

# PROGRESS

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## ALD CHRISTIE LEADS OFF

HE GETS MORE VOTES THAN ANY MAN AT THE BOARD.

Sears Beats Daniel by 175—McGoldrick Has an Increased Majority—McPherson Defeated by Maxwell—Dr. White is the Other New Man.

The civic elections are over and Mr. Edward Sears is the mayor elect of the city of St. John.

He defeated Dr. Daniel by 175 votes, more than his friends thought he would and more than his opponent's friends had any idea of.

The result was most unexpected to the friends of Alderman Daniel who made a splendid candidate and conducted a honorable and straight forward canvass. He thought that it was impossible to defeat him, but the energetic and persistent canvass of Mr. Sears, who has really been in the field ever since his defeat of last year, told in the end and proved the effect of personal work.

The day was beautiful and the work at the polls began promptly at eight o'clock and yet, in spite of the fact that the polls were open eight hours, it is surprising to note the number of citizens who did not think it worth their while to go to the booths and exercise their franchise. The writer saw one checked list after the polls were closed and there were merchants who did business not a hundred yards away from the voting place who did not take the trouble to deposit a ballot. This would not happen in a provincial or federal contest because active and energetic committee men would make it their business to see that voters reached the polls.

There were better committees in this election than there have been since the year the tax reduction association had candidates in the field. And it is safe to say that there was more interest in the contest. And yet there was only one of the old aldermen defeated! The reason for the interest and excitement is hard to arrive at perhaps, and can be best explained by the fact that many of the same men who ran last year and suffered defeat, were in the field again this year. The old war horse, as some of his friends call Mr. Harris Allan, was in the field again, and polled a remarkably good vote, but in spite of his many "plumpers" he could not get within nearly 600 votes of Alderman McArthur.

It is quite a remarkable fact that the four Carleton men ran so close together. Aldermen Stockhouse and Smith were elected, both of them by handsome majorities, but the former only had 19 votes more than his colleague, while Mr. Gordon had but 17 more votes than Mr. Belyes. Both of these gentlemen have been permanent conservatives and they gained a considerable support from their old friends who worked with them in the past, but they were not known well enough to gain their election.

PROGRESS does not think that Mr. Bustin expected any other result than what the ballots indicated but he has no reason to be ashamed of the fact that after his very brief candidature 1683 people voted for him. More than that he has occasion to be proud that his own ward gave him a majority of 28. Alderman Waring was absent from the city. Perhaps it was unavoidable, but the business that would take a representative from his constituents on election day must be, very urgent indeed.

Eight hundred and eighty nine majority is considerable more than even the friends of Dr. White expected he would have over Mr. Seaton. Here again the effect of a personal canvass is evident. Mr. Seaton did not believe that it was necessary to ask a man for his vote and did not make any real effort to obtain support in this way. Dr. White, on the contrary, was on the move for weeks before the contest and had committees in every ward. The result of it was that he had a majority in every ward but one—Victoria.

Col. Armstrong followed Mr. Seaton's plan and did not canvass and he was 307 votes behind Alderman Hamm. The latter had perhaps made the most diligent personal appeal to the people of any one in the field. He was on the move from early morn until night and the only wonder is that he did not have a much larger majority.

PROGRESS was right when it said that the keenest contest would be in Prince Ward, or rather between the rival candidates from Prince. It was not the closest fight, for Mr. Maxwell defeated Alderman Macpher-

son by 400 votes yet it was the, only ward in which there was a change. By the retirement of Alderman Daniel from Queens that ward has a new representative but Prince, in which the old alderman offered seat another man, Mr. Maxwell, who obtained more votes in the city at large than his opponent but who gave the latter Prince by 36. Alderman McPherson had a very cordial support but he did not have the same united committees behind him as Mr. Maxwell, who has been prominent in orange and temperance organizations and besides, a contractor, has a large acquaintance with the laboring classes.

Still Alderman McPherson met with a similar fate in the way of majority than did his brother grocer, Mr. James F. Dunlop, who suffered defeat again at the hands of Alderman Macrae. Both of these gentlemen stood at their own ward, if a candidate can be said to stand anywhere on election day, and each of them received the same vote, 238. The friends of Mr. Macrae thought during the day that he would be beaten badly in this district but the result proved that the work in his behalf had been more effective than they had hoped.

The tremendous majorities were for the candidates belonging to the North. Mr. Brennan, who was a new man last year and came within a few votes of defeating Alderman Millidge, did not make the same good showing this year. And it was not because he did not work either. He and his friends put in the best kind of hard canvassing but the old representative who did not worry himself about the contest or the result found a majority of 842 votes awaiting him when he read the morning papers of Wednesday. He may have been surprised but the chances are that he was not half as much surprised as Dr. Smith when he found out the vote of Alderman Christie, which was 1439 more than his and the largest of any of the candidates. Alderman Christie stood in Lansdowne and had a pleasant sociable time with the representatives there. He got a splendid vote and it surely must be acknowledged that the work he and Alderman Millidge has done at the council had something to do with their splendid showing.

The same is undoubtedly true of Alderman McGoldrick, who fought and won the hardest fight of the day. He starts out on his 15th year of civic life with a majority of 284—larger than he has ever received before, if PROGRESS remembers aright. In the days of ward elections, when two men were chosen from each ward, Alderman McGoldrick was always sure of Stanley, but since the tax reduction society altered the system of representation the representative for Stanley has not been so sure of the voice of the city. Departmental chairmen make enemies at times and when these are determined and persistent the result is apt to be apparent at election times. Up to this year the chairman of the safety department had not taken the trouble to form committees or to go to any special kind of canvassing in order to ensure his election. The result was that Mr. Holder, who opposed him for two years, came very near to equalizing the vote. This year it was different. The alderman had his committees on the alert and the result was a creditable one. It did not look so, however while the returns were coming in. When the first seven wards that came into the city hall were counted he was one behind his opponent and had received exactly the same number of votes as Alderman Daniel had for mayor. But then Dufferin and Prince and Queens all gave him handsome majorities and that settled the matter.

Capt. Keast is better known today than he was at any time before the election. He had a hard fight, coming out as he did and against a man who had such a tremendous vote last year. But he had lots of grit and got 1784 votes—not a bad showing at all for a man unknown to the public and untried in elections. He said smilingly after the ballots were counted and he knew that he was defeated that he would begin to canvass now for next year's contest. If he does Alderman McPherson must get on his war paint and make no mistakes.

**DEAD AND LIVING MONOTON BANDS.**  
An amusing sketch of the success and failure of some of them.

MONOTON, April 20—Monoton has been a wonderful place for bands during the past few years. Until recently we had the Citizen's Band, the 74th Battalion Band and the Orange Band, besides the

Louisville Fife and Drum Band, the Band of Hope, the Mission Band and the perennial German band which slightly antedated the flowers of the spring, and afforded us infinitely more solid satisfaction than all the others put together. We were all fully aware of the fact that we derived very little benefit from the wealth of organized musical effort which distinguished our city, and we sometimes confessed to each other with bated breath, and many injunctions not to "let it go any further" that we might almost as well have been without a band at all since we never heard any out of door music unless one of the bands happened to be giving a benefit for themselves and played for a while outside the opera house, in order to draw a crowd. But those of us who were at all patriotic, were very proud of the fact that we possessed these bands and could hear them play when we chose to pay for the privilege. They did yeoman's service also when we were away from home; it did our hearts good to refer in a lofty, casual manner to our three bands, and the advantage it was to live in a city where there were so many excellent musical organizations. We managed to convey the impression that those three bands were in the habit of playing every night but Sundays and rainy days, during the entire summer season, in different portions of the city, and that we were so used to the performance that we had really grown indifferent, and scarcely took the trouble to listen. Then the other man, to whom we were talking grew grey with envy, and said he did not know as he would care for so much noise himself as a regular thing, but supposed one would get used to it in time—and the Monoton man's soul swelled with pride, and his eyes stood out with fatness and pomposity. We used to have the different bands on alternate nights at the rink, and then pronounce upon their relative merits, with every appearance of knowing what we were talking about; and on one memorable occasion we had two of them at the same time, and they played turn about, while we sat in judgement on them. Those were glorious times, but a little over a year ago some of our glory departed, and we wrote "lohabod" over the door of the sanctuary where the 74th were wont to practice, for the military band which had been our chief glory had disbanded and was heard no more. It was hard to reconcile ourselves to the loss but yet we were not desolate; the Citizen's forged rapidly to the front, the Orange Band invested in new uniforms and several new instruments, while the Louisville Fife and Drum took to hiring a large wagon and making frequent excursions from their suburban homes to the metropolis, doing the city thoroughly and playing lustily as they went. So for a time all went well, and we could still conscientiously boast of our three bands. But some how luck seemed to be against us, and when we least expected it the Orange Band sickened and died of slow decline in spite of the vigorous measures which were adopted towards the last, to prolong its life, and though the band which was still left to us was a very fine one, and we had good reason to be proud of it; still there was no blinking the fact that our prestige was gone, and we had reached the level of ordinary towns in possessing but one band. The change could not be said to affect us very sensibly, because the prestige was about the only advantage we have ever enjoyed from our former opulence. We had fewer demands upon our pockets, and just as much music as ever, but at the same time we felt our descent in the scale of nations keenly, and refused to be comforted.

At this crisis a "savior of his country" arose in the person of that first class musician and ever enterprising citizen Professor Harry Watts, and he purchased what still remained of the Orange Band, out and out, shop, fixtures and good will, with the benevolent purpose, not of giving the remains decent burial, but of resurrecting them, raising them in fact like a modern Phoenix from the ashes of the past, and giving them a new lease of life.

Under the able and energetic management of Professor Watts there is little doubt that we shall soon have one more band to the good, and a portion at least of our lost distinction will be restored to us. It is also more than likely that we shall be afforded an opportunity now and then of sampling the quality of the music supplied, not only in an informal way, but also in a gratuitous manner, which will be indeed a novel and delightful experience for the Monoton citizen who has always been accustomed to putting his hand in his pocket "when the band began to play."

## M. A. FERGUSON'S PLANS

HE REMAINS A WHILE IN ST. JOHN PURSUING THEM.

He is Said to be Striking a Perfect Blow for the North Shore—His Idea About Mount Pleasant and a Summer Hotel—A Good Talker.

One day early this year this city was honored by a visit from a gentleman who has been here before—our Malcolm A. Ferguson, to wit.

Mr. Ferguson represented that he had been engaged in the lumber business and, if one might judge from his conversation, he had struck it rich upon sundry occasions. He did not hesitate to describe these sudden flights of richness, and as he was an indefatigable talker these descriptions came easy to him.

It did not take Malcolm long to find out those he knew in this city and he gave the impression that he was in the swim and proposed to remain in it. He followed the advice of some one who lived upon his wits once and who found that it paid him to register at the very best hotel in town. According to his idea this clothed him with a certain transient opulence that could not be obtained in any other way. Now Mr. Ferguson may not have heard of the ways of this gentleman but he too registered at the best hotel.

He wasn't here for his health, he was here for business, and the particular business he was engaged in was the formation of a company which should act as a commission house—buy and sell lumber—or in fact buy and sell anything that there was a cent or a dollar in.

Whether the company was ever formed PROGRESS cannot discover but it is certain that the notice of this limited corporation appeared in the Royal Gazette and there were several names associated with Mr. Ferguson in his venture. But it is one thing to give notice of an intention to form a company and another to get the stock subscribed. The latter undertaking Mr. Ferguson, no doubt, found more difficult of the two.

Without discussing the failure or success of any particular idea of his, it may be stated that Mr. Ferguson's next plan was of a very broad nature. He wanted to form a company to buy up the grounds and buildings at Mount Pleasant—the convent grounds and buildings—and convert them into a hotel. Then all he had to do was to get some American capital interested and it would be easy to transfer the whole business to the simple yankees at double the price paid for it.

Mr. Ferguson went as far as possible with this plan but that was not so far that he could not recede. He saw this one and that one about the matter but, strange to say he did not meet with that cordial encouragement that should have greeted such a plan.

In the meantime he lost no opportunity to make himself solid with all whom he met. And when he once got solid or thought he was, then the possibilities of what might be done with commercial paper would occur to him. In some instances, at least, the same possibilities did not seem apparent to the other fellow and disappointment was the only proceeds.

But a really persistent and talented man like Mr. Ferguson never gets discouraged, and so it proved. He was generous with his signature. He would pay a ten dollar account with a 30 day note and then permit the transaction to escape his mind. But that is a sort of absent mindedness that is not unusual among lots of people and Mr. Ferguson cannot claim any distinction on that score.

But quite lately—within a few days—the rumor has arisen that Mr. Ferguson has struck it rich again and has made thousands out of a lumber deal on the North shore. The Fredericton Herald tells the story in brief but graphic sort of a way and there will be so many people pleased at the prospects that it is worth quoting:

"Did Ferguson know that there was going to be a depression in lumber, or did he stumble into it?" was the question overheard by a reporter of the Herald from amongst a crowd of lumber men seated in the lobby of the Barker house yesterday, prominent among whom was Michael Walsh the biggest logger of the Miramichi and the manager of the Corporation. On enquiry the reporter learned that M. A. Ferguson, who had the contract for the delivery of several million feet of lumber to George J. Vaughan on the Miramichi, and also some other contracts, among which is

one for the delivery of deals for the British market, had things coming his way on account of the low price of lumber, and that he could not help but make several thousand dollars out of it without any great effort on his part.

C. A. Stockton, who was smilingly listening to the conversation, here made the remark, that he could throw some light on the subject, saying, "Those things don't come by chance but by good judgment; so sure was I that Ferguson would come out all right, that three months ago a financial house in Montreal, through my recommendation, offered to give him all the money he wanted provided he gave them an interest in his contracts; but he decided on playing a lone hand, and I am pleased to see he is coming out all right."

This is a pretty good description and confirmation of success, but if PROGRESS remembers aright, Mr. Ferguson had a suit against a certain Montreal firm for breaking a contract. His claim was for \$50 000 damages. He was sure of his case and when he left the writer one day he was about to issue the writ. So he said.

Of course Mr. Stockton did not refer to the same firm.

A Great Woman Canvasser.

This is the first year that women have taken a decided part in civic politics. The lady relatives of the mayoralty candidates spared no efforts in canvassing, and the result in favor of one of them was certainly surprising. More ladies voted in Queens ward than were ever known to cast ballots before, and the most of them were for Dr. Daniel. This was the effect of the work of one lady, a relative of Dr. Daniel's, who spent the greater part of the day in a coach driving from one residence to another taking the women voters to the polls and sending them home again. If there had been such energetic and painstaking work in all of the wards the genial physician might have been the mayor elect to-day. One old lady told a PROGRESS representative that she had a vote for many years but had never thought of exercising her franchise until asked to do so by the lady canvasser referred to on Tuesday morning.

Majorities in Different Sections.

It is curious that even today after the North, South, and West ends of the city have been united under one civic government for so many years that the people, and especially the politicians of those districts, always count up the votes from the wards in their section and will say that we gave him such and such a majority in the North or West end. To consider it in that way for a few moments; if Dr. Daniel had received four more votes in the South end he would have had twice as many as he got in the North end and more than six times his vote in the West end. As it was he received 1208 in the South end, 606 in the north end and just 200 on the west side of the harbor. He beat Mr. Sears 57 votes in the south end but the latter kept up his reputation for a large Carleton vote and came from there 124 ahead; then in the north end he was 108 ahead. His vote in those sections was 714 in the north end, 1151 in the south and 524 in Carleton.

He Turned out a Sears Man.

There are always funny incidents about every election, and when there is one in St. John there is no lack of the comical side to things. There were so many representatives at some of the wards, that some of them had much difficulty in ascertaining the opinions of others. A man who was supposed to be working for Dr. Daniel in one ward, turned out in the afternoon to be a Sears supporter and he thought it a great joke. His companions at the booth did not look upon it in that light, and the chances are that when he shows up another year he will be regarded with suspicion.

The Magistrate was Well Informed.

Ex-policeman Olive will probably believe now that a still tongue makes a wise head. He was quite new to the force and had a habit of talking over his experiences on his beat with his brother officers. Some of these were not as kind as they might have been and the news of Mr. Olive's experience reached the ears of the magistrate. Then when he got a chance he had a shot at the police force. Chief Clark did not like the reflection upon his men and demanded an explanation. He got it. Then he in turn demanded an explanation from Olive and Olive got the bounce.

CIRCUS MEN BEATEN.

BUT IT TOOK A KEEN RAILROAD MAN TO DO IT.

Some Two Hundred of Them Dickered For Cheap Fares, But the Railway Man Knew a Trick Worth Two of Theirs and the Official Helped Him.

'There are people who think you can't beat a circus man. But I want to tell you that the hardest man to do is a live railroad man.'

The old sawdust manager had tried it. He continued:

'Know where Purcell is in the Indian Territory? Away down at the jumping off place on the Santa Fe road. The show had been at Purcell, and we wanted to get out in the night for a long run. We were going to make a jump to Kansas City. Not far from Purcell is another town, Oklahoma City. At that point a competing road with the Santa Fe runs in. We had five hundred people, and of course the railroad men were after us. It was a big haul. Some of our people bought through tickets from Purcell, and they didn't worry. But about 200, maybe more, of the crowd, that always haggles over a 10 cent dicker, concluded to take the Santa Fe from Purcell to Oklahoma city, pay the short haul and then take the competing line at Oklahoma, the agents of which were active and full of promises.'

'Then the Santa Fe man fixed it so the dickers couldn't buy any tickets from Purcell to Oklahoma, for the train we were to go on was a special. The dickers said that was all right; that they would wait for the regular. In less than five minutes a bulletin was slapped on the board of the station to the effect that the regular Santa Fe was twelve hours late. That made the fellows who were dickering for a cheaper rate turn white around their gills.'

'In another five minutes I saw a man on a track velocipede scudding down the stretch. Every man to his business. So I thought the railroad people knew what they were doing, and they did. That chap on the velocipede was going down the track to flag the regular and hold it indefinitely. Smart trick wasn't it? Wait till I tell you. There was a smarter trick than that.'

'When the special got ready to pull out, the dickers asked the agent if they could pay on the train from Purcell to Oklahoma. And he said 'cert.' So they all boarded the train at Purcell, intending to get off at Oklahoma. Just before the train pulled out, the agent walks down to the engine and asks the old man at the throttle how long he had been on the road and about the capacity of his iron horse, and so forth.'

How many miles an hour can she go at her best?' asked the agent.

'On a good track, sixty-five miles.'

'Is it a good track through Oklahoma City?'

'Yes, pretty good.'

'All right. You've got no orders to stop there nor to slow up, have you?'

'Not yet.'

'Well, when you get to the edge of the town you let her go. Don't stop for anything—fl-gs, or teams, or cattle. Scoot through the town at a sixty-five-mile gait, or more if you like, and don't slow up until you strike that strip of desolation about eleven miles 'other side, and you smoke a box of the finest cigars in Chicago. Is it a go?'

'If I don't get no orders 'fore I start.'

'Well, you are five minutes late now.'

'In a minute, and I calculate it was less, the circus special was under way. It went around curves like a scared snake. It shot across straight lines like a gazelle that had been singed. It whirled the dust of that country into the sky. After a while we saw a town. Then we went through it like the woman that's shot from the catapult, only more so. One of the dickers, who was smiling to think the conductor had not yet come 'round, asked a brakeman as the train was going through the street, 'What town is this?' The brakeman said: 'Oklahoma City?'

The dickerer's smile faded as it came, as the poet says, and his hair stood up, and turning to the brakeman he says: 'Jes crimiini! Stop her! Here's where we get off?'

'She doesn't even hesitate at a town like this,' said the brakeman.

'Well, about eleven miles on this side, in a strip of country where a crow can't live and where an Indian wouldn't be caught dead, the old iron horse began to slow up. The conductor came through just then and said: 'Tickets?'

'Well, say, that was a funny sight. Them that had tickets showed up and then went to sleep. But the dickers began to kick. They said they should have been let off at Oklahoma City. The conductor said the train didn't stop at Oklahoma; that it wasn't scheduled to stop there, and that he wasn't going to go back that trip. The leader of the dickers for cheap fares wanted to know what was to be done.'

'The conductor was an old timer.' He

had a face on him like a woman who never loved anybody. He had just told them 'Pay or get off.' Then they asked him where they could pay for. And he said the train wouldn't stop any more until it got to Kansas City the next morning, unless it stopped to put them off. And he reached up and caught the bell cord. 'And every one of the dickers paid to Kansas City. And, of course, under the railroad law, they paid 'more than they would have paid if they had bought tickets at Purcell. And that's what I mean when I say that the hardest man to do is a live railroad man.'

GAINED 39 POUNDS.

THE EXPERIENCE OF MISS FLORENCE FERGUSON OF SYDNEY, N. S.

For Five Years She was an Almost Helpless Invalid—Used Many Medicines Until She Took Dr. Williams' Pink Pills Restored Her Health.

Many of our Cape Breton readers, especially those residing in Sydney and vicinity, will remember the subject of this article, and also knew Miss Ferguson when residing at her home on Hardwood Hill, just on the borders of the town. From 1890 to 1895 sickness preyed upon Miss Ferguson, and from a bright and healthy girl she became an invalid, completely given up to weakness and despondency. In the spring of 1895 she left her home and went to the States, where she has a sister and other friends, thinking that a change of climate might benefit her. While there she was attended by medical men, but without any improvement, in fact she gradually grew worse, until she used to spend the greater part of every day on the lounge at her sister's. Friends came to see her, only to go away with the sympathetic remark, 'Poor Flora, she is not long for this world.' From the beginning of her sickness up to the time when the first box of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills was taken, she had tried upwards of twenty different kinds of medicine—some from doctors and some of the many patent drugs for sale at druggists. Hearing from a friend of the value of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, Miss Ferguson resolved to give them a trial, and requested her sister to get her a box. Following the directions carefully she began to take them. As day by day went by she began to feel better and her spirits to return, and in the course of a few weeks she walked a mile to the post office and home again. Miss Ferguson continued taking the pills until she had used eight boxes, when she was completely restored to health and happiness. She was again strong and healthy. While ill she had greatly run down in weight, and at the time she began using Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, was reduced to 102 pounds, and when she had completed the eighth box her weight had increased to 141 pounds—Only one month ago she called at the home of the editor of this paper to leave her address to have the Reporter forwarded to her at Arlington, Mass. During the moment's conversation with her the above facts were told to Mr. W. A. Richardson, the editor, and with beaming countenance Miss Ferguson willingly agreed to have him tell the people 'How Dr. Williams' Pink Pills brought her from the gates of death to the enjoyment of health.' He was astonished, as being well acquainted with her when in Sydney, knowing how ill she was and seeing her a physically changed person was enough to cause anyone to be amazed at the change.

The above facts can be verified by writing Miss Ferguson, at No. 16 Henderson street, Arlington, Mass.; the editor of the Island Reporter, Sydney, C. B., or any one of the intimate friends of Miss Ferguson, Hardwood Hill, Sydney.

SAGO PALM OF TUDOR PLACE.

THE ORIGIN OF ONE THAT WAS PART OF BOSTON'S FAMOUS TEA CARGO.

One of the most interesting homes in historic Georgetown is the Tudor place. The sago palm of revolutionary fame stands in the Tudor conservatory in winter and on the beautiful lawn in summer. It belongs to Martha Washington's granddaughter, who is the oldest living descendant of the family. Mrs. Britanna W. Kennon is the daughter of Col. Thomas Peter, who married Martha Custis, and is the widow of Commodore Beverly Kennon, who lost his life by the explosion of a gun upon the Princeton in 1844. The main body of the old house was built by Col. Peter in 1816. In this house Mrs. Kennon was born and has always lived.

In 1775, when the historic cargo of tea was dumped into Boston harbor, there were on board three small palms. The largest

was carefully sent to Mount Vernon, another to the home of Gov. Morris of Morrisania, while the third was taken to the Pratt gardens, near Philadelphia. Ten years later the conservatory at Mount Vernon was burned and the palm lost. Thirty-six years later, in 1813, Mrs. Kennon's mother drove in her carriage (a journey of four days) to Philadelphia, visited the Pratt gardens, bought several little palms, and carried them in a basket to her own greenhouse. One of them was an offshoot of the original sago palm, and today is a veritable Colonel Dame or Daughter of the Revolution.

It is now almost a century old, and has never known another home. Its fruit is not abundant, like the coconut or date palm. It bears a small apricot-shaped fruit only once in several years. Its terminal budding at the end of the stem is like a crown. Some years it unfolds long, slender spikes, or palm branches, but several years during Mrs. Kennon's life there has been a wonderful growth of fern-shaped, delicate leaves, soft and spongy in texture and color. When left on the tree until the sap is pretty well down in the trunk, they retain their shape and color many years. Botanists have examined them with keen interest. It appears like a cabbage, and slowly unfolds its yellowish brown fern leaves, under the fashion of our house ferns. It left on the tree they die.

Mrs. Kennon remembers well Lafayette's visit to Tudor place, when she was a little Virginia made of 9 years, and the sago palm was only eleven years old.

Almost a Mile-a-Minute Elevator.

Ed. H. Benjamin returned the other day from a visit to the big mines on the mother lode in Amador county.

'I took a fast ride,' he said, 'in the Oneida mine. This company has just put in a new hoisting gear which beats anything on the Pacific coast, and there are only one or two mines in the country which have machinery to equal it. I came up 1,500 feet in the shaft in twenty seconds. This is at the rate of almost a mile a minute, and by comparison the swiftest elevators in the tall buildings in San Francisco are slow coaches. When the mine is in regular operation the cage will be run at the speed of thirty miles an hour in lifting ore. This remarkable hoist was manufactured in San Francisco, and seems to embrace no new principle—just a very large drum and the usual cable.'

—Oakland (Cal.) Times.

Hundreds do not know that we are ready to get property for them—if they are entitled to it. Not otherwise. We have a new list of 600 persons advertised for to claim money. 10 CTS.

McFARLANE & CO. Truro, N. S.

CONDENSED ADVERTISEMENTS.

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

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

FREE To any lady sending us the names and addresses of five other ladies, we will send you a box of our Electric Soothe Antiseptic Tablets worth \$1 by mail, prepaid—No lady can afford to be without them. LUTWORTH BAKERY CO., 260 N. 1st Building, Dayton, Ohio.

FREE 75 Complete Stories! Each worth \$1. A Big 1000 Picture Book that will surely put you on the road to a handsome fortune. Send 25c. silver to my postbox.

A. W. KENNEY, 5 J. Yarmouth, N.S.

A GOOD ACTIVE AGENT WANTED in every locality to introduce our 'Miltum' 'Patrol' iron. Big money for the right man on salary or commission. Only those who mean business need apply. CLARK & BROWN, Sole Agents for the Maritime Provinces, St. John's, Kings County, N. S.

WANTED By an Old Established House—High Grade Man or Woman, good Church standing, willing to learn our business then to act as Manager and State Correspondent here. Salary \$800. Enclose self-addressed stamped envelope to A. T. Elder, Manager, 278 Michigan Ave. Chicago, Ill.

STAMPS COLLECTIONS and old stamps bought for cash. State size of collection or send list. For particulars address Box 588 St. John, N. S.

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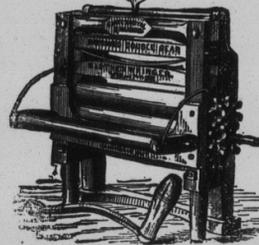
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Music and The Drama

IN MUSICAL CIRCLES.

A typographical error occurred in last week's notes which calls for correction. In speaking of Mr. Kelly's offer from St. Andrews choir, the paragraph was made to read that should he accept, the church in question would "secure the best tenor in the city." The word "voice" was omitted accidentally after the word tenor, thus materially changing the intended meaning of the note.

Dan Godfrey's band will be with us in the course of a few weeks, and the management are working energetically for the success of the Canadian tour. This famous military band will be heard in the Victoria rink while here.

Tones and Undertones.

The newest London "girl" is "The Skirt Dancer", written by George Ridgwell and Fenton McKay and composed by H. Trotter. The fun of the piece turns partly upon the complications arising out of the amorous proclivities of an old navy captain, in relation to a skirt dancer, who follows him to his country residence, and insists in preferring her attentions in the midst of her hero's birthday celebrations. The second act is laid in the grounds of the Casino at Nice, and a graceful tarantelle is danced. The piece ends with a battle of flowers.

Lillian Russell, who is to sing in Berlin in August, and be paid \$2500 a week and expenses, says: "Several comic operas by German composers will be submitted to me when I reach the other side. If I find one which will suit I will produce it in Berlin, reserving the American rights for a spring novelty in America next season. It is quite possible that I will spend next winter abroad. If I am well received in Germany I will in all probability produce a comic opera next fall at the Hof theatre in Berlin."

Gerardine Ulmer, well known in this country as well as in England as a comic opera prima donna of the first rank, is likely never to be seen on the stage again. Several months ago she was thrown out of her carriage near Twickenham, England, and sustained an unusually complicated fracture of the ankle. It has never healed, although she has gone through a long series of very painful surgical operations. Miss Ulmer is in private life Mrs. Ivan Caryll.

Paul Dunbar, the negro boy poet who announced the other day that he was about to collaborate with James Whitcomb Riley and write a comic opera for negro actors, has been anticipated. At the Third Avenue Theatre New York this week Cole and Johnstyn's Select Company of Colored Artists is appearing in "A Trip to Countown," and the plot of the piece bears quite a resemblance to the story which Mr. Dunbar had laid out for his comic opera.—New York Sun.

Agnes Sorma is to give nine more performances in New York, opening April 26, with Gerhard Hauptmann's "Die Versunkene Glocke." On Friday, April 29, a very elaborate production of "Konigskinder" (Children of the King) will be given for the first time in this country.

"No, there are no legitimate sopranos in light opera nowadays," said Jessie Bartlett Davis. "The girls in comic opera are too lazy. They take two or three lessons, know a graceful step when they come on the stage and that is all. The Bostonians have been looking for a Marie Stone for the past five years and we cannot find her."

Letty Lind, long identified with the most successful musical comedies produced by George Edwards, was so dissatisfied with the approaching successor to "The Geisha" that she has decided to resign from his company when the new work is given.

Camille D'Arville may, it is said, replace Lillian Russell in the triple alliance next season. A new company by Strange and Edwards may be used by this company.

It has been arranged that Sousa and his band shall begin their European tour at the Trocadero in Paris on June 1. "This entire European trip," said Sousa, depends entirely upon the question of war with Spain. If there is a gun fired proclaiming hostilities between the two countries, I shall abandon the bookings made in Europe for me and shall take some theatre in New York to play patriotic music." Sousa, and the gentlemen interested in the management of his band pur-

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pose securing in New York next season a first-class theatre. If they cannot get it, they have money enough to build one. They believe that it is quite possible to carry on regularly a band concert with celebrated soloists. A portion of the orchestra will be made into a "smoker."

