into the local court last week but, nobody outside of a few officials knew anything of it.

Barkie's Summer Trip.

Mr. W. S. Harkins dropped into town Thursday, shook hands with everybody he met—for who does not know him?—and mingled pleasure with business in arranging for his summer tour here.

JOYS AND VOES OF OTHER PLACES.

Something New to Science. (On stevedores.) Woodstock Sentinel. Two good tracks have been scraped on the ice and it kept warm by the ice.

Annapolis is Distinguished. (Annapolis Spectator.) Annapolis enjoys the distinction of being the sportiest poker town in Nova Scotia.

Higgate Car Co. has a Sanitation. (Higgate Co. Sentinel.) The young "fr" of this neighborhood are greatly excited over some animal which "they say" has taken up its residence under the school house.

One Argument in Favour of Newspapers. (Annapolis Spectator.) Our paper is not the best in the world, but if you can show us that it is not worth two cents, we will eat the next issue.

His Boer Fever Checked. (Yarmouth Times.) It is said that on the night of Lady's birth celebration, in Amherst, a masked party went to a very prom and pro-dance, roused him up, took him out and stood him on a saw bench, with only his night clothes on, until he consented to sing "God save the Queen," and they made him sing it busily too.

Tobacco Chewer's Accommodations. (Chatham World.) The Commercial, as an "item of the improved light sing of Massett Hall suggest amongst other "improvements" necessary having a few cuspidors placed at dif. rent points for the benefit of tobacco chewers.

They're Laying For the Weather Clerk. (Nova Scotia Paper.) There people are complaining of the lack of sleighing in that town this winter.

Spring Poetry Freshet is On. (Harland Advertiser.) The crop of spring poetry is ripe, and is a full one.

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

BEST END BOYS AT WAR.

The Boers and British of a Famous Neighborhood Fight in Barnest. History started in to repeat itself to a certain degree in the vicinity of King street (east), Leinster and Princess streets one day toward the latter part of last week.

Well, it would be highly proper to call it fun either, for before any manoeuvres had been made by the forces, fighting in real earnest was in progress. Sticks and stones succeeded less dangerous weapons and hand to hand scuffles were common.

VERSES OF YESTERDAY AND TODAY.

A Hint of Spring. There's a hint of spring, And it's comin' purty soon; And I'll be a-plantin' in April, And I'll keep it up through June.

April Fool's Day.

Tomorrow will be April Fool's day Look out.

Mr. Moody's Little Joke.

Comparatively few people knew the humorous side of the late Dwight L. Moody; yet among the neighbors and friends of his boyhood he was known as "good deal of a wag, and a hearty laugh was a benediction to him."

Rich Widow—Despite our short acquaintance and the fact that my youth has flown you still make this proposal of marriage to me doctor?

Doctor—You have made on my heart an impression that time can never— Widow (colder)—H—m, and I had always able to live by your practical

After all St. John's... days, and in... out it comes... his would be... of such... cidedly with... spirit of re... of the de... some little... such as br... etc., but ge... as well... among the... The last... in the real... hundreds o... to attend... list of the... Mr. Robe... now enga... Boston, is... home of M... Holly stre... Mr. and l... Carrille, lo... Mr. Char... St. steam... Miami, M... Monday m... absent over... Miss Ell... Thomas M... on Wednes... afternoon... this charac... Mrs. Ell... Co., and M... Charlotste... with the r... E... Miss Tre... few days to... meant in Cr... Another... Emory H... The Char... J. Teasdale... his recent... street meet... supplied by... Mrs. Tra... below the... ory society... subject, Gil... delighted b... the stars... Mrs. Ols... from her re... Among oth... great work... summer ar... Mr. and M... Charlott's... street, Dr... Smith, W... Mrs. Joh... Street and... led by the... Clifton Sp... Mrs. Fre... for Vanco... been out th... Louis Ke... C. Wednes... his fortu... many irru... east. On April... Geo. Bust... Reynolds... Hampshire... months. Among the... popular you... suming larg... than a few... Harry B... for some t... but is now...

MAKING POWDER wholesome

BOYS AT WAR British or a Peaceable of Fight in Harvest.

in to repeat itself to a in the vicinity of King meter and Princess streets

be highly proper to call before many manoeuvres by the forces, fighting in in progress. Sticks and less dangerous weapons

other than war time in the righteous parent neighbors

exhaustion and winded-up in their bodily harm to their citified laagers some with black eyes, scarred and bruised,

April 7th two St. John young people, Mr. Geo. Dustin formerly of St. James Street and Miss Reynolds of Indianapolis will be married in New Hampshire, where they have been located some months.

Among the weddings in prospect is that of a popular young engraver whose business is fast assuming large proportions. The event is not more than a few weeks distant.

Mr. Moody, "that's the ever committed. When I face, the poor fellow who and left the view, and for it."

Despite our short soe fact that my youth has like this proposal of mar-or?

have made on my heart an time can never—)—H—m, and I had al-by your practice!



After all Lent is being pretty well observed in St. John. There are practically no public processions...

The last week has had nothing particularly new in the realm of personal matters, save the fact of the influx and equally abrupt egress of some hundreds of milliners from all over Lower Canada...

Mr. and Mrs. De Blaviers Carrutte and Master Carrutte, leave shortly for the Paris Exposition.

Miss Irene Vaughan of Duke street leaves in a few days to assume charge of a military establishment in Oxford, N. S.

Another little son has arrived at the home of Mr. Emory Henderson Adelaide street.

The Charlotteville Examiner states that Rev. J. J. Thasdale formerly of this city is recovering from his recent severe illness. His pulpit in the Prince street Methodist church, Charlotteville is being supplied by Rev. D. Jost.

Mr. Travis of Hampton delivered an address before the Ladies association of the Natural History society Thursday afternoon at four o'clock; subject, Glimpses of Ireland, No. 2. Mrs. Travis delighted her hearers with this her second talk on the stars.

The appointment of John McCalvey Jr. to the position of second purser on the L. S. S. Steamer Cumberland has caused "Jack" to be congratulated generally.

The officers, congregation and Sunday school of Brussels street Baptist church started Thursday evening on a week, or at least five days of celebration in honor of the fiftieth anniversary of the church.

The friends of Mr. John McNealey of West End will be pleased to learn that since his arrival in Boston, where he went for treatment, his muscular ailments have grown much less, and bright hopes are entertained for his total recovery and quick return home.

Mr. Frank Christopher of the St. John Railway Co. service is in the Massachusetts Hospital, Boston, having an operation performed on his feet.

Mr. A. E. Keith of Hillsboro is the guest of her sister, Mrs. Hayes, Duke street.

Mr. Dr. J. M. Smith and Master Gilbert Fugely Taylor are this week visiting Mrs. John M. Lyons, Moncton.

On Thursday afternoon at her home on Horefield Street Mrs. Clarence DeForest tendered a very pleasant reception to her friends. The affair was particularly enjoyable as the arrangements were all perfectly carried out.

Those invited were: Mrs. Smith, Mrs. Troop, Mrs. Cook, Mrs. Morrison, Mrs. Gerow, Mrs. McLeod, Mrs. F. Merritt, Misses Blair, Mrs. Mortimore, Miss Austin, Mrs. Carvell, Mrs. Robertson, Miss Thomas, Miss Sharpe, Mrs. George Cushing, Mrs. Vroom, Miss Cruikshank, Mrs. Binning, Mrs. Tillotson, Miss Parks, Mrs. McNeill, Miss McAulay, Mrs. T. Flood, Mrs. T. Flood, Misses McLaughlin, Miss Flood, Mrs. Easting, Mrs. Puddington, Miss Thomson, Miss Adams, Mrs. F. Rankine, Mrs. O'Leary, Mrs. McDonald, Mrs. E. Sturdee, Mrs. Barshall, Misses Markham, Mrs. H. P. Timmerman, Mrs. Bear, Mrs. Treman, Mrs. T. Raymond, Mrs. Horace King, Mrs. Shinner, Miss Long, Mrs. Wilson, Mrs. W. H. Merritt, Mrs. B. Givens, Mrs. J. P. Smeeth, Mrs. S. D. Smeeth, Mrs. W. W. Wilson, Mrs. P. G. G. G.

Miss L. McAvity, Mrs. W. O. Raymond, Miss King, Mrs. Whitaker, Mrs. F. Thomson, Mrs. Dallock, Mrs. Cooper, Mrs. F. A. Jones, Mrs. Reed, Mrs. J. F. Harding, Mrs. Daniel, Mrs. Fairweather, Mrs. de Soyres, Mrs. Hamilton, Miss Harding, Mrs. W. S. Thomas, Mrs. George Fleming, Mrs. George Robertson, Mrs. W. Green, Mrs. Fisher, Mrs. Simpson, Mrs. King, Mrs. Manchester, Miss Sedler, Mrs. O. Shays, Mrs. F. Peters, Miss Magee, Mrs. J. R. Thomson, Mrs. Armstrong, Mrs. Ernest Fairweather, Mrs. Geo. Jones, Mrs. Fairweather, Mrs. Carr, Mrs. Hamilton, Miss Blizard, Mrs. W. H. Thomas, Miss Sedler, Mrs. M. G. McDonald, Mrs. Edith Fairweather, Mrs. Thomas, Mr. Arthur Thorne, Mr. Harding, Miss Bonnie Sedler, Miss Robie McAvity.

Master Harold Vaughan and Mr. Frank Vaughan of Duke street have gone to the States, the former to work in Bridgewater, Mass., the other with a big electrical concern in New York.

S. J. Warwick of Charlotte street removed with his family on Thursday to Sussex. Besides Mrs. Warwick the family consists of Misses Lillian and Marion Warwick and Charles Warwick.

Truly the millinery business owned the city during the earlier half of the week, over three hundred ladies being present from New Brunswick, Nova Scotia and P. E. I. parts to view the wholesale opening, fully described on page 2 of this issue. Among the visitors there was a lot of friendly greetings and social interchange, as it very seldom happens that these persons meet except at the openings. Some pleasant luncheon parties were held in consequence at the hotels.

Among the milliners in town were: Miss McKeever, Charlottetown, Mrs. Herkins, Lockport, Mrs. Miller, Mahone Bay, Mrs. Charles, Yarmouth, Miss Walker, New Glasgow, Miss Smith, Windsor, Miss McCarthy, Kentville, Miss Brittain, Annapolis, Mrs. G. H. Brown, Moncton, Mrs. Russell, Campbellton, Mrs. Crowley, Campbellton, Miss Lockett, Bridgetown, Miss Wilder, Calais, Me., Miss Haveland, Chatham, Miss Noonan, Chatham, Miss Milman, Bathurst, Mrs. J. Dobson, Tatamagouche, Mrs. W. Armstrong, Glasgow, Mrs. Carter, Bathurst, Miss McKensie, Truro, Miss N. J. Anderson, Springhill, Mrs. Carten, Yarmouth, Miss Dalton, Char. Loton, Miss B. Lockett, Bridgetown, N.S., Mrs. B. C. McEachern, Nelson, N.S., Miss Duncan, Glace Bay, C.B., Mrs. E. A. Bell, Stanley, N.B., Miss M. E. Peat, Andover, N.B., Mrs. H. D. Wallace, St. George, Mrs. A. W. Rogers, West End, Mrs. J. H. Copp, Port Eglis, Miss Wilder, Centreville, Miss Sharp, Benton, Mrs. B. E. York, Parrsboro, Miss T. McDonald, Bridgewater, N.S., Miss B. A. Moore, North Sydney, C.B., Mrs. Carter, Summerside, P. E. I., Mrs. Sutherland, Bridgetown, N.S., Mrs. Quilly, Newcastle, Miss Dalton, Charlottetown, Mrs. E. S. Campbell, Hampton, Miss Johnson, McAdam, Mrs. A. A. McCannell, Oxford, Miss E. A. Keith, Hillsboro, Miss L. B. Bishop, Albert, Mrs. C. J. Dobson, Moncton, Mrs. Parker, Perth, Mrs. S. J. B. Riley, Yarmouth, Mrs. W. W. Silver, Lunenburg, Mrs. A. A. Young, St. Stephen, Miss Morgan, Fredericton, Miss S. C. Kelly, Fredericton, Miss Dennis, Fredericton, Miss Dowling, Marysville, Mrs. W. D. Camber, Woodstock, Mrs. A. Gallagher, Woodstock, Mrs. F. E. Fitzgerald, Centreville, Mrs. J. C. Clowry, Chatham, Miss Creighton, Lunenburg, Mrs. J. J. McDonald, Moncton, Mrs. S. B. Andrus, Moncton, Mrs. E. Conner, Weymouth, Miss Belleville, Weymouth, Mrs. Dunne, Yarmouth, Mrs. Jones, Apohaqui, Mrs. McLeod, Sussex, Mrs. Kelly, Sussex, Mrs. E. D. Wallace, St. George, Mrs. McPherson, Chatham, Miss Clark, Wolfville, Miss E. M. Davis, Kentville, Miss Toombs, Charlottetown, Mr. and Mrs. W. K. Stoddard, Bridgewater, Miss Chilholm, Digby, Mrs. Figgitt, Kingston, Miss Carter, Amherst, Mrs. Todd, Sackville, Miss Banks, Digby, Miss Nugent, St. Martins, ST. ANDREWS.

Mr. 28.—Mrs. Keay, wife of Capt Richard Keay arrived recently from Liverpool, England. She is the guest of Mrs. F. Keay.

Rev. J. C. Berrie, to a large congregation assembled in the Methodist church, Sunday evening last, delivered a carefully thought out sermon in which reference was made to the death of the late Mrs. CONTINUED ON PAGE EIGHT.