Jean de Reszke has fully recovered from the illness that confined him to the house in St. Petersburg for a few days. It was not influenza, merely a hard cold. When Die Meistersinger was given (it was given without cuts, and lasted five and a half hours) Sommer took the place of Jean de Reszke as Walther. Frau Stavenhagen was Eva; Oitzka, Magdalena Reichmann, Hans Sachs, and Friedrichs, Beckmesser. The season is said to have very successful in every way. Next to the De Reszkes the one who got the most praise was Oitzka.

According to a report from Paris, permission to perform "Das Rheingold" at the opera has been refused, because the work would not fill an entire evening and would have to be followed by a ballet.

Frau Wagner's attention is not exclusively taken up by Wagner performances. Very recently in the great room of the Hotel of the Golden Sun, which Baireuth pilgrims know so well, she organized a performance of a little play, Jery and Bactel, by Goethe. The music, which is said to be strictly on the Wagnerian plan, was written by Herr Kniese, who takes so prominent a part at Baireuth.

Van Dyck, the noted tenor of the Vienna opera, has finished his engagement with that institution and it has not been renewed. Reports from Vienna as to the reason are conflicting, some attributing it to the tenor's desire to regain his freedom and others to disagreements with Herr Mahler, the new conductor. His last appearance at the Vienna opera was the cause of a tumultuous demonstration.

Verdi's new Stabat Mater was given in Paris during holy week, with Mme. Delna as prima donna.

TALK OF THE THEATRE.

The Spanish Dramatic Company close two weeks engagement here on Saturday evening. Their leading man Mr. Clarence Bennett has made a favorable impression here by his conscientious work, and the other members of the company have given good support. An interesting feature of the company's stay in the city was the marriage of Mr. E. T. Spears and Mrs. Marie Malten, which event took place the first of the week.

Local theatre goers are anticipating a treat next week in the appearance of Maud Hillman who opens an engagement here on Monday evening in "Charity Bess." Miss Hillman's repertoire is made up of standard plays many of which have never been done at cheap prices while all have been successfully toured at high prices. Jere McAuliffe who was here last season and made a hit in his comedy work is with this company, and will no doubt be warmly welcomed to St. John. The supporting company is excellent, including names frequently met with in the dramatic papers. Miss Hillman's name is widely known and the prospects are good for a successful engagement. There will be four matinees during the week, beginning on Wednesday.

Anna Held is a Jewess.

Grace Filkins is to star.

"The Magic Kiss" will be given in London.

Cissy Fitzgerald's real name is Mary Kate Kipping.

A play by Zola is to be produced in New York next season.

Mary Marble will star next season in Patti Ross's repertoire.

Adole Ratchie will play the title role in "The Lady Slavey."

Clement Scott's apology is even worse than his original slander.

"The Gay Matinee Girl" was a Kansas City attraction last week.

May Irwin will produce "Kate Kipp, Buyer" in Kansas City, on May 12.

It is reported that the theatres in Havana are doing as well as it nothing had happened.

W. J. Ferguson, Madeline Bonton, and Ida Vernon, are to appear in "The Tarrytown Widow."

The St. James' Gazette has appealed to the British censor to cancel the license of "The Conquerors."

A comedy, "The Purser," is to be produced by Ferris Hartman at San Francisco this month.

Berberholm Tree has been selected to toast "The Drama" at the Royal Academy banquet this year.

"No Cross, No Crown" will be given its first American production by Hopkins Chicago Stock Company.

Louie Freear has successfully embodied the cheeky self-importance of a London street gamine in "Julia."

A stock company for the Klondike is being organized in New York. "Sam'l of Posen" is also to be acted there.

A fancy dress ball is an important feature of the new London society drama, "My Lord and Lady Algy."

Mr. and Mrs. Russ Whytal sailed for England on Saturday. It is probable that they will appear in "For Fair Virginia" on the other side.

Alma Kruger, now attracting attention with Louis James in Shakespearean roles, will be the heroine in "The Heart of Maryland" next winter.

On the stage they have had "The Prodigal Son," "The Prodigal Father," "The Prodigal Daughter," and various other examples of family profligacy, but the latest thing in England is "The Prodigal Parson."

Seymour Hicks is to have a new theatre in London. The structure will have three floors. On the first will be the theatre, on the second a luxurious restaurant and on the third a cafe chantant.

Olga Netherole has been excited to protest by the performance of a sketch based on "The Light That Failed," by Courtenay Thorpe, Miss Netherole says that Rudyard Kipling has authorized her to use the novel and given permission to nobody else. The sketch recently given in London was acted several years ago in this country.

News of the slightest change in the condition of E. S. Willard is cabled to his wife. The first one sent cost \$35, notwithstanding it was written in cipher. 'Up to the present time we have spent,' says his manager, "more than \$400 in cablegrams."

Edward S. Abeles, who has been playing the lover's role in "The Telephone Girl" for the past three months, has signed a contract for next season with Smyth and Rice as leading juvenile in their comedy company. He will be first cast in the new play by H. A. Du Souchet, with which the regular fall and winter season will open.

When Mr. Sire's "What Happened to Jones" company appears in London next month it will bring the sum total of America attractions then playing there up to four—"The Heart of Maryland" at the Adelphi, "Too Much Johnson" at the Garrick, "The Belle of New York" at the Shaftesbury, and Mr. Broadhurst's farce at the Royalty.

The popularity of pugilism with a portion of the public will be turned to account with next season's importation of "Sporting Life," a London melodrama. The hero will be impersonated by Robert Hilliard, who is noted as a ready fighter, and the part of the slugger with whom he has a mimic scrap will be taken by Bob Fitzsimmons.

The differences between William H. Crane and Clyde Fitch in regard to the production by Mr. Crane of Mr. Fitch's new named play next season have been satisfactorily adjusted, and the play will be produced as originally intended.

"Q. Q.," the four-act play recently produced in London, shows a pseudo-literary man winning position and wealth by purchasing and issuing as his own the poems, novels and dramas of a besotted genius contenting himself with the functions of a "ghost."

Seymour Hicks is writing a Christmas piece for the London Gaiety, in which Elaine Terris will appear. The lyrics are by Aubrey Hopwood, and prior to its production "Blue Ball; or, the Story of a Sleeping King," will be published in book form.

Julia Arthur is married, for her sudden retirement from the actual scene of theatrical splendors may perhaps be due to more than one cause. Her husband, Mr. Cheney, is a son of Benjamin P. Cheney, Sir, who is the possessor of a vast fortune. His father is president of the American Express Company, and a director of several Boston banks. They were married in September last.—N. Y. Telegraph.

Professor Schenk's theory has been dramatized at last, and not by Paul Potter or Sydney Rosenfeld. It is used in a one-act German play which has its scenes laid in an imaginary country. Dr. Schenk through the operation of his theory is able to settle the difficulties that have arisen through the struggles of women to receive equal rights with men. The play is called "The Chained Stork."

Eremete Norelli has lately been acting in Milan an old play called "The Origin of a Great Banking House," which has not been seen on the Italian stage in many years. It is a thinly disguised history of the Rothschild family, and the leading character in the drama is the founder of the present fortune of this dynasty of bankers. A French officer gives into the keeping of Gottschied, the leading figure in the story, his entire fortune. He dies in battle, leaving a son, who subsequently marries the daughter of Gottschied, who has grown enormously wealthy through the downfall of Napoleon.

At Daly's theatre, New York, "The Circus Girl" has been given nearly twice as often this season as anything else—ninety seven times. Then comes "The Geisha" with fifty-five performances and "The Country Girl" with fifty. "Lilli Tee" has a record of thirty. Then comes "Subtleties of Jealousy" and "Number Nine," from the German, each with twenty performances. "The Taming of the Shrew" was given fifteen times. "The Merry Wives of Windsor" sixteen times, "As You Like It" and "Twelfth Night" ten and eight times respectively. "The School for Scandal" was given seven times.

Charles Frohman is arranging to invade London on a large scale. He is organizing an English stock company to play "Lady Urula," a comedy by Bisson; "the Pullman Conductor" and a farce by De Courcelles, the author of "The Two Vagabonds," leaving another theatre for this company. He has secured the English rights of "The Countess Valeska," which will be played in London by Julia Marlowe, supported by an English company.

New York has not had a French theatre for many years, and the visits of the most renowned French actors have not attracted audiences, French or otherwise, that were large enough to make these occasional appearances profitable. Now it is said that Mlle. Marsy, who figured conspicuously in the Lezudy scandal, is come to this country along with Brucher, who is also one of the actors of the Comedie Francaise. He has made successful tours in European countries and is said to be anxious now to come to New York with a French company.

Lewis Morrison, the well-known Mephisto, is to produce next season a new play, "Frederick the Great," from the pen of Gordon Foster Platt, author of "A Master of Ceremonies" and other plays. In this play a new character is introduced to the stage, and one which has heretofore escaped dramatization—Voltaire, a wonderful personage. The scene between Frederick the Great and Voltaire is said to be a striking piece of dramatic art. Mr. Morrison carries his 50 summers with the grace characteristic of one who has served his country in the time of war, he having been captain in the Thirteenth Connecticut during the civil war, and one of the famous forlorn hope which carried victory at Port Hudson. His theatrical experiences cover a period of 22 years and range from the lowest rung of the ladder. He has played Mephisto over 4000 times.

The announcement of the return to the stage of that delightful actress, Kate Terry, Ellen Terry's eldest sister, was somewhat premature, for it has been found necessary for Mrs. Lewis to undergo an operation on her throat, from which, it is said she is making a good recovery. Some time must, however, elapse before the patient will be considered sufficiently strong to undertake the part in Mr. Stuart Ogilvie's new play that has been selected for her by Mr. Hare. It was on August 31, 1867, at the Adelphi, that Miss Kate Terry as Juliet took her farewell of the stage, of which she had been a brilliant ornament since her first public performance of importance in April, 1848, at the Princess, as Cordelia, with Charles Keen as Lear. When quite a child it was with Mr. Keen that she made her debut as the ill-fated young prince Arthur, in "King John." She also played Ariel in a Princess' revival of "The Tempest," and a small part in the play of "Henry the Fifth." In the year 1863 she joined Mr. Alfred Wigan at the St. James', remaining

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there when the theatre passed into the hands of Miss Herbert. Here Miss Terry made an emphatic hit as Mrs. Union, in "Friends and Foes," Horace Wigan's adaptation of "Nos Intimes." Having fulfilled various engagements in the provinces, the young actress joined in 1863 the company of the Lyceum, under Charles F. Leichter's management. She was the Ophelia to that actor's Hamlet, and later doubled the parts of Sebastian and Viola, in "Twelfth Night." Her last original character on the stage was Dora, at the Adelphi, in Charles Reade's unfortunate adaptation of Tennyson's poem. She retired from the footlights 30 years ago to become the wife of Arthur Lewis, son of one of London's richest silk merchants.

Next season Keith's Providence R. I., theatre will be added to his vaudeville circuit. Keith began his theatrical career by exhibiting a midget in Boston about fifteen years ago. Today he owns four theatres that are, it is said, attended by no less than 20,000 people daily. The Boston theatre was declared by Sir Henry Irving to be the finest in the world. It cost over \$1,000,000, and is one of the sights of Boston. The midget was exhibited in a small room in the building which was torn down to provide room for the new theatre. Keith was the originator of the continuous performance, and it was under the Keith auspices that players like Barrymore, Hilliard, Tim Murphy, Clara Morris, etc., appeared in vaudeville. Keith has elevated the vaudeville stage. Every act given in the Keith houses is "edited," and women and children are conspicuous in all the audiences. The good work of Keith has spread to all parts of the country. At his Boston house members of the Boston Symphony Orchestra play during the summer. Keith is liberal as to salaries for employees, his general manager, E. F. Albee receiving \$25,000 a year. He advertises exclusively in the newspapers. Keith says that Albee is the ablest man in vaudeville, and Albee declares that Keith has no equal. People who knew Keith fifteen years ago say he is as meek and unassuming with over \$1,000,000 as he was when he hadn't \$100.

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ST. JOHN N. B. SATURDAY, APR. 23rd

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CIVIC ELECTION RESULTS.

The civic elections are over. The changes have not been material or many. Dr. J. W. DANIEL, who has represented Queens, the largest, most important and influential ward in the city, was a candidate for the mayoralty. He was defeated and his place was filled by another physician, Dr. W. W. WHITE, who has been at the council board before. The city loses a valuable man in Dr. DANIEL who has been chairman of the treasury board for some years and has given his special attention to all important civic matters that came before the council. Perhaps it is a regrettable matter that the city should lose a valuable alderman because he chooses to take his chances for mayor, but at the same time this year, it is a matter for congratulation that his place has been filled by a representative of such ability and knowledge as Dr. WHITE.

The only other notable change in the new board is in Prince ward—in which if our readers remember, we said would be the keenest contest of the day—where Alderman McPHERSON gives way to Mr. ROBERT MAXWELL, a gentleman who is well known in a business way and who has taken a prominent part in temperance and other organizations. He has conducted his own business to advantage and there is no doubt that he will give the same careful attention to the affairs of the city. The forces arrayed against Ald. McPHERSON were, no doubt, of such a character that he failed to estimate them properly. He has never met with the same popular and stalwart opposition that has fallen to the lot of many of his colleagues in the council and in our opinion he failed to appreciate the fact that a capable man, a good speaker and a successful citizen was opposed to him. Opposition is the life of politics as well as trade and if the alderman from Union Street had borne that in mind the vote might have been closer.

With the exception noted above the council for the next year is the same as that which conducted the affairs of the city for the last year. If we regard the vote cast as indicating the will and opinions of the people the present board must consider that their acts of the past year have been in every way satisfactory to the majority of the taxpayers. But we trust that the vote will not encourage them to look with any favor upon any idea involving large expenditure which is not an absolute necessity to the city.

As we indicated in the last issue, the chairman of two of the most important boards—public works and safety—have been returned. More than that, they have been elected by the largely increased majorities, which is the best proof that their oversight and administration of their departments have been satisfactory to the people. There are important matters on hand for the chiefs of the public works this year and the fire and police departments require many changes that will entail a large amount of work upon the chairman and director. The electors have elected alderman Mc-GOLDERICK for his fifteenth term by a larger majority than he ever received and this will no doubt stimulate him to renewed and greater efforts than ever to increase the efficiency and popularity of the fire and police departments.

WAR A REALITY.

War between Spain and the United States is now certain. Perhaps before PROGRESS reaches its readers this week the first shot will be fired. There does not seem to be any doubt but that the people of the two countries have forced the hands of their governments. This has been especially true in Spain where it would

have been more dangerous to refuse to go to war than not to accept the demands of the United States. The people of that country have been incensed beyond measure by the interference of the United States in their affairs. They have evidently not taken into account the great forbearance of the American people in regard to the sanguinary and cruel struggle in Cuba. There is good reason to believe that the people of Spain have been misled as to the facts; that they have no adequate idea of the condition of affairs in Cuba; of the awful cruelty practiced and of the sufferings of innocent people. The Spanish press is not a free press. If anything is printed that does not please the government the editor and publisher is apt to find himself in prison and his property confiscated. So the reports sent out from Cuba to the mother country in Europe were not of such a nature as to give the people a true idea of what was going on. The failure of the Spanish arms in the Island has been marked—the demand upon Spain for more troops so constant that the drain upon the youth of the country has been enormous. Not more so, however, than the tremendous drain upon the treasury. In order to crush the rebellion in Cuba—a rebellion brought about by Spanish cruelty and miracle—Spain has impoverished herself to such an extent that today, entering upon a gigantic struggle with the United States, she is practically without credit in any country in the world. But war with the United States is evidently considered a better alternative than a civil war. For if they had granted Cuba her independence, in compliance with the demand of the Americans, civil war was sure to follow. The Queen Regent is not as popular as she might be and WEYLER, a bitter opponent of American demands, has won his way into the hearts of the Spaniards and they will follow where he leads them.

WEYLER was the bloodthirsty and cruel commander in Cuba who brought about all this trouble. It was by his order that the innocent people were concentrated in the towns and starved to death. Murder and rapine were encouraged under his rule and even after he was recalled the grave accusation is made by the United States minister to Havana, that the battleship Maine was blown up at his suggestion. Now the struggle is about to begin. The ultimate result cannot be doubted. The resources and spirit of the United States are bound to triumph in the end. The contest will be largely a naval one and it is hard to say which side may gain the first advantage. The navies of the two countries are more evenly balanced than those of any two other nations in the world and a decided advantage at the start of either party would be important.

The sympathy of the English speaking people is with the Americans. That of France, Germany and Austria is with Spain. That the present conflict may not lead to a general conflict among the great nations of the world will be the fervent wish of all thoughtful people.

THE PRESENT ELECTION SYSTEM.

There has been a good deal of criticism of the present system of electing aldermen during the contest that has just ended. The plan brought into effect by the efforts of the T. R. A., does not meet with unanimous approval. But then there are few changes that meet with the approval of all the people. The opponents of the system argue that the main object sought by the change—improvement in the personnel of the council has not been obtained. That may be quite true and yet the fault should not necessarily be blamed upon the system of election. If good men cannot be induced to give their time and attention to civic affairs they will not be at the council board under any system. The objection is also offered that men who would offer for election if they only had to canvass one ward do not care to spend the time necessary to a successful election in the whole city. That may be quite true but the citizen who gets a majority of the votes in the city at large must feel a greater satisfaction than if he represented but a single ward. The greatest objection we see to a joint ticket and election by the citizens generally is the possibility of "combinations." A voter who only takes an interest in two or three men on the ticket is at the mercy of the best ward worker and any organized attempt to elect a certain ticket is not so difficult of successful accomplishment as one would suppose.

Domination Day Festivities.

Sussex Lodge No. 4 A. F. and A. M. of Dorchester are preparing for a bazaar and picnic to be held the 1st. of July in that town. They are asking the assistance of their friends and members of the order to make the enterprise a success. The committee in charge propose making the affair one of the largest and most interesting ever held in the province.

NEWS OF YESTERDAY AND TODAY

Uncle Sam to Mother Earth. When war's dark cloud hangs o'er the sky and friends are scarce and few, When sons in foreign lands, need friends, staunch stalwart, brave and true, When favored favorites pause to help or sanction what we do, Our brave old mother pat our back and tells us to depend.

On her whose smita we flouted, Whose good advice we scouted, Whose love we always doubted, And whose strength we tried to bend. God bless her, grand old England, her mission and her power, Our ways were small, our thoughts not here, but light comes in this hour, When darkness on our first attempt at such began to lower.

This now we see what she has done for ages by God's grace.

And from this day if help she needs, In carrying out her glorious deeds, We'll ever follow where she leads, To help a tortured race.

in the Wigwam. Now the wild March snows have vanished, In the plain woods by the stream, And the warm south wind has banished, The ghost of the winter's dream. All the white bark of the birch tree, Round the spruce poles fast is made; On the hemlock where our mats be, Is our splendid rest and shade.

Here the young arbutus twining, Hangs above the curtain door; On our couches green reclining, We can hear the surging shore. We have trimmed off all the edges, Of the fir and spruce in turn; Built the hearth from stone stone ledges, Where our warm feet find a burn.

Hark the maple sap is steaming, Safely up the trees without; And the dark lines are unceasing, For the smart red spotted trout, In the eddies swimming thickly, Leave no time for morning sleep; When the breakfast fire quickly Sends its blue smoke up the steep.

So the wigwam is our shelter, When the autumn leaves come down; When the wild deer heler skelter, Make us marksmen of renown. Lying low among the bushes, We can take unerring aim; When the red herd madly rushes, From the rifle's leading flame.

O the wigwam dreams of glory, Where the twilight spruces bend; To the hunter with the story Of the many charms they lend. When the rain falls, and the bark is Full of music in its song; Then the sportsman's jolly lark is, That his dry time is not long.

Just last night by moonlight's glancing, Hokey poky winkey wonk; Came a flock of wild geese winging, To the watchful leader's croak. Croak! croak! croak! we sprang to fire Bang! bang! bang! flew forth the shot, One long string that then flew nigher Fell before us on the spot.

Soon the gleaming salmon riser, Will dart upward from the sea; And the grille o'er falls surprising, Jump like acrobats for me. When the red fire leap in glory, Come with sapper and red lead line; We will have our song and story, When we amputously dine.

How They Grow. Mark well you slender stalk of green Just springing forth the clods between With April airs are chilly; With May leads closely curled, It looks a tiny banner furled, But soon will be a lily.

A sparrow's weight would bend it low, A little food would overflow, A little frost would kill it; And 'e'en when grown it reaches up, And lifts its heaven's cup, A little dew would fill it.

Yet all the power that Newton saw Slid in one vast and equal law, Pebble and planet glowing, Caught when spring is come, keep hid The lily 'neath its covering.

It knows no labor but to bloom— God's darling need no cares assume, No tribute pay but beauty; It cannot but live in the right, And still to keep its garments white Is nature more than duty.

What if to-morrow it must die? Is there no Easter in the sky To earth's dead blossoms given? You would would forfeit half its bliss If what is sweetest here in this Brief spring-time, had no heaven.

"Much more, O ye of little faith" (This is the word the Master saith) "Much more to you His will is!" "Much more to you His will is!" "Could I, O Master! only be To These as are Thy lilies." —W. H. Woods.

Put Up Your Sled. The robbers have come, Billy Brown, Say, why don't you put up your sled? The story is all over town That heavy-haired winter is dead. And down in the grove at the foot of the hill The saw-whet is whistling his seesaw shrill.

The grey pussy-willows are out, And nodding good day to the breeze; The bluebirds are flying about, And building their nests in the trees; They're making their timber of lichen and straw, And the little brown saw-whet is filling his saw.

The cowbirds are trimming their caps, And nodding their garments of gold, The moss hawks are smoothing their laps, The may flower babies to hold; And even the crow has a springtime saw In the grove where the saw-whet is filling his saw.

So come in the house Billy Brown, And hang up your mittens of red; Don't you see the old hat looking down And laughing at you with your sled? The snow has all melted from turning the mill, And the saw-whet is whistling his seesaw shrill. —Florence Josephine Boyce.

TOOK CHARGE OF THE SHIP.

Royal Bengal Tiger Kept Every one on Board at Bay.

An English nobleman was the owner of a superb royal Bengal tiger, of size and appearance really majestic. Not caring to keep the creature longer, he sold him for a large price to the famous Zoological Garden at Antwerp. Some time afterward the director of the 'Zoo' received a frantic message from the Captain of a ship which had just come into the harbor, saying that he had on board a tiger consigned to the director, but that the animal had several days before escaped from his cage and was at large on the deck. The Captain had succeeded in getting a sort of barricade erected across the deck, so that the sailors could go aloft and do other necessary work. But the whole ship's company was under the terror of the animal.

The director went with all haste to the water side, and saw in the distance the ship, which was indeed, bringing to him the splendid tiger of the British lord. But the tiger was in charge of the ship rather than the reverse. He could be seen pacing the deck in a superb and lordly way that indicated the consciousness of possession. Not a man was to be seen on board.

The director had the ship brought up to the wharf. The tide was low and the deck was so far below the level of the wharf that there seemed to be no danger of the tiger's escaping to land. The director got into communication with the Captain through a porthole, and was informed by him that men had been regularly sent aloft to let down meat to the tiger by a rope so that the beast was actually gorged with food. Nothing but overfeeding had kept the tiger from falling on some horses which were stabled on the deck, but the poor horses were in a place where no one dared to go to them, and had neither food or water for several days.

The director and his assistants rigged a sort of cage or box with a drop door held up by a string which they lowered to the deck of the ship, having first furnished it with tempting bits of fresh meat. But the tiger, after sniffing at these from the outside of the trap, walked contemptuously away. He did not want anything to eat. Meantime the director said to the Captain: "Why didn't you shoot the tiger rather than endanger the lives of your men?"

The Captain laughed. "We should have been glad enough to shoot him," he said, "but we have no firearms on board." The director was determined now to get the tiger off alive if he could. He drew up the trap and baited it with other sorts of provisions, but the tiger refused to go near them. A long time was spent in ineffectual attempts to coax the tiger into the trap. Meantime the tide rose, bringing the deck of the vessel almost up to the level of the wharf. The crowd took to flight.

In a few minutes the beast could easily leap ashore. The prospect of having a royal Bengal tiger loose in the streets of Antwerp caused the police to warn the director that the animal must very soon be shot.

The director was at his wits end, but a small street boy helped him out of the emergency by a very simple suggestion. This boy, who had not taken to flight with the rest, said: "The tiger isn't hungry, but perhaps he might be thirsty."

The suggestion was acted on instantly. A tub of water was placed in the cage and lowered to the deck. No sooner did the tiger, who had had no water for some time see the tub than he rushed into the trap and began drinking eagerly. Then the door was dropped and he was a prisoner.

How Does This Strike you? Eggs were a quarter of a dollar a dozen at Willow Grove when one of the boys who drive the mail came along and bought four dozen from a country woman for his "boss." He was to take the money for them next day. He did so but he only gave her ninety cents. She called his attention to the fact four twenty-five cent pieces made one dollar. "Yes," he replied "but the boss told me to say that there was ten cents charge for taking the eggs to town!"

On a Lookout for Novelties. Mr. H. C. Marr, proprietor of the Parisian Millinery establishment, left on Tuesday on a business trip to New York, Boston, Montreal and Toronto. While absent, Mr. Marr will purchase the latest novelties in millinery in these fashion centres including a large assortment of ladies and children's hats. Mr. Marr is determined that the Parisian, for quality and variety of goods, will be on a par with any millinery establishment in Canada.

Some Curious Votes. There were three curious ballots cast in Queens ward. One had every name marked off but that of Dr. Daniel another had that of Mr. Sears while the third cast a solitary plumper for Alderman Macrae.



THREE POPULAR PERFUMES.

Extract of Violet, the Grashed Rose, and Wild Clover are Favorites.

There was a time when the fashionable woman selected her perfume with a view to individuality of fragrance. Such is no longer the case. There are three perfumes which nine out of every ten fashionable women are using. The majority of them, selecting one of the three scents, use it on both her dressing table and in the numerous sachets of her wardrobe, while others select any or all three indiscriminately.

According to a well-known dealer, the most popular of the favorite perfumes is an extract of violet, which can scarcely be distinguished from the fresh flower itself. The next in popularity is crushed rose, which does not smell the least bit like the ordinary extract of that flower, but like the old-fashioned rose jar. A tiny drop of the double extract on a woman's handkerchief will give a room the subtle, spicy perfume for which the rose jar was so much desired, while the same perfume used as a sachet makes one's clothes smell as though fresh rose petals had been strewn among them. The third claimant for popularity is wild clover. This, it is said, is the most lasting of the three, and a few drops on one's handkerchief will last as long as the handkerchief itself.

The latest use of sachets is for scented clothes hooks. The ordinary wire extender for bodice or skirt is padded with cotton batting, thickly sprinkled with sachet powder. Over them is drawn a silk or muslin bag, sheered full around the shank of the extender, or tied with ribbons, so they may be easily removed when there is a necessity for renewing the powder. Another method employed by dressmakers in place of the dainty bags of sachet formerly stitched about in the bosom and sleeves of a bodice, is the new cotton or wool-perfumed padding. It can be bought with any scent, and is much more enduring.

SHEATHING A SHIP.

Composition Metal Now Largely Used—Quickly and Handsomely Done.

Yachts built of wood are sheathed with copper, and so are many tugboats. Merchant ships are sometimes sheathed with copper, but nowadays the materials most commonly used is the composition metal, which in appearance resembles brass. It does not wear so long as copper, but it costs less. The composition metal comes in sheets about 3 feet by 1 foot 4 inches. They are fastened on the ship with nails of the same material. Sometimes the sheathing is nailed directly on to the hull of the hull of the ship. Sometimes it is nailed over another sheathing of felt, which helps to preserve the caulking in the seams.

When the ship has been placed in dry dock, or raised out of water on a floating dock, the old metal is stripped off and if she is to have a felt sheathing the bottom of the ship is first painted with a coat of pitch, and the sheets of felt are laid upon that, and then the sheets of metal are nailed on over them. The work is done very rapidly, and, at the same time, with great nicety. Every nail head is sunk so that it is flush with the plate. If the hand were passed over the sheathing anywhere it would be found smooth. If the nail heads were permitted to project they would of course, interfere with the speed of the vessel.

Seventy-five men can sheath an 1,800-ton ship in two days. The cost of sheathing such a ship with composition metal, over felt, including material, dock charges, labor and everything, would be about \$4,000, or a little less, and such a sheathing would last about two long voyages.

New C. P. E. Steamer Line, Vancouver to Wrangell and Skagway.

Steamer Tartar will leave Vancouver April 28th, and Atholman May 5th, for the above points. Rates: Vancouver to Wrangell, \$80 first class; \$30 second class; Skagway, \$40 first class; \$25 second class. For further particulars apply to A. H. Notman, assistant general passenger agent C. P. E., St. John, N. B.

Legislating It.

'So old Blackstone, the lawyer, objected to your calling on his daughter last night, did he?' 'Yes, but I fixed it all right. Asked for a stay and it was granted.'

Cleanliness of the head usually insures a good growth of hair. An occasional application of Hall's Hair Restorer will aid to keep the hair of a natural color.



The art exhibition took up society's spare time this week, and indeed it is very seldom that time is so profitably and pleasantly spent as in a visit to the Y. M. C. A. rooms where rare works of art charm the eye and hold the senses spellbound.

The local exhibit is excellent, among the St. John artists represented being Misses Eliza T. Harding, M. Barry Smith, de Barry, H. Marion Holly, Beatrice Bowman, Florence E. Kaye, E. A. Woodhull, Madeline M. E. Webster, Geo. A. Henderson, W. F. Tennant, S. H. Davis, Lady Tilley, Messrs J. N. Sutherland, H. J. deForest, Alex. Watson F. A. Pickett.

One side of the gallery is devoted to the Montreal loan collection which includes some of the finest and most valuable paintings owned in Canada, among them being:

- "The Golden Troon," C. Trepois—W. W. Ogilvie.
"Wallachian Foot Horses," Adolf Schreyer—W. W. Ogilvie.
"Frugal Meal," Albert Neuhay—W. W. Ogilvie.
"Houseswife," Francois Bonvins—Sir W. C. Van Horne.
"The Dressmaker's Shop," Jan Kaypers—Sir W. C. Van Horne.
"On the Oise," John Hammond, E. C. A.—Sir W. C. Van Horne.
"Fishwife," F. A. J. Dagnan-Bouveret—Sir W. C. Van Horne.
"Cardon Breton," F. A. J. Dagnan-Bouveret—R. B. Agers.
"Portrait of a Girl," E. Van Marcke—R. Agers.
"The Homeless Boy," F. Pelas—R. B. Agers.
"The Dead Arab," Ferdinand Ruybist—R. B. Agers.
"The Golden Horn," F. Ziem—W. Scott & Sons.
"Hamstead Heath," James Stack—W. Scott & Sons.
"Golden Grapes," A. W. Guillemin, Paris—W. Scott & Sons.
"Housing sheep," Waterbeck—W. Scott & Sons.
"Moonlight," Welassenbruck—W. Scott & Sons.
"The Crown of Flowers," W. A. Bougereau—Art Association.
"La Rose" (The Dew), E. Lansyer—Art Association.
"Art Association."
"Le Retour of the Strippers," E. L. Vernier—Art Association.

Near the head of the stairs the Women's Art Ass. collection has a book which contains a splendid display of old china and miniatures, a Swiss carved chair and tea table, valuable Persian silk rugs, and a very general collection of art bric-a-brac.

The tea room is in charge of a number of young ladies whose dainty gowns add to the brightness of the room. The tables have each a vase of carnations and the arrangements are all most attractive.

Mrs. E. L. Ross and Miss Morrison have returned from St. Stephen, where they were guests of Mrs. George E. Sands.

Mrs. Charles F. Todd was here from the border to attend the funeral of Mr. Hedley V. Cooper.

Mr. James McManus and Miss McManus of Grand Falls were in the city for a few days during the week.

Miss Mabel Tapley who has been visiting her uncle, Hon. James Holly of Douglas Avenue, returned last week to her home in Woodstock.

Dr. Murray of Springhill, N. S. spent an evening with St. John friends this week on his way home from the United States, where he has been spending a short holiday.

The Lieut. Governor and Mrs. McClellan were in the city for a few days during the week.

Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Vassie and Miss Vassie returned the first of the week from a visit to Ottawa.

Mr. James F. Robertson is in Halifax visiting his daughter Mrs. (Dr.) Curry.

Miss Alice M. Dixon is spending a little while with Boston friends. During her absence Mrs. W. E. O. Jones will fill her place as organist in the Main street church.

Mrs. E. R. Mulhall and Miss Forbes of Liverpool N. S. were in the city for a short time in the early part of the week.

Mr. A. E. Crawford of Montreal was here on Wednesday of this week.

Mr. John Byers, his daughter Mrs. Lock and his granddaughters the Misses Lock leave on Wednesday's Galtia for England where they expect to spend the next year or two. Friends of the family will wish them a safe passage and a pleasant stay in the old country.

Mr. and Mrs. A. J. Webster of Shediac have the congratulations of many St. John friends on the recent addition to their family. The young stranger is a boy.

Miss Nellie Smith has returned to her home at Harvey station after spending the winter in St. John's.

Mrs. Wetmore who has been spending some time here for the benefit of her health, returned to Toronto last Saturday much improved by her stay here.

Mrs. W. L. Hamm and Miss Lou Hanna will leave early in May on a visit to Winnipeg and other parts of the West.

Miss Mamie Kerr of Atlanta, Ga., is a guest of Mrs. Fred Travis of Essex street.

Dr. F. Webster of London, England is among the strangers who are spending a little while in the city.

Mr. E. L. Temple is paying a business visit to Ottawa this week.

Miss Pickett has returned from a lengthy visit to her brother and his wife Mr. and Mrs. Pickett.

Mr. E. C. Tilley, accompanied by his mother, Lady Tilley, and his brother Mr. L. F. D. Tilley, left Thursday for Boston. On Monday next Mr. E. C. Tilley will be united in marriage to Miss Beatrice Tucker. The prospective bride is an artist of considerable ability, well known in this city and province and for some years past a resident of

St. John. The bridesmaid will be Miss Turnbull of this city, and Mr. L. P. D. Tilley will be groomsmen. On their return Mr. and Mrs. Tilley will spend two or three weeks with "Lottie" at Charlton Place, and will then go to "Lottie" for the summer. In the autumn they will take up their residence in the handsome new house now building on Coakley street.

Miss Florence Steeves and Mr. J. T. Steeves spent the Easter holidays with city friends returning to Hillsboro late in the week.

Mr. and Mrs. ex-Master Fred Dumery have returned to their home in Amherst, after spending two weeks with their brother and sister Mr. and Mrs. Andrew Dumery, Richmond street.

Miss Ella Rowe has gone to Hillsboro to spend the summer with her sister Mrs. Steeves and other friends.

Mrs. Hazen of Fredericton is spending a short time with her son Mr. J. Douglas Hazen.

Mr. Miles B. Dixon paid a brief visit to the provincial capital during the week.

Mrs. H. A. Delaney entertained upwards of 100 of Miss Edith's friends last Friday, at her home on Orange street, the chief amusement being dancing. Edith was stretched over the carpets of the spacious parlors and the young folks "tripped the light fantastic" from 7 until 11 p. m. for those who did not enjoy dancing, games were placed in the dining room. Refreshments were served at 9 o'clock. A very enjoyable evening was spent by all present and Miss Edith was voted a charming hostess.

Some of the costumes worn by the little folks were very pretty and dainty. Among the guests were:

- Miss Sadie MacFarlane, Miss Ruth Fairall, Miss Marie Hamilton, Miss W. Fairweather, Miss Bertha Macaulay, Miss Eunice Macaulay, Miss Edith Robertson, Miss Marion Peter, Miss Edith Creighton, Miss Brenda McIntyre, Miss Nellie McIntyre, Miss Grace Fisher, Miss Valrie Sandall, Miss Pearl Peters, Miss Winnie Blizard, Miss Lena Nash, Miss Mand Magee, Miss Helen Church, Miss Alice McDiarmid, Miss Helen Jack, Miss Ebel Smith, Miss Le-a Leochler, Miss Hannah Logas, Miss Katie Murray, Miss Nellie McQuaid, Miss Vera Nevin, Miss Blanche Allen, Miss Treva Mitchell, Miss B. Sutherland, Miss Mabel Robb, Miss Carrie Ballie, Miss Constance Bruce, Miss Helen Bruce, Miss Jean Leitch, Miss Edith Fales, Miss Bertha Fales, Miss Fossie Bowman, Miss Muriel Balliston, Miss Marion Macaulay, Miss Eva Swetka, Miss Daisy Sears, Miss Fannie Jenkins, Miss Jean Smith, Miss Katie McPherson, Miss Ella Smith, Miss Hazel Hall, Miss Ella Fraser, Miss Malv Willis, Miss Kathleen Holden, Miss Florrie Watson, Miss Nan Watson, Miss Hazel Campbell, Miss Jean Campbell, Miss Eva Smith, Miss Lillie Raymond, Miss Annie Dickie, Miss Gladys Dickie, Miss Lillian Anderson, Miss Maria Cowan, Miss Gertrude Hannah, Miss Helen Hannah, Miss Bessie Salter, Miss Alice Plimmer, Miss Rita Wilson.

Master Harold Belyas, Master Bruce Malcolm, Master Frank Simonds, Master Laurence Allen, Master Jack Morrison, Master Roy Baird, Master Nigel Bruce, Master H. Raymond, Master W. Campbell, Master Willie Swetka, Easter Ronald Kerr, Master Tot Leonard, Master Harry Fales, Master A. Giersten, Master E. McAvity, Master Willie Malcolm, Master H. McMichael, Master Kenneth Allen, Master Chalmers Jack, Master Douglas Clinch, Master Roy Nash, Master Willie Raymond, Master Fred Fowler, Master Alie Smith, Master Stanley Kerr, Master Percy Leonard, Master Ralph Fales, Master Harry Doherty, Master W. H. Fraser, Master Jack Bears.

Among the many gifts received by Mr. and Mrs. Chas. Khor upon the occasion of their marriage last Thursday were the following: Mr. and Mrs. Geo. Kirkpatrick, lemonade set; Mr. Chas. Walters, silver berry spoon; Mr. William McIntosh, glass set; Mr. and Mrs. Wellington Lord, silver fruit knives; Mr. and Mrs. Clinton Reed, half dozen silver spoons and sugar shell; Mr. and Mrs. Samuel Fisher, silver cake basket; Mr. and Mrs. Elijah Toole, silver pie knife; Mr. and Mrs. Daniel Haslem, castor stand;

Mr. and Mrs. Jas. Cassoway, Halifax, silver butter dish; Mr. and Mrs. Mason, Halifax, silver pickle stand; Mr. and Mrs. Gilbert E. Bigg, china tea set; Mr. and Mrs. Robert L. Adams, ornamented clock; Mrs. James Napier, commode set; Mr. Levi Colwell, silver pickle stand; Mrs. Richard Kestelich, sugar shell; Mr. and Mrs. Robert Craig, cheese dish; Miss Winnie Retalick, silver napkin ring; Miss Mamie McAvity, parlor ornaments; Miss Jessie and Mamie Craig, fruit dish; Mr. and Mrs. J. Veinore and family, cheese dish; Mr. and Mrs. E. Appleby, jardiner; Mr. William Uquhart, berry spoon; Mr. and Mrs. William Kapier, jardiner; Frank King, jardiner; Carleton Cooper Band, four clock.

Miss M. McPartland daughter of Mr. James McPartland, left this week for Manchester, N. H., where she will pursue a course of studies in nursing.

Mr. and Mrs. J. E. Bruce of Moncton spent a short time in St. J. on the last of the week.

Mr. B. C. Sorens of Sackville was a visitor to the city for a little while this week.

Mr. E. W. W. of Yarmouth was among recent visitors to the city.

Miss Jennie McLoughlin who has been staying for some time with her sister Mrs. D. L. Babbitt of Fredericton returned home this week.

Mr. James Jack is spending a month's holiday in the United States and the Upper Provinces.

Hon. A. D. Richard of Dorchester spent a few days this week in the city.

An interesting entertainment was given this week in the schoolroom of Centenary church by the King's Messenger Band in connection with the school; the following names appeared on the excellent programme: Misses Fannie Jenkins, Trixy Lockhart, Allie McCarty, Hannah Logan, Flossie Bowman, Mr. Wm. McCarty, Miss Scammell, Miss Truman, Mrs. F. G. Spencer, Edna Logan, Misses Jenkins, Mr. McCaskey and Mr. Jordan. At the close of the evening refreshments were served in the church parlors.

Mr. and Mrs. Geo. E. Fenety and Miss Fenety, leave tomorrow for Boston where they will remain for a short time before proceeding to Washington. Judge Landry is in town today.

Mrs. Geo. R. Farkin of Toronto is visiting Mrs. A. F. Sandolph at Frogmore.

Mr. Woodbridge and son Mr. Norman Woodbridge have returned from an enjoyable visit to Boston.

Mr. Ernest Powers, of the institution for the deaf and dumb left on Monday for a brief visit to Montreal.

Mr. Harry Bridges of Boston, is visiting his brother Dr. J. W. Bridges.

Mr. Geo. F. Gregory Q. C. is in Ottawa on a business trip.

Mr. and Mrs. Geo. E. Fenety and Miss Fenety left this week for Washington, D. C., where they will remain for a few weeks. Mr. Fenety has fully recovered.

Mr. Bert McMurray gave a large party on Friday evening at which he entertained about one hundred of his young friends dancing being the amusement of the evening and shortly before midnight a sumptuous supper was served.

Mrs. Hazen is in St. John visiting her son Mr. J. Douglas Hazen.

Mr. E. Golding and W. J. Robertson of Quebec are among the visitors in town.

Miss Mary Todd of Boston is here visiting Mrs. Geo. Inch.

Mrs. Oudlip is visiting her son Superintendent Cudlip at Maryville.

Mr. Miles B. Dixon of St. John is in the city. The Misses Minnie and Lottie Vandine have returned from visiting Mrs. Palmer at Sackville.

Mr. W. H. Vawter has returned from a pleasant trip to Montreal and Niagara Falls. CHICAGO.

The Wooden-Log Brigade.

In case it's war, an' trouble In this here country's made, Want will they do with them ol' boys— The wooden-log brigade? They've had but little pensions— They're laid out in the shade; So what is ter become o' them— The wooden-log brigade?

I mean those gray-haired fellers That followed G'tral Lee, An' sold a star' for this here inn' When Sherman made for sea; For when the war was over An' terms o' peace was made, The whole, it said, they fit an' bled— This wooden-log brigade!

But now, they're kinder crippled An' laid up on the shelf; God fer us all—from spring ter fall, An' each man fer himself! That's what the whole said, brotherin'— Just left 'em in the shade, With not a leaky shelter For the wooden-log brigade!

So, what'll gov'ment do with 'em? I'm very much afraid That won't be any place For the wooden-log brigade! They'll never get no pensions; A way from north they'll fade; An' the state 'll say: "God rest 'em— That ol' wooden-log brigade!"

Atlanta Constitution.

Place Your Order Now For a "Welcome" Bicycle, A guaranteed High-Grade 1898 Wheel for 200 "Welcome" Soap Wrappers and \$35.50 Cash. Here is an easy way of getting a good Bicycle for very little money. Your grocer has the Famous old reliable "Welcome" soap and specifications of the "Welcome" Bicycle, or write us for particulars. This is the most liberal Premium proposition ever offered to the public. Remember we guarantee the wheel. They are being snapped up quickly, the supply is limited. Place Your Order Now. The Welcome Soap Co., St. John, N. B.

"Round the Fork" This delicate, white, tender Macaroni curls round the fork and follows its every motion—You've eaten other kinds that stand out stiff like wire. Codou's is made only from Russian wheat—no other wheat makes such good macaroni. Progressive grocers sell it Codou's Macaroni.

What Do You Think of it? A dollar and a half book for only 50 cents. We are offering as an inducement to new subscribers, the book, Life and Times of Hon. Joseph Howe, by G. E. Fenety, together with a year's subscription to Progress for \$2.50. This book is handsomely bound in different colors and profusely illustrated, and one that should be in every home of the Maritime Provinces. Apply At Once To "The PROGRESS Printing and Publishing Co., Ltd." St. John, N. B.

Mumford's Improved Boiler Robb Engineering Co., Ltd. Amherst, N. S. It is internally fired and the hot gases pass through the tubes and return around the shell, making every foot of the boiler effective heating surface. The water circulates rapidly from front to back of boiler, up the back connection to drum and down the front connection to a point below the fire. Sediment in feed water will be deposited at front end of drum or below furnace and all parts of boiler are accessible for cleaning purposes.

"The Ideal Tonic." CAMPBELL'S QUININE WINE Tones up the System, Restores the Appetite. No other Quinine Wine is just as good. When You Order... PHILIP ISLAND WINES... BE SURE YOU GET OUR BRAND. Ask for Our Brand and See You Get It E. G. SCOVIL, 62 Union Street.

Old Dresses Made New That's what Maypole Soap does to faded old clothing—makes it fresh and gives a brilliant, fast, sure, even color throughout. It doesn't dye the hands—you use it just as you do soap. It washes and dyes at one operation. There are no "streaks" in whatever is dyed with it. All colors of Progressive Dyes and Grocers. Maypole Soap Dyes. Free Book all about successful Home Dyeing, by addressing the Wholesale Depot, 35 Place Royale, Montreal.

FOR ADDITIONAL SOCIETY NEWS, SEE FIFTH AND EIGHTH PAGES



HALIFAX NOTES.

Progress is for sale in Halifax by the newsboys and at the following news stands and centres.

Mr. Cecil Morrow gave a large tea on Easter Monday for Mrs. Bor who left last week for Bermuda.

There was a large gathering at the Conservatory of Music Monday evening, as every one was most anxious to see what sort of an entertainment a Magyarsent could be.

On Tuesday evening there were two dinners given and on Wednesday evening Mrs. Montgomery Moore had a small evening party exceeding a dinner.

Mrs. Farrell was a hostess of Thursday and her large tea was well attended and at times the rooms were crowded despite the excellent arrangements.

On Thursday evening of this week Colonel Clancy and the officers of the Leinster regiment gave a dance at Wellington Barracks where no dance has been given for so long.

The marriage of Miss Dol Lawson and Mr. Grierson takes place this week at Calgary.

Archbishop O'Brien leaves next week for Bermuda on his return from Quebec, whither he went to attend the obsequies of Cardinal Tascheran.

Mrs. Campbell has arrived from the Northwest and is paying a visit to her parents and being warmly welcomed by old friends.

YARMOOUTH.

April 20.—Since the close of the penitential season society has not fully awakened to its usual gaiety, so that I have but few teas and not one "grown up" party to record.

The recent entertainment given by the Yarmouth Band was most successfully presented at the Royal Opera house on Easter Monday evening to a large and fashionable audience.

Mr. John T. Arenburg at musical director received many congratulations on his skill or stage management and general supervisor, and everything went off without a hitch.

Miss Conrad, a little Miss of thirteen, fairly charmed her listeners with her beautiful voice, and in the duet, "I've Wandered in Dreams," from Wade, sung by her and Mr. Arenburg, she made her first hit and received a hearty ovation.

Miss Conrad was at her best, and her powerful and flexible voice together with her winning manner will always make her welcomed by Yarmouth audience.

Miss Jean Gardner, attractive in white organdie over pink silk, was at her best and charmed us with De Koven's pretty little gem, "Nits Gittans."

Miss Grace Peterkin accompanied Miss Conrad with violin, besides playing a solo charmerly.

The "boys" of the Band fairly outdid themselves and opened the programme with Sousa's brilliant march "Bride Elect."

Perhaps the most taxing number played by the band was the grand "Descriptive War Fantasia," by Maror.

As most of our citizens have been interested in the war talk over the way, this selection brought down the house and was an example of what the band is capable of doing.

Mr. Gillis and Mr. Arenburg favored the audience with selections, and a comic song by Yarmouth's comedian, Mr. Filson, was the success of the evening.

The annual Easter sale of Trinity church took place on Thursday and Friday of last week and drew a large and admiring crowd to inspect and purchase from the beautiful and highly artistic display of fancy goods and useful work prepared by the ladies of that church.

Flags and bunting were profuse and long tables were ranged round the room and presented quite a business like appearance as the fair saleswomen in delicate cambric and silk white waists stood behind them and "cracked up the wares" for sale.

six to eight and his readiness to say that the reputation of these ladies for a delicious and appetizing supper was fully sustained.

Among the festivities of the week the party given on Friday evening by Mrs. McGra in honor of her little daughter Jean was perhaps the most elaborate.

It was a very pretty affair, and nearly seventy were present, all indulging in dancing until ten o'clock when refreshments consisting of every desirable goodie, a table with teas were served, and dancing continued for another hour.

The Mand Hillman company played in the Royal Opera house for several evenings to full houses.

Hon. Mr. Ford gave a delightful tea to several of her lady friends on Wednesday afternoon.

The friends of Mrs. Strath are pleased to have her back again for the season.

Mrs. Joseph Brown left Saturday for a fortnight's visit to friends in Boston.

Mrs. Tilley is spending some time at the Hub in the interest of her business.

PICTOU.

Mr. and Mrs. Clyde Davidson of Halifax spent Sunday in town the guests of Mrs. G. R. Chisolm.

Lady Whiteway of St. John's Newfoundland spent part of last week in town the guest of Mrs. W. Gordon.

Miss Millie McDonald left last week to visit friends in Halifax.

Dr. J. Stewart of Halifax was in town Monday.

Mr. H. Wetmore of Truro was in town Saturday.

Miss Mary McDonald, pale blue silk, flitting of black chiffon, crimson roses.

Miss Hensley, black silk, lace and pink ash.

Miss Wilson, white dotted muslin.

Miss Robbins, white silk.

Miss Gairth, white dotted swiss over yellow silk corsege arranged, with pink roses.

Miss Fraser, white silk, crimson chiton.

Miss Hensley, black silk, lace and pink ash.

Miss Wilson, white dotted muslin.

Miss Robbins, white silk.

Miss Gairth, white dotted swiss over yellow silk corsege arranged, with pink roses.

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Miss Wilson, white dotted muslin.

Miss Robbins, white silk.

Miss Gairth, white dotted swiss over yellow silk corsege arranged, with pink roses.

APRIL 20.—The series of Quadrille assemblies which have been held in the Merchant's bank building during the past week terminated last Thursday night, in a delightful ball, which was the crowning success of the season.

Messrs. W. F. McKay, F. L. Murray, and G. E. Williams are being felicitated on all sides on the success of their combined efforts.

Mrs. A. D. Wetmore wore a handsome gown of white satin, en train, the bodice arranged with real lace, turquoise ornaments.

Mrs. Cyrus Archibald wore a striking and becoming gown of dove gray serge, bodice arranged with white satin and chiffon embroidered with pearls.

Mrs. Howard Wetmore, handsome white satin, en train, chiffon bodice, and sash of white tulle in the hair.

Mrs. E. Phillips, handsome toilette of yellow silk, bouffant front of yellow satin and flounces white lace on skirt.

Mrs. J. J. Taylor, black silk decollete bodice of black chiffon arranged with violets very becoming.

Mrs. W. D. Hewson, yellow and black crepon.

Mrs. E. F. Porter, pale green crepon.

Miss Edith Leckie, white silk, bodice arranged with pink roses, white ostrich plume in hair.

Miss Yoram, pink mousseline de soie over pink silk, chiffon and pink roses.

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Vapo-Cresolene. Cures While You Sleep. Whooping Cough, Croup, Colds, Coughs, Asthma, Catarrh.

DORCHESTER.

APRIL 20.—The lecture delivered by Judge Wedderburn which was referred to last week was a most successful entertainment.

Mr. Nelson W. Brown then introduced Judge Wedderburn to the audience in a few well-chosen remarks.

Mr. George Smith, inspector of schools is here visiting the different departments of the Superior school this week.

Mr. Kenneth Forster has left the employ of the Merchant's bank of Halifax, and has gone to Windsor, N.S., to seek employment there.

Mrs. A. E. Oulton spent Monday in Sackville.

Mrs. W. D. of Amherst is visiting her mother Mrs. Jos. Hickman, who is suffering from a severe cold.

Mrs. R. A. Chapman of Moncton is visiting Mrs. Landry at the Maple. Her many friends in Dorchester are welcoming her to her old home.

The funeral of Mr. Percy Kinder took place here last Thursday afternoon after the arrival of the mail train; it was very largely attended.

Mrs. Percy Kinder of Moncton spent Tuesday in town.

Miss Mand Harrison returned from Whitebush on Monday evening.

ANDOVER.

APRIL 20.—Miss Alice Haley who has been spending the winter with her friend Miss Edith Tibbits, returned to her home in Portsmouth N.H. on Tuesday.

Miss Pickett has returned to her home in St. John after a very lengthy visit to her sister Mrs. Pickett.

Miss Kate Watson is spending a few weeks in Houlton, Me.

Judge Stevens of St. Stephen is in town attending court.

The many friends of Miss Ethel Tibbits were glad to hear of her safe arrival at Vancouver last week.

Miss Lillian Stewart is spending a few weeks with friends at Fort Fairfield, Me.

Mr. Lee Ervin and Mr. George Osborne of Fort Fairfield were in town Monday.

A very successful sale was held in Beveridge's hall on Wednesday by the ladies of the Episcopal church.

The fancy table was looked after by Mrs. Farley and Miss Jennie Watson.

Miss Helen Perley had charge of the candy table.

Miss Helen Perley, May Tibbits, Sadie Tibbits, Louise Perley, May Tibbits, Sadie Tibbits, and Miss May Waite with a number of other young ladies as assistants.

Chorus, Easter carol, the girls of the Guild; solo, Gales of the West, Mr. Wellar; recitation, Miss Ethel Barker; solo, The Bride, Mr. C. LeB. Miles; Reading, Miss Helen Perley; Solo, The Fairies, Miss Ethel Barker; Solo Mr. Wellar.

Miss Emma Biddell who has been very ill for some time is slowly improving.

Dr. MacKenzie went to St. John yesterday.

Mr. Abney Upham arrived from St. Stephen on Saturday to see her mother-in-law Mrs. Upham, who I regret to say is seriously ill.

Rev. A. Gale of Acadia Mines was a guest at the rectory on Monday.

Mr. and Mrs. W. Fraser and little son Carl, of Springfield, spent Easter with Capt. and Mrs. Norby.

Mr. Eric of Bear River lately paid a visit to his sister Mrs. F. A. Rand.

Mr. A. W. Copp was last week in St. John.

PARBROBO.

APRIL 20.—The married couples what club enjoyed an evening at Mrs. Nordby's on Thursday.

Mr. Stuart Jenks returned today from Montreal.

Dr. Johnson and Mr. E. Reid made a trip across the basin in a yacht to spend Easter with friends.

Mr. J. Woodruff of Ottawa was registered at the Queen last week. He will return on the 25th to deliver his Klondike lecture.

Miss Longhead went to Truro to spend Easter.

Mr. Burpee Tucker also spent Easter at Truro.

Mr. Medley Smith returned to Mt. Allison on Easter Monday.

Mr. Stuart Salter is visiting her relatives at Amherst.

Dr. MacKenzie went to St. John yesterday.

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Millinery Days.

The impetus given to Hats and Bonnets by our marvellously and successful opening a week ago is making Marr's Millinery Parlors talked of in the best homes of city and country.

H. G. MARR, MONCTON, N. B.

ONLY A COUGH!

But it may be a sign of some serious malady fastening itself upon the vital parts.

PUTNER'S EMULSION

will dislodge it and restore the irritated and inflamed tissue to healthy action.

Always get PUTNER'S. It is the original and best.

Spring Lamb,

THOMAS DEAN, City Market.

MACKEREL AND SHAD

Large Salt Mackerel. Large Salt Economy Shad. No. 1 Salt Herring. In Small Kits for Family Use, at 19 and 23 King Square.

J. D. TURNER.

CROCKETT'S... CATARRH CURE!

A positive cure for Catarrh, Colds in Head, etc. Prepared by

THOMAS A. CROCKETT, 162 Princess St. Cor. Sydney.

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

The "Lumboscopy" Method; also "Systolic System" for beginners. Apply at the residence of Mrs. J. Z. WHITLOCK.

THE HORSE CAN'T. Tuttle's Elixir

to his poor lame joints and cords. This Elixir locates lameness, when applied, by remaining moist on the part affected; the resin dries out. \$1.00 BOTTLE. H. P. F. QUERRELL, of Orleans of all kinds, Colic, Curb, Splints, Contracted and Knotted Adhesions, and Shoe Galls. Used and endorsed by Adams Express Co.

\$5,000 Reward to the person who can prove one of these testimonials bogus.

Dr. S. A. Tuttle, St. John, N. B., Oct. 24, 1897. Dear Sir:—I have much pleasure in recommending your Horse Elixir to all interested in horses. I have used it for several years and have found it to be all it is represented. I have used it on my running horse and also on my leading stallion "Special Brand" with the desired effect. It is undoubtedly a first-class article.

I remain yours respectfully, H. L. BOI WILLS, Prop. Hotel DuRoi.

PUDDINGTON & MERRITT, 55 Charlotte Street Agents for Canada.

# Baby's Own Soap

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

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

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The Albert Toilet Soap Co., Mrs. Montreal.

ST. STEPHEN AND CALAIS.

Progress is for sale in St. Stephen at the book store of G. S. Wall & E. Robinson and J. Vroom & Co. in Calais at O. P. Treat's.

April 20—The Japanese party, which I mentioned in a previous letter, to be given by Miss Kate Washburn and Miss Alice Todd, was the most charming affair the young society people of Calais have enjoyed for many moons. The party was given at the pretty home of Miss Washburn on Hinesley Hill, which was most skilfully and elaborately decorated with Japanese bric-a-brac. The guests were received by their hostesses in the reception room; they were seated in very handsome Japanese costumes, as were the young ladies who assisted them in the pleasant duty of entertaining.

The ladies were the Misses Lillian McKenzie, Florence Boardman, Ellen Harris and Jane Todd. The evening's entertainment was unique and varied every minute from the time the guests arrived until their departure, was filled with amusement. Partners for the evening were chosen with special favors, each guest was supposed to represent a song. Prizes in Japanese trifles were awarded to the successful winners at the end of the evening. Sherbet, cake, and bon-bons, were served in Japanese style throughout the evening. It was a most delightful affair from beginning to end, and the guests one and all, are most enthusiastic in regard to it. This party is the first of a series of three to be given by these young ladies.

The Post-race, given by the young ladies of Christ Church on Thursday evening, was a very pleasant affair. The school room, in which it was held, was elaborately decorated with the posters of flags, plants and flowers. Little tables were placed about at short distances apart through the room, and here the partners of the affair enjoyed the delightful social, and pleasantly discussed the latest topics of interest. A grand time was had by all, and the entertainment was also a feature of the entertainment.

Miss Ellen Nelson of Calais, who for the past two years has been devoting herself to the study of vocal music in Paris and France, had the honor recently of being invited to sing at a grand reception given at the American Club in honor of General General Govery. Miss Nelson sang three times, and he has a magnificent contralto voice and her singing is greatly admired. There were present at the reception a number of distinguished ladies and gentlemen of the American colony.

Miss Annie King gave a pleasant seven-handed square party one evening last week, which I hear was greatly enjoyed.

Mrs. Hugh Gullison and Miss Mary Gullison intend to leave this week for Montreal where they will be in the future reside.

Mrs. Stued of Marysville is the guest of Mrs. Henry Graham.

It will be heard with gladness by her numerous friends at home and throughout the province that Mrs. George J. Clarke who is under a physician's care in New York, is already greatly benefited and it is expected she will return home in a few weeks restored to her usual health.

The ladies of Trinity church are preparing to give a Japanese tea party the first week in May, in the schoolroom adjoining the church. The proceeds of the party will be for the benefit of the church. A number of the younger ladies of the congregation will be attired in Japanese costumes to wait upon the guests at supper, which will be served on Japanese dishes in oriental style.

Japanese parties seem to be in high favor this month. I heard today of a Jap. white party, to be given by some ladies in Calais this week. I hope to be able to describe it in my next letter.

Mrs. Stone has returned to Fredericton, after a pleasant visit of two weeks with her sister, Miss Fannie Moore.

Mrs. E. L. Ross and Miss Morrison of St. John's who have been the guests of Mrs. George E. Sands have returned to St. John after a pleasant visit of a week.

Invitations were received here today from Mr. William Trout King, to the marriage of her daughter Miss Edith Hale King, to Mr. Jerry Dickerman Bates of Vermont, which takes place on Wednesday evening May fourth, at the home of the bride's

brother Mr. Fredric King, at St. Thomas street, Portland Maine.

Mrs. J. R. Soderquist has gone to Montport for a short visit with relatives.

Mrs. Almon I. Todd's friends will be pleased to hear she is much better today and her physician hopes for a speedy recovery to her usual health.

Mr. E. B. McAllister has been visiting Portland during the past week.

Miss Alice Robbins gave a most delightful tea on Wednesday evening last in honor of her friend Miss Katherine Copeland, to announce her engagement to Mr. William Dunbar of Cambridge, Mass., to her young lady friends, and to enable her to receive their congratulations.

Company K commanded by Lieut. Colonel Ernest T. Lee is recruited to full fighting strength and are ready and eager to leave, to defend their country, if needed.

Mrs. Charles F. Todd went to St. John to attend the funeral services of the late Mr. Hedy Cooper.

Mr. and Mrs. Louis Dexter Jr., have gone to New York city for a brief trip.

Mrs. McAdam wife of the late Hon. John McAdam and one of our oldest and most esteemed ladies is very much to the anxiety of her relatives and friends.

Mr. Percy Lord has been visiting Augusta Maine.

Miss Winifred Todd has returned to Amherst, Mass., to resume her studies at the Abbott academy.

Mrs. Hester Grimmer is visiting friends in Boston and vicinity.

Mrs. Henry R. Haon is visiting friends in New York city.