Two Truths. Fact One---You cannot get better soap than WELCOME. Fact Two---You can buy WELCOME as low as you can buy any soap of quality, so what is the sense of buying inferior soap bearing some little known brand, when WELCOME does the work easier and gives better satisfaction in every way. Insist on having WELCOME.

WHITE'S SNOWFLAKE CHOCOLATES.

Embroider with Brainerd and Armstrong Wash Embroidery Silk, put up in tangle and knot proof holders; nearly 400 shades. "Blue Book" for three "holder" tags or a one cent stamp—tells how to embroider fifty flowers and leaves. Corticelli Silk Co., Ltd. ST. JOHNS, P. Q.

Adamson's Botanic Cough Balsam. Neglect a Trifling Cold and the most serious consequences will follow. It lives on your vitality. The stronger it becomes the weaker you are. Membranes become inflamed—causing a cough, and, until the irritation is reduced and the sore places healed, there is no possibility of stopping the disorder. ADAMSON'S BALSAM gives instantaneous relief and inevitably brings a perfect cure if taken as directed. 25c. AT ALL DRUGGISTS.

When You Want a Real Tonic, ask for ST. AGUSTINE'S (Registered Brand) of Pelee Wine. GAGETOWN, Sept. 21, 1899. E. G. SCOVIL.—"Having used both we think the St. Agustine's preferable to Vin Mariani as a tonic. JOHN C. CLOWES E. G. SCOVIL! 62 Union Street

FOR THE MOTHERLESS. COMFORTABLE HOME and motherly care by parents of girl five years old, can be engaged for girl about same age at moderate terms. Clergy and medical references exchanged. Address drawer 118 Truro, N. S. BOURBON. ON HAND 75 Bbls. Aged Belle of Anderson Co., Kentucky. THOS. L. BOURKE F. C. CALVERT & CO., Manchester.

FRY'S pure concentrated COCOA. No flaw in its claim to be ABSOLUTELY PURE. 200 GOLD MEDALS AND DIPLOMAS. STRONGEST AND BEST.



BLISHED 1848. Roll 18 x 21 inch. Yard per foot

Of Special Interest to Daughter, Wife and Mother. Mrs. J. C. RICHARD, P. O. BOX 998, MONTREAL.

MONROE. [Progress is for sale in Montreal at Miss Hattie Tweedie's Bookstore and H. B. Jones' Bookstore. MAR. 28.—Mr. S. J. Sturges went to Parrboro Tuesday morning.

WOODSTOCK. [Progress is for sale in Woodstock by Mrs. J. O'Connell & Co. MAR. 28.—Henry M. Kay of Boston has been visiting friends in town.

HARTLAND. MAR. 28.—R. Colpitt, Scott Act Inspector was in the village on Wednesday. Charles Todford of Windsor went to Montreal on Thursday.

FREDERICTON. [Progress is for sale in Fredericton by W. T. H. Percy and J. H. Hawthorne. MAR. 28.—Mrs. J. A. Morrison gave a large dancing party at her residence Riverside on Thursday evening for her son Guy, which was thoroughly enjoyed by the young people who attended.

Off! That's the trouble with cheap plated ware, the silver comes off. If you want silver-plated knives, forks and spoons that will last, ask your dealer for that stamped W. ROGERS. We guarantee it to be the best silver-plate made, the kind that lasts. At all dealers. Simpson, Hall, Miller & Co.

Women's Ailments. Women are coming to understand that the Backaches, Headaches, Tired Feelings and Weak Spells from which they suffer are due to wrong action of the kidneys. DOAN'S Kidney Pills are the most reliable remedy for any form of kidney complaint.

Good Paper AND Good Ink are important factors in the production of good printing. When there is added to these a most complete plant and skillful workmen, the result is sure to be satisfactory. We use these combinations in our business. Let us submit prices of your next job. Progress Job Printing, St. John, N. B.

Miss Jessie Campbell Whitlock, TEACHER OF PIANOFORTE. ST. STEPHEN, N. B. The "Leschetzky" Method; also "Synthe System" for beginners. Apply at the residence of Mrs. J. T. WHITLOCK.

New York Millionaires. Only a few people reading advertisements of bankers and brokers, saying that money could be made through speculation, realize that the richest men in America have commenced life in a humble way and have made their fortune through stock exchange speculations.

Scribner's FOR 1900 (INCLUDES) J. M. BARRIE'S "Tommy and Grisel" (serial). THEODORE ROOSEVELT'S "Oliver Cromwell" (serial). RICHARD HARDING DAVIS'S fiction and special articles. HENRY NORMAN'S The Russia of To-day. Articles by WALTER A. WYCKOFF, author of "The Workers". SHORT STORIES by Thomas Nelson Page, Henry James, Ernest Seton-Thompson, Edith Wharton, Octave Thanet, William Allen White. SPECIAL ARTICLES The Paris Exposition. FREDERIC IRLAND'S articles on sport and exploration. "HARVARD FIFTY YEARS AGO," by Senator Hoar. NOTABLE ART FEATURES THE CROMWELL ILLUSTRATIONS, by celebrated American and foreign artists. Puvis de Chavannes, by JOHN LAFARGE, illustrations in color. Special illustrative schemes (in color and in black and white) by WALTER APPLETON CLARK, E. C. PELKETTO, HENRY McCARTER, DWIGHT L. ELMENDORF and others. Illustrated Prospectus sent free to any address. CHARLES SCRIBNER'S SONS, Publishers, New York.

Victoria Hotel, 81 to 87 King Street, St. John, N. B. Electric Passenger Elevator and all Modern Improvements. D. W. McCORMACK, Proprietor. THE DUFFERIN This popular Hotel is now open for the reception of guests. The situation of the Hotel, facing as it does on the beautiful King Square, makes it a most desirable place for Visitors and Business Men.

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

Queen Hotel, Hollis Street, HALIFAX, N. S. JAMES P. FAIRBANKS, - Proprietor. QUEEN HOTEL, FREDERICTON, N. B. A. HOWLAND, Proprietor. Fine sample rooms in connection. First class Livery Stable. Coaches of traps and bobs.

In His Study Of Consumption and its Causes Dr. A. W. Chase Found that at least two thirds of all cases of Consumption are developed from Catarrh. 'I can easier teach twenty what good is to be done, than to be one of the twenty to follow mine own advice,' wrote Shakespeare. And so it is in warning people of the fatal results of catarrh; if neglected, works its way along the mucous membrane of the throat and windpipe until it reaches the lungs, and becomes consumption cannot be cured. And yet, while advising others, we neglect our own health, forgetting the final results of the catarrh which increases with each fresh cold. It was when seeking to prevent consumption and lower the death rate that Dr. Chase conceived the importance of curing catarrh, and compound the catarrh prescription which has saved so many thousands of precious lives. Dr. Chase's Catarrh Cure has proven its wonderful efficiency, and has become the most popular catarrh remedy on the continent. It is no experiment, for Dr. Chase tested its merits for many years in his own large practice, and improved it wherever improvement was possible. Dr. Chase's Catarrh Cure not only cures incipient catarrh, but positively cures every other long standing, frequently after every other known means has failed. Many people who have spent hundreds of dollars with specialists tell us that a few boxes of Dr. Chase's Catarrh Cure has done what doctors failed to do. The blower, which is given free with each box of the remedy, makes it easy to use, and sends the preparation with its soothing, healing influence to the very seat of disease. Dr. Chase's Catarrh Cure, 25 cents a box, blower free, at all dealers, or Edman, Bates & Co., Toronto.

Mr. J. C. Mahon the well known proprietor of the Havelock Mineral Springs, sustained a severe accident in Montreal a few days ago. Mr. Mahon was unfortunate enough to slip and fall, breaking his left leg at the knee. Mr. Mahon's many friends will regret to learn of his mishap, which will lay him up for some time. The boarders at the Minto hotel on Saturday presented Mr. B. E. Smith, who recently joined the ranks of the benefactors, with a handsome silver tray suitably engraved. George E. McNeil of Smith's Corner's Kawack, died Thursday evening of last week of pneumonia. A widow and five children survive him. Mrs. M. Wynn and little daughter went to Springhill this morning to spend a few days with Mrs. Wynn's sister, Mrs. J. L. Power of that place. Miss Tweedie returned Tuesday evening from a trip to Boston. Miss Crites, of Pictouville, is visiting friends in the city. Mr. D. Driscoll, of the L. C. E., left Wednesday afternoon on a three week's vacation to Boston. Miss Jessie Dow, who has been visiting friends in St. John, returned home on Monday. General manager Pottinger returned Wednesday morning from Ottawa. Mrs. Samuel Calkins has returned to Moncton after spending the winter with relatives in Boston and Portland.

THINGS OF VALUE. A TONIC FOR THE DEBILITATED.—Purmelet's Vegetable Pills by acting mildly but thoroughly stimulate the lazing organs to healthy action and restore them to full vigor. They can be taken in graduated doses and so used that they can be discontinued at any time without return of the ailment with which they were used to allay. Give one or two pills, dull and bare. It's only sign of life, hot air! Nor steam heat, either, would I take. Whose harsh pipes rattle men awake; Nor natural gas, whose empty flame is ever blown out by the same; W. Robinson, M. P. P., John O'Brien, M. P. F., Wm. Shaw, M. P. P., Thos. A. Peters, R. W. L. Tibbitts, D. J. Purdy, M. P. P., James Porter, M. P. F., G. G. Scott, M. P. P., Lieut. J. J. Winslow A. D. C., H. B. Ramsford, Geo. Y. Dibblee, R. B. Barker. Miss Schofield is the guest of Mrs. E. Candlip at Maryville. Mrs. Ernest Tapley of Maryville is visiting friends at St. John. After a long visit of several months spent with friends in Kingston, Ont., and at Montreal, Que., Miss Carrie Winslow is being warmly welcomed home again by her many friends. Mr. W. H. Burns gave a five o'clock tea this afternoon in honor of Miss Carrie Winslow. "The Soldiers Wives League" gave a charming afternoon tea at the Barracks on Saturday afternoon which was largely attended. Mrs. Thos. Murray of Kingsclear has been spending several days in the city visiting her friends she is at present the guest of Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Lemont. Mr. Osman returned to the city yesterday, after a visit to his home in Hillsborough. Miss Nan Thompson, daughter of Hon. F. P. Thompson is enjoying the delightful spring weather of New York and at the same time cultivating her fine musical abilities. The exhibition of the Biograph pictures has been the absorbing interest of the week and the Opera house has been packed to the doors at each performance. The magnificent views were very like life and those of the Canadian soldiers, some of our own boys among them and British famous regiments aroused patriotic enthusiasm to a white heat. Mrs. Geo. Blair is among the visitors in the city this week. Mrs. A. G. Blair left Ottawa on Saturday for Florida where she will remain during the trying spring months for the benefit of her health. She was accompanied by the minister of railways. Miss Ethel Bourne returned to her home in Woodstock last week. Mrs. McN. Shaw has returned from a week's stay in St. John. Mrs. Sterling is here from Boston and is visiting her mother Mrs. Thorne. Miss Seeds of St. John is the guest of Mrs. J. D. Fowler. CHATHAM. MAR. 28.—Father Murdoch and Father Varty returned on Friday from a visit to Fredericton. The Misses Simpson of Negus, who have been visiting friends in town returned home yesterday. Mrs. James Stymist of Bangor, Me., formerly Miss Clara Simpson, spent Thursday in town on route to Negus to visit her parents. The business committee of St. John's congregation met on Thursday to consider matters in connection with the erection of their proposed new church. Messrs & Hopsop, of Sydney and Halifax were engaged to prepare plans and estimates, and one of these gentlemen will be here next week to consult with the committee and look over the site. Men are at work to day quarrying and hauling stone for the foundation. It is not yet decided whether the building will be of wood or brick. Rev. J. M. Maclean, the energetic pastor, is justly enthusiastic over the success attending the labors of the committee. The work of construction will be begun as soon as possible as the plans have been submitted and approved. A requisition to Mr. James Nichol to come out for mayor is in circulation and has been already inflexibly signed, and Ald. Loggie, it is understood, has been trying to decide whether to be a candidate or not. It had last week announced himself as a candidate he would not have been opposed. In Queen's Ward Ald. Watt and Maher will again be candidates. In King's Ward ex-Ald. Murdoch has announced his intention of being a candidate. Ald. Finlayson announces his retirement from civic and municipal politics, and Ald. Snowball has not announced whether he will be a candidate or not. Many friends of Mayor Winslow wish him to run as an Alderman. He has headed the





ST. JOHN, N. B., SATURDAY, MARCH 31, 1900.

LIVE LOCAL TOPICS.

A Budget of Bright Breezy Items Gathered from All Over the City.

ANOTHER ST. JOHN DETECTIVE.

Officer Garnett Proves Himself Such—The Boys Got Clear—Billboard Vandals.

The local police force has a new detective, Officer Garnett. He has proved this fact himself by his clever capture of the vandal boys who did so much damage to the Parks cottage property off Cradle Hill last week.

For over a week Officer Garnett hunted after the boy or boys, but without success. He was utterly without a clue. Not content with giving up the objects of his search, and goaded on by the owners of the damaged property he sallied forth once more toward the last of last week, this time striking into the park vicinity. Hearing revolver shots in the woods he followed the sounds and at last came upon some young fellows practicing with revolvers. The officer feigning a hearty laugh told the boys they were not good shots and said he could break a window at twenty paces every time. The bait was at once taken by the boys who to beat Officer Garnett's story, up and told confidentially how they had broken the Parks house windows at a greater distance than that. After spending some time with the young fellows and learning their names and addresses the policeman disclosed his identity and the miscreants accompanied him dumfoundedly to the Central Police Station.