Miss Martha Young has returned from Florida, where she has spent several months.

Rev. R. L. Stoggett accompanied by Mrs. Stoggett and their little son Jack, leave Herculano Maine for England early in June, for a visit to relatives to last several weeks.

Mrs. John Clarke Taylor has returned from Boston where she has spent the winter.

Miss Clara Barnard is in Calais arranging to close her father's residence, preparatory to residing with her father this year in Boston. Mr. Barnard and his daughter are among the most esteemed of Calais citizens and their departure from the city is felt not only socially but in many ways.

Mr. John de Wolfe of Halifax has been the guest of his brother, Mr. Andrew de Wolfe during the past week.

Rev. Henry Woods of Carleton Place, has been visiting his parents Mr. and Mrs. William Wood.

Miss Catherine Copeland has gone to Boston for a short visit.

Dr. Frank L. Blair arrived from Boston on Friday after a visit of a week and is warmly welcomed back by his parents and friends.

Mr. Charles E. Hayden left on Tuesday on a business trip to Bangor, Boston and other cities.

Miss Mattie Grant has arrived home after a delightful visit in Washington, D. C., and other cities.

Mr. and Mrs. Edwin B. Todd who have spent a fortnight in Boston to enjoy the pleasures of the theatre and opera during this season arrived home this week, accompanied by Mr. and Mrs. Gilbert W. Ganong M. P., accompanied by Mrs. Ganong left on Thursday for Ottawa. During their short stay at home they were guests of Mr. and Mrs. John R. Robinson, Mrs. Ganong's parents.

Mr. Frank F. Fowler has returned to Boston after a pleasant visit of a week.

SACKVILLE.

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

April 10—The past week has been quiet in the social world. The chief entertainment was furnished by the Foresters' meeting Wednesday evening in the Music hall. As admission was free it is needless to say there was a large attendance, and it was one of the quietest and best behaved crowds I was ever my pleasure to sit among. Perhaps the gentlemen ushers had something to do with the perfect order and possibly the many Foresters scattered through the audience inspired awe with the quasi military effect of their red badges. Many of the members of this order seemed in doubt however as to which shoulder they should fasten on this affair of red velvet and gold fringe. Judge Emmerson was chairman, and opened the programme with a concise account of the order from its earliest dawn to its present flourishing condition. Before Judge Wedderburn, the orator of the evening commenced his address, he stated that a most pleasant duty devolved on him, that of presenting Judge Emmerson with a handsome gold watch which was the price offered by the members of the order to the member who could within a stated period secure the largest number of Foresters. The competition was open to Canada, United States and Great Britain. Judge Emmerson made a long and fluent speech on the advantages of belonging to the Foresters, the great good the order had accomplished and its sound financial basis. He was most eloquent at times and though he spoke over an hour he received close attention from first to last. The Judge not only enjoys the reputation of a fine speaker but is said to be one of the handsomest men in the maritime provinces. A good programme of music was judiciously sprinkled through the evening.

The first selection was a minstrel song by Messrs. L. Smith, C. Ams, C. Richardson and C. Miller, the last gentlemen also playing the accompaniment. They were promptly encored. The next was a well sung solo, "The Ladies' March" by Mrs. W. F. Fawcett, of Upper Sackville. Mrs. Fawcett possessed a very pleasant toned voice but did not do herself full justice from the piano being pitched too low. The quartette "Speed Away" by Messrs. Deboon, Fain, Doull, and Crossman was very pretty and they were called back more than once. Mr. Deboon's fine tenor showed to advantage in "Anchored" and Mr. Murray sang "The March of the Cameron Men" with true Scottish fervor. In response to a rapturous encore he gave "Kullaloo" which always brings down the house. Miss Trem played the accompaniment with great acceptance. The evening closed with the national anthem during the singing of which most of the audience seemed to suddenly remember a pressing engagement elsewhere and turned out as if the strains of God Save the Queen was either an alarm of fire or an intimation that her gracious majesty was in imminent danger and Providence likely to be dilatory in the matter of saving her.

Friday a very delightful ball was given in Amherst by Mrs. Lamp which was attended by four of our Sackville ladies, Mrs. Horace Fawcett, Miss Grace Fawcett, Miss Jennie Fawcett and Miss Miande Estabrooke. From rumors I hear they must have all looked most charming. Mrs. Fawcett wore a very becoming gown of pale pink silk with decorations of orange ribbon and roses of the same shade.

Miss Estabrooke was gowned in terra cotta shot silk trimmed with quantities of black chiffon and jet and had a beautiful bouquet of cream carnations and lily of the valley.

Miss Grace Fawcett had a very dainty costume of cashmere yellow silk, the bodice of which was neatly covered with cream chiffon and pearl pas-

pernappes. A striking decoration was the neck of which had at one side in a large loose knot. Her shoes were pink roses.

Miss Jennie Fawcett, looked like a dream of spring in a dress of pale green glacia, trimmed with ribbons the same shade and pearl passementerie. A bunch of cream roses put the finishing touch to her pretty toilette.

Saturday afternoon the Mission band: Mr. Allison held a candy sale in Beethoven hall. There was a large quantity of maple candy and a great variety of the home made article in the manufacture of which most of the young ladies are experts being able to do wonders over a lamp. The hall was most attractively arranged, the booths being draped with flags and bunting and the sweet wares set out in all sorts of fancy boxes and baskets. There was not at all a large attendance of townspeople in as there should be considering the good object of the affair but the students turned out well and got sweet from the sweet to large extent. It was finally turned into a sort of reception and much enjoyed accordingly. The proceeds were over \$30.00.

Saturday evening there was a private reception at the ladies college which is a function not open to the public but to those students only who have "sisters, cousins or aunts" to visit. Consequently the family tree is a favorite branch studied with pride worthy industry by many of the young men.

Sunday afternoon there was an interesting meeting of the Auxiliary Women's Missionary Society in the U. P. or Sackville church. Mrs. Tutin, who had spent five years in missionary work among the Chinese in British Columbia, gave a comprehensive address on China. Mrs. Arthur George read extracts from letters of missionaries in Chinese, China. There were suitable recitations from Miss McMillan, Miss Jennie Fawcett and Master Eddy Barnes. The choir with Miss Jennie Fawcett as organist, furnished excellent music. The anthem with duet between Messrs Fawcett and W. W. Fawcett was noticeable. There were also good solos by Miss Bertie Hicks and Miss Jennie Fawcett. The church was full.

St. Pauls church gave another good programme of songs Sunday evening including "The Strain Uprising," a new anthem and a reproduction of the duet between Miss Estabrooke and Mr. Murray. There was an unusually large congregation.

Miss Louise Webb, a Mt. Allison graduate is doing well for herself. Not only has she held a good place in Cornell as a student this year but has received a position as teacher in English and History at the Mary Nash college, Sherman, Texas, with a handsome salary.

The funeral of the late George T. Bower took place this afternoon. Though he had been in failing health some years his death on Monday morning from heart failure was sudden and a shock to his friends. Mr. Bower belonged to one of the oldest families in Sackville. York street on Yorkshire who settled in the vicinity, one of whom was Mr. Bower's grandfather. The deceased was a man of means and one of Sackville's well respected citizens. It is understood he has made a handsome bequest to the Mt. Allison institutions.

Madame Marie Harrison continues to reap musical laurels. Her latest successful appearance was in Hamilton Ont. where gowned in a Paris creation she charmed her audience and was presented with handsome bouquets.

Monday evening the reading club in connection with the Epworth League met at Mrs. Borden's. The members are now occupied with writers of the early part of the eighteenth century.

Wednesday Dr. Borden was to give his much looked lecture on the Bible in Moncton under the auspices of the Ladies League of the Central Methodist Church.

Mrs. J. F. Aison returned from Halifax Saturday.

The Misses Young spent Sunday with Mrs. James Wheaton, Upper Sackville.

Mrs. Josephine Blair of Macan was the guest of Mrs. Mundy, Friday last.

Mrs. Wheaton has returned to Upper Sackville from the Agricultural College Ont.

Mr. Irving also a student at McGill visited his sister at the ladies college last week.

James Dickson and Charles Scott are among the latest invalids, one being laid up with asthma, and the other with a bad cold.

All the friends of Mrs. and Miss Fairley are glad to learn that they intend returning to their home here in June.

Invitations are out for an At Home given by the Ecclesic society of the ladies college. A delightful evening anticipated as their entertainments are like the Seneca's at Home, the last is always the best.

LADY OF SHALOTT.

MONCTON.

Progress is for sale in Moncton at Hattie Thompson's Bookstore, at B. Jones, Bookstore, S. McIntosh, and at Railway News Depot.

APRIL 20—It is a blessed thing for the society correspondent that the house cleaning season comes but once a year, for if it occurred more frequently its position would be a sinners' indeed. No one can be expected to entertain in housecleaning time, and no one feels like going away from home, so the result is stagnation and a death of news.

The social event of the past week was a ladies' tea given by Mrs. F. R. F. Brown, on Thursday afternoon. There were about twenty guests present, and the occasion would have been most enjoyable but for the fact that it was in a measure a farewell entertainment as Mr. and Mrs. Brown are preparing to leave town next month, and the feeling that in all probability it was the last time they would gather in that hospitable home, cast a shadow over the spirits of the guests.

Mrs. Lynn, of Boston, who has been spending part of the winter with her sister Mrs. Arthur F. Diers of this city, returned home on Monday. Mrs. Lynn has been to the house of friends in this city in Moncton, and her return will be looked forward to with very great pleasure. This lady has been most kind and generous in assisting at local entertainments with her beautiful voice, giving her time and talents freely whenever her aid was requested, and she will no doubt miss the choir of St. George's Church, with which she has identified herself chiefly during her visit. Mrs. Lynn sang The Holy City by special request in St. George's, on Sunday evening, and it delighted the large congregation. It is understood that Mrs. Lynn intends returning to Moncton in the near future, and organizing a class in vocal instruction.

Rev. John Prince, and Mrs. Prince, left town last week to spend a few days with friends in Amherst.

The many friends of Mrs. George C. Allen will regret to hear that she is quite seriously ill with that unpleasant ailment which seems to spare none in its ravages—grippe.

Mrs. J. C. Price of Hiramack is spending a few days in town the guest of her son Dr. L. H. Price of Bedford street.

Dr. George R. Parkin principal of Upper Canada college, the distinguished author whose works on Imperial Federation have made him so widely known, spent a day in town last week the guest of his brother-in-law Mr. F. P. Reid. Dr. Parkin left on Thursday afternoon for his home in Toronto.

Mrs. L. N. Bourque accompanied by Messrs Eugene and Alfred Bourque, spent a few days in Campbellton last week visiting her parents Mr. and Mrs. A. J. Vermer.

Dr. J. Logan M. P. was in town last week having been called home from Ottawa by the death of his brother-in-law Mr. Percy Kinder.

**Honest Effort Rewarded**

# HOONSOON

INDO-CEYLON TEA

is meeting with great sales each week. 25, 30, 40, 50, and 60 cts. per lb. Black and Mixed. All grocers.

The funeral of the late Percy Kinder took place on Thursday afternoon from his late residence on Bolderford street. The services at the house were conducted by Rev. E. Bertram Hooper assisted by Rev. J. M. Robinson. The pall bearers were chosen from the Foresters, of which order the deceased had been a member, each carrying a casket containing From Court Tassada, Messrs. Thomas, F. McDonald, and William De Veant, Court Sead, W. R. Williams, and E. A. Myers, Court Moncton, Fred Williams and A. R. McLellan. A very beautiful wreath from the I. C. R. audit office was amongst the floral offerings. The remains were accompanied to Dycheater by Messrs. A. G. McLellan, Fred Williams, I. L. Bulmer, C. T. D. J. and Fred Sears.

The many friends of Miss Tilley will regret to hear that she was recalled to her home in Ingersoll Ont. last week, by the sad news of her sister's dangerous illness. Miss Tilley left on Friday afternoon for Ontario.

Dr. Myers, and Mr. Hugh Hamilton of this city, were amongst the guests at a large ball given in Amherst on Friday evening, by Mr. J. R. Lamy.

Miss Christina Wade, is spending a few days in Salisbury visiting friends.

The numerous friends of Dr. H. W. Murray who recently underwent an operation for appendicitis in the Boston Homoeopathic Hospital, are glad to see him in town again looking none the worse for his unpleasant experience. Dr. Murray returned last week, and is apparently quite restored to health.

Captain J. J. Feet, former master of the St. John Ship "Sunny South," is spending a short time in town, the guest of Mr. Thomas P. Williams of Harris Avenue. Captain Feet has just returned from Key West, Florida, where he spent six weeks in hospital, suffering from fever.

Miss Logan of Springhill, sister of H. J. Logan M. P. is spending a few days in town, the guest of Mr. and Mrs. J. W. Clark, of Wellon street.

The musical and dramatical entertainment which was given last evening in the basement of St. Bernard's church by the society St. Louis de Gonzague was very largely attended, the receipts being in the vicinity of a hundred and forty dollars. The different acts both in the drama and farce were well taken, and the entire programme reflected great credit on the actors. Both Mrs. Laine and Mr. Le Blanc were obliged to respond to encores of their vocal numbers, and Miss Thomas' too graceful little strains were presented with bouquets on responding to her second recall.

A service of songs was held in St. John's protestant church at the close of the regular service on Sunday evening, and was very largely attended. The programme consisted of a very attractive one, an Irish song, great credit not only to the members of the choir, but also to the organist and musical director, Mr. G. H. Blair, Mrs. Lynn of Boston, and Mr. D. Stewart assisted at the service, the former singing two solos also taking the solo part in the anthem "Hark, Hark, on my Soul," while Mr. Stewart who is always a favorite delicatissimo in the church, sang two solos played in his best style, and also assisted in the anthems. Miss Donald of the choir was the other soloist of the evening. The organist presided at the organ.

A "ROCKY" horse out of condition should be treated with DR. HARVEY'S CONDITION POWDERS. Nothing like it for purifying the blood, toning up the system, killing worms, glossing the coat, in a word turning a horse to perfect condition.

Cost only 25c. per package at all dealers.

Full size package sent post-paid as sample on receipt of price.

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**3 CAKES FOR 5c.**

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Choice wines, ales and liquors.

BUY

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THE BEST

Every package guaranteed. The 5 lb Carton of Table Salt is the neatest package on the market. For sale by all first class grocers.

A KING-RATTLER FIGHT. A PLAINSMAN'S STORY OF A SNAKE DUEL TO THE DEATH.

How the Little King, which has no Poison, encircled a Rattler, dodging Blows—Spring and the Rattler was Choked Dead.

The king snake is a bright green little fellow no thicker than a walking stick and vanishes at one's approach with every manifestation of fear, although in many other ways he shows a courage and daring out of all proportion to his size. His home is on the prairies of the vast Southwest, where the sickening burr-r-r-r of the rattlesnake's grim warning is heard more often than human sounds. Virtually he is the knight errant of snakesdom, for valorous achievement is his dominant ambition and his days are spent in conquest for conquest's sake. He has apparently set for himself the monumental task of wiping out the entire tribe of rattlesnakes, against which he wages desperate and uninterrupted war and is the most unrelenting, most dangerous and most feared of all the latter's many foes. Just why he should single out the rattler as his pet aversion (instances of his attacks upon other snakes are rare) is a mystery. He is too reticent by habit to let the herpetologist into the secret.

The largest king snakes seldom exceed a length of three feet. The average size is between two and two and a half feet. Unhesitatingly the king will provoke a fight with a rattler ten times its weight and leave him dead on the field of battle. Although plainmen often come across a vanquished rattler in his death agonies and see the little green champion gliding away in the prairie grass, it is seldom indeed that the actual engagement is viewed. But among the few who have been so fortunate as to witness one of the king snake's battles is John L. McAfee of Texas who told of it a few nights ago at an uptown hotel.

It took place near Clarendon, Tex., said Mr. McAfee, 'at the close of one sweltering day in the hot season. I had been exercising a vicious young broncho, which managed to unseat me and break for home, leaving me some miles from town to trudge back on foot. This was not a matter of great difficulty, as recent fires had singed the prairie, and in many places the grass (ordinarily a great impediment to walking) was burned to the roots. It was in one of those burned places that I stumbled across a diminutive king snake and a big rattler in a duel. It had evidently just begun, for they were manoeuvring for advantageous positions, according to their distance and separate methods of defence and attack. So engrossed were they by their efforts to secure superior ground that my soft approach was unheeded, and I was permitted to observe the incidents of their combat from a distance without either of the participants showing the slightest interest in the presence of the on-looker.

'As I found them the rattler was striving for a position in the very centre of the space, which he soon attained and where he coiled to strike. His tail was thrashing the air and his rattles were clacking. The king snake was moving leisurely around him in a great circle, pausing occasionally to raise his head from the ground, as if to hurl back defiance at his enemy. His challenge was accepted readily by the rattler, who at each repetition unwound himself in the twinkling of an eye, to coil again within reach of the intrepid little monarch, at whom he struck viciously, but without avail. The latter's manner of dodging was marvellous. Just as it looked as if it was all over with the little fellow he was ten feet away, although still spinning in his orbit round the enraged and befuddled rattler. The escape of his intended victim seemed to puzzle the rattler, but he gave no advantage in consequence. Each time he struck he instantly recoiled and assumed an attitude of defence. His eyes followed the path of the king snake, who continued to move in a semi-indolent fashion, stopping now and then to send forth that silent taunt, insult, or whatever it was, which never failed to throw the rattler into a violent passion and spur him to action.

'These tactics the little fellow used to harass his antagonist for fully ten minutes, and in that time the rattler struck at him no less than twenty times without so much as grazing him, the cunning little tantalizer invariably making good his escape before the fangs were half way on their death dealing mission. Nor did he deviate the breath of a hand from his established circle, the diameter of which was probably less than fifteen feet. Even when the astute rattler endeavored to intercept him at various places he was not swerved an inch from his course. To all intent he was following a recognized precept of king-snake warfare, and he didn't intend to let the enemy force him from his position.

'In the beginning the rattler aimed at the slender head of the king snake, but eventually, as his failures to wound the wily fellow became more and more pronounced, he began to strike at random, trusting to settle him by a chance blow. To all appearances he was dazed and bewildered by the king snake's successful evasion. His rage, too, became wilder. He completely lost his head, often striking out after the king snake had passed him.

'By and by the great expenditure of force began to tell on the rattler. Apparently appreciating the fact and the necessity for recuperation, he ceased to follow his tormentor and withdrew to his first position within the centre of the space. Here he coiled and laid his head upon his folds. The king snake appeared to be as fresh and vigorous as ever. He now began to spurt, and at the same time diminished the circle's diameter slightly. Otherwise he gave no indication of a change in tactics. Two minutes passed. The rattler remained passive and lethargic and offered no offence. The king snake infused a little more speed into his movements, but the aspect of the contest was now peaceful.

'Two more minutes wrought a decided change. The little fellow again decreased the circle, humped himself, and began to 'scorch' like a professional bicycle rider. Faster and faster he glided around his big foe, who was now aroused from his temporary coma, and displayed unmistakable signs of terror. He raised his head high in the air and allowed it to revolve as if on an axis inclined to the plane of the king snake's orbit. A shiver shot through his coils. Momentarily his courage had departed.

'Nearer and nearer whizzed the little green monarch, now going at express train speed, the circle he described was marked by an unbroken band of green against the blackened stubble of the burnt grass. Made drunk, it seemed, by the dizzy revolutions of the king snake, the rattler's head swayed round and round until it looked as if it would snap and fall from the sinuous mottled neck. It was the most exciting scene I had ever witnessed.

'How long the little fellow continued to fly around the big rattler at this wonderful pace I cannot say. Possibly not more than a minute or two, yet it seemed to me, and no doubt the rattler was likewise so impressed, that he was at it for half an hour. But finally the movement of the rattler's head became slower, more rhythmic. He seemed fascinated or hypnotized by the accelerated action of his determined antagonist, and more shivers agitated his coils. Meantime the little fellow kept decreasing the circle until he was within three feet of the rattler, and then he played his trump card—that is, he came to a standstill with such electrical abruptness that it gave even me a start of surprise. This unexpected move totally paralyzed the rattler. His head sunk limp and inert upon his stiffened coils and he remained motionless. But presently his faculties seemed to revive; a thrill swept from his head to his tail and caused his rattles to rustle feebly. Again he raised his head and extended his neck as if ready to strike. It was his last act of aggression, and fatal were the results, for there was a sudden flash of green and both reptiles seemed merged in one common writhing body. A cloud of dust obscured them for a moment but as it blew away I saw the little king snake firmly coiled around the neck of the big rattler, whose struggles and contortions were growing less and less effective.

'I took out my watch and counted the minutes. Before five had expired the big rattler had ceased to move. Five minutes more and I was satisfied that he was dead, and so moved up to get a closer view. To my amazement the king snake never stirred as I bent over him. I waited five minutes to see what move he would make of

his own volition, but as he still clung to the dead rattler I stooped down, and began to unwind him. This he allowed me to do without a resisting struggle, and even after I had stretched him on the ground to take his measure he made no effort to get away. In fact he was too much overcome by his exertions to be capable of motion for the time being, and was almost as devoid of life as his vanquished foe.

'This little champion measured about two feet ten inches. The rattler, which I carried to Clarendon, was within two inches of six feet and had fourteen rattles and a button. In weight he was probably nine times superior to his slayer. Close inspection showed how terrible had been the strangulation to which he had succumbed, for his neck around which the king snake had riveted his coils, was as corrugated or 'threaded' as a gigantic screw.

'When the little king snake had revied, which did not occur until a good quarter of an hour had passed, he crawled slowly away and vanished in the grass without so much as a backward glance at the corpse of his victim. I had no hesitation in picking him up from the carcass of the rattler,' concluded Mr. McAfee, 'as the king snake is harmless to man and has no venom sac. He enjoys the constant protection of all plainmen, who are well acquainted with his hatred of the rattlesnake, and to kill one is to meet with the opprobrium of all who roam the prairie lands.'

NOT TOO OLD TO WHEEL.

Mrs. Bradish Found That Her Husband Had been Influenced.

'It isn't much use for anybody to go down to Niece Annie's and expect to hear talk of anything but 'wheels', as they call them,' said Mrs. Bradish in an aggrieved tone, as she entered the sitting-room where her husband sat close to the franklin stove.

'That's so; that's the very thing I've been saying to you for a long time,' said Mr. Bradish, with a nod, as he moved along to share the warmth with the partner of his joys. 'They can turn any subject round to bicycles before you can wink.'

'I should think they could!' proceeded his wife, irritably. 'When I told them about my new receipt for spice cookies, all they said was: "Those would be just the thing to take for luncheon when we go off on our wheels!" When I mentioned being glad spring had come, they said, "Yes, indeed! The roads will be in splendid condition for wheeling now in a couple of weeks."

'When I asked Ned if he'd read about that dreadful railroad accident, he said, "Yes, auntie, I did. There's no use. I believe I'd rather trust to my wheel than a railroad corporation any day, no matter how long or rough the journey is. I believe statistics ten years from now will show—" and so on and so on.

'Then I asked Annie if she'd heard about Mary Ellen's having a slow fever, and she said, "Yes, and she never would have had it if Uncle Will had bought her a wheel last summer when we had ours. It's lack of exercise all through the fall that ran her down. Why, the physicians all say that a wheel—and so she went on, till at last I gave up and came home.

'How in the world you can stand it to go down there so often as you do, James, is beyond me,' continued Mrs. Bradish, with energy, as she turned towards her husband.

Suddenly a strange idea dawned upon her. James Bradish, she demanded, 'you don't mean to tell me they've talked you into—that you've any thoughts of—do you realize how old you are?'

'I'm only sixty-nine, Martha,' returned her husband, with a mixture of dignity and triumph, while a youthful gleam lighted his faded eyes. And Mrs. Bradish knew that her words had come too late.

The Yeast Bell.

'My oldest daughter,' said Mr. Glimmerton, 'is forever saying funny things. I don't mean the funniest things in the world, but just cheerful, breezy, bright things, that make us laugh. Here, for instance, is the oldest son leaving word when he goes to bed that he wants to be called in the morning at 7.30, the oldest daughter appears ringing a bell.

'What's that mean?' I ask, and my oldest daughter says: 'That's the yeast bell.' 'The yeast bell?' 'Yes, the rising bell,' she says. 'Then we all laugh, and say we must tell Claude, and when Claude comes out we tell him and he laughs, and we sit down to breakfast in a cheerful, jolly mood. 'She's always saying things like that, my oldest daughter; she keeps us in perpetual good humor.'

A Little Wild Apple-Tree.

There's a little wild apple-tree out in the pasture, Crooked, and stunted, and queer in its shape, and it waves its long arms as the summer winds sweep by. As if it were trying its best to escape. I have never found fruit on its gnarled, twisted branches; Green moss clothes its trunk from its boughs to its feet; But it blossoms each spring with the best of the orchard, And oh, but its delicate blossoms are sweet! On the north, by the orchard the pasture is bounded, There dozens apple-trees stand in straight rows. You can see that each tree has been carefully planted, And feels it must carefully heed how it grows. But 'tis the wild tree that the "high-hole" has chosen; She found such a beautiful place for her nest. The orchard is pleasant; I highly respect it. But the little wild apple-tree 'tis I love best! —Margaret Vandergriff.

WISDOMED CROWS.

How They solved the Clam-Opening Problem and Administered Justice.

Few pastimes are more interesting and instructive to a person living in the country than observation of the habits and peculiarities of the common birds and animals which he sees. You may read the observations of others with a great deal of pleasure, but here is a singular fascination in becoming a discoverer on your own account.

Of all the birds that I have watched I think none has repaid me more richly than that amusing old reprobate, the crow. His sagacity is notorious, and from some things that I have myself observed it would almost seem as if he must be endowed with something nearly akin to reason.

On one occasion, while I was living in New Jersey, near Long Branch, I was one day attracted by the loud and excited cawing of a number of crows down on the shore of the Navesink River, which ran only a few yards from my door. Curious to know what all the excitement was about, I seated myself at a window to watch them. It was just after the equinoctial storm in September, and I soon found that they were disputing about the best way to deal with some soft-shelled clams which had been washed up from a sandy shoal.

These clams, of which crows are very fond, are oblong in shape, about four or five inches long and two wide, with a shell not much thicker than a mussel, but still too hard for a crow to break with its beak. From one end of the shell protrudes a long neck, sometimes more than half as long as your finger, through which the clam sucks its food.

For half an hour or more the crows argued noisily; then the dispute subsided, and it was evident that they had arrived at some decision which they were about to put to the test. Almost immediately one crow, which had been particularly noisy in the discussion, picked up a clam by its long neck, and flying up in the air some distance let it drop. When it struck on the stony shore all the crows, about fifteen or twenty in number, flew to learn the result of the experiment.

That it proved the soundness of their reasoning was evident, for each crow at once possessed himself of a clam, flew up into the air with it, let it drop on the stones to break its shell, and then ate its contents with great apparent satisfaction. This they continued until they had eaten as many as they wanted, and then they flew away.

At another time I saw something which convinced me that they have some sort of government among themselves, and that an infringement of their laws is followed by punishment. This happened in Virginia, which, by the way, is a perfect paradise for crows, with its immense corn and peanut fields. I was sitting at an upper window one quiet Sunday afternoon, looking across a broad field toward the James River, there about seven yards wide. The field had been newly ploughed and harrowed, ready for planting, and was perfectly level and smooth so that any object could be distinctly seen upon the ground at a distance of three or four hundred yards. As I was looking, I saw a crow alight about 200 yards away. Soon two more came from the same direction and alighted near the first one. Crows continued to arrive, sometimes singly and sometimes by twos and threes, until there must have been about fifty, or perhaps more. All came from the same direction and took ground on a space perhaps fifty or sixty feet square.

They were very quiet, which is unusual where many of them are together, and it was evident that they had met for a purpose. Presently one flew up in the air some little distance, appeared to be looking for something, and then returned. This was repeated several times, at short intervals, before three crows appeared flying very low, at the sight of which the assembled crows manifested considerable excitement, though they made very little noise. The three were flying in a line, one behind the other; the middle one, a dejected-looking bird, was unmistakably guarded by the others. They alighted a few yards from the others, and the prisoner for such he evidently was, and with drooping wings and head, and still guarded.

Then began a great noise. Each crow seemed to be trying to outtalk every other. This continued for about ten minutes, I should think, when, with one accord, they pitched on the unfortunate prisoner and pecked him to death, after which they dispersed as quietly as they had come.

I afterward went out, viewed the remains, and wasted considerable time in vain speculations as to the offence which the unfortunate bird could have committed against the laws of crowdom, and what would have been the result if the jury had disagreed.—Youth's Companion.

The Midnight Hoot.

'Yes,' remarked young Borem, 'it is undoubtedly true that every dog has his day.' 'Perhaps so,' replied Miss Cutting, glancing at the clock and suppressing a yawn, 'but he doesn't sit up all night waiting for it.'

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

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We want to enlighten our little world about us in regard to wall paper buying. We want you to know that right here you will find the choicest and cheapest and cheeriest patterns. Buy nowhere till you have looked about you enough to see what we are showing. We don't want you to buy from only examining our stock for we want you to see other stocks and know the superiority of ours.

DOUGLAS MCARTHUR 90 King Street. SHOW ROOMS UPSTAIRS.

An Aid of Bismarck.

Emperor William of Germany has directed all state and military officials to hold themselves in constant readiness to go to Friedrichruh the moment the news of Bismarck's death may be received. The mission of these functionaries is to place the seal of the empire on all the Prince's papers before any have been removed. His majesty is said to fear certain revelations.

Enough and More.

Tourist—Is there much corn raised in Kentucky? Native—Oh, yes; lots of it. Tourist—What is the average annual crop? Native—Can't say exactly, but it's large enough to make all the whiskey we can use besides all that's wasted for bread.

A Dry Dock.

'George, why do you call the Rev. Dr. Whitehead by such a coarse and familiar title?' 'What did I call him?' 'You called him "Doc."' 'Well he is a kind of "Doc," isn't he?' 'What kind?' 'Dry.'

Total Darkness Not Wanted.

Mrs. Burleigh—How is it that your daughter never seems to have any steady company? Dear me! I wish it was that way with my Beatrice. Mrs. Sharpson—the mystery is easily explained. We use electricity in our house. You know you can't turn that down without extinguishing it.

Confident.

'Did I understand you to say that you have \$10,000,000 at your disposal?' asked the capitalist. 'Yes,' replied the member of the Spanish cabinet. 'Of course, that was an approximate statement.' 'Can't you figure it exactly?' 'Well—we're dead sure of the last seven figures.'

World Exercise His Talent.

Burglar Bill (to his new cellmate)—So you're a musician, are ye, an' got sent here for stealin' a piany? Well, ye won't do much musical practisin' in his place, 'll be. Newcomer—Oh, I don't know. If I get hold of a file I'll probably try a few bars.

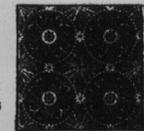
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Makes the handsomest interior decoration you can find, and are also fire proof and hygienic. Let us have an outline giving the shape and measurement of your Ceilings and Walls and we will send you an estimate with full information about this reliable up-to-date finish. The best for any building.

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

Auction Sale Of Real Estate at Berwick, N. S.

There will be held at Public Auction on the premises at Berwick, on TUESDAY, MAY 20, at 2 o'clock in the afternoon, the valuable property known as Brown's Block, consisting of some 100 acres. Also two townships, which are arranged for Hotel purposes, Orchard and fields in rear. This is one of the best properties in Berwick, and will be put up for Public Sale at any price. Berwick is a noted health resort and is one of the most beautiful and desirable towns in N. S. A Hotel is greatly needed there. There is a Klondike there for whoever wishes to engage in that business. The largest part of Berwick's money can remain on Mortgages. H. E. JEFFERSON, Auctioneer.

Wanted at Once

A good live, hustling agent to work for Progress. Only reliable, and wide-awake men, with some experience in canvassing need apply. The Progress Printing and Pub. Co. Ltd.

ST. JOHN, N. B., SATURDAY, APRIL 23, 1898.

## HER MODE OF WARFARE.

HOW A GAY CAPTAIN'S WIFE DISCOVERED HIS FLIRTATION.

She Counted His Letter Paper—How the Directory Men Gather up Their Names—A Patriotic Depot Scene and Other Interesting Happenings.

A unique method of settling the vexed question of her husband's fidelity was indulged in recently by the wife of a St. John sea captain who believes that all methods are fair in love and war, particularly the former.

It appears that a fair neighbor was encroaching too much on her husband's attention and various ways the means the wife resorted to in order to find out just how matters stood. She suspected a clandestine correspondence and one of her daily tasks was an inspection of the box in which was kept the family letter paper and envelopes. The sheets were faithfully counted in order to find out if any were missing, and finally one day it was found that one had disappeared.

Of course the erring husband had taken it; and now the next move on the wife's part was to get possession of the letter. The postman's rounds were closely watched and whenever he appeared in the vicinity of the home he was met by the wife on the steps and asked if there were any letters for herself, or for Mrs. Blank, the husband's enchantress, who, by the way, occupied a flat in the same house.

Unlike the letter in the song, this one came after awhile. It was addressed to her name, in her husband's handwriting, and without any scruples of conscience the jolly seaman's wife opened and read it. Shortly after that the neighbors witnessed a real old time hair-pulling match.

Lately the captain and his better half removed to another part of the city, and a few mornings ago, a police officer noticed the latter walking impatiently up and down the sidewalk near her former home. Soon the gay captain, who did not anticipate breakers ahead, came along and was naturally very surprised to find his wife ahead of him. The moment he turned the corner he was button-holed by his wrathful wife who evidently knew how to argue her case for after a stormy little scene he turned and went home with her leaving the other woman to account for his absence as best she could.

The men who are hunting up names for the 1898-99 directory for St. John are out now on their daily rounds and their trials are many. They have to contend with the person who wants to tell them how many members of the family have died or removed to some other country since last year, and regard the annual directory tour as a regular census taking. "Who is your most troublesome customer?" was asked of one of the canvassers lately. "The man who is so busy or so unsocial that he won't stop to give information," was the reply. "We must have it though, and keep at him till we get it. If such people would only realize that they must be accounted for, and must give up a few moments of their time, if the work is to be done right, they would not lose very much time and would not be so impatient. Time is of great importance with us. We must tackle a house and get through with it as soon as possible. It doesn't pay to make a formal call at the front door always. Unless that way of ingress is in common use by everybody as in the ordinary apartment flat, we strike at once for the back door. So many women do their own work that by going to the kitchen door we get at them without formality. Very often I talk to the lady of the house while she is kneading her dough, or deep into some other part of the weekly baking. If I had gone to the front door, the chances are ten to one that she would first have washed her hands, then kept me waiting while she tugged up a bit. By making a flank attack at the back door, we catch them off their guard and find out all we want to know before they have time to think about how they look."

Around the railway depot there are frequently strange scenes enacted, and pathetic happenings noted by those whose business or pleasure call to that busy place. One day this week a particularly saddening incident occurred. It was almost time for the Boston train to leave and there seemed to be an unusually large number of people at the Union depot. Hurrying along towards the gate was a woman and two children, the larger of these a bright looking little boy of per-

haps five years. The woman was young and not bad looking, plainly though not shabbily dressed; but what attracted the attention of those near was the very evident fact that she was under the influence of liquor.

She attempted to pass without showing her ticket but was drawn roughly back by the man who presides at the gate, and pushed aside until other waiting travellers had passed along.

Meantime the children had been permitted to go through and stood surveying the scene with innocent delight. The boy was particularly interested and watched his mother with amused eyes. The little ones could not realize the intense sadness of the situation, and though the bystanders viewed it with feelings in which disgust and pity were strongly mingled, the children evidently enjoyed it.

Finally the intoxicated woman showed her ticket and was allowed to go on her way. Then it was that the maternal instinct asserted itself. She had somehow lost sight of the boy and girl, and when after a hurried, alarmed glance around she saw them, she made a wild break through a group of ladies and catching the little ones by the hand hurried towards the train.

In the city this week a newly married couple were much in evidence. They went everywhere and if they were conscious of the fact they were attracting attention they did not show that it affected them at all. They were here to spend the honeymoon, and took in the sights of the city. The happy looking young benedict was rather tall, had a clear complexion and a sweeping black moustache. His spring overcoat was very light and very new and his pearl colored Alpine hat must have cost as much as three or four dollars. He wore tan gloves. The blushing bride was dressed in purple, very light purple, with fur trimming and her Easter hat had flowers all over it and lots of them. Through her light veil could be seen the glow of youth and health on her pretty, bright face.

There was no mistaking the object of their visit to the city. They had come to see all that was to be seen, for now that they were married future sight seeing would be problematical. They went to the matinee of "Monte Cristo" and the bride blushed beautifully, and scrutinized her programme closely while Mercedes told her story at the beginning of the second act, and how her marriage with Dantes was to have been more than a union of loving hearts; was to have done her justice etc. They turned up at the Art Exhibition and smiled credulously when somebody remarked that the "Rising of Jairus Daughter" had cost somewhere in the vicinity of fifty thousand dollars.

They started at one end of King street and walked to the other. That purple dress was greatly in evidence. Scores of people on the street turned to look at it, and everybody smiled. The crowd lost interest in the city election, when they appeared Tuesday near one of the booths, and everybody turned to look at the pretty bride in the purple dress and the groom with the pearl hat.

Everybody loves a lover and a newly married couple and nothing will put a street crowd in good humor quicker than an unmistakable bride and groom from out of town. The girl in the purple dress had the right of way of King and Charlotte streets but she didn't know it. The happy groom saw nothing but the tops of the buildings and did not think it strange that people did not run into him.

Swam a River to Get a Wife.

William Gunn a young man of this town, has proved his loyalty to his sweetheart in a way which few young men could rival, says a telegram from Covington, Ga. He has been engaged for some time to Miss Emily Jackson of Henry county, and, on attempting to cross the South River bridge to the church, where the bridal party was awaiting him, he was informed by the guard that the County commissioners had prepared a smallpox quarantine, and, unless he could produce a health certificate, he would not be allowed to proceed to fill his engagement. Young Gunn walked about half a mile from the guards, stripped, and, with his clothes on his back, swam the turbulent, icy stream resumed his garments and presented himself at the church. After the wedding the couple descended to the point where he had emerged from the water, boarded a small boat, and, again eluding the quarantine officials, reached the opposite side in safety.—Mobile Register.

## QUEER ACADIAN BELIEF.

RESPECT SHOWN TO THE HEDGEHOG BY FRENCH-ACADIAN.

Maine People Who Say That Old Men Wander Into the Woods and are Changed Into Hedgehogs—Transformation in America of an Old French Superstition.

The French Canadian settlers who have raised big crops and big families at Van Buren, Me., ever since their ancestors were driven from Acadia, a century and a half ago, pay little heed to the game laws of Maine. Though they kill moose, deer, and Caribou in season and out of season, and though they esteem muskrat stew a rare delicacy, and eat large numbers of woodchucks and rabbits every year, there isn't a Frenchman between Grand Falls and Fort Kent who could be hired to injure a hedgehog. The Indians, with whom the French have been closely associated for three centuries, can dress and bake a hedgehog so that the average epicure cannot distinguish it from roast pig, and they never miss a chance of capturing all of these animals they can find, but the Frenchmen, for purely sentimental reasons treat the spine-clad little creature with great respect, feeding them with scraps from their tables, and showering them with 'bon jours' whenever they visit the settlements.

The reason for this peculiar veneration for the hedgehog has been sought for by priests and other learned men familiar with the ways of the American branch of the French race. As the result of long investigation it is generally conceded that the Frenchman's respect for all hedgehogs is due to an ancient superstition which asserts that old Frenchmen, when they get feeble and unfit for work, wander away to the woods and turn into hedgehogs. After the transformation they return to their former homes as guardians of the household. The scholars further say that the belief in the transformation of men into hedgehogs is an American offshoot of the leop gaxou superstition which prevailed once in France. This superstition held that men possessed of evil spirits were running about the land on all fours, howling and fighting like wolves and devouring all the children they could capture. In the course of time various men suspected of the practice were burned at the stake, and others were banished to America. In some unexplained way the lycanthropes of France became hedgehogs here, and the modern Frenchman always takes off his hat and says 'Bon jour, monsieur,' whenever he sees a hedgehog passing in the woods.

Any old French woman in northern Maine can tell scores about old men who have gone to the forest for the purpose of becoming hedgehogs. It seems that all who wish to make the change cannot do so. Those who fail to become hedgehogs return home in the course of a few weeks and die before the end of a month. Though the candidates who have been blackballed by the Woodland Society of Immortal Hedgehogs have been questioned repeatedly about the manner of their reception, nobody has revealed the secret.

In the summer of 1889 Pierre Jacques Soucci, an aged river driver of Van Buren, came home from camp sick with rheumatism. After he had gone to bed his wife saw a hedgehog come out of the woods, and circle about the cabbage garden, and that night she heard it stepping around on the roof of their house. The following forenoon Soucci said he was a little better and told his wife he would go to the woods and get a basket of wintergreen, which the French believe is a remedy for rheumatism. As he had not returned at dinner time, his wife went out to find him. Half a mile from home in a growth of tall pines she discovered his basket and clothing piled up at the foot of a stump. When she picked up the garments to make sure they belonged to her husband, a big hedgehog ran out and faced about to look at her. Mrs. Soucci, who is living here now and is still a good looking widow, describes the meeting as follows:

'Ah know heem soon's Ah bin see heem, So Ah says. 'Ees zat you, Pierre, mon Pierre?' Ah heem weenk heem eye, sam' way heem dead at hom', an' Ah bin know heem was Pierre. 'W'at Ah do zen, you bin tink? Ah wants hug heem, but heem bin all full some sharp steeks. Ah feels so ver' had zat Ah'm faint 'way lak Ah's dead, an' w'en Ah's com' to heem bin gone.'

Mrs. Hilare Thibault, who became a widow in 1892 because her husband pre-

ferred the life of a hedgehog to that of a hard-working Maine Frenchman, tells a more practical and less pathetic tale. Thibault was the model husband in the village of St. Denis. He worked cutting wood for the land owner as long as he could see, and when he came home at night he did the family cooking and washing and put the house in shape for the morrow. Meantime his wife sat by the fire and played with the children or scolded her mate until he made greater endeavors. They had saved up a good sum of money in a Canadian bank and were thinking of removing to Montreal and enjoying it, when Hilare failed to come home one night. As he had often threatened his wife that he would go out and turn into a hedgehog if she didn't stop scolding him, she was naturally afraid that he had kept his word. So she lit a lantern, and, putting on a wrap, went to hunt him up, leaving the door of her house open in her haste to get away. Returning from an unsuccessful search an hour later, she saw a big hedgehog in the middle of the kitchen biting up bits of the floor boards in order to get at the grease spots which had fallen from the frying pan.

'Ah bin seep heem an' Ah bin know heem,' said Mrs. Thibault in telling of the event. 'Heem lak me, but heem no lak ze work een ze 'oor, lak heem bin use, but heem chop no more trees, lak heem was, 'cause heem heeghog now, an' heem no hef work eny more 'tall. Mon Dieu! heem bin fin' mans, Ah'm tells you.'

From all accounts it would seem that a bad character is no bar to transformation into a hedgehog, as all the thriving propensities which hedgehogs have acquired during their neighborly intercourse with mankind are credited to the wicked Frenchmen who have taken possession of the animals. In a state of nature a hedgehog is a strict vegetarian, subsisting entirely upon the leaves of low-growing plants in the summer and eating nothing but hemlock bark from the time the leaves fall until the spring foliage is put out. The passion which impels hedgehogs to dig frozen pork from its hiding place among snow drifts and leads them to gnaw pork barrels and raise chips on the top of camp floors in order to get at bits of grease has been acquired from contact with mankind.

Consequently, whenever one of these animals tips over a barrel and steals a half smoked ham from above the smudge fire, the French owner of the ham goes to the family of some bad man who has lately joined the ranks of the hedgehogs and makes demand for full payment. In nearly every case the person to whom such a bill is presented makes haste to effect a settlement. These bills are considered debts of honor, which must be paid at any sacrifice, if the family hopes to have continued prosperity. The French villages are full of the weird tales about the misfortunes that have overtaken the men who have ignored the demands made against their hedgehog ancestors. A person who repudiates such a bill three times is liable to be turned into a hedgehog without notice.

The Acadians who inhabit northeastern Maine profess to have a sure way of finding out if any of their kindred are dwelling among the hedgehogs in a given locality. Whenever a colony of French people migrate to a new township, bits of fat pork and bacon rind are thrown out near the ledges where signs of hedgehogs are found. If these baits remain on the ground until they decay, no exiled Frenchman is dwelling among the rocks, but, if they are eaten up in a night or two, and hedgehogs come out to the new clearings looking for more, it is taken for a token that unfortunate ancestors are living near by who must be protected at any cost. As hedgehogs are

capable of multiplying faster than the French people, the superstition often imposes a heavy tax upon the squatters. In some townships the animals have become so many that they have girdled and killed great tracts of valuable hemlock, bringing heavy losses to the land owners, who will soon ask the State to put a bounty upon hedgehogs in order to thin out the pests.

If such a law is ever passed, the men who try to enforce it will meet with thrilling adventures when they visit northern Aroostook county.

## NOT FIT TO BE HANGED.

A Priest who Made a Lad Good Enough for the Gallows.

It is the general opinion that a man must be pretty bad in order to be fit to be hanged. There was one man, however, who used to take exactly the opposite view of the case. To him it appeared that a man must be pretty good in order to be fit to be hanged. In his entertaining "Recollections," Aubrey De Vere tells an interesting story of how this good man, who was an Irish priest, once succeeded in helping a man to become good enough for the gallows.

There was a boy whom the priest had taught to shoot, but unfortunately the lad went further than his teacher intended, and showed his skill by shooting a gamekeeper. Then came remorse, and by and by it became so strong that it overcame the fear of death.

'I'm tired out. I can't bear the pain in my heart any longer,' said the boy; so he went to the priest and told of his crime, with the intention of giving himself up.

'Is it to be hanged you have come here?' asked the priest.

'It is to be hanged, your reverence,' was the reply.

'My boy, it's a very serious thing to die, and meet one's God,' said the priest 'I'm afraid it's a long time since you were at church, and that you have forgotten your religion. Let me hear now if you can say the Apostles' Creed.'

The youth strove to repeat it, but failed.

'This is a strange thing,' said the priest. 'Here is a man who does not know a B from a bull's foot, and yet he thinks he is fit to be hanged. Where are you living my boy?'

'I am living down there, your reverence, about a mile to the west,' answered the youth.

The priest replied, 'I will go to you every night about ten o'clock. I'd be afraid of going before it was dark, for I might be hanged myself as an accomplice. As it is, it's a likely thing enough, if they come upon us.'

The priest kept his word. Every night found him visiting the self-condemned youth, teaching him the fundamental truths of the Christian faith. He made him this promise: 'As soon as ever I find you are fit to be hanged, I will tell you so. Till then don't dare to do anything of the kind.'

Many nights, at the risk of his own safety, the priest made his way to the boy, and taught him, till the repentance that is only the sting of remorse passed into that truer repentance that is born of love.

One night, before giving the young man his usual parting blessing, the priest said, 'I promised, my boy, so let you know when I considered you fit to be hanged, and now I have the satisfaction of assuring you that I never knew a man fitter to be hanged than yourself.'

The lad thereupon informed against himself, but instead of being hanged, as he and his friend had expected, he was transported.

Knowledge and wisdom make a strong team when hitched together.

## "MY WIFE'S LIFE."

How I was the means of saving it.

When the lungs are attacked and the symptoms of consumption appear, then begins the struggle between affection and that destroying disease which slays its thousands annually. It is a happy issue to the struggle when disease is conquered and health restored. Such an issue does not always end the struggle, but it did in the case of Mr. K. Morris, Memphis, Tenn., who saw his wife wasting and weakening and physicians helpless, and then suggested the simple remedy that wrought the cure. He tells the story thus:

'Seven years ago, my wife had a severe attack of lung trouble which the physicians pronounced consumption. The cough was extremely distressing, especially at night, and was frequently attended with the spitting of blood. The doctors being unable to help her, I induced her to try Dr. Ayer's Cherry Pectoral and was surprised at the great relief it gave. Before using one whole bottle she was cured, so that now she is strong and quite healthy. That this medicine saved my wife's life I have not the least doubt. Always keep Dr. Ayer's Cherry Pectoral in the house. Whenever any of my family have a cold or cough we use it, and are

promptly cured.—K. MORRIS, Memphis, Tenn.

The question: "Is consumption curable?" is still debated, and still debatable. It is easy to say that this was not a case of consumption. Yet the physicians said it was. They should know. As a matter of fact, Dr. Ayer's Cherry Pectoral has wrought so many similar cures that it seems to argue the curableness of consumption, in its earlier stages, by the use of this remedy. There is no better medicine for pulmonary troubles than Dr. Ayer's Cherry Pectoral. It gives relief in cases of Asthma and Bronchitis, where relief has been heretofore unobtainable. It promptly cures Coughs and Colds, La Grippe, and all affections of the throat and lungs. Anyone who is sick is invited to write to the Doctor who is at the head of the staff of our newly organized Free Medical Advice department. The best medical advice, on all diseases, without reference to their curability by Dr. Ayer's medicines. Dr. Ayer's Curebook sent free, on request. Address, J. C. Ayer Co., Lowell, Mass.

A TANGLED WEB.

(Continued.)

Down came the pick, up went the dust, down rattled the stones. He scarcely looked at the heap, but let the pick fall, and turned to leap from the hole. As he did so the corner of his eye, the corner only, caught the glitter—the precious, the dear, dull glitter which is the fairest sight earth holds for a digger's eyes. He swung round dropped on his knees, and clawing at the heap with his hands, dragged out—a nugget!

The sudden turn of the wheel of fortune stunned him for a moment. It was so unexpected, so unlooked for, that he could not believe it. He took it up and weighed it in both hands. In nine months you learn something of the value of a nugget. Neville knew there was nearly a thousand pounds in the one he held in his hot, trembling palms.

He turned it over as a miser turns over his title-deeds, a bibliomaniac his rare first edition, a china man his most precious teapot. He held it close to his eyes, stroked it, even smelled it.

Nearly a thousand pounds! He sunk down in the pit, leaning against the side, and, still with his eyes fixed on it, thought of what he would do with it.

It was not a fortune; by no means; but a thousand pounds, let me remind you, is a large sum to drop into the hands of a youngster of nineteen, especially when a few minutes before his only valuable was a silver pencil-case, which he had parted with for meal.

With a thousand pounds he could go back to England, if not rich, as riches are counted, yet at any rate not a beggar. Jordan—no one—would laugh or sneer at him. A thousand pounds! He could buy land—a small farm—in Devonshire, and raise cattle. He could at any rate get out of this beastly, sun-smitten, plague-stricken dust-laden, black-guard-haunted Lorn Hope.

The thought recalled him to himself, sent the fire through his veins, imbued him with energy, strength, life, spirit. He leaped, not climbed, out of the pit, with the precious nugget hidden under his tattered shirt, and ran toward the hut, and began turning out the contents of his box, flinging the things to right and left in a senseless kind of fashion. What he was trying to do was to look out some more decent apparel.

The old woman darkened the door-way. 'This year's all I can get,' she croaked, holding up the bag, in the bottom of which was some meal. 'Tain't much, tain't half enough; but there don't seem no run on pencil cases.'

Neville turned his glowing face up to her. 'All right, Meth,' he said, with a laugh in his voice. 'It's all right; I've struck it; and he held up the nugget. 'Hush!' for the old woman had uttered a suppressed scream. 'Struck it just now, five minutes, half an hour—he didn't know how long he had been sitting in the pit staring at his nugget—just after you had gone. Grand, isn't it?'

'Lawk sakes!' mumbled the old woman. 'To think of it, and I'd 'ev bet my bottom dollar that there wasn't a spark of yellow on the whole claim.'

'That's just it! That's just the way of it,' said Neville, rapidly. 'It always comes when you don't expect it—when you're not looking for it; that's the charm of this confounded gold-digging business. But it's come; that's the main thing.'

'Let's wet it,' said Mrs. Methuselah. Neville raked around the box. 'Sorry; gave the Doc the last drop of liquor I had. Never mind, Meth; you shall have enough to swim in to-morrow. Let me see; this is the sixteenth, isn't it? Yes, the day the bank agent comes down. I'll take it down to the camp and swap it for notes, and then—he drew a long breath. 'And then you're off!' said Mrs. Meth, stirring up the meal into a basin with the other.

'Then I'm off, as you say,' he assented. 'No more Lorn Hope for me, thank you!'

'There might be more where that came from,' she said pointing a skinny finger at the yellow nugget lying beside him, within reach of his hand. He shook his head. 'No; it's just a pocket, Meth; I know the look of it; and if there were—well, I don't think they would keep me. I'm sick of it—just sick of it. I want to go back. I'm houseick—do you understand?'

Rapidly making the meal into cakes, she nodded. 'That's it,' he said. 'Homeick—got the English fever on me, Meth. You don't know what that means? Lucky for you, perhaps. What's the time?'

He sprang up, and screening his eyes with his hand, looked at the sinking sun. 'The bank agent will be down at the camp, I should think. I'm off!'

'You'd best stop and get a cup o' tea and some't to eat,' said the old woman. 'You go rushing down there with that there nugget on an empty stomach and they'll get the best of you, Young 'Un.'

He laughed and pushed the short curly hair from his forehead. 'You speak the words of wisdom and truth, Old 'Un,' he said. 'I'll stay for tea; and, look here, I mean the square thing by you. You've stood by me through a long run of bad luck.'

She opened her lips and showed her toothless gums. 'Yes,' he said, 'and if my partner were here he should have half of it—the nugget, I mean.'

Then he clutched it up. 'All the better for you,' said the old woman, with a groan. Neville nodded. 'Yes; and yet I wish he'd hung on. It's strange that I should have stayed.'

You believed in your luck, Young 'Un,' she mumbled. 'Nothing like sticking to your luck. Here's your tea, and here's a cake.'

He drank the awful mixture of currant bush and iron filings, and ate some of the hot meal-cake. Your gold diggers know no indignation. 'Fifty pounds,' he said, as he set the tin mug down on the top of the box. 'That will give you a fresh start, eh, Meth?'

She laughed and crooned. He washed himself, thrust on a light pea-jacket, and with the precious nugget hidden beneath it, left the hut.

A new moon was rising placidly above the mountain range, its faintly defined crescent showing against the light from the west, in which the sun had set surrounded by golden fire.

Neville did not stop to admire or even notice the moon, but with the nugget pressed close to his heart, walked rapidly toward the camp. He passed his claims, glancing at it as a man glances at a much-loved mistress, picked his way past many a similar hole, threaded the tents and shanties which formed the outskirts of the camp, and presently reached the center—Sandy Macgregor's grog tent.

It was a larger tent than the rest, and Neville, as he approached it, saw the light of the candles and benzoline lamps shining through it. He also heard the buzz and murmur of voices. They floated through the evening air, still thick and heavy with the remnant of the day's heat. He trod lightly, springily, drawing strength and energy from the nugget pressed against his heart. He knew that the bank agent, if he had arrived, would be found here, and in imagination he already held and counted the precious notes which he would receive in exchange for his nugget.

He paused as he reached the tent, and drawing the lump of virgin gold from its hiding-place, he took a last look at it. Nearly a thousand pounds! Away flew his thoughts to England—dear, sweet, green-smeared England—a farm, lowing cattle, green fields, home! Oh, you disconcerted ones who dwell at home in the dear old land and grumble at the weather, and this, and the other, if you only knew how the wanderer longs for home, home!

The flap of the tent door was thrown back. He drew near and looked in. Sandy was standing at the bar, behind a counter of rough deal. The place was full, but the men were not sitting and lying around playing cards or quarreling, but standing in a crowd, with all their faces turned toward the end of the tent.

Something unusual and out of the ordinary was going on. Neville drew a little nearer and looked in. He saw, at the end of the big tent, a man standing on an upturned barrel. He was the spokesman of Lorn Hope, a ne'er-do-well with the gift of gab—a man named Locket, and he was evidently holding forth.

He stood, ragged, with unkempt hair and long neglected beard, a tin can in one hand, the other held up to invoke silence. Neville, curious but impatient, listened, and this is what he heard. 'Now parads,' the orator was saying, 'this year's the case in a nutshell: a stranger comes to this year camp—comes here from no one knows where or how, sick and sorry. And this year stranger, after receiving every attention from our mutual friend, the Doc—'

'Three cheers for the Doc!' cried a voice thick with Macgregor's whisky, followed by 'Shut up! Turn it off!'

'After receiving every attention from the Doc,' continued the orator, 'this year stranger hands in his checks. It ain't an unusual proceedin' in Lorn Hope, by no means—'

'A custom more honored in the breach than the observance,' called out the doctor. 'That's Shakespeare, boys.'

'Right you are, Doc, and you ought to know! was the shouted response. 'Order said the speaker on the barrel. 'This year stranger cuts his cable, and upon my mortal soul, it's the best thing he could do.'

'Hear, hear!'

'There's no luck in Lorn Hope for the residents, leave alone a stranger, boys.'

'Hear, hear! with increased emphasis. 'The stranger goes,' continued the orator, 'but he leaves something more than his blessing behind. Boys, he leaves a child—a girl. And now, gentlemen, the question of this free and independent assemblage of Lorn Hope citizens is to decide what shall be done with the child.'

'Hear, hear, hear!' from all parts of the audience. 'Just so! Well, this year child is a kid at present, but she'll grow up to be useful presently; and if anyone wants a promising young 'un as can be taught to cook and look after things, now's their chance.'

A hubbub of voices arose, almost drowning the speaker's last words, and in the midst of the noise Neville made his entrance without attracting any attention. He looked round the tent. It was filled with the Lorn Hope population, man, boy, woman. His bright young eye fell ultimately upon a group standing just beside the orator.

There were three or four women, and in their midst a young girl with gray eyes and dark hair. She looked half dazed with fear, and clung to one of the women with one hand, while the other held back the thick wealth of hair from her puzzled and frightened eyes.

The face, the eyes, smote Neville like a blow. He saw the bank agent sitting on a plank and watching the proceedings with a smile of indolent amusement; but even as he looked at the agent he forgot him; the girl's pale, frightened face fascinated, absorbed him.

'Here's this young girl,' resumed the orator, 'a-goin' begging, as you may say. Now who—'

'I'll take her! I'll take her!' rose from different parts of the crowd. 'Too many of you,' retorted the speaker tossing off a glass of Macgregor's whisky, and chucking the empty glass to the proprietor of the saloon; 'one at a time; you can't all have the same young orphan. What's to be done?'

'Put her up for sale!' cried a voice. 'The highest bidder has her.'

The orator passed a moment and seemed to consider the proposal, then he nodded. 'Right you are!' he said. 'That's fair and square. Here's a useful lot—a young girl that will learn to cook and work before you can say Jack Robinson; a sun-beam for any man's house, let him be whoever he may. Who bids for the orphan?'

The girl looked around at the hot, sun-burnt faces, and her breath coming fast and quick, clung still more tightly to the woman nearest to her, and the woman tried to soothe her. The bank agent, smoking a big cigar, looked on with a smile. He was accustomed to the rough humor of a diggers' camp; but it had been reserved for Lorn Hope to afford a new excitement. The scene reminded him of the 'good' old slave times in the States.

'Now then about the auctioneer, here's the rules and regulations; the orphan's to be disposed of to the highest bidder—'

'What are you going to do with the money?' demanded a voice. Locket considered a moment. 'We'll send it to the doctor as the beginning of a fund for the great Lorn Hope Hospital.'

'A jail 'ud be more useful,' commented some one sarcastically. 'Or a cemetery and lunatic asylum combined,' yelled another. 'As you please, parads,' said Locket. 'We can decide what we will do with the money after we've got it. Jail, cemetery, hospital—'

'Or drinks round,' put in a voice. 'Whatever you like. Now, then—first bid!'

The men looked round at one another and laughed half shyly, no one liking to make the first offer.

'What! I'm to start the running myself, eh?' said the auctioneer. 'All right. He took out some buttons and odds and ends from his pocket and pretended to count over a large quantity of coin.

'Well, to start you, here's a shilling.' 'Somebody, half in fun, shouted: 'One and sixpence.'

The ball was started and ran merrily. By sixpences and shillings and an occasional half round the bidding was run up to three pounds.

There were only three men bidding, and presently with a laugh, one dropped out, leaving the contest to the two. Just as Locket was, in burlesque imitation of an auctioneer, exhorting and encouraging these two, Neville felt some one push lightly past him, and saw that it was Lavarick. He had come into the tent in his usual stealthy fashion, and stood, his eyes fixed

on the girl, with the cast, on the girl, the other as the man. Neville studied the man—suspected him of being the worst scoundrel in the camp—and instinctively put his hand over that part of his coat which covered his nugget.

Lavarick was not a digger, had never had a claim or taken a pick in his hand; and seeing that he did no work of any kind nor kept a store, and that he had never been actually caught stealing, some slight curiosity was felt by the camp as to how he lived. But it was only slight; persons living in glass houses are not only careful not to shy stones, but shut their eyes when they pass one. Some said that Lavarick did a little gold-dealing with the men now and then, and that he made a little with cards. He wore what had once been a suit of black broad cloth, and the wit of the camp declared that Lavarick had 'done' six months in England for walking off with the money he was collecting at the door of a Dissenting chapel. He looked something like a broken clerk, and he was not unrequently addressed as 'Undertaker.'

He edged and glided among the crowd until he had reached the end of the table, and with his left eye still on the girl, listened to Locket and the two men with an expression of suppressed eagerness and excitement, and when Locket shouted, 'three pounds nine—going, going! Ned you've got a handy parlor-maid, in the future, cheap as dirt—going, going!' Lavarick cheap up a dirty paw, and with a sickly smile of assumed indifference, said:

'Three pounds ten.' 'Halloo!' exclaimed Locket. 'Here's another. Bravo, Undertaker! But ain't you rather premature? It's a live orphan we're disposing of.'