But the lads got clear. They were of good families, Clarke and Grossett's of East End, and choiristers in Trinity church. Mr. Parks on hearing this refused to push the charge and Rector Richardson intervened. Its lucky the boys were so situated, or they might have gone across Courney Bay, or have been jailed. They have learned a lesson nevertheless and their sleep on the Guard Room lockers (not in cells as stated) will doubtless linger long in their memory.

Vandalism in St. John has been very frequent for some years past and only a few issues ago PROGRESS called attention to the outrageous way in which the home of Diver Frank Hearson had been used in West End, during the absence of Mr. Hearson's family in Halifax. Windows were smashed in, doors broken, snow filled the house, carpets and furniture were destroyed and the water pipes burst. Nobody was apprehended for this offence either.

Another growing evil along the line of vandalism is the wilful and oft times malicious destruction of posters and lithographs on regularly licensed billboards and sanctioned dead walls. Costly theatrical "papers" is sometimes hardly dry before a crowd of bad boys tear it off, or mark up indecently the pictures upon it. It must be impressed upon these depraved and youthful minds that such printed matter means the outlay of a lot of money and in destroying it they are amenable to the law. Advertisers have to pay for the hire of a great many billboards and the expense in this way mounts up. Newspaper bulletins, the liveliest kind of poster advertising, are frequently torn off or made unreadable, sometimes through sheer malice. Offenders in this manner should be speedily and justly dealt with.

It cannot be possible that some law in the vandalism books does not cover the abuse of billboards, and if there is such clauses the police of St. John are not paying much heed to it.

can look backward upon his career as Captain without regret. But there are some in authority among the salvage men who say the corps is being "run too much like a Sunday school" and are fighting hard for a change. They want to play a game of cards once and a while, possibly for pennies "a corner," or it may be they desire to hold not infrequently a jolly "smoker"—social functions which Captain Hamm has in the past discountenanced. And so a canvas is being made to that end and some say there may be a hot contest.

THOSE DEPRAVED MASHERS.

They are Just as Numerous as Ever, but are Only Treated. Pretty nearly every place that makes pretensions to being either a city or town has its oglers, those fellows; yes, and sometimes women and girls, who stare you out of countenance, which if returned results in a desperate flirtation, and perhaps head to head talk. The usual parade ground for the townsfolk here in St. John is Charlotte and King streets and it is on this route the masher and masheress ply their eyes, necks and smiles.

The hotel windows are favorite resorts for the flirty contingent in the ranks of the commercial traveller and in summer time the hotel fronts are reviewing stands. While the average drummer is a hey-day sort of fellow, chuck full of business and alert to that end, yet there are an occasional few—quite a few—who view the procession of St. John's pretty daughters on fine days with masher's eyes. Missing or seeing the same young ladies perhaps a half dozen times during their brief stay in town they feel as though they almost know them and attempts at flirting are made. Usually they receive frosty glances when this stage of the game arrives, but not infrequently an impressionable Miss casts a sheepy glance back, and when next the knight of the grip arrives in town he becomes even more intimate with the fair ones he has exchanged "eyes" with on prior occasions.

The winter just past has had a big list of this kind of conquests. Mashers as a general rule are not very favorably received in St. John and instances might be quoted where fresh young men have received their quietus, not only from the fair object of their fascinating glances, but from enraged "steady" friends and indignant papas. Prominent actresses have administered knockouts to gay Lótharios right in front of the Opera House, and chorus girls have turned down more than a few green room Johnnies, whose attentions were obnoxious. Too friendly and familiar dudes have found out to their sorrow that the young ladies of this city feel duly privileged to enjoy a walk of a fine day without being bothered by sickening glances and nods, and but a few days ago one young fellow discovered this fact to his consternation and chagrin.

Patent leather shoes, fur lined coats, golf stockings or "gizettes" are not the only essentials in seeking the acquaintance of the girls and young ladies of St. John; the first thing necessary is a civil mein, and equally civil tongue; then when the occasion offers, perhaps the gallant may be privileged to go through the form of being presented to the young lady he desires to know.

A Visit Which Brought Gloom. A short time ago when one of the Beaver line of steamers arrived at Sand Point, her commander, Captain Carey, soon after the boat was docked came over to the city to visit, as he thought, his friend the Rev. Dr. Carey. When he called at the late Baptist clergyman's address, 24 Paddeek street, and learned the respected cleric had lost since been dead and buried the weather beaten mariner was greatly shocked and saddened. It was his first trip to St. John since last winter, when he was invariably greeted by the genial expator of Brussels street church. The late Dr. Carey and Capt. Carey were not related in the least, but the exceptional sociability of the late preacher brought the two together, one day, for the sake of their

name. Both found one another's company instructive and pleasing and Capt. Carey attended his friend's church whenever in port, and in return Dr. Carey lunched frequently aboard the big Beaver boat.

The Wrong Linger Got His Bouquet. A young man was in the audience at the Thursday night performance of Iolanthe last week who did not enjoy the show at all, at least that part of the opera which was sung after the three dollar bouquet he had purchased for one of the principals had been given another young lady by mistake. He did not even know the fair recipient of his roses, or it might not have been so bad, but when he saw the bungling usher hasten footwards with his array of blossoms and have them handed over the rail to other than whom they were intended for his heart thumped so hard against his full dress shirt bosom that he had to get up and go out for fear of disturbing those about him. Once in the hallway he felt like enacting a really truly tragedy right there and then with the usher as the victim, but considering in cooler blood the fact that discretion was after all a little more the proper thing, he banged on his hat and sallied into the night. If ever again, he vows, he is found guilty of blowing his duets for bouquets he will have them ticketed with produce tags, or otherwise marked.

That Duke Street Fire.

There was a fire down on Duke street last Monday afternoon, in that particular part of the street where the colored population have their abodes. Naturally the blaze caused a panic among the residents and when the fireman arrived the hurryscurrying took on even greater proportions. To make a long story short two houses were ruined and the firemen had to put forth considerable effort to prevent further damage. But the fire was not wholly devoid of fun, as can be imagined when it is known the redoubtable Dan Taylor and Bill Diamond were on the scene. Mr. Diamond became very indignant at a supposed delay of the Salvage Corps and shouted in stentorian tones, "Wheah! them Salvage Corps fellers at, wid doze blankits, ef dis wuz a fish on German street do furnish be saved all right, shuh!"

Why one Man Married. General Gordon once said that the reason why he did not marry was that he never found a woman who was prepared to accompany him to the ends of the earth. Such a woman Sir Henry M. Lawrence did find. She went with him, says his biographer, into every difficult and dangerous place where his great work for India called him.

One day Lord John Lawrence, Sir Henry's younger brother, was sitting in his drawing room at Southgate when, looking up from the book in which he had been engrossed that his wife had left the room. "Where is mother?" he asked one of his daughters. "She's up stairs," returned the girl. Lord John went back to his book; but looking up again, a few minutes later, put the same question to his daughter and received the same answer. Once more he turned to his reading; once more he looked up, with the familiar inquiry upon his lips. Thereupon his sister broke in. "Why, really, John," she said, "it would seem as if you could not get along five minutes without your wife!" "That's why I married her," the old statesman replied.

"Why don't you learn to punctuate?" asked the kind friend. "Punctuate?" cried the young woman. "Why, I put more commas and dashes in what I write than anyone else I know of!"

Hingoo—Oh, I'll fix that servant girl, if she is determined to go. Mrs. Hingoo—What will you do? Hingoo—Pay her the \$4.75 in pennies—

The number of ladies who buy Magnetic Dyes all over Canada surprises even ourselves,—of course they give splendid results.

TO USE THE TIDE.

Still Another Machine to Turn the Ocean Power to Man's Needs.

Undismayed by the long row of tombstones which mark the graves of the schemes of inventors to turn the tides of the ocean to the uses of man, a New Jersey toiler has just brought forth a new device, which, he asserts with confidence, presents the solution of the problem. The inventor has been working on his machine for ten years. Like all its delunct predecessors, doubtless, it is a plausible affair, born apparently for success; but, at any rate, it has one great and actual advantage, it is the soul of simplicity.

In its simplest form the invention is nothing but a waterwheel working on the principles of a windmill, with a few modifications, to suit the different medium. Upon a fixed vertical axis revolves a light wheel. From the circumference of this hang a number of flanges against which the current flows, causing the wheel to revolve. Now, were these flanges fixed, those on one side of the wheel would neutralize those on the other, and the wheel would remain stationary. It would be like a totally submerged paddle wheel when the paddles on the upper half counteract those in the lower. The flanges, however, hang by hinges in such a manner that when pressed from one side they stand out at right angles to the wheel and receive the force of the current, while if the pressure be from the other side they close up flat against the wheel and offer no resistance. Thus, while on one half of the wheel the current strikes the face of the flanges, holds them open and causes the wheel to revolve, on the other half it strikes them on the back and keeps them closed. The effect is the same as with the actual paddle wheel, one-half of which is always out of water.

But the movable flanges have another most important advantage. One of the greatest difficulties which have confronted inventors who sought to utilize the power of the tides has been in the circumstance that the direction of the force changes every six hours. Thus the rotation of the waterwheel is reversed, which necessitates readjustment of gears and tends to rack the machine. Now, in the wheel under consideration the direction of the rotation is always the same, no matter how often that of the propelling force changes. For example, when the currents are from the north, the flanges on the right half of the wheel, which face north, will be erected and resistant, while those which face south will receive the pressure on their backs, and will consequently be closed. The movement then will be against the hands of the watch, from right to left. Again, when the current flows from the south, the flanges on the left side will be open and those on the right closed, with the result that the direction will be unchanged.

But the flanges have other peculiarities besides their attachment. If when closed up they lay absolutely flush with the wheel, the upward pressure of the water would keep them closed during the whole revolution, the current having nothing to take the initial grip upon in order to throw them open. This difficulty is obviated by a groove in the face of the flange. As soon as it comes to be opposed to the current the effect of the water forcing its way through the groove is to throw the flange open at once. Furthermore the flange is hung at an angle to the spoke in two directions, an arrangement which assists the groove in throwing it into position at the first possible moment.

The position of the wheel when in operation would either be on the bottom at a depth sufficient to clear the keels of vessels, or else would be secured to the support of a bridge or hung under a pier when the current is unobstructed. Of course, the situation chosen would be in an estuary or some other place where the tide runs more or less swiftly. Cogwheels affixed to the top of the axle change the plane of rotation from horizontal to vertical and multiply the velocity as many times as is desired, and a band running on a larger wheel transmits the power to the place desired. A number of experiments have been

made in which a small model is used. In it the diameter of the wheel was twelve inches. There were four rows, each containing eight flanges. The dimensions of each flange were two inches by three. The two lower rows revolved on the main axle in one direction from right to left. The two upper rotated independently on an outer axle and their revolution was from left to right. By this device additional power was secured through the principle of torsion as applied in the ordinary hand press. The machine was hung from a pier in the Harlem River where the current runs at about four and a half miles an hour. A simple pony brake attached showed a constant pressure of twenty five pounds. Calculating from this basis, Prof. Jacobus of the Stevens Institute deduced that a wheel with a diameter of ten feet would develop twenty five horse power. In another experiment the wheel was worked in connection with a patent sewing machine which it drove at the rate of 2,500 stitches per minute, while in another it threw a column of water through an inch diameter tube to a height of over twelve feet.

The inventor asserts wonderful virtues for his creation. The dimensions of the wheel may be increased indefinitely while there is no reason that the number of the discs should be limited to four. It can be used, he says for any purpose for which power is required, especially for the generation of electricity. Indeed, in his rosate dreams he sees power for the whole electric scheme of New York city, lighting, street cars, telegraph and telephone supplied through the medium of waterwheels by the current of the river at a nominal cost.

PROJECTILE AIR.

Theory That Bubbles Driven by Mauser Bullets Explode in the Body.

Physicians in South Africa now have another theory for explaining away the charges made by both Briton and Boer that the other is using explosive bullets. The extensive laceration often found in bullet wounds is now said to be due to the air which the bullet drives before it into the wound. The existence of this phenomenon can be proved easily. If a round bullet be dropped into a glass of water from the height of a few feet it will be seen that the bullet touches the bottom a large bubble of air will become detached and rise to the surface. In this case the bubble will usually be from ten to twenty times the size of the bullet.

Now, a Mauser bullet travelling at high speed is said to carry before it a bubble of compressed air of large dimensions. Experiments made by a surgeon who fired a pistol ball into a glass of water showed the bubble to be one hundred times the size of the ball. From the appearance of the wounds and from these experiments it is concluded that the mass of air driven by a Mauser bullet explodes in the body of the wounded man with sufficient force to cause extensive laceration. This destructive air bubble is well known to surgeons under the name of projectile air.

No Chance to be "Impossible."

Some recent unpleasant use of the word "impossible" in connection with the British South African campaign has recalled a story of the siege and capture of Gwalgarh, in the Mahratta War in 1803. A participant in that war related the incident.

"We had been one night working hard at a battery half way up the hill, and afterward cleared a road up to it, but no power we possessed could move our iron battering guns above a few hundred yards from the bottom, so steep and rugged was the ascent.

"I had just been relieved from working by a fresh party, and was enjoying a few moments' rest on some clean straw, when the officer commanding the working party came up to Colonel Wallace who was brigadier of the trenches, and reported that it was impossible to get the heavy guns up to the battery.

"The Scotch colonel looked at him in simple astonishment.

"Impossible!" he exclaimed. "Hoot, mon, it must be done, for I've got the order for it in my pocket!"

Nevertheless, it was done. The word impossible may not exist in the bright lexicon of youth, but it does exist in the vocabulary of military mechanics.

Eliphalest—Uncle Ephrim, if ye kin meek few shirts outen three yalns, how many shirts kin ye git from one yald? Uncle Ephrim—Well, honey, hit depends on whose yald's ye's in.

# The Mystery OF THE Mountain Pass

IN FOUR INSTALMENTS.

CHAPTER III.—CONTINUED.  
MY FRIEND GWYNNE.

I was in my own sphere once more, and the memory of those months spent in the mountain but would have seemed little more than a dream, had it not been for my adventure with the mysterious masked woman on Christmas Eve and the discovery of the murdered man in the pass.

The recollection of these things was terribly vivid in my mind. The man had been buried without a name, I knew, and people had talked much of the strangeness of his being among the mountains in such attire; but all such things are only nine days' wonders, at the best, and, before a week was over, some other mystery arose to chase that one from its place in the public mind.

When I got out of the train at Deepdene station I found as I had expected, Gwynne upon the platform awaiting me. 'This is very good of you, old fellow,' he said, in his quiet, earnest manner, which always meant so much, as he grasped my hand.

'I like that,' I answered, laughing. 'It's your sister who's good for inviting me, I should think.' 'You know we're always glad to have you,' he said as he led the way to the dog-cart. He was driving himself, and had no servant with him.

I saw in a minute he wanted a bit of private conversation with me. 'Is it a love-affair?' I thought. 'Has somebody touched his heart at last?' And hardly had we taken our seats, before he turned around to me and said in the simplest quietest manner—

'Jack, old boy, I'm going to get married.' I was surprised and keenly interested. Somehow I had taken it for granted that Gwynne would never marry.

He was over forty—seven years older than I—and although chivalrous and deferential to all women, had never shown the very faintest trace of being in love with one.

He was a fine handsome fellow too, just the sort that women are most fond of. Very tall, with a grand carriage, deep grey eyes, and a massive brow. He was immensely rich, and his family was one of the oldest in England.

Of course I said I was very pleased to hear his news, though in my heart I'm not sure I was pleased at all. I was a confirmed old bachelor myself, and didn't relish the idea of my best friend quitting the state in which I was, at that time, resolutely determined to remain.

'Who is the lady?' I asked, more anxiously than I quite cared to show. 'Do I know her, Hal?' 'I am quite sure you do not. I must tell you first, Jack, she is a widow.'

ing there with her daughter.' 'Her daughter! Good Heavens, Gwynne! And now I could not help showing how surprised and abashed I was.

'Surely, you don't mean she has a grown-up child?' 'Not exactly grown-up, Jack,' he answered, with a quiet gentleness which went to my heart. 'She is barely sixteen.'

'Of course, then, it would be discourteous to ask the age of the mother.' 'I will tell you without your asking. She is thirty-two.'

'Then she must have married at fifteen.' 'Yes, she did.' There was silence between us for a minute or two after this; then my friend turned round to me, looked full into my eyes, and laid his hand on mine.

'Jack, old fellow,' he said, in a voice of deep emotion, 'if there's a man on earth I can be said to love it's you, and I think you know it. I'm not a man to give my heart to many; but, where I do give it, I give it beyond recall. I have one sister, one friend, one love; and, Jack, it would hurt me more than I can say if there were to be anything but peace and true good will amongst us four.'

'Lottie has already learned to love my Beatrice, and I want you to love her, too. Nay, don't speak—as I was about to answer him—don't speak now. Wait till you have seen Beatrice; then you shall tell me all your thoughts of her, whatever they are, and I will listen. I know quite well all you are thinking of me, but believe me, when once you have seen my love, you will tell me I am not deceiving you will lay your hand in mine, and congratulate me as the most fortunate man who ever trod this earth.'

His earnestness moved me deeply. I resolved at that moment to like the goddess of his idolatry for his dear sake. I gripped his hand in mine, and muttered an indistinct word or two.

'I don't know whether I ought to be ashamed to confess it, but I do confess that both our eyes were wet.'

CHAPTER IV.  
LADY GRAMONT.  
In another minute we were at the house. Lady Mallory came out into the well-lighted hall to welcome me, and led me straight away to her own pretty boudoir.

Her brother went around to the stable meanwhile to look after the horse. 'I suppose Harold has told you the news?' she said, holding me by both hands and laughing gaily.

I had known her ever since she wore short frocks and pinafores, and we had always been famous friends. 'Yes, I was surprised. Is she really so very charming?' 'She is indeed. I am almost as much in love with her as Harold is; and so will you be when you see her. She has been staying here quite a long time now, and I like her more and more every day. She is the most exquisitely gifted creature, as well as perfectly beautiful. But now you must go away and dress, or you will be late for dinner; and then, you know, Sir Thomas will be sure to scold.'

'Perhaps,' I said to myself, 'the marriageable widow had discreetly put back her daughter's age a year or two.'

'I don't know whether I may be permitted to introduce myself,' I observed, when she had thanked me for my assistance. 'I am a very old friend of Lady Mallory and of her brother. My name is Douglas.'

Her face instantly lightened up with recognition, and I flattered myself, with pleasure also. 'Mr. John Douglas?' she cried. 'Oh, I am so glad to know you! Sir Harold is always talking about you to us—I mean to mamma and me.'

'And may I not know who mamma and you are?' I questioned, laughing, though, of course, I now scarcely needed to be told.

'My name is Vera—Vera Gramont. Mamma is Madame de Comtesse de Gramont,' she added, archly. 'I thought so. Well, Miss Vera, I hope our acquaintance will quickly ripen into friendship.'

'Oh! and so do I. It will be so nice to know you already with bearing so much of you from Sir Harold.'

There was a gentle girlish frankness in her manner, and in her look as well, which was altogether winning. In my heart I said that, if the mother were only half as charming, Sir Harold had chosen well.

'Perhaps Lady Mallory will allow me to take you into dinner,' I said, smiling down upon the girl; 'then, I fancy, our acquaintance would ripen fast.'

'Oh! but I don't go in to dinner. I dined long since—at the regular luncheon. I am not out yet, you know.'

I looked and felt disappointed. I would fain have seen more of this lovely creature. She must have read the disappointment in my face, for she went on brightly—

'But I come into the drawing-room after dinner. Mamma bids me just sit quietly in a corner, and not try and attract notice. But I may speak if I am spoken to,' she added, with a glance of the sweetest archness.

'I shall look in all the corners till I find you out,' I assured her laughing. Even while I spoke, the dinner-gong sounded, and Vera flew away like a lapwing.

I returned to the drawing-room with an increased curiosity to know what her mother was like.

## The Means to the End.



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Only the best materials and the most modern automatic machinery are used in the manufacture of Singer sewing machines.

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mother, am prejudiced of course; but I do think Vera is very sweet.'

Sir Thomas and Lady Mallory, and some of their other guests, came into the room at this moment. I feared I should be separated from Lady Gramont; but it was not so.

Lady Mallory had assigned to me the agreeable duty of taking her down to dinner. I doubted not that this was at Gwynne's suggestion.

He wanted me to become acquainted with his betrothed wife. I, upon my part, was well pleased to find myself beside her.

A man is never insensible to the proximity of a beautiful woman, and I quickly found that Lady Gramont was rarely gilded as well as daintily beautiful.

Politics, arts, sciences, or literature, she was at ease on all these topics, and expressed herself with a grace and brilliancy which left me lost in admiration.

Harold sat opposite me. I caught his eye, and knew quite well it was saying— 'I challenge your congratulations now. Have I not indeed chosen the fairest and noblest woman in the world?'

After dinner, when we repaired to the drawing-room, I remembered my promise to Vera.

Sure enough, I found her in the most secluded corner, almost quite hidden by a great pot of pink azaleas.

She wore her white muslin frock still, but had added a blue sash, and an exquisite pearl comb put back her lovely hair. 'Well, you see I have come,' I said, dropping into the seat beside her.

Deepdene. Everyone who has spent a Christmas in a pleasant country house, knows what a succession of fun and gaiety there is for those who are inclined to take part in it.

There were to be private theatricals on New Year's Day, and the rehearsals kept us all busy, as well as provided us with endless merriment.

Vera and I had become fast friends. Her grace and loveliness had charmed me from the first; and when I found, as I quickly did that she had intellectual gifts of a high order, and a sweet frankness of disposition, I attached myself to her whenever I could, with hearty goodwill.

She, upon her side, seemed equally pleased with me. I'm sure I don't know why, for I was twice her age, a great strapping fellow more than six feet high, a mighty hunter rather than a drawing room gallant; and I fear she must have found me a little unpollished, if not absolutely rough.

I had spent much of my life in traveling, and had had few opportunities of acquiring that particular species of refinement which ladies' society is supposed to confer.

However, Vera took it into her pretty head to like me, and we were never so happy in those cold December days as when we were together, I telling her some wild tale of adventure, or she taking up the part of entertainer by singing songs or reading poetry to me.

Let it be clearly understood that there was no question of love-making between us. If such a thought ever crossed my mind, I always told myself I was a great deal too old, and plain, and rough for that lovely girl; and, besides, she was so thoroughly a child, in her simple white frocks, and with her unbound hair, that the very notion seemed preposterous.

I won't deny that I used to get an odd little pain at my heart when I thought what a lovely woman she would make in a few years' time, and how much she would be sought after.

Nevertheless, I treated her exactly as I would have treated a dear young sister, and we simply remained fast friends. I was so not interested in the daughter as to have no thought for the mother.

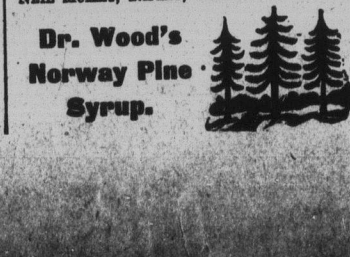
Indeed, the more I knew of Vera, the more keenly interested I felt in Lady Gramont.

## Chest Feels Tight.

You seem all choked up and stuffed with the cold—find it hard to breathe. Cough that rasps and tears you—but little phlegm got up.

Now's the time to take Dr. Wood's Norway Pine Syrup before things get too serious. There is no remedy equal to it for making the breathing easy, loosening the phlegm and removing all the alarming symptoms of a severe cold.

I caught a severe cold which settled on my chest, making it feel raw and tight. Seeing Dr. Wood's Norway Pine Syrup advertised I procured a bottle, which greatly relieved me. It loosened the phlegm, healed the lungs, and soon had me perfectly well.



Dr. Wood's Norway Pine Syrup.

CHAPTER V.  
A TERRIBLE SUSPICION.  
The next few days passed delightfully at

### Make New Rich Blood

and remove impurities from the stomach, liver and bowels, by the use of the best blood purifier known. Put up in glass vials. Thirty in a bottle; one a dose. Recommended by many physicians.

### Parsons' Pills

"BEST LIVER PILL MADE." Positively cure Biliousness and all Liver and Bowel complaints. Sold by Druggists, or sent post-paid, for 25 cts. Book Free. L. S. JOHNSON & Co., Boston, Mass.

### CANCER

And Tumors cured at home; no knife, please or pain. For Canadian testimonials & 25-page book—free, write Dept. 11, MASON MEDICINE CO., 377 BATHURST STREET, TORONTO, ONTARIO.

Sunday Reading.

The Deserted House. With sagging door and starting window-panes, And emblem roof, it stands among the trees...

A Metropolitan Call.

By Rev. Chas. M. Sheldon. Rev. John Warden had just opened a letter bearing the New York postmark.

New York, January 16, 189-- 'Well, Sarah, what do you think of that? Did you ever suppose I should receive such a letter?' 'No, I never did. How do you suppose they came to give you such a call?'

THE MOTHER

with a nursing baby has two lives to support. Her flesh, strength and vitality are taxed to the utmost, and must be maintained or both will surely fail.

Scott's Emulsion will keep up the mother's strength and vitality. It also enriches the baby's nourishment, and supplies the elements necessary for proper growth and development of bones, teeth and tissue.

The letter burned in his pocket, and obeying a sudden impulse, he stepped into Deacon Sayles's as he passed down the main street.

The deacon read it slowly, not understanding it at first what it all meant. When he reached the end, however, he looked over his spectacle and said, quietly 'So you are going to leave us, parson?'

The Rev. John Warden felt a little embarrassed. 'I have talked it over with my wife. Yes I suppose I shall accept. I wanted to see you and Deacon Binney and bring the matter before the church before deciding positively.'

'I'd accept if I was you,' said the deacon. 'You won't have another call like that very soon. We shall miss you though. Let's see. How long have you been with us?'

'Fifteen years this coming Christmas,' replied the minister, thoughtfully. 'Yes, yes. A long pastorate, as pastorsates go nowadays. Well, we shall not know what to do when you are gone.'

The minister went home feeling somewhat depressed; and he was surprised, also, for he had never heard Deacon Sayles express so much feeling during the fifteen years he had known him.

He decided to accept the call; but first it was necessary to bring the matter before the church. The regular weekly meeting came on Wednesday night. There was a very large attendance, for rumors of the call had already reached Flemingville.

The letter was read and the minister made a few remarks at the close of the meeting. He was much affected, and Deacon Binney, who had the reputation of being one of the hardest-headed farmers in the township sat with head erect, the tears rolling over his weather-beaten face.

When the Rev. John Warden reached home that night, after a very affecting scene which followed the meeting, he was almost minded to refuse the call. However, the next morning he wrote a letter in which he accepted the pastorate of the Marble Square Church.

The letter was mailed, and the minister then began a sermon in which he gave his reasons for making a change, closing with his formal resignation. This was to be read Sunday morning.