The roar that followed drowned a faint cry of terror that escaped the child's quivering lips, but Neville heard it, and his face grew pale and his eyes flashed.

He pushed aside the man in front of him and stepped forward. 'Four pounds,' he said, quietly; but his voice was clear and distinct enough, though low, to be heard by all, and there was a ring in it that caused the laughter to stop suddenly, and drew every eye upon him.

The child, after that one glance at Lavarick, had turned and hidden her face against the breast of the woman to whom she was clinging, and she turned her head and looked over her shoulder at Neville, and he caught the look of anguished entreaty in the big gray eyes.

'And here's another!' cried Locket; 'and the Young 'Un, too! Cupid versus the Undertaker and Long Ned and four pounds. Four pounds! No more shillings, gentlemen. We'll have pounds now, see that hospital, Doc—in my mind's eye, I do.'

Lavarick looked at Neville with an ugly sneer. He knew that the lad had had a run of bad luck, and his partner had left the claim in disgust, and he smiled contemptuously. 'Well, five pounds,' he said. 'Six.'

'Seven.' 'Eight.' 'Ten.' 'Twenty.' 'Forty.'

An intense silence prevailed as the bidding rose. The two men stood divided by the rickety table, looking at each other, Lavarick with the same sickly smile on his face and the suppressed eagerness about his ill-shaped mouth, Neville with his lips set square and his blue eyes stern and determined.

The burlesque had died out of Locket's manner, and a grim seriousness had taken its place. Every man in the crowd recognized that a change had come over the spirit of the dream, and what had begun as a piece of fun had developed into terrible earnest.

'One hundred,' said Lavarick. The crowd exchanged glances of amazement, and waited breathlessly. 'Has he got the money? and where did he get it?' ran round. 'One hundred and fifty,' said Neville. 'He's got the money, or he wouldn't bid. He's straight enough, the Young 'Un is; but where did he get it?'

'Two hundred,' dropped from Lavarick's lips. 'Quick as thought, Neville retorted with: 'Two hundred and fifty.'

Locket raised his eyes and looked at Neville with a cunning suspicion. 'Is it a game of bluff?' he said. 'Is the Young 'Un just a drawing me out for fun of the thing?'

An angry murmur arose. 'I should recommend any gentleman inclined to play that game to drop it,' remarked Locket, grimly. 'We are serious now. This is business, eh, boys?'

A shout of assent rose. 'Oh, I'm right,' said Lavarick. 'I've got what I bid; I'm not bluffing—I'm not. As to him—'

Neville did not condescend to assert his solvency. 'Is the bid against me?' he asked, looking up at the auctioneer. 'If not, I claim—'

'Three hundred,' broke in Lavarick. 'Four,' was the sharp response of Neville. The crowd drew a long breath. 'We shall want that lunatic asylum, anyhow,' remarked the wit, dryly; but no one laughed at the sally.

'Five!' snarled Lavarick. Neville instantly bid 'Six.'

The crowd pressed close up to the two men. The excitement became feverish. Lavarick, his face pale and distorted, paused a moment, then said:

'Seven.'

A roar went up, but as it died away, Neville's voice was heard to utter, 'Eight.'

He, too, was pale. He had weighed his nugget. There was not a thousand pounds in it—say nine hundred and sixty, after deducting the agent's charges. It was just possible that Lavarick possessed more—he was a dark horse—and would outbid him.

He could see the girl's eyes fixed on him as if she had no power to withdraw them, and they seemed to be burning his heart and sending fire instead of blood through his veins. He would save her, if it cost him every ounce, every penny-weight of his precious nugget.

Lavarick stood, his hands writhing at his sides, his eyes looking first at Neville and then at the child.

'Eight hundred and fifty,' dropped slowly from his lips. The crowd waited. The auctioneer stood with upbeated hand.

'Going at eight hundred and fifty,' he said, grimly. 'Going, going!'

'Nine hundred!' said Neville. A shout rose. Locket commanded silence. A dense stillness fell instantly, and all eyes were fixed on Lavarick. He turned red, then white; his lips opened as if he were about to speak; then, with a sinister smile, he turned aside.

'Going, gone!' cried Locket. The tent shook with the roar that rose in a deafening volley, and rose yet again as Neville, grimly unbitten his coat and dropped the nugget on the table. The crowd pressed forward with a renewed about, this time of delighted astonishment at the dramatic finale.

'Bravo, Young 'Un! Bravo!' they yelled; and a dozen grimy hands were thrust forward toward him. 'Tell us, Young 'Un, is it your pile, or is there more behind? Where did you get it? What's its weight?'

These and a score of similar questions were yelled at him. Neville held up his hand for silence.

'There's no more; it's my pile,' he said, as quietly as usual. 'There's nearly a thousand pounds there.'

He laid one hand on the nugget and beckoned to the bank agent with the other. 'I leave it in your charge, Mr. Smith,' he said. 'Pay for my bid and hand me the rest to-morrow.'

The agent nodded. The crowd closed round the nugget, staring at it. Neville turned to the group of women and held out his hand to the child.

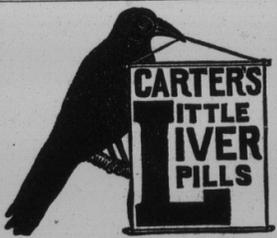
'Will you come with me?' he said. The great eyes stared at him for a moment vacantly, and with no sign of sense or comprehension. Something in his pitying blue eyes seemed to awaken the intelligence which the prolonged terror had numbed—almost slain—and she leaned toward him.

He took her hand. It was cold as ice and quivering like a leaf in the wind; but she staggered, and he took her up in his arms bodily and strode toward the opening of the tent.

As he did so, Lavarick glided out sideways, with a hand thrust in his breast-pocket. Neville slung the child quickly but gently over his left shoulder, leaving his right hand free, and quietly drew out his revolver.

'Go back and stop there!' he said. Lavarick, with an affection of surprise, drew out the remnant of a pocket-handkerchief as if he had only intended blowing his nose; but he shrunk back and Neville passed him, with the child still over his shoulder and the revolver still in his hand, went out into the open air.

CHAPTER III. The night air cooled Neville Lynne's excitement somewhat, and as he made his way over the rough, uneven ground toward his hut, walking a quickly as he could, he began to realize what he had done.



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SICK HEADACHE

Positively cured by these Little Pills.

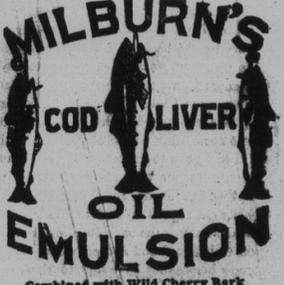
They also relieve Distress from Dyspepsia, Indigestion and Too Hearty Eating. A perfect remedy for Dizziness, Nausea, Drowsiness, Bad Taste in the Mouth, Coated Tongue, Pain in the Side, TORPID LIVER. They Regulate the Bowels. Purely Vegetable.

Small Pill. Small Dose. Small Price.

Substitution the fraud of the day.

See you get Carter's, Ask for Carter's, Insist and demand

Carter's Little Liver Pills.



MILBURN'S COD LIVER OIL EMULSION

Combined with Wild Cherry Bark and the Hypophosphites of Lime, Soda and Manganese

Render it the most effective remedy for Coughs and Colds, Bronchitis, Consumption, Scrofula, Rickets, or any wasting disease where a food as well as a medicine is required.

The Emulsion is so pleasant to take. 'I was troubled a long time with pain in my lungs, until at last we had to get the doctor. He ordered me to take Milburn's Cod Liver Oil Emulsion pronouncing my disease bronchitis. After taking this splendid Emulsion for a short time I was completely cured.'

HENRIETTA V. NICKERSON, Lower Wood's Harbor, N.A. Price 50c. and \$1.00 a bottle at all dealers.

**Sunday Reading.**

**ELBERT'S DISOBEDIENCE.**

Elbert Horton was a bright, energetic boy of twelve, a leader in his classes, and an all round good fellow on the playground. He was pleasant and courteous at home, too, and polite to strangers; but he possessed one trait of character, or rather one bad habit, which gave himself as well as others a great deal of unnecessary trouble. The truth is that, with all his good qualities he could not be relied upon. I do not mean by this that he was untruthful, in the common acceptance of that term, nor do I know that he was accustomed to exaggerating when relating a story, as so many young boys are; but, as one little boy said: he had a very good 'forgettery,' particularly when the thing to be remembered was of no special interest to himself. If his mother sent him to the store for butter and eggs, he would be almost certain to bring coffee and starch; or when he went to the meat shop for steak, nobody thought of being surprised it, after an hour's waiting, he came back with sausage or soup bone. Sometimes when he took the baby out for an airing he would stop to have a game of marbles with the boys; and once, after running little Rolla's carriage under a tree to protect him from the sun while engaged in a game of ball, he forgot him altogether, and had to walk back half a mile after going home for his dinner.

One morning—it was on the first day of April ('fool's day')—his father gave him a letter to mail on his way to school, cautioning him, as usual, not to forget it. 'It is very important,' he explained, 'and if it does not go into the morning mail it will cause me, as well as another person, a great disappointment.'

Elbert said he would be sure to drop it into the post-office as he passed, but before he reached that point he was joined by several of his schoolboy friends, all intent upon having a jolly time in playing April fool tricks. He joined them and forgot all about the letter in his breast pocket until the school bell rang.

'I'll put it in at recess,' he said to himself, but he did not think of it again until the study bell rang again. 'I'll mind it at noon; it would be of no use to mail it now, as the train has been gone for an hour,' was the way he tried to quiet his conscience.

At noon, however, he was so full of the pranks to be played that night that he never thought of the letter once, and if his conscience reminded him of the neglected duty again he quieted it in some way, and went home in the evening with the letter still in his pocket, instead of in his uncle John's possession, as it should have been. When the evening train came in, who should come off but this same uncle John, and the first thing his father said, after the greetings were over, was, 'Well, John, how did you succeed in that little deal? I hope you got my letter in good time.'

'Your letter! Why no, I got no letter,' exclaimed uncle John. 'No indeed, and you missed the chance of a lifetime by not notifying me. I never hated to see anything go into the hands of another man so badly in all my life as I did when that beauty was knocked down to Mr. English, and at half price too.'

'There must have been some trickery about the matter then; somebody must have been meddling with the mail, for I wrote you early this morning, advising you to buy the pony on the terms specified in your letter received last night,' replied Mr. Horton.

'It did not reach me,' returned his brother. 'Fearing there might be some carelessness in the delivery, I went to the office myself, after the noon mail came in, but there was nothing there. The oversight must have been in the office here.'

'Did you mail that letter, Elbert?' demanded Mr. Horton, turning to the culprit who stood by the window, trembling. 'I forgot,' stammered the boy, looking confused.

'And after all my charges!' said his father sternly. 'Why did you put the letter out of your hand at all until it was safe in the office?'

'I met the boys and they would have me go down to the tank to play a fool's day trick on Joe Kelly, and I forgot all about the letter until the school-bell rang,' explained Elbert, ruefully.

'April-fooling, eh,' said his father with a peculiar look that Elbert did not understand. 'Well, we shall see who the April-fool was in this instance. Have you the letter still in your pocket?'

'Yes sir,' replied Elbert, producing the letter, somewhat crumpled from its contact with a real boy's pocket.

When he offered it to his uncle, he

Child or Adult will find instantaneous relief and prompt cure

For Coughs or Colds

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shook his head, saying, 'Open it and read it; then you will understand what your father means.'

Elbert obeyed, and this is what he read: 'Dear John: I have your letter giving terms and descriptions of the Shetland pony which you say Mr. Barnes will hold until noon, awaiting my decision. Elbert has long wanted such a pony, and as I am sure he will take good care of it, I would not miss the bargain for anything. Secure it by all means, and bring it with you when you come this evening. I wish to give him a genuine surprise, and as this is fool's day I have taken it into my head to do a little April-fooling myself.'

Hoping to see you and the pony this evening, I remain as ever, your brother—

JOHN.

'Now you know the secret of this important letter, and understand why I said another person as well as myself would be disappointed if it missed the morning mail,' said Mr. Horton.

'If I had known what it was I would have remembered better,' replied Elbert.

'Ah, yes, but it was to be a surprise,' argued his father. 'And then boys should be as trustworthy where their own interest are not at stake as where they are. There is a good deal of poetic justice in the way this thing has turned out. All your life your unfaithfulness to duty has given you, as well as other people, trouble. How often have you been told that duty should always have right-of-way when it seems to conflict with pleasure, and now more forcibly than ever before, perhaps, you have learned the lesson from experience, an experience which I trust may never have to be repeated. I know you are disappointed; but if your disappointment teaches the much needed lesson of prompt obedience it will be worth all that it costs. Remember a boy's faults, if uncorrected, will cling to him in manhood, and it would be as unreasonable to expect an unreliable boy to grow up into a trustworthy man as to count on seeing a crooked, deformed sprout grow up into a straight and beautiful tree.'

Though smarting with the sting he had inflicted upon himself, Elbert was just enough to indorse his father's words and to determine to overcome this evil habit, and if he comes off conqueror the April-fool experience will prove of more value to him than half-a-dozen Shetland ponies.

The dark cloud is little dreaded when we are sure there is no tempest in waiting beyond the tomb.

Examples of apparently utter depravity are met by every lover of his kind who gives himself to the uplifting of humanity, but it is an unsolved problem whether there was ever a really "hopeless case."

We are told that "genius loves difficulties" and it is equally certain that supreme faith in Christ and in His teachings loves the hopeless cases—let the phrase mean what it may.

**A Fleeting Incident.**

A touching little incident of the Queen's Jubilee last summer was seen by a few people only. A half dozen years ago the Baroness Burdett Couets, while driving one day near Covent Garden, where the coterie-mongers of London buy most of their supplies, noticed the wretched condition of their donkeys that were, as a rule, half-starved and brutally beaten.

The next day she publicly offered prizes to be given yearly to the costers whose horses or donkeys were in the best condition. Since then an annual inspection of them is held in Regent Square, and the prizes are awarded.

Hundreds of costers wearing their quaint holiday costume, long-tailed coats with huge silver buttons, and accompanied by their 'donahs'—as they call their sweet-hearts or wives—in high-plumed hats, lead their donkeys and carts around Regent Square before the venerable baroness, who has a kind word of advice and sympathy for each one of them.

During the jubilee, without any warning to the authorities, the same strange procession formed in the Strand and marched up Piccadilly, (singing the coster songs, which are in a dialect of their own. They surrounded the palace of the baroness in a solid mass, the donkeys and carts covered

with ribbons, men and women joining in the chorus with pleasing melody and precision.

They called for their friend and would not be content until the white-haired lady came out upon the balcony, and received their greeting.

'She is the kindest woman in England!' the crowd said, and having satisfied themselves with a sight of her face, they quietly dispersed.

No other woman, perhaps, has ever had the means and the will to show such kindness as this aged lady whose wise benefactions have reached almost every country in the world. On the day when the sovereign received tribute from all nations, it was a beautiful thought in the rough costers to come with the donkeys which she had befriended to pay homage to this uncrowned queen of the poor.

He gave no signs that her teachings had touched his moral nature—or, in fact, that he had any moral nature. He grew apparently more unprincipled as he grew older, until all she had done for him seemed wasted pains; but she continued to treat him kindly, and never forgot him in her prayers.

One day she heard of his arrest for complicity in a recent burglary. She did what she could to secure him legal counsel in his trial, and through the two years' imprisonment that followed occasionally visited him. He never gave any indication of penitence. His sullen, defiant temper greatly discouraged her; but her faith and love were invincible.

He disappeared after his release. All who knew him supposed he was dead or lost under a feigned name somewhere in the criminal herd of the cities.

Nearly thirty years passed. The lady went to California. In the meantime she had married. Her children were grown, and she, with her husband, was visiting friends in the Pacific states. In one city where she stayed a question of political reform was agitating the people, pending a change in the municipal government. Her host and hostess were to entertain one of the candidates for the mayoralty.

'He is our man,' they said, 'and we hope to elect him, for he is an earnest Christian, and stands for high principle in public and in private life.'

The gentleman came, and was about to be introduced to the visitor, when, to her surprise, he spoke her name. She could not recognize him in the handsome, bearded man before her, but he was her boy of the Boston West End Sunday school.

'I lived a reckless life for several years after I left Boston,' he told her, but I was not able to forget your great patience and kindness, nor some of the things you said to me. Under God I owe what I have today of true manhood to you.'

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**A HOPELESS CASE.**

Faith and Patience won a Bad Boy to Christianity.

A teacher in a Sunday mission-school at the West End of Boston had a boy in her class who seemed to be proof against every good influence. It was a wonder that she secured his attendance for any length of time; but by her tact and kindness she held her other pupils, and he came apparently for company's sake, and for the fun and mischief he could stir up among the other scholars.

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

fails to make the best possible use of it, stays poor; the man that works for all he knows how and keeps forever at it is bound to get ahead.'

The child will laugh and cry; the youth will pine and sigh; the man will twist and lie, and all will groan and die.—Rum's Horn.

Cultivation that will not permit the conscience to stand erect, is unworthy of the name.

**This Time in Quyon.**

**Hundreds in the Town Can Vouch for the Truthfulness of the Story.**

**Mrs. Bass is Cured by the Great Spring Medicine, PAIN'S CELERY COMPOUND.**

**SHE SUFFERED FOR LONG YEARS FROM FRIGHTFUL NEURALGIA.**

**She says:**

**"No Tongue Can Describe the Agonies I Suffered"**

**Paine's Celery Compound the Great Medical Prescription for Neuralgia, Sciatica and Rheumatism.**

**Beware of Imitations; "PAINE'S" IS THE KIND THAT CURES.**

The quiet little town of Quyon, situated on the Ottawa river, has furnished many a strong and convincing testimonial for earth's most popular medicine, Paine's Celery Compound. One of the latest letters received is from Mrs. David Bass, a lady well known and highly esteemed; she writes as follows: WELLS & RICHARDSON CO.,

DEAR SIRS:—I have much pleasure in testifying to the worth of your life-saving medicine, Paine's Celery Compound. I was a victim of neuralgia in its worst form for many years, and no tongue can describe the agonies I suffered. A friend recommended your Compound to me, and after using two bottles I am completely cured. I cheerfully recommend Paine's Celery Compound to the world, especially to all who suffer the agonizing tortures of neuralgia.

Yours very truly,  
MRS. DAVID BASS, Quyon, P. Q.

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**CANADIAN HOUSE, 6 Hospital St., Montreal.**

### Notches on The Stick

One of the most scholarly and graceful writers in Canada, and one of the most unpretentious, is John Reade of Montreal. It must be that before this time many appreciatively recognize the modest initials, "R. V." under the significant caption, "Old and New," and turn to the paragraphs found thereunder, from time to time, in the Montreal Gazette, with the assurance of substantial information on various literary matters communicated in an agreeable style. We clip the following from the issue for April 9th:

"In the transactions of the Royal Society of Literature, Mr. W. D. Lighthall gives an interesting sketch of a little known Canadian poet, with illustrations from his writings. The poet in question is Oliver Goldsmith, grand-nephew of the author of 'The Vicar of Wakefield' and grandson Henry Goldsmith, the greater Oliver's brother. Henry, son and namesake of that brother, settled in New England, but, on the outbreak of the Revolution, he transferred his penates to New Brunswick and made his home in St. Andrews. There, as collector of customs, he lived for some years. He next removed to Annapolis, N. S., where he filled the position of deputy assistant commissary-general. Later St. John received him, and there he died on the 6th of June, 1831, aged 56. It was at Annapolis that his son Oliver was born in 1787. He is remembered in Canada chiefly for 'The Rising Village,' a confessed imitation of his great uncle's famous poem. 'The Deserted Village.' In the 'Bibliography of New Brunswick,' by W. G. MacFarlane, N. B., we learn that he entered the commissariat and eventually obtained the position that his father had held, that of D. A. C. G. He was master of Albion Lodge, St. John, where he resided for many years. In 1844 he removed to Hong Kong, whence he sent to Albion Lodge a set of solid silver lodge jewels. On his death at Liverpool, Eng., in July, 1861, Albion Lodge honored his memory by a ceremony said to be rare in that city—a 'Lodge of Sorrow.'"

"Mr. Lighthall quotes the verses addressed to his brother Henry in imitation of the author of 'The Deserted Village,' whose brother Henry received the dedication of that poem:

"If then adown your cheek a tear should flow  
For Anbara's village and its speechless woe;  
If while you weep you think the 'lowly train'  
Their early joys can never more regain;  
Come, turn with me where happier prospects rise,  
Beneath the sternness of Asidian skies.  
And then, dear spirit, whose harmonious lay  
Didst lovely Anbara's piercing woes display,  
Do thou to thy fond relative impart  
Some portion of thy sweet poetic art.  
Like thine, oh! let my verse as gently flow,  
While truth and virtue in my members glow;  
And guide my pen with thy bewitching hand  
To paint the Rising Village of the land."

Mr. Lighthall then cites a passage describing the toils and hardships of pioneer life:

"Oh! none can tell but they who sadly share  
The bosom's anguish and its wild despair,  
What dire distress awaits the hardy bands  
Who venture fit on bleak and desert lands;  
How great the pain, the danger and the toil  
Which marks the first rude culture of the soil.  
When, looking round the lonely settler sees  
His home amid a wilderness of trees;  
How sinks his heart to those deep solitudes  
Where not a voice upon his ear intrudes;  
Where solemn silence all the waste pervades,  
Helalighting the horror of its gloomy shades,  
Save where the sturdy woodman's strokes resound  
That strow the fallow forest on the ground!"

Mr. Lighthall's paper is not all devoted to Oliver Goldsmith, jr. Its title is 'The Conditions of a Colonial Literature,' and he has selected the younger Goldsmith's works as an exemplification of the earliest colonial writing. The year 1825



**Packard's**  
Special Combination  
**Leather Dressings**  
a medicine for leather, an anti-dote for wear, a perfect polish for  
*Russet, Brown, Tan and Box Calf Shoes.*  
25 cents at all shoe stores.  
L. H. PACKARD & CO., Montreal.

### Constipation Hood's Pills

Causes fully half the sickness in the world. It retains the digested food too long in the bowels and produces biliousness, torpid liver, indigestion, bad taste, coated tongue, sick headache, insomnia, etc. Hood's PILLS cure constipation and all its results, easily and thoroughly. 25c. All druggists. Prepared by C. I. Hood & Co., Lowell, Mass. The only Pills to take with Hood's Sarsaparilla.

(when "The Rising Village was published) is, in a colony, a long time ago," and has even "a flavor of antiquity." He then traces the development of English Canadian literature from Frances Brooke who wrote the "History of Emily Montague," to Isabella Vallancy Crawford; from Adam Kidd to Campbell and Roberts.

"In the same volume of Transactions, Mr. Percy W. Ames, F. S. A., secretary, R. S. L., contributes a paper on 'The Supposed Source of The Vicar of Wakefield.' After some suggestions as to the real and central attraction of the ever popular story, which he is disposed to find in the character of the Vicar himself Mr. Ames thus continues:

"The source whence it is believed Goldsmith derived the first idea of 'The Vicar of Wakefield' is entitled 'The Journal of a Wiltshire Curate.' It is a mere fragment, consisting of the entries in a diary for one week and appeared in the British Magazine in 1776, accompanied by a declaration of its genuineness. It was there seen, of course at a much later date, by Heinrich Zschokke, who translated it into German, expanding it at the same time into a pathetic and beautiful narrative. This was re-translated from the German, under the title of 'Leaves from the Journal of a Poor Vicar,' and 1845 was included in Chambers's Miscellany of Useful and Entertaining Facts." It is also found in Julius and Other Tales from the German, by W. H. Furness, 1856. It is interesting to compare the treatment of the German novelist with the more famous 'Vicar of Wakefield.' \* \* \* The original fragment, 'The Journal of a Wiltshire Curate,' admittedly the nucleus of Zschokke's story, and presumably of Goldsmith's, contains the element which constitutes the charm of both namely the uncomplaining goodness of the principal character. It would become of great interest if the evidence in favor of the theory that Goldsmith derived his first idea of Dr. Primrose from the Wiltshire curate were strengthened by positive proof that he had actually had the 'Journal' in his possession." In an appendix Mr. Ames points out that interesting and fruitful fragment. Here is one of the entries: "Saturday.—Wrote a sermon which on Sunday I preached at four different parish churches, and came home excessively weary and excessively hungry; no more money than 2 1-2d. in the house. But see the goodness of God!" Then he relates how a strolling player whom he has helped turned out to be a man of fortune, who hearing of his distress, called and put a £50 note into his hand and next day presented him with a living of £300 a year! In a note Mr. Ames says that Zschokke, who, like his contemporary Goethe, was a warm admirer of Goldsmith, was apparently the first to suggest that the Wiltshire curate was the prototype of Dr. Primrose."

Mr. Morgan's Hand book of Canadian Biography, [Canadian Men and Women of the time: Edited by Henry James Morgan, Barrister-at-Law, Toronto, William Briggs, 1898.] is one of the complete, most carefully prepared works of its class, and includes nearly every name of note in Canada of persons now on the stage of action. It is up to date, and it is a trifle bulky in form is not cumbersome, while it has the advantage of good white paper, clear black-faced type, and alphabetical arrangement. It is in good literary form, putting the facts in briefest space, while its personal characterizations and critical representations are cited from a wide range of authorities in Canada. It is a work of use and value, and of most painstaking industry, which may well find its way to the office or library of many a citizen of Canada, who has an honest pride in the accomplishment of his fellows, and who would know more particularly who they are and what they have done.

This book is but one of a series now in use from the hand of the same author, and none of them can exceed this in value. Most Cyclopaedias of Biography give information only concerning the departed; while we are not less interested in the living, who shape the destinies of the day and are the surest prophecy of tomorrow. A hand-book of this kind, written by an expert, with judgment and without bias or

partiality, is desirable, and will be frequently examined by thoughtful people interested in literature, statesmanship, theology, or whatever claims the attention of mankind. Of the foregoing works of the same author, a writer in the Montreal Gazette (John Reade, we presume) observes:

"More general contributions to history are the works of the Abbe Fallon, of Mr. Parkman, of Dr. Scadding, of the Abbe Laverdiere, of Sir J. M. LeMoine, of Judge Halliburton, of Mr. Fenning Taylor of Dr. Miles, of the Abbe Casgrain, of Col. Gray, of Mr. Louis Turcotte, of Mr. Charles Lindsey, of Dr. George Stewart, and of Mr. H. T. Morgan. We might add very largely to this list, which serves rather to show the variety of ways in which historical talent may be advantageously occupied than to sum up what has been accomplished. Of all these writers there is none who is more deserving of the gratitude of his fellow-citizens than the last mentioned. Hardly a day passes, indeed, in which we, as journalists, do not refer to them for information and rarely do we refer in vain. His latest enterprise, 'The Dominion Annual Register,' the last issue of which we had the pleasure not long since of reviewing in these columns, will prove of exceeding value to the future historian. It is a repository of all that is really important in the history of the year, and it is the only source to which we can go, with the confidence that we shall not be disappointed, for political or general information. Yet this is only one of the results of Mr. Morgan's thoughtfulness ability, and energy. His 'Celebrated Canadians,' his 'Bibliotheca Canadensis,' his 'Legal Directory,' and his 'Parliamentary Companion,' are also contribution to history of superior interest and value. The two former have won deserved praise on both sides of the Atlantic, especially in the great English reviews, and we bespeak for the new edition of them, which is now in preparation, a reception even more favorable in proportion to Canada's greater and growing importance."

Whoever unprejudiced listens to adverse criticism, it is not the coming would be poet. He will follow hard the heels of Marie Corelli, who is out of breath with retorts upon the gentlemen who indicate her shortcomings,—and may possibly, in time get a step or two in advance of that lady. Tennyson, with less sensibility, may take unjust criticism with ignoble patience,—even the thick skinned Alfred Austin, my continue grimly silent,—but Mr. J. Gordon Coogler, having a soul of "fire and dew," will speak for the whole tribe an genus irritable. And this is his message:

A Word From Mr. Coogler.  
J. GORDON COOGLER,  
Author and Publisher of  
"Purely Original Verse,"  
Columbia, S. C.

Editor of the Commercial Advertiser:  
Sir—I am under many obligations to you for the lengthy and complimentary review accorded my works in your paper a few days since. I assure you it is appreciated. I enclose two verses from said works, which I trust will publish; they are dedicated to those critics given to fun making. Thanking you again, I am very truly,  
J. GORDON COOGLER.  
Columbia, S. C., March 31.  
[Enclosure.]  
Oh, jealous heart that seeks to belittle my gentle muse,  
And blow your damnable bubble in my lonely ease;  
You'll live some day in expressing your recognition  
Of this very song you drowned in other years.  
To the Young and Unjust Critic.  
Challenge me to fight on the open field,  
And but at my head the fiery dart,  
Rather than belittle the gentle muse  
That issues from this lonely heart.

We have been pleased with some vivacious letters written by an Ohioan, now travelling in California, depicting Mt. Lowe and the San Gabriel Valley. The writer is Mrs. Nelly Fitch, a daughter of Hon. Charles H. Collins, of Hillsboro, Ohio, who discloses in no small degree her father's observant faculties, as well as his

Scott's Emulsion is not a "baby food," but is a most excellent food for babies who are not well nourished.

A part of a teaspoonful mixed in milk and given every three or four hours, will give the most happy results.

The cod-liver oil with the hypophosphites added, as in this palatable emulsion, not only to feeds the child, but also regulates its digestive functions.

Ask your doctor about this.

50c. and \$1.00; all druggists.  
SCOTT & BOWNE, Chemists, Toronto.



### The Young Lady is Engaged

In closing and binding a Patent Felt Mattress. These famous mattresses are composed of buoyant layers of snowy white Egyptian cotton felt, topped and interlined, and are unequalled, even by expensive hair mattresses, for comfort, durability and cleanliness, while the price is only \$15. Write us for our descriptive circular and for particulars of our Free Trial Offer.  
THE ALASKA FURNITURE & DOWN CO., Limited  
290 GUY STREET, MONTREAL.  
Wholesale Manufacturers of Mattresses, Pillows, Down Quilts, Sleeping Bags, etc.

independence of thought, and power of vigorous, animated literary expression.

Though Zola may now be taboed in polite circles of France, he is rife with the public, and in higher favor with all who love truth and justice than ever before. No cabals can prevail against his popularity, while "Paris," his latest gift to the press, excels all his former works in the rapidity and generality of its circulation. "As for his photograph," says the Home Journal, "its sale has gone beyond the record of those of Sarah Bernhardt and Cleo de Merode in their palmiest days. Meantime a subscription is being made for a medal in honor of the brave champion of justice and truth. It is to bear on its face the effigy of the illustrious writer, with these words: 'La Verite est en marche; rien ne Parrettera' ('The truth is on its way; nothing can stop it?') On the reverse: 'Homage to Emile Zola, 1858.'"