Meanwhile, Flemingville and parish was greatly stirred over the minister's metropolitan call. 'I tell you what!' said old Jake Bowers, the village blacksmith, as he leaned against his anvil and a group of listeners stood around.

'We are going to lose a mighty good man out of this parish. Last Sunday's sermon was a power full one, I reckon. I noticed, I said to myself when the service was over, 'That kind of preaching will lose us our minister if the city folks once hears him.'

'Jake must have dreamed that he said it,' drawled out Bill Covill, the miller's assistant, 'because he was asleep all through the sermon last Sunday.'

'Asleep yourself!' retorted Jake, who, however, turned very red in the face as he blew up his forge. 'All the same, it's a great loss to all Flemingville,' said Judge Howard, thoughtfully.

'I don't know how we are going to get along without the parson. He certainly is a master preacher. The wonder to me is that the city folks have not found it out before this.'

then the talk went on in praise of the parson, and regret at his leaving the parish. At Deacon Binney's, the family was discussing the same general topic of conversation, when Deacon Sayles came in.

'Well, neighbor, this is a blow to Flemingville, isn't it? New York must want our minister pretty bad. It seems they sent up three men as a committee to listen three Sundays ago, and now comes this call. Well! well! I never really thought we had been listening to such great talent for years.'

'Hadin't you? I've been more than suspicious myself for some time. Fact is, Deacon Sayles, we've been sitting under the best preaching for years and haven't appreciated it.'

'Of course we can't give six thousand dollars a year and parsonage,' said Deacon Sayles, a little gloomily. 'Of course not. It's a great pity, though, that we never offered to raise the salary. We might have kept him from getting discontented.'

Deacon Sayles shook his head, but after agreeing that the parish has not appreciated its minister as it should, he went on to the next neighbor's to talk over the news.

That was a very trying week for the Rev. John Warden. When he went out to make his afternoon calls he was astonished at the feeling expressed. Old Sallie Barnes who was an invalid, with inflammatory rheumatism, and who always wanted to know, when he called, why he had not come a week sooner, broke down and cried like a child when he went in to see her this time.

'Oh dear! Oh dear!' she moaned, rocking back and forth in her old chair. 'I shall die if you go away! I know I shall! And I never can get used to any one else! No one knows my troubles as you do!'

When he went away she refused to be comforted, and he left the poor old woman sobbing and groaning in a pitiful manner. As he moved on up the village street, people who for years had not said anything more than 'good morning' surprised him by coming out of their shops and houses to shake his hand and express regret at his departure.

Then he had a very sick parishioner to visit out on the hills. He drove out and found him in a critical condition. The family had not heard of the minister's metropolitan call, and when he told them, they all surrounded him, in tears and with clasped hands, and one of the children climbed into his lap and said, 'Who will come to see father when you are gone?'

It was a very painful experience for him, and when he drove back to the village he was very much depressed, and somehow could not rally his spirits, even when he thought of the six thousands dollars and the parsonage on High Street Court, and the great church and its pipe-organ and fashionable quartet choir.

So matters went on until Saturday night. The minister never had known that his parish cared so much for him. Even Job Wilbur expressed his sorrow at the parson's departure, and said something rather hurriedly about ministers being necessary to a community. Old Uncle Peters, who had not spoken to him for a long time because of something he had once said in a sermon about tobacco-using came and asked him to forgive his taking offense, and promised to be out to church on the coming Sunday.

The people of the parish were already planning a farewell reception, and the whole village was evidently stirred to its depths by his acceptance of the call.

'My dear,' said the minister to his wife, when Saturday night came, 'I never knew how much the church and parish cared for me. It is a revelation. I am almost of a mind to reconsider my acceptance of the New York call.'

'That would be very foolish,' replied his wife. 'It is true the people love you very much. It is a great pity they have not shown it oftener.'

'We are all liable to that fault,' the minister sighed as he said it. 'We do not show our love to our dearest friends, and too often wait until they are dead before we tell them how much we love them.'

This was Saturday night. The morning sermon, in which the minister had given his reasons for seeking a wider field, lay on his desk, together with his resignation as pastor of Flemingville.

'I think I will go up to the post-office and get the mail,' said the minister to his wife, as he heard the evening train come in. Generally he waited until Monday morning, but he felt restless and uneasy, and went out.

When he came back, he had an open letter in his hand, and his face was pale and wore an expression that would be difficult to describe.

'John!' cried his wife, as he came into the centre of the room, nearer the light on the table. 'What is the matter?'

'I have another letter from New York,' said the minister, with a feeble smile. 'Let me read it to you.'

He was not so excited as before, but his voice trembled a little as he read: Dear Sir and Brother: I hasten to correct a most embarrassing and distressful blunder on my part in reference to a letter directed to you by mistake, and answered by you in good faith.

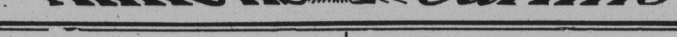
The call of the Marble Square Church which was sent to you was intended for the brother who bears your name, even to the same initials, and who lives in the town of Fleming, but in another state. My great blunder consisted in carelessly writing the name of your state instead of his. I trust that you will pardon this most unfortunate error.



Two questions

with common-sense answers. 'How long should a man's legs be,' somebody asked Abraham Lincoln, and he said, 'Long enough to reach from his body to the ground.'

'How can you take housework so easy,' somebody asked a bright little woman. 'By not working so hard,' she said. 'By doing all my washing and cleaning with Pearline.'



Dear Sir and Brother: I hasten to correct a most embarrassing and distressful blunder on my part in reference to a letter directed to you by mistake, and answered by you in good faith.

For several moments neither the minister nor his wife said a word. Then the minister said quietly: 'Then it seems those three strangers were—'

'Yes, they were commercial travellers, evidently!' exclaimed his wife. 'O John! What will you do now?'

'I shall have to preach without notes tomorrow,' he answered with a smile. 'But the minister's wife, to tell the truth, sat down and had a good cry. Then she recovered her equanimity, and consoled her husband and made the best of it.'

When Sunday morning came and the minister went into his pulpit, he faced the largest audience he had ever seen in Flemingville church. All his members were out, all the people who, for one reason or another, had not been to church for years, several families from the adjoining township, and most conspicuous of all, Job Wilbur, in his best clothes, sat in the front row of the gallery, the sneer on his face almost gone.

The Rev. John Warden must have preached a little better than usual. His heart was warm with the love of his people, and he had had time to recover from his first disappointment. He preached on the fellowship of the saints. And as the people did not yet know the news of the mistake in the call, they were attentive up to the last moment of the sermon. As he finished a movement of expectation went over the audience.

The people, of course, expected him to read his resignation as a formal act, necessitated by his previous acceptance of the call to the Marble Square Church. He had already decided on his course, and without hesitation he said: 'Friends, I have a communication to read to you. As you all know, I have received and accepted a call to the Marble Square Church in New York. It is now necessary for me to read the following, in order that you may know the reason for my doing as I do.'

Accordingly he opened and read the letter from the clerk which he had received the night before. The Rev. John Warden will never forget the look that swept over the people as he finished reading. If it had not been Sunday and in church, Jake Bowers afterward said, he would have led off with three cheers. As it was almost every one broke down and cried. Deacon Sayles blew his nose, and Deacon Binney wiped his bald head nervously with the cover of a hymn book. And when the service was over, no one ever saw such a handshaking in Flemish church.

The people gave the reception to the minister, after all. They said there had not been enough sociability in the church for a long time. The Rev. John Warden seemed to grow young again, and found some new texts for sermons. His wife feels a little regret as time goes on, but it seems as if the people could not do enough to show their love for them both.

'After all, I can always say that I once had a call to a metropolitan pulpit,' he says to his wife when she thinks his sermons are not appreciated; and as the parish of Fleming grows dearer to him the longer he knows it and loves it, he can speak without regret and with actual amusement of his famous metropolitan call.

It was not Superstition. In connection with the stories of sudden death or paralysis after gross blasphemy, it is proper to recognize the appetitic effect of vehement passion. But no matter whether such incidents are the result

of natural or supernatural causes, it is at least sure that one's moral nature is deadened and weakened even though no physical hurt follows when one grossly mocks the Holiest Name known to human faith.

We remember reading in an old book of 'Catechism Anecdotes' about a number of reckless persons who organized themselves into a 'Bible Burners' Club. At their first meeting, after a series of burlesque solemnities, the 'high priest' approached the fire with a bible in his hand, intending to commit it to the flames, but at that moment he suddenly turned pale and laid it down, saying: 'We'll not burn this one till we get a better one.'

However unconverted one's belief in God may be, any situation that forces Him up on the thoughts and sensibilities like an actual Presence will make impie less reckless and inconsiderate.

'Would you talk like that if God were here, and you could see Him as plainly as you see me?' said a minister to a young man whom he had surprised in a paroxysm of profanity.

'Well, sir,' retorted the swearer, defiantly, 'if you mean to imply that I am a coward—'

'No,' said the minister, 'I mean nothing of the sort. And it is because you undoubtedly possess courage that I am going to make to you an unusual proposition. If you will stand alone in the churchyard to-night, at twelve o'clock, and repeat aloud the oaths you have just uttered, I will pay you a sum equal to your week's wages.'

The young man demurred at 'stooping,' as he said, 'to such a silly whim,' but finally confessed that he was very much in need of money, and was, therefore willing to 'earn it easy.'

'But how will you know I have kept my promise?' he asked. 'I shall trust your honor, sir,' replied the minister.

The young man went to the cemetery at midnight. His thoughts during his walk there, and in the silence among the 'pillared marbles,' can only be guessed. His mother's grave was there, and he had not visited it for years. A natural feeling led him to the spot. He heard the steeple-clock strike twelve, but he did not open his lips. It struck one; it struck two; it struck three before he went away. He could not utter profane words beside his mother's grave. Dared he utter them to his living Maker?

The next day, when the minister offered him the promise money, he said, 'No. I have not earned it. The job was too much for me.' But the effect of the night's experience was such that swearing became obnoxious to him.

There was no 'superstition' in this. The incident shows merely that the rebuking effect of a solemn circumstance will sometimes expose one's wickedness to one's self when nothing else can. More than this, human experience has often declared that in a sacred association something divine seems to speak, something that is above conscience itself.

Home-made Mats and Rugs.

A Fascinating Work for the Home.

DIAMOND DYES

Always Takes the Lead.

Every woman and girl in Canada should have the new illustrated 'Diamond Rug Book.' This useful little book shows rich colored patterns of Door Mats and Floor Rugs that can be made from rags of any kind. The book will tell you how to get out of the lovely designs.

'Father,' said the boy who has been encouraged to ask questions, 'what does the word 'credulity' mean?'

'Credulity,' was the answer, 'means the ability to go right ahead believing the weather reports.'

Advertisement for a medical or dental service with text 'And Tumors cured...'.

### Blighted by Judge Lynch.

#### Trees That Died After Men Had Been Hanged Upon Them.

"Of course lynching will kill a tree," repeated the Danville tobacco buyer with some asperity. He had made the remark in purely incidental fashion in connection with some other curious natural phenomena and seemed rather surprised when the statement was questioned.

"Of course," he went on, "I'm not discussing lynching from an ethical standpoint while I am this far north, but as far as that particular feature of it is concerned no one would question it in my part of the country. Ask any one through Virginia, especially the southern part, and he will tell you the same thing. A tree always dies after a man has been hanged on it. You can call it a barbaric superstition if you choose and a fitting corollary of lynch law, but the fact remains that it is true so far as my observation goes, and that includes several cases.

"The first function of that sort I ever attended was down in Roanoke. There were three men lynched there in pretty rapid succession about seven years ago. An incident of the business was that the militia lost their heads one night and fired on a mob around the jail, killing and wounding eleven very highly respected citizens. The three men were all hanged, however, to a large tree in the court house square. In the course of a little while the tree died and finally had to be cut down. Now, I will say this for that particular case, the tree was badly hacked by relic hunters and that may have had to do with its dying.

"But there was another case in which I had a hand, I will say with regret (being this far north), where the tree was not injured, and died, all the same this was also near Roanoke. The man in question, having confessed when he was caught was duly hanged to a small but promising hickory tree on the bank of a creek just outside of town. The tree was apparently healthy and was not molested in any way but it died. I have frequently seen it since when I was fishing along the creek.

"There was another case over in Clinch Valley that simply bears out the theory. Clinch Valley is just about the toughest spot in the whole side-real universe and I may say, merely as a personal view, of course, that lynching about 95 per cent of its population would improve it immensely. This trip they got five negroes, three men and two women. The five were hanged on two trees and both the trees died.

"I don't see why any one should strain at swallowing a theory of that sort," he continued, "for I had a considerably tougher story than that told me last summer while I was in Boston. Now, I don't know anything about the facts in the case, but give it to you as it was told me by the captain of a steam launch that took a party of us across the bay. I was stopping with some friends down at Nantasket and we made the run down from the city one afternoon in the launch. You know, Boston Bay is all full of islands, but they mostly stay where they are put. There was one point on the trip, rather nearer to Nantasket than to Boston, where a small stone monument sticks up out of the water. It was pointed out to me as making the spot where an island had been, but where there was now a good fifteen feet of water. The story was this:

"Some time, perhaps as far back as the Colonial days, there was a certain dealer in contraband who did business with the honest merchants of New England. The pirates were flourishing in the Spanish Main at that time, Black Beard, Sharky, Ben Thurlow and that lot, and they drifted up the coast close enough to worry Boston considerably. There was one in particular that had made way with a good deal of Boston shipping, but was never caught nor fully identified. Finally, in desperation, they cast about for some to even up on and gathered in this skimmer of the seas and dealer in contraband off whom they had all made a great many more or less honest dollars. Their logic was beautiful in its simplicity. There was a monstrous expensive pirate loose on the high seas. This dealer in contraband was loose in the same latitude. There was no one else whom they could convict of piracy, ergo, the pirate must be the dealer in contraband. And, on the strength of this reasoning, they hanged him on this island in the bay.

"The gentlemanly advocate of free trade who was the victim of this logic did not fall in with their reasoning a little bit. He

protested his innocence, and on the scaffold he made an impressive address. He declared that in token of his innocence of the particular crime charged against him, God would speedily destroy the island whereon he was hanged. No particular attention was paid to it at the time, but sure enough, before the smuggler's prophecy had time to be forgotten, this island began to disappear. It sank gradually into the water till it was almost washed, and by that time public attention was so turned to it that a monument was erected on the site of the gallows. That did not stop it, however, and the island quietly disappeared under the water till now a fair sized ship can sail over it, and only the top of the monument is visible at high water.

"Now, when you get a story of that sort from cold and calculating New England, perhaps you may be willing to listen to another incident, something in the same line, but if anything stranger, that happened down in the Shenandoah Valley considerably after the war. The story was told to me by Zachariah Flick, who at the time was on the police force in Roanoke and was one of the jury in the murder case in question.

"There had been a pretty hasty murder committed between the Waynesboro and Luray, and for some reason suspicious fell on a man named Henderson, a prosperous merchant. He was tried and convicted by the jury on which Flick served, but the conviction was on purely circumstantial evidence. That did not bother the jury or the judge, either, and he sentenced Henderson to hang. Henderson protested his innocence and swore he knew absolutely nothing about the case, but in his speech on the scaffold he made a queer prediction. Said he: 'God knows I am innocent and He knows by whom this murder was committed. Within three years from this day He will blast a line of trees from

the foot of this scaffold to the door of the murderer.'

"Well, nobody paid much attention to this at the time, but in about a year some of the cedar trees close to the jail began to turn brown and die. That was not so queer either, but the blight seemed to extend away from the jail in a straight line across country, killing tree after tree in single file like a man blazing a trail through a wood. That line of dead trees reached out like a finger for a mile and a half across country and stopped with a big cedar right at the gate leading to the house of a man who had never been suspected in any way in connection with the case. The thing caused so much talk that he was arrested, and subsequently confessed. Now as far as I am concerned, if such a thing as that had happened to me, I should have confessed whether I was guilty or not. Anyhow, the dead trees are there now, and are one of the sights of the Shenandoah Valley."

"These are curious stories," remarked a Western railroad man who had been listening, "but when you come to think of it, they are no more serious than a happening I was mixed up in out in Kansas a good many years back. I was a cub telegraph operator at the time, 'OS'ing' for the railroads and I had the day trick at a little station called Raleigh about fifty miles beyond Topeka. We had a hanging on in the county jail, rather a mixed up case of a tramp named Smithers, who was convicted, largely on circumstantial evidence, of having killed a mail carrier on the outskirts of town. He was due to hang of a Friday and I recollect I was feeling pretty sore because I couldn't get up to see it. It seems, the tramp's lawyer, appointed by the court because the hobo did not have money enough to pay an attorney, had taken a good deal of interest in the case and had been working hard out of sheer philanthropy to get a stay of execution because he thought he was on the track of some new evidence that would clear the poor devil. But up to the morning of the hanging he had not got hold of anything tangible and had gone up to Topeka to see the governor.

"There was a commercial wire ran through my office, but there was never much doing on it, for Raleigh and I did not know the men on it as well as on the railroad wire. It was a vicious morning, wet, blustering and cold, just the sort of a day for wire trouble and we had it wholesale. The hanging was scheduled for noon, and about 11 I heard some one calling 'R

L' on the commercial wire. That was my call, and I opened my key and said 'Who?' 'TK,' said the man on the other end. That was Topeka, and he seemed to be in a awful rush. What he had was a message, addressed to the sheriff, saying, 'Stay of execution granted, papers by.' Then the wire went down and I couldn't get a dot nor a dash out of it. I saw, anyhow, what the message was driving at and I grabbed a teamster I knew who happened to be loafing in the station out of the wet and sent him chasing out through the storm up to the jail.

Pretty soon the sheriff came down on horseback to see if I had got the rest of the message, but I tried the railroad wire and that had gone up, too, so we were up against it. I told the sheriff that the message was doubtless from the prisoner's attorney or from the Governor, as the case might be, calling of the hanging and announcing that the official papers were coming by train. The first train for Topeka was due about 1.45 p. m. The Sheriff said he guessed it was safest to take that view of it and he would put off the hanging till the train came in, anyhow. I tried the wires several times, but couldn't raise anything except Raleigh, which wasn't what I wanted.

"Finally, about 12.10 the commercial wire came up all right and 'T K' commenced to call so fast he fairly stuttered. When I answered, he said, 'Reprieve for Smithers, stop the hanging if you can quick.'"

"I told him a few choice things about himself and assured him I had stopped the hanging on the strength of his interrupted message over an hour before. Then he was wilder than ever, insisted he had sent no message, that I was stringing him and wasting time, while an innocent man was hanging. It took us a good while to get ourselves straightened out, but I finally convinced him that I was in earnest, that I had got a message, that I had stopped the hanging and that the Sheriff was in the office waiting further explanations. Thereupon Topeka said that the Governor had granted a reprieve and Smithers's lawyer, was coming with it on a special engine. But he declared he had been trying to get a wire into Raleigh for an hour and could not do it.

"Sure enough, in a little while a light engine boiling in at a sixty mile clip with the lawyer aboard, all coal dust and anxiety, asking if he was in time. It seems when he wanted to wire that the reprieve

had been granted the wires to Raleigh were all down, and he had got the division superintendent to send him down on an engine ahead of the passenger. Then my interrupted message began to look spoon-like. I knew I hadn't dreamed it, and Topeka swore he hadn't sent it. I didn't get any sort of an explanation for about three years. Then a man I was rooming with in Kansas City who also knew the story, told me that the message I had received was from the operator in the commercial office at Crawford. It seems this fellow, whom I only knew slightly, had a 'wire spite' against me, as operators frequently have. The wire was bad that morning, anyhow, and Topeka, who had been wrestling with the wad of slow commercial stuff till he was tired, finally said '2ms' and shut the key. That was code on that line for 'two minutes to smoke' and the Crawford man figured he would improve the time to put up a job on me, have a little sport and probably get me in to trouble. There was a repeater in his office, so he cut off the Topeka side and called me, saying he was 'TK.' I wasn't familiar enough with his sending to notice and took his message without questioning it. Just then the wire went down.

"Now," that explained simply enough how I happened to get the message, but I would like somebody to tell me what prompted that Crawford operator to fake a message of that sort, know nothing of the real message on which a man's life depended, which was held back on account of a bad wire. I may add that the reprieve didn't do Smithers any large amount of good. The fresh evidence his lawyer was working on proved to be entirely valueless, and Smithers was hanged two months later on a bright sunny Friday when the wires were working all right."

### ST. VITUS CURED.

#### THE STORY OF A BRIGHT YOUNG GIRL'S RECOVERY.

She Was First Attacked with La Grippe, the After Effects Resulting in St. Vitus' Dance—Friends Despaired of Her Recovery.

From the Aediles, Weymouth, N. S.

The mails from Weymouth to Gasperon are carried every day by an official who is noted for his willingness to accommodate and the punctuality with which he discharges his duties. His name is Mr. Merriner Cleveland and his home is in Gasperon, where he resides with his wife and grand-daughter, Miss Lizzie May Cleveland, a bright girl of fifteen years. A few months ago the health of their grand-daughter was a source of very great anxiety to Mr. and Mrs. Cleveland, and the neighbors who learned of the physical condition of the little girl gravely shook their heads and said to themselves that the fears of the fond grand-parents were by no means groundless. When the news reached the ears of an Acadian man, a short time ago, that the health of Miss Cleveland had been restored, he hastened to interview Mr. Cleveland as to the facts of the case. When he explained his errand both Mr. and Mrs. Cleveland appeared only too eager to give him the information sought and it is in accordance with their wishes that we give to the public the facts of this remarkable cure. Early in December, 1898, Miss Cleveland was taken ill with a severe attack of la grippe and fears of her recovery were entertained. Careful nursing, however, brought her through this malady, but it left her system in a completely run-down condition. This showed itself principally in the weakness of the nerves. In January symptoms of St. Vitus' dance began to show themselves. At first these were not very prominent, but it was not long before she was rendered altogether helpless by this terrible malady. In a short time she lost all control over the movements of her hands and feet. For weeks she had to be carried from room to room and unable to feed herself. Her grand-parents naturally became very much alarmed and having tried other remedies without effect, determined to give Dr. Williams' Pink Pills a trial. Developments showed that their confidence was not misplaced. When three boxes had been used the condition of the patient had improved considerably. Then Mr. Cleveland bought six boxes more and continued their use as before. The sufferer rapidly began to recover. When she had consumed the fifth box Mrs. Cleveland reduced the dose to one pill a day and by the time the sixth box was gone a complete cure was effected. Miss Cleveland is now as vigorous and healthy as could be desired. Her grand-parents are persuaded that Dr. Williams' Pink Pills are alone responsible for her cure and are devoutly thankful for the results which, under Providence, they have produced.

Sold by all dealers or sent post paid at 50c a box or six boxes for \$3.50, by addressing the Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont. Do not be persuaded to try something else said to be "just as good."

"My man," urged the Rev. Mr. Goodley, "can I not induce you to come into church?" "Oh! now, boss, I—er—" the poor tramp stammered. "I hope you have no prejudices against the church," the good man continued, eagerly. "No unpleasant recollection of your past suggested—" "Oh! No, I ain't got no grudge agin' the church. Mine wuz a home weddin'."



LITTLE POUTS!

### Chat o

The wiles of the new fashions are becoming this season, must wrap herse resolutions, if an array of pretty degree of economy designers have a forcible conception American woman towards luxurious their one; so the have become indis fashion, rise high of prices with each would seem as to limit, or some evic that point is not means an increas for the home repu ever, usually show ment on the origin and finish.

The trite saying under the sun, see fashions, revived time, but each rev and more elegant in artistic taste, the semblance of we have been able period of gar superfluous fulness of the figure the gowns and gather In fact they are the head of the in er they will take of. From close-fitti the foot to gather lead around the down is a long conservative meth to conclude that will be a lingering.

Empire gown wear, are set for as the correct th edition de luxe o dress, all in pla chine, and wide crowned with a little appendage, material and you red pages with of gold cloth str This sort of gow the front with hem finished wit tunics of lace fall an accordion pla very graceful, at pire gown in pla of chiffon may b and carried unde of the back wh with long ends r of the skirt. L lace are a featu for evening wea charming of al combination wit Empire tunic of chiffon accord are satin Empir ed all over.

The waist lin is indeed a decli gives a very qu figure. Partly can be very ea tion slip which thing which is the Empire gov intended for st extremely gra A rather r gathered skin the hem to w with the espa supplied with heavy to kee gather begin front breath, shired down only twice st item is to tick below the wa possible tuck

USE MUR LANN FL THE UNIV FOR THE REFUSE

Chat of the Boudoir.

The wiles of the tempter in the guise of new fashions are beguiling beyond all precedent this season, and susceptible woman must wrap herself about with cast iron resolutions, if she would resist the enticing array of pretty novelties and practice any degree of economy.

The trite saying that there is nothing new under the sun, seems true enough of the fashions, revised as they are from time to time, but each revival brings new beauties and more elegant evidences of the growth in artistic taste, which give them at least the semblance of new modes.

Empire gowns, especially for evening wear, are set forth among the new models as the correct thing and certainly this new edition de luxe of an Empire costume is a dream, all in plaited chiffon or crepe de chine, and wide lace insertions, and crowned with a jetted lace bolero.

For little girls up to 3 years of age there is the same little gathered waist with a belt and short puffed sleeves worn with a guimpe. A bertha frill of lawn, pique or embroidery finishes the neck, and the skirt is in straight breadths hemmed, tucked and gathered into the belt.

Hood's Pills

Are prepared from Nature's mild laxatives, and while gentle are reliable and efficient. They

Rouse the Liver

Cure Sick Headache, Biliousness, Sour Stomach, and Constipation. Sold everywhere, 25c. per box. Prepared by C.L. Hood & Co., Lowell, Mass.

squares, and then to gather that portion into the waist band. This skirt is gored, but there are skirts made of straight widths shirred and tucked into the waist skirts which are a modified form of the plain skirt slightly draped at one side, and skirts tucked and plaited in every conceivable manner.

The most surprising feature of the new models is found in the sleeves, which in many instances are a modified revival of the bishop variety. For example, the upper portion of the sleeve, extending to a little below the elbow, will be of the same material as the gown, tucked all over in vertical lines if you like, and the lower sleeve, gathered slightly at the back into a fancy embroidered cuff, will be of some contrasting material and color, possibly black satin.

The evolution of straw from the stiff unyielding braids to the soft pliable, thin satin varieties has wrought a pretty change in millinery and besides this the old-fashioned lace straw hats are revived again and twisted like silk into the softest, lightest toques.

FASHIONS FOR CHILDREN.

Gowns Quite as Varied and Attractive as the Grown-up Collections.

Fashions for children are quite as varied and attractive as the grown up collections this season, and as the cotton fabrics are prettier than ever before there is no reason why the little ones should not be prettily dressed even with the expenditure of very little money. Simplicity should be the golden rule for children's dress, and yet the season's tendency toward extravagance is alarmingly evident in this department of fashion's fancies.