The Editor of Butler's Journal announces the publication of a collection of his poems, for which he solicits subscription from his patrons. We bespeak for him the favor of the readers of PROGRESS. Mr. Butler has made praiseworthy excursions into the border realm of Parnassus, and he is in prose an energetic and fearless writer. He has striven, and not altogether vainly, to promote the true welfare of his native land.

The Shah of Persia has lately awarded to Nathan Haskell Dole, of Boston, the unusual honor of a firman awarding him a medal in recognition of his various editions of the Rubaiyat of Omar Kayyam. "The document is written in elaborate Persian characters, and suggests in general the days of the Caliph Haroun Al-Raschid."

A warm heart and gentle mind with generous sympathies, united to a fine poetic instinct, we know are expressed in the following sonnet:

The Cry of the Poor.  
As mist unceasing rises and silent float,  
To seek the dwelling-places of the rain,  
So from the earth ascends the cry of pain  
Until it finds the hills of God remote,  
To be transformed as its own antidote,  
And come again as torrents on the plain,  
To storm the evil, and remove its stain,  
And realize what prophets long since wrote.  
Ye curses of the ages blustering long  
The souls of men, and held for public good,  
And ye whose hands extort from human need  
The treasures won by love and toil, your wrong  
Shall forge the thunderbolt of your dismay,  
And smite your walls and sweep your towers  
away.

Rev. Dwight Williams.  
Cassiova, N. Y., Oct. 29, 1855.

"The Hillsboro Dispatch" is a new paper (Republican) issued at Hillsboro, Ohio, of which Hon. W. B. Tomlinson is editor and chief proprietor. Mr. Tomlinson speaks with decision on the present crisis: He says; "As well resort to diplomacy with a tiger in the jungle (as with Spain). We should learn from the present situation that the best way to avoid a fight is to be prepared and willing for it."

PASTOR, FELIX  
Woman's Pocket and the Wheel.

The wheel has done a good deal for the physical development of the new woman. A little incident that happened recently on upper Nineteenth street, says the Washington Star, gave interesting proof of this. A sweet-faced woman with silvered hair and clad in a plain gray dress was riding slowly along when she saw ahead of her a small boy pushing along on a tricycle and towing a little blue cart tied with a string to the axle of his vehicle. There were more youngsters further up the street, and the little chap was looking at them and trying to put on speed to reach them. A smile overspread the face of the silver-haired woman, and a sudden thought seemed to occur to her. She rode a little slower, held the handlebar with one hand and with the other found the pocket in her dress. Skillfully she guided her bicycle close to the little red cart, and as she reached it the disengaged hand drew from her pocket a big, round, red apple, which she deftly dropped in the little cart. The boy did not hear it and kept on. The woman rode past, then turned and came behind, riding slower than before. The youngster at length reached his playmates and dismounted. As he did so he saw his prize and jumped for it, then looked wonderingly around to see where it came from. The lady with

the silver hair watched him as she wheeled past and evidently had her full reward in the child's pleasure and astonishment. But the marvel to the man who saw it from the sidewalk was how a woman could find her pocket on a wheel.

MR. P. RONDEAU.  
Of Montreal cured of Anemia and Loss of Appetite by  
**Broma.**

Mr. P. Rondeau commenced to feel towards the beginning of the year 1894 some uneasiness which grew worse. He had no taste for food. He did not even care for food which used to be his favorite dishes. His blood grew poor and he felt a general lassitude.

His family and his friends were alarmed at the rapid progress of his illness. Several renowned doctors were called in and each gave his opinion, but all of them agreed that he suffered from poverty of the blood or anemia.

Mr. Rondeau grew weaker every day; he became weak and pale, being hardly able to walk. While Mr. Rondeau was in this bad condition, a friend, who paid him a visit for the first time, advised him to take Broma, an unrivaled tonic.

After some hesitation, he consented rather to please his friend than with the hope of a cure.

He commenced to take Broma without confidence, but he had hardly taken a few doses than a ray of hope pierced through the darkness. He continued to take this great remedy and with every dose he felt his strength returning.

His appetite came back rapidly under the energetic action of the Broma. His blood was renewed by this stimulating tonic and a new life seemed to animate him. Mr. Rondeau had a great number of friends who visited him and who showed their astonishment at his rapid recovery. This rapid and unexpected cure was everywhere talked of.

Innovation.  
"Ah! my dear, of course you did not have your sewing circle to-day, when it was so stormy?"  
"Oh, yes! Elwin, dearest. We had it by telephone."



### Bad Blood Will Out.

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

**B. B. B.**

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



### W...

It is a del... a very unple... a combination... very funny... San Francisco... her first dinn... efforts to con... nervous ab... her wife... the courses... never attend... and by the ti... confidence w... began to feel... efforts to con... were served... them to be... plate attent... cake on the f... with chocola... chocolate; w... does not? S... the waiter an... take this one... suit the action... the cake ad... There was a... station, a flut... the company... her as attent... on the chocol... ed titter sed... perfect flood... to dialogue the... waiter who wa... his eyes and g... pardon, Miss... "but that's mi... his thumb, an... away.

The question... husband the le... addressed to hi... third persons... contents, has o... far, I believe... vision being ar... no one would h... questioning thi... courts have tak... not exist. In P... ferent, and de... right to take a... by the supreme... only quoted as... legal journal... hold that a... to private... her letters ar... husband. It see... and decisions in... demand the righ... dence, because... made one by m... in the courts of... was held that a... mand that her l... examine his let... son; that the l... letters is strict... may not profit... circumstances to... dence. Further... carelessly leav... the wife has n... they are open; i... as to read them... session of them... pose whatever... clearest evidenc... delity. On the... may go to such... force, deception... obtain possession... such evidence... against her he i... basis of legal... qualifications of... corded. A Lyo... wife might use... oedings, letters... his mistress, prov... surrendered the l... decision rested o... letters address...

### THE LIQ...

I guarantee to... habit, no matter... when my new reg... as directed, all de... within three day... effected in three w... make no charge... privately, and w... business duties. I... mal appetite, sle... health improved i... able testimony sen... investigation.

No. 40 Park A...

## Woman and Her Work

It is a delightful thing to be young, and a very unpleasant thing to be nervous, but a combination of the two is sometimes very funny. A lovely story comes from San Francisco of a debutante, who was at her first dinner party, and making heroic efforts to conceal the fact that she was so nervous as to be literally frightened out of her wits. She got safely through most of the courses without betraying that she had never attended so formal a function before, and by the time the ices were served her confidence was rapidly returning and she began to feel quite like herself. With the ices small cakes covered with pink sugars were served and as the waiter handed them to her the damsel surveyed the plate attentively, and espied a solitary cake on the far side of the plate covered with chocolate. Of course she loved chocolate; what maiden in her first season does not? So she smiled into the face of the waiter and twittered sweetly—"I will take this one." Then she endeavored to suit the action to the word, but somehow the cake adhered firmly to the plate. There was a sudden pause in the conversation, a flutter of attention spread through the company and all eyes were fixed upon her as attentively as hers were fastened on the chocolate cake; a quickly suppressed titter sent the blood to her cheeks in a perfect flood, and she made a final effort to dislodge the obstinate cake. Then the waiter who was of sable complexion rolled his eyes and grinned deferentially. "Beg pardon, Miss," he murmured politely, "but that's mine." And then he shifted his thumb, and conversation resumed its sway.

The question whether marriage gives a husband the legal right to intercept letters addressed to his wife, or from his wife to third persons, break the seal and read the contents, has often been discussed; but so far, I believe, without any satisfactory decision being arrived at. Fifty years ago no one would have thought of seriously questioning this right, but in America the courts have taken the ground that it does not exist. In France things are very different, and a decision denying a husband's right to take any such action handed down by the supreme court of Kentucky, was recently quoted as a curiosity in the French legal journal *La Droite*. The French hold that a wife has no right to private correspondence and that her letters are the property of her husband. It seems that the European laws and decisions imply that a wife may not demand the right of privacy in correspondence, because she and her husband are made one by marriage. In a case decided in the courts of Paris some years ago, it was held that a wife has no right to demand that her husband shall allow her to examine his letters to, or from a third person; that the intercepting by her of his letters is strictly forbidden, and that she may not profit by accident or favorable circumstances to examine his correspondence. Further than that, if the husband carelessly leaves his letters lying around the wife has no right to read them even if they are open; if she so far forgets herself as to read them, she may not take possession of them or use them for any purpose whatever, even if they contain the clearest evidence of her husband's infidelity. On the other hand, the husband may go to such extremes as to employ force, deception and treachery in order to obtain possession of his wife's letters, and such evidence of infidelity as he finds against her he is perfectly free to use as a basis of legal proceedings. Only two qualifications of this rule have been recorded. A Lyons court decided that a wife might use as evidence in divorce proceedings, letters written by her husband to his mistress, provided the latter voluntarily surrendered the letters to the wife. This decision rested on the principle that the letters addressed to the mistress

## THE LIQUOR HABIT—ALCOHOLISM.

I guarantee to every victim of the liquor habit, no matter how bad the case, that when my new vegetable medicine is taken as directed, all desire for liquor is removed within three days, and a permanent cure effected in three weeks, failing which I will make no charge. The medicine is taken privately, and without interfering with business duties. Immediate results—normal appetite, sleep, clear brain, and health improved in every way. Indisputable testimony sent sealed: I invite strict investigation.

A. Hutton Dixon,  
No. 40 Park Avenue, Montreal, Que.

**D & A CORSETS**  
Give Grace, Style and Comfort.  
Made throughout of best materials, they give good wear, and while not expensive at first, compare still better with other makes, when their lasting qualities are considered.  
Sold by most dry goods dealers.

were her private property, and therefore she was at liberty to turn them over to the wife. In Paris, the court rendered the rather child-like and innocent decision that a wife might use such letters of her husband as fell into her hands "without any culpable artifice"—as, for instance, when the husband authorized her to open his letters, or arrange his correspondence for him. Here's a state of things, truly! In France, glorious France where woman stands on such perfect equality with man, that the wife is really the business partner of her husband, fully acquainted with all his affairs and authorized to transact them in his absence just the same as if he were present. Where her signature is as good as his in any matter connected with their joint business, and where she may if she so desires engage in some totally separate occupation and carry it on independently, and legally! Surely there must be a mistake somewhere or the French, the people who always accorded so full a measure of equality to their women, who have even permitted them to fight side by side with men, and to take a more active part than the men themselves in many of their most famous resolutions, and who have allowed them to bear the thoroughly independent title of *Citoyenne*, would never allow such a law to disgrace their statute books. And surely if ever there was a missionary field which was standing white for harvest and waiting for missionaries of the cause of woman's rights and disciples of the New Woman persuasion, to gather in the golden grain, France is that field. So make a note of it, sisters with a mission who are seeking fresh worlds to conquer; set your faces towards La Belle France, at your earliest convenience, and see to it that such a state of affairs no longer disgraces the civilized world.

Almost every woman will be glad to hear that bar pins are in again, because nearly all of us have had a choice collection of these ornaments laid aside for years, in the faint hope that some day the wheel of fashion would turn and bring them to the surface again. About two years ago every woman who didn't own a bar pin wasted to, and like the infant in pursuit of Pears' soap, she declined to be happy till she got it. It was a most convenient form of brooch, and held the dress collar together at the throat better than any other design of pin that we have had since. I never could understand why their vogue was so short, unless it was on the curious principle we usually display of discarding a really sensible fashion almost as soon as it becomes general, and clinging to an absurd one, like the bustle, until it literally died a natural death. The resurrected bar pin is decidedly sporty in design, the most fetching being a miniature coaching horn, riding crop or whip, a bunch of golf sticks or some other suggestion of outdoor sports. I doubt if any previous season has brought out the variety of material and design in black dress goods, that characterizes this spring's importations. The choice is practically endless, and the beauty of the high priced goods simply distracting. I surprised a friend the other day sitting with a lap full of samples and trying hopelessly to come to a decision. "If I'd only seen three or four I could have chosen easily," she lamented. "But who would know her own mind with all these lovely things to confuse her?" And it is difficult indeed with about fifty samples each one prettier than the one which preceded it. The silk grenadines are simply dreams of beauty, plain, figured dotted and striped, most of them double width and ranging in price all the way from a dollar ten or fifteen cents, up to two dollars a yard. I am glad to see that crepons are back

in public favor again; this season's crepons are slightly different from the goods we knew by that name two years ago. They are chiefly in striped designs and of much firmer and heavier texture than their predecessors; a stripe about an inch wide composed of cords like pique and embroidered all over with small silk dots, will alternate with a wider stripe in which the cords are grouped differently, and closely wrought with a design in arrow heads, or points of the same black silk embroidery. Sometimes a quarter inch stripe of the old-fashioned crinkled crepon, will vary the more elaborate embroidered stripes. None of these goods come much under a dollar and a quarter a yard, but they make beautiful and serviceable skirts for wearing with light blouses and are so durable that they are really expensive in the long run. Comparatively few plain materials are shown in black dress goods, nearly all are broadened, figured or striped. A few very conservative women still prefer the fine close silk warped Henrietta, the glossy and expensive broadcloth, or the fine serge which is equally suitable for summer, or winter wear; but the figured goods are undeniably pretty and stylish, and even if there is danger of seeing them copied in cheap materials, one must take the risk of that and it is as well to be out of the world, as out of the fashion. Of course these striped and figured dress goods are rarely marred by trimming of any kind on the skirt.

Amongst the black gowns which are always a necessary adjunct to the well dressed woman's wardrobe, are those of black taffeta silk, which are very much in evidence for summer wear. One model shows a tucked bodice, sleeves, and upper skirt trimmed with folds of green velvet. The revers are covered with checked green and white silk and the vest is of white lace. This tucking of the upper skirt is a fashion which needs explanation, and it also requires a very neat figure if the wearer expects to look well in it. It really consists of an immensely deep yoke of perpendicular tucks which extend in either rounded or pointed shape like an overskirt down to the knee in front, but is much shorter at the back and sides. Below this yoke the material flares into a deep Spanish flounce which is finished at the foot with either tucks, or bands of trimming. The skirt must be cut perfectly plain, and fitted to the figure by the tucks.

A feature of tailor made costumes this spring is the jacket which is in most cases quite tight fitting. The half loose front is worn, but the close fitting coat is decidedly the latest. Among some of the very peculiar combinations in costumes for the summer, is one of mauve and white check-wool, which forms the skirt. The bodice is a shirt waist of white pique striped with yellow lace insertion, and buttoned with gold buttons, and with this is worn a plain mauve cloth jacket, piped with red around the collar. Insertions of red cloth are set in the white cloth skirts which are worn with red jackets and a white shirt waist. The revers on these jackets are of white lawn, and a black cravat adds another feature to what is a most striking costume.

Amongst the fancy cloth gowns which were made up for Easter, a very pretty one was of light tan cloth braided with brown and gold braid the skirt showing a variation of the circular flounce, which was quite narrow. The vest was of tacked blue mirror velvet. The very latest, and swellest shade in gloves is tea color, not exactly tea rose, but the actual color of green tea after it has been poured out, and the cream added. The depth of the shade varies from good strong tea with very little, to the weakest variety that dyspeptics affect, with more cream than tea, and the color is really very soft and dainty, especially in undressed kid. ASTRA.

Arithmetic and Medicine.  
It is an honest quackery that confesses its own blunders, still ignorant that they are nothing worse. A whaling skipper, in the old days, carried a medicine-chest and a table of directions. One of the rules ran, "For sore throat with fever, give a tablespoonful of number fifteen."  
"Well, it so happened," explained the captain, "that 'fifteen' was all used up. So I gave the man a dessert-spoonful of 'number five,' and another of 'number ten,' and I don't think the chap that drew up the

**CALVERT'S CARBOLIC SOAPS**  
Pure, Antiseptic, Emollient.  
Ask your dealer to obtain full particulars for you.  
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Sent by Parcel Post, safely packed to all parts of the Globe, and admitted to be the highest known value for money.  
Costume complete, \$2.50. Postage 70c. Skirt alone for \$1.35. Postage 40c. N.B.—The total cost of the Costume with Duty and Carriage included is under \$4.  
MODEL 644 52  
Is a smart Norfolk bodice and full wide tailor skirt, which drapes well.  
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Well-cut and finished bodice, trimmed braid and l'Escoffe. Full wide Tailor skirt.  
The Costumes are made up in two good durable fabrics, 1.—John Noble Costume Coating, smooth-surfaced, medium weight cloth and 2.—John Noble Cheviot Serge, weather-resisting and weighty.  
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together with the new illustrated Ladies' and Children's Fashion Book, to all who name this paper when writing, and need not be returned.  
COLOURS: Black, Brown, Myrtle, Ruby, Sage, Purple, Fawn, Electric, Grey and Navy Blue.  
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An OLD CANADIAN CUSTOMER writes:  
Toronto, Jan. 7, 1896.  
To John Noble Ltd.  
Dear Sirs,—I am very pleased to have another opportunity of dealing with you. Ten years ago I used to deal with your firm, and am quite satisfied that your goods are all you represent them to be.  
Remittances should accompany all orders. The best way to remit is by money order or draft on London Bank.  
Bankers: "London and Midland Bank, Ltd."  
Please name this paper, when ordering from  
Brook Street Mills,  
**JOHN NOBLE LTD., MANCHESTER, ENG**

table could have been good at figures. Or else, what's just as likely, the medicines were all shams. Either way, it was hard on poor Bill. He died in half an hour, with a dreadful pain in his inside.

**DON'T CHIDE THE CHILDREN.**  
Don't scold the little ones if the bed is wet in the morning. It isn't the child's fault. Weak kidneys need strengthening—that's all. You can't afford to risk delay. Neglect may entail a lifetime of suffering.  
**DOAN'S KIDNEY PILLS**  
Strengthen the Kidneys and Bladder, then all trouble ceases.  
Mr. John Carson, employed at M. S. Bradt & Co.'s store, Hamilton, Ont., says:  
"My little boy seven years of age has been troubled with his kidneys since birth and could not hold his water. We spent hundreds of dollars doctoring and tried many different remedies, but they were of no avail. One box of Doan's Kidney Pills completely cured him."  
Doan's Kidney Pills never fail to cure Bright's Disease, Diabetes, Dropsy, Pain in the Back, Rheumatism, Urinary Troubles or Bladder Weakness.  
Sold by druggists at 50c. a box or 3 for \$1.25. The Doan Kidney Pill Company, Toronto, Ont.  
Book that tells all about these pills sent free to any address.

He Wanted the Dollar.  
When political excitement runs high in Georgia the colored voter keeps his eyes open, unless the Atlanta Constitution is making fun at the expense of truth. The Georgia voter bids fair to be as early a bird as the candidate. Yesterday an old negro met a former employer, and approached him in this way:  
"You lookin' mighty well, Mars Tom."  
"Yes; I'm feeling pretty good."  
"I thought you wuz. You know what you look like, Mars Tom?"  
"No; what do I look like?"  
"You looks like you had a dollar in yo' pocket en wuz gwine to ter run ter gov'nor!"

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MANUFACTURERS AND IMPORTERS OF  
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Bowling Alleys, etc.  
SECOND HAND TABLES \$100 to \$200.  
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Progress begs to inform its patrons and the public generally that the "Progress" Job Printing Department is now in a position to turn out work of a very high order.  
Our outfit is one of the most complete in the City.  
A trial order will show what we can do.

## DRESSING WELL Is Quite Easy When You Know How to Do It.

There are too many women who are careless about their home gowns. They imagine they are thrifty and economical because they put on from day to day a faded or dingy dress or skirt. Such women are neither economical nor wise; they are either misers or indifferent to the feelings of their family and friends when they act thus.  
At an expense of from ten to twenty cents for one or two packages of Diamond Dyes any woman can make her faded gowns or skirts as good as new. This kind of home work is wisdom and true economy. This spring thousands of wise and thrifty women are using the Diamond Dyes, giving new life to old and cast-off dresses and costumes, fitting them for another season's wear.  
When you decide to dye, do not risk your materials with poor dyes or imitations of the Diamond Dyes; see that your dealer gives you the "Diamond" that works so easily and successfully.

Miss Gushington—"I, too, Herr Slevewski, should like to be a great violinist. What is the first thing to do?" "Learn to play."—Harlem Life.

What the deuce is a bi-partisan rapid transit bill, anyhow? That's what they are discussing in Albany now. Probably they mean bi-bossed instead.—Boston Herald.

**KIDNEY DISEASE**  
Symptoms and the Great Cure.  
Note the signs: Inflammation, non-retention of urine, scalding, sharp pains, in passing, dragging pain in the bladder; chills, cold extremities; all these indicate bladder derangement, catarrh of the bladder and other serious complications. If neglected will result in stubborn kidney disorders and physical wreck. South American Kidney Cure will arrest all these symptoms, dispel all the causes, cleanse and keep the system clean. It's a kidney specific, a life giver and a life saver.

Jorkins—"Drugged and robbed—Why, don't you have some action taken in the matter?" Jobson—"I can't. I suppose the fellow had my permission. You see! he was my doctor."

"I wish that I could acquire a reputation for being bright," said Willie Washington. "There is nothing easier," answered Miss Cayenne. "All you need do is to say you heard it before whenever anyone else says anything clever."

Fact, Fancy and Fable  
Have convinced people that Putnam's Painless Corn Extractor should be given the preference. Get rid of your corns; get rid of them without pain; use Putnam's Extractor and no other.

Truffles will soon be cultivated on scientific principles and are likely to become cheaper.

FRASHER, DIED A PAUPER.

Checked Career of the Author of "There's a Light in the Window for Thee."

The Rev. Edward Dunbar, who wrote the old Sunday school song, "There's a Light in the Window for Thee, Brother," sleeps in a pauper's grave at Coffeyville, Kan., where he died a tramp in the town jail two years ago.

One night in the spring 1896 Dunbar applied at the Coffeyville jail for lodging. He was ill, and the authorities took him in. He died next day. Papers in his pockets revealed his identity, and showed that he had tramped all over the country.

When Dunbar was a small boy he lived in New Bedford, Mass., and worked in a factory. His mother lived at the foot of the street on which the factory was located and as the lad's work kept him away till after dark, she always placed a light in the window to guide his footsteps homeward.

The lad had grown to manhood ere he returned home, and his mother's dying message had such an effect upon him that he reformed and became a preacher. In the course of his reformation he wrote the song "There's a Light in the Window for Thee, Brother."

The Rev. Edward Dunbar married a young lady of New Bedford and several children were the result of the union. The young divine soon made a reputation as a brilliant pulpit orator, and the public was, therefore, greatly surprised when one Sunday morning he skipped the country leaving his wife and children behind.

Shortly after the wedding Dunbar returned to Kansas to fill an engagement at Leavenworth. While he was away the friends of the bride, who had mistrusted the evangelist all along, laid their suspicions before W. D. Webb, lately Judge of the Second judicial district of Kansas, and Judge Austin H. Young, who were law partners in Minneapolis, and they took the case.

The result was that they soon found evidence sufficient to warrant an arrest, and Dunbar's ministerial career was brought to a sudden close. After Dunbar's incarceration Judge Young secured a divorce for Mrs. Dunbar and married her himself. They now live happily together in Minneapolis.

A Nine-Ounce Dog and a Mammoth Rat.

"Clover" is the name of a pretty little black-and-tan dog owned by William J. Sullivan. This dog is beyond doubt the smallest black and tan in existence. Mr. Sullivan is a dog breeder and possesses some of the most unique specimens of different breeds known in this part of the country. Clover is a querulous little animal that might be carried as a watch charm, he is so small, and yet he has attained his majority. He is the pet of the family as well as a mouser and ratter of no mean repute. In order that you may get some idea of Clover his dimensions should be given. This midget is about nine inches long from the tip of his funny little snout nose to the tip of his funnier little ebony tail. He weighs just nine ounces, and can be held upon anybody's little finger. At the age of 9 months black and tan cease to grow. Their physical attainments are then fulfilled. Not long ago Mr. Sullivan was awakened one morning by a curious noise and upon getting out of bed saw a sight the like of which was never equalled so far as history or tradition records. It was a life struggle between Clover and a mammoth rat. The rat was larger than the dog and was possessed with even greater weapons of defence, but Clover tackled him. It was a fight to the

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



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death, and at first it looked as though the rat would be the victor. But the dog, with finer instincts for fighting, got a hold upon the rat's neck, and in this position the two rolled over and over, the dog never slackening his hold until the poor rat was silent in death.—Cincinnati Enquirer.

Why the Mill Stopped. Down in Norfolk one beautiful summer day, having a hour to kill while waiting for a train, I amused myself by watching a windmill on a near-by hillside. Round and round went the great sails, so many revolutions to the minute, for a long time. Inside the mill the big stones rumbled and roared as they ground the grain. Ever and anon the miller came to the door of the upper story, looked at the sails and the sky, and then went back, like the little sentinels that come and go on the ramparts of intricate mechanical clocks.

It was the peacefullest of pictures. Not a blessed thing in all that landscape seemed to be moving save the regularly rotating arms of that old mill. Even their shadows on the ground seemed to drag, as though weary of the effort to keep up. What on earth should people want of flour, or, indeed, of anything except a place to sleep, in a country as dead and dull as that? I was about dosing off my self when, glancing again at the mill, I remarked that the sails were going slower, and slower, and slower. Ten minutes later they stopped.

Had the man in the mill shut down on them from the inside? Was the grain all ground and the day's work done? What I at three o'clock in the afternoon? Nonsense; no. The wind had entirely died out; not a breath of air was stirring. And even though fifty farmers were waiting for their grain, no windmill will go without wind.

Now here are two letters written by women. I have been reading them over; they interested me. But could I make them interest you? Possibly, I said to myself, if I could only think of an illustration that would bring out the point, which is the same in both. Have I done it? You shall answer that question after you have read the letters and the comment that is to follow.

"For many years," runs the first, "I suffered from indigestion and weakness. I felt tired and weary. I had a bad taste in my mouth, my tongue being thickly coated. My appetite was poor, and what little food I ate did not agree with me, causing me pain at the chest and stomach. I saw a doctor, and took medicines from time to time, but got no good from anything until I read about the benefit many persons had obtained from Mother Seigel's Curative Syrup. I got a bottle of this medicine from Mr. Saunders, chemist, and after taking it I felt much better, the pain and nervousness being removed. I could eat better, and was stronger every day. If I ever all anything I take a few doses of the medicine, and it never fails to set me right. I have recommended it to many, and you can make use of this statement as you like. (Signed) (Mrs.) Margaret Ledner, Prospect House, St. Lawrence, Ramsgate, January 28th, 1897."

"In the early part of 1894," says the second, "I suffered severely from indigestion. I had a bad taste in the mouth, my appetite was bad and all the food that I took gave me pain at the chest. I was constantly belching gas, and had pain at my left side around the heart. I got extremely weak, and was unable to do anything. Nothing that I took did me any good until I began taking a medicine that had benefited my mother, called Mother Seigel's Curative Syrup. After taking this medicine a short time my appetite improved, and the food agreed with me and I gained strength. I know many persons who have benefited by the same medicine. You can publish this statement if you think fit to do so. (Signed) (Mrs.) Harriet Polton, Durlock, Minister, near Ramsgate, January 28th, 1897."

Now let me make you a comprehensive proposition which, I think, will cover the matters we have in hand. All motion comes from power, and all power from heat produced by combustion. Whether the power be moving air, steam, electricity or running water, it is the same. Human strength, human power, result from food digested or consumed (slowly burned) in the body. The opposite of this is called indigestion, or dyspepsia—the disease from which these ladies suffered. That is why they were weak, tired weary, and unable to do anything. They were as engines are when the fire is out; as water-mills are when the streams are dry; as our windmill was when the breeze faintly. Mother Seigel's Syrup re-kindled the fire drove away the deadening disease, and health, life, and motion began again. Do we understand it now? I think so.

"Did you enjoy the opera?" "No; I didn't hear it." "Why not?" "Two women sitting in front of me were explaining to each other how they loved the music."—Tid Bits.

BROMIA

Powerful tonic for weak people. It is a builder up of the blood and nerves. Yes, sir, said the promoter, who had entered into a bragging match with the other promoter, we broke ground on the first of the month and by the 15th of the next month—you broke the stockholders, the other promoter chipped in.

PAIN IN THE HEART.

Too serious a condition to neglect. A Guelph harness maker tells how he was cured.

Mr. Wm. Dyson, the well known saddler and harness maker of Guelph, Ont., makes the following statement: "I heartily re-



commend Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills to anyone suffering from nervousness and heart trouble. They are a splendid medicine for such complaints. For a long time I was afflicted with nervousness and pain in my heart, which was especially severe at night, often destroying my rest. These pills cured me and invigorated my nervous system which is now strong and healthy. They restored restful sleep besides removing the distressing heart pains which formerly gave me so much anxiety and trouble."

Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills 50 cts. a box for \$1.25, sold by druggists or sent by mail. T. Milburn & Co., Toronto, Ont.

Laxa-Liver Pills cure Constipation.

HERBINE BITTERS Cures Sick Headache HERBINE BITTERS Purifies the Blood HERBINE BITTERS Cures Indigestion HERBINE BITTERS The Ladies' Friend HERBINE BITTERS Cures Dyspepsia HERBINE BITTERS For Biliousness

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Gray's Syrup of Red Spruce Gum For Coughs, Colds, Bronchitis, Sore Throat, etc. KERRY, WATSON & CO., PROPRIETORS, MONTREAL.

WILL A MOOSE TREAD A MAN?

A discussion is now going on between guides and others in this region as to the truth of several reports that have been published of men being tread by moose. Some say the reports are very likely true, that such a thing has happened; while others declare that the reports are yarns, that no man was ever tread by a moose. One of the disbelievers is A. J. Darling of Enfield, a veteran hunter, who says:

"My experience has been that 99 moose out of 100, when one comes upon them suddenly, are more likely to run than to attack a man. I never saw but two moose that looked as if they meant war. One was a big bull that had been wounded, and he was soon despatched. Once, up among the Aroostook Mountains, I killed two moose in the deep snow. They were near together and I was bleeding them when a third moose came out of the bushes to see what was going on. She was a big and powerful cow, but instead of attacking me, stood there muzzling the air, and at five rods I put a bullet into her heart and then there were three dead moose in the ring."

Another man who is well acquainted with North Woods and the people there says that moose do sometimes tread men. He is sure of it, because he was once tread himself. One morning this man, who conducts lumbering operations, went out to spot a path for his crew, and in the woods roads he saw the tracks of two moose. He followed the tracks to where the road forked, where the moose separated, the larger one going to the right. The lumberman followed the big moose and presently came upon the animal, which, after glaring savagely at him for a minute, charged furiously. Having no weapon but an axe, the lumberman hastily climbed the nearest tree and there he was kept for an hour and a half, at the end of which time the moose gave a grunt and trotted away. It is generally admitted that, tree or no tree a man needs a good rifle when he meets a moose.—Bangor Paper.

IRON BUILDINGS UNDER FIRE.

A Practical Answer Given to a Much Disputed Question.