For little girls up to 3 years of age there is the same little gathered waist with a belt and short puffed sleeves worn with a guimpe. A bertha frill of lawn, pique or embroidery finishes the neck, and the skirt is in straight breadths hemmed, tucked and gathered into the belt.

contrasting color in the lining the effect is very pretty, especially with pink under the tan. Narrow ruffles, edged with lace of the same color, trim the hem of some of the tan velveteen gowns. A full blouse waist, edged down either side at the front with the tiny ruffles falling over a tucked silk vest matching the lining in color is a pretty style for a girl of twelve years.

Foulards and India silks in small all-over designs and polka dots, made up into summer gowns for girls, and some of the skirts are shirred on three cords around the hips. Tunic overdresses with a scalloped or pointed finish around the edge, trimmed with lace or rows of velvet ribbon falling over ruffles around the hem, are another style of skirt.

The coat and skirt style of gown for the girl of 13 or 14 years, has a circular skirt with a box plait in the back and a reefer coat tight fitting in the back with double breasted fronts fastened with fancy buttons. The little reefer coats for younger girls have the box back, and the variation in style is accomplished with the collar.

A gown of pale blue linen shows a scalloped jacket and skirt piped with black and a sash and wide belt of black taffeta silk. A touch of black is a very conspicuous feature of the children's gowns, and narrow black velvet ribbon is very much used for this purpose to edge the ruffles, or in straight rows above the hem, for little straps with buttons at the end or for rosette bows. There are very pretty narrow ribbons too, with white centers dotted with black and different colored borders which are very effective as a trimming.

Hats for little girls are of shirred lawn, mull and silk with or without plaited frills on the brim; and are made of fine transparent satin straw forming the brim in bias doubled folds. Again there are hats with high crowns of lace straw threaded with black velvet ribbon and a brim of silk and mull plaitings. Large bows of the new soft wide ribbons with a bunch of flowers trim some of the straw brimmed hats, and these are all sorts and kinds of shirred substances.

THE NEW STRAW HATS.

Attractive Toques and Pique Hats in the Summer Millinery.

The evolution of straw from the stiff unyielding braids to the soft pliable, thin satin varieties has wrought a pretty change in millinery and besides this the old-fashioned lace straw hats are revived again and twisted like silk into the softest, lightest toques.

MRS. GEO. TRAILL,

A Well Known Lady of Thornhill, Man., Got Almost Instant Relief From Heart Trouble by the Use of Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills.

It is simply wonderful the number of western women who are coming forward to tell of the curative powers of Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills.

ROBINSON & CLEAVER BELFAST, IRELAND.

Household Linens From the Least Expensive to the FINEST in the WORLD. Irish Linen: 2 1/2 yards wide, 48 in. per yard. Real Irish Linen Shirting, fully bleached, two yards wide, 48 in. per yard.

APIOL'S PILLS

A REMEDY FOR IRREGULARITIES. Superseding Bitter Apple, Elix. Cochis, Purgatory, etc.

slowly into the dish, and Mr. Ruskin watched the foaming effervescence until bubbles ceased to rise; then the second bottle was emptied, and so on till all the wine was in the dish.

Mr. Crofton, who tells this story, adds: "Like the famous painter who sat all day throwing pebbles into the water and marking the ripples that they made on the surface, Ruskin had been taking an art lesson from the effervescence of the champagne, at all this expense of time and money."

During the Zulu War in South Africa an overwhelming force of natives was opposed to a little band of English sailors. From the Zulu host stepped a warrior laden with an ancient firearm, which he calmly mounted upon a tripod in the open, while the sailors looked on, admiring his pluck, but wondering much what he proposed to do.

Having loaded his piece with great deliberation, the Zulu primed it, sighted it and leaning hard upon its breech, he fired. The recoil knocked him head over heels backward, while a great roar went up from the delighted sailors. He sat up, looked dazed, and then, the amusement over, he, with his countrymen, charged, and were annihilated by a volley from the steadily aimed pieces of the little band of bluejackets.

Why will you not announce our engagements, sweetheart? Why, Edgar, it is so beautiful to be engaged secretly, as we are, without letting a single person know about it. Every one of my friends envies me.

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

MURRAY & LANMAN'S FLORIDA WATER THE UNIVERSAL PERFUME FOR THE HANDKERCHIEF, TOILET & BATH. REFUSE ALL SUBSTITUTES.



door together, at midnight; and she had said she was a most unhappy woman.

The tone of her voice as she said that, had haunted me for months after; and it seemed to me as though I were hearing to it over again in listening to those rich, full tones of Lady Gramont.

Of course I told myself it was a mad, wild fancy; of course I said it was utterly impossible that this beautiful and highly educated Lady Gramont, who had the entree of the best circles in England, and who adorned them all, could have anything in common with that guilty woman who had died down the pass last Christmas Eve with murder on her soul.

But try as I might I could not shake off my suspicions. They clung to me, and haunted me, and made me, most countless, most thoroughly uncomfortable.

While I was still standing in the corridor outside the library, Vera came running down from one of the upstairs rooms, dressed for walking out.

"Where are you going, Vera?" I asked. "Only for a walk in the grounds. Will you come too, Sir Douglas?"

She had fallen into a pretty, playful way of calling me Sir Douglas. It had begun in a jest; but I liked it and encouraged her to continue it.

I fear I had been looking somewhat grave and gloomy; but I cleared my brow at sight of her and returned her smile.

The child looked so pretty in her dark blue serge frock, short enough to display her graceful ankles, and her smart little sealakin coat and cap.

COVERED WITH SORES.

B.B.B. cured little Harvey Deline nine years ago and he has never had a spot on him since.

It is practically impossible to heal up sores or ulcers, especially the old chronic kind, with ordinary remedies.



HARVEY DELINE.

Mrs. E. Deline, Arden, Ont., proves this in the following account she gave of her little boy's case: "When my little son Harvey was one year old he broke out in sores all over his body. They would heal up for a time, then break out again about twice a year, till he was past four; then he seemed to get worse and was completely prostrated. When doctors failed to cure him I gave him Burdock Blood Bitters, and besides bathed the sores with it.

"It is nine years ago since this happened and I must say that in all this time he has never had a spot on his body or any sign of the old trouble returning."

I felt horribly guilty as I remembered I had dared to suspect this beautiful, high-bred woman of being a murderer.

The idea seemed so very monstrous now I was in her presence, that I could feel myself flushing all over my face.

My embarrassment was increased by the cordiality with which she greeted me; indeed, I am bound to confess that her manners, full of a sweet, winning grace towards everyone, were ever most sweet and gracious when addressed to me.

I had noticed this and had attributed it to a natural and laudable wish to please one whom her betrothed husband held in such high esteem; but now there came into my mind the sinister thought that she might be animated by a very different motive.

It was here, in truth, that masked woman—thus ran my reflections—she would of course, recognize me, although I could not recognize her; and it would clearly be to her interest to secure me as her friend. Again I flushed hot and red. I felt as though such thoughts constituted unexampled baseness and treachery towards Gwynne.

I am sure I would gladly have given ten thousand pounds at that moment to have my suspicions disproved; but, without disproof, I could not banish them.

They had taken too firm a hold upon my mind. CHAPTER VI. POOR NERO!

The very next morning, I got a letter from my uncle—the chief item of news in which was, that poor old Nero was decidedly "off his feet," and appeared to be taking my absence sadly to heart.

For three years he had not been parted from me for a single day. I mentioned this to my host, Sir Thomas Mallory, and he immediately said—"Send for the poor brute, Douglas. Dixon can take charge of him, and he'll not be the least in the way."

"Thank!" I said, "I will," and in less than half-an-hour I had sent off a wire instructing my uncle's groom to despatch Nero to Despende by the next train.

that Nero would show no signs of recognition. I realized then, all it would mean to my friend. Lady Gramont wore a tea-gown of pale primrose-coloured silk, and she walked with that stately grace of step which I have never seen quite equalled by any other woman.

Her beautiful, lustrous eyes held the sweetest look as she returned Sir Harold's smile. I glanced at her, and said to myself, with indignant scorn—"That woman a murderer! John Douglas, you must be mad to have harbored such a thought for one single moment in your brain!"

But even while I said this, Nero sprang from Vera's caressing hand, and, with a low but furious growl, leaped upon Lady Gramont.

The attack was so sudden so unexpected that everybody started up in alarm. Sir Harold seized the dog by the collar, and buried him back, or I verily believe his fierce teeth would have met upon my lady's soft, white hand.

Even as it was, it needed all the authority I could throw into my voice to restrain him. He would fain have flung himself upon her, and pinned her to the ground.

I needed no further proof. I was certain then, that Beatrice Gramont was the woman whose arm Nero had bitten last Christmas Eve.

"Good Heavens, Douglas! Why do you keep such a brute as this?" cried Gwynne. And, for the first time in his life, there was anger in his voice as he addressed me. "He isn't safe. Upon my word, I really think you ought to have him shot!"

A Bad Case of Asthma.

Seal Brand Coffee (1 lb. and 2 lb. cans.) is selected from the very highest grades grown. It is HIGH GRADE PURITY—its fragrance proclaims its excellence. CHASE & SANBORN, MONTREAL AND BOSTON.

ducks in a pond was audible. The barking of dogs and the crowing of cocks could be heard at 7,000 or 8,000 feet. These sounds penetrated through a white floor of cloud which hid the earth from sight.

In time birds and animals became wiser and the telegraph poles or wires is used by more than one bird as a safe place for its nest.

The new position was found so secure that the bird added a second door to the nest, which had hitherto possessed only a small opening on the side farthest from the overhanging branch.

Many things known as good for a cough, yet the special virtues of all are combined in Adamson's Botanic Cough Balsam.

Lord Herschel's Stories. Sir Algernon West in his 'Recollections' gives some good stories related by Lord Herschel.

Stout old gentleman in street car to slim young man next to him: 'I say, young man, if you had good manners you would get up and give this lady a seat.'

We, the undersigned, do hereby agree to refund the money on a twenty-five cent bottle of Dr. Willis' English Pills, if, after using three-fourths of contents of bottle, they do not relieve Constipations and Headaches.

When the defence of Bulawayo was in the hands of the various corps organized by the inhabitants, that region could boast of more colonels than North and South combined could show after the Civil War.

To win back refreshing sleep, good appetite, natural digestion and continued good health, the best remedy in the world is not too much for any one to insist on getting. If you have the slightest doubt about the power and efficacy of Paine's Celery Compound, have at least as much faith as some of your neighbors who have tried a bottle and are now praising its virtues and life-giving powers.

Mr. J. M. Bacon, the Englishman, who with his daughter made a lofty balloon ascent to observe the meteor shower last November, tells some interesting things about the sounds that reached their ears.

The workpeakers also listened to the humming, and concluded that innumerable insects were concealed in those tall poles.

IMPORTANT.

That People Should Know Just What PAIN'S CELERY COMPOUND Can do For Them in Spring Time.

It Begins Its Good Work At The Root of Trouble and Disease. It Feeds and Braces the Nerves and Drives Impurities From the Blood.

With the ushering in of a new season, it is important that people should know just what Paine's Celery Compound can do for tired, half-sick, nervous, sleepless, irritable and despondent people of all ages.

The nerves of such victims require nourishing and their blood must be purified. As soon as this all-important work is begun by nature's blood purifier and system builder, Paine's Celery Compound, the seeds of lurking disease are expelled from the body, and health and true vitality are manifested in the face and in every movement of the limbs.

To win back refreshing sleep, good appetite, natural digestion and continued good health, the best remedy in the world is not too much for any one to insist on getting. If you have the slightest doubt about the power and efficacy of Paine's Celery Compound, have at least as much faith as some of your neighbors who have tried a bottle and are now praising its virtues and life-giving powers.

Mr. J. M. Bacon, the Englishman, who with his daughter made a lofty balloon ascent to observe the meteor shower last November, tells some interesting things about the sounds that reached their ears.

At the height of 6,000 feet the ringing of horses' feet on a hard road could be heard. At 4,000 feet the splashing sound made by

humming, and concluded that innumerable insects were concealed in those tall poles. Therefore they also went to work to find the treasure, boring holes to extract the insects.

The new position was found so secure that the bird added a second door to the nest, which had hitherto possessed only a small opening on the side farthest from the overhanging branch.

Many things known as good for a cough, yet the special virtues of all are combined in Adamson's Botanic Cough Balsam.

Lord Herschel's Stories. Sir Algernon West in his 'Recollections' gives some good stories related by Lord Herschel.

Stout old gentleman in street car to slim young man next to him: 'I say, young man, if you had good manners you would get up and give this lady a seat.'

We, the undersigned, do hereby agree to refund the money on a twenty-five cent bottle of Dr. Willis' English Pills, if, after using three-fourths of contents of bottle, they do not relieve Constipations and Headaches.

When the defence of Bulawayo was in the hands of the various corps organized by the inhabitants, that region could boast of more colonels than North and South combined could show after the Civil War.

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Gallant Little Hale Robbins.

Maine's Hale Robbins has nearly recovered from the wounds received last August in his remarkable battle with two white-headed eagles, accounts of which were published at the time in several Maine newspapers. But it makes one's heart ache to see the scars on the bone,—great, blue, livid scars that go to the bone; eight on his face and scalp, eleven on his right arm and shoulder, six on the other arm, three down his back, and several others—over thirty in all! This lad of ten is indeed a battle-scarred veteran! Some of these scars he will carry to his grave—elegant evidence of the pluck with which he fought the big birds of prey. But thanks to the boy's courage, his little sister Lois, in whose defence he made the fight, has but one light scar upon her cheek. The two or three red marks still visible on her hand and wrist, when contrasted with his wound, show plainly how Hale took the aggressive and bore the brunt of the battle. The fight was fought to a finish. It was nearly an hour after the eagles first swooped down that the last lucky blow of the corn-cutter brought the big female to the ground.