It has long been a matter of speculation how steel and iron buildings would withstand the effect of a serious fire. At the recent burning of the Shoeman building in Chicago, a new steel frame building, having iron wrought pillars and steel girders and beams, a practical test of the question was afforded. The building was seven stories in height and adjoined the old Colony building, seventeen stories high, on the north, and the Manhattan building, of sixteen stories, on the south.

The wall between the Shoeman and the Manhattan buildings was a party structure. When the burned building collapsed it pulled the party wall one inch and a half out of plumb where the greatest strain was exerted; but otherwise the Manhattan building suffered no injury from heat or fire, except that some windows casings were burned and fifty or sixty windows were broken. The effect in the Old Colony building was even less, according to the report. The Manhattan building was erected in 1890 at an expense of \$700,000. The Old Colony building, which was erected in 1891 at a cost of \$600,000, and was the tallest building put up in that year. The same architect did not plan the two structures, and there is no claim, therefore, that the test made by the recent fire should be constructed as favorable to any class of architecture or to the plan of any individual architect. The report of the condition of the Old Colony building limits the exterior damage to two extra cotta lintel coverings, several window sills, and plate glass. The supporting steel columns in the south wall were protected by a heavy brick wall and by hollow tiles. A like report is made of the Manhattan building.

Lick's Folly.

Among the interesting anecdotes told by Mrs. Bolton in 'Famous Givers and Their Gifts' is that of 'Lick's Folly' or 'The Mahogany Mill.' The story has to do with the romance of the life of James Lick, the donor of the Lick Observatory on Hamilton Mountain, California. In early life young Lick fell in love with the daughter of a well-to-do miller for whom he worked. When he made known his love, which was reciprocated by the girl, the miller was angry, and is said to have replied:

"Out, you beggar! Dare you think of my daughter, who will inherit my riches? Have you a mill like this? Have you a single penny in your purse?" To this Lick replied that he had nothing as yet, but one day he would have a mill beside which this one would be a pigsty. In 1854 the quite, parsimonious James Lick surprised everybody by building a magnificent flour-mill near San Jose. The mill was finished within, highly polished, and was furnished with the best machinery possible. He made the grounds about the mill very attractive, and began early to set out trees, both for fruit and ornament. Lick caused his elegant mill to be photographed without and within, and sent the pictures to the miller who had scorned him in his youth. Nineteen years after Mr. Lick built his mill, January 16, 1873, he surprised the people of San Jose again by leaving it to the Paine Memorial Society of Boston, half the proceeds of sale to be used for a memorial hall and half to sustain a lecture course.



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Chase & Sanborn of Boston, its purity and its strength being guaranteed by their seal. Its supreme merit has been proved and is acknowledged by thousands of the most fastidious coffee consumers throughout the land. Grocers everywhere sell it.

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Heals and Soothes the delicate tissues of the Throat and Lungs. ... CURING ... COUGHS, COLDS, BRONCHITIS, ASTHMA, HOARSENESS, SORE THROAT, INFLUENZA, AND PAIN IN THE CHEST. EASY TO TAKE. SURE TO CURE.

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(CONTINUED FROM TWENTH PAGE.)

'Is that you, Young 'Un? Lawk's sake alive! what yer got there—a sack o' meal? Then, as she saw what it was, she uttered a screech and nearly dropped the candle. 'Why, it's a girl! Is she dead?' 'No, no,' said Neville cheerfully. 'She is worth half a dozen dead ones; aren't you, little one? She's only tired and frightened. Now, Meth, pull yourself together,' he said, as he carried the child into the hut, 'and let us have some supper.' 'But where's that yere nugget?' demanded Meth, her eyes still on the child. 'That's all right, Meth,' he replied, as cheerfully as before. 'You'll get your share to-morrow. Now, then, little one, and be attempted to loosen her hands from his neck, but she clung close with a little shiver, and he drew a box forward with his foot and sat down, saying: 'All right; we'll wait a bit. Plenty of time. Now, Meth, hurry up with that cake and some milk or tea, or whatever you've got.'

The old woman saw that he didn't mean to be questioned, and began to get some tea.

Neville sat patiently, now and again patting the thin little arm, or stroking the thick dark hair; then, when the tea was ready he spoke to her again:

'How are you now, eh, little one? Not frightened still, eh? You're all safe now, you know. Come, drink a little tea and you'll feel better and more plucky. You're all safe now, you know, you're—you're at home.'

The girl seemed to listen to the musical voice with all her heart as well as her ears, then raised her head, glanced at him with her solemn eyes, and slid down to the floor.

'I do not want any tea, thank you,' she said in a low voice, which, however, startled Neville as much as if it had been a trumpet-blast. It was the voice, not of a digger's child, but of a little lady.

He held her protectingly, encouragingly, for a moment, as she stood beside him and looked at him.

'No!' he said. 'But you'll take some to please me, won't you? By the way, what is your name? Never mind; I won't bother you with questions to-night,' he added, considerably.

She raised her wonderful grey eyes and looked at him.

'My name is Sylvia—Sylvia Bond,' she said.

Neville nodded with his pleasant smile.

'That's awfully pretty,' he said. 'Well, Sylvia, you're not frightened now?'

'No, not now,' she replied, glancing round the dusky hut and drawing a long breath—'not now.'

'That's all right,' he said. 'And you'll have some tea and get a good night's rest, won't you? A good long sleep is what you want, Sylvia.'

She sunk down in front of the fire her eyes fixed on the blaze, her small hands loosely clasped in the lap of her tattered frock. Neville got up, placed the box so that she could lean against it, and signed to Meth to give her some food putting his hand on his lips to indicate that she was not to bother her with questions. Then he turned to leave her alone; but at the sound of his movements the girl turned quickly and half rose. He went back and laid his hand on her head.

'All right, Sylvia, he said, reassuringly. 'I am only going outside to smoke a pipe. When you have had your tea, you tumble into bed. Don't be afraid; I shall be just outside, you know.'

She sunk back, but as she did so, she put up her hand to his and drew it down to her lips. Neville blushed like a girl, and got outside and lighted his pipe.

He walked up and down for the best part of an hour, thinking and realizing—for at the first blush the whole thing seemed like a ridiculous dream—what he had done; then he went into the hut, knocking first. Mrs. Meth was standing before the fire; she jerked her head toward the inner compartment of the hut, which formed his sleeping-room.

'Asleep?' said Neville.

'Like a blessed top,' replied Meth. 'Be it true what she tells me—that you got that yere nugget for her, Young 'Un?' Neville nodded.

'Yes, but we won't say any more about that. Your money's all right, you know.'

'Not say—I was to die for it, I'd be bound to say ye was a darned young fool, Young 'Un!' she croaked.

'Yes, I know,' he assented, cheerfully. 'Did she say anything else? By the way, I told you not to worry her, you old idiot!'

'No more I did. She let out about the nugget of her own accord. She's English, ain't she, Young 'Un—and a swell as well. Leastways, I judge her so by her talk. She slings it just like yerself, Young 'Un; and you're a swell, you are, yer know.'

'Yes, she's English I think,' said Neville, ignoring the reference to himself.

'An' what are you going to do with her—keep her? Why, then, ain't enough for we two, unless that yer claim turns out a payin' one.'

'Never mind,' said Neville. 'I shall manage, I dare say. Is she comfortable? Poor little thing!' he added, more to himself than to Meth; 'I wonder who she is and how she came here?'

'Don't appear as if she knows,' said Meth. 'Says her father warn't a digger. Seems as if he was just on the tramp after anything that turned up, Young 'Un.' After a pause, and in a husky, cautious voice: 'She've got something strung around her neck—a small parcel. Seems as if she set mighty store by it, too! Wouldn't let me so much as touch it. Reckon it's valuable—eh, Young 'Un?'

Neville looked up sharply.

'Leave it alone, Meth, whatever it is,' he said, sternly. 'And, as I told you before, don't ask her any questions.'

and looked at the child. She was sleeping the sleep of exhaustion; but even in her death-like sleep it seemed as if she were conscious of the packet lying on her bosom, for her hands were clasped over it as if to protect and shield it.

Neville looked down at her, all the tenderness and pity in his heart showing in his blue eyes.

'She's right down pretty, ain't she?' whispered old Meth in his ear. 'Never see such 'air in all my born days; like a—water-fall, ain't it? and soft as silk; and them black lashes! Don't often see them kind o' brows with that colored eye. Reckon she's a born lady, too; but born ladies eat as much as other folks, Young 'Un, and—'

He motioned her to silence, and closing the door, fastened up his pea-jacket.

'I'm going to sleep outside to-night, Meth,' he said.

He stretched himself on the threshold, his revolver at his hand; but it was dawn before he fell asleep. His brain was too full of his new purchase. Did he dream of that little farm in green and smiling England—the farm he had 'swapped' for the orphan of Lorn Hope?

CHAPTER IV.

Neville rose the next morning, had a wash in the river, and resumed work in the hole which yesterday he had said 'Good-bye' to, as he thought, forever.

When he went in to see if any breakfast happened to be about, he found Sylvia making the coffee and old Mother Meth tidying up, but looking over her shoulder now and again at the clean, girlish figure in a kind of wonderment.

Sylvia glanced round at him with her large, expressive eyes as he entered, but she said nothing, and proceeded to lay the breakfast of cold pork, meal-cakes, and coffee on the table of rough deal supported by trestles.

Neville saw that she had been crying, but she had dried her eyes, and was now simply grave and shy.

'Why, you're quite a little housekeeper, Sylvia!' he said. 'What splendid coffee!'

His smile was not very successful. She looked at him intently, her lips moved as if she were about to respond, but no sound came, and he ate his breakfast and got back to the claim as quickly as possible.

After he had been at work half an hour he saw Locket approaching. The two men exchanged nods.

'Get that nugget out o' this, Young 'Un?' said Locket.

'Yes,' replied Neville, cleaning his spade. 'A rare slice of luck, Young 'Un. And you went and planked it down for that girl! Well, I admit your pluck. I do. But, pard, that fellow Lavarick has been at me this morning. You know what we are going to do with the money—the nine hundred?' he broke off.

Neville shook his head.

'No; it doesn't matter to me.'

'Well, we've reckoned to divide it square and fair, share and share alike, all round.'

'All right,' said Neville, indifferently. 'But, Young 'Un, Lavarick has made the boys an offer.'

Neville leaned on his pick, and looked up at the man attentively.

'He's offered a thou—goodness only knows where the nigger got the money!—but he's offered it for the girl. Seems to take an interest in her somehow. Says if you'll take his money he'll send her to England to school, and—dashed if I ain't forgot the word!—oh, adopt—adopt her—that's it. What do you say? Strikes me you'd better jump at it. Reckon you were just playin' it off high with that nugget last night, and 'ud be glad to see it back, eh, Young 'Un? Better take the Undertaker's offer.'

Neville's face reddened—that is to say, his tan grew deeper—and his blue eyes darker.

'Give my compliments to Mr. Lavarick,' he said, 'and tell him that I decline his offer. I bought the girl' and she's mine, and—Wait a moment, Locket, for, with a

shrug of the shoulders, the man was departing; 'you can add that I'm practicing revolver shooting, just for amusement and to pass the time, and that I consider it would be dangerous for any one to be mooning about the hut—especially after dark. Lavarick will understand.'

'He'd be an end of a fool if he didn't,' Young 'Un,' retorted Locket, with a grin. 'I'll tell him, and I'll give the bank agent your share of your own nugget. Here's luck to you, young 'Un,' and he sauntered away.

As he did so, Neville glanced to glance toward the hut. Sylvia was standing in the door way, and must have heard every word.

When he came in to dinner he found her alone. Mrs. Meth having gone to the camp, ostensibly for supplies, but really to hear full particulars of last evening's proceedings.

The girl sat with her head resting on her small hands, they were clean, though brown as berries; and she sat thus and watched him while he ate in silence for a time. Then she said suddenly and in the clear, musical voice which had startled Neville the night before:

'Why didn't you give me up to that man?'

Neville looked up, but his eyes fell before her intent gray ones, and he colored.

'Why? Do you think I'm such a changeable person, Sylvia? You don't want to go, do you?'

He was sorry he had asked the question almost before he had uttered it, for her face grew pale to whiteness, and her gray eyes distended.

'There, there!' he said soothingly 'Don't you be afraid. I've got you, and I mean to keep you. Aren't you going to eat some dinner?'

She shook her head.

'Not yet,' she said, gravely. 'I can't eat—yet. I will presently—in a little while.'

She was silent for a moment or two, still looking at him, then she said:

'Was that true that you said last night—was it all the money you had, the money you bought me with?'

Neville nodded.

'Look here, little one,' he replied, 'don't let us say any more about it, and don't you think any more about it. There's nothing to trouble you in it. Why—cheerfully, and as if he had hit upon a bright idea—'you'd have done as much for me, wouldn't you?' and he laughed, as if the matter were a good joke.

She regarded him in silence for a moment, then she drew a long breath.

'Yes,' she said; and got up as she spoke and went to the fire, standing with her back to him.'

Neville said nothing more, but went back to his pit, filled up the rest of his dinner-time with his pipe, and then fell to work again.

At tea-time Sylvia came to the pit with a can of tea and some cakes. She set them down and stood beside them, looking down at him.

He nodded cheerfully, wiped his face, and took up the can.

She sat down presently and watched him in profound silence for a time. Then she said:

'What is your name?'

Now, Neville had not uttered his name since he had entered the camp, and he hesitated now.

'What should you say to Jack?' he asked, with a smile.

'Jack? Yes, I like it,' she replied, after consideration.

'All right,' he said; 'call me Jack.'

'What's in a name?'

'A rose by any other name would smell as sweet,' she finished, gravely.

Neville looked up, startled.

'Halloo! That's Shakespeare, little one.'

She nodded.

'My word!' he said; 'you're young to spout Shakespeare. Who taught you—?'

Her lips quivered and her eyes filled, but she kept back the tears bravely as she answered:

'My father. He taught me a great deal; he—' she dashed the tears from her eyes. 'Shall I get you some more tea?'

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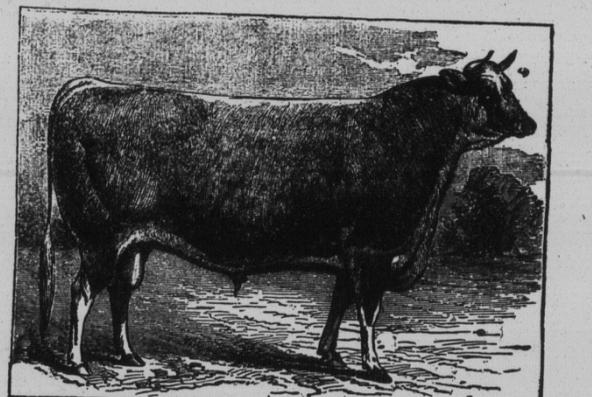
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seem so hard now I've got a sister to bring me my tea and talk to me.'

'And haven't you any brothers?' she asked, after a pause, during which she had not for a second removed her eyes from his face.

Neville's face clouded.

'I've got one,' he replied.

'And is he a digger?' she asked.

Neville kicked the heap of stones at the bottom of the pit.

'No, Syl; he's a gentleman in London.'

She turned this over in her mind for a moment or two; then she asked:

'And why aren't you a gentleman in London, Jack?'

He colored and laughed. Oh—why? Well, because I'm the second son. I'm afraid you won't understand, Syl. You see, the first son has all the tin, and the others, poor devils! have to turn out and earn their own living. That's my case.'

'Then you're here at the diggings because you are poor?'

'For that and several other reasons—yes.'

'And yet you gave—how much was it?—nine hundred pounds for me last night!' she said in a low far away voice, but with the gray eyes fixed on his face.

'We agreed we'd cut that, you know, Syl,' he said. 'We'll forget it, eh? Suppose you and I pretend that we've been brother and sister, all along, but that we've only just come across each other? How's that?' Do you think I shall answer as a brother?'

She took up the strong brown hand in her small paw and turned it over, then nodded at him, and without a word laid it down on the pit again, and getting up walked back to the hut.

(To be continued.)

**Mexican Courtesy.**

The principal characteristic of the Mexican is his innate courtesy. The extravagant expressions of ordinary politeness which the tourist hears from even a poor peon are reported, and possibly exaggerated, in the following sketch:

'Oh, how deliciously polite!' is a phrase we hear every day from the lips of foreign ladies when they enjoy the most unusual sight of two natives, ragged beyond de-

scription, perhaps, who stop a horse-car in the street, and keep it standing while each insists, with elegant bows and flowing compliments, that the other precede him in going up the steps.

'After you, sir!'

'Not at all. I am unworthy of such a high honor.'

'I dare not take precedence, sir.'

'It is only what is due your superiority. Walk up, please.'

'Not for all the world. You are entitled to that preference.'

This goes on for some time, until the car begins to move, and both find themselves at once on the steps, smashing the horns of another man standing on the platform, an accident that gives rise to new effusions of good breeding.

'Oh, sir, how sorry I am to have trod on your feet! I sincerely entreat you to excuse my oversight.'

'Never mind,' says the victim, gritting his teeth and with tears in his eyes. 'It is an honor to be trod on by you.'

'Thanks for your kindness.'

'I am myself in duty bound to thank you.'

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Itzig: 'A Reporter's Boy'

Some of the best newspaper reporters cannot write a sentence correctly. They are not expected to do so. It is their business to collect facts, which they relate to others who put them in form as a 'news story.'

Something is lost, of course, by this method of second hand telling, for the writer cannot reproduce a scene from imagination so well as he could if he had seen it, but the assistants, or 'reporters' boys, as they are called, are not sent out alone on any incident that promises much importance. Their work is the small news of the day, which is intended only for short paragraphs. That their results are often interesting enough for long accounts is due to accident; in part, however, to the industry and the understanding developed by long training of native intelligence.

Isaac Holstein, or Itzig, as he was called for short, was such a student. He was a child of the East Side tenements, and his work, at police headquarters, was chiefly among his own people, the Jews of the New York Ghetto. Shrewd and accurate, he was always to be trusted to fetch all the facts and to state them correctly. None of the other boys could "beat" him, and none was so accurate as Itzig, who never failed to get names and addresses, and never got them wrong.

This devotion to completeness and accuracy made his accounts sometimes a bore, for he brought in details that were of no use, but it was an invaluable trait, of course, and very rare except among first-rate men of all sorts. His work was libel-proof, and no other paper could go over his investigation and add new particulars to his story. When he came back he was done; and he would sit down with his notes and tell all about the fire, accident or crime, with swift ease and unhesitating assurance.

One day, however, there was an exception. He had been to a fire. To cover so commonplace an incident was child's play for him, and something he liked, because he rejoiced in description and the heroic. It was a never-failing pleasure to him to discover and celebrate a bold rescue by a policeman, a fireman or a neighbor.

"Say, it was great!" he used to say, when he came to tell about such a deed. "William J. McGlory, number four truck, twenty-eight years old, No. 17 Cannon street, he"—then, laying down his notes, Itzig would reproduce with gestures grimaces and language often slangy, a vivid picture. The picture details were always as complete as the names, initials, addresses, etc.

But on this day, while several reporters were waiting for his fire story, he was shuffling and hesitating over a fire. His sense of "the great" was evidently struggling with some other feeling or observation, and it was impossible to make out what was the matter.

"It wasn't much, only a two-alarm fire, and it didn't do no damage to speak of," he said. "I wasn't in a good neighborhood, either—just a tenement house, No. 16 Essex Street, five-story, red brick, full of families with kids, kids by the hundreds, eighty-seven. But you see there was a panic and a—somebody had to— you know how it is when 'the geese'—the East Side Jews—get a scare run into 'em!"

Itzig described top-floor families out by way of the roof to the next house, third and fourth cooped up in halls, some of 'em rushing to the fire-escapes, others too skooked to move, just shrieking and tending their garments, as the Bible says.

"Across the street," he hurried on, "the other 'Motzes'—another slang word for East Side Jews—out on fire-escapes, with their hands and faces raised to the sky, crying, 'Ei wei, ei wei!' You know how it is. You can describe it an' I'll give you the names. But the fireman was late, on account of no one knowing how to ring in an alarm. Samuel Bernstein, forty two years old, No. 16 Essex, next door to the fire, tried it first, then—"

"Oh, come to the point!" I interrupted. "Well, there was a fire rescue. It wasn't very hard, either. You see—"

"Give us the name of the rescuer, while you're about it."

"Oh, it was just a fellow passing by ran in and saved some people, mostly children."

"Didn't you get his name?"

"I got the names of them he saved, which was the most important."

"Well, go on."

"The fire," resumed Itzig, "started in the basement, shoemaker shop, Abram Koswinsky, thirty six years old, married, three kids, oldest four,—do you want names and ages?"

"If they did or suffered anything."

"No, they got out easy by the rear window, through the area to No. 22 back. But the flames were just climbing up the stairways. Escape by the front door was out off when I got there. I—I happened to be over that way on a suicide and heard the wails, you know. Somebody had to help, or we'd have had a big story with a dozen roasted to death. Put in, 'Scared' white faces looked out of the windows each second, then disappearing back in the smoke. It was tough, I tell you. There was a way to get to the third story by the next house. You could climb from one fire escape to the other and get in the window. Inside, the flames was cutting the floor in half. A man and woman and two children in the front room were passed out by the way the man came. Their names were—"

"Keep them till after wards."

"The thing to do was get to the rear rooms, where there was more of 'em. The man—the fellow that had come up to save the whole crew—had to get down and crawl along the floor under the flames, and

they licked his back hair off, and set his coat on fire. But he got there. And he found two men, three women and five kids huddled in one corner, one woman and two babies unconscious from smoke. The others were getting air by breathing low down on the floor.

"The men had to be made to go down the rear fire-escape with the women and jump. This took time, and the flames burst out of the rear, cutting off that way out. So there was the five kids. I—I think the man said that he grabbed two and was going to throw them out to the old people, but they had run away. So he had to go from."

"He started to run for it, but he was set fire to and had to lie down and roll the flames out and crawl again. The firemen had come, and they caught the kids all right. The fireman who caught 'em was Jerry Sullivan, Truck Eleven, the first there, and—"

"Give us that later."

"The fellow inside sneaked back the same way and got two more. The firemen had a ladder up to take the children. One was left. As he went back for that he seen the game was up. He had to shake his coat, which was burned, so he whacked it against a wall till it was out, and wrapped the last kid in it."

"Then came the fun. The flames covered the back of the house and was coming in the window. House full of smoke, floors hot, hallway ablaze, solid, you know, 'hemmed in by fire, babe in arms' that's the feature of the story! The stairways fell, the hall floor curved, the whole building shook. The fellow thought of a lot of things, but they didn't have anything to do with getting out of that hole. There was an awful crash, and he just sank in a heap. Itzig wiped his face. The perspiration that had started to it dampened his handkerchief."

"The next thing that man knew, he was in a drug-store, No. 28 Essex, and the fire was out."

"But how did he escape?" asked one of the reporters. "Didn't he go down with the wall when the crash came?"

"No, that part of the house didn't fall, and you see, the fireman knew him. When he didn't show up they crossed the air-wall from next door, got through a window and battered down the door to the room where he was."

"They found him asleep and—and a feature of the story is they couldn't get the kid out of his arms to save the two separately. They had to carry them out together."

"The reporters laughed at Itzig. 'What's the hero's name?' asked one. "Oh, he wasn't a hero. He couldn't have done it if he hadn't started to, being there first. Besides, he didn't save the last child, you see, but had to be rescued himself."

"Did you interview him?" queried Chapman, who was writing the story. "No, not much; he wasn't able to talk. 'Not even to tell his name?' He didn't want to," said Itzig. "But the fireman, you said, knew him."

"Yes,—not very well,—only his first name."

"What was that?"

"I—well, I didn't think to ask. 'Didn't you think to ask! Didn't you think to get the most important point in the whole story! Are you losing your mind?' cried Chapman, in amazement. But one of the other men was of quicker perception. 'Was his name Isaac?' he asked."

Itzig flushed. "Itzig," said a reporter who had gone behind him, "your hair is all burned off and your neck is blistered."

"Yes, and you've got on your Sunday coat," cried another. "Oh, get out!" said Itzig. "It's so disgusting when you reporters go sticking your noses into other people's affairs!"—J. L. Steffens, in Youth's Companion.

WHEN THEY GET MARRIED.

Ages at Which Men and Women Wed—The Unmarried and Their Chances.

That the average woman, say in New York or in any of our cities, will marry at the age of 25.46 years can be demonstrated as can the fact that of 100 who reach this age 21 will never marry. More widowers than widows remarry. The rule seems to be that one widower in three and one widow in four try wedlock a second time. Of 100 marriages about 13 of the men will be widowers and 11 of the women will be widows.

Out of every 100 weddings 19 minors will marry, and all the minors but one will be a spinster in her teens. Men marry at 29.5 years and women at 25.46 on the average. This might prove that bachelors are more cautious than spinsters, but it is no doubt due to the fact that girls are regarded as marriageable at 16 or 17 and men not till after 21. Forty-three out of every hundred spinsters that marry are between 20 and 25, 22 are between 25 and 30, and the remainder, 17, are between 30 and 40. But while women marry earlier than men they are also stricken from the eligible list at an earlier age. The number of women who marry under 25 is twice as great as the number of men who marry at that age; but after the age of 45 three times as many as women marry for the first time.

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Widows remarry at an average age of 39 and widowers at 41.

Table showing the following table for 1,000 marriages as compiled from the last census report: Husband's Ages, Wife's Ages.

Of the remaining 9 men and 5 women the marriages will be between 60 and 80 years. It will be noted that after the age of 30, in both sexes, the desire as well as the opportunity for marriage falls off rapidly.

It is estimated that in any of our older settled states the number of marriageable but unmarried women between the ages of 16 and 45 is about 30 per cent. of the women living between those ages. If this estimate be correct the number of unmarried but marriageable women now living in New York city is about 165,000, while the number of unmarried men between the ages of 21 and 50 is 173,000.

Every woman living in this country who is between the age of 15 and 45 has four chances to one of getting married; 25 out of every 100 must go through life unmarried.

WOMAN—WHY SICKLY? Nerves Shattered—Stomach Weak—Direction Damaged—Frostrated—South American Nerve is Woman's Friend—Never Fickle.

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One Other Suggestion. Spain has omitted one plausible theory regarding the destruction of the Maine. "What is that? Do they think the explosion was caused by an electric eel, do you suppose?"

That is one theory, but it might also have been the result of a falling meteor.

One's faith shows less what he is than what he is trying to be.

MAMA GET ME A PAIR OF D.S. LIKE PAPA'S. WEAR Trade Mark SUSPENDERS GUARANTEED BORN.

- Miramichi, April 11, to the wife of Michael Young a son. Halifax, Mar. 27, to Capt. and Mrs. J. A. Saunders a son. Bellbrook, April 3, to Mr. and Mrs. James Porter, a son. Dartmouth, April 13, to Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Marks a son. Yarmouth, April 1, to Mrs. Charles R. VanTassel, a daughter. Fort Elgin, April 8, to the wife of Evan H. Read a son. Halifax, April 13, to Mr. and Mrs. D. R. Ross, a daughter. Kingscroft, April 7, to Prof. and Mrs. Bober, a daughter. Truro, April 10, to the wife of George Livingston, a daughter. Canine, April 6, to Mr. and Mrs. Dexter Davison a daughter. Kingston Village, April 8, to Mr. and Mrs. Zenas Lent, a son. Pleasant Lake, April 2, to Mr. and Mrs. Harvey Jeffery, a son. Kingston, Kent Co., April 8, to the wife of Harry Lanigan, a son. Chelsea, Mass., Mar. 21, to Mr. and Mrs. M. J. Downing, a son. Pleasant Lake, Mar. 21, to Mr. and Mrs. Roland Bullerwell, a son. Fredericton, April 10, to the wife of G. O. Vanwart, M. D., a daughter. West Northfield, Kings, April 10, to the wife of J. N. Falkenham, a son.

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- Weymouth, April 8, to Mr. and Mrs. Herbert M. Journey, a daughter. Lockeport, March 29, to Rev. and Mrs. D. B. Hemmon, a daughter. Fort Matland, N. S., April 8, to the wife of Rev. Herbert Saunders, a son. Cambridgeport, Mass., Mar. 29, to Mr. and Mrs. Stephen E. Jeffery, a son.

RAILROADS.

Dominion Atlantic Ry.

On and after Nov. 1st, 1897, the Steamship and Train service of this railway will be as follows: Royal Mail S.S. Prince Rupert, Lvs. St. John at 7.15 a. m., arr. Digby 10.15 a. m. Monday, Tuesday, and Friday. Lvs. Digby 4.00 p. m., arr. St. John, 4.00 p. m. Monday, Thursday and Saturday.

EXPRESS TRAINS

Daily (Sunday excepted). Lvs. Halifax 6.30 a. m., arr. in Digby 12.50 p. m. Lvs. Digby 1.00 p. m., arr. Yarmouth 3.50 p. m. Lvs. Yarmouth 4.00 p. m., arr. Digby 7.45 a. m. Lvs. Digby 12.30 p. m. Lvs. Yarmouth 1.15 a. m., arr. Digby 11.10 a. m. Lvs. Digby 11.20 a. m., arr. Halifax 5.45 p. m. Mon. and Thurs. Lvs. Yarmouth 8.00 a. m., arr. Digby 10.00 a. m. Lvs. Digby 10.14 a. m., arr. Halifax 8.30 p. m. Lvs. Annapolis 7.30 a. m., arr. Digby 8.50 a. m. Lvs. Digby 3.30 p. m., arr. Annapolis 4.40 p. m. Monday, Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday.

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Canadian Pacific Navigation Company's Steamer "Demure" will sail from Vancouver, B. C. about June 14th, for St. Michaels, connecting there with River Steamer for Dawson City. Fare for each passenger, with outfit not to exceed one ton, Vancouver to Dawson City \$500. Present rates St. John to Vancouver \$25. First class, \$25. Second class good only for continuous passage. For rates via other routes, maps, descriptive pamphlets and other information furnished on application to A. H. NOTMAN, Asst. General Pass. Agent, St. John, N. B.

Intercolonial Railway.

On and after Monday, the 4th Oct. 1897 the trains of this Railway will run daily, Sunday excepted, as follows: TRAINS WILL LEAVE ST. JOHN

Express for Campbellton, Peggwash, Pictou and Halifax.....7.50 Express for Halifax.....12.10 Express for Sussex.....12.25 Express for Quebec, Montreal.....17.10 Passengers from St. John for Quebec and Montreal take through Sleeping Car at Montreal at 5h.15 o'clock.

TRAINS WILL ARRIVE AT ST. JOHN: Express from Sussex.....8.30 Express from Montreal and Quebec (Monday excepted).....10.00 Express from Montreal (daily).....10.50 Express from Halifax, Peggwash and Camp. bellton.....12.25 Accommodation from Montreal.....14.25

The trains of the Intercolonial Railway are heated by steam from the locomotives, and those between Halifax and Montreal, via Lewis, are lighted by electricity.

All trains are run by Eastern Standard Time. General Manager, Montreal, N. B., 4th October, 1897.