Wings, and its savage eyes were so terrifying that Lois turned, crying, and ran back to where they had set down the bushel basket; but Hale caught up a stone and flung it high at the bird, shouting, 'Keep off, old snapper-bill!' Immediately the eagle swooped again, so near that its talons clutched the straw net on the boy's head, and one pinion brushed his face. Thereupon he seized a dry hemlock bough, and facing the bird, which rose no more than thirty or forty feet in the air, struck at it as it swooped a third time. But the eagle descended with such force that Hale was knocked over; and this time one of its talons tore the brush from his hands, lacerating his right wrist.

the boy late the following evening, found it necessary in dressing his wounds to take not less than thirty stitches. Mr. Robbins, the father, found the female eagle the next day, 'mumping' in a fir thicket near the river; it was too nearly dead to offer much resistance. GOOD HEALTH MINE. Most Valuable Discovery by a Prominent Halifax Traveller. Mr. Robbins says he cares not how many people use the mine. He has named it the Good Health mine, and says that it is the most suitable title for it, as Good Health is enjoyed by all who use its output—Dodd's Kidney Pills. There is no doubt about the genuineness of Mr. Ireland's cure. All his friends and he has hundreds of them; have remarked the improvement, and congratulated him upon it. To each enquirer he has replied that Dodd's Kidney Pills cured him in a few days.

these names between the years 1762 and 1767. Its origin, however, goes back to the boundary disputes between the great proprietors, William Penn and Lord Baltimore. Penn's struggle was to push his boundary south to the head of Chesapeake Bay, and in 1682 he wrote his rival thus: 'It is of minute consequence to Lord Baltimore and mighty moment to me because to his country it is the Tale or Skirt, to my Province the Mouth or Inlet.' Not till fifty years later did their heirs agree on the present boundaries of Pennsylvania, Maryland and Delaware. In establishing the line, it was the intention of Mason and Dixon to set up a stone every five miles, with the coat of arms of Penn cut on the north side and that of Baltimore on the south. Monuments were brought from England for this purpose. Beyond the Blue Ridge, however, the line was temporarily marked by piles of loose stones. With the lapse of years, both monuments and stones have been carried away and destroyed. For long distances there is nothing to indicate the boundary between the states, and numerous property complications have arisen.

Survey, A. Co., Mar. 2, Mrs. Jane Carline, North Sydney, Mar. 10, D. J. McKenna, 631 Yarmouth, Mar. 11, Mrs. A. Agnes Sullivan, Clara Harbour, Mar. 4, Nathaniel Herrell, 26 Lake Street, Mar. 18, William Ellsworth, 76 Moncton, Mar. 20, Mr. Chas. T. Leckhart, 71 West Berlin, Q. C., Mar. 17, Wm. Darrow, 76 Brooklyn, N. Y., Mar. 16, Calvin Raymond, 66 Chipman Street, Mar. 17, Rupert Coleman, 16 Grand Street, C. B., Mar. 4, Linda Lafford, 24 West Haven, Conn., Feb. 26, Job. B. Coffin, 58 Bridgewater, Mar. 1, Mar. 12, William Turner, 25 Lake George, Mar. 18, Mrs. Jane McKellen, 78 Riverdale, A. Co., Mar. 14, Lucius J. Boyd, 55 Campbellton, N. B., Mar. 12, Wm. Davidson, Belfast, Kent Co., Mar. 2, Mrs. Andrew Dale, 62. Albert Mince, A. Co., Mar. 2, Mr. Roy Woodworth, 11. Oceana Bar, Dent Co., Mar. 4, Severo D. Melanson, 81. Belle River, P. E. I., Mar. 7, Capt. Benjamin Moore. Fairwick, Mar. 12, Infant daughter of Mr. Corby Ripley, 4 moos. Halifax, Mar. 21, James infant of Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Thomson. Bristol, N. B., Mar. 2, 2 moos. Infant of Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Kim, 6 moos. South Chatham, Mar. 12, Ralph infant of Mr. and Mrs. B. Ross, 1. Donnellville, Mar. 10, Mar. 4, Mr. Thomas McLanahan, 74. Elm-dale, Mar. 18, Gordon, infant of Mr. and Mrs. Norman Clarke, 4 moos. Gormantown, A. Co., Mar. 12, Melvin infant of Mr. and Mrs. O. C. Moore, 3 moos. Ball's Creek, C. B., Mar. 4, Annet infant of Mr. and Mrs. Dan McDonald, 3 moos. RAILROADS. CANADIAN PACIFIC Easter Holidays Excursion Tickets will be sold for the Public At one way lowest first-class fare for April 18th, 19th, 20th, 21st, and 22nd, good for return until April 17th. For School Vacations To pupils and teachers of schools and colleges, on request of standard form of school vacation railway certificate issued by the principal, full round-trip tickets as under:— To stations on the Atlantic Division and on the Ontario and Quebec Division as far as and including Montreal, at one way lowest first-class fare from April 18th, to 14th, inclusive, good to return until April 24th, 1900. To Stations west of Montreal at one way lowest first-class fare to Montreal, added to one way lowest first-class fare and one third from Montreal, from April 18th, to 14th, inclusive, good to return until April 24th, 1900. J. J. HEATH, D. P. C. F. R. St. John, N. B. Dominion Atlantic R'y. On and after Monday, Feb. 6th, 1900, the Steamship and Train service of this Railway will be as follows: Royal Mail S. S. Prince Rupert. ST. JOHN AND DIGBY. Lve. St. John at 7.00 p. m., Monday, Wednesday, Thursday and Saturday; arr Digby 10.00 a. m. Returning lve Digby same days at 12.00 p. m., arr. at St. John, 2.35 p. m. EXPRESS TRAINS Daily (Sunday excepted). Lve. Halifax 6.30 a. m., arr in Digby 12.50 p. m. Lve. Digby 12.50 p. m., arr Yarmouth 2.30 p. m. Lve. Yarmouth 8.00 a. m., arr Digby 11.00 a. m. Lve. Digby 11.00 a. m., arr Halifax 4.50 p. m. Lve. Annapolis 7.30 a. m., Monday, Wednesday, Thursday and Saturday, arr Digby 8.30 a. m. Lve. Digby 8.30 p. m., Monday, Wednesday, Thursday and Saturday, arr Annapolis 4.00 p. m. S. S. Prince Arthur. YARMOUTH AND BOSTON SERVICE. By far the finest and fastest steamer plying out of Boston. Leaves Yarmouth, N. B. Wednesday, and Saturday immediately on arrival of the Express Train from Halifax arriving in Boston early next morning. Returning leaves Long Wharf, Boston, Tuesday, and Friday at 4.00 p. m. Unequalled cuisine on Dominion Atlantic Railway Steamers and Palace Car Express Trains. Steamers can be obtained on application to City Agent. Close connections with trains at Digby. Tickets on sale at City Office, 114 Prince William Street, at the wharf office, a 1 from the Purser on steamer, from whom time-tables and all information can be obtained. F. GIFFINS, Superintendant, Kentville, N. B. Intercolonial Railway On and after Monday, Oct. 16th, 1899 trains will run daily, (Sunday excepted.) TRAINS WILL LEAVE ST. JOHN Express for Campbellton, Pughwash, Pictou, and Halifax, 7.50 Express for Halifax, New Glasgow and Pictou, 12.00 Express for Moncton, 12.00 Express for Quebec, Montreal, 17.00 Accommodation for Moncton, Yvrou, Halifax, and Sydney, 22.50 A sleeping car will be attached to the train leaving St. John at 11.00 o'clock for Quebec and Montreal. Passengers transfer at Moncton. A sleeping car will be attached to the train leaving St. John at 12.10 o'clock for Yvrou and Halifax. Vestibule, Dining and Sleeping cars on the Quebec and Montreal express. TRAINS WILL ARRIVE AT ST. JOHN Express from Sussex, 11.00 Accommodation from Moncton, 12.00 Express from Halifax, Quebec and Montreal, 17.00 All trains are run by Eastern Standard Time Twenty-four hours notation. D. J. POTTS, Gen. Manager, Moncton, N. B. Oct. 16, 1899. CITY TICKET OFFICE, 7 King Street St. John, N. B.

Some French Canadian Talk. Joe Place, who lives out on the Biddford Pool road supplies a fair amount of innocent amusement to the people of that section. The other day he drove into the city with a load of cordwood. On the top of the load he had some mysterious parcel in a shorts sack, and the contents of the parcel occasionally moved and writhed. When some one came along and asked him about the bundle Joe lifted up the shorts sack, and immediately there was a mighty squealing from within. 'Leeste pigs,' quoth Joseph, smilingly. 'Now I tal yo' w'at I do,' he said jocosely. 'yo' tal me how many leeste peege dere be in dat bag, and be gar, I geeve yo' de whole 'tree of beem.' 'Well,' said the other, 'I guess there are three pigs there, Joseph.' Joseph was disgusted. 'Oh, be gar,' shouted he, 'somebody gar' tol' yo' 'bout dat.' They undertook to run down the capacities of Joseph's horse the other day and Joseph was mad. Someone told him that the critter couldn't trot in 4 30. Joseph shook his fists. His voice trembled with suppressed feeling. He pulled out his wallet and wanted to bet. And as he talked he grew madder. At last he said: 'Now yo' look here, yo' don't know w'at yo' talk about. Dat boss he all r'at. He can go jus as fas' as yo' want beem trot. I bat yo' I put beem on de barn and geeve beem handfull of oat and quart of hay. I tak' beem off de barn. Den he go batter dan ha' pas' four or ba gar, I geeve yo' to beem.' A man with Canadian wool trousers and a peaked fur cap as the most prominent articles of his attire came into the Biddford Post Office the other day and stepped up to the window. Said he with a bland smile. 'Prap yo' don't have nottin' here for Joseph Mefrau, hey?' 'I dunno,' said the clerk. 'What do you say your name is?' 'Joseph Mefrau.' 'Mee-frow, Mee frow—how dp you spell it?' The Canadian at the window looked through the bars at the clerk and then with a disgust that cannot put in words, he cried. 'Ba darn, yo' dunno how to spell Joseph Mefrau, yo' batter sal out dis pias and go in' some nodder bus'ness.'

MARRIED. Windsor, Mar. 2, by Rev. W. Phillips, Elias Smith to Sadie K. Cousins. T'ron, Mar. 14, by Rev. Theo. Hicks, James T. Lord to Janie Pooley. Billings, Feb. 17, by Rev. L. F. Freeman, Aubrey Eagles to Jessie Siele. Old Barr, Mar. 21, by Rev. L. W. Parker, Arthur Black to Sarah Yull. Milton, Mar. 16, by Rev. W. L. Archibald, Charles O'Leary to Maudie Phillips. Petherton, Mar. 12, by Rev. Joseph Pascoe, Henry Turner to Mrs. Lawrence. Miscoche, Feb. 23, by Rev. John Macdonald, John Poirier to Veronique Poirier. Stellarton, Mar. 21, by Rev. W. M. Tuffe, George Burden to Annie O'Connell. Fort Greenville, Mar. 8, by Rev. L. A. Cooney, Imbert Canning to Minnie Scott. Fort Greenville, Mar. 8, by Rev. L. A. Cooney, B. W. Smith to Miss Mary Allen. Hampton, Mar. 14, by Rev. R. P. Coldwell, Edna Armstrong to Myrtle Oates. Annapolis, Mar. 17, by Rev. D. D. Daniels, Fred A. F. Randolph to Miss Margaret J. Smith. Oldham, Mar. 20, by Rev. J. W. Mackenzie, Mrs. McPherson to Mary Mackenzie. Hill Grove, Mar. 19, by Rev. W. L. Parker, Archibald Dunlop to Sarah O'Neil. Wilson Settlement, Mar. 10, by Rev. J. F. Farley, George Watson to Clara Campbell. Port La Tour, Mar. 18, by Rev. J. W. Parker, Elizabeth Perry to Letitia B. McKinnon. Murray Harbour, Mar. 12, by Rev. B. Gillis, Abraham Williams to Maudie Giddings. Charlottown Mass, Mar. 7, by Rev. Arthur S. Burrows, Andrew Gould to Clara B. Weather. DIED. Milford, Mar. 18, John McLeod, 71. Belfast, Mar. 14, Jeremiah Smith. Halifax, Feb. 28, Ann McPhan, 81. Amherst, Mar. 8, Frank Robinson, 31. Yvrou, Mar. 20, Edward White, 46. Halifax, Mar. 21, John P. Hether, 6. Yarmouth, Mar. 18, John Haskell, 76. Halifax, Mar. 22, Kenneth Bethune, 59. Halifax, Mar. 21, Laura E. Zwicker, 10. Boston, Mar. 18, Albert A. Ganger, 50. Cape Island, Mar. 20, Amie Gifford, 65. Boston, Mar. 18, Mrs. Catherine King 78. E settings, A. Co., Mar. 17, Wm. Cahill, 58. Charlottown, Mar. 17, Thomas Alley, 80. T'ron, N. B., Mar. 14, Isaac R. Clark, 94. Fort Hill, Mar. 15, John Maynard, 80. Lunenburg, Mar. 16, Albert Chandler, 64. Yarmouth, Mar. 17, Mrs. Chas. Moses, 90. T'ron, Mar. 16, Mrs. Angus MacDonald 84